

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY RATES 1970'S MAJOR POLITICAL CANDIDATES  
ELLIOTT GOULD INTERVIEWED • RAMSEY CLARK ON PRISONS  
A TWELVE-PAGE LOOK AT SEX IN CINEMA TODAY







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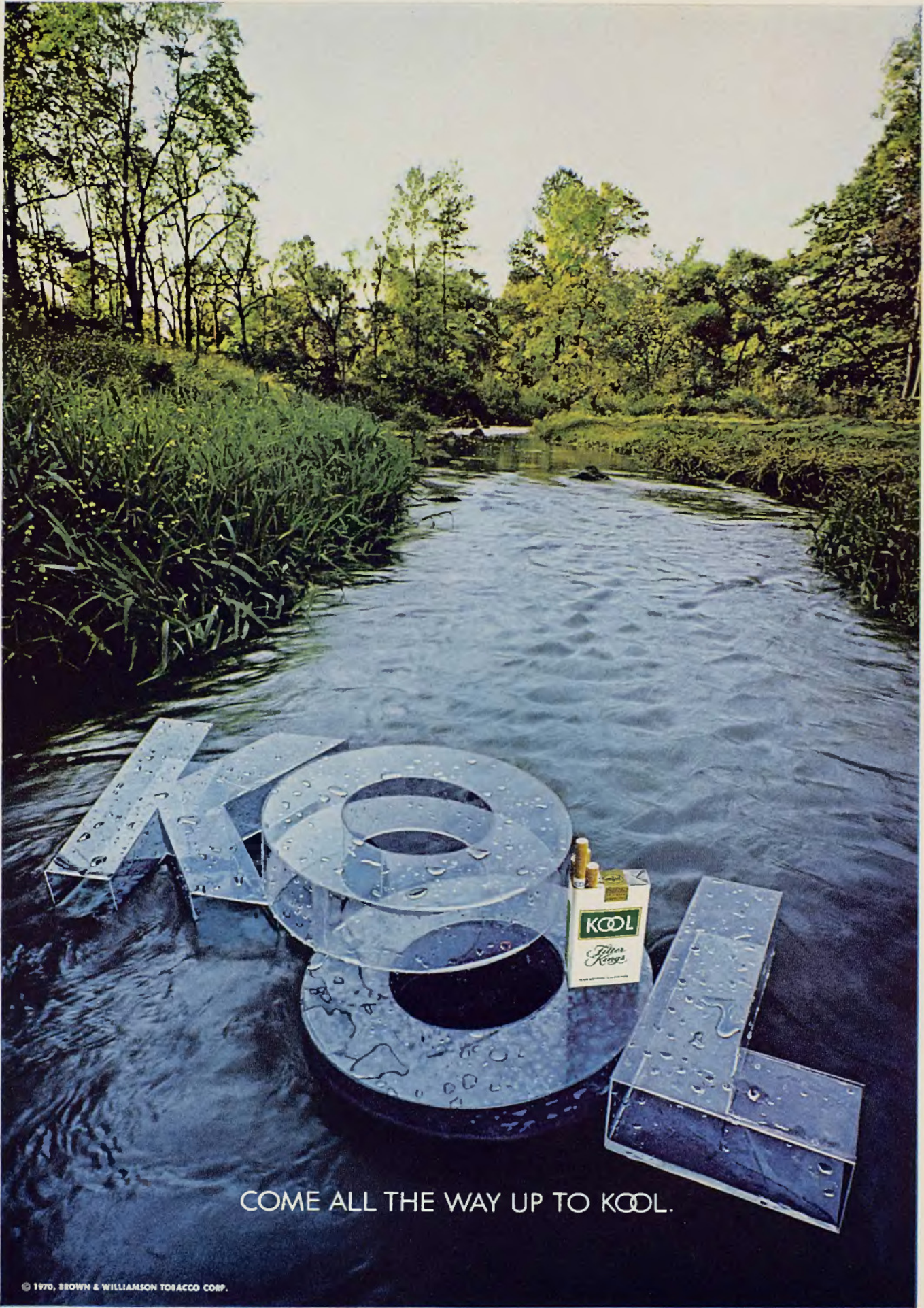
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# PLAYBILL

IF THERE IS ANY PLATITUDE more familiar than a campaign promise, it's the truism that few of them are kept after the election. Neither pundits nor pollsters have ever managed to devise a technique for predicting which will be fulfilled—or by whom—but *Playboy's Political Preference Chart* may help fill the rhetorical gap for those who exercise their franchise this month. In this thumbnail guide, we rate the major Congressional and gubernatorial candidates according to their views and voting records, in the hope not only of enlightening you on their political positions but, more importantly, of revealing the men and women behind them. Though politicians often seem the most chameleonlike creatures in the human zoo, anthropologist Edmund Carpenter believes all modern men have become shifting reflections—even embodiments—of our technological society. In *They Became What They Beheld*, distilled from his book of the same name co-authored by Ken Heyman and scheduled for publication shortly by Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, Inc., Carpenter describes how our electronic environment has shaped and transformed everything from the way we use the media to the latest hair style. This unsettling theme is arrestingly envisioned by *PLAYBOY's* Art Director, Arthur Paul, who has guided us graphically since the first issue in 1953. The catalyst of its distinctive visual design, he has won more than 360 awards for excellence over the years—more than any other art director in the publishing world. In *When Punishment Is a Crime* (part of which appears in *Crime in America*, published this month by Simon & Schuster), former Attorney General Ramsey Clark indicts America's dehumanizing penal institutions for creating rather than rehabilitating criminals. The kind of courageous and compassionate insight he exhibits here makes it easy to understand why many see Clark as a Presidential candidate in 1972. Johnny Cash has never actually served time himself, but the subject of this issue's personality portrait has sung in the worst of the nation's prisons. Saul Braun's perceptive essay about him explains how the gravel-voiced balladeer emerged from the bedrock traditions of the white South—and of country music—to become a curious kind of holy man for working-class America. Among this same silent majority, few of their countrymen could be less popular than those middle-class dropouts who have abandoned the affluent society to live and love in communes. In *West of Eden*, Jules Siegel visits these utopian communities and finds their denizens struggling to reach into themselves and back to a pastoral past for new ways to live humanely. The merits of communal life also are among the topics discussed by Elliott Gould in our *Playboy Interview*. The anti-hero of such film hits as *M.A.S.H.*, *Getting Straight* and *Move* raps freely with Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis about everything from life with Barbra to marijuana to the sham games of American life. Games are just about all that's going on in a southern Illinois whistle stop visited by *PLAYBOY* Staff Writer Craig Vetter, who recounts the no-forgiveness shots and deals of pool hustlers in *Shoot-Out in Johnston City*. A fast buck is even more easily made on Madison Avenue with those minimovies known as TV commercials. Michael Butler gives us an inside view of this manic world in *And Now—a Word from Our Sponsor*. . . . While TV booms in the East, the old film studios—and strictures—are slowly sinking in the West. In their picture-and-text report on *Sex in Cinema: 1970*, film critics Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert explain what's happening to erotica on the screen—and in the courts—this year. Although sculptor Frank Gallo prefers a different art form, he uses no less modern materials to convey his seductive vision of woman. *PLAYBOY* presents a one-man show of his beauties in *Gallo's Girls*. This month's fiction fare begins with the tale of a Southern farmer and his wildly productive collard patch in *Dotson Geber Resurrected*, by novelist Hal Bennett. A short journey turns into a grotesque nightmare in Roger Dionne's *Accidents of a Country Road*. And a voyage to Denmark provides intrigue for a roving reporter in Elliott Arnold's *Night Crossing*. Adding to November's bounty are the awesome audio-visual systems of *Switched-On Superwall*. If a superwall isn't on your Christmas list, we suggest the yule largess in *Presents Perfect*. Neptune's most toothsome treasures warm up to *A Fine Kettle of Fish*, Food & Drink Editor Thomas Mario's hearty haul of stews. Out-of-the-house excitement awaits our *Man at His Leisure* as *PLAYBOY* artist-with-portfolio LeRoy Neiman takes us to the Can-Am races. And to put you on the right ski trail, *PLAYBOY* polls the experts for our guide to *The Top Spots*. For authoritative advice on this season's sporting wear for the slopes, Fashion Director Robert L. Green reports on the latest garb and gear for ski buffs and bunnies. Speaking of cottontails, Avis Miller, the appropriately named *rara* of her highflying species—Jet Bunny on our Editor-Publisher's black DC-9-32—graces our centerfold. Also soaring high on the entertainment horizon is Jane Birkin, the possessor of that suggestive voice on the under-the-counter record *Je T'Aime*, who unveils additional assets in an over-the-counter pictorial. All in all, we hope you'll agree that—herein, at any rate—there's much to be thankful for this November.



CLARK



ALPERT and KNIGHT



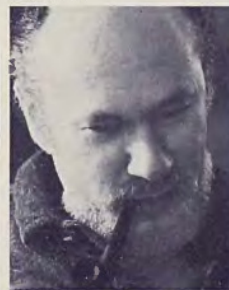
NEIMAN



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BENNETT



ARNOLD



VETTER



BUTLER



DIONNE



# PLAYBOY



Gerber Resurrected P. 96



Gallo's Girls P. 141



Cinema Sex P. 152



Ski Roundup P. 103

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PLAYBOY, NOVEMBER, 1970, VOL. 17, NO. 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY NMH 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., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR.

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### APOCALYPTIC PROPHET

While politicians and industry propose Band-Aids and a sympathy card for the sick environment, it is essential that ecologists such as Ehrlich (*Playboy Interview*, August) have a forum to educate the public about the complexities of the ecosystem. Our society is presently, a frontier-economy juggernaut lurching toward disaster; but if Ehrlich gets his message across, we could become a society intent on stabilizing population and using our natural resources sensibly.

People frequently deride Ehrlich for his "sensational" predictions, but the enormous environmental problems we face were completely unknown to the public until such sensationalism shocked people into taking another look at the world we are ruining. Let us hope that Dr. Ehrlich is not ignored because his prediction of civilized man's imminent demise might be off by a few years.

Brian Hazlett  
Department of Zoology  
University of Michigan  
Ann Arbor, Michigan

I read with great interest your August interview with Dr. Paul Ehrlich. What he says about the dangers of pollution—largely caused by overpopulation—is strikingly expressed and alarming. This piece is as effective an argument for reducing the world's population as any I have read.

Cass Canfield, Senior Editor  
Harper & Row  
New York, New York

The Paul Ehrlich interview coincided perfectly with the pollution week celebrated from Boston to Atlanta during the last week in July. I hope all eyes have stopped smarting enough to read and learn from this environmental Cassandra.

Gerald R. Shields, Editor  
*American Libraries*  
Chicago, Illinois

Ehrlich presents a highly accurate view of the world situation, but it is clearly incompatible with his belief that something can be done. I and many of my colleagues see no sign of any meaningful attempt to ameliorate the rapidly accelerating population-resource-environment crisis. The damage to ecosystems is

already so extensive that it is probably too late to save the basic life-support systems of the planet. If ecology were the only problem and if everyone understood this, there might be some hope. But now we are faced with the specter of ecological warfare, as in Vietnam, and the common viewpoint that ecology is a fad or a racist plot. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, but, like everything else, it is rapidly becoming polluted.

Richard H. Holm, Professor  
Department of Biology  
Stanford University  
Stanford, California

Our central problem stems from a plethora of sterile spokesmen and pregnant parents, when what we need are pregnant spokesmen and sterile parents. Paul Ehrlich comes off as a person pregnant with what we need most—on-target information about the population crisis.

The Rev. David O. Poindexter,  
Director  
Population Crisis Media Project  
New York, New York

Frankly, Ehrlich worries me; I cannot agree with the precise timetable of human extinction that he calls up and I am afraid that, if the timetable fails, the excitement he has created will die out. In fact, not all of the catastrophes that he foresees will occur and few of them will happen on quite so short a schedule as he has set. There are some other potential catastrophes that he does not see, as well. Some of my colleagues are reasonably convinced that the Freon that we put into the atmosphere whenever we use an aerosol can or scrap an old refrigerator may accumulate indefinitely. It is hard to foresee the consequences, but it is difficult to pretend that there will be none.

One of Ehrlich's strongest opponents seems to be the Church, which still regards the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply" as a continuing charge. The Church must realize that it is time to say, "All right, God, we've done that, now what do we do next?"

Perhaps God does know—the Government clearly does not. With all the rhetoric and all the desire of young scientists to do research that could undergird

# THE HIP FLASK



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Ehrlich's fears with facts (or demolish them), there is today practically no Federal money available for environmental research. Dozens of scientists write to me and ask how to get into this sort of work and I am forced to answer that I do not know. In fact, at a time when we need knowledge as never before, the funds for its acquisition have just about dried up.

James P. Lodge, Ph.D.  
Program Scientist  
National Center for Atmospheric  
Research  
Laboratory of Atmospheric Sciences  
Boulder, Colorado

Ehrlich touches upon the importance of conserving electric power in order to lessen our dependence on fossil fuels. The possibility of utilizing the tidal forces as a reliable source of power should be mentioned. Even though the power lobby succeeded in scuttling the Passamaquoddy project as a pilot plant for harnessing the huge tides at the Bay of Fundy, the tides are still there, and with the steadily increasing hunger for power, it would seem complete folly to ignore this inexhaustible source.

John Strauss  
Bayside, New York

Ehrlich's point about the United States exploiting the resources of a foreign country does not apply to only the poor, underdeveloped nations. Much of the spirit of nationalism now stirring in Canada opposes U. S. encroachment on our economy and exploitation of our resources. Canadians are becoming increasingly aware of America's indiscriminate consumption of the world's natural resources and its imminent requirements for our own resources. We Canadians are concerned and are resisting unification with the United States, because we do not consider the present American society to be worthy of our aspirations and allegiance. Your worship of past glories, your fossilization of old systems and your refusal to face up to the realities of the present and the future have led to your crises. You must now solve them. Not only the future of America but that of the entire human race depends upon it.

Stanley Gershman  
Toronto, Ontario

As much as I agree with the essence of Dr. Ehrlich's message, I cannot dismiss compulsory birth control as casually as he does. PLAYBOY quotes him as saying, "But I feel we already have more than enough bureaucratic intervention in our lives and I hope we can control our population by strictly voluntary means." Similar statements were made by opponents of smallpox vaccination and Social Security before compulsion became our only alternative to extinction. And such will be the case here. The time will come when history will label our present

practice of laissez-faire parenthood as irresponsible, unless, in the meantime, we have all died—victims of voluntarism.

Dr. Edgar Chasteen  
Department of Sociology  
William Jewell College  
Liberty, Missouri

Ehrlich states that heated waste from nuclear plants has already destroyed the fish population of rivers where it has been dumped. According to the Federal Water Quality Administration, there has not been a single instance of even a limited fish kill due to effluents from a nuclear plant. In rather loose (apocalyptic?) language, Dr. Ehrlich conjures up the horrors of "dumping" tremendous amounts of "red-hot waste" into salt mines. The fact is that high-level radioactive waste will be compacted and solidified into inert forms before it is stored in such mines. It's estimated that between 1000 and 3000 acres of salt area may be required for disposal purposes for all U. S. power reactors by the year 2000—a small fraction of the 400,000-square-mile area that is underlain by salt in the U. S. Nor should we see many "hot trucks and trains" shuttling from plant to mine. If all the high-level waste generated over the entire lifetime of a nuclear power plant were compacted, it would fit into the cubic area of a residential garage.

When it comes to filling the nation's power requirements, nuclear energy is the best friend the environmentalist could wish for.

Carl A. Goldstein  
Assistant Public Affairs Manager  
Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc.  
New York, New York

I almost completely agree with Ehrlich—but the almost is an enormous one. So long as our economy is run by profit-seeking businessmen, birds and butterflies will not get very much attention. Thus, in spite of Ehrlich's faith in the ability of electoral politics to save us, we must recognize that our Government will continue to consist of the same men who shoot the Black Panthers and bomb the Vietnamese.

We get quite upset when a foreign politician threatens that communism will bury us, but we stand idly by while capitalism carries out the threat—with garbage. We must bury this system ourselves before it's too late. Ehrlich correctly says that socialism is no panacea for our ills—at least not the large-scale industrial socialism that we see today. What we need is a humane socialism, a communalism in which the scale of technology is drastically reduced.

Michael Perelman  
Oakland, California

Those of us who try to preserve and manage our natural resources in the face

of mushrooming human population and the exploitive economic policy that it blindly demands are genuinely alarmed. We know the fate of any animal species or population that exceeds the carrying capacity of its environment. Unfortunately, too many leaders and policy makers in Government, industry, land development, education, religion, advertising, etc., either don't care or don't know that the natural laws and forces that affect blue whales, brown pelicans, Japanese beetles and the oxygen-making phytoplankton in the seas also affect man.

Man needs food, air, warmth and water, but he also needs living space, joy and freedom from stress. Obviously, as Dr. Ehrlich points out, none of these essentials can be achieved or sustained in the face of even a slowly but relentlessly increasing human population. No amount of wishful thinking or head-in-the-sand philosophy will alter that truth. Whether or not the governmental, social or religious leaders admit or realize it, more and more people will result in more regulation, more restrictions, more controls and an increasing loss of individual liberty and human dignity. The alternative is starvation, enfeebling malnutrition, international and civil strife and an ugliness of the human spirit too monstrous to contemplate. We will probably suffer a little of both before our collective senses are restored, because technology can only solve the problems of a *stabilized* population.

Ralph A. MacMullan, Director  
Department of Natural Resources  
Lansing, Michigan

The ubiquitous conservation speeches of today mainly stress the urgent problems of population, pollution and crowding. It is obvious—and understandable—why priorities are given to these big-city, strictly human syndromes. But if, in cleaning up the cities, we let all but corn and cow become extinct, our species will have committed ecological suicide.

Butterfly and wild flower, mountain lion and antelope, blue whale and pelican, coral reef and prairie land—my grandchild may need to know them, to see and smell them. Yet hardly anyone speaks for wild nature. Shall man always come first, at the expense of other life? Not until man places man second or, more precisely, accepts his dependency on nature and himself as only part of it does he put himself first. This is the great paradox of human ecology—and one we must learn if we are to survive.

Hugh H. Iltis, Professor  
Department of Botany  
University of Wisconsin  
Madison, Wisconsin

Ehrlich suggests, "If we created a casual society in which very light or little clothing was required in hot weather, they could again" live without air



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## Satellite Sebring: Specially built for two-door people.



## Satellite Brougham: Specially built for four-door people.



## Our four-door is totally different.

Every one of our four-doors (the Satellite, the Satellite Custom and the Satellite Brougham) was designed from the ground up to be a four-door. We lengthened the wheelbase, and made the floor longer. We designed a higher roof in the back for more head room. The result? People who take a back seat in our four-door, don't have to take a back seat.

## We have a few new ideas for options, too.

For example, we've built an exclusive Stereo Tape Cassette Player that lets you

record—right from the radio! (So you can update your cassette cartridges indefinitely, or use inexpensive blanks.) And the optional microphone adds yet another dimension to the unit—you can talk to yourself.

## There are some ideas nobody's been able to improve on.

Like our torsion-bar suspension. It's the best way we've found to give you a comfortable ride and sure, quick control of your car. Then there's unibody construction. We weld the body and frame into one complete unit. Welds don't rattle. And there are no bolts to work loose.

Plymouth Satellite. Built and engineered with extra care.



**Coming  
Through.**



conditioning. A small amount of light clothing absorbs perspiration and, thus, helps body cooling a little, but perhaps there are some things to be said ecologically for nudity as well.

Pedro Armandez  
Dallas, Texas

#### STREET SCENE

Mary McCarthy's *A Small Death in the Rue de Rennes* (PLAYBOY, August), in addition to being an extremely well-told tale, is a scalding indictment of the silent majority and a superb depiction of the torments it goes through when injustice finally becomes too much to quietly accept or desperately ignore. In this case, of course, Peter Levi, the protagonist, is moved to action; it's unfortunate that this is not always the case. Incidentally, Miss McCarthy's exploration of the rationale for doing nothing was exceptionally well done, but excellence in handling the details of her craft are to be expected from the author of, among other novels, *The Group*.

Brian Smith  
Chicago, Illinois

A curious story from a curious writer. Mary McCarthy's writing is excellent—she's obviously witnessed actual student riots in Paris—but the subject matter left me cold; I found myself far more concerned with the fate of the Fatshedera than with Peter, the fatheaded hero. I'm afraid the bulk of your readers are far past concerning themselves over a student's mental dithering over whether he should or should not open his mouth in the cause of justice. Doesn't Miss McCarthy read the papers anymore?

Louis Sherbourne  
New York, New York

#### ANATOMY OF ANATOMY

Jesse Frosch's account of the My Lai incident, *Anatomy of a Massacre* (PLAYBOY, July), was, indeed, interesting and revealing.

Senator Jacob K. Javits  
United States Senate  
Washington, D. C.

Your article on the My Lai massacre—and the insert detailing the operation of anti-personnel mines—brought to life once again the horror of war and the horror of this war in particular. Frosch's article clearly shows that the My Lai massacre was inevitable, given the premises and the assumptions of the Vietnam war and the tactics employed in combat. The idea that My Lai was an aberration and that other My Lais can be avoided is fallacious. Those who urge continued presence in Vietnam or even Vietnamization of the war must fully realize that a cost of those policies will be future My Lais. To me, that cost is too high.

The article also reveals how men of any nation function under the undue

strains of war. Due to personal desire for glory and promotion, individual commanders inflate stories of success and push their troops beyond the limits of endurance. Enlisted men, living with the constant fear of ambush and death, shoot at the slightest provocation. Lieutenant Calley, Captain Medina and the others who were charged with murder are as much pawns in this ugly war as the innocent women and children who were massacred. I cannot help but feel that the military bureaucracy must somehow be humanized.

My Lai—and the outrage that swept across America because of it—brings one small but significant note of hope. Modern man still has enough compassion and concern within his breast so that tragedies such as this, whenever they occur, arouse within him deep sadness and grief. It is this compassion and concern that allows me to feel, despite the ugliness of My Lai, that man someday can live in a peaceful world.

Representative Bertram L. Podell  
U. S. House of Representatives  
Washington, D. C.

Although I cannot comment on the validity of Frosch's article as a whole, it contains many inaccuracies and a large number of "factual" statements that on examination turn out to be merely Frosch's opinions and interpretations. These include many of the myths that have grown up about Vietnam and events that took place long before Frosch arrived there—about which I suspect he has only hearsay evidence.

It might interest you to know that Frosch was invited to testify before the Peers-MacCrate inquiry, so that the interests of justice could be better served with as complete information as could be obtained. Although the Peers-MacCrate inquiry had no subpoena powers, approximately 150 civilians (including former Servicemen) were invited to testify. Only six, including Frosch, did not accept the invitation. Frosch's motivation in refusing to provide what he thought was important evidence to an official investigation, then releasing it for publication and profit, can best be explained by Frosch himself. It would seem that if he were truly interested in seeing justice done, he would have given such bona fide information as he did have to the Army.

Winant Sidle, Brigadier General, G. S.  
Chief of Information  
Department of the Army  
Washington, D. C.

*Frosch replies:*

*Many trusted advisors, both in and out of the military, enthusiastically reinforced my decision not to testify. It would seem in some instances, at least, that the Peers Commission convened more to cement its*

*own prejudgments than to search for the truth. Clearly, neither my testimony nor the testimony of others made—or would have made—one slight particle of difference. I was forewarned of such a curious attitude within the commission, information that steered my conviction that the best place for my testimony was in the hands of the American people. It is they, after all, who were and are being denied any inclusive official statement explaining the extenuating circumstances surrounding the incident. If such a profile makes me somewhat less than a patriot by Army definitions, so be it. I remain far more alarmed about the troubled mood of the American public because of My Lai than I am worried about protecting the reputation of the American high command.*

#### TEE FOR TWO

William Murray's *Fore Play* (PLAYBOY, August) is right on the nose. He captures the whole spirit of what is probably the best professional tournament for amateurs on the entire tour—the Bob Hope Desert Classic. His description of the golfing and the swinging is right on the beam. Of course, I take exception to being described as an "emaciated King Kong," but, what the hell, anything for publicity.

Chuck Connors  
Los Angeles, California

I really enjoyed reading *Fore Play* by William Murray. The article was kind to all of the pros but especially to me; I appreciate that very much.

Chi Chi Rodriguez  
Akron, Ohio

#### PRIME RIBS

Henry Slesar's *The Gourmet* (PLAYBOY, August) is a fine tidbit for the reader starved for entertaining fiction. The story itself is actually a paraphrase of Shakespeare: "What foods these mortals be!"

Larry Ellison  
Louisville, Kentucky

The fiction history of cannibalism is quite lengthy and, if memory serves, Henry Slesar has contributed more than his share of stories to it. *The Gourmet* is certainly one he can be proud of, though my first impulse after reading it was to take a bath in bicarbonate of soda. However, I'm willing to belly up to fiction's groaning board one more time if Slesar is willing to be chef. Delicious story, if a little heavy on the sauce.

William Gonzalez  
Los Angeles, California

#### SUPER MARKET

I have just completed Michael Laurence's *Playboy Plays the Bond Market*



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in the August issue. I found it to be a highly informative, timely and well-written discussion of an area that has intrigued me for quite some time. I noted in *Playbill* that this piece is the fourth in a series of financial articles by Laurence. Unfortunately, being only an occasional reader of *PLAYBOY*, I missed the preceding three. Can I get reprints of them?

Lawrence E. Wiesen  
Valley Stream, New York

*Reprints of Laurence's previous financial articles—on the stock market, commodities and mutual funds—are available for 20 cents each. Write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Franz Pick characterizes a bond as a "certificate of confiscation." *PLAYBOY* readers will have more funds to play with if they give Michael Laurence's article a careful reading. They should especially study his comments on those victimized by savings bonds, as well as Treasury money-raising policy in general. Citizens who lend their Government money are entitled to the same inflation protection as the escalation clauses used in labor contracts. It is time we studied long-term bonds pegged to the cost of living or perhaps to changing interest rates, up or down.

Gerald M. Loeb  
San Francisco, California

*Loeb writes a nationally syndicated—and highly respected—financial column.*

Congratulations on the timeliness of Michael Laurence's article on the bond market. The bond market is at an interesting plateau and is well worth scrutiny by any serious investor. The article presents the more casual investor with much of the current and expensive advice many of the investment services are putting forth. My only criticism is that under IRS rules, the percentage of the cost of your magazine that applies to business, as distinct from entertainment, is far too small to qualify it as a business expense.

Robert G. Hedlund, Jr.  
International Business Machines Corp.  
Des Plaines, Illinois

I was delighted to read that *PLAYBOY* also plays the bond market. The article was well presented and the recent rally indicates your timing was near perfect. I must, however, take exception with Laurence's theory that it "usually takes an enormous fortune to justify an investment in municipal bonds." It is true that due to multiple maturities, tax-free municipals do lack some of the marketable characteristics of most taxable bonds. However, this is amply compensated for by the proportionately higher yield available. For example, let us consider a *PLAYBOY* reader in the 42 percent tax bracket who has \$25,000 to invest. He

purchases a 20-year, AA-rated municipal bond to yield 6.67 percent. Considering his bracket, our reader would have to purchase a taxable security with a return of over 11.64 percent to do as well. This is substantially higher than the 8.75 percent to 9 percent available on AA-rated corporates and adds a considerable sum to our friend's "fortune."

Bruce M. Rockwell  
Detroit, Michigan

## IT'S MAGIC

*The Last Magician*, in the August issue, is one of the finest articles I've ever read. Loren Eiseley's insight into the human condition and his ability to relate is really a gift.

Pete Cervellione  
Petersburg, Virginia

I agree with Loren Eiseley that we are rapidly destroying our environment and I, too, have doubts about using so much money and brain power on space flights. However, a reaction against all this has set in—governments all over the world are taking action to preserve our earth.

In my opinion, the greatest threat to any meaningful or enjoyable future on earth comes from man himself—his insistence on overmultiplication. For example, the annual increase of China's population is greater than the total population of Australia; and I have just read that the net increase of already overpopulated India for this year is estimated at 13,000,000.

Birth control and conservation are the two greatest needs of today. Although I agree with Eiseley that we must get to know ourselves better, we've tried for over 2000 years but with little effect. It is not merely "man making peace with his animal host"—it is essentially the proper ordering of his own abilities, thoughts and likes.

Sir Julian Huxley  
London, England

*The noted British biologist and former PLAYBOY contributor, Sir Julian Huxley is a prolific author whose books include "The Uniqueness of Man" and "Charles Darwin and His World."*

## MAKING MYRA

After reading Rex Reed's account of *Myra Goes Hollywood* (*PLAYBOY*, August), I am thankful for the thousandth time for having retired from motion pictures and television. Just to make things really interesting, may we have a rebuttal from director Michael Sarné?

Lola Albright  
Los Angeles, California

*Miss Albright will be remembered as the singer in the "Peter Gunn" TV series.*

How can I express the hurt I felt after reading Rex Reed's article? The affection I feel for my actors has been





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sadly shaken; but I still love Rex in the way the thrush can love the overgrown cuckoo that has usurped the nest and sullied it. Now the film is out, my cuckoos have flown the nest and join with my critics to slander their erstwhile foster parent. But somewhere in the world, I may have communicated with at least one or two demented souls who can see at least an ounce of good in *Myra*. Perhaps one day I, too, may be permitted to tell the epic story of the making of *Myra*. My pen is not so glib as Rex's nor my opinions so certain of their worth. I only try to tell the truth, and if I laugh, it's so my friends, my cast—the few who trust in me—won't see me cry at the stupidity of the world.

Michael Sarne  
Rome, Italy

## FIGHT OF FANCY

Over the years, *PLAYBOY* has been noted as one of the very best sources for classic science-fiction tales—and *Leviathan!*, by Larry Niven (*PLAYBOY*, August), is one of the best you've ever published. Droll and witty, it also reaches a high point of suspense in the struggle between Svetz in his mobile time machine and the leviathan in the wallowing seas below. Fortunately, Niven avoids the science-fiction double talk that so often detracts from the story the author is trying to tell.

Frank Lascoulic  
Portland, Oregon

## BLUES POWER

Lord have mercy! Janis Joplin is the main lady in white blues and John Bowers really got it on in his August profile of her (*All She Needs Is Love*). Bessie Smith may be dead, but until Janis tears her throat up permanently, we've got *her*—and that ain't no bad substitute.

F. L. Flint  
Key West, Florida

I really liked the article on Janis Joplin, but Herb Davidson's accompanying painting of her was what really knocked me out—a sad, tough study of a sad, tough woman.

Lyle Johnston  
St. Louis, Missouri

In an effort to resolve the controversial issue raised in the article on Janis Joplin, I took it upon myself to survey the entire adult population of the Western Hemisphere. The results, at last, are in: Janis Joplin *should* wear panties and, thus, have a sexy "ridge" showing through her outer garments (4); Janis Joplin *should not* wear panties (2); don't care (433,940,728). Just thought you'd like to know.

John Bear  
Warwick, New York





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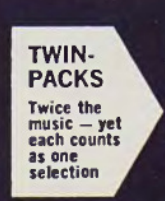
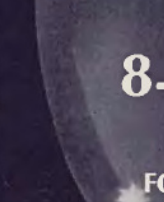
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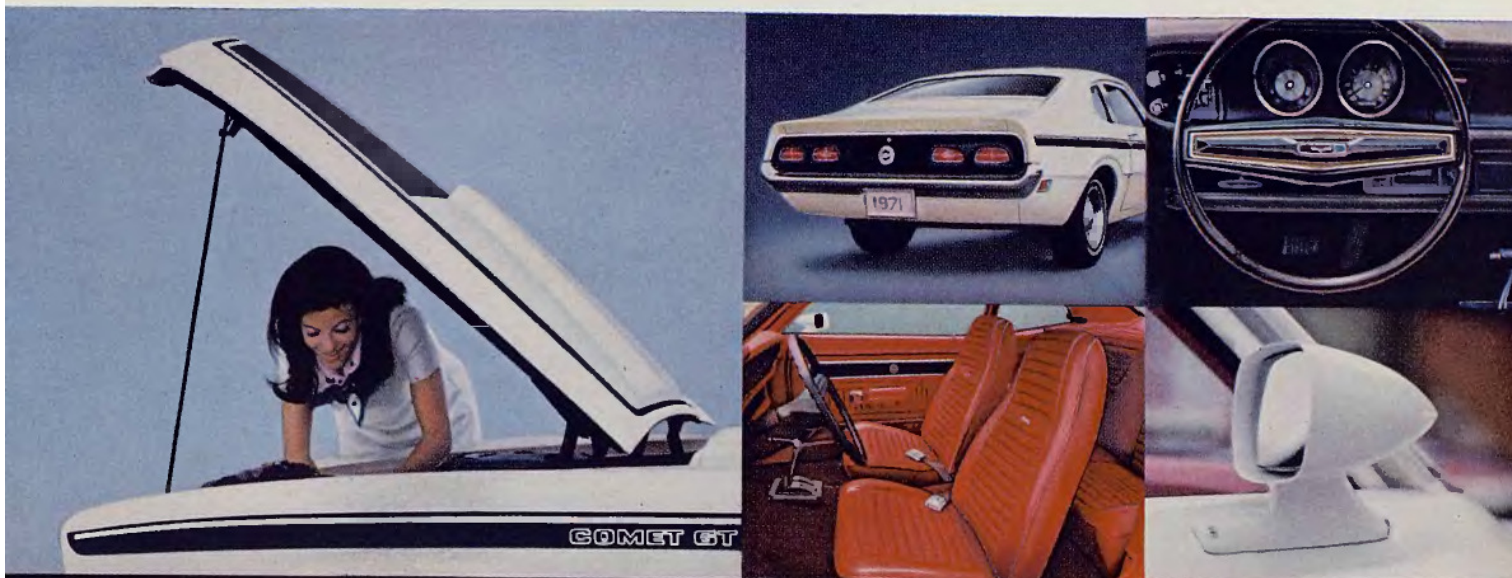
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A small band of brave Texans—hopelessly outnumbered and intractably eccentric—is pioneering a new concept in free enterprise that is sure to enhance that state's already colorful reputation for mixing vice with virtue. Called a corporate commune and chartered under state law as Mad Dog, Inc., the company is essentially a respectable front organization for a group of writers, lawyers, artists, radicals, politicians and other ne'er-do-wells now living in Austin, the state capital—plus their friends in other parts of the country—who have decided to pool their resources and imaginations for fun and, conceivably, profit. Project number one: to buy a small town they can call their own and rename it, predictably, Mad Dog, Texas. One prospect is Sisterdale, northwest of San Antonio in L. B. J. country and only 100 miles from Austin—a distance many Texans drive each evening just to drink beer. More remote, but possessing other virtues, is the hamlet of Shafter, only 20 miles from the Mexican border in the scenically desolate *Easy Rider* country around Big Bend National Park.

Shafter's virtues do not include its climate; the nearest town is Presidio, familiar to viewers of TV weather reports as the place where "the hottest temperature in the country was recorded today." In fact, its only virtues are its isolation from civilized society and its proximity to the border, where the Chihuahua al Pacifico railroad still runs from Presidio to the Mexican coastal towns of Los Mochis and Topolobampo. The latter seaport does not rival those of New York, Antwerp, Le Havre, Singapore or even Pago Pago, but it is a tourist mecca for smugglers, retired beatniks and fugitives from U.S. justice, which recommends it highly to Gary Cartwright, novelist and president of the Mad Dog Chamber of Commerce. To Bud Shrake, the *Sports Illustrated* writer and also a novelist, who happens to be one of the founders of Mad Dog, Inc., the town's location gives it a potential for "heavy tourist traffic in expatriates, the smuggling of Chinamen and extensive

trade with the Far East in jade, fine silks and frankincense."

Though such visions seem to smack of a straight-faced hoax, the enterprise itself is serious—at least to the extent that it has funds, talent and the genuine intention of indulging the whims of creative troublemakers who would never find financial backing or corporate protection in the straight business community. Thus the idea for a corporate commune, whereby a millionaire's mischief can be enjoyed by a number of low-budget pranksters who split the costs and share the glory, or whatever else should accrue to their ventures. So far, the Mad Dogs—along with the Friends of Mad Dog, who have pledged their talents—number about 40 and include photographer Shel Hershorn of Black Star; *Harper's* editor Willie Morris; *PLAYBOY's* own Harvey Kurtzman; Warren Hinckle, the former editor of *Ramparts* who recently launched *Scanlan's Monthly*; underground cartoonist Gilbert Shelton; Pulitzer Prize winner David Halberstam; onetime Kingston Trio member Dave Guard; writers Dan Jenkins, Larry L. King and George Plimpton; Danny Lavezzo, owner of P. J. Clarke's saloon in New York; plus a prominent historian and an international munitions dealer who wish to remain anonymous.

By agreement among the founders, Mad Dog, Inc., will serve two primary functions: to provide a launching pad for other enterprises and to fulfill the dream of every Mad Dog to own his own town, where he can camp out, hide out or simply raise hell. In some ways, Mad Dog will be a model city: no air pollution, traffic jams, parking problems, taxes or urban ghettos. And it will have—in the opinion of Mad Dog attorneys David Richards and Sam Houston Clinton, Jr.—municipal codes that reflect the most progressive and enlightened sociolegal thinking in the country. The statutes of Mad Dog will endorse gambling, saloons, prostitution, marijuana, dueling, spitting in public, lascivious carriage, cohabitation and every other wholesome vice known to modern man. According to police commissioner Dr. Horace Nai-

smith (appointed on the strength of his experience as founder of the John Dillinger Died For You Society and on his promise to "bring law and order to Mad Dog"), the community's libertarian statutes mean only that no one can be prosecuted for such behavior under the Mad Dog Criminal Code, which does not, unfortunately, supersede existing state and Federal laws.

Among Mad Dog's high-priority projects is the publication of a scandalous novel titled *Sweet Pussy*. According to dropped-out ad exec Ed Poulsen, president of Mad Dog Press, the identity of the authoress cannot be revealed—for security reasons—until the book is ready for release sometime next year. Other projects include: the "world's first literate and nonhysterical underground newspaper," tentatively titled *The Mad Dog Enterprise*; Mad Dog Records, featuring some experimental material by Dave Guard; Mad Dog Films, specializing in 30-minute pornographic movies with "redeeming social value" (as calculated by attorney David Richards, who hopes to void the Texas obscenity statute with a case he has appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court); and the Mad Dog Egg—a "private environment" that looks like a huge egg-shaped fiberglass sculpture and has the mechanics of a luxuriously appointed Link trainer. Designed by Austin architect James Stanley Walker, Jr., the Egg was inspired by those semi-enclosed chairs with built-in stereo systems; the differences are that Walker's chair seats two people, closes up completely with air conditioning and swivels on its pedestal in response to an aircraft-type control stick. Other controls operate the external sound equipment and a miniature color-television set.

To finance its more costly schemes, Mad Dog, Inc., may eventually sell stock to anyone with a spare dollar and the desire to feel a part of whatever folly the company chooses to promote. Such a stock issue is partly contingent on the ability of Mad Dog's legal minds to word a prospectus candidly enough to avoid collision with certain laws pertaining to frauds, which some of the corporation's



undertakings tend to resemble. ("There is a mighty thin line," says Shrake, "between a hoax and a swindle; the only return we can promise is some nonnegotiable fun.")

One semi-hoax presently under consideration is to sponsor and promote a voter referendum to divide Texas into five separate states, as proposed in the original annexation resolution of 1845. In the event such a farfetched scheme succeeds, Mad Dog will naturally declare itself the capital of whatever state contains it. If the referendum is rejected, the city fathers and mothers intend to proclaim the town of Mad Dog an independent republic, as Texas itself was prior to 1845. Any such paper revolution would be quickly put down with the arrival of some humorless Texas Rangers, but this assault on its territorial integrity might qualify the conquered republic for state or Federal aid. In any event, the Mad Dogs reckon, the resultant publicity should raise the bidding on another mad venture: a screenplay titled *The Dog That Roared*.

A recruiting letter from the membership chairman of a Knights of Columbus council states: "We are living in a time of rapid change and many crises. The challenges presented by the great variety and quantity of these is almost too much for one man to comprehend, much less take action to meet them by himself. The Knights of Columbus was formed some 87 years ago to meet the challenges of those times and ever since has adapted to meet every new challenge confronting it. . . . If you would like to see how we are meeting today's challenges, we would be most happy to show you. We are pleased to invite all men of the parish to an Open House to be held in St. Edward's parish center. . . . The highlight of the evening will be the showing of the movies of the 1969 Notre Dame football season, including the Cotton Bowl game against Texas."

London's *Sunday Times* reports this tidbit from the scrutable Orient: "The Hong Kong Tourist Association has been investigating the way in which airlines have been diverting unsuspecting tourists in transit to unofficial but celebrated houses of ill repute in the colony. They are aware that the bordellos in question are properly licensed as hotels, that guests are not in any real danger and tend to be pleasantly surprised by the extravagant decor—e.g., an abundance of mirrors around the bed in some suites. They report that in the 'little Shanghai' area of Hong Kong island, one middle-aged couple from Australia were astonished to discover that on pressing an

illuminated wall button, the large double bed began slowly to rise and descend below a mirror in the ceiling. A bell captain explained that the rhythmic movement of the bed, which continued until the button was again pressed, was intended to help sea travelers recover their land legs."

We thought sex education had taken another step forward when we read in the Riverside, California, *Sunday Press-Enterprise* that "Rhythm classes for primary and preschool children" were being offered at the Indio Community Center. But further down, we learned that the courses consisted of instruction in songs, dances and musical games.

How's that, again? Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a 1928 dissenting opinion in the case of *Springer vs. Government of the Philippine Islands*, wrote: "Property must not be taken without compensation, but . . . some property may be taken or destroyed for public use without paying for it, if you do not take too much."

*No Comment Department*: A recent editorial in *Casket and Sunnyside*, a magazine for funeral directors, was titled "The Silent Majority."

*Coitus Interruptus*: Reuters News Service reports that a Danish couple holidaying in Florence alighted from their cab after a night on the town, removed their clothes and thereupon, in the words of the police, began behaving as if they were in their own bedroom. Unperturbed by a bucket of water heaved on them from an upstairs window, the couple picked up their clothes, moved across the street and resumed their lovemaking. After being deluged by two more buckets of water, they moved into the middle of the street and proceeded to fulfill their desires, surrounded by a crowd that had gathered to urge them on.

In a story on the debt-ridden Penn Central, *The Wall Street Journal* noted, "The railroad is so strapped for cash that it hasn't even paid for all the red ink it has been using. Martin Mayersdorfer, comptroller of an office-supply firm called A. Pomerantz & Co., says Penn Central currently owes his firm \$210 for supplies that include 'a quantity of red-ink ballpoint pens purchased since December.'"

One of our female readers is afflicted with a good-natured boyfriend who phoned her late one night, breathed heavily into the receiver and announced: "This is an obscene telephone call. Do you have any requests?" He tried to top that a few weeks later while he was out

of town, but he couldn't persuade the long-distance operator to say, "You have a collect obscene telephone call from Los Angeles. Will you accept the charges?"

In what must be an oversight, Vermont has no law against growing marijuana, so after state troopers spent an entire day harvesting grass and hauling it away by the truckload from John Wright's farm in South Burlington, he sent the state a bill for \$320,000. It hasn't yet been paid.

Under "Special Notices" in the Crowley, Louisiana, *Daily Signal*, these two ads appeared not long ago, the first right above the second: "IF YOU WANT TO DRINK, it's your problem. If you want to stop, it's our problem. Alcoholics Anonymous, P.O. Box 545, Crowley, Louisiana." And "IF YOU WANT TO DRINK, that's our business. City Bar, 123 East First St."

A *Cincinnati Enquirer* article regarding Russ Meyer's *Vixen* reported that a local judge had "enjoyed the exhibition of the motion picture as obscene." The following day an apology was printed and readers were asked to substitute "enjoyed" for "enjoyed."

There's an underground book of nursery rhymes circulating on the West Coast titled *Up Against the Wall, Mother Goose*.

Our Sex in Advertising Award goes to Chicago's Miss Domino, a Rush Street boutique, for this sign in its window: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET IN OUR PANTS?

## BOOKS

Attorney Charles Rembar, who helped demolish the last barriers to hard-core pornography with his defenses of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Fanny Hill*, predicted in his own book (*The End of Obscenity*) that his victories would open the floodgates to a deluge of literature on sex. Each month confirms his prediction anew. Some of the titles represent what Rembar called "the acne on our culture"—the sort of mindless muck in which those who so choose can wallow. But others bespeak more serious intentions. A batch of new titles suggests the range covered by this flourishing industry. In *Erotic Art 2* (Grove), another in the series being churned out by Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, fascination with sexual organs and sexual acts is shown to be a timeless and universal preoccupation, conspicuous in the work of artists from Greek and Roman times to the present and from the Far East to western Europe and the United States. Cruder samples of this fascination



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America's No.1 Scotch.

are included in Gordon Schindler's report on *Denmark's Legalized Pornography* (Banner). The illustrations are the least of the book, however; essentially, it consists of a series of interviews with psychiatrists, clergymen, legislators and police officials, all evaluating the Danish decision to abolish restrictions on the production of "dirty" books and movies. America's agonizings over the subject are agreeably spoofed by *The Obscenity Report* (Stein & Day), billed as "The Report to the Task Force on Pornography and Obscenity." Don't miss the index. From Germany, where sex as education is the prevailing theme, comes *The Pictorial Guide to Sexual Intercourse* (Pent-R), 184 photographs of an impassive couple in assorted positions, a few of which are inventive and possibly useful and a few of which belong in the category of physical-fitness exercises. This book doesn't waste much time on words, and the words are a waste of time. There is no lack of verbiage in *The Sexes* (Doubleday), by Donald E. Carr. With encyclopedic detail, naturalist Carr chronicles the sex patterns of insects, animals and human beings, then grafts onto his accumulated research a theory on population control. Having raised the familiar specter of an overpopulated world, and lacking any solution, Carr leaves us with a peculiar final paragraph in which he wishes good luck "to all of the determined and scholarly young people who must not only fight through to a solution of the insoluble but in doing so must claw off the viscid tentacles of both professional and amateur bureaucracy! If we are to drown, let us drown with the dignity of clear eyes and not with the glue of hypocrisy in our throats." Another curious compilation of facts and theories about sex can be found in the late Eric (Games People Play) Berne's *Sex in Human Loving* (Simon & Schuster). Despite the title, there is little in the book that relates sex to love and, since psychiatrist Berne characteristically reduces people to abstractions, there isn't a human being anywhere to be found. By contrast, Belgian psychoanalyst François Duyckaerts is profoundly human, and in *The Sexual Bond* (Delacorte), he searches for the hidden motivations of human sexuality. He sees intercourse as the ultimate expression of trust between two people who succeed in overcoming their basic aggressiveness and then "surrender their bodies to each other in mutual identification." Duyckaerts comes across as a compassionate human being, describes life in recognizable terms and champions eroticism as a force opposed to death. This affirmation of the erotic is precisely what is missing in so many sex books. Scholars intellectualize it to death, psychiatrists analyze it to death, contemporary artists distort it to death and pornographers bludgeon it to death. As Schindler notes in his study of Denmark: "The publishers don't seem



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to know any more about pornography than anyone else. . . . Just why they chose to equate crudity and vulgarity with eroticism is hard to understand. Many such activities appear anti-erotic." Perhaps, when the current flood of books subsides, sex will become as natural a subject for writers as it is a natural pleasure for the human race.

In *Standing Fast* (Doubleday), Harvey Swados undertakes to depict a quarter of a century of American life (from the Depression to the J. F. K. assassination) from a socialist point of view. And he succeeds to a remarkable degree. Most of his novel's huge cast of characters are idealistic activists—pre-New Left leftists—who share "that Trotskyite dream of saving the world." From all over the country on the eve of World War Two they converge on Buffalo to organize labor for the new world acoming. Their efforts are intense but fruitless and, subsequently, each tries to hold on, to stand fast to his socialist dream in his own way. One goes to a kibbutz in Israel and winds up teaching in a junior high school in Harlem. Another bases himself in Washington as a journalist for the liberal slicks. A third goes off to Paris to become an abstract painter. All are overtaken by both real events and the realities of family rearing; politics influences the direction of their lives just as they try to keep influencing the direction of politics. *Standing Fast* is laid out as panoramically as an old WPA post-office mural—with scenes from the Henry Wallace campaign to the civil rights march on Washington. Radical Swados is a traditional writer who knows that the best way to evoke an entire era is to tell his story in human terms.

*Lord of the Dark Places* (Norton) is Hal Bennett's remarkable attempt to explain the black experience by combining two mythologies: Christianity and eroticism. In the churning center of Bennett's myth is Joe Market, a black man of godlike proportions who sells his body to the highest bidder, regardless of race, creed or sex. His father, Titus, is a sham evangelist who bills Joe as "The Naked Disciple," and together they go praying and whoring through the Southland, until Titus gets arrested. "Joe, baby, here come the police!" shouts Titus at a revival meeting. "Save yourself, baby!" And Joe, who stands naked before a cross, leaps into the river. To be black, he seems to be saying, is to be naked, and perhaps a god—and on the run. Bennett (whose antic story *Dotson Gerber Resurrected* appears on page 96) writes with a fierce phallicity. Most of the dark places to which he alludes are those bodily cavities wherein Joe Market is the lord. Mix into this complicated

allegory three or four murders, a couple of state-sponsored electrocutions, a ring of dope smugglers and a gorgeous prostitute named China Doll—and what do you have? A good novel.

What's a nice Jewish ex-boy scout from Brooklyn doing as the central figure in a multimillion-dollar melodrama of international financial intrigue? Can a man be happy just because he's rich enough to have blondes, ocelots and Manhattan pastrami flown to his castle in Geneva? Such is the burden of Bert Cantor's *The Bernie Cornfeld Story* (Lyle Stuart), swingiest biography of the year. Turkish-born, Brooklyn-bred Cornfeld parlayed a run-of-the-mill job as a Wall Street mutual-fund salesman into an overseas financial empire that controlled two billion dollars of other people's money and made Cornfeld himself worth, not long ago, \$150,000,000—on paper. His Investors Overseas Services started out selling mutual funds to American Servicemen in Europe. With a combination of luck, brains, *chutzpah*, a bull market and the ingenuity to skirt the laws of a dozen countries, Cornfeld built a financial colossus. Then the pyramid began to crumble. Legal crack-downs, greed and disloyalty on the part of subordinates, overexpansion in the face of a bear market—these combined to force Cornfeld out as chairman of the board and to bring I. O. S. to the edge of collapse. Cantor, an I. O. S. executive in its early, slapdash days, began his book a couple of years ago. Just when it was finished, all those I. O. S. chits hit the fan and Cantor did some quick carpentry to keep his manuscript *au courant*. But many of his observations seem unnecessarily cruel and self-serving. He dwells on Cornfeld's violent temper and lack of taste, while wrapping a cloak of virtue around himself by telling how he refused Cornfeld's alleged bribes to kill or at least edit the biography. One wonders how much of this sort of thing may be sour grapes; after all, Cantor *did* leave I. O. S. before the gold started rolling in. But despite these drawbacks and the obvious haste with which the book was rewritten in an attempt to keep up with fast-moving events, it offers a fascinating glimpse into the fantastic world of Cornfeld—who must be the only man in the world to have ripped up a shaggy white wall-to-wall carpet in his executive office because some *nudnick* said it looked like albino pubic hair.

Perhaps the most popular theme of modern fiction is despair. And what better turf for despair than the primordial deserts of Nevada and California? And what better sufferer from despair than an actress groping for the bottom, both personally and professionally? This is the combination that Joan Didion offers

in her novel *Play It as It Lays* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Heroine Maria Wyeth is adrift. Her daughter, neurally damaged, is in an institution; her husband, a film director, is off in his celluloid world; her lover, a writer, is in New York with his own wife; and, meanwhile, within Maria's womb, beats the life of a child. She can't find a satisfying role to play whether at the gaming tables in Vegas or in the gamy milieu of Beverly Hills. Instead, she roars along the freeways and challenges fate or goes to parties and challenges faggots. Finally, after a meaningless interlude with a motorcycle actor and then an abortion, she accepts a condition of complete nonfeeling as her foredoomed lot as one of life's losers. Depressing—yet from almost every page of *Play It as It Lays* ripple out shock waves of exhilaration and discovery. A superb writer, Joan Didion has etched a portrait of the wretched in stark and unforgettable terms.

To jog the memories of those who like to stay up till dawn comparing notes on old movies, two attractively illustrated new volumes (both from Macmillan) look fondly backward. *The Real Tinseltown*, distilled from tape-recorded interviews by Bernard Rosenberg and Harry Silverstein, a team of sociologists at New York's City College, is a quaint history of Hollywood written as autobiography. Among the veterans who recount their experiences here, at least four (Mae Marsh, Rod LaRocque, Albert Lewin and Walter Wanger) died while the book was in preparation. Living or dead, nearly all the celebrities interviewed tell a tale of beginnings in Newark, Keokuk or Vienna, of the halcyon early days, of subsequent fame and fortune and of the coming of sound. Everyone, it seems, has an anecdote about Garbo, D. W. Griffith or Irving Thalberg. People such as Edward Everett Horton and Wini Shaw (who sang *Lullaby of Broadway* in Busby Berkeley's memorable *Gold Diggers of 1935*) speak with gusto about the hard work of acting in Hollywood, while stunt man Gil Perkins, sound director Douglas Shearer (brother of Norma), composer Max Steiner, director Fritz Lang and writer Anita Loos chime in knowledgeably on their respective specialties. For really dedicated collectors of trivia, Alan Barbour's *Days of Thrills and Adventure* pays homage to Saturday-afternoon serials of the sound era. Between the years 1913 and 1946, more than 350 serials celebrated the derring-do of Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, Tarzan, Jungle Jim (all played by Buster Crabbe), Zorro, The Lone Ranger and the infamous Fu Manchu. Barbour limits himself mostly to sound serials dating from 1936 and often becomes effusive in his wish to give everyone credit for the vicarious thrills he enjoyed as a boy. The author's





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enthusiasm is contagious and the reader's appetite may easily be whetted by the scores of photographs—among them, John Wayne in a forgotten series called *Hurricane Express* and the ubiquitous Crabbe, warning a villain to keep his slimy hands off Jean Rogers. Or else.

Like so many novels on the market these days, *Cruising*, by Gerald Walker (Stein & Day), revolves around sex, but it is neither pornographic nor exploitative. In its sole sex scene, a flabby middle-aged man masturbates in a Turkish bath. *Cruising* is a simple, tough, powerful tale about cops and queers in New York. The first of three narrators, a Captain Edelson, is the detective masterminding a campaign to nab a sex killer who specializes in homosexuals. John Lynch, the second narrator, is a rookie cop assigned to decoy duty. Lynch dresses up in the prescribed manner and saunters about Central Park's Ramble and other homo harbors on the West Side, hoping to entice the killer. Instead, he sinks into the quicksand world of the not-so-gay, torn between revulsion and fascination, all the while worrying over why Edelson picked *him*. Brutally bullied by a sidewalk patrolman, he begins to identify with the creatures he's trying so awkwardly to imitate ("No wonder these fucking queers have no use for cops"). Finally, in an electrifying scene, he runs up against the man he believes to be the killer, only to learn—well, let's not give that away. The third narrator is the killer himself, a Columbia graduate student in mortal terror over the question of his masculinity. The tale is realistic enough until the final section, when *Cruising* goes overboard and everybody in sight gets knocked off. It doesn't work, but everything up to then does. A first novel of note.

Robert Ardrey has, in two previous volumes—*African Genesis* and *The Territorial Imperative*—seduced a delighted audience into accepting a view of man as a killer ape whose propensity for warfare derives less from his social arrangements than from immutable instincts. Continuing this seduction through metaphor, Ardrey's *The Social Contract* (Atheneum) seems designed to raise anthropological hackles even as it stimulates yet another debate over the relationship between nature and culture, biology and environment. Viewing weaponry rather than brain power as the driving force of evolution, Ardrey—like Konrad Lorenz—insists that man's most crucial problem is not individual violence but unthinking adherence to innate social commands that push him into mob action. Order—which Ardrey labels "reptilian"—thus proves to be more of a problem than disorder. Hopelessly confusing natural



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and cultural order, Ardrey cavorts across the intellectual landscape, touching down to entertain us with the latest data on primates, dominance systems, stress, crowding, personality and violence. Not so entertaining are his racial fantasies, which rest on an indiscriminate acceptance of meager and highly questionable data on racial variations in intellect and athletic ability. If past experience is a guide, a large audience will embrace Ardrey's colorful, engrossing but often erroneous version of human evolution as the *dernier cri* of current anthropology. Ironically, Ardrey's own popularity provides some support for his major thesis that man, his overblown brain notwithstanding, is the only animal who refuses to listen to reason.

*Teitlebaum's Window* (Knopf) may not be a window to the world, but for those with a taste for pot cheese and belly lox, it's not a place to disregard lightly. Where else such specials? Simon Sloan's mother knows a bargain when it's advertised, and although she may occasionally overstock on such items as King Oscar sardines, still, it always pays to look in Teitlebaum's window. Wallace Markfield, whose first novel, *To an Early Grave*, played its wit with efficacious brevity, has opened all the stops in his second novel. This is Brighton Beach in full diapason between the years of Roosevelt's first Inauguration and Pearl Harbor. What's it about? What *isn't* it about? About growing up with a dirty mouth and a syntax as rich and marbled as halvah. Here, for a student of the times, is a treasure house of names—cartoon characters, radio performers, movie stars. Here Simon Sloan learns to love momma and hate poppa while communicating with his cronies Boomie, Hymie and Marshall at every level of obscenity. Everything is played for laughs—the Depression, Hitler, school, mother, father, religion, poetry, war, love and, of course, sex. Not black humor exactly. Brown, maybe, about the color of stuffed *derma*. *Teitlebaum's Window* is a big book. It goes on and on and on in vaudeville fashion about funny people saying funny things—until something happens. What happens is that it stops being funny. One remembers that the Depression wasn't funny and Hitler wasn't funny and the War wasn't funny and the novel—which started out so full of schmaltz—sits on the stomach like a surfeit of *knishes*.

In *Conversations with Americans* (Simon & Schuster), lawyer Mark Lane reveals some truths about Americans that many readers will find hard to take. These are taped conversations, conducted by Lane in unadorned Q.-and-A. style, with



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■ There's no mystery to picking a pipe. Style and shape don't affect the smoke. But, since it does take some experience to judge a briar, stick with a well-recognized brand.

■ Fill the bowl only 1/3 full the first few times. Smoke to the bottom. Then, smoke 3/4 full and so on.

■ Smoke your new pipe only once a day for the first week. Get to know it gradually.

■ Pack your pipe firmly. Neither too tight, nor too loose.

■ Light your pipe twice. After the first light, tamp down 1/4". Light up a second time. Cover the bowl and draw in. This spreads the embers for an even light.

■ To keep your pipe lit, tamp down the tobacco ash frequently.

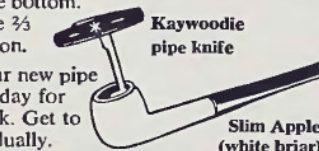
■ Run a pipe cleaner through your pipe after every smoke. Occasionally dip the pipe cleaner in pipe Refresher.

■ Never put your pipe away on its side. Stand it up, so the juices drain into the bowl and dry out.

■ Never knock your pipe against hard surfaces. Use a pipe tool or gently tap the bowl on the palm of your hand to remove tobacco.

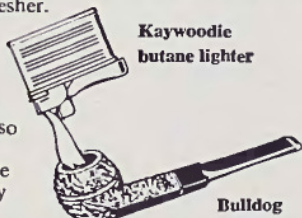
■ It's easier to stay with a pipe if it's a Kaywoodie. The briar is hand-selected, aged and cured as only Kaywoodie knows how. This very special imported briar is hand-shaped and hand-worked. A permanent, built-in filter is then added to condense moisture, traps tars and irritants so you get a smoother, dryer smoke.

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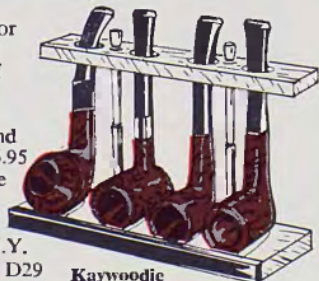
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American veterans of Vietnam. In ordinary language, these men confess to extraordinary actions: rape, torture, murder. Open to any page and you will get the horrible drift. On the torture of prisoners: "We tried every technique we could think of from beatings to withholding food . . . electrical torture, the whole works, and nothing worked. The man just wouldn't talk." On the killing of civilians: "Then about five guys opened up and that was the end of the 19 women and children." On the training of U.S. interrogators: "We were told you could take several prisoners up in a helicopter, push one out—and the rest would talk. They also make a joke about how one time in Vietnam they took a prisoner and tied his arms and legs to two different helicopters. Then they took off and tore him apart." These are not isolated quotations; such stories were told to Lane again and again. The cumulative weight of the interviews lends them a credibility that officialdom may find difficult to refute. A less depressing set of truths is revealed in Malcolm Boyd's interviews with *My Fellow Americans* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). These are long and sometimes absorbing conversations with persons whom Boyd, an adman turned Episcopal priest, feels are "capable of illuminating major tension areas and unspoken dreams." He begins with PLAYBOY's Hugh Hefner and the people who surround him. Boyd even interviews Hef's mother, who confesses that "the first girl Hugh liked . . . wouldn't even look at him. He was so disappointed." He continues with Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzalez, prime mover among militant Mexican-Americans in Denver. ("We've learned from the blacks: You don't get anywhere suffering silently and in dignity.") From Denver, Boyd flies to California, there to interview the seven members of an experimental commune, one at a time, with dullish results. Finally, Boyd takes a stroll down Mark's lane: He interviews five Vietnam veterans. They tell no atrocity stories, but they are a bitter lot. As one of them observes, "The motherhood and apple pie—the American dream—turned out to be empty. The reality started to hit home that the war was unjust." Isn't this where we came in?

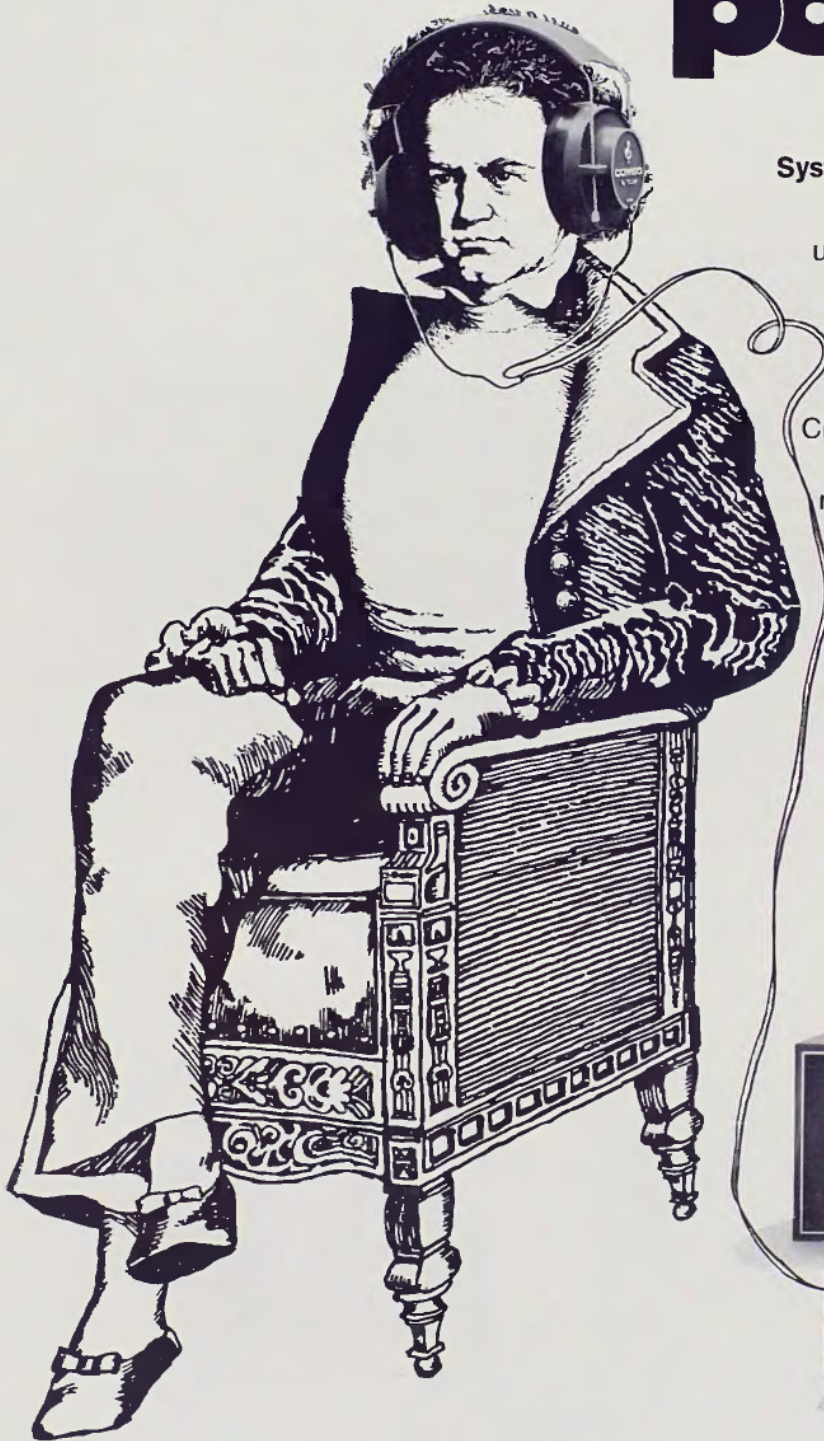
It seems that every 20 years or so, a convict writes a great escape story. *Papillon*, or *Butterfly* (Morrow), is good enough to last at least for the next 20 years. In 1931, 25-year-old Henri Charrière was sentenced to life at hard labor for a Montmartre murder—a police frame-up, he claims—and sent to a penal colony in French Guiana. Nine times he attempted to escape. His first and most spectacular

attempt came 42 days after his arrival. He managed to sail 1500 miles to Trinidad, Curaçao and, finally, to Colombia, where he spent a Gauguinlike idyll for seven months with a fierce Indian tribe that adopted him and presented him with two wives. But this Eden was not enough for Charrière; he had to return to Paris to avenge his sentence. He left the Indian village and was recaptured. The next 12 years were spent in various prisons, the most notorious of which was Devil's Island, but always he was plotting to get out. For years he was held in solitary confinement, forbidden to utter a word. When Charrière entered this *réclusion*, the warden told him, "We don't try rehabilitation. . . . We try to break you." But Charrière would not be broken. Over and over, he told himself, "Live, live, live." For 12 years he suffered, existing among rats and centipedes, watching his comrades die around him—devoured by sharks while trying to escape, killed by fellow prisoners and guards, broken by solitary confinement, smothered in quicksand—but through it all, the clever and brave butterfly never allowed his wings to be clipped. Finally, he made his last grand gesture, becoming the first man ever to escape from Devil's Island. He did it after days of noting the action and the timing of the waves on the rocks. And at last he flung himself off a rock into the sea, using a raft composed of two sacks of coconuts. The only flaw in an otherwise engrossing narrative is the abruptness of the ending: Charrière regains his freedom in Venezuela. One reaction in France to *Papillon* was an attempt to expose the book as a hoax, but it failed. And for good reason. *Papillon* is a powerful, convincing document of man's capacity to endure—and as such should endure on its own.

Readers of Harry Mark Petrakis' novels have reason to assume that his first infant cry sounded like Anthony Quinn playing Zorba. But, as Petrakis himself now relates in his autobiographical *Stelmark, a Family Recollection* (McKay), rather than instant thunder there was familiar trauma in a boyhood of poverty, illness, frustration, love and dreams. His father was a Greek Orthodox priest who took himself and his family from the myth-laden stones of the old country to the U.S.A., where, after some moving around, he ministered to a parish in Chicago. His mother was an independent-minded woman whose flood-tide charity spilled over the sandbags of her own besieged family onto any dry patch of pathos in sight. There were five brothers and sisters and a sort of female family retainer and her son. And Harry himself—whose later appreciation of human decencies throws a searing retrospective



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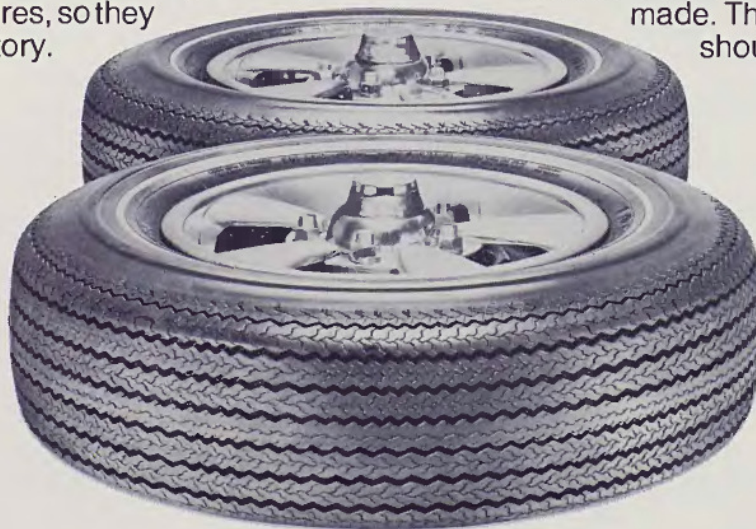
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light on his own youthful sins. Like the time of desperate need when he borrowed \$150 from his father, whose weekly income was half that, and then, madly, threw the money away on the horses. There were other lies and deceptions and betrayals, all familiar, all human, the rich compost of shame and guilt that helped fertilize a creative soul. *Stelmark* is not a great personal statement; as in his other works, Petrakis is addicted to overripe prose. But it is a moving statement, particularly the portrait of his father, whose fine spirit wavering in cross-currents of hope and despair is captured by the author in passages too heartfelt to be anything but the truth.

Although sci-fi magazines are fighting for their lives, hybrid publications that might be called bookzines are flourishing. These are anthologies, hard or soft of cover, containing previously unpublished stories. *The Future Is Now* (Sherbourne) is the latest example. Editor William F. Nolan delivers a catholic cross section of Old and New Wave fantasts, including PLAYBOY familiars (Ron Goulart, Ray Russell, Nolan himself), Young Turks (Dennis Etchison, Terry Dixon) and established respectables (Robert F. Young, radio alumnus Norman Corwin, the late Anthony Boucher). Goulart's entry is the longest and most sustained, a wild and woolly novelette, *The Whole Round World*, which takes place just before the collapse of the U.S. and chronicles the travails of a future talent agent trying to rent a jungle from a highly civilized gorilla named Clem—all told with the distinctive Goulart wit. Indeed, an overabundance of humor may be the book's flaw, but it is also its virtue, for one of its best pieces is a lethally satirical napalming of sci-fi New Wave excesses, *Hate Is a Sandpaper Ice Cube with Polka Dots of Love on It*, by Terry Dixon, a barely 20 Berkeley dropout. Stories about human-hunting, air pollution, space exploration, time travel, tomorrow's rock stars and a pair of 1200-year-old lovers round out a consistently entertaining book.

In *Bodies in Revolt: A Primer in Somatic Thinking* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Thomas L. Hanna, chairman of the department of philosophy at the University of Florida, advances an original thesis regarding the future of the human race. With an intellectual audacity certain to outrage many of his fellow philosophers, Hanna argues that the process of mutation is already under way and a new breed of man is coming into existence—a man capable of achieving his full potential as a biological organism. Through all of human history until the present, says Hanna, man could not have survived

without subordinating one half of his nature—his body—to a conscious mind that enabled him to defend himself in a hostile world. Now that man fully controls his environment, however, he need no longer devote his life to the service of his intelligence but is free to express that part of his nature that has so long been denied—the sensual, unself-conscious, totally physical being. Now the purpose of life will be living and mutant-man will be “a controlled releaser of living energy whose upward limits are unknown.” Mutant-man will know that life is an “adaptational dance,” that it is “too late [in human evolution] for work and for seriousness” and that “the only way in which the pent-up energies of the human soma can be fully released is through the explosive abandon of play.” An imaginative, provocative and hopeful argument.

The title of Mark Harris' new novel is straightforward enough: *The Goy* (Dial). Harris' goy is Westrum, a heartland WASP drawn to all that his forbears shunned—Jewish friends, Jewish wife, half-Jewish children and with a set of antennae tuned in to the 2000-year-old vibrations of Jewish angst. Does it all work? Is he brave new species or specious new mutant? A hard question to answer, and Harris' novel isn't much help. Westrum is a historian—or at least he has written the smash opus *A History of the Past World*, which brings him fame, money and all sorts of Eastern establishment connections. For a while, he is aide to the President (which one the author doesn't say). He also teaches at a big university in New York City, also unspecified. (When it comes to specifics, Harris is as cautious as a Cabinet member at a news conference.) The President finds Westrum a little too historical, ending the Washington job; and Westrum's brother-in-law, Tikvah (another one-name character and apparently a department head at that New York university), finds Westrum a little too demanding, or threatening, or something, ending the university job. Westrum is lured back to home grounds in the Midwest by a center of some sort. But the center is peopled by Jews, too, and Westrum's anomalies become suspect. Speaking of anomalies, Westrum once broke his youngest son's half-Jewish back in a fit of goyish rage. Not a completely crippling injury but one that will serve as a symbol of all those untamed gentile aggressions. Westrum also bicycles, swims and runs with the compulsive regularity of a man trying to sweat out the WASP instincts that accounted for such historical trifles as Indian exterminations, not to mention country-club exclusions. Westrum, in fact, is not a man at all but an idea, a whole

set of ideas, put together with care and love, but unsuccessfully all the same.

Baseball as our national pastime has become past tense. It has been upstaged by football, a contact sport that speaks, it is said, for the energy and violence of contemporary life. Perhaps Robert Smith's *Baseball* (Simon & Schuster) may help restore some balance to our leisure-time values. “I know,” writes Smith, “I am not the only nonathlete who still enjoys dwelling on the game he played when he was a boy.” He is not, but he may well be baseball's most lyrical sage. Smith's history of the sport from its casual beginnings in the mid-1800s to today's urban sprawl (24 major-league teams strung out over 22 major population centers) is informed and contemplative but never excessively sentimental. He traces the game's development down through the years, with special emphasis on the great heroes and villains, warts and all. He casts a cold eye on such recent problems as labor disputes between players and management, the lack of opportunity for blacks in baseball once their playing days are over and the big-business atmosphere that has increasingly dominated the game. But in the end, love prevails—and a hope that so, once again, may our lost national pastime.

*Thumb-Tripping* (Little, Brown) is *On the Road* 1970 style, except that Don Mitchell is a less pretentious writer than Jack Kerouac. Gary and Chay are two Eastern-college kids, united in holy acid, who decide to spend the summer hitchhiking the California coast. Along this Sappian Way, the couple runs into a Felliniesque set of American types. In the beginning, they manage to get a nine-year-old boy stoned, much to the relief of the boy's mother, who had regarded herself as a failure because little Danny had always been afraid of dope. From then on, one gothic ride leads to the next: the long-distance truck driver who feeds the duo speed and tries to seduce Chay; the lady on her way to the scene of an accident, hoping to see some bodies and maybe do a little looting; two menacing characters who cruise the country, looking for hitchhikers; a driver who keeps one hand on the wheel and the other in Gary's pants, testing whether Gary is a warlock by the way his left testicle hangs and promising, “If I can find that right spot, then touch it with just the right pressure—if I can do that, you'll experience an instantaneous erection and orgasm.” Sure enough. In the end, the pair splits, Gary discovering that the new ideals aren't so new, that it is “hard to share feelings and maybe impossible . . . maybe they only shared



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scenes together, seen privately." After a summer of thumb-tripping, he discovers, too, that "we fuck up a life now and then." The talented young author is now working on the movie version of his novel, *Son of Easy Rider*?

On a moonlit summer night, 700 R. A. F. bombers rumble toward their target—an industrial center in Germany's Ruhr Valley. But accident and error cause the marker planes to drop their flares too soon and tons of high explosives and incendiary bombs are rained on the small country town of Altgarten. *Bomber* (Harper & Row), by espionage novelist Len (The *Ipcress File*, *Funeral in Berlin*) Deighton, is a fictional, moment-by-moment documentation of a World War Two air raid. Once again, there we are on that British aerodrome from which Gregory Peck and Jimmy Stewart sent so many men to seek their *Target for Tonight*, warning them to watch out for Messerschmitts at *Twelve O'Clock High*. There we are with the stiff-lipped British officers, the Jewish navigator, the Aussie gunner, the Cockney radioman, the brave wives; and, across the Channel in the Third Reich, there we are, too, with the idealistic *Luftwaffe* officers, the Gestapo investigators, the bad Germans and the good. Cutting from scene to scene in cinematic fashion, Deighton maneuvers his scores of characters and subplots within the framework of the single raid—his avowed intention to indict the madness and immorality of war. But he is betrayed by two factors: first, the stereotyped characters and situations of his story; and second, the fact that what is occurring in Vietnam (and elsewhere) today is so much more obscene a horror than the comparatively clean-cut death and destruction wrought by the R.A.F. and the *Luftwaffe* in 1943.

Any man who spent even the smallest portion of his early life hunting the approval of those dominating childhood figures, his mother and his kindergarten teacher, must feel it a shock to be informed that all the while those potent women were themselves dominated and oppressed by men. The idea seems laughable, but Kate Millett's book, *Sexual Politics* (Doubleday), is calculated to throttle the laughter in the gullet. A brilliant, harsh, funny and abrasively slanted documentation of man's inhumanity to woman, it is bound to keep the male reader nervously protesting for months after he has closed it with a final, infuriated "Yes, but—" Miss Millett begins by quoting extensively from the sex passages of works by Henry Miller and Norman Mailer, those two prize studs of the 20th Century American literary stable. She illustrates how their

sexual attitudes are based on power-greedy male chauvinism and compares their obtuseness unfavorably with the perceptivity of France's revolutionary homosexual, Jean Genet. From there she proceeds to rip through the history of patriarchal society, the women's rights movement of the 19th and early-20th Centuries and the backlash of the past four decades. The trip she takes us on is an exhilarating one and is essential reading for any man interested in the gripes of intelligent feminists. The writing, while sometimes understandably acidulous and personal, is mercifully free from rhetoric. The points are argued with relish. And it is certainly high time that the sexual inadequacies of our major writers on sex were exposed and put in perspective. But here we come across one of the main flaws of Miss Millett's work. The inadequacies are laid out with beautiful precision, but the perspective is smudged. Much too honest and too clever to refuse the devil his due, Miss Millett grants with a grudging sentence the important contribution Miller's frankness has made to our present precariously held freedom of thinking. She recognizes Mailer's ambivalence and ironic self-regard. She acknowledges the extent to which women themselves have acquiesced in their own subservience. But she is an angry woman and she goes on belaboring her enemies long after her point has been made. Even more serious, and strange: In the world of *Sexual Politics*, there are very few women; Charlotte Brontë is the only one who receives more than the most cursory attention. Perhaps Miss Millett would argue that this is a faithful reflection of a patriarchal system in which women have become intellectually invisible. For those of us who like and respect women even as they are, the account must seem pitifully one-sided.

Ernest Hemingway must have been uncertain about whether to permit publication of his last novel, *Islands in the Stream* (Scribner's), or it would have been between covers long before this. Now the decision has been made and the novel must be judged as a novel and not part of a legacy. *Islands in the Stream* is not very good. Those who never did like Hemingway can read it as vindication. Others may put it aside as a juvenile bore. Some will be greatly and complicatedly saddened by it. The hero of *Islands in the Stream* is another avatar of all Hemingway heroes. His name is Thomas Hudson and he is supposed to be an American painter of some renown. He is, of course, Jake Barnes, alias Frederic Henry, alias Robert Jordan, alias Ernest Hemingway. The action covers a period just before

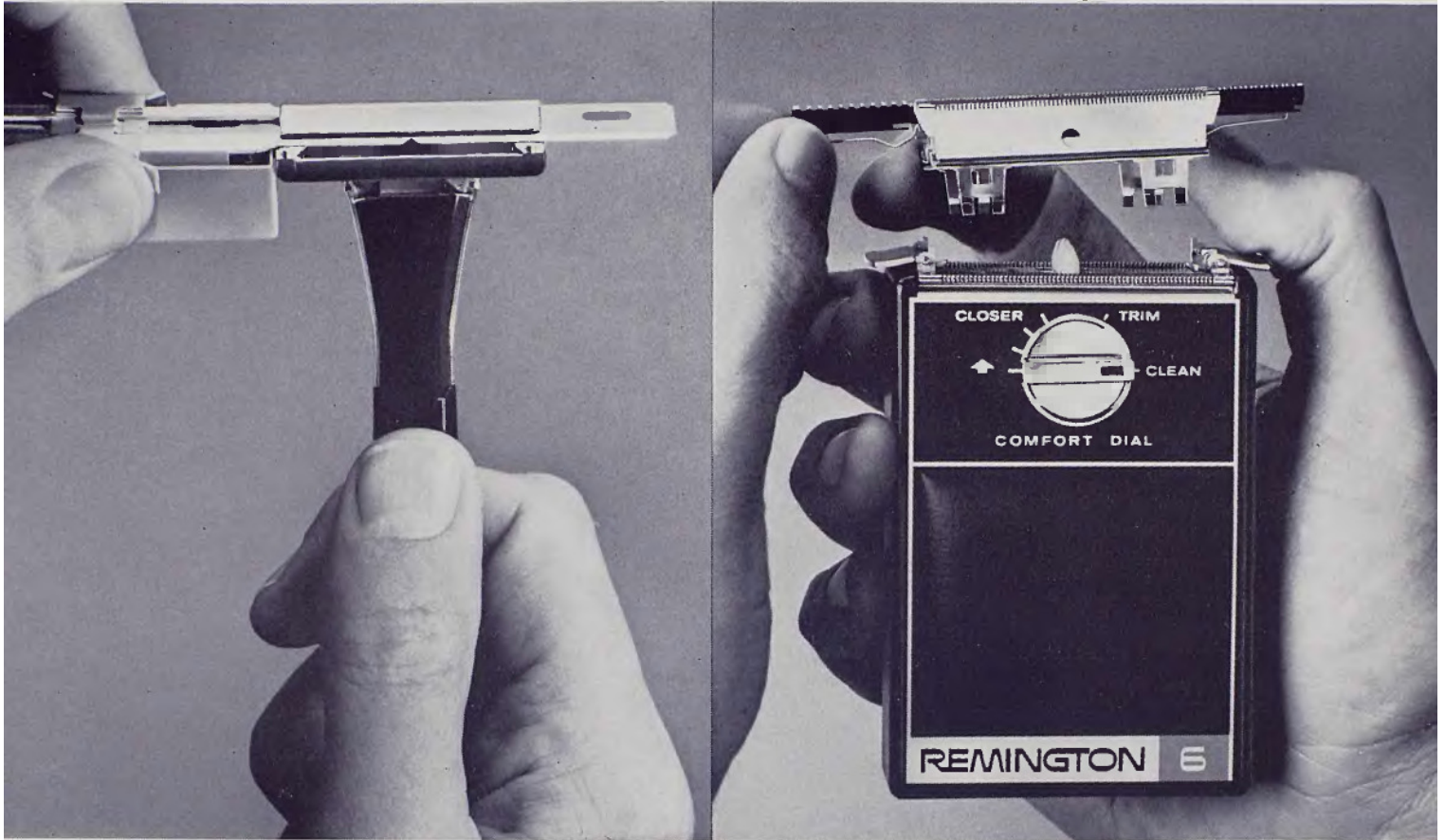
and during World War Two. Retrospectively, it goes back to the lives and loves that account for the presence of Hudson's three sons with their father on Bimini. There is much talk of fishing and much fishing. There is one grand fistfight and one grand fish fight. All three boys subsequently die—the younger two in an auto crash near Biarritz with their mother; the third, perhaps most loved, flying a Spitfire for the R.A.F. In the last section of the novel, Hudson and an odd-lot crew search for the survivors of a German U-boat wreck in order to question or, if necessary, to kill them. There are moments in the action scenes that suggest the old—or, rather, young—Hemingway: an order and precision of detail that was the master's inimitable form of unuttered lyricism. But everything goes on and on and on. What was style becomes repetition. What was vision becomes tedium. Hemingway was never a realistic writer; no one ever believed that real human beings talked and acted as characters do in a Hemingway novel. Hudson's sons, not to mention the father himself, talk and act as though they had all been sent to a special school whose sole function was to train them as characters in a Hemingway novel. What made his work important was its vital inner vision. Hemingway's creative life pulsed with a sense of life's tragic condition. His people were living postures assumed in defiance of death—like a bullfighter's flamboyant stance. We could accept that stance because real death opposed it. But Hemingway's last novel is mere show. *Islands in the Stream* is not so much parody as it is search, the search of the artist for his true source. The tragedy of the book lies in the author's heart-rending awareness that the source was forever lost.

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one of the best around. It is made on the premises and fruitier than usual. The volume of *sangria* consumed at Victor's testifies to its quality. For an appetizer, most of the Victor's crowd like to start with the *frijoles negros*, black-bean soup, reputed to be the only native Cuban dish that Fulgencio Batista would allow his French chef to make. Also, it is alleged that Castro swears on his own mother's *frijoles negros* in moments of crisis. That's how important the dish is in Cuba. Served with a garnish of chopped onion and chives, *frijoles negros* has a dark, rich, earthy taste influenced by the bay leaf and a smoky purple color. The red-bean soup, *frijoles colorados*, is lighter in taste and less interesting. Victor's specialty *de la casa* is *Bistec al Horno*, or broiled Cuban-style steak. It consists of a good cut of steak crowded by chopped fresh lettuce, pickled green beans, beets, onions, tomatoes and—there they are, on the side—fried bananas! Victor's fried bananas are crisp but never hard. *Tocino del Cielo* (literally, "bacon from heaven") is a dessert made from only the yolks of eggs and so thick that it's sliced in long pieces resembling bacon strips and then served in a vanilla sauce on a plate. Should it be too sweet for your taste, you may prefer guava shells or shredded coconut, both served with cream cheese. But after the fried bananas, many Cubans skip dessert. Cuban cuisine, in general, is not spicy but has a lingering sweetness that is never cloying. Prices are moderate and a couple can spend an evening at Victor's for under \$20. Odds are that the Muzak will play *Malagueña* at least once per evening. Reservations are recommended for a party of four or more.

## MOVIES

The recipient of kudos for his performance in last year's *Easy Rider*, Jack Nicholson, as the star of *Five Easy Pieces*, proves that the electricity he generates on movie screens has only begun to crackle. Here he delivers a characterization as variegated, humorous, colorful and deeply felt as anything seen since . . . well, since Nicholson stole *Easy Rider*. His role in *Five Easy Pieces* (the title an apparent reference to five piano compositions by Bach, Chopin and Mozart that alternate with country-and-western ballads in setting the film's restless mood) casts Nicholson as a crazy, good-looking guy who seems at first to be just another rowdy worker in the California oil fields. The simple waitress (Karen Black) he shacks up with is pregnant and his best buddy is wanted for a filling-station holdup. Yet when he packs and heads home to an island off the northern Pacific coast because his father

has suffered a stroke, we learn that wayward Bobby Dupea is a gifted pianist from a well-known family of musicians. (His middle name is Eroica.) He stashes his unhappy waitress in a distant motel and settles down for a spell, finding distraction with a pretty concert pianist (Susan Anspach). Despite lapses into self-conscious cinematography, freshman director and co-author Bob Rafelson shows promise as a perceptive, compassionate observer of characters from two very distinct social milieus. Finally, though, *Five Easy Pieces* belongs to its star. Whether he is cajoling his neurotic sister, playing the fool or quietly talking his heart out in a poignant monolog to his mute, stricken old man, who cannot comprehend a word of it, Nicholson is a natural.

Watching Charlton Heston deliver Mark Antony's funeral oration in an ill-conceived British production of *Julius Caesar* evokes fond memories of Marlon Brando in the Joseph L. Mankiewicz film version of a few years back. Brando played the part with a powerful sense of personal commitment to the tragedy. Heston comes just to bury Caesar and damned near succeeds. Yet, Heston probably earns the right to star billing ahead of John Gielgud's senile Caesar (under Mankiewicz, Gielgud played Cassius as if he were playing for keeps). Directed by England's Stuart Burge, who called the shots for Olivier's *Othello*, this is a Caesar's salad of movie, TV and stage stars from both sides of the Atlantic that seems destined to wind up as a telecast. Fans of *The Man from U. N. C. L. E.* and *Dr. Kildare* may enjoy Robert Vaughn as Casca or Richard Chamberlain as Octavius Caesar or even winsome Diana Rigg (of *The Avengers*) as Portia. We wonder, though, what producer Peter Snell had in mind when he hired Jason Robards, whose performance as Brutus serves as a case history on how to shrug off the classics. The ringing Shakespearean lines put into his mouth become mashed potatoes. *This* was the noblest Roman of them all?

Hundreds of Cheyenne Indians are maimed, raped, castrated and brutally slain by U. S. Cavalymen at the climax of *Soldier Blue*, which is meant to recall the infamous Sand Creek massacre of 1864. Director Ralph (*Lilies of the Field*) Nelson plainly intends to set America's pioneer history straight while simultaneously noting that the atrocities committed by U. S. troops in Vietnam follow a long-established military tradition. The point may be well taken, but it isn't particularly well made, since *Soldier Blue's* boys in uniform are portrayed as sadistic, raving maniacs—blood kin to those subhuman little Japs who

used to swarm through the battle epics of World War Two. To weaken his message even further, Nelson treats most of the long midsection of the movie as a dreadfully cute romantic comedy and entrusts the two leading roles to performers whose inexperience creates a troublesome credibility gap. The lesser offender is newcomer Peter Strauss, just adequate in his title role as an Army private who is all that's left of a detachment delivering a white woman to her fiancé after two years of captivity by the Cheyenne. But Candice Bergen, however lovely to look at, is thoroughly unconvincing as the foulmouthed, fair-haired Eastern girl whose view of Indian affairs has been altered considerably by playing squaw to a handsome Cheyenne warrior (Jorge Rivero) known as Spotted Wolf. Minus her four-letter words—which she enunciates defiantly, as if she were saying them for the very first time—Candice would fit nicely into a historical pageant at Radcliffe.

The Indian characters in *The McMasters* are also cast as victims of bigotry, though the reversal here is double, in that they, too, practice a kind of primitive racism against a black man (Brock Peters) who is presumptuous enough to come home from the Civil War and inherit half a sprawling cattle ranch from his kindly old massa (Burl Ives). The angry Indians see a white enemy in any man who claims that their forefathers' land belongs to him—and the color of his skin is irrelevant. Upon this interesting concept, director Alf Kjellin builds a dull drama fraught with conventional outbreaks of sex and violence. *The McMasters'* black hero ultimately takes an Indian wife (Nancy Kwan, that squaw from Hong Kong), whose rape by a gang of drunken white vigilantes unites red and black in a common cause. Jack Palance heads the local contingent of hatemongers in his usual snarling style; but no matter what villainy he contrives, audiences are apt to stay one jump ahead of him.

There would be more to enjoy in *Act of the Heart* if the movie had been made by someone like Russ Meyer and presented as a lip-smacking shocker about the choirgirl and the priest. *Heart's* plot, God knows, meets every requirement of a sexploitation epic. A devout but repressed Protestant soprano in Montreal, selected to sing a concert of sacred music, festers with guilty passion for an Augustinian monk; they fornicate at the very foot of the altar. After that, the poor heroine goes to live with her lusty frère, starts singing in a tawdry night club and—talk about the wages of sin—acts out her remorse in a scene of fiery self-immolation. Such guilt feelings about



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sex, even with a man of the cloth, seem somewhat overdrawn today, but Canada's writer-director-producer Paul Almond contemplates with utmost seriousness the torment of his young heroine, who happens to be played by his wife, Geneviève Bujold. Perhaps happily married young directors should be prohibited from working with their wives, since infatuation tends to encourage lingering close-ups that suggest a love affair between star and camera. Miss Bujold is further handicapped by having to utter lines such as, "Funny how everything always adds up," and "Maybe there's . . . something *more*." As the worldly monk, Donald Sutherland just marks time while Almond photographs the environs of gracious Montreal, where the changing seasons can be measured by the accumulation of snowflakes on his wife's eyelashes.

Campus revolutionaries declare war on our computerized society in two new films, one of which earns points by not taking itself too seriously. The halls of ivy that provide a backdrop for writer-director Theodore J. Flicker's *Up in the Cellar* are surrounded by armored tanks and khaki-clad shock troops, but the military presence is just *there*—taken for granted, like the football stadium and the statue of the university's founder. Flicker, former cabaret impresario of *The Premise*, uses satire as shading for a wacky sex farce about a hip student poet (newcomer Wes Stern, a sort of second-string Dustin Hoffman) who loses his scholarship because the school computer develops an aversion to his verse. Seeking redress, the poet first tries suicide but ultimately determines to sabotage the school prexy (Larry Hagman, son of Broadway's Mary Martin) by seducing his wife, daughter and black mistress. The victims, as played, respectively, by Joan Collins, Nira Barab and Judy Pace, give *Cellar* sufficient sex appeal to offset its clumsier attempts at rib nudging. Veteran producer-director Stanley Kramer's *R. P. M.* (*Revolutions Per Minute*, a sorry pun) tends to be funny mostly by default. Scenarist Erich (*Love Story*) Segal has a serious idea concerning the breakdown of communication between young rebels and faculty squares at a college where militants have seized control of a \$2,000,000 computer. But the idea softens into pure Hollywood pap when Kramer gets around to introducing his principals—especially Anthony Quinn, doing a replay of Zorba as "Paco" Perez, the campus' liberal man of letters and world-famous sociologist. "Paco can reach the students," says a member of the board. Which is Kramer's cue for a fast cut to scrumptious Ann-Margret, being reached for at that moment in Paco Perez' bed. Under a veneer of pseudo-liberal platitudes and

high purpose, *R. P. M.* is strictly box-office merchandise.

Produced by Steve McQueen's film company, *Adam at 6 A.M.* serves up some impressive new screen talent in a sturdy showcase. The movie tends to be overexplicit, with every syllable of its message carefully telegraphed, then italicized by scenarists Stephen and Elinor Karpf. Yet, this team of 27-year-old young marrieds combines intelligence with sensitivity in the creation of *Adam*, which turns out to be the first really satisfactory film role for Michael Douglas. Young Douglas evidently inherited poppa Kirk's virility, but it's his own easy diffidence that makes him persuasive as a hip young Ph.D. from California who tries to put down roots in the small Nebraska town where his family started. He gets a job with the local power company, makes friends with hard-knuckled workingmen who crack jokes about condoms and spend their nights off amid floozies in a gin mill and meets an all-American girl (played to dimply perfection by movie newcomer Lee Purcell) who can even bake apple pie. Of course, Adam's refuge turns out to be a trap, for he finally looks beyond the white-clapboard house fronts and friendly faces and sees middle America—Nixon country, as embodied in supermarkets and station wagons. Though they work toward a predictable end, *Adam's* adventures are treated with vigor by director Robert Scheerer, a recruit from TV unfortunately burdened with an urban outsider's naïve vision of grass-roots America.

To be human is to be trapped, according to *Pound*, writer-director Robert (*Pulney Swope*) Downey's weird and wild black comedy about a world in which "normal" society is represented by fascist cops, a white sniper masquerading as a honkie killer and a team of freaked-out dogcatchers. Except for a huge black woman who is the keeper of Downey's metaphorical *Pound*, all the main characters are kinky people hand-picked for canine roles as Mutt, Greyhound, a snobbish pedigreed bitch, a horny Irish setter, and so on. Rather short on subtlety, the film's strained verbal and visual puns can be measured by the fact that Boxer is portrayed as a decrepit old pugilist in baggy trunks. The old Pekingese bitch miraculously gives birth to a penguin. But *Pound* was not made to be explorable. It was made by Downey, from funds supplied by United Artists, to be wrapped up in DeLuxe Color and sold to the public as a genuine, X-rated, obscure and dirty underground movie. It succeeds on all counts but the first and will be admired most by those who see a kind of primitive honesty in the Irish setter's masturbating (back to camera,



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of course). Some of the unrehearsed ribaldry of *Pound* is crudely amusing, but more of it suggests that pale-blue anti-establishment movies have become an "in" thing. How far in? Well, the casting call for one sequence set in a "Penguin Heaven" (filmed at a Brooklyn ice-house) drew a dressy crowd of theatrical producers, journalists, musicians, stage mothers and socialite patrons of the American Symphony.

*The Games* hops around the globe keeping track of an English milkman (Michael Crawford), an Australian aborigine (Athol Compton), an American swinger (Ryan O'Neal) and a once-great champion runner from Czechoslovakia (Charles Aznavour), all of whom are destined to test their endurance in a 26-mile marathon at the Rome Olympics. Filmed on location in several scenic hemispheres, *Games* was adapted from a novel by Hugh Atkinson and coached by England's Michael Winner. Despite the technical advice of Gordon Pirie and the presence on screen of Rafer Johnson, the movie still looks foolishly fictional more often than not. Jeremy Kemp as a conniving Aussie promoter and Stanley Baker as a locker-room Svengali who hates a loser create some moments of persuasive villainy behind the scenes, but the stars of the picture are handicapped by having to lug a duffel bag of contemporary problems into the sports arena, each neatly labeled by country of origin. Britain's boy wonder (an insipid bore, in Crawford's characterization) is plagued by doubts about the natural superiority that stems simply from being English; Australia's entry gets hip to black power; the American just breezes along until he's brought to a stop by drugs and heart disease; and the Czech struggles valiantly to steer away from politics. There are no losers, of course. It's the trying that counts, the display of sheer stamina. The audience will need some, too.

The creamy title song composed by Michel Legrand and sung on the sound track by Peggy Lee provides a clue to the intentions of *Pieces of Dreams*, the story of a conscientious young priest who sheds his cassock to marry a rich, enchanting social worker from Albuquerque. *Dreams* is smooth as silk, a topical romantic drama that demonstrates how deftly Hollywood can handle slick fiction. It derives from *The Wine and the Music*, a novel by the same William E. Barrett who wrote *Lilies of the Field*. The film version avoids flagrant sentimentality but exploits all the subtle erotic pleasures implicit in the tale, while opening doors for frank, if indefinite, discussion of such matters as priestly celibacy, contraception and abortion. The lovers are played by vibrant

fashion model Lauren Hutton and virile, humorless Robert Forster in much the way Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck might have done, if ever Hollywood had given them leave.

Among a certain cult of film critics, the greatness of a movie is often measured in degrees of tedium. By this standard, Roberto Rossellini's *The Rise of Louis XIV* ranks as a masterwork. Ordinary moviegoers are supposed to suffer through it because they have been told the experience will be good for them. We say the hell with it, unless one is hooked on meticulous period reconstructions and dreary academic acting. Originally filmed for television in 1965 (in French, with English titles), *Louis XIV* plays like 100 minutes of exposition for a behind-the-scenes human drama that never gets under way. The 17th Century costumes are perfect, the interiors sumptuous, the history conscientious to a fault in recounting how young Louis, at the age of 22, asserted his personal power after the death of Cardinal Mazarin and began to build Versailles in order to keep the restive French nobility busy. But the actor chosen to play Louis XIV—the Sun King, one of the most colorful autocrats in European history—is a lumpish lad (Jean-Marie Patte) without a smidgen of charisma. Ringed around him are a host of secondary players who wear their costumes and recite their set pieces as if they had been asked to pose for a historical tableau. All in all, the movie comes off like a series of Famous Artists reproductions, adding little luster to the crown of Italy's reigning neorealist, the Rossellini of *Open City* and *Paisan*.

## RECORDINGS

*Black Magic* is West Side Chicago-based blues guitarist Magic Sam's second and last album. His tragic death of a heart attack at 32 in 1969 cut short a talent that had been painfully underrecorded. The ten items range from the James Brown-like grunt-shuffle-slide rhythms of *I Just Want a Little Bit* to the trucking-chopping rhythms of *You Belong to Me*. The album is one of several new releases on Delmark, a small but beautiful Chicago jazz and blues label. Then there's Junior Wells's *South Side Blues Jam*, which attempts to re-create in the studio the sound of Monday night at Theresa's bar, a Chicago blues institution, and features the piano of the late Otis Spann. The eight selections include a real-down version of *I Just Want to Make Love to You* that should put the Rolling Stones to shame for their commercial cover of the song, and the funky, hard back-beat *Blues for Mayor Daley*. Rural blues is Sleepy John Estes' thing and he puts them in a new setting on *Electric Sleep*, his



first album with a Chicago-style blues band. Happily, his vocals and guitar work are not drowned in electricity on the ten cuts that include an old favorite, *If the River Was Whiskey*, and bouncy-beated *I Ain't Gonna Sell It*. *Love Me Mama* is the funky title tune that opens the second side of Luther Allison's latest album and the nine other tunes easily maintain the mood, as Luther sings with urgency and plays his ax with great power. Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, wailing on *Crudup's Mood*, is at his best on slow, rolling tunes such as *I'm in the Mood for You* and *Any Old Way You Do*. The first side of the 11-tune set features Willie Dixon on stand-up bass. Carey Bell's *Blues Harp* is right on, as the bluesman—rediscovered while playing with Mike Bloomfield on the West Coast a year ago—makes us believe that his harmonica is a natural extension of his body. His vocals are alive, too, on ten tunes that include the old standard *I'm Ready*.

For all those who still treasure Gary McFarland's classic LP, *Soft Samba*, we heartily recommend *Gary McFarland Today* (Skye), a recording done in mud! the same vein. McFarland's *sotto voce* vocals and whistling, the pervasive rhythms and the work of flutist Hubert Laws, bone man Curtis Fuller and guitarist Sam Brown make it all happen. Everything is low-key but wonderfully grabby, as Mr. McFarland proves once more that you don't have to hit someone over the head to make a point.

About two years ago, Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys were doing a concert tour as warm-up group for Jimi Hendrix and he was having a hard time following them. *Albion Doo-Wah* (Polydor), the band's second album, is more rock 'n' roll with deep country roots. Highlights are the bluegrass *Strike a Match* and *Light Another* and *Riff Raff*, with its funky shades-of-Sly-and-the-Family-Stone dance beat.

The Moog—once an eyebrow raiser—is now an almost ubiquitous commodity on the music scene; everybody, as they say, is into it. *Cinemoog* (Mercury), featuring the Electronic Concept Orchestra, is a triumph of the engineer's art. Not that there isn't a plenitude of fine musicians on hand—Eddie Higgins on Moog, piano and electric piano, Phil Upchurch on Fender bass, percussionist Bobby Christian, Bob Schiff also on Moog and electric clavinet—but it's the mixing of a full-sized string section, the setting up of the electronic sounds, the milking of the Moog for all it's worth that turn the filmusic outing (*Come Saturday Morning*, *Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head*, *What Are You Doing the Rest of*

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*Your Life*) into a refreshing delight. Moogery of more modest proportions is to be found on *Blues Current* (Polydor), which is pretty much of a one-man show for composer-programmer-performer John Murtaugh. And that's not to take anything away from his able aides, pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Gerry Jemmott and drummer Bernard Purdie. The basic blues are in there somewhere, but Murtaugh has taken them deep into the Seventies. All we can say is that we have heard the future and it works.

A summit meeting of major importance—that's organist Richard "Groove" Holmes's teaming up with tenor man Ernie Watts on *Come Together* (World Pacific Jazz). The communication is intense, whether it's the lead-off Lennon-McCartney title tune, such pop-rock opuses as *Hurt So Bad, Can't Take My Eyes off You* and *Wedding Bell Blues*, or the two Watts originals. Holmes and Watts dip into an electronic bag for a broad spectrum of sound, but whatever bag they're in, the dynamic duo—backed by a rhythm section made up of Dick Berk, King Errison, Wilton Felder, Robert Norris and Freddy Robinson—is extremely listenable.

Johann Sebastian's second son, Karl Philipp Emanuel, has long been regarded as the most gifted chip off the old Bach. That reputation is persuasively bolstered by two keyboard concertos recently brought to light by conductor Thomas Schippers: *Concerto in F for Two Pianos and Orchestra* and *Concerto in G Major for Organ, Strings and Continuo* (Columbia). In addition to demonstrating the contrapuntal science and melodic invention that came naturally to all the Bachs, both pieces sound a note of suppressed intensity and conflict that was peculiar to K. P. E. and that situates him in a fascinating no man's land between the Baroque solidity of his father and the romantic outpourings of Beethoven. Schippers performs with crisp authority in his dual role of conductor and soloist.

*Sabicas—Rock Encounter with Joe Beck* (Polydor) is an admirable effort to bring together premier flamenco and rock guitarists. It may not have been totally successful—occasionally, the *sangria* doesn't mix too well with the Ripple—but there are enough sounds of surprise pulled off by the unlikely merger to call for an "¡Olé!" or a "Right on."

*The Association "Live"* (Warner Bros.), a double-album set recorded at a University of Utah concert, shows the satinsmooth septet's ability to lay down an "in-person" sound that is almost as

together as its expertly produced studio sessions. The offerings include such well-remembered hits as *Cherish* and *Windy*, its original theme for *Goodbye, Columbus* and 18 others.

Even when Miriam Makeba applies her lovely voice to up-tempo melodies, there is still a touch of melancholy in it, a certain sadness that seems to contain within it a microcosm of all the world's sorrows. Listening to Miss Makeba is never less than a moving experience and *Keep Me in Mind* (Reprise) manages to insinuate itself into your soul. Whether the songs are her own Africa-based creations or the Lennon-McCartney *In My Life* or Steve Stills's *For What It's Worth*, the results are uniformly spectacular.

Charlie Byrd, he of the unamplified guitar (whisper his name), is with us once more on *Let It Be* (Columbia) and good taste is again abroad in the land. A thinking man's guitarist, Byrd never forsakes a melodic line arbitrarily, and when he does, he always knows exactly where he's going. On *Let It Be*, Charlie merges blues, bossa nova, pop, rock and assorted unclassifiables into a beautiful whole, some of the parts of which are *Frank Mills*, *Bridge over Troubled Water*, the title melody and the beautiful Brazilian ode *Lata Ladada*.

There's no happier rock group around than *Poco* (Epic), and its country-inflected music has all the bright, healthful tang of the oranges portrayed on the cover of the LP. The beat is lively as hell and the guitars maintain a sharp cutting edge as the unpretentious quintet—formed by two survivors of the Buffalo Springfield after Steve Stills split—wails on *You Better Think Twice*, *Anyway Bye Bye* and the instrumental *El Tonto De Nadie, Regresa*.

With *Keep the Customer Satisfied / Buddy Rich Big Band* (Liberty), the seemingly inexhaustible sultan of the Slingerlands has added yet another wild LP to his list of major accomplishments. The session was recorded "live" at the Tropicana in Las Vegas after a hard day's night of club performances. No matter; Rich and the band are up and groovy—hard-driving, imaginative, exuding vitality. The highlight of the show is a *Midnight Cowboy* medley, but all of the arrangements by Don Menza, Bill Holman and Don Piestrup are superb. Among the bright solo stars—alto man Richie Cole and trombonist Rick Stepton.

High on the Richter scale of those with the most soul vibrations has got to be Lou Rawls, a dues payer in good standing. *Bring It on Home* (Capitol) has



Lou offering vocal tribute to a soul pioneer, the late Sam Cooke, as he runs through seven Cooke cookers that include the lead-off title tune, *Take Me for What I Am*, *Chain Gang* and *Somebody Have Mercy*. Rawls intersperses a couple of his monolog trademarks in order to keep everybody happy. We'll settle for the songs.

A lot of America goes past you when you're a rock band on the road, hustling between one-night gigs during most of the year; and if you've been at it as long as The Band has, a lot of America gets into your music. The miles really pay off in *Stage Fright* (Capitol), the group's diffidently titled third effort. Like it says in their song, "There'll be saints and sinners, you'll see losers and winners"—all conjured up perfectly in a thumpy, twangy, funky mix of rock, Faulkner, mountain music and, often, the Old Testament. The sound is clearly the work of five musicians whose heads have been together for years—and whether it's elegiac or exuberant, it never misses.

#### THEATER

At one point in *Golden Bat*, Yukiko Kobayashi, a pert little blossom of a girl, ambles into the audience and in broken English asks a patron, "Are you happy?" The girl, the question and the whole Japanese rock musical are so ingenuous that one would have to be a statue not to beam an affirmative response. The 12 talented youngsters in the cast, who call themselves the Tokyo Kid Brothers, are charming, likable and in love with America—with cowboy movies, Cokes, slang ("You've come a wrong way, baby") and rock musicals. Although *Golden Bat* is, musically, deeply in debt to *Hair*, it comes through as eminently Japanese, complete with kimonos, brightly colored cutouts and umbrellas and a decidedly Oriental slant to the score. More than half the words are in Japanese and the English part is so accented as to be often undecipherable. But the message is clear enough—good will. For all the show's modesty (even the nudity is as discreet as a silk-screen painting) and lightness of mood, occasional moments of passion force one to remember a bitter reality: The Kid Brothers were born post-Hiroshima, and these life-hungry, forgiving faces are constant reminders of that horror. The cast sings and dances about lost love, childhood and peace, and also about its hopes and dreams, embodied in the word *matsuri*. If this show is any indication of the spirit of the young in Japan today—and it has a stamp of authenticity—the country is full of *matsuri*. At the Sheridan Square, 99 Seventh Avenue South.



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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**R**ecently, I dated a girl I really liked. Unfortunately, she is about five inches taller than I am and feels ill-at-ease about it, so much so that she has refused my last few requests for a date, turning me down with a quiet no and a brief explanation of her embarrassment when out with me. I consider her attitude juvenile but, so far, have held my tongue. How can I convince her not to be self-conscious and to continue dating me?—M. C., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Unless you can sprout another five inches, it's likely that the girl will continue to feel self-conscious when out with you, regardless of what you tell her. You'd be well advised to lower your sights or to find a tall girl less concerned about relative heights. If "politics is the art of the possible," as Bismarck once said, so is dating.*

**W**hat is the meteorological meaning of the old saying, "Red sky in the morning is a sailor's sure warning; red sky at night is the sailor's delight"?—S. T., Madison, Wisconsin.

*A reddish sunset is caused by dust particles reflected in the sun's rays, indicating more dust in the air than moisture. Since, in most areas, weather travels from west to east, the chances are that the skies will then be clear the following day. A red sunrise could be the reflection of a rising sun shining on cirrus clouds moving in from the west. Cirrus clouds usually indicate stormy weather, especially at sea. This phenomenon was first noted by Theophrastus, a Greek philosopher and scientist, and modern meteorologists have since found the observation to be correct 70 percent of the time. Jesus is also credited with noting the same fact: "When it is evening you say, 'The weather will be fair, for the sky is red.' And in the morning you say, 'It will be stormy today, for the sky is red and lowering.'" ("Matthew" 16:2.)*

**I** am 22 years old, have just graduated from college and am about to leave for Europe with a young man whom I have been dating for some months. I feel no guilt and whether or not we ever marry, I'm sure I won't regret having spent the year traveling with him. Sadly, my parents find this both shocking and heartbreaking and have told me it will dishonor their name and also make me an "undesirable" marriage partner. I have no illusions about being able to alter their views on morality, but I would like to minimize their hurt as much as possible. Any suggestions?—Miss P. R., Austin, Texas.

*Yes. Since you've made your positions clear and since neither you nor your parents are apt to change your minds,*

*drop the subject. The chasm between the generations can often be successfully ignored by both sides, but if you stand on the brink and shout about your rights, all you'll hear is an echo.*

**M**y problem is thinning hair. Is there anything new on the scene that doesn't cost a fortune and won't look like somebody had dropped a mop on my head?—F. M., Chicago, Illinois.

*Toupees that may be worn in bed or in the shower and that are virtually indistinguishable from the real thing cost upward of \$150. Transplants are more expensive, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that the hair you comb is all your own. The newest hair-weaving technique, also expensive, is to implant Teflon-coated wires in the head that, in turn, hold a nylon mesh onto which human hair is woven. The latest, and least expensive, way of obtaining a full head of hair is simply to buy a male wig. Similar to female wigs, they're made of artificial hair, cost around \$30 or more, come in a variety of colors and can be styled by your barber.*

**A**bout three years ago, I dated a girl only for sexual satisfaction. I didn't give myself a chance to get to know her as a human being, because all I was interested in was her body. I dated her for two weeks and dropped her when she no longer presented a challenge. During that time, however, she got to know some of my friends and has since stayed within the same general social circle. I have gotten to know her as a person and have fallen in love with her. I know she likes me and would like to go out with me, but she holds back for fear of being burned again. How can I convince her of my real feelings?—S. N., Little Rock, Arkansas.

*By giving her a chance to get to know you as a person, too. Double date with her, take her to theaters and on picnics with other couples, but don't insist on being alone with her immediately. If she's afraid of being burned again, then keep the passions on a low flame until she's ready to approach the stove.*

**A** friend claims that vintage years for California wines, unlike those for French wines, have little meaning. Can you tell me why?—M. P., Seattle, Washington.

*Though there are some slight variations, climatic conditions in California are remarkably similar from year to year. As a consequence, the wines produced there tend to be much the same. Also, some California wineries blend the wines produced in one district with those*

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of several others, resulting in a uniformity of quality. For these reasons, many of the wines do not indicate the vintage on their label. In France, the weather may vary greatly from one season to the next, some years being marked by bountiful harvests and others by crop failures, with resultant variations in the quality of the wine.

**F**or the past ten months, I have been sexually involved with a 27-year-old divorcé. He is the only man with whom I have had sexual relations and the situation has gotten out of hand. He wants to marry me in the near future; I want to date other men (I am only 19). I enjoy dating him, but I know our marriage wouldn't work. He's an extremely sensitive man and has been hurt badly twice before. How do I let him know how I feel without hurting him again?—Miss Y. L. Cleveland, Ohio.

*As tactfully as possible, bearing in mind that if you lean over too far backward to avoid hurting him, you may injure your own sacroiliac. With luck, both his age and his previous experiences will enable him to see your point of view. To be fair to yourself as well as to those with whom you're involved is seldom easy, an observation acknowledged by the Talmudic aphorism: "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? But if I am only for myself, what am I?"*

**I**'ve become interested in tape recording and want to get the best possible results. My newly purchased equipment is considered excellent and I feel that I've invested all the money I need to for the enjoyment of my hobby. However, my dealer suggests that I add a bulk eraser to the gear that I already own. Frankly, I'm suspicious. Since the recorder itself performs the function of erasing tape, what's the point in buying yet another accessory?—K. J., Atlanta, Georgia.

*Although your recorder erases the tape just prior to its passage over the recording head, some very faint vestiges of the previous sounds may remain. A good bulk eraser removes all signals on an entire reel almost instantaneously, thanks to its powerful magnetic field. In fact, some extra-careful recordists like to use their bulk erasers on brand-new tapes, to make certain that the tapes are absolutely clean.*

**I**'m going to be married soon to a girl I love very much. However, she doesn't know that I am a transvestite and have enjoyed wearing female attire for many years—and still do whenever I'm alone. We have had sexual intercourse steadily for two years and it has been very satisfactory; but after the wedding, I'm sure that sooner or later she will discover my secret. Should I tell her or should I try



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By David Humphreys,  
Explorer and Navigator

If you get lost in northern Greenland, you die.

All four of us in the expedition knew it. Every dog in the team knew it.

To calculate our longitude we depended on an Accutron watch.

We used the most accurate watch we could find because longitude is an

exact measure of time. An error of only four seconds can misplace a mile.

And at 50 below in the middle of the six-month arctic night, you wouldn't want to do a thing like that.

**The old boys obviously didn't have  
Accutron watches  
with tuning fork movements.**

As it turned out, there had been quite a bit of misplacing.

My figures (recently verified by an earth-orbiting satellite) showed that Greenland is 3,000 square miles larger than it appears on the official map compiled from records of the early explorers.

The old boys had obviously calculated their longitudes with watches that were slightly off.

In those days there weren't any Accutron watches with tuning fork movements guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.\*

Which leads me to believe (now that Greenland is safely behind me) that there may be other mis-mapped areas in the world.

Say, in the nice, warm South Seas, perhaps?

Accutron "247": Polished stainless steel case. Blue dial with matching blue Corfam® strap. Protected against common watch hazards. \$110. \*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from and returned to authorized Accutron dealer within one year of date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become  
a scientific instrument.  
Accutron® by Bulova.



# Nobody knits for Hang Ten Like Alamac

Hang Ten used Alamac's 100% cotton knit for this surf shirt. Champion surfer Jeff Hakman thinks it's great, especially since it has the Hang Ten name and symbol printed all over the shirt. In striped blue, navy, bordeaux, gold, white, dark brown. Small to Extra Large. Shirt only, about \$7. At fine stores everywhere. Fabric by Alamac Knitting Mills, Inc., 1412 Broadway, New York, New York 10018. A subsidiary of WestPoint Pepperell.



to keep it under my chapeau?—F. B., Springfield, Ohio.

*If you and your future wife are going to be sharing the same closets, she'd better know that there's not another woman in the house. You should explain transvestism before the marriage and perhaps give her a sympathetically written account of the phenomenon. Then hope for the best, realizing that she'd find out eventually and if she couldn't adjust to it, a broken engagement would be less of a disruption to both of your lives than a broken marriage.*

**M**y girl tells me there is a new type of contact lens far more comfortable for the wearer than lenses of conventional plastic and also that there is little chance of a dust particle getting underneath the lens once it's correctly in place. Do you know anything about this?—D. T., Yakima, Washington.

*Yes. The Softens Contact Lens, made by Bausch & Lomb, is a soft, flexible plastic lens that contains about 40 percent water and is completely wetted by tear fluid when it's worn. The lens is approximately the size of the cornea of an average adult's eye and flexes easily to adapt to the surface of the eye itself. During the clinical-evaluation program, there have been no reports of dust particles getting under a Softens and causing discomfort. The lenses can correct all degrees of near- and farsightedness but, at present, can correct only moderate astigmatism. Though not yet available to the general public, an application has been filed with the FDA and approval is expected in due course.*

**S**ix months ago, I met a girl at the office who is 23. I fell for her and wanted to have an affair with her, though I don't wish to separate from my wife of 15 years. The girl has refused my advances, claiming that she doesn't believe in non-marital sex; but I know she has had sexual relations with her 25-year-old boyfriend. I have helped her financially and, in fact, stuck my neck out for her when she would have been fired. I now have a weeklong business trip coming up and have invited her to join me. She has agreed but has insisted that sex not be included among the conditions; she claims that she is not impressed with me as a sexual partner but will do anything else for me. Without a sexual commitment from her, of course, there is no reason to take her along. Is there another approach to this affair that I am unaware of, or should I simply drop her? It's frustrating to have stuck my neck out for her and now be denied the reward I deserve.—E. E., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*You've done her favors and she's offered you her friendship in return. If you're not interested in it, then stop*

*trying to buy the package in which it's wrapped. She already has a boyfriend in whom she's more than casually interested and with whom, conceivably, she might have a future. You don't intend to marry her and while you say you "fell" for her, it's obvious that you don't feel any serious commitment to her. She obviously and wisely resents your trying to obligate her with money and favors and demanding that she have intercourse with you as payment; if you require extramarital sex, you might concentrate on girls willing to sell what you want to buy.*

**S**ome of my classmates at college have taken to cutting classes quite frequently and then, a few days before an exam, asking to borrow my lecture notes. Lending my notes doesn't decrease my own knowledge of a subject, but I'm still reluctant to give them to those who could have attended the lectures themselves but for sheer laziness. I want to remain on good terms with my classmates—I have to live with them—but I feel I'm being taken advantage of if I submit to their pleas. How can I tactfully refuse them access to my notes, or should I even bother?—T. C., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*More important than living with your classmates is living with yourself. If you strongly object to giving some of your fellow students a free ride, don't make excuses—simply say your notes are important to you and you prefer not to lend them to anyone.*

**I**'m getting married soon and since I'm a virgin, I'm wondering if my first sexual experience may bring me more pain than pleasure. How much discomfort can a girl expect to feel during first intercourse and is there any way of reducing it?—Miss L. R., Tucson, Arizona.

*Your gynecologist can tell you if your maidenhead is more than normally resistant. He can also provide dilators of varying sizes with which you can gradually stretch the hymen, or he may recommend a simple operation, or he may simply instruct you in do-it-yourself digital dilation. As for the wedding night, your husband should take things slowly and lovingly; if you can forget your fears and anxiety, you'll probably find that any possible pain quickly loses itself in pleasure.*

*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 Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*







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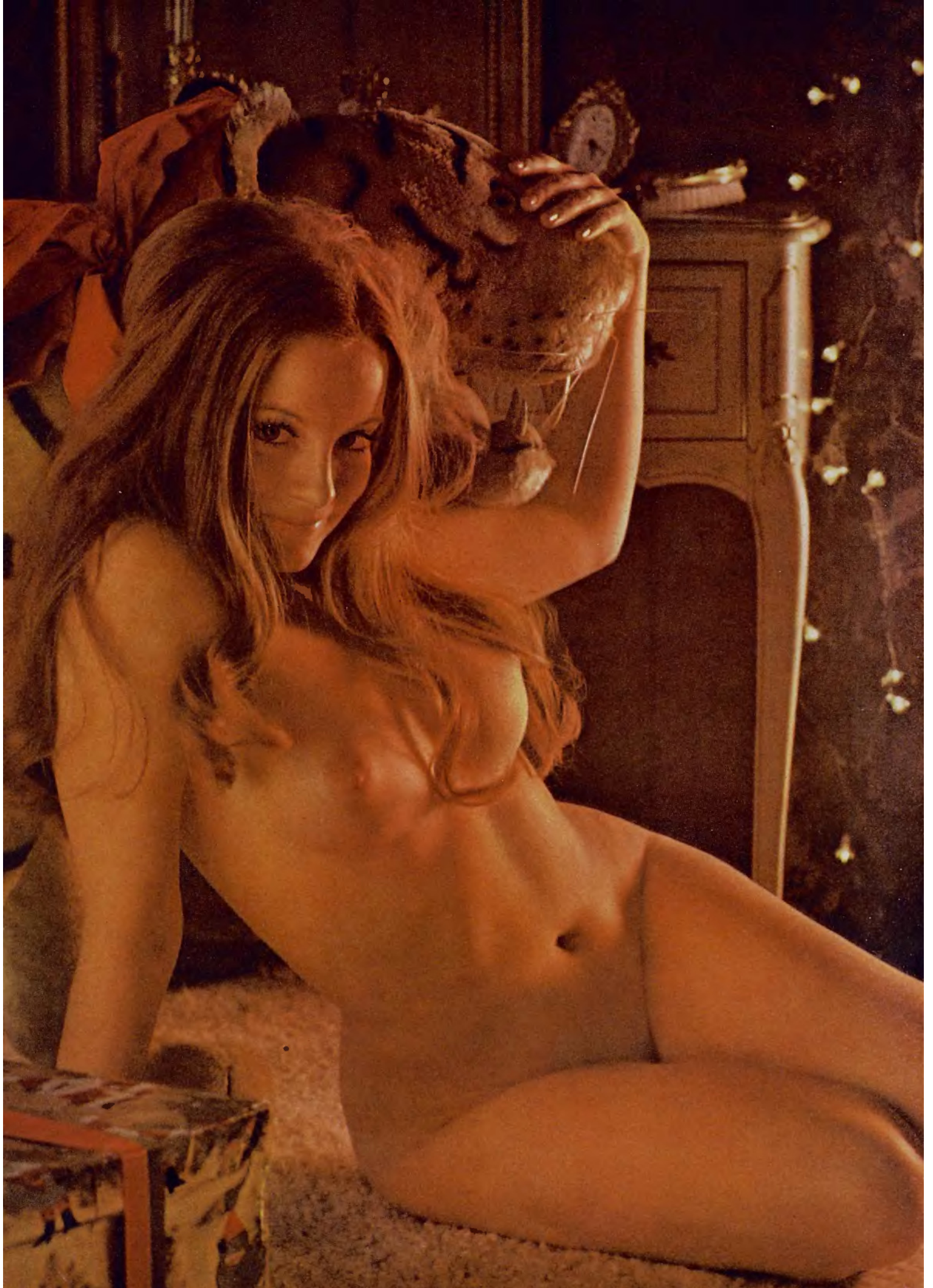
**Tweed again.**



*Life...not according to plan...  
is a better life.  
Always has been...  
always will be.*

FOR HER AGAIN. PERFUME FROM 4.50, COLOGNE FROM 3.00 AND A COMPLETE COLLECTION FOR THE BATH.







# THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME FOR CHRISTMAS...

Enticing beauties like Playmate of the Year Claudia Jennings . . . spicy fiction and hard-hitting commentary . . . colorful tours through the worlds of music, food, travel and fashion . . . provocative interviews and rib-tickling humor. We've captured it all in PLAYBOY—the one Christmas gift tailored to all the action-minded men on your list.

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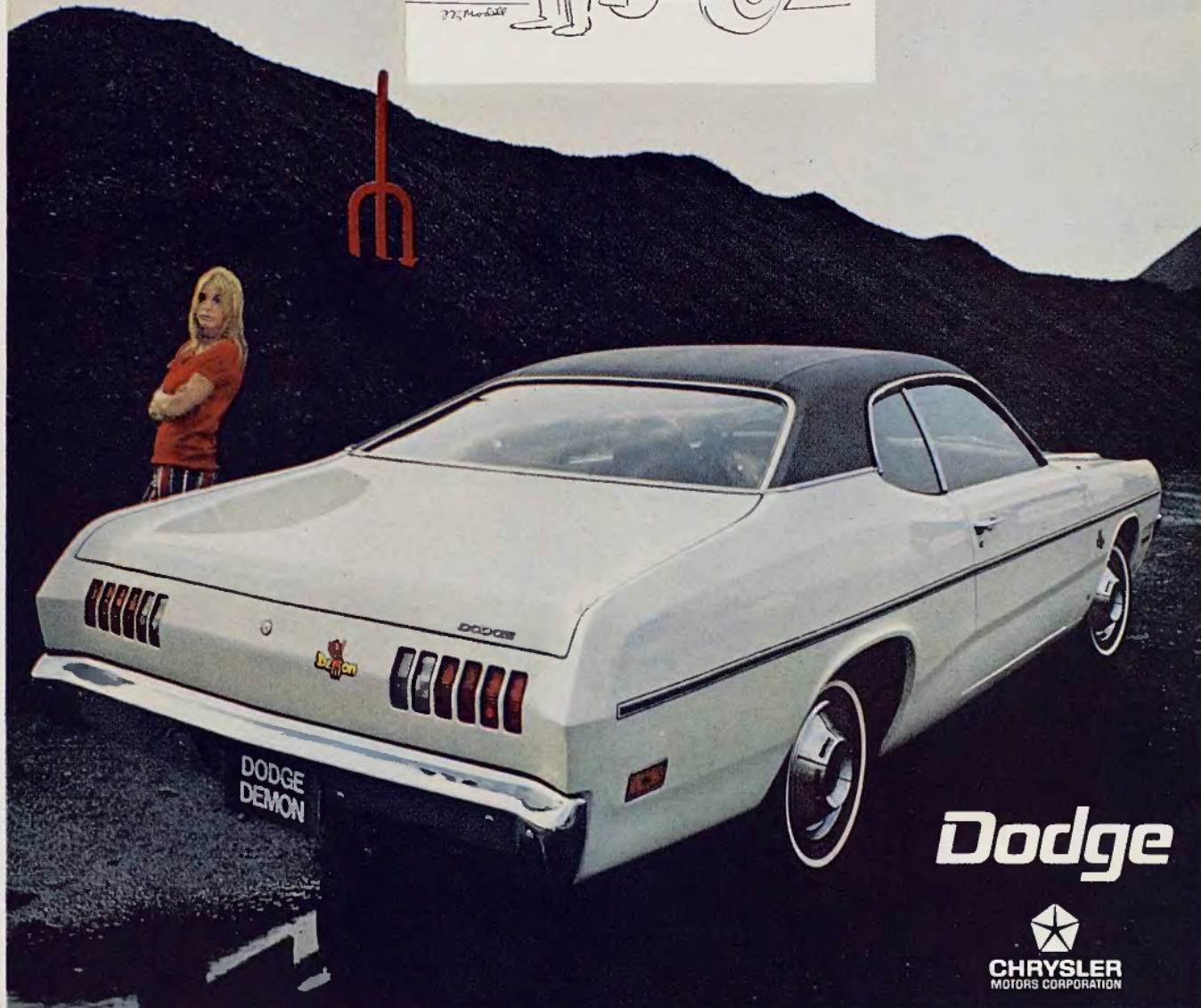
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\*Savings based on single-copy price.

N600



Drawing by Modell reprinted from *The New Yorker Magazine*, ©1961



## Dodge's new Demon brings out the devil in you.



© 1970 Chrysler Motors Corporation

Here comes Dodge's all-new spunky little saver that will really turn you on. It works like a demon . . . plays like a demon . . . and is devilish fun to drive. It's five-people big on the inside. Yet it's compact enough to tool around town and park in just about any parking place

you can get into with any other car. And Demon works magic, too, the way both its Six and standard V8 make the miles disappear on regular gas . . . the way it surrounds you with comfort. So if you'd like to add a little spice to your life, see your nearby Dodge Dealer and ask to take a Demon-stration drive. New Dodge Demon for 1971. That's the spirit. **YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO BE DODGE MATERIAL.**



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## SAVE THE MINI

WABC Radio recently invited its listeners to vote in a poll on their preference for the midiskirt *vs.* the miniskirt. We received 36,762 votes for the mini and only 2809 for the midi. Most of the entries came from women and, as you see, approximately 93 percent of the people participating want the skirts kept short.

Rick Sklar  
Program Manager, WABC  
New York, New York

In 1947, as the world entered an era of Cold War gloom, the dismal snobs who dictate women's fashions decreed long skirts. This was called the New Look. Now, in 1970, history seems to be in the process of repeating itself. While the return to covered thighs and knees is to be deplored for many reasons, one must admit, nevertheless, that such a change fits the Billy Graham life style exemplified and promoted by the present Republican Administration.

In view of this and in view of our Vice-President's obvious affinity with the Greek colonels who outlawed miniskirts, I propose that the midiskirt be called the Agnew Look.

M. G. Anderson  
St. Cloud, Minnesota

As a proponent of the better things in life, I'd like to support the movement to keep the miniskirt in fashion by contributing this slogan: BAN THE MIDI-EVIL.

Louis E. Curran  
Houston, Texas

The miniskirt is not doomed. This conclusion is confirmed by the numerous responses to my letter in the August *Playboy Forum*. Those who wrote asked how they could participate in keeping the mini on the market and free themselves from the dictatorship of the designers and stores. Many suggested demonstrations and marches on Fifth Avenue. This has already been done and GAMS has challenged all designers, fashion publications and stores to offer women a real choice. But the midiskirts are now designed, manufactured and on sale. It is time for the individual to act. The GAMS program for preserving the mini is:

1. Exercise individual freedom of choice to avoid stores that do not carry miniskirts.

2. Voice your discontent with the midi-length monopoly on hemlines. Tell

store managers you want to see a selection of minis and state that you'd rather wear last year's mini than this year's midi.

3. Do *not* buy a midi with the idea of taking it home and shortening the skirt. The result will simply throw the proportions of the skirt out of whack and will look ugly. Besides, the store will consider this another midi sold—it doesn't care what you do with it as long as it realizes the profit.

4. If you can't find a new mini, don't give up. Make one or have it made. Many women have written to us that they have begun work on their own outfits. Sewing-machine sales are way up, in anticipation of the fall midi disaster.

5. Let no one convince you that you are out of style in a mini. *Style is what we women say it is.* It is you in your mini who will uphold the feminine image and the appropriateness of the style.

Phyllis Tweel  
Girls/Guys Against More Skirt  
(GAMS)  
Box 386  
New York, New York 10022

## HAIL THE MIDI

Regardless of how it looks to eyes that like thighs, the midi may be a blessing in disguise. (Sorry, I couldn't resist that.) When miniskirts were first catching on in this country, some psychologist discovered that the women who dared to wear them were often more chaste—even prudish—than the women who dressed conservatively. They wanted to prove to themselves and to the men who ogled them that just because they looked sexy, it didn't mean they were easy lays. If this be true, then it figures that women who adopt the thoroughly unflattering and unsexy midi fashions will bend over backward (so to speak) to prove that just because they dress like Mother Hubbard, it doesn't mean they don't like sex. My incurably optimistic nature permits me to hope that even if the midi does catch on, it will plunge our great nation and the world into the wildest era of licentiousness and pleasant depravity since the age of Queen Victoria.

M. Hughes  
New York, New York

## GROUP MARRIAGE

Many students of social behavior are saying that monogamous marriage as practiced in the Western world is declining



# instant replay



in popularity. At present, it seems to have too few advantages and to create too many problems, such as sexual boredom, stultifying domestic responsibilities, reduced freedom of movement, limited opportunities for personal growth and a burdensome sense of obligation. The question is, what will replace monogamous marriage—wide-open promiscuity, mate-swapping clubs, tribal or communal organizations or group marriage?

An article by Robert Strand in the *Los Angeles Times* on the group marriage of three men and two women makes this particular alternative sound as if the problems are different but no fewer. The group members share sex, apparently without much conflict, but they do get into fights over family logistical problems, such as washing the dishes. And when your basic unit is five people instead of two, there are a lot more dishes to be washed. There are also three children in the group, ages 10 to 14, who were brought into the household by one couple. The children find the arrangement so satisfactory that when their parents considered leaving the group, it was the youngsters who persuaded them to stay.

Apparently, among the advantages of group marriage are that each person's emotional and sexual needs can be satisfied without putting too great a strain on any one person and that the group has much greater resources of talent, strength and experience than a couple could have. On the other hand, other kinds of stress are greater and the group discussed needed a marriage counselor in order to survive at all. One member is quoted as saying, "When you live on a one-to-one basis, you get agitated only once a week. If you live with five, you can get agitated every day."

J. Kane  
Los Angeles, California

#### THE END OF THE AFFAIR

A long time ago, I saw a cartoon by William Steig that showed a dictator on a balcony telling his people, "Fucking is allowed, but love is forbidden." I couldn't comprehend the humor of this at the time and I didn't know what Steig was satirizing. Now I understand fully and I wish I didn't.

When I married my husband, I was too naïve to know what true sexual passion was, and, as a result, I thought I loved him. Two years later, I met John and began an affair that for the first time allowed me to experience real sexual ecstasy. John, however, was also married and I very quickly learned what his rules were: I was always in second place. He did not want to lose his children, he did not want a messy divorce suit and he did not want to get stuck with alimony payments that would destroy the financial security he had acquired over the years. Besides learning to hide and sneak like a thief, I also had to learn that the word

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### PANDORA'S WHAT?

DALLAS—After a panel of three Federal judges examined the constitutional issues involved and overturned the Texas law against sodomy, Dallas County District Attorney Henry Wade vowed he would not take such a decision lying down. He has now appealed the ruling to the U. S. Supreme Court, because, he said, to legalize "unnatural sex acts" would be "tantamount to opening Pandora's box."

#### THE JOINT VS. THE JIGGER

The alcoholic-beverage industry is worried that college-age boozers and beer drinkers may be going to pot. A New York Times reporter surveyed the situation and found that taverns in many college neighborhoods seem hard hit by the competition, with liquor stores and singles bars also losing customers. One Denver beer distributor said that sales were down 53 percent at one off-campus tavern and 71 percent at another and that his retailers could tell when large shipments of grass reached town because of the sudden drop in beer consumption. The owner of several taverns in the Sacramento area reported that his patrons were drinking less but enjoying it more and speculated that they were coming in mainly for social purposes after getting their highs at home. At least one brewer is trying to reverse the trend. Stroh's Brewery in Detroit has launched a special advertising campaign "to bring young people back to beer" before the younger generation grows much older.

#### COLOR COUNTS

LONDON—A British research team has found that the effectiveness of tranquilizers may depend partly on the color of the pill. In an experiment reported in the *British Medical Journal*, the doctors administered the same tranquilizing drug to 48 patients (21 men and 27 women) suffering from anxiety or depression. They found that depressed patients responded best when the pills were colored yellow, while green pills helped most to reduce anxiety. Red pills seemed to have the least effect on either type of patient.

#### FEDERAL BIRTH-CONTROL AID

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Senate unanimously passed a one-billion-dollar, five-year program to teach birth control and to deliver contraceptive devices to anyone who wants them. The bill would create a new Deputy Assistant Secretary for Population Affairs in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, who would administer Federal family-planning services and oversee grants to the

states. The measure is mainly intended to help the estimated 5,000,000 indigent women of childbearing age in the U. S. Distribution of the information and devices would be kept strictly on a voluntary basis and the measure provides that no one can be asked to accept such help as a precondition for welfare benefits.

#### THE PAPAYA PILL

COLOMBO, CEYLON—In their search for an oral contraceptive, scientists may have overlooked the oldest and simplest of all "pills"—the papaya seed. In parts of rural Asia, women traditionally have eaten the ripe papaya, together with its seeds, as a means of reducing fertility; and studies at the Haffkine Institute in Bombay indicate that this folk medicine may actually work. Laboratory tests on animals have been encouraging and the researchers now believe that an extract of the seed may lead to the development of a new and effective contraceptive for humans.

Similar birth-control practices have been reported among certain tribes of Peruvian Indians. Nicole Maxwell, a researcher for the Heye Foundation's Museum of the American Indian, told a meeting of the International Congress of Americanists in Lima that many plants found in the Amazon basin seemed to have contraceptive qualities and, for that reason, are used by natives.

#### MILITARY OKS ABORTIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Department of Defense has directed its world-wide military hospitals to provide abortions and surgical sterilization services for all Armed Forces personnel and their dependents. The new policy, outlined in a series of official memos, permits abortions regardless of marital status "when medically indicated or for reasons involving mental health." "Neither state laws nor local medical practices will be a factor in making these determinations." The only requirement is that two physicians, one of whom may be a psychiatrist, recommend the operation. Persons eligible include Servicewomen, civilian-defense employees and their families and dependents of military personnel whether on active duty, retired or deceased.

#### PORNOGRAPHY COMMISSION

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The conclusions of the draft report of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography—essentially that pornography does not cause "crime, juvenile delinquency, other antisocial acts, sexual or nonsexual deviancy, character disorders or significant



emotional disturbances" and, therefore, it should not be suppressed by law—we were certain to provoke a storm, and the thunderclouds were quick in forming. Representative Robert Nix of Pennsylvania first attacked the morality of investigating the subject at all. Protesting one study of the physiological effects of pornography on 23 college men, he said: "I want to know what the justification of this experiment is, that it warrants the breakdown of the culture . . . I want to know if those boys' parents approved." (All the "boys" were over 21.) Next, Nix called on Dr. Victor Clines—a clinical psychologist at the University of Utah and chairman of the Salt Lake Area Youth Protection Committee—who attacked the accuracy of the report and called it "part science fiction." Meanwhile, veteran smut-hunter the Reverend Morton Hill, a dissenting member of the commission, announced that he was writing his own report.

Other conclusions of the commission were:

- Sex offenders are "less likely than 'normal' adults to be aroused by pornography or to engage in sexual behavior following exposure" and usually come from "sexually repressive family backgrounds" with "rigid and conservative attitudes concerning sexuality."

- The great increase in explicit eroticism in Sixties writings and films has brought no corresponding growth in sex crimes.

- Not a single case was found of pornography's causing sexual aggression, homosexuality or child molesting.

- Women as well as men are sometimes highly aroused by pornography but are less likely to realize it consciously.

#### ITCHY TRIGGER FINGERS

Our pistols are hungry  
Our tempers are short,  
We are the cops of the world. . . .  
—Phil Ochs

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA—The national president of the Fraternal Order of Police has warned that the country's police officers are losing patience with criminals and radicals alike and may one day launch a shoot-to-kill campaign. John J. Harrington of Philadelphia, speaking at the annual convention of the F.O.P., said, "Unless the courts will stop this permissiveness, unless the people we work for are going to back us up, then the feeling of policemen is maybe we better resort to the old Mexican deguello—a shoot-out in which we take no prisoners." Harrington urged police and veterans' organizations to "make this country what it used to be" and labeled rock festivals a "Communist plot to destroy our youth."

Similar attitudes were expressed at the annual convention of the International

Conference of Police Chiefs in Montreal. Detective Sergeant John Heffernan, head of the New Jersey State Police Benevolent Association, declared, "There's too much due process of law. The electric chair is a cheap crime deterrent. . . . I don't believe in indiscriminate shooting, but we're going to protect lives and property. . . . [Police] are not going to stand back and watch these people throw fire bombs, rocks and bottles, and just apprehend them. It all boils down to meeting force with superior force."

#### THE BIOLOGY OF AGGRESSION

In their search for the causes of violence, scientists have found that habitually aggressive persons often have abnormal brain waves. This suggests that brain damage or other biological conditions may be important factors in violent anti-social behavior.

- A British study of 333 prisoners convicted of violent crimes revealed that 206 had long histories of physical aggressiveness or explosive rages and, of these, 65 percent had abnormal brain waves.

- Acts of violence by women have been linked to the irritability that accompanies premenstrual hormone changes. One study showed that 62 percent of the violent crimes committed by 249 female prison inmates occurred during the week preceding their menstrual period.

- A Stanford University geneticist tested 83 adult male prisoners and found that 14 percent had abnormal sex chromosomes in at least 20 percent of their blood cells—25 to 30 times the rate for the general male population.

- Estrogens—the "female" sex hormones—have been found to inhibit aggressive behavior in men and other male animals.

- Researchers have identified a number of externally introduced chemicals that affect the brain and either block or elicit the specific act of killing in experimental animals.

- One study has developed evidence that violence-linked brain disorders may be caused by the scar resulting from a brain injury rather than from the injury itself. This would delay the onset of any behavioral disorders stemming from brain damage and make it more difficult to associate an injury with a later act of violence.

Dr. Saleem Shah, chief of the Center for the Study of Crime and Delinquency at the National Institute of Mental Health, summed up these and other findings: "Even at the present, exploratory stage, the work has established that biological causes of violence are as important as the psychological or sociological ones . . . no single discipline has a monopoly on the subject."

love could never be used between us, for this simple word raised the threat of real commitment and the shadow of the divorce that could ruin his nicely organized life.

I accepted all this; for six years, I accepted it. Never, not once, did my husband gratify me as John did, but I could use the word love with him (hypocritically, of course). With John, I broke the rules only once, used the forbidden word—and he broke off with me, only resuming, tentatively, after several months. Since then, I have been more careful. However, it all came crashing down on me one night recently, when I couldn't see John and my husband was away on business. Drinking and thinking about it all, I suddenly felt absolute despair and took enough barbiturates to kill myself. I survived, obviously, but this brought it all out into the open, with agony all around for me, for my husband, for John, for John's wife and for all our children—and John will never forgive me for the messy human emotions that smashed up his rational, anti-septic, plastic universe.

I don't know whether to try suicide again, enter a convent, join women's liberation or go into psychoanalysis. But this much I do know: There is something dangerously wrong in the belief that sex and love can be put in hermetically sealed compartments with an iron wall between them. The only really cool people are in the icebox at the morgue.

(Name and address withheld by request)

#### CONSUMER REPORT

As a woman who has lived in both America and Europe, I have come to certain conclusions about the differences between American and European men.

American men hurry too much and try too hard, no matter what they are doing. They almost always have uncertainty and anxiety in their eyes, which does not instill confidence in a woman. Most of them kiss with their mouth tightly shut until they are in their mid-20s. They pretend great toughness but are weak and insecure; they always find a way to force the woman to take control over them, while not admitting this to themselves. Then they are angry at her for putting them on marionette strings, but they do not know how to fight back and they get ulcers.

European men talk and laugh more and are never in a hurry. They make any woman feel that she is not only attractive but witty and worth listening to. They make love more slowly than Americans but with more zest and vigor. A woman comes away feeling healthy and happy and almost reborn.

To unmarried American women, I say: Sell your furniture, hock your jewelry and buy a ticket to Europe.





## Wedgewood Yes! but which one?

English Mixture or Full Aromatic, they're both great around women. Imported from Canada. Drop a card to Orens Universal Inc., P.O. Box 5835, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413, and we'll send you a sample of your choice free! Then both of you will know the blend you like best!



# Wedgewood

PIPE TOBACCO

To married American women, I say: Buy good European sex books and study them. Teach your husband at home, free of charge. Also, learn to shut your mouth sometimes and let go of those marionette strings. Forget about furs and jewelry—good sex (which you've probably never had) is much more satisfying, believe me.

As for American men: Don't despair. Read the sex books and practice, practice, practice! Don't rely on your wallet to sell you to a woman—become a real man and that will get her. Learn to laugh and relax. Always bring wine and flowers to a woman and learn to take a shower before sex, not after. (This will also give you warmer hands, which is important.) Above all, get your backbone up and stop being afraid of women.

(Name withheld by request)  
Frankfurt, Germany

### THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Those Christians who believe that obscenity can be defined should be made aware that Saint Paul himself stated the opposite, centuries ago. One reads in *Romans 14:14 in the New English Bible*: "I am absolutely convinced, on the authority of the Lord Jesus, that nothing is impure in itself; only if a man considers a particular thing impure, then to him it is impure."

H. C. Mason  
Tyler, Texas

### THE TRUE MORALITY

It becomes more evident every day that the new morality and the sexual revolution, far from being the selfish pursuit of pleasure, will prove to be of immense benefit to society. The old morality, in which sexual intercourse was permitted only in marriage for the sake of raising a family, served a purpose in an expanding industrial civilization. But now we've reached a danger point. If we are to avoid famines, plagues and wars, the population of the earth must stop growing. If future generations are to enjoy the highest possible quality of life, the population must decline.

The principal function of sexuality must now be to provide intensely pleasurable interpersonal communication. This kind of pleasure should be available to everyone. On the other hand, there is no reason everyone should enter into family raising, any more than everyone should study law. A few people are well suited by temperament and talent to the raising of children, and they should be the ones to do it. They would produce enough children to keep the race going. The rest of us should be having sex merely for fun, while making our contributions to society through our work.

So let's see more respect from pulpit and press for our increasing numbers of

single swingers. In an age of excessive population growth, they are among the truly moral people.

J. Kelly  
New York, New York

### APE AND ESSENCE

I was delighted to read recently about Hugh Hefner's donating his plane to fly Jackie, a male gorilla, to mate with Hazel, a female gorilla. This was an ecologically significant gesture at a time when the gorilla is a threatened species; furthermore, by allowing his plane (and even his bed) to be used to transport Jackie, Hef showed a sense of humor and a lack of pomposity that other rich men should cultivate. Let's all remember that the gorilla is biologically our brother or, at least, our uncle and, as it states in the Bible, "As ye do to the least of these, ye do unto Me." Like Morgan in the movie of a few years ago, we should all go ape occasionally and remember our mammalian heritage and our true role as part of, not master of, nature.

Will Robertson  
Lima, Peru

### STEREOSTETHOSCOPE

For 25 years, I've been using a device similar to the stereophonic stethoscope described by Dr. Boghos L. Artinian in the August *Playboy Forum*. It is called the Kerr Symballophone and is used for the localization of heart murmurs. It utilizes two chest pieces, each of which is attached by a large-caliber tube to the ear nearest it and a smaller, longer tube to the opposite ear. The result is a distinct stereophonic effect.

Charles A. Beck, M.D.  
Chicago, Illinois

### SHOCK THERAPY

Dr. William L. Mikulas takes it upon himself to describe electroconvulsive therapy as a "barbaric procedure" (*The Playboy Forum*, May), but he does not seem familiar with current literature on the subject. It is not true, as he claims, that practitioners "have yet to substantiate their rationales for its use."

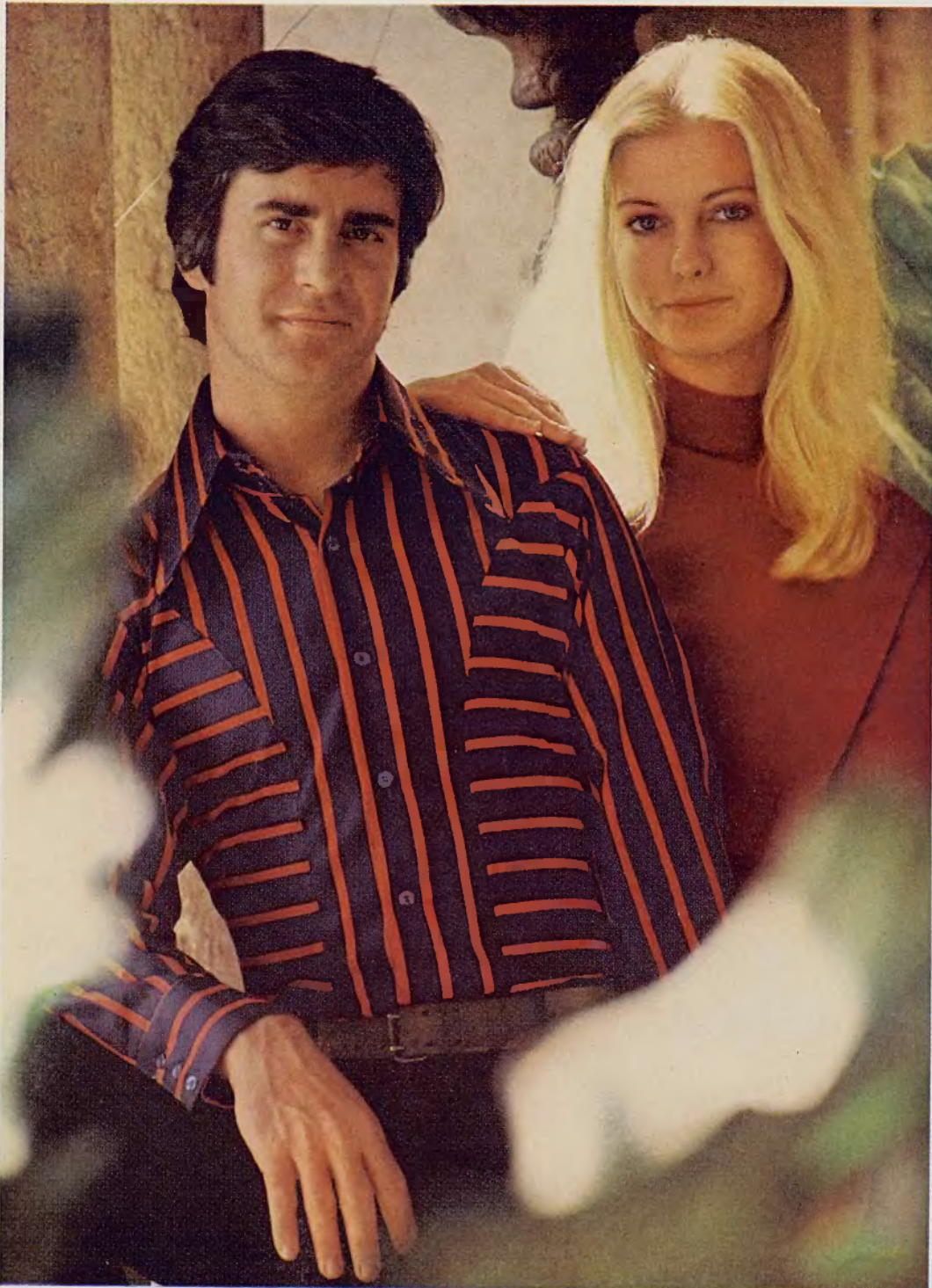
Many investigators have been demonstrating marked abnormalities in brain biogenic-amine content in animals treated with drugs such as reserpine, which are known to cause severe depressive reactions in humans. The depressions these drugs cause are often exactly like those that are treated by electroconvulsive therapy. And it has been shown that electroconvulsive therapy increases the turnover in the brain of those very biogenic amines.

In properly selected patients, such as those with psychotic-depressive reactions, ECT is painless and 90 percent effective. If the extremely small current used is delivered to the nondominant side of the brain, there are no noticeable deficits in memory. The psychotically depressed



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patient is often in a suicidal state and 12 to 15 treatments are often curative.

I would ask Dr. Mikulas to reconsider before he agitates further for the removal of ECT from our therapeutic armamentarium.

Richard M. Deamer, M. D.

The Neuropsychiatric Institute  
UCLA Center for the Health Sciences  
Los Angeles, California

## WOMEN'S LIB AND THE ORGASM

I take issue with those feminists who quote for their own purposes William Masters and Virginia Johnson's statement in *Human Sexual Response*: "Certainly it is subjectively true that study subjects report that usually the experience with orgasm induced by masturbation is more intense than, although not necessarily as satisfying as, that resulting from coition." These women would have us believe this proves the superfluity of the male.

As I'm sure Masters and Johnson would be quick to point out, it is impossible to reduce the complex emotional and physical satisfactions of a sexual relationship to the quantitative measurement of orgasm intensities. A woman who has a man in her life is in a position to enjoy orgasm both ways, which is a distinct improvement over having masturbation available as one's only outlet.

In general, I sympathize with the aims of feminists who retain their femininity, but the witches who have been getting most of the publicity lately cause me castration anxiety.

Christopher Clements  
Chestertown, Maryland

## PLAYBOY AND WOMEN

The attacks on *PLAYBOY* by people who claim to be for women's liberation make me sad. I say these people *claim* concern, because I believe that if they were serious, they would acknowledge that *PLAYBOY* has done more to liberate women than any other magazine I can think of. In other magazines, both women's and general, females have been depicted as subservient, dependent and subject to a more confining moral code than men. *PLAYBOY*, on the other hand, has promoted the image of the American woman as a responsible, independent, free-swinging person in her own right. It has championed such crucial issues as women's rights to birth control and abortion. In its photographs, it has portrayed woman as a glorious being.

The far-out women's liberationists come across as scruffy, shrill, misanthropic and enslaved to dogma. They seem neither free nor happy. I have no quarrel with their demands for freedom and equality, but I do think that in rejecting *PLAYBOY*'s image of woman, they are making a serious mistake.

Sp/5 Sergio Quintanilla  
APO San Francisco, California



## ATTITUDES TOWARD WOMEN

The women's liberation movement is concerned with bread-and-butter issues such as equal employment opportunities and the right to control their own bodies, since much progress is still needed in those areas. But the central issue for women's liberation is the matter of male attitudes toward women. The attitudes that women's liberation opposes include: that women are not as capable as men, that something is wrong with career-oriented women, that women must cultivate personality traits opposite to those appropriate for males and that women are female first and persons second.

As I understand it, this movement does not seek superiority over men, nor does it want to do away with all social amenities recognizing differences between men and women, nor does it wish to eradicate femininity. It simply calls for a shift in emphasis from sexual difference to common humanity. Is that too much to ask? I as a man say no.

Mark J. Lindgren

FPO San Francisco, California

## ABORTION GUIDANCE

I noted that in the September *Playboy Forum*, you published a letter from the Abortion Counseling, Information and Referral Services, in which they offer to help women obtain abortions in New York—for a fee. Your readers will doubtless appreciate knowing that Planned Parenthood World Population has published a booklet not only explaining how to get a legal abortion in the U.S. but also giving a great deal of useful medical information about the operation itself and listing over 200 consultation and referral sources—many of them free. The booklet, *Legal Abortion*, was written by Drs. George Langmyhr and Walter C. Rogers. It is available, at 25 cents a copy, from Planned Parenthood World Population, 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

Another booklet, listing agencies in New York State that concern themselves with problem pregnancies, can be obtained from Abortion Rights Association of New York, Room 2428, 250 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.

E. Donovan

New York, New York

## ABORTION IN MARYLAND

There has been a veritable revolution in medical and legal opinions on abortion since my client Dr. Milan M. Vuitch was convicted on an abortion charge in 1969 in Maryland. As a lawyer deeply interested in this issue, I am happy to see that in less than one year, three states—New York, Hawaii and Alaska—have acted to repeal ancient felony laws against abortion and that the ferment of litigation in other states makes it certain that legal abortion nationwide is foreseeable. Maryland, its governor having



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# YOU'RE BEING

Virtually every time you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being **ROBBED!** You're being duped, hoodwinked, and swindled out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques including Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceptive selling is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowadays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal, fly-by-night hucksters, but by America's blue-chip business firms." In short, commercial flimflammy is rife throughout the nation today and the American consumer is being victimized as never before. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative new publication has been launched. Its name is **Moneysworth**.

**Moneysworth**, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers ingenious tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their inventiveness); and it counsels you on the management of your personal savings and investments (telling you not only how to gain maximum return, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, **Moneysworth** is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Moneysworth** for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

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**Providing Your Teenager with Contraception**

**A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana**

**14 Recession-Wracked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Pittance**

**"Consuming Fire"**—A regular department in which the editors of **Moneysworth** take aim at companies caught defrauding the public.

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**Free Land, Free Food, and Free Money from Uncle Sam**

**Stocks that Are on the Rebound**

**The Wisdom of Sending Your Child to College Abroad**

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The editors of **Moneysworth** are a team of hard-nosed, experienced jour-

nalists with considerable expertise in the fields of consumer interests and quality periodical publishing. The editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the flamboyant magazines *Fact*, *Eros*, and *Avant-Garde*. Mr. Ginzburg was the first editor to provide a platform for Ralph Nader to express himself on the subject of automobile safety. **Moneysworth's** publisher is Frank R. Brady, generally regarded as one of the publishing industry's shrewdest financiers. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is **Moneysworth's** art director, and its managing editor is Ted Townsend, a newspaper executive with over 20 years of experience. Together, these men will produce the first—and only—consumer publication with *charisma*.

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vetoed a repeal bill, lags behind, but a new repeal bill is in the works for 1971.

Dr. Vuitch's conviction is now pending review in the Maryland appellate system, and his District of Columbia case is on appeal in the U. S. Supreme Court to be argued this fall. Last February, *Forum Newsfront* mentioned that he, along with four other physicians, was planning to build a "100-bed general medical facility offering legal therapeutic abortions under Maryland's recently liberalized law." I hope none of PLAYBOY's readers got the impression that this hospital would be used solely for abortions. As a general medical facility, it will offer all medical services commonly found in a private community hospital, without emphasis on any one type of surgery.

As for the "liberalized" 1968 Maryland law, it is true that it repealed an 80-year-old statute making abortion a felony, but it is still unnecessarily restrictive. It requires termination of pregnancy to be done in a state-approved hospital and only after approval by a hospital board. This makes it impossible for poor patients (often unable to meet the confusing psychiatric and other medical mumbo-jumbo requirements) to obtain abortions. The affluent woman with ties to a family physician can easily secure the so-called psychiatric excuse for abortion. Also, this law imposes state interference on the right of patient and doctor to determine a course of treatment satisfactory to both. Let us hope this right will soon be acknowledged by the laws of the land and by the organized medical profession.

Joseph L. Nellis  
Attorney at Law  
Washington, D. C.

#### ADOPTION LAWS

I must take issue with Brian Gilmartin's statements about adoption laws (*The Playboy Forum*, July). His implication seems to be that all public adoption agencies are as unfair as the one with which his friend had dealings.

Our two children were adopted by us through the San Diego County Welfare Department's Division of Adoption, as were those of several of our friends. The procedure took approximately four months in each case, from the date of application to the date of actual placing of the child in our home. In each case, there was a trial period of about eight months before the final papers were drawn and the adoption made legal by a judge. These children are now ours, as irrevocably as if they were our natural offspring.

During the preplacement period for each of the adoptions, the caseworker assigned to us was required by law to make four home visits, to assure the county that we were a stable couple, sincerely desirous of adopting a child and fully aware of our rights and obligations. These visits, as required by law, were by appointment, at our convenience. It is

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highly irregular for a caseworker to make an unannounced home visit, during either preplacement or postplacement periods. We were treated with respect at all times and our references were checked with the utmost discretion.

I have no doubt that there are states and counties in which the adoption agencies leave much to be desired, but that condition is now far from universal.

Barry H. Field  
El Cajon, California

#### TEST-TUBE CONCEPTION

I'm opposed to artificial insemination because anything that increases fertility at this time in history is bad for humanity. The practice of artificial insemination caters to the notion that a woman is not fulfilled until she has conceived and borne a child. There are numerous infants who are unwanted and uncared for in the world now and women with a maternal instinct ought to give homes to these children before they produce more.

Debbie Bozenschatz  
Covington, Kentucky

#### THE MISSING DAY

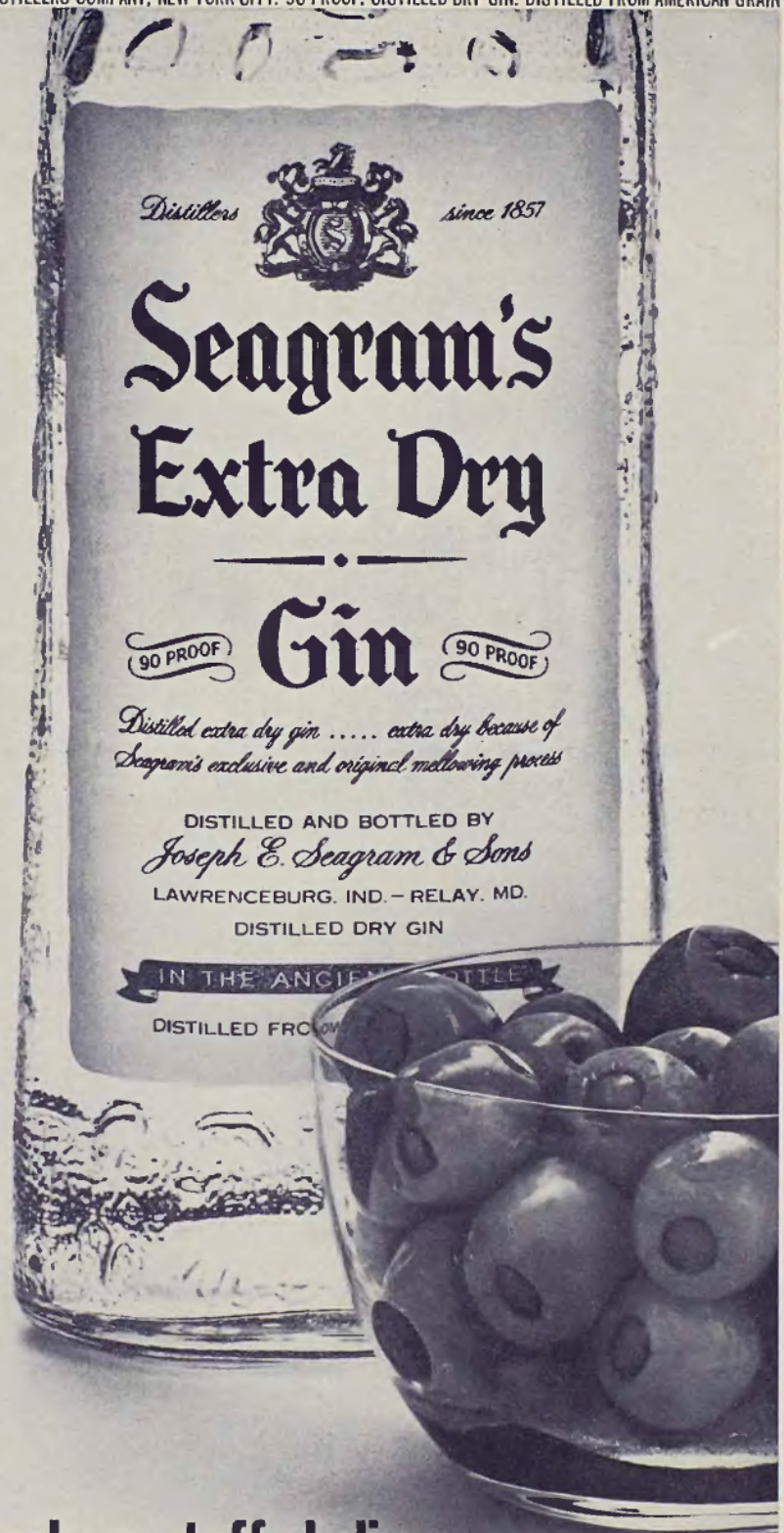
According to a newspaper story I read, space scientists at Green Belt, Maryland, have found proof that the Bible is accurate when it speaks, in the book of *Joshua*, of the sun standing still for about a day and, in *2 Kings*, of a shadow going backward on a sundial. The source of this newspaper account is given as Harold Hill, president of the Curtis Engine Company of Baltimore, who is further identified as "a consultant in the space program." It seems that while planning an orbit for a satellite and calculating the positions of the sun, moon and planets at various times in the past, the Green Belt computers found that there was "a day missing in space in elapsed time." A religiously oriented man on the staff of the research center pointed out the two places in the Bible where time was said to stand still or run backward, and the computers confirmed that the missing day was when the Bible said it should be.

Can you tell me whether or not this supposed confirmation of these Biblical miracles actually took place?

Larry A. Webb  
Rockford, Illinois

*As far as we can tell, it didn't. The Goddard Space Flight Center at Green Belt, Maryland, informs us that it had no such problem, made no such calculations and never heard of Harold Hill. Mr. Hill does exist, but when PLAYBOY contacted him, he sent us a form letter that stated that he has "misplaced the source (On the next two pages, "The Playboy Forum" presents a special editorial statement. Letters continued on page 68.)*

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## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PARENTS OF ROBERT F. KENNEDY, JR., AND R. SARGENT SHRIVER III

Recently, your sons, both 16, were arrested for possession of a small amount of marijuana. Fortunately, the case was tried before a humane judge who left them at liberty by continuing the case (as he customarily does in first-offense drug crimes). Your sons might have fared much worse: Under Massachusetts law, the boys could each have been sentenced to three and a half years in prison. This is a long time for an adolescent—or for any human being—to spend caged. Yet the law in Massachusetts is relatively reasonable compared with those in other states, as can be seen on the accompanying chart listing the first-offense penalties for marijuana use in the 50 states and the District of Columbia. It's a chart that should deeply concern all U.S. parents, for the use of marijuana is no longer limited to the Latin, black or artistic subcultures: It cuts across class, race and educational lines; its influence reaches into every home in the United States. Juvenile drug arrests in California alone rose 3316.5 percent in the past decade. Nor are adults immune to experimentation with this euphoria-producing drug. In an article in *The New York Times Magazine*, author Sam Blum comments, "The smoking of marijuana . . . can no longer be interpreted as a sign of [youthful] alienation. Great numbers of pot smokers are very nicely adjusted to our society. They make love; they make money; and, for that matter, reports from Vietnam indicate, they make war. (A study in February showed that nearly one out of five frontline soldiers smoked marijuana every day.)"

As long as the laws against the possession and use of marijuana exist, they can be enforced to the letter, at the whim of the individual jurist. But before considering some examples of how the courts often do enforce these statutes, let us briefly review some of the facts about this herb. Virtually all scientists who have studied marijuana agree that it is not addictive. There is no reason to believe that its use, even in a minority of cases, directly causes experimentation with drugs that are addictive. In 1894, the Indian Hemp Drug Commission reported that it could find no factual support for fears that marijuana-type drugs cause crime, insanity or "moral injury"; the U.S. Canal Zone report of 1925 and the New York Mayor's Committee on Marijuana of 1943 also failed to find any such evidence. The Canal Zone investigation, conducted by the U.S. Army, concluded that alcohol was a more serious problem. Recent tests by the Washington State Motor Vehicles Department found that marijuana does not significantly impair driving ability. No statistical study has yet linked this drug to cancer, heart disease or emphysema, as cigarette smoking has been linked. The 1968 Zinberg-Weil-Nelsen study at Boston University found no lasting impairment of intellectual performance among marijuana users. If marijuana does have any serious adverse effects, they have so far eluded detection.

Assume, for argument's sake, that the Government has a duty to protect the citizen against the possibility of his harming himself. Assume that this protection should take the form of placing him in jail. These are two theories that go back to the European Inquisitions, and are inconsistent with the basic philosophy of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. But even if we accept these paternalistic ideas, the argument that marijuana presents such a danger to its users is extraordinarily tenuous.

Yet the states rigidly extend this "protection" to their citizens, particularly their young ones. In the case of David Smits, convicted in Wisconsin for possession of one marijuana cigarette, the authorities are protecting his health for four years. In Michigan, John Sinclair, poet and political activist, is being protected for ten years—with no possibility of parole before nine and a half years have been served—for possession of two marijuana cigarettes. For possession of less than one ounce, Timothy Leary is generously being protected

for 20 years. And in Houston, Lee Otis Johnson, a SNCC leader, is serving 30 years for *giving* (not selling) one marijuana cigarette to an undercover agent. David Braden, onetime leader of the Atlanta hippie community, has been denied parole after serving one third of a seven-year sentence for possession of marijuana. Two young Denver men convicted of possessing hashish were sentenced to 5 to 20 years.

All this protection is bitterly resented by those who "benefit" from it. They feel, like medieval witches being tied to the stake, that it would be better if society had less concern for saving their souls and more respect for the independence of their minds. Some regard this solicitude for their welfare as blatant hypocrisy. A man in jail can't help wondering if the society really locked him up to protect him from marijuana, when it continues to pour enough DDT into the environment to make mothers' milk dangerous to infants.

Your boys, like the majority of this country's 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 marijuana users, are lucky. They don't have to sit in prison meditating on the perversions of justice. With only one policeman to each 400 citizens in an average American city, a private vice will usually escape detection, unless we are willing to give up our Bill of Rights and enter into a computerized Orwellian police state. Most youngsters learn this by observation: They see in their own environments that few smokers get caught. Marijuana prohibition, like alcohol prohibition, can never be efficiently enforced in a democracy, and the minority who go to prison are symbolic scapegoats for the majority who evade capture.

But these probabilities and statistics are, of course, promises written on water to the unfortunates who do get caught and receive the full penalty of the law.

Meanwhile, in England, prison terms for simple possession of marijuana are virtually never imposed for either first or second offenses, which are routinely treated as misdemeanors meriting only token fines; the Canadian government is considering making this civilized practice its new law. It is time, we think, for the United States to take similar progressive steps. It is time that both the comedy and the tragedy of the U.S. anti-marijuana obsession be put in the dustbin of history alongside the Salem witch hangings and the laws against teaching evolution.

Considering the use of informers and entrapment, the practices of wire tapping and other forms of spying and the undoubted use of planted evidence, we are in danger of raising a generation that regards the police, the legislators and the entire adult world as enemies. This social situation contains far greater dangers than even the most fanatic anti-marijuana crusader can claim against the drug itself. Some people, such as poet Allen Ginsberg, call for across-the-board legalization. Others, such as Dr. Frederick Meyers of the University of California Medical School, suggest that users should be prosecuted only if their behavior adversely affects others. The Administration, somewhat grudgingly, is coming around to the notion that the present prison sentences should be reduced. *PLAYBOY* suggests that all penalties for mere possession be eliminated, or, at least, reduced to the proposed Canadian system of simple fines.

As anthropologist Margaret Mead has said, "We are damaging our country, our laws and the relations between young and old by [marijuana] prohibition. This is far more dangerous than any overuse." To leave things as they are, to take no step forward, is to stand on the site of a growing fissure. Not only is the generation gap becoming a chasm but disrespect for law is growing rapidly among all ages. It's time to restore respect, remembering Edmund Burke's words, "To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely."

—The Editors



## PENALTY FOR SIMPLE POSSESSION OF MARIJUANA (FIRST OFFENSE)

ALABAMA	5-20 years and may be fined up to \$20,000	MONTANA	Up to 5 years in the state prison
ALASKA	Up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000	NEBRASKA	7 days in jail and the offender must complete an educative course on drugs (for possession of less than 8 ounces or less than 25 marijuana cigarettes)
ARIZONA	Up to 1 year in the county jail or up to \$1000 or 1 to 10 years in the state prison, at the discretion of the court	NEVADA	1-6 years and up to \$2000
ARKANSAS	2-5 years and up to \$2000	NEW HAMPSHIRE	Up to 1 year and/or up to \$500 (for possession of less than 1 pound)
CALIFORNIA	1-10 years in the state prison or up to 1 year in the county jail	NEW JERSEY	2-15 years and up to \$2000
COLORADO	2-15 years and up to \$10,000	NEW MEXICO	Up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000 (for possession of 1 ounce or less)
CONNECTICUT	Up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000 or up to 3 years in the house of correction, at the discretion of the court	NEW YORK	Up to 1 year (for possession of up to 1/4 ounce)
DELAWARE	Up to 2 years and up to \$500	NORTH CAROLINA	Up to 2 years and may be fined at the court's discretion (for possession of 1 gram or less)
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	Up to 1 year and/or \$100-\$1000	NORTH DAKOTA	Up to 6 months in county jail or up to 2 years in the penitentiary and/or up to \$2000
FLORIDA	Up to 5 years and/or up to \$5000	OHIO	2-15 years and up to \$10,000 (the same penalty applies to having carnal knowledge of someone under the influence of marijuana)
GEORGIA	2-5 years and up to \$2000	OKLAHOMA	Up to 7 years and/or up to \$5000
HAWAII	Up to 5 years	OREGON	Up to 1 year in the county jail or up to 10 years in the state penitentiary and/or up to \$5000
IDAHO	Up to 10 years	PENNSYLVANIA	2-5 years and up to \$2000
ILLINOIS	Up to 1 year and/or up to \$1500 (for possession of less than 2.5 grams)	RHODE ISLAND	Up to 15 years and up to \$10,000
INDIANA	2-10 years and up to \$1000	SOUTH CAROLINA	Up to 2 years and/or up to \$2000
IOWA	Up to 6 months and/or up to \$1000	SOUTH DAKOTA	Up to 1 year and/or up to \$500 (for possession of 1 ounce or less)
KANSAS	Up to 1 year	TENNESSEE	2-5 years and up to \$500
KENTUCKY	2-10 years and up to \$20,000	TEXAS	2 years to life
LOUISIANA	1 year and/or \$500	UTAH	Not less than 6 months
MAINE	Up to 11 months and up to \$1000	VERMONT	Up to 6 months and/or up to \$500
MARYLAND	2-5 years and up to \$1000	VIRGINIA	Up to 12 months and/or up to \$1000
MASSACHUSETTS	Up to 2½ years in jail or house of correction or up to 3½ years in the state prison or up to \$1000	WASHINGTON	Up to 6 months and/or up to \$500
MICHIGAN	Up to 10 years and up to \$5000	WEST VIRGINIA	2-5 years and up to \$1000
MINNESOTA	5-20 years and up to \$10,000	WISCONSIN	Up to 1 year and/or up to \$500
MISSISSIPPI	2-5 years and up to \$2000	WYOMING	Up to 6 months in jail and up to \$1000
MISSOURI	6 months to 1 year in the county jail or up to 20 years in the state correctional institution, at the discretion of the court		



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## PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 65)

of information" but, "had I not considered the source to be completely reliable, I would not have made use of this information in the first place."

### INTOLERABLE INTOLERANCE

The August *Playboy Forum* group of letters titled "On Tolerating Homosexuals" included one from Bob Hughes, who complained that while hitchhiking, he was picked up by homosexuals whose "conversation was entirely designed to flaunt their sexual deviation." For comparison, I'd like to describe an experience of my own. Last summer, I offered a ride to a hitchhiking college student and, for the next 100 miles, had to listen to a tirade against "those homos on the highways." Meekly offering my opinion that homosexuality is neither evil nor sick, I had to listen to another oration on "Homosexuality: Sin Against Nature." This one ended with a ringing appeal for a return to nature in every area of life.

I'd had enough. I turned to my tormentor and said, "As a fag giving you a ride, I have one suggestion: If you're so eager to avoid anything unnatural, why don't you return to the natural mode of transportation? In other words, shut up or walk." He remained unnaturally quiet for the rest of the trip.

John Effinger  
Hollywood, California

### MEN'S MEN

DON'T WORRY, THEY DON'T DRAFT FAGGOTS, proclaimed signs carried by construction workers in their pro-war demonstrations last May. But according to an article by Dick Leitsch in the homosexual newspaper *Gay*, the expressed hard-hat distaste for men swinging to the other side is more verbal than real. Leitsch says that blue-collar workers make good "trade"—that is, they're willing to make it physically with a homosexual as long as there is no reciprocation, foreplay or affection involved.

Last month, the hard-hats held a pro-Nixon demonstration at City Hall. Trade fanciers turned the occasion into a convention. All who could get away from their offices went there, knowing that blue-collar workers are the best and easiest-available trade there is, with the possible exception of long-distance truckers and merchant seamen.

One of my friends claims to have had no fewer than five construction workers. Two, he says, took him to the workmen's toilets on the site of the Trade Center and allowed themselves to be "done." He had two more in other places that we won't mention here, and the fifth ("a real



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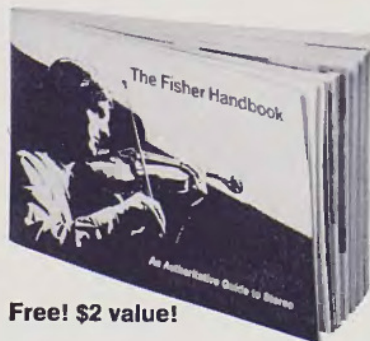


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stud in a yellow hard hat with two little American flags, like antennae," he says), he took home.

Another friend claims to have had three hard-hats and the leather boys were there en masse to grab off the tightly jeaned, hard-muscled builders.

I asked if they cruised peace demonstrations as well as the pro-Nixon ones. The consensus was that they sometimes did but seldom made out there. Peace demonstrations, they said, were populated by men "too soft," "too sissy" or "too puritanical."

(Name withheld by request)  
New York, New York

#### PLASTIC-HAT PATRIOTISM

Recently, those strange plastic people in the strange plastic hats held one of their parades in St. Louis. It was an orgy of passionate patriotism very reminiscent of the films of Nazi rallies in the Thirties. Cutting through the myth, symbolism and pageantry to find out what doctrine was being espoused, I could find only one clear-cut idea. This was that we should all be willing to make any and all sacrifices asked by our Government—a message addressed, very aggressively, to youths who show some unwillingness to fight in any and every war the Government might start, however illegal, immoral or idiotic that war might be.

This is blatant hypocrisy. These plastic-hats are all union men and the unions have never shown any willingness to make sacrifices for the rest of the nation. The truckers' strike caused great hardship to all of us and added to the inflationary spiral, while the postal workers flouted a Presidential order for the sake of pure self-interest. And these people, who won't sacrifice a penny in wage demands, ask us to sacrifice our lives.

Richard Mursch  
University of Missouri  
Rolla, Missouri

#### IMPUDENT MARK TWAIN

Over 60 years ago, that effete snob Mark Twain wrote this passage:

There has never been a just [war], never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war and will say, earnestly and indignantly, "It is unjust and dishonorable and there is no necessity for it." Then, the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the





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war with speech and pen and, at first, will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will shout them and, presently, the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long, you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men, who, in their secret hearts, are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And, now, the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war cry and shout itself hoarse and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and, presently, such mouths will cease to open. Next, the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked; and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities and will diligently study them and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and, thus, he will, by and by, convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.

If Twain crossed a state line to say this today, he'd sure catch hell.

Robert Wicker  
Los Angeles, California

### PARABLE

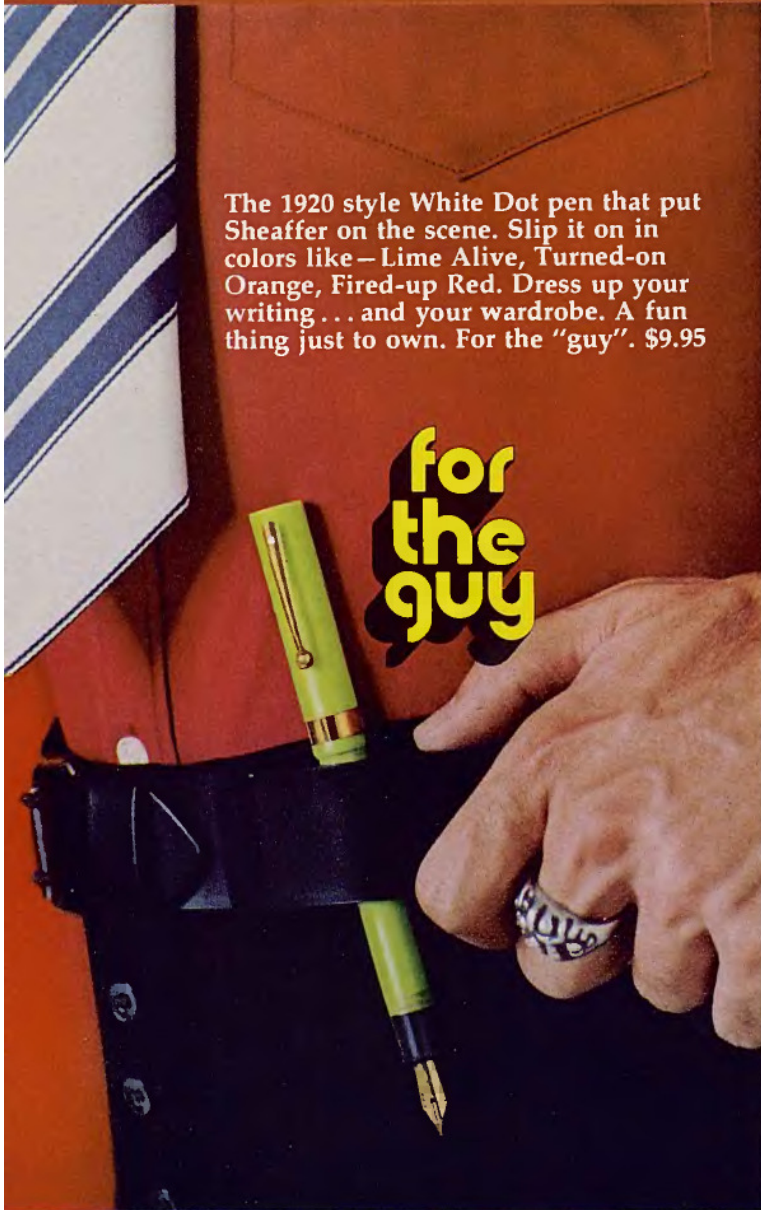
Once there was a Dutch boy who saw a leak in a dike and stuck his finger in to prevent a flood. A few moments later, another leak appeared and a young girl quickly joined him in plugging that one. Soon, young people were rushing to plug an increasing number of holes. Meanwhile, the older, saner, more stable citizens went about their business, occasionally muttering about the odd behavior of youth. Finally, the kids began yelling for help, because more holes were appearing. This got the old folks angry and they responded by crying out the name of their god, Lawn Ordeh, to quiet the unruly young people; but the kids, instead of becoming less frightened, got angry and yelled all the louder. Wise men then spoke to them and said that the country was sound as ever and that only demagogues and paranoids were telling them that they saw leaks. The youngsters decided that the wise men weren't so wise after all and shouted again for help. The king and the crown prince then appeared on the scene; the king said the kids were all bums and the crown prince called them an impudent corps of effete snobs. At this, the palace guards started shooting them and construction workers began beating them up; they were finally driven away from the dikes and the moderates among them said it was probably better, after



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all, to collect petitions for dike-improvement bills to be introduced next year in the legislature. The king then announced that he himself had the same goals as they did; but nobody at all said anything after that, although many tried to speak, because all that could be heard was, "Glub . . . glub . . . glub . . ."

Alan Aldritch  
Chicago, Illinois

#### SHOOTING THE WRONG KIDS

I cannot agree with Michael Martin (*The Playboy Forum*, August), who blames the President and Vice-President for the tragic deaths at Kent State University. Neither Nixon nor Agnew has accused all protesters of being animals, bums, irresponsible troublemakers, dope fiends and traitors; they have just applied these labels to those protesters who deserve them. Such types really exist, on every campus. I know: I am not a 50-year-old reactionary, as you might think, but an 18-year-old student who has seen these revolutionaries inciting window smashing, assault and arson on my own campus.

Furthermore, in view of the provocation at Kent State, it is remarkable that the National Guardsmen showed so much restraint. After all, to throw sticks and stones at a man with a gun in his hand is not behavior calculated to earn one a long life. How long would Martin have withstood this sort of pelting before he began to get an itchy trigger finger?

The most tragic thing about the shootings, it seems to me, is that the wrong kids—innocent bystanders—were hit, instead of the dangerous radicals who incited the riot.

Richard K. Davenport  
Harrisburg, Illinois

*The provocation at Kent State could have been brought under control by use of tear gas or arrests.*

*The National Guardsmen were not hurt and none was in danger of losing his life.*

*The shootings were unnecessary.*

*These are not the claims of student revolutionaries or their sympathizers, as you might think, but statements made in a U.S. Department of Justice memo based on facts gathered by the FBI.*

#### DECLARATION OF IGNORANCE

I was horrified to read in *Pacific Stars and Stripes* that a group of Americans in Miami did not recognize a verbatim copy of the Declaration of Independence when asked to sign it—and that the overwhelming majority rejected it as an un-American document. According to the story:

Only one person out of 50 approached on local streets by a reporter agreed to sign a typed copy of the Declaration of Independence.

Two called it "Commie junk,"

one threatened to call the police and another warned *Miami Herald* reporter Colin Dangaard: "Be careful who you show that kind of anti-government stuff to, buddy. . . ."

Among other things, the author of the Declaration was called:

"A person of communism, someone against our country."

"A person who does not have any sense of responsibility."

"A hippie."

"A red-neck revolutionist."

"Someone trying to make a change in government—probably for his own selfish reasons. . . ."

"This is the work of a raver."

"Somebody ought to tell the FBI about this sort of rubbish."

"Meaningless."

News like this makes the war in Indochina seem even more absurd. How can we be in a position to export democracy to the world when it's in such short supply at home that it appears exotic and alien to average citizens on the street?

George Rauscher  
APO San Francisco, California

#### THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. KING

It isn't enough that Martin Luther King was shot to death. His character has been assassinated, too. As a review in *Time* of John Williams' *The King God Didn't Save* reminds us, the FBI tapped Dr. King's phone and allegedly gathered information about his private sex life. *Time* goes beyond what Williams says and claims that it *knows* what happened at a meeting between J. Edgar Hoover and King:

Hoover, *Time* learned, explained to King just what damaging private detail he had on the tapes and lectured him that his morals should be those befitting a Nobel Prize winner. He also suggested that King should tone down his criticism of the FBI.

Accepting *Time's* charge that the FBI did gather and file information about Dr. King's sex life, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, national director of Operation Breadbasket, questioned J. Edgar Hoover's fitness to hold office:

Such revelations by Hoover point to the possibility of a perverted and grotesque sexual psyche on his part. They point to his sick and Peeping Tomism interest of the white male in black sexuality, especially as it concerns the intimate bedroom activities of the black male.

Jackson suggested that it would be desirable to "investigate Mr. Hoover's jealousies, enmities, senility and oft-rumored sexual inadequacy and ambivalent sexual identity."

This is exceedingly harsh and bitter

language. But, as *Time* points out, leaks and rumors of the FBI's purported information about Dr. King's private life made the civil rights leader the object of "slow political assassination." An examination of the extralegal power that the FBI may have through its information-gathering activities is long overdue.

One last word: If the American people are so stupidly puritanical as to allow sexual rumors to obstruct the work of a great political leader like Dr. King, then this society deserves whatever devastation fate has in store for it.

James Kerr  
Chicago, Illinois

#### THE TOTAL PICTURE

PLAYBOY has published some excellent discussion of the various bills currently before Congress that would curtail our Bill of Rights. Your readers might get the total picture more clearly, however, if the basic objectionable features of each bill were listed together. This is a summary of the Nixon-Mitchell plan for our brave new world of vanishing civil liberties:

The District of Columbia Crime Bill (HR 16196) allows for preventive detention of persons labeled "high risk" before they have had a trial; provides no-knock powers for the District of Columbia police, together with authority to conduct night searches with or without a warrant; redefines juvenile so that anyone over 16 can be processed through the adult courts (rejecting the hard-won experience that proves that juvenile offenders are more susceptible to rehabilitation than older offenders and that both they and society profit when they are treated separately); and deprives the citizen of the right to resist illegal arrest, even if that arrest is administered with brutal force. This bill is intended only for Washington, D. C., but may become a model for nationwide legislation. It has passed House and Senate and has been signed into law.

The Controlled Dangerous Substances Act (S3246) also allows no-knock authority to the police, although requiring issuance of a search warrant by a judge. (Nevertheless, when the police crash into a home unannounced, the residents may react with panic and tragedy can result.) This bill has passed the Senate and is now in the House.

Another package bill, S30, modifies the Fifth Amendment so that witnesses may be required to testify and those who refuse, although convicted of no crime, can be jailed without bail until they do testify; reverses the Supreme Court ruling allowing defendants access to material obtained via *illegal* wire taps; and creates a new and vaguely defined "dangerous special offender," including anyone convicted of taking part in a conspiracy

(continued on page 235)





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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ELLIOTT GOULD

*a candid conversation with the kinetic, antiheroic star of "bob & carol," "m.a.s.h.," "getting straight," "move" and "little murders"*

His hair hangs in scrambled ringlets over his forehead and lattices down the sides of a lantern-jawed face. His lower lip protrudes above a cleft chin that will never rival the provocative indentation that distinguishes Cary Grant. His eyes are as large and melancholy as a Saint Bernard's, an animal with which he shares the same shambling gait. In short, he is no one's vision of a matinee idol. Yet Elliott Gould has emerged in the past year as the hottest actor in movies. At a time when the public is demanding reality rather than fantasy on the screen, his spectacular rise exemplifies the changing thrust of the motion-picture industry.

Twenty years ago, Gould's quirky virility and radicalized appearance would have made him, at best, a movie heavy. Today, he's a certified hero among the under-30 group that comprises the bulk of the moviegoing audience. Poster blow-ups of his shaggy, asymmetric face hang in head shops across the nation alongside those of Abbie Hoffman, Peter Fonda and other pop figures to whom the young have given their cachet of approval.

Symptomatically, Gould's swift trip to stardom has been achieved without the usual hard-sell publicity build-up, the ubiquitous peroxide starlets or the sybaritic life style advertised by movie stars of the past. Gould seems so ordinary and so self-effacing, in fact, that he's rarely recognized in public—even though he has

completed six major comedies and one serious film, Ingmar Bergman's "The Touch," in the past two years.

Lack of recognition is nothing new to Gould. For years, his only real identity lay in the dubious distinction of being Barbra Streisand's husband. He married the mercurial superstar in 1963, a year after they met in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale"—a Broadway musical in which Gould played the leading man and the 19-year-old Streisand stole the show in a minor role as his secretary. Until then, Gould had remained on the fringes of show business. Raised in Brooklyn's lower-middle-class Bensonhurst district as Elliott Goldstein, he was guided through most of his childhood and adolescence by the iron hand of an ambitious stage mother, who found him occasional work as a child model, tap dancer and singer. By his early 20s, Gould had done little more than earn a place in the line of chorus boys who overpopulated such Broadway musicals as "Say, Darling," "Rumple" and "Irma La Douce."

After "Wholesale," while Miss Streisand's career was soaring on records and in stage and screen versions of "Funny Girl," Gould labored—and languished—anonously in her shadow. He made "The Confession," a film that was never released, then appeared in road-company versions of several musicals and returned

to Broadway in "Drat the Cat" and Jules Feiffer's "Little Murders," both of which quickly folded. In "Drat the Cat," ironically, he introduced "She Touched Me"—a song subsequently converted by his wife into a 1,000,000-selling record hit renamed "He Touched Me." Gould's subordinate role during their six-year marriage was best symbolized by the birth of Jason Emanuel Gould in 1966, whom the press dubbed "Barbra's Million Dollar Baby," since the pregnancy forced her to cancel \$1,000,000 worth of concert bookings.

By the time they separated early in 1969, Gould had achieved some small measure of independence and identity as burlesque impresario Billy Minsky in a mildly successful film called "The Night They Raided Minsky's." But it wasn't until he won the role of Ted in "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" that he really proved what he could do; the part earned him an Academy Award nomination. Before the public ever saw the film, Gould was being ballyhooed on the Bel Air circuit—a cluster of private screening rooms where film makers exchange and view one another's movies prior to release. Producers immediately rushed him into "M. A. S. H.," an anti-military black comedy that returned huge—and unexpected—box-office dividends, and "Move" (previewed in PLAYBOY's October issue), a less successful comedy



"What's wrong with masturbating? I'll bet when Abraham Lincoln was reading his books on that hearth in Illinois, he unerringly anointed them. He probably put out the fire like that, too."

"I moved into Barbra's cold-water flat on Third Avenue, right above Oscar's Fish Restaurant, in 1962. One night I looked under the tub and saw a tail about a yard long. I called the fire department."

"My head is still a little crooked and I'm still very much motivated by my emotions. But I'm really working at getting straight—if you'll excuse the expression—and I think I'm going to make it."



distinguished largely by Gould's versatile performance. During a period when the nation was finding it increasingly difficult to laugh at itself, he came on as a thinking man's comedian in such films as "Getting Straight," "I Love My Wife" and the soon-to-be-released "Little Murders."

To explore Gould's curious charisma—and the reasons for its wide appeal among the young—Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis met with the 32-year-old actor at the Concord Hotel in New York's Catskill Mountains, where he was filming location sequences for "Little Murders," the first project to be produced by his own company. Writes Lewis of his subject:

"At first, Gould seemed uncommonly reticent, almost as embarrassed to talk about himself as he was to be visiting this garish resort—where poolside cha-cha lessons were audible over a heavily amplified loud-speaker system and matrons strolled the grounds in full-length minks, apparently oblivious of the heat. Nobody noticed him as he wandered through the ornate lobbies in unlaced sneakers, rumpled chinos and an old Army shirt, with a panatela protruding from a day's growth of beard. He looked like an over-age bus boy.

"Gould finally began to relax during a lunch break when shooting baskets on the Concord's outdoor court and recapping last season's Los Angeles Lakers–New York Knickerbockers play-off. Next day, while complaining about his sinus condition, Gould expertly rolled some marijuana in Zig-Zag papers and relaxed on his bed as I pulled up a chair beside him and assumed the analyst's position. Though many actors frequently smoke grass, few are so casual about it. This subject seemed to provide an appropriate point of departure."

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you taking unnecessary chances in smoking pot so openly?

**GOULD:** I know there's a risk and I realize that I leave myself open to harassment. But if I'm not blatant about it, I don't think anyone's going to bother me. If I'm smoking a joint in a car, for instance, I make sure that I don't carry any more than I'm smoking.

**PLAYBOY:** We gather you don't place much credence in the opinion of those who feel that grass can be harmful to both the mind and the body.

**GOULD:** If one understands himself, there can be no harmful effects in using it. Marijuana doesn't make me do anything that I wouldn't be capable of doing otherwise. I find it far more pleasant than drinking, less messy and more private. I never had the patience to sit in a bar and drink. Having a joint is far

more economical and more immediate. I'm able to switch into certain inner places with marijuana. I've also taken a couple of trips that have been incredible.

**PLAYBOY:** Incredible in what way?

**GOULD:** Well, in a way of inner understanding, of recognizing things in myself and things outside myself. Very introspective. Last year, I took mescaline and then went to Disneyland, of all places. I sat there for hours and watched the Indian dancers who go on every 20 minutes. They came out of a tepee led by a guide who carried a microphone. I was able to better understand just how crassly commercial their routine was and why it sickened me. It was very illuminating. On the other hand, for pure enjoyment, I went through the Pirates of the Caribbean three times—a subterranean group of tunnels which you ride through on these boats with galley ships firing across you; it was just fantastic.

Coming back from Disneyland that night, I was still smashed, and I put on a fantastic demonstration for myself driving over the canyon roads. Usually, I'm a mediocre driver; I used to think that if anything happened unexpectedly, my reflexes would be in trouble. Not so. I have far better vision when I'm stoned, because then I really have to be driving. I get into the *experience* of driving, since I'm conscious of a degree of responsibility for being in a state that's different than most of the other people on the road. So I'm steadier and I can anticipate almost anything when I'm stoned—unless I get paranoid. I've always been very prone to paranoia. But just by recognizing that, I've been able to eliminate most of my fears.

For example, on this same drive home from Disneyland, there were some papers in the back seat of the car. I remembered having seen a really frightening horror film once where the receipt of a piece of paper meant that some monster would attack you. Before I knew it, I had mentally put a monster in the back of my car that I couldn't see, and I scared the shit out of myself. I had to really assure myself that I didn't want to do me any harm and that what was going on was something promoted by my subconscious.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever use grass or mescaline while you're acting?

**GOULD:** Occasionally, I do smoke grass when I work—but not in situations where I know that I need real concentration. I like to think that no directors I've worked for have known when I've smoked. I would absolutely shit if a director accused me of making an error because I was stoned. I don't consciously smoke it for any special results, but sometimes I consciously refrain from smoking so I'll be sharper. The year I

took Barbra to the Academy Awards and she won her Oscar, I smoked some grass beforehand—but for a different reason. First of all, I don't like the formality of those kinds of events—wearing a black tie. I was also terribly self-conscious about being with a woman from whom I had just separated and about being among people I felt weird about, people who thrive on the dramatic implications of that kind of situation. I went to give support to Barbra, with whom I was still quite friendly, which made me ambivalent about what I was trying to prove and to whom. So it was a difficult night for me—a trauma. I told a friend that when the television camera panned over to Barbra and me, I'd pull my ear twice, so he'd know I was stoned. That's just what I did, coast to coast. He was probably the only one of the 60,000,000 viewers who knew what it signified.

**PLAYBOY:** At the time of your separation from Barbra, you said, "We're no longer trying to save our marriage. What we've saved is a nice working relationship which we didn't have before." Would you explain that?

**GOULD:** It might have sounded like a cliché, but I was trying to say that although we don't agree with each other on a lot of things, I respect Barbra and I think she respects me, and that's a terrific thing to preserve. Barbra and I care about each other a great deal. She's very special to me. But at this point, both of us understand that marriage places you in a very difficult position. Getting married imposes something technical on an otherwise viable relationship, and this often changes things drastically. People shouldn't assume that because they're happy living together, they should get married. As we know it today, I think marriage must ultimately disappear.

The guy I play in *I Love My Wife* says what I feel infinitely better than I could myself. It's about two people totally motivated by guilt about the 15-year deterioration of a really screwed-up marriage. Now my character's having his first important affair. Before one of his assignments, he tells his wife: "Look, I'm not against the institution of marriage. But when it was invented in the Third Century B.C., the average life span was 30 or 35 years. So it was perfectly normal to live with someone for six or seven years. But now, between Medicare and penicillin and people living to 60, 70, 80—I mean, who can live with the same person for 50 years? It's immoral."

**PLAYBOY:** If marriage as we know it is doomed, what do you think will replace it?

**GOULD:** Can you think of a more wonderful idea than people collaborating on living communally? I'm certain that



marriage will eventually be replaced by a communal form of brotherhood, rather than remain the outmoded arrangement it has degenerated to today. Neither Barbra nor I really understood marriage and I think our separation, especially because we were dependent on each other, was really courageous, and still is. Because at the moment, we're not divorced.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**GOULD:** Getting a divorce is terribly painful; so is the shame and embarrassment of saying, "Well, let's not live together anymore." It's admitting failure. I wish people weren't so interested in this subject; their interest only helps add to my self-consciousness about it. Ultimately, I guess we'll have to resolve it by getting divorced, but that prospect saddens me, because in a great many ways, I respect what our relationship was.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you still able to communicate with her?

**GOULD:** We communicate. But it's hard, man. It's really hard. I've changed a lot, you know, and so has my life.

**PLAYBOY:** After so many years of being considered a consort to your wife, it must be gratifying to have succeeded on your own. During your marriage, were you uptight about that secondary role?

**GOULD:** Yes, her success was painful to me, because I didn't have sufficient understanding of myself to avoid feeling weird about it—even though I knew from the beginning how talented Barbra was and I knew that she was ambitious and wanted to be somebody. It was my responsibility as a man to acknowledge that. When Barbra became an enormous celebrity, I tried my damndest not to take seriously the fact that I wasn't. I could handle the fact that she was getting incredible amounts of publicity—that reporters were constantly around, asking her questions, while I stayed in the background. That was no big thing. What were they going to ask me—how I did in my three-man basketball games? Or what parts I was up for? I didn't want to be asked anything about myself. But when we would be out in public, which was seldom, it was devastating for me. I didn't want to be there. I wanted to go someplace as *me*. And yet I felt an obligation to attend to my wife, no matter who the fuck people thought I was, Prince Philip or Mr. Streisand or whatever. My name was Elliott Gould, also known as Elliott Goldstein, and my wife was Barbra Streisand, who was very famous, which was an unfortunate burden. I was there because my wife was there, to protect her because she was my woman. Often I had to protect her—from those fucking fan-magazine photog-

raphers. They're a part of the continual perversity that goes along with stardom.

We don't have any royalty in this country, so we make kings and queens out of a lot of ordinary people and we hound them just to see how ornery we can make them. It's so fucking ignorant. The better known you are, the more your ass is in a sling. A lot of people want a little bit of flesh. That's why I no longer attend motion-picture social events. That way, I avoid the absolute lice who parasite themselves on the motion-picture business. The movie magazines they work for are worse than comic books. At least in comic books, they're dealing with people that aren't real and can't be hurt.

**PLAYBOY:** Many of the movie magazines have compared your relationship with Barbra to the plot of *A Star Is Born*, in which Norman Maine, the husband of the superstar, who married her when she was unknown and he was celebrated, was gradually eclipsed by his wife. Do you see any similarities?

**GOULD:** Not only isn't it fair or even accurate to draw that analogy, it's terribly obvious. Anyway, my life with Barbra was so theatrical that I don't think anyone would make a movie of it. But whatever, throughout our marriage, as I said a few minutes ago, one of the things Barbra and I always had was a great deal of respect for each other. Professionally, at least. Barbra always honored my opinions and I think I had a lot of influence on some of the things she did.

**PLAYBOY:** However much you respected each other, didn't it become increasingly frustrating as Barbra became better known than you?

**GOULD:** Yes, there were many frustrations. Since I wasn't working, I found it difficult to have any identity of my own. For one thing, I had a very mediocre history in musicals. *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, the show in which I met Barbra, did run on Broadway for over ten months, and I was the star, but my work could have been better. I was terribly green and I was trying too hard. The other Broadway shows I did folded in record time. So I was employed for only 12 or 16 weeks a year. After *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* closed, I collected unemployment for a while, but I got terrible anxieties in the unemployment line. I felt like such a failure collecting that \$50. I couldn't justify taking it and I hated waiting in line to collect it. Increasingly, through those years, I was becoming conscious of not fulfilling certain things inside me. Fulfillment doesn't necessarily imply accomplishing anything. One can be fulfilled simply by

attempting to accomplish something, just by being active. Three or four years ago, I tried developing projects for Barbra's television production company. But that, too, was very frustrating. I had really good ideas that would have worked if they could have been executed. But the television networks were impossible to deal with.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you able to get any projects off the ground?

**GOULD:** Zero. I failed completely. The main problem was that I had no track record. I used to deal with all the no men at the networks—a bunch of fucking pigs. I hated them and I hated myself and I hated going someplace with an idea two notches above things that had been done again and again and being strung along and then rejected. All they were interested in was something like something that had worked before.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about some of your ideas.

**GOULD:** Well, I wanted to do a half-hour syndicated series of award-winning documentaries, French- and Italian-made featurettes, even animated material like the Jules Feiffer cartoon that won an Academy Award in the Sixties—about a baby who got drafted. ABC thought it was too sophisticated. There was another idea for a situation-comedy series about a married couple who spent every waking hour entering contests and never worked, while supporting a son who ran up extraordinary sums on his credit cards. I also created a sitcom called *Y. Buy and Son*, about a firm that rented anything—even people. That never did anything, either. Neither did *The Bumblebee and Captain Everything*, which was about two middle-aged guys living in the same neighborhood in New Rochelle, who fantasized themselves as comic-book heroes living in the Forties. Actually, they were antiheroes. The Bumblebee would change into costume and jump into his Beemobile—but it would do only 15 miles an hour. And Captain Everything just screwed everything up. Another one was *Harry Egypt*, about a gangster in the employ of the establishment. Somebody like the head of Remington, if he got into trouble, would call on Harry to get him out of it. Never sold any of these. And meanwhile, my wife was starring in *Funny Girl* on Broadway and appearing on the cover of *Time* magazine. She was the biggest thing in the business and I had all this spare time on my hands.

**PLAYBOY:** How were you using it, apart from trying to sell ideas for TV shows?

**GOULD:** I found myself spending a lot of time playing three-man basketball in schoolyards. And I used to gamble on





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sports events. Pathologically. The first time I went to London, I left owing a couple of hundred pounds on various gambling debts; I didn't have it to pay. At that time, \$500 seemed enormous. So I went through some of the best acting I've ever done to escape; made up great inventive tales of why I was temporarily without funds. When I went back, I paid them off—but then I lost a great deal more. Especially on football games. It reached a point where, a couple of years ago, I bet on every game on the boards, thousands on a game. I wasn't very successful. I lost close to \$50,000 on the football season before last. The bookies are all paid off now. I knew even at the time that it was ridiculous to gamble. It's such a dissipation of energy to get involved in something like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why did you do it?

**GOULD:** There's something within me that's very self-destructive. Besides that, I was involved in a business that deals in fantasy—competing with other actors in a very emotional and yet totally sublimated way. Winning or losing a bet seemed to represent a hard-edged reality. Through the years, I would periodically try to stop, but without success. The largest single loss was never that terrible. But I'm fortunate to have finally stopped. Last spring, I watched the Los Angeles Lakers–New York Knicks playoffs without making a single bet on them. I shouted a lot, though. Sometimes, when I really get moved at the theater, I sort of whisper "Bravo" under my breath. With the Knickerbockers I roared and stood and cursed and hollered vulgarities, just fantastic vulgarities. But I didn't gamble.

**PLAYBOY:** What stopped you?

**GOULD:** I began to realize that I had nothing to gain and much to lose, which was secondary to realizing that it was psychotic. I learned how to be by myself without having to call this number I know in California to find out all the scores. I recognized the guilt I felt and the phoniness of my pseudo friendships with bookmakers, many of whom are really charming. But I hated owing 'em and I hated losing. I can now anticipate visiting casinos in Europe, knowing I'll be able to play whatever my limit is and then just leave. If I lose my limit in ten seconds, that'll be it.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there any deficiency in your life at that time that inspired the gambling?

**GOULD:** Only self-respect. In a way, I had more self-respect when I was a teenager, operating the night elevator in the Park Royal Hotel on 73rd Street. At least it was steady. When I was 18, for God's

sake, I felt more *wanted*. At that time, I was working in Gimbel's, demonstrating a board game called Confucius Say, dressed up in yellow make-up with a big mustache and speaking in Chinese dialect. I was hired away to work in Bloomingdale's, selling boxing equipment. For demonstrating punching bags, I made one percent of the sales plus \$11 a day. Those were jobs to fill in between chorus-boy assignments. Six or seven years after that, virtually nobody knew my acting or dancing work, but I'd keep making the rounds, looking for acting jobs.

I used to give really energetic interviews—like, reeking my guts out. I thought I had to leave an impression. So I took a deep breath and *performed*. Rather than recite my feeble credits, I might fantasize how I came from a great family of interior decorators and go into a number about how I could remodel the producer's office by adding greens and blues to the walls and putting a Regency piece by the window. Playing on my actual failings and anxieties at that point gave me license to exaggerate, justification for being daring and bold. And it worked. I left an impression most of the time.

For *Once Upon a Mattress*, one of the last shows I danced in, I had to audition for Joe Hamilton, Carol Burnett's husband-producer. He asked me, "What do you do? Do you sing, do you dance?" I was very conscious that I didn't *know* what I did. I was always embarrassed at the idea of auditioning. It's just not natural for a grown man to go into a room and sing and dance for somebody else. So I said, "Look, when someone says, 'That works,' that's what my specialty will be." It was insufferable to have to categorize myself. I knew I could do anything within reason if only I had the chance.

**PLAYBOY:** When did your career begin to move?

**GOULD:** When I started to take my analysis seriously. I was 25 when I went into analysis, but probably 12 or 13 emotionally. Although I felt terribly idealistic, I was immature, weak and scared. And five years ago I started to study acting with Lee Strasberg, which is related to psychoanalysis, because it's all sensory work. The process of analysis, unquestionably, has been the turning point of my life. It's given me a great deal of help in understanding so many things about myself. My work and I are walking advertisements for analysis.

**PLAYBOY:** What prompted you to undergo treatment?

**GOULD:** I realized I was getting half a



mile out of a tank of gas. I must say here that the uninformed often misconstrue analysis as the panacea for an illness. Like, you take shots of cortisone for arthritis and you go to an analyst if you're crazy. But actually, it's like taking a fine car, a Mercedes, to a technician who specializes in Mercedes, except he services the mind. Better image: It's like you're in a boat on the water, before analysis, and you're bailing it out to keep yourself afloat. You've got to take your boat and beach it for a bit, find out where the holes are and fix them. It's very painful and it's very difficult and there's many reasons for people to say, "I don't want to beach my boat, because maybe I'll never get it back on the water again." Most people are aware that they have problems; they can feel anxieties, things stopping up, but they're embarrassed and afraid to admit that they're closed off. There's a million ways of deferring analysis.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you rely on your analyst a great deal?

**GOULD:** Incredibly. I think he's a great man. Paul Simon [of Simon & Garfunkel] and I share the same doctor. Dustin Hoffman introduced us. Paul and I have sort of a similar background, I think, and when we talked about analysis, I could tell that he was somewhat cut off. In his early work, Simon put down analysis. He's just gotten married, so I suspect that his analysis has been really good.

**PLAYBOY:** How frequent are your sessions?

**GOULD:** An hour a day, five days a week.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it necessary to communicate with your doctor when you're out of town—say, on location?

**GOULD:** Occasionally, I call him, but I can take care of myself now. I don't think I've ever called him because I've been incapacitated. Like most people's, my problems are far more subtle than that. I'm not mentally crippled. Once in a while, we correspond, but I still pay for my time period on his calendar even when I'm away for eight or ten weeks, so it's like still being there, having a commitment. It's terribly positive to do that. Since I've maintained time, even if I'm back in town just for a day or two, I can talk to him for a couple of hours.

**PLAYBOY:** What has analysis really done for you?

**GOULD:** At one time, self-discovery was difficult for me. Now it's happening all the time. I'm able to be alone with myself a lot more. I'm less self-conscious about the way I look, which had always bothered me. Several months ago, a newspaperman wrote that my nose was like a pickle but that I was appealing. That didn't disturb me a bit, because



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through my analysis and introspection, I had begun to understand that how somebody looks isn't particularly important, that the self-consciousness I felt wasn't particularly special. It's a universal problem. It's terribly important to learn that there's nothing wrong with anybody no matter *how* they look.

Another thing I began to understand about myself is the reason why in certain situations I'm habitually late—even for my sessions in analysis. This is despite the fact that I don't want to keep anyone waiting or to inconvenience anybody, because I have a tendency to be paranoid about what people think of me. It embarrasses me to be late. But when I'm late it's because I'm doing something else; wherever I am, I can't be straight out enough to say I have to leave. I feel that that's being rude, so I stay longer while feeling the pressure that I've got to get someplace else. I've finally come to realize that the one who suffers most from my being late is me. So I've improved a lot in terms of punctuality. And I don't bite my nails as much anymore, although I still chomp on 'em a bit.

**PLAYBOY:** Paul Newman also bites his nails. Is that a professional hazard?

**GOULD:** Maybe so. Believe it or not, David Merrick bites his nails. So did Abraham Lincoln.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you know?

**GOULD:** I just made that up. But he must have been like the rest of us. Maybe it sounds irreverent, but gosh, can you imagine Abraham Lincoln masturbating? What's wrong with that? I'll bet when he was reading his books on that hearth in Illinois, he unerringly anointed them. He probably put out the fire like that, too.

**PLAYBOY:** To return—appropriately—to analysis: Now that you've achieved an identity of your own, why is it necessary to continue seeing your analyst?

**GOULD:** Because I'm still working on many of my old hang-ups, like subconsciously harping on the times when things never connected for me and worrying about whether I'm getting the most out of myself. Along with the recognition, I've also developed a bunch of *new* hang-ups. For one thing, it doesn't please me when people ask for my autograph. I recognize that it's part of the industry and I'm flattered, in a way. But it's a very complex thing. It's not just a question of "May I have your autograph?" It's people seeing a real person who's represented by work that's on a screen or that they read a lot of bullshit things about. It can be frightening—being molested by a lot of strangers who

want to shake your hand or touch you or want you to say hello to them or want you to thank them for appreciating you. My meals are often interrupted by someone tugging at my sleeve and saying, "Excuse me. Excuse me." It's abusive, in an ignorant and unconscious way. When people ask, I sometimes deny being me, especially to those who take the license of being familiar. The ideal thing would be to be anonymous when I'm not working. I'd like to disappear. When *Bob & Carol* opened at the New York Film Festival, I felt terribly unpleasant being there. It was like I was on display. It was embarrassing to have strangers watching me see my own film.

**PLAYBOY:** *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* was the picture that made it big for you. Did you think it would be such a hit?

**GOULD:** Not really. I was just happy to get the job. When the first reviews came out, I had just finished *M. A. S. H.* and I was about to begin *Moue*. A friend called and read me the review in *Variety*, which was terrific, but I felt real anxiety from getting this review, because my performance wasn't exactly what I thought it had to be. Somehow, I felt I still wasn't living up to what I imagined people thought was my potential. A couple of days later, I thought, "What the fuck am I competing with? Here I am in a terrific picture, and my part is terrific, and I'm really good in it. I've just finished *M. A. S. H.* and I'm starting another picture. I have it made. It's ridiculous for me to feel anxiety about it." I began to realize that what I was competing with was some fantasy of what everybody else thought about me or expected of me. I realized that my thinking was terribly distorted.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you equally ambivalent about the Oscar nomination for *Bob & Carol*?

**GOULD:** No, that was like a masturbatory fantasy come true. If I hadn't been nominated, I would have been really disappointed—actually, more embarrassed than disappointed, because everybody *told* me I was going to be nominated. It's wonderful to be recognized by one's peers, but the Oscars are blown way out of proportion by their pretense and their public relations. I don't care for the whole competitive process and what the industry does with the awards. Many people think it's as important as a Presidential election, but it's only an industry commercial. Besides that, it's a terribly unnatural thing to go through. You're not yourself. I really had a trauma driving there for *Bob & Carol*. I was afraid no one would mention my name.

**PLAYBOY:** *Bob & Carol* and all of the films



you've made since then have dealt with some contemporary social phenomenon or pattern of behavior. Have you deliberately selected that type of film?

**GOULD:** Behavior is what movies are about and socially pertinent themes are the key to a lot of contemporary movies. But there's no real pattern in the movies I decide to do, other than the fact that they haven't been only entertainment films. Each of them has had a concept, a definite point of view. They've been original and a bit provocative. *Bob & Carol* has a specific message about well-to-do couples in their early 30s: the ignorance with which we deal with ourselves and one another. It shows this ignorance—and a degree of hope—in a very comic way. It deals specifically with two uptight married couples and their reactions to swapping mates. Another of my films, *Move*, deals with a single uptight couple and their fantasized infidelities. The character I play—Hiram Jaffe—is a sensitive, awkward, confused, yet intelligent guy who isn't getting the most out of himself. I related to all that. He's an adolescent man who isn't equipped to accept the responsibility of having a wife and children. It has to do with his reluctance to grow. I hadn't tried to interpret that kind of role before and I like to create a different character each time I work. The same thing holds true for *Trapper John in M. A. S. H.*

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think made *M. A. S. H.* such a success?

**GOULD:** The absolute irreverence of its characters toward protocol and regulations, along with the extremism of the film, as exemplified by the operating-room sequences. Audiences retch at the same time they're laughing. It shows real people in real situations. It takes morality and shoves it up the ass of the military, because there is no fucking morality in the Service—despite what we've been led to believe by Hollywood films of the past. I remember loving *To The Shores of Tripoli* with John Payne and Randolph Scott when I was very young. I recently saw it again on television and now it's like a propaganda movie. John Payne's a playboy and Randolph Scott's a tough sergeant. They turn Payne into a *Marine* and he goes to Tripoli and kills some people and he becomes a real man. We felt special about ourselves back then, during the War. It was terrific to have an enemy like the Axis, and Hollywood was giving us what we wanted. But times—and enemies—have changed since then. And so have we, thank God. *M. A. S. H.* is the antithesis of all those War films we grew up with. It's furiously antimilitary, without being antiwar. The lunatic *M. A. S. H.* doctors function selflessly and magnificently as a medical



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unit, but they refuse to function as a military unit. They use their captain's bars to stitch up their shoes. They have the military by the balls, because they're doing a great job. Their hatred for the military is what keeps them going. I could really dig that, even though I was rejected for military service. My classification was something like 4-U. It was a sexual deferment because I'd never been laid. All kidding aside, I wasn't very successful with girls when I was a teenager. In fact, I didn't get laid until I was 21. I was really fucked up—or unfucked up. I've talked with my analyst about how I used to fantasize a lot, very surreptitiously. I really denied my deepest emotions. I was aware of recognizing intense feelings inside me, but I didn't know how to channel what I felt. The fear of making a fool out of myself used to traumatize me, so I would go to my room alone and beat my head against the wall—until the first time I got up the courage to do it, which was in a Boston hotel room. I'm thrilled to be able to report that I didn't make a fool out of myself. I never told my draft board.

**PLAYBOY:** Trapper John in *M. A. S. H.* epitomizes, as you do, the kind of believable antihero currently in vogue among younger audiences. Do you ever think about your good fortune in arriving on the scene at this propitious time?

**GOULD:** Categorizing the time we live in by the actors who are playing roles is horseshit. I think that whenever I came into prominence had to do with my finding of myself. It may sound egocentric, but I think I could have made it any time in the past 30 years. In fact, it may have been more exciting to have done work like I'm doing when people were less conscious of labels like "anti-hero." Or any labels, for that matter. If I have to be labeled, the label should be "realistic actor." But, God, labeling is so commercial. I've always resented seeing myself sold commercially. I'm really embarrassed by those big ads for *Getting Straight* with pictures of me.

But even though I don't like to be used to solicit things, I don't honestly mind it for this picture, because it's a film I believe in. And my performance in it is something I believe in. *Getting Straight* was a very new kind of experience for me, like taking an emotional high colonic. I had to go into places within me where I'd never been before, and I didn't know what I'd find there. That picture is a wonderful attempt at a personal statement—using a flawed, contemporary hero. The core of the film is that man's desperate struggle for some sort of identity. I think Harry Bailey is one of the most important characters that's ever been on the screen, especially in contemporary times.

**PLAYBOY:** Many critics have been less en-

thusiastic in their reactions to *Getting Straight*. Charles Champlin of the *Los Angeles Times* called it "a Hollywood exploitation of urgent truth to serve the cheaper ends of an entertainment... a patronizing insult to young people on real campuses [that] panders to the tastes of an audience not less than bare bosoms." How do you feel about that judgment?

**GOULD:** It amazes me that so many people attack *Getting Straight*. They're criticizing not the film so much as the reality of campus extremism shown on camera. Perhaps if the country wasn't in its present condition and the really first-rate universities weren't so terribly threatened, they wouldn't be as uptight about the boldness of *Getting Straight*. A lot of people have said, "My God, what's going to happen when young people see this film? It's so subjectively pro-destruction, so subjectively pro-student, so subjectively anti-establishment and so broadly anti-faculty." They complain because it's a film that shows the very violence many of us are living with and fearful of. Those who are afraid that the country is teetering feel that such realistic material shouldn't be seen in a commercial medium. Bullshit!

To criticize the motives of the film as purely commercial makes me wonder if those people really know what the fuck is going on in this country. It should be obvious that the film has a vital point to make—that the educational system is old-fashioned and outmoded. Since it's difficult to be objective about a subjective thing, most of the criticism is as subjective as the film. Furthermore, I'm highly suspicious of professional critics, because I think it's so easy to fault things merely to build a reputation.

**PLAYBOY:** Whatever you may think of them, many critics complain that *Getting Straight* shows a stereotyped, cardboard representation of the university establishment. If the picture is as realistic as you say it is, how do you account for this contradiction?

**GOULD:** What contradiction? The picture is an intentionally impressionistic generalization. It isn't *meant* to be completely realistic. The exaggerated stereotypes that Harry Bailey so desperately wanted to become one of were consciously written that way so we could see them for the clowns they really are. OK, I admit that it's a loaded picture. But isn't it about time there's been a radical loaded picture? I'm tired of seeing John Wayne shoot 'em up in all those typically chauvinistic epics. *Getting Straight* is anti-chauvinistic. Even if it's not as entertaining as *M. A. S. H.*, I think it sticks its neck out farther. I'm not one tenth as proud of *M. A. S. H.* as I am of having had something to do with *Getting Straight*, which really attempted to go someplace that other films haven't; it's so



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much more articulate and outspoken—and truthful—than the *dreck* audiences usually get to see. There's a lot of faults to be found with the film, but it soars for me because of what it's attempting to do and the passion with which it does it.

**PLAYBOY:** What faults do you find with *Getting Straight*?

**GOULD:** Well, there *are* excesses in the film. My character screams a little. I might have shaded it a bit more. Also, there's a scene where this kid is talking to a cop and calls him a pig. The actor who played the cop was an ex-fighter whose nose had been broken a couple of times. The casting was deliberate. I didn't like that. There was another scene where I delivered a karate kick to another cop; it was obvious to me that it was staged and I didn't like it. So there's a few cuts I would make. But I enormously respect the director, Dick Rush. He inspired me to attempt certain things that I would never have tried on my own.

**PLAYBOY:** Like what?

**GOULD:** Like the transition in the master's oral examination, where Bailey turns on the professors examining him. That was so wild—a man getting it rammed up his behind, struggling with himself to fight back and finally winning.

**PLAYBOY:** What did Barbra think of your performance?

**GOULD:** She thought I was terrific. I know the film upset her, but she was moved by it. She's very critical and bright, and when it comes to acting, she's got a great eye. So I was pleased by her reaction. But it must be somewhat shocking to her to see me do things on the screen that she perhaps didn't know existed.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know that the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures condemned *Getting Straight* as unsuitable for members of that faith?

**GOULD:** Yeah, and my first reaction was, "Great! It'll be better for business; it'll bring it to the attention of people who ordinarily wouldn't be interested in seeing the film." On the other hand, such action appalls me. It's absolutely ludicrous that any organization should be permitted to condemn *any* motion picture. The Agnew influence in this country is enormous. But you can't afford to do somebody else's thinking for him, especially in times like these. Audiences should be able to make up their own minds.

The same sort of paranoid do-gooders are wailing about overemphasized sexuality in movies. For God's sake, we've all seen the opposite sex naked. We all know what a cock looks like, what an asshole looks like, what stains in our underpants look like. The whole debate over how far the movies can go in depicting nudity and sexuality is just laughable. But when it comes to the condemnation of something that has po-

litical overtones or that uses a political background, like *Getting Straight*, that's very dangerous. Even if it is terrible and horrible, it should be seen. It's a reality that's got to be recognized. There are so many other things *worth* condemning.

**PLAYBOY:** What, for example?

**GOULD:** Condemn ignorance. Condemn poverty. Condemn bigotry. Recently, I watched a TV documentary called *The Eye of the Storm*, which blasted bigotry—and beautifully. It dealt with a teacher in the Midwest who teaches third graders the impact of discrimination. Her class is divided into the superior group, called the blue eyes, and the inferior group, known as the brown eyes. After four or five days, when the blue-eyed kids trade places with the brown-eyed kids, each person feels the opposite extreme. I wept for 20 of the 30 minutes to see what these young kids were going through, not understanding what they were feeling, yet feeling something terribly strong. Finally, they came to understand that discrimination is absolute horseshit, an invention of the mind that's practiced out of ignorant fear. What a constructive, creative way to teach that to third graders.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you aware of any prejudices of your own?

**GOULD:** Yes, I am. I don't want to be bigoted, but the more I learn about myself, the more I recognize my habit of thinking in anti-Negro generalities—like if I put my hands through a colored guy's hair, they'll come out greasy. I've got to get over that kind of ignorance.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever dated a black girl?

**GOULD:** Yeah. The first time, I was quite curious what it would be like and I realized that I would be conscious of people seeing us, which I didn't like. That's my own paranoia, but I'm aware of it and I was able to deal with it. All of us, unfortunately, have been conditioned with discriminatory generalizations. Like, I leased a house in East Hampton, Long Island, two summers ago and asked the realtor if there was a local agency that supplied household help. He told me it was very difficult to get help, and then he said, "I don't know, some people just don't want to do an honest day's work." He never said Negro, but he meant Negro. I thought, "God, how dare you." That kind of discrimination is really dangerous, because it's everyday discrimination. That kind of conditioning has taken place for too long.

There's a lot of hurt and persecution that whites have been directly responsible for, intentionally or otherwise. Even today, whites still put down many important Negro movements in our country—like the Black Panthers. I find the Panthers enormously courageous; I think they're doing something that civil rights groups find difficult to do—openly express themselves in ways antagonistic to

the establishment, as a means to be heard. I admire their forcefulness, which many categorize as overly violent. By psyching a lot of people into being afraid of them, the Panthers have the latitude to accomplish a lot of the work they do—trying to create a nationwide coalition of Negro people. They're talking about things that are basic to human dignity.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you account for the fact that most blacks, as well as whites, repudiate the Panthers?

**GOULD:** Those are the Negroes who have reached the middle class and therefore have something to lose. They're content with having accomplished *anything* after starting out as shitty as they did. As a result, many of them are apathetic and don't want to be involved. For them to endorse a group like the Panthers would be a great threat to their social and economic status.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you had much personal contact with middle-class blacks—or with Panthers?

**GOULD:** I know Negro people who have position and I've attended enough Panther meetings to realize that what's said about them in the press is propaganda. The establishment is unfairly persecuting them to keep other Negro people from getting involved and giving them the strength they deserve. I'm no expert about the Black Panther situation; maybe I don't know all there is to know. But my instincts tell me that they stand for very positive, constructive things.

**PLAYBOY:** Author Tom Wolfe recently coined the phrase "radical chic" to describe celebrities who endorse a wide variety of fashionable anti-establishment causes. Do you think that term might apply to you?

**GOULD:** I hope not. I genuinely want something to be done so that we can understand the Black Panthers before things degenerate into guerrilla warfare or open revolution. As far as radical chic is concerned, I feel the same way Wolfe does about personalities' getting involved in causes or charities in order to enhance their own images. One of the shabbiest things I've ever witnessed is the way Jerry Lewis represents himself. He blatantly tells you on network TV that he is the epitome of the socially conscious man, a great humanitarian. Entertainers who do something and don't tell you about it are far more admirable than he is. But to be told constantly about what he's done for muscular dystrophy! Lewis obviously needs to be loved by everybody and to have them think he's wonderful. Actually, he's one of the most hostile, unpleasant guys I've ever seen. He's more diseased than the disease he's supposedly trying to combat.

Lewis used to be one of my heroes. When I was a kid, I did pantomimes to



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his records. He was an enormously talented, phenomenally energetic man who used vulnerability very well. But through the years, I've seen him turn into this arrogant, sour, ceremonial, piously chauvinistic egomaniac. I'm just amazed at his behavior. Mickey Rooney told him on TV not long ago that he had nine children by four wives. Lewis said he had six kids, and then he said, "But I've only been buying from one dealer." Constant self-serving snideness. But despite the excesses of people like Lewis, I feel that if an actor or a chambermaid genuinely feels strongly about something, he or she must become involved.

Like, recently, I've become interested in the situation in Ireland, where a coalition of blueshirts and conservatives has devastated the civil rights of their opponents. I find a great parallel between the politics of Ireland and what's going on in this country. The caste system has caused great injustices in Irish human rights and it's threatening to get much worse.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you become interested in this cause?

**GOULD:** A fellow asked me to support a proclamation of actors, artists and other concerned Americans and told me about the various injustices he had observed over there. If somebody like that gets to me and helps me understand what's happening and it correlates with what I feel—or perhaps changes what I feel—I can dig it. But admittedly, I have to rely to a large degree on what I'm told by people who seek me out and on what I've read. It's only recently that I've been interested in finding out about contemporary issues. I never used to read much. Now that I read a lot of middle-of-the-road kind of nothing reportage in *The New York Times*, I feel more and more that the news media are copping out. We can't even be sure what wars and political and foreign intrigues we're involved in, because we're not told what the fuck is really going on. Nobody knows just by reading the papers; we only see one side of it. The thing I want to do now is to educate myself more. For the first time in my life, I feel capable of being educated.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the extent of your formal education?

**GOULD:** Well, I've got a high school diploma—from the Professional Children's School in New York. I've got to say I've come a long way, baby, when I recall Alan Arkin, who attended his son's graduation from the eighth term at P. C. S., wanting to know why I wasn't there to accept the alumni award they gave me. I was unaware that I was getting any award, but I felt guilty and awful, anyway. Then I thought a minute and told Alan, "Listen, when I was late or got caught for throwing erasers and they suspended me and gave me demerits and made me feel like shit, they weren't giving me any awards. Now that I seem

to be big in motion pictures, they're giving me an alumni award. So I really don't feel that bad about it."

I have very unpleasant memories of that school, particularly because my education there was somewhat lame—which had to do with my own feelings of anxiety about myself. Since I couldn't cope with the necessity to constantly prove myself on tests and examinations, my marks were totally erratic. I would either fail or do terrific. I would surprise the shit out of my teachers sometimes and then I would disappoint them. I didn't understand then why one learns something, other than to get high marks so that you can go home with a good report card. I worried a lot about my inability to apply myself and my lack of patience. The anxiety I felt when I didn't do well was severe. And worrying about the fact that my parents were arguing a lot at that time didn't help matters, either.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of relationship did you have with them?

**GOULD:** Nowadays, I don't communicate with my parents. But then, they loved me a lot; at least that's what they told me. I thought they were Mr. and Mrs. Captain Marvel—until I realized they were both mortal. I was their only child. We lived in a two-and-a-half-room apartment in Brooklyn and I slept in the same bedroom with them for 11 years. I didn't know what privacy was. Twice in the past year, without any ballyhoo, I've revisited my old neighborhood and the apartment building where I lived with them and where they argued and where I got my reference to the fucking world. People of my parents' generation constantly complained. The world wasn't good to them. They lived under enormous pain and stress and, consequently, most of the information they had to offer was be careful, don't trust anybody, you've got to save. Most of my distortions emanated from that apartment—distortions I still don't quite understand and I've blocked out. I stopped in front of the apartment door when I saw it again and remembered a lot of the way I grew up. I would have loved to meet the person who lives there now and walk through it again, walk into the closets and really look at it, touch it, smell it. Then I would love to have paid him for the apartment and taken a bat and just destroyed every wall and every shelf and everything else in it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are the memories that ugly?

**GOULD:** It's not the memories so much as understanding now through analysis what I felt: the frustrations, the anxieties, the fears, the dependence, the ignorant assumptions of good and bad. I lived there longer than I've ever lived anywhere. That's the place where I was the most vulnerable, where I began to withdraw and become self-conscious. It's something I'm still trying to change.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you so self-conscious?  
**GOULD:** I was always very aware that I had a fat ass and that I was too big for my age. I wanted to be tough. I wanted to be Irish and I wanted to be a brawler, but I never really knew how to fight. Within the past four years, not wanting to rely on rage to defend myself, I decided to learn karate. I got quite good at it, because, having been a dancer, my legs were very limber and I could kick really strong and fast and hard. I stopped after I learned enough so I can hurt somebody if I have to. Anyway, instead of being a tough kid, I was taking elocution lessons, dramatic lessons, dancing lessons, singing lessons, lessons in projecting personality. I really don't like talking about it, because it's difficult for my parents to understand how I felt. I hated everything I was doing. The last thing I wanted to do was perform, because I didn't understand the reason for performing.

**PLAYBOY:** What were those lessons like?

**GOULD:** The class would rehearse routines during the week, and every Saturday, all the mothers would gather at this studio and watch their children standing in the middle of the room performing material they had memorized while the teacher, Charlie Lowe—who also wrote it—proudly looked on.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you recall any of those recitations?

**GOULD:** Some of them I'll never forget. Like:

*Mary had a little lamb, some peas  
and mashed potatoes,  
An ear of corn, some buttered beets  
and sliced tomatoes.  
She said she wasn't hungry, so I  
thought I had a break.  
But just to keep me company, she  
ordered up a steak.  
She said she couldn't eat a thing,  
'cause she was on a diet,  
But then she saw ice cream and pie  
and said, "I'd like to try it."*

That was with music. I had my own arrangement. Another one was in dialect:

*I'ma worka an I worka an I sava  
two cows,  
I'ma tinka someday I'ma buya da  
house,  
But my wife she gotta ona bigga  
swella head  
She say, "Buya da car or I knocka  
you dead."*

But my best one went:

*Hello, Hollywood, here I am,  
I'm looking for a movie man,  
Oh, where is Mr. Warner,  
I have to get him in a corner,  
I'll show him how I sing and dance,  
I hope that he'll give me a chance  
To star in Hollywood.  
Whoopee, Hollywood, here I am!*

That almost sounds prophetic, but it's really pathetic. My mother kept a scrapbook of material like that. Someday, to





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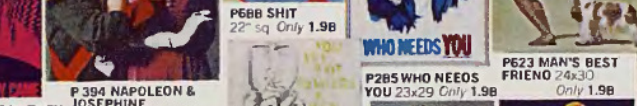
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see the banality of the past, I'm going to use it in a film or something.

**PLAYBOY:** What made performing in class so difficult?

**GOULD:** My inner ear really *heard* what I was saying. Besides that, I didn't have good diction. I was told you had to talk a certain way. Pronounce your Rs. And don't sound like you come from Brooklyn. And I was constantly being made self-conscious about how I looked. I always had to be clean and I was taught that when one performs, one always smiles. I couldn't smile for the life of me when I went out to perform; I was too panic-stricken. I look at old pictures of myself and I understand the torment I was feeling then; at the time, I didn't recognize the pain. Pictures scare me, because they seem to have the power to reveal something. They used to reveal my trying to hide something, my attempting to be something I wasn't. It was as bad as going to a dentist for me to go to the local photographer, who'd document what I looked like. My mother still has these photographs. I've been meaning to take them to my analyst, so that we could look at them together, because it's me and yet it's not me anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** You said earlier you've never liked your looks. Why?

**GOULD:** When I was a kid, I didn't look the way I presumed one had to look—like Robert Wagner. As I started to grow into adolescence, I began to think my hair was too curly, that it could never be slicked down like in the movies. And my hairline was too low, so I could never look like a movie star. But I realize now that it's a problem millions of people have—not respecting themselves because they have some ridiculous illusion of what a person ought to look like—or *be* like.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of performing did you do outside the classroom as a boy?

**GOULD:** A lot of club dates for local organizations that would hire a room for a meeting and afterward have a show. I sang and danced solo or worked with a girl and did old vaudeville routines, like: "Say prunes, baby, and you pucker up like this," or "I'm in a quandary. I don't know what to do, I'm in love with two girls and they both love me, too." Just unbelievable. By the time I was ten or eleven, I must have tap-danced on every marble floor in the Pythian Temple. Occasionally, I would get a flashlight as a prize or a sandwich from the buffet and very occasionally, a couple of dollars. I didn't find out until recently that the guy who was putting on the show was getting paid for us and pocketing the money. At the beginning of my club-date career, I was introduced as

Elliott Goldstein. My name was changed for the first television show I did.

**PLAYBOY:** How come?

**GOULD:** Because a booking agent said Gould sounded good for show business.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about being Jewish?

**GOULD:** It's difficult for me to accept, because the whole Jewish religion is based on fear; it tells you all the things you shouldn't do. That's not terribly positive. I don't disrespect Judaism, but I think the way many Jews practice it is somewhat hypocritical. I was *bar mitzvah'd*, but *bar mitzvah* meant to me that I got a recording with my Haftarah on it, a bunch of Hebrew that took me a year to memorize. From the time I was 12 till the day I turned 13, I listened to that fucking record in terror, because I didn't want to stand before my elders and forget it. So *bar mitzvah* meant nothing to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't it matter that being *bar mitzvah'd* meant the beginning of your manhood?

**GOULD:** At 13, I was supposed to feel like a man? Perhaps when *bar mitzvahs* were conceived, 13-year-olds were allowed to act like men, but at 13 I wasn't treated like a man and I didn't function like a man.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you become a man?

**GOULD:** My first impulse is to say when I got my Academy Award nomination. Actually, it happened a couple of years ago. I never had any doubts that I was a man physically or genetically. But my own feelings about myself were such that I never had any self-respect. I became a man during the stage of analysis when I began to think of myself as an animal with a brain, two balls and a cock, without having to apologize for how I smelled in my armpits or whether I left turds in the toilet.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like your assumed name?

**GOULD:** I'm not particularly mad for it—simply because it's not my name. I'd rather have taken something more colorful—like one of the characters in Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. But someday I just might change my name back to Goldstein. The movie distributors would blow their minds—and so would my parents.

**PLAYBOY:** How active a role did your mother play in furthering your career?

**GOULD:** From the time I was nine, she dragged me around to cattle calls, where they'd be looking to buy a kid. I'd sit in waiting rooms and see other mothers and children staring at me like I was taking food out of their mouths. I always thought the other kids were probably more capable of doing whatever job it was. Besides the cattle calls, my mother had me working for the Bonnie Kid Modeling Agency. I was a standard size eight, so that was good for merchandise

catalogs and promotional shows. For a couple of years at dry-goods conventions, I dressed up like a miniature grenadier guard—the trademark for Conmar Zippers—and handed out little Conmar dolls that cry when they're turned over.

By the time I was attending Professional Children's School in the eighth grade, I was terribly conscious that I wasn't making it in this profession. It really didn't help that I felt a great deal of guilt about my parents' spending whatever amount of money it was on my lessons and my not getting much work. My biggest moment up to that time had been appearing at the Palace on a vaudeville bill in May of 1952, when I was 13. I was a shill for Bill Callahan, a terrific dancer who I thought I wanted to emulate. We followed Smith and Dale, so I had a chance to watch them four times a day for two weeks. After their act, I would come out dressed as a bellboy and holler, "Telegram for Bill Callahan! Paging Bill Callahan!" Then the orchestra leader would say, "Hey, what are you doing?" I'd say, "I got a telegram for Bill Callahan." He'd say, "There's a show going on here!" And I'd say, "I don't care if there's a show going on, I'm going to deliver my telegram." The telegram, of course, was in the form of a little song that introduced Bill Callahan.

After my sophomore year in high school, my father bought a house in West Orange, New Jersey, and we lived there for a year. Now I had to take the bus into New York three times a week for my dancing lessons. I used to get bussick a lot—especially after I saw *An American in Paris* at Radio City Music Hall and realized my limitations. It frustrated me terribly, because I saw steps that I could never do.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it hard for you to adjust from an apartment in Brooklyn to life in the suburbs?

**GOULD:** As I look back, New Jersey was a turning point for me—especially in terms of athletics. I always knew I had a certain facility for the three street sports: football, basketball and baseball. Yet I never mixed in them, because I always felt that most of the guys in Brooklyn could play ball better than me. In New Jersey, I was less inhibited. The degree of competitiveness wasn't the same. So I became one of the better basketball players, which I dug. I played tackle football for the first time and I was a good fullback. And I found I could really hit well in hardball.

And soon the dancing lessons began to pay off, after a fashion. For a couple of years, my parents had been taking me up to the Catskills on weekends and sometimes for extended vacations. We stayed at second-rate hotels, where the management would hire woebegone performers





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to entertain the guests twice a night on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. These hotels were so cheap that they often hired fewer than the standard number of acts for the second show. When they found out I could perform, they'd save the money it would take to get somebody else. I used to fill in by doing my silly routines. It was like sticking daggers in me. I'd go on dressed in dancer's high-waisted pants and matching silk shirt, as nervous as Don Knotts, and I'd do my *Crazy Rhythm* soft-shoe singing number and get off fast. It was excruciating.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you do it?

**GOULD:** I had no choice. My parents wanted me to do it. I didn't know I had an alternative, because I was still overly conscious of the money they'd wasted on my pointless lessons. I thought those performances would in some way vindicate all that. I guess they got a good deal of satisfaction showing off what they had bred. But gradually, as a matter of fact, the act improved to the point where I worked in a couple of neighborhood night clubs while I was still in my mid-teens. Word got around and a tryout was arranged at the Elegante in Brooklyn, a place that was like the top minor-league farm club for a major-league baseball team. I was to come in on Monday, usually a very slow night, and open the show. Tap dancers were traditionally an opening act. Sunny Gale, who recorded *Wheel of Fortune*, was the headliner. My parents and some of their friends were in the audience, along with maybe six or eight other people. Two tables in the middle and a hack night-club orchestra. I came out and did my couple of numbers paralyzed. Not only was I afraid I'd forget the steps, I was even more afraid I'd slip and fall. I hated every minute of it, but I also knew that my obligation was to give the impression I was enjoying myself. The atmosphere of this second-rate club, the way it looked, the people who were there, the seriousness and intensity of what I was doing—it was a comic nightmare.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the result of the audition?

**GOULD:** I never got the job. When it was over, I felt relieved, because the night-club business was even more bizarre than the Catskills.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been filming portions of *Little Murders* here at the Concord Hotel in the Catskills. Has the area changed much since you worked the Borscht Belt as an entertainer?

**GOULD:** The change has been monumental. As a kid, I was very conscious of the levels of hotels—with, of course, the Concord being the superspa. My family could never afford to stay here, so at the time I was very impressionable about what it represented: status. Now that I've seen it for myself, I realize that most

people come here to do nothing else but say they came here. If they don't own one, guests can rent a mink coat, for God's sake, just to keep up with the Schwartzes. The place is like Forest Lawn, it's so put together. Like most resorts, it's full of concrete. There's almost nothing natural. It's absolutely barren, characterless and repulsive. It's like finally meeting someone you've always wanted to meet and when you finally do, you realize that he's even less than ordinary. Or like seeing a beautiful woman and then finding out she's frigid.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there much difference between the rent-a-mink syndrome at the Concord and Mr. and Mrs. Gould eating Nathan's hot dogs in the back seat of a chauffeur-driven Bentley, as you used to do with Barbra?

**GOULD:** The difference is that we were honest about it. Barbra is basically a very simple girl, and I'm really as simple as she is. One of our conjugal delights actually *was* eating Nathan's hot dogs—whether we did it in the back seat of a Bentley or at the mother church in Coney Island. There was also a lot of stupid talk about the refrigerator we kept in our bedroom that supposedly was loaded with blintzes and gefüllte fish. That was bullshit. It was full of Breyers coffee and cherry-vanilla ice cream.

**PLAYBOY:** How does your life style today differ from what it was while you were living with Barbra?

**GOULD:** I'm far more interested in comfort, peace and honesty. I'm increasingly aware that a person with the romantic emotions of an actor can be unduly impressed by limousines and living in big places. Show-business glamor is so superficial and dangerous that it can create a competition within oneself to live up to something that's nothing more than an indulgence.

**PLAYBOY:** You can't be completely impervious to self-indulgence.

**GOULD:** Well, I guess I indulge myself with grass. And sometimes with food. And last year, there was the summer house at East Hampton. Maybe that was somewhat of an indulgence, because I spent so little time there. It wasn't a necessity. Looking ahead, I want to be able to pick up and go someplace just like that—to Mexico City or to Europe for a couple of days. In the past, I might have gone out and bought a lot of clothes when I felt depressed or anxious. Now I get anxious when I find myself looking for things to buy that I don't really need. I want to indulge myself by not pacifying myself. I used to pacify myself more by biting my nails and gambling. Now I'm in a transitional state where I want to indulge my curiosity to learn things.

At the same time, I've been discover-

ing myself and discovering the life style I'm getting into now. It doesn't have much room for the kind of self-indulgences I was aware of previously. I no longer want to be as conscious of myself as I have been most of my life, nor of what other people think of me. I want to lead a simple existence. I'd love to live on a farm and have a day as full of activity as possible. I want to understand myself and be able to accept myself and respond to myself and to things outside of myself. The best example of simplicity I can give you is the relationship between me and the girl I'm living with. She's not ambitious. She's very interested in primitive, organic, simple things, which is something that I never really knew about. It's been a terrific revelation to me to see that she's not very material.

**PLAYBOY:** Why is that so important?

**GOULD:** Because nothing material is truly significant. Yet the whole class structure of America is based on what people make and what people have. That's not right. Part of the revolution that's going on in this country is anti-material, and young people are making a lot of sacrifices to point that out. I'm somewhat of a contradiction to what I'm saying, because I do appreciate tangibles and I'd like to retain the option to have them. Unfortunately, I find that having material things brings with it the pressure of protecting them. I'm sorry to say I've erected an iron fence around my apartment in Greenwich Village. I'm ambivalent about it, aesthetically and spiritually, but the incidence of burglary in my neighborhood is extremely high. A lot of people in New York are prowling around, looking for things. There's nothing in my place that I would deeply mind losing, yet I still must protect myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you keep a gun?

**GOULD:** No. Whoever keeps a pistol should use it. If an intruder said he wanted something, I'd like to have the opportunity to *give* him whatever he wanted.

**PLAYBOY:** After you'd been married for six years, were there any conscious adjustments you had to make in order to live with another woman?

**GOULD:** It's different, but it took no great adjustment. I must admit that the happiest memories I have of Barbra are when we were living together before we were married. We were very dependent on each other then. We lived together because we wanted to live together, not for any legal reasons. I moved into Barbra's apartment, a small cold-water flat on Third Avenue, right above Oscar's Fish Restaurant, in 1962. The bathtub was in the kitchen. One night, we heard a gruesome squealing and scratching. It sounded like a rat the size of an elephant. I looked under the tub and I saw



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a tail about a yard long with notches on it, probably to keep score of all the people it had bitten. I closed the door and called the fire department. We used to laugh about that a lot. I look back to Third Avenue with sublime affection.

But today, my life is infinitely better. I know more now and I'm far less uptight. To use baseball terminology, I've learned to go with the pitch. I can go to right or put the ball up the alley. I used to hit with my foot in the bucket, and if they pitched me on the outside corner, forget it. I was a patsy for a smart pitcher. Now I'm really loose at the plate and I think I can hit close to .400. The day Jennie moved in—she's the girl who's living with me—she told me: "This is the first day of the rest of your life." It's true. She may be only 18, but she's an exceptional, gorgeous girl who is very bright and sensorially aware.

**PLAYBOY:** What does she give you that you particularly need at this point?

**GOULD:** She loves me, for one thing. She's also a very open female, of another generation. In many ways, my youth was somewhat retarded. It's taken me a long time to know what I'm about. By taking the years away, she's a really good foil for me. She contributes enormously. And she's not impressed by what I've accomplished. Which is terrific. She's quite a contrast to what was happening right after *Bob & Carol*. Several months before I met her, a lot of horseshit press agents kept asking if I wanted to be fixed up with what they called pretty wild starlets—up-and-coming chicks whose names, I was told, the public would soon recognize. I thought that being seen in that context, merely for publicity, went out with B movies about Hollywood. Needless to say, your hero rejected such overtures. I was really embarrassed that anyone would ask me if I wanted to go out with some willing starlet.

When I read that I've been places I've never visited, I'm reminded of the opportunism of people in my field thinking that really means something. I mean, no one's going to get any work from that; it's not going to make you a better actor. It's the old Hollywood crap. I refuse to be a party to that—especially since I've now got a responsive female in my life. I'm really interested in what she thinks and how she arrives at her insights. I can't bullshit her. If I could, I wouldn't like her. Occasionally, I might try, but she doesn't tolerate it, like when I get bad on myself.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**GOULD:** Oh, I tend to get anxious and ill-tempered. I get caught up with myself sometimes and have anxieties caused by simple problems with the plumber, things like that. Like, if I get caught in traffic or if I'm trying to get from one lane to another and I can't, I get tense

and it brings out deeper things that I've been feeling. By her very simplicity, she helps keep that in perspective.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you able to discuss with her your past anxieties as well as those you're feeling now?

**GOULD:** I do that willingly and thankfully. In fact, I took Jennie with me on the last trip to my old neighborhood. We had a couple of great frappés in the candy store on the corner—Irving's—where I have incredible memories. You can't get the kind of walnuts and syrup they have at Irving's. I guess a frappé would taste better there than anyplace. Nothing has changed in 15 years. Of course, Irving recognized me right away. He proceeded to tell me about some other kid from the neighborhood who's become a multimillionaire. I reminded him how I used to be able to go there and charge my lunch. That was fantastic. I'd walk over from P. S. 247 and have my ham sandwich and Coca-Cola and say, "Charge it, Irving." Irving always sat in the same place at the counter, listening to the Dodgers' games. That's where I first became conscious of gambling on baseball. Right next door to Irving's was a moviehouse where I sometimes used to sneak in through the side door. Two or three times, I took along old cigarettes wrapped in wet toilet paper and threw them down from the balcony. That was a great adventure—until I got hit with one once and realized it was terrible.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you go to the movies often?

**GOULD:** I saw every picture that played there. I mean, what could be better than walking off of the hot street into an air-conditioned movie and seeing Humphrey Bogart beat the German army in *Sahara*? I think I felt guilty about going there all the time and not participating in other things; but the place was like my sanctuary.

**PLAYBOY:** Besides Bogart, who were some of your movie heroes?

**GOULD:** Gary Cooper, for one. I don't think Cooper was terribly bright, but he was enormously intuitive. He knew what he was and therefore he couldn't lie. The same with Bogart. Those men were lifelike, not the usual horseshit cutouts Hollywood fed to us. It's a distortion to say that they were bigger than life. You saw the real man. And I used to believe what I saw. What's happening today to some of the big movie stars of the not-so-distant past is really unfortunate. It kills me to see Henry Fonda do those commercials on television. Fonda is a historic motion-picture man, really an individual. A wonderful kind of man. And now to see him as a sacrificial lamb! I'm sure it means a fortune to him, but I don't think it's worth it. I hate seeing him sell.

**PLAYBOY:** In the past year, a number of old-guard movie stars, such as Tony Curtis, Glenn Ford and Shirley MacLaine,

have made the switch to television. Why do you think this is happening?

**GOULD:** They're desperately cashing in on their old reputations, simply because they can't get films to do. Since the studios are making motion pictures far more economically, there's no place for big stars' salaries anymore. There's no place for big egos, either. Stars who need to be fawned over and impressed with their stature can be a pain in the ass to work with, in addition to causing all kinds of budgetary problems. Modern film making has become so precise and such a collaborative enterprise that superstar vanity can often be fatal to a project.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the exodus of major stars to television may improve the quality of programming?

**GOULD:** I doubt it. I also doubt that the medium will ever cease being corrupt and condescending. It's fascinating what a destructive force television has been in our society. The evidence is the kind of shows that appear every year. In the past two decades, TV's only gotten slicker and more predictable. It's a medium run by advertising, and anything that's run by advertising isn't going to be truthful. But the viewers themselves are just as guilty as Madison Avenue. Most people show no discrimination about what they watch. The TV set is just something they turn on to keep them company. Keep it on long enough and you get a sense of security from it. I fall into the same trap myself.

Actually, closed-circuit television—in apartment-house lobbies or toilets or department stores—is far more interesting than commercial television. At least it's more real and you're liable to see something honest or thought-provoking. But commercial TV isn't likely to change unless we get programs that have more of a reason for being than just selling soapsuds or jerking you off. Even many of the news programs are suspiciously biased or derelict. There's often a great credibility gap between reality and the way television reports the news.

**PLAYBOY:** A Los Angeles TV station recently banned filmed coverage of violent student and civil rights demonstrations, claiming that television has unwittingly helped foment much of the nation's widespread unrest. Do you think that decision was justified?

**GOULD:** No, I think it was absolutely ridiculous—but I can understand the thinking behind it. Most people who watch television aren't prepared to cope with such volatile situations because of their own problems, worries and anxieties. Having to watch extremism at home and the war in Vietnam gives them too many things to deal with. It almost demands taking sides or hiding. Instead of being provoked, they'd rather sit down and see 25 years of *I Love Lucy* and 165

(continued on page 262)





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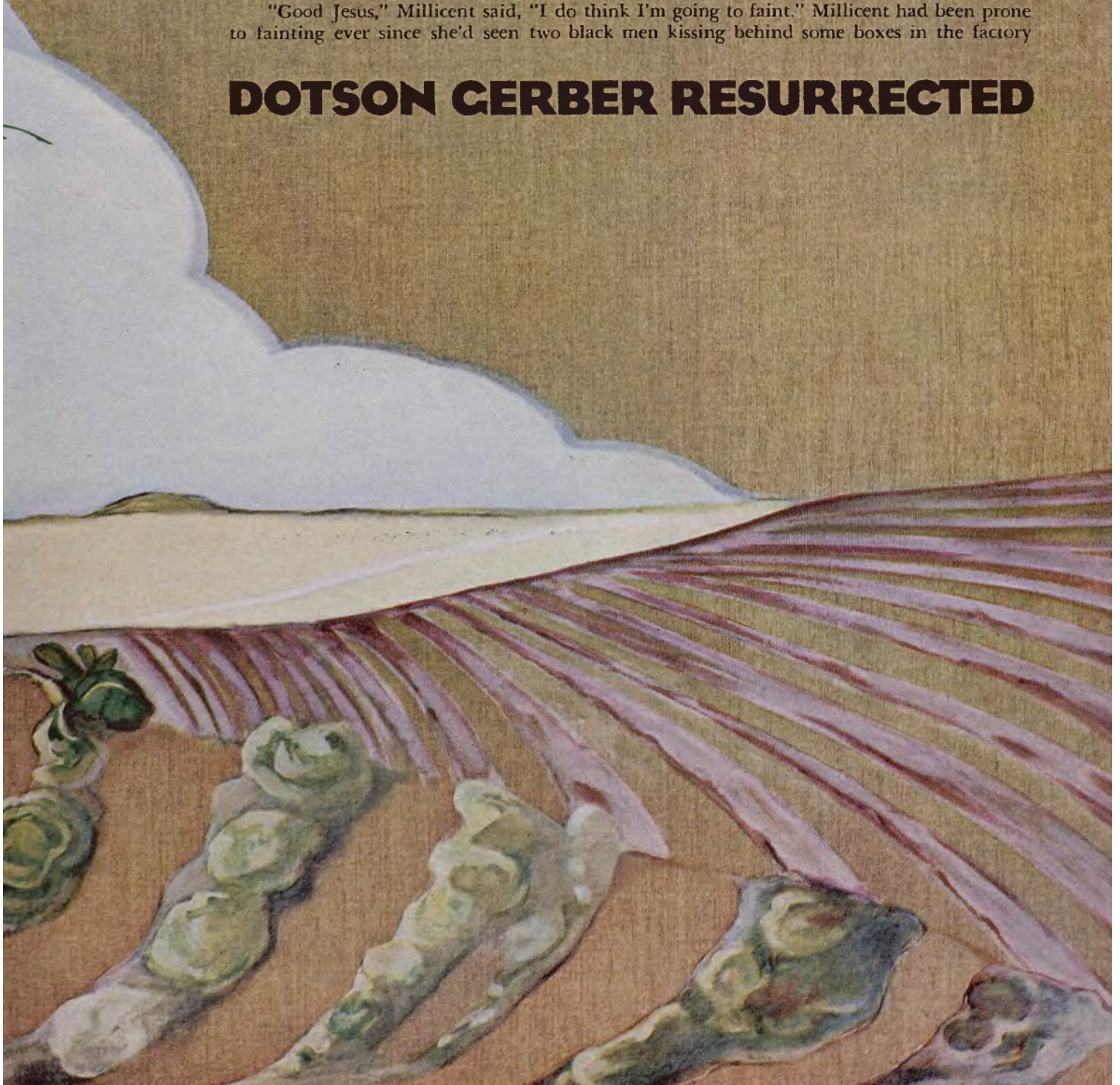


*the white man causes everything—even when he is god, even when he is dead*

**fiction By HAL BENNETT** WE SAW THE HEAD of Mr. Dotson Gerber break ground at approximately nine o'clock on a bright Saturday morning in March out near our collard patch, where Poppa had started to dig a well and then filled it in. Of course, none of us knew then that the shock of red hair and part of a head sprouting from the abandoned well belonged to Mr. Dotson Gerber, who'd been missing from his farm since early last fall. We were black folk, and the fact that a white man like Mr. Dotson Gerber was missing from his home was of small importance to us. Unless that white man suddenly started growing from the ground near our collard patch like Mr. Dotson Gerber was doing now for Momma, my sister Millicent and me. We'd come running because of a commotion the chickens had made, thinking that a minx or a weasel might have got after them. And found Mr. Dotson Gerber's head instead.

"Good Jesus," Millicent said, "I do think I'm going to faint." Millicent had been prone to fainting ever since she'd seen two black men kissing behind some boxes in the factory

## **DOTSON GERBER RESURRECTED**





where she worked. Now she was getting ready to faint again. But Momma snatched her roughly by the apron.

"Girl, you *always* fainting, you don't hardly give other people a chance." And Momma fainted dead away, which left Millicent conscious for the time being and looking very desperate. But she didn't faint and I was glad of that, because I certainly didn't want to be alone with Mr. Dotson Gerber sprouting from the ground. A dozen or so chickens were still raising a ruckus about the unexpected appearance of a white man's head where they were accustomed to pecking for grain. Screeching at the top of her voice, Millicent shooed the chickens away while I tugged Momma into the shade and propped her against the barn. Then we went back to looking at Mr. Dotson Gerber.

I have mentioned the well that Poppa started to dig because it was apparent that Mr. Dotson Gerber had been planted standing up in that hole. Which, of course, explained why his head was growing out first. Although, as I have said, neither Millicent nor I knew then that what we were looking at belonged to Mr. Dotson Gerber. It took Poppa to tell us that.

He came riding on Miss Tricia from the stable, where he'd been saddling her. "Why you children making all that noise out there?" he called from the road. When we didn't answer, he yanked the reins and rode Miss Tricia toward us. "Millicent, was that you I heard hollering? What you all doing out here?" Poppa asked again.

"There's a white man growing from the ground," I said.

Poppa nearly fell off Miss Tricia. "A what?"

"A white man. He's growing from that hole where you started to dig the well."

"I *know* I'm going to faint now," Millicent said. And she wrapped her hands around her throat as though to choke herself into unconsciousness. But Poppa and I both ignored her and she was too curious to faint right then. So she stopped choking herself and watched Poppa jump down from Miss Tricia to inspect the head. He walked all around it, poking it from time to time with his shoe.

"That'd be Mr. Dotson Gerber," he finally pronounced.

By this time, Momma had revived and was watching Poppa with the rest of us. "Poppa, how you know that's Mr. Dotson Gerber? Why, he could be any old white man! There's hardly enough of him above ground for anybody to recognize."

"I know it's Mr. Dotson Gerber because I planted him there," Poppa said. He told us how Mr. Gerber had come out to the farm last fall to inspect the well that he was digging, which had been

part of Mr. Gerber's job here in Alcanthia County. "He kept calling me Uncle," Poppa said, with some bitterness. "I told him respectfully that my name is Walter Beaufort, or that he could even call me Mr. Beaufort, if he'd a mind to. After all, things have changed so much nowadays, I told him I certainly wouldn't think any less of him if he called me Mr. Beaufort. I told him that black people don't appreciate white folks' calling us Uncle any longer. But he just kept on calling me that, so I hit him in the head with my shovel." We all looked at Mr. Dotson Gerber's head; and it was true that there was a wide gash in his skull that could only have been caused by a shovel. "I didn't intend to kill him," Poppa said. "I just wanted to teach him some respect. After all, things *have* changed. But when I found out he was dead, I stood him up in that hole I was digging and covered him up. I never expected to see him growing out of the ground this way."

"Well, that's not the problem now," Millicent said. "The problem now is, what are we going to do with him?"

Momma moved a step closer to Mr. Gerber and cautiously poked him with her toe. "If it weren't for that red hair," she said, "somebody might mistake him for a cabbage."

"He don't look like no cabbage to me," Millicent said. It was clear that she was annoyed because Momma had fainted before she'd had a chance to.

"I didn't say he looked like a cabbage," Momma said. "I said somebody might mistake him for a cabbage."

"He too red to be a cabbage," Millicent said stubbornly. "Anyway, we still ought to do something about him. It just don't look right, a white man growing like this on a colored person's farm. Suppose some white people see it?"

The 9:10 Greyhound to Richmond went by then. Momma and Poppa shaded their eyes to watch it speed down the far road; but Millicent and I were of today's generation and we hardly looked. Although there had been a time when the passing of the Richmond bus was the most exciting event of everybody's day in Burnside. But the years in between had brought many changes. There was electricity now, and television and telephones. Several factories and supermarkets had opened up on the highway, so that farming became far less profitable than working in the factories and spending weekly wages in the glittering markets, where everything that had formerly come from soil was sold now in tin cans and plastic wrappers. Because nobody in Burnside farmed anymore. Like almost everyone else, Momma and Poppa and Millicent all worked in the factories. And Momma bought at the supermarkets, like everyone else. The land around us, given over to weeds, was overgrown

now like a graveyard in those first green days of spring.

Momma and Poppa watched the bus until it disappeared. "That Greyhound, she sure do go," Momma said. "It's Saturday now and I bet she's crowded with nigger men going to Richmond for them white hussies on Clay Street."

Millicent grunted. "Let them help themselves," she said bitterly. "After what I seen, a nigger man don't mean a thing to me no more."

"You're right there, sugar," Momma agreed. "A nigger man, he ain't worth a damn."

Millicent curled her lip and she and Momma looked at Poppa and me as though there were something dirty and pathetic about being a black man. I had seen this expression on their faces before—a wan kind of pity mixed with distaste and the sad realization that being a black man is next to being nothing at all. And the black woman is always telling the black man that with her eyes and lips and hips, telling him by the way she moves beside him on the road and underneath him in the bed, *Nigger, oh, I love you, but I know you ain't never going to be as good as a white man.* That's the way Momma and Millicent looked at Poppa and me while they cut us dead right there on the spot. They almost fell over each other, talking about how low and no-good nigger men are. And they weren't just joking; they really meant it. I saw it in their faces and it hurt me to my heart. I just didn't know what to do. I reached out and caught Poppa's arm, that's how hurt I was. He seemed to understand, because he wrapped his arm around me and I could feel some of his strength draining into me. So Momma and Millicent stood there ridiculing us on one side of Mr. Dotson Gerber's head, and Poppa and I stood there on the other.

Then, when Momma and Millicent were all through with their tirade, Poppa said very quietly, "I'm riding in to Dillwyn now. I'm going to turn myself over to the sheriff for killing Mr. Gerber here."

There was a kind of joy in Poppa's voice that I suppose no black woman can ever understand, and Momma and Millicent looked at Poppa as though he had suddenly lost his mind. But I was 16 years old, which is old enough to be a man if you're black, and I understood why Poppa was so happy about killing that white man. Until now, he'd always had to bury his rich, black male rage in the far corner of some infertile field, lest it do harm to him and to the rest of us as well. But by telling that he'd killed that white man, he would undo all the indignities he had ever suffered in the name of love.

Now Momma looked afraid. "Turn  
(continued on page 178)





"Oh, that's just Wendy, my roommate. She's majoring in witchcraft at San Francisco State."



**D**OSTOIEVSKY called the book he wrote about his years in prison in Siberia *The House of the Dead* with reason. If he died and awoke in hell, he wrote, he would expect it to be no worse than the prisoners' bathhouse—a filthy, stinking hole filled with dense steam and hundreds of naked bodies. On his last night in prison, walking along the fence that had confined him for four years, he concluded that, on the whole, the men there were no better and no worse than people generally. Among them were exceptionally strong and gifted people; the waste of their lives was an intolerable cruelty. From this experience he defined man as “a creature that can become accustomed to anything.”

It sometimes seems that prisons try to disprove Dostoevsky's definition by brutalizing beyond the ability of man to bear. Here in the United States, jails and prisons are usually little more than warehouses of human degradation. More often than not, they manufacture crime rather than discourage it. Ninety-five percent of all the expenditures in the entire field of correction in this country goes for custody—iron bars, stone walls, guards. Five percent goes for health services, education, developing employment skills—for hope.

A look at prison custody at its worst was afforded by the 1968 investigation of the Cummins and Tucker prison farms in Arkansas. Discipline was maintained largely by prisoners themselves—trusties with shotguns—working under a handful of paid employees. It was alleged that inmates were beaten, shot, murdered. Broken bodies were uncovered in shallow graves. Food unfit to eat was regularly served. Forced homosexuality was openly tolerated. Wardens allegedly extorted money and sexual

favours from inmates' families. Prisoners were reportedly tortured with such bizarre devices as the “Tucker telephone”—components of which were an old telephone, wiring and a heavy-duty battery: After an inmate was stripped, one wire was fastened to his penis, the other to a wrist or ankle, and electric shocks were sent through his body until he was unconscious.

It would be difficult to devise a better method of draining the last drop of compassion from a human being than confinement in most prisons as they exist today. In many of them, there are large dormitory rooms with 100 beds or more, where guards do not venture at night. Violence cannot be controlled in such an area. Beatings, deaths and suicides are frequent. Rape and homosexual cultures involve most of the inmates by choice or force. In a climate of fear and violence, many wardens work only to avoid the general disorder that can wreck their prisons. They are so relieved to see the most dangerous and violent prisoners go that they sometimes release such men in disregard of public safety.

If prisons offer any work at all, it is generally meaningless or obsolete. Most prisoners in youth centers are school dropouts, yet only a few have a chance to continue their schooling while imprisoned. Studies have shown that most prisoners suffer from some mental disturbance at the time they commit their crime, but treatment for mental illness in prisons is virtually nonexistent. More men have mental-health problems on leaving prison than on entering. Psychotics are frequently left for the inmates to control, and sometimes it is the psychotics who control.

Simple physical illnesses generally are poorly treated in prison, if they are treated

at all. For example, because they have been poor, most prisoners have never had any dentalwork and badly need it, but few get adequate attention in prison. Personalities are shaped by such factors as the loss of teeth. While that loss is but one of many disadvantages and only a part of a dehumanizing existence, it adds its measure of brutalization. Human dignity is lost. Finally, drug usage is common in prison and many men become addicted there.

It is one of the greater ironies of our time that, concerned as we are about crime, we so neglect the one area within the whole system of criminal justice that offers the best opportunity to cut the crime rate. The most important crime statistic is that 80 percent of all felonies are committed by repeaters. That is, four fifths of our major crimes are committed by people who are already known to the criminal-justice system. We have demonstrated that we can cut recidivism—the repetition of crime by individuals—in half where we make the effort to do so. In fact, under the best of conditions, we could cut recidivism far more than that. If we are truly concerned about crime—if we really care about our own character—how can we fail to make the massive effort called for?

Correction, in its entire range of services—from pretrial detention in jail through the parole system—has been debilitated by neglect. In general, our local jails are manned by untrained people. Prisons are usually located in remote areas, where it is difficult to attract personnel with professional skills or to retain those that do have them. In both jails and prisons, salaries are so low, working conditions so unpleasant and opportunity for advancement so limited that few people want to work in them. Many of those who could accomplish the most in correc-

tion are frightened away by the present deplorable conditions. Some of those attracted to guard duty today have an unhealthy urge for authority over people; many more prison guards are gradually made brutal by the environment of the prison itself, something that might happen to anyone.

As public concern over crime rises, prison budgets are cut while police budgets swell. The best leaders in the California prison system resigned after Governor Ronald Reagan cut already inadequate budgets while he sought increases for the state police. The Federal Bureau of Prisons—probably the most effective correction system in the nation—is responsible for all 20,000 Federal civilian prisoners. Yet its budget for 1968, including the cost of owning, maintaining and operating expensive prison facilities, was \$77,000,000, while the FBI, one of the more than 20 substantial Federal investigative and enforcement agencies, had a budget of nearly \$200,000,000. Every year, the prison budget is the first of those in the Department of Justice that Congress cuts. The FBI budget is often increased above its own request. The Bureau of Prisons struggles to keep old facilities operational. Only two Federal prisons have been built since World War Two and as recently as 1965, the only all-female Federal prison had no toilets in many units; the inmates used jars. Twenty psychiatrists are available for the entire Federal correction system. When Congress reviewed the Manpower Development Training Act for budget savings in 1968, the first cut—and the only 100 percent cut—was for prisoner training.

During the Congressional debate of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, self-styled tough crime fighters such as Senators John McClellan of Arkansas and

## WHEN PUNISHMENT IS A CRIME

article **BY RAMSEY CLARK** *the former attorney general indicts america's medieval prison system for corrupting and dehumanizing rather than rehabilitating those behind bars*







Strom Thurmond of South Carolina tried to limit the funds available for correction under the bill to five percent, although correction nationwide receives about 25 percent of all funds provided for the criminal justice process. The Senators joked in public hearings about going as high as 7½ percent for correction. Could the reason have been that they knew the jails and prisons of their states and many others are filled with Negroes? Fortunately, such a tragic limitation was avoided, and up to 20 percent of the act's funds were expendable for correction. Yet this figure must be compared with a 30-percent allocation for police to combat organized crime and an additional 30 percent for police to control riots. Correction remains the stepchild of the criminal justice process: The hard-liners have no interest in correction; they want punishment.

In earlier times, among small, closely knit groups threatened by nature and warring tribes, those individuals who broke society's rules by their actions or their words were confined, maimed or killed in a spirit of vengeance. Punishment was a matter of balancing accounts. In a way, the spirit of vengeance proves how much, how emotionally, people care: But the day, if there ever was one, when punishment driven by vengeance had any moral justification passed centuries ago. The sheer multitudes of people in modern society make the idea of a balancing out between the offender and the many offended a meaningless form of retribution. Slowly, civilization came to see that action by the state could not be compared with action by individuals. The state had to act justly, coolly, rationally, deliberately and systematically. No human emotion or disability, no intoxicant could overwhelm it.

Centuries before vengeance as an admitted motive passed from general practice in the most advanced nations, it was recognized as an aggravant of crime. It caused crime. At a time when civilized men could hope to create a gentle, non-violent, humane society, vengeance served as a brutalizing throwback and proof of the full horror of man's inhumanity.

The modern penitentiary grew from another theory of penology. The very name is rooted in the Latin word that gives us *penitence*. To seek divine forgiveness, to repent, to be sorry for one's sins, to be alone to contemplate the pity of one's own wrongdoing—this was the theory, if not the practice, of the early penitentiary. For the Puritan conscience, penance may have been a powerful regimen. In our mass culture, it is rarely relevant. Those few who commit crime and are then stricken with overpowering remorse pose little threat to society. But so many of our prison inmates are sick in mind and body, full of frustration and despair; their entire life experience provides them with little grist for constructive

contemplation. Indeed, any serious contemplation is more likely to cause anger at society's sins than remorse for their own.

Finally, there is a theory of penology that sees punishment as the desired end. Punishing for punishment's sake is itself a crime in our times. The crime of punishment, as Karl Menninger has shown in his works, is suffered by all society, because punishment regularly gives rise to subsequent criminal acts inflicted on the public. The use of prisons to punish only causes crime.

We practice no theory of penology in America today. We do what we do. And what we do has almost no relationship to what we say we do. Essentially, we use penology to confine as inexpensively as possible and thus separate from society people who have committed crime. Simultaneously, if incidentally, we punish by providing an unpleasant experience. The combination tends to turn the prisoner from concern for anyone but himself. In prison, abuse of the individual's integrity and personality has been almost total. When men leave this environment, no other individual seems very important to them. They will take what they want or need. Hanging over most all released men there lingers a personal disorganization, an emotional instability and the threat—almost the expectation—of returning to prison. So most return. We almost seem to want it to happen this way.

The goal of modern correction must be not revenge, not penance, not punishment, but rehabilitation. The theory of rehabilitation is based on the belief that healthy, rational people will not injure others. Rehabilitated, an individual will not have the capacity—will not be able to bring himself—to injure another nor to take or destroy property. Rehabilitation is individual salvation. What achievement can give society greater satisfaction than to afford the offender the chance, once lost, to live at peace, to fulfill himself and to help others? Rehabilitation is also the one clear way that the criminal justice system can significantly reduce crime. We know who the most frequent offenders are; there is no surprise when they strike again. Even if nothing but selfish interest impelled us, rehabilitation would be worth the effort. When it works, it reduces crime, reduces the cost of handling prisoners, reduces the cost of the criminal justice system and even relieves pressure to provide the basic and massive reforms that are necessary to affect the underlying causes of crime.

From the moment a person is charged with crime, correction personnel should work toward the day he will return to unrestrained community life. Accused persons should be released pending trial. They may need help and can be given it, including supervision that protects the public and that is not inconsistent with

their presumed innocence. Many of the personal problems pushing a person toward crime are visible long before the first arrest. They were having trouble in school and dropped out or were unemployed, running with a gang, drinking too much, taking dope, or were obviously mentally unstable. Once the individual is arrested, these problems should immediately be identified; counseling, guidance and treatment can then begin.

Following a conviction, an analysis of the individual's physical, mental, emotional, family and social condition must be made. The prisoner should be allowed to review this analysis, which will be the basis for the design of his individual program. It should be available to the judge and carefully analyzed before sentencing.

Many judges dread the day they must impose sentence. It may look easy for them in the courtroom. They may seem stern, even indifferent; but many sleep little the night before they impose sentences. They are, after all, exerting a greater influence on the life of another man in a single moment than most men do in a lifetime. They must try to guess what period of confinement will rehabilitate someone they will never know, under unknown future conditions they cannot control or even affect. Some judges sentence long, some short. Two young men fail to report for military induction—one is sentenced to five years in prison, the other gets probation. One judge, because of his personal values, thinks homosexuality the most heinous of crimes and gives long sentences for it. Another hates prostitution. A third judge would never jail juveniles for either offense.

For many offenders, a program of rehabilitation can consist simply of the effort to communicate clearly the reasons for society's rule of law and the purposes of its penalties. Young men who refuse induction into the military Service because they oppose war often believe they adhere to a higher moral standard. They may. Certainly, from the standpoint of their potential for violence or property crime, there is no quality in their character requiring rehabilitation. But they should understand that the rule of law is not mindless, that it has a purpose and that if the system is to have integrity, the purpose must be fulfilled, or changed by law. But for society to waste years, or even days, of the lives of these young men in prison idleness and brutality is tragically wasteful and desperately wrong. Until the laws can be reformed, a sensitive correction system will afford the hundreds of young men serving sentences for violating the Selective Service Act the chance to make constructive contributions outside the prison environment.

The young boy convicted of smoking a marijuana cigarette and the young girl in prison for having had an abortion

(continued on page 118)



# THE SKI SCENE

*Aspen's regulars head for the hills sporting the latest garb and gear designed for ski buffs and their snow bunnies*

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

EACH WINTER, skiing reaches new heights of popularity as more and more city dwellers discover the delights of hard pack and deep powder. Ski gear, too, continues to change, making your selections more sophisticated. Today, enthusiasts face a mountain of equipage designed for safer, better performance. Ski-wear styles also shift from season to season; trim-fitting one-piece jump suits are now as popular as the traditional parka-and-pants combinations. And boots in fiberglass or plastic are often seen, usually buckled to the feet of experienced skiers. Once you and your snowmate have chosen from the selections shown on this and the following pages, turn to page 110 for *The Top Spots: Playboy Polls the Ski Editors*—the experts' eye view of our country's best runs. Happy landings!

This warmly dressed guy and girl with snow places to go sport, left, a stretch-knit jump suit, by Ernst Engel, \$150, and fiberglass racing helmet, by Jean-Claude Killy for Wolverine, \$24; and, right, a lacquer-finished nylon ski suit, by Anba, \$120, with fleece-lined vinyl hood, by Halper Brothers, \$20.

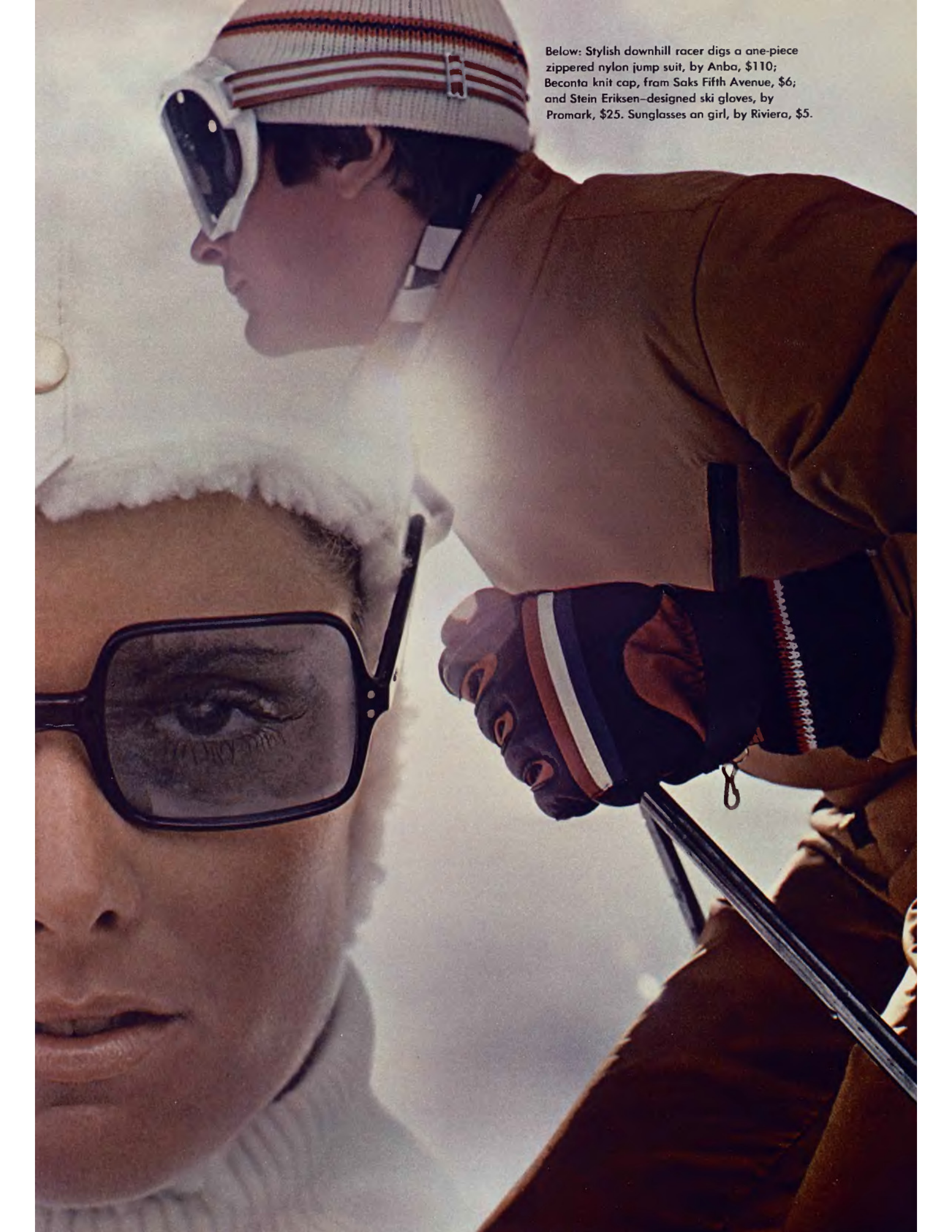




Below: It's snow for, snow good for Aspen regular Susi Richter in futuristic-styled goggles, by Uvex, \$14. Center: Ski buff Cliff Hall prefers a nylon ski parka, by Fusolp for Beconta, \$95; nylon stretch ski pants, by Roffee, \$38; knit cop, by Merolt, \$6; and racing goggles, by Baruffaldi, \$10. Right: Snow bird Carol Sue Romanowski is ready for the slopes in a knit two-piece ski outfit, by Anba, \$60.







Below: Stylish downhill racer digs a one-piece zippered nylon jump suit, by Anba, \$110; Beconta knit cap, from Saks Fifth Avenue, \$6; and Stein Eriksen-designed ski gloves, by Promark, \$25. Sunglasses on girl, by Riviera, \$5.





Aspen ski instructor Bob Masters likes a crinkle-vinyl hooded ski suit, \$100, stretch turtleneck, \$18, both by Ernst Engel; cobretto leather gloves, by Promark, \$25; metal-rimmed goggles, by Riviera, \$6; and Competition boots, by Lange, \$175.





Schussmeister Dr. Greg Wingate wears a wool knit pullover with contrasting neck and shoulder pattern, by Anba, \$40; Beconta knit ski cap, from Saks Fifth Avenue, \$6; and ground-lens goggles, by Sun Downer, \$6.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT HUNTSINGER





DYNAMIC 70

DYNAMIC

ROSSIGNOL GTA

K

PF


BODY

SPALDING

COMPETITION

K





Après-ski garb to warm the cockles: At left, her full-length cashmere pullover, by Hadley, \$200, worn with a leather-trimmed Emba mink parka, by Georges Kaplan, \$2500; his wool shirt suit, by Feruch for Delton, \$100. Below: Betsy Glenn of the Bonne Bell Ski Team in ankle-length wool jumper, by Geoffrey Beene, from Ultimo, \$100; his Argyle-patterned wool knit jump suit, by Feruch for Delton, \$100; and fleece-lined boots, by Boss, \$40.

Opposite page, top to bottom: Double-vented ski goggles with changeable lenses, by Sun Downer, \$5.25. Women's two-piece lacquer-finished vinyl ski suit, by Anba, \$135. Olympia aluminum ski poles, by Scott/USA, \$35. Dynamic 70 skis feature an elastic aluminum sidewall that provides greater strength and longer life, distributed by Lange, \$210. Swiss-made Rossignol GTA fiberglass skis with metal reinforcements, distributed by Wolverine World Wide, \$240. Pro-Flite fiberglass-and-steel skis, by Spalding, \$125. Competition skis for experts and racers, incorporating a one-piece floating edge that moves separately from the main ski structure for greater elasticity, by K2 Ski, \$175. Left to right: Swiss-made polychrome-plastic buckle boot with narrow soles for greater edge control, by Henke, \$140. PK Foam-In-Fit superlight plastic boot that's custom fitted to the foot with polyurethane foam, by Peter Kennedy, \$140. Competition buckle boot with double-reinforced outer shell and Lange-flo inner boot, by Lange, \$175. Raichle boot with center-opening molded fiberglass shell and soft "walkaway" inner boot, distributed by Boss, \$135.



## THE TOP SPOTS: PLAYBOY POLLS THE SKI EDITORS

*a compact guide to the experts' favorite american snow-sport centers*

### SUN VALLEY, IDAHO

"Created back in 1936 by Averell Harriman's Union Pacific Railroad," writes Doug Pfeiffer of *Skiing*, "Sun Valley was America's first built-from-scratch ski resort. Other winter resorts may now outdo this delightful place in terms of numbers, but they'll never outclass it." Panache has always been Sun Valley's strong point: By the Forties, the resort was a favored retreat of high society and a goodly mixture of Hollywood stalwarts. Things really haven't changed since then, although ownership has: Six years ago, Union Pacific sold Sun Valley to developer Bill Janss. Aside from businessmen, socialites and celebrities, Sun Valley's largest classifiable clientele is usually in the process of becoming single. Thanks to Idaho's liberal divorce laws, hundreds of people each year—mostly women—wait out the state's six-week residency

### STOWE, VERMONT

"Despite all of its commercial growth, despite the fact that once-beautiful Mountain Road is now a gaudy gauntlet of inns, restaurants, motels and shops," reports *Skier's* Enzo Serafini, "Stowe is still *the* spot revered by name-droppers and veteran skiers alike." Offering the most complete skiing in the East, Stowe can challenge—or coddle—every level of skier. From afar, first-time visitors will be impressed by the village's traditional New England appearance; up close, however, Stowe is anything but tranquil. Afternoons and evenings, a dozen pubs and *discos* provide meeting places for young people who congregate there from all over the



FEW SKIERS ever have the opportunity to visit as many U. S. ski areas as have the handful of men who write about the sport for a living. With this in mind, PLAYBOY assembled a panel of leading ski editors and asked them to write about their five favorite American ski havens. Those participating were Doug Pfeiffer, editor of *Skiing*; John Fry, editor of *Ski*; Enzo Serafini, editor of *Skier*; Michael Strauss, ski editor of *The New York Times*; and Philip Fradkin, ski editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. Not surprisingly, our experts all had their own favorite areas—for novices and veterans alike—and their selections include several smaller, lesser-known resorts. We think you'll find the reasons they give for their choices enlightening and informative.

requirement at the resort. As to the pampered life: Sigi Engl's six-day ski school uses TV tape machines, so that guests can see their mistakes immediately, and Dollar Mountain is a nonpareil course for novices. Sun Valley's other mountain, Baldy, offers some of the finest ski runs for experts in North America. And for an added fillip, helicopters fly advanced skiers to scenic runs in the Sawtooth Mountains. *Après-ski*, of course, is a supersophisticated scene. Adds Pfeiffer, "Sun Valley is a memorable experience you'll share with TV and film stars, successful industrialists and cosmopolite skiers from all over the world."

*Lifts: 1 triple chair, 6 double chairs, 4 single chairs, 1 T-bar, helicopter. Ski runs: 10 beginner, 23 intermediate, 23 advanced trails. Accommodates: 4600 in area, 2500 nearby. By air: Hailey, 12 miles away via Salt Lake City shuttle. Longest run: 4 miles.*

East. The varied runs of Stowe's Mt. Mansfield—such as famed Nose Dive Trail—are *why* they congregate, however. A word of caution: Stowe's slopes often build up bumps and icy patches from heavy use, so ski intermediate terrain early and move on to higher ranges later on.

An added attraction is the frequent racing competitions. "Stowe has, over the years, been the site of many of the country's most important races," notes Serafini. "And even today, a big race at Stowe becomes mantled with a glamor and excitement seldom duplicated anywhere else."

*Lifts: 1 single chair, 3 double chairs, 3 T-bars, 1 gondola. Ski runs: 4 beginner, 17 intermediate, 7 advanced, 7 open slopes. Accommodates: 4500 in area, 3000 nearby. By air: Burlington, 40 miles away; or private airstrip. Longest run: 4 miles.*



## TAOS, NEW MEXICO

"Probably no ski center in America achieves closer harmony with nature than Taos," writes Philip Fradkin of the *Los Angeles Times*. Set among the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of New Mexico—a landscape D. H. Lawrence once called the most beautiful on earth—Taos is worth seeing even if you don't ski. The town, 18½ miles from the slopes, is a picturesque mix of Spanish-American and Pueblo Indian architecture and harbors a large art colony as well as several nearby hippie communes (see *West of Eden*, page 173). As to the skiing: Taos is a series of escalating challenges located far enough off the Western ski circuit to attract mostly advanced skiers, who enjoy its slopes from Thanksgiving to May 1. (The ski valley shuts down for two weeks, and then offers corn skiing through mid-June.) Taos is the creation of a crusty, good-humored German Swiss

## HEAVENLY VALLEY, CALIFORNIA/NEVADA

"In all my years of reporting," says *Ski*'s John Fry, "I've never seen a more beautiful spot to ski in North America than Heavenly Valley. The great gambling casinos of Lake Tahoe's south shore lack *ambiance*, of course, as does the town of Stateline, both situated almost at the base of the mountain. But these impressions simply disappear as you swing up the cable car and the enormous blue expanse of Lake Tahoe unfolds below." Each hour, 14,000 skiers can be lifted to the 10,000-foot peak of Heavenly Valley; from the California side (the more challenging), you can ski across to Nevada terrain, often as remote on a weekday as an Alaskan tundra. (It's an especially attractive area for cross-country day-tripping.) There's

## ASPEN, COLORADO

"Whenever I'm asked to name what I consider to be America's top ski area," writes *The New York Times*'s Michael Strauss, "I start thinking about such resorts as Vail, Taos, Mammoth Mountain and a personal favorite such as Steamboat Springs, Colorado. But when the daydreaming is done, I always come up with Aspen." No small wonder, since Strauss, like many a knowledgeable U. S. skier, feels that Aspen—with its four major ski sites of Aspen Highlands, Aspen Mountain, Buttermilk and Snowmass—presents the most complete ski terrain and facilities to be had anywhere in America. A onetime silver-mining town that went bust in 1900 when America switched to the gold standard, Aspen remained dormant until World War Two, when the Army used its mountains as a training base for ski troops. After the War, Army

named Ernie Blake, who, among other enterprises, runs a ski school whose pupils are usually able to schuss down easy intermediate slopes after only three days. He's also apt to get on the radio during a low-snowfall November and announce (as he has), "The skiing is from ghastly to awful and I suggest you stay home. Some of us are skiing—but on a firm base of tree stumps and bones of last year's visitors." Taos' runs are tough—some of them reach angles of 40 degrees; among the more famous trails is milelong Al's Run, named for a local physician, Dr. Al Rosen. Concludes Fradkin: "It's for the true *aficionado* who thinks he's seen everything. When he gets to Taos, he wants to go no farther."  
*Lifts: 3 double chairs, 2 Pomas. Ski runs: 8 beginner, 12 intermediate, 15 advanced trails. Accommodates: 600 in area. By air: Santa Fe, 92 miles away; or private airstrip. Longest run: 6¼ miles.*

more than enough diversity at Heavenly to satisfy any degree of expertise. Although the 12-unit Christiana Inn is the only slopeside lodge, 7000 hotel and motel rooms are available a ten-minute drive away. Plan on spending an evening at one of the gambling-and-show complexes such as Harvey's or the Sahara-Tahoe, both of which are fine hotel choices, or at Harrah's. "After idly visiting the roulette or blackjack tables," advises Fry, "sit down to dinner, take in a floorshow featuring big-name acts and stay on for dancing and perhaps some serious gambling. It's hardly traditional *après-ski*, but that's part of Heavenly Valley's unique allure."  
*Lifts: 1 cable car, 11 single chairs, 1 T-bar, 2 Pomas. Ski runs: 9 beginner, 10 intermediate, 8 advanced trails. Accommodates: 7000 in area. By air: South Lake Tahoe, 6 miles away. Longest run: 7¼ miles.*

instructors returned—and suddenly the boom was on. By 1950, when the Federation of International Skiing Championships were staged there, the town's future was no longer in doubt. Aspen has since become North America's biggest ski resort, with more than 70 lodges, dozens of condominiums, 40 restaurants, at least a dozen night clubs and a new crop of *discos* each winter. But the biggest and most vital Aspen statistic is its ski acreage—there are more than 180 miles of trails, more than enough for the 14,000 skiers who may be vacationing there at any given time. Most experts ski Aspen Mountain (although it also has runs suitable for intermediates and beginners). Buttermilk gets most of the novice trade and the slopes of Aspen Highlands are laced with intermediate skiers. Snowmass offers the most well-rounded terrain of the four, with The Big Burn a famed run for the intermediate skier and Fanny Hill an obvious choice for





the beginner. Aspen's growth continues unabated: Five new lifts are opening this year. Says Strauss, "Much more of the area will be developed in the next few years and when that happens, Aspen will have just cause to call itself Shangri-La—a skier's version, that is."

*Lifts: Aggregate—1 single chair, 24 double chairs, 5 Pomas, 1 T-bar. Ski runs: Aspen Highlands—36 open slopes, 3 beginner, 2 intermediate trails; Aspen Mountain—50 miles of trail, 5 beginner, 10 intermediate, 15 advanced intermediate, 20 expert; Buttermilk—40 miles of trail, mostly beginner; Snowmass—55 miles of open slopes and trails, mostly intermediate and expert. Accommodates: 14,000 in area. By air: Aspen Airport via Aspen Airways and Rocky Mountain Airways from Denver. Longest runs: Aspen Highlands, 5 miles; Aspen Mountain, 2 miles; Buttermilk, 2 miles; Snowmass, 3 miles.*

#### MAMMOTH MOUNTAIN, CALIFORNIA

On any given winter weekend, aptly named Mammoth Mountain is deluged with thousands of Angelenos who feel compelled to drive six hours to this broad giant. Unfortunately, traffic, both human and automobile varieties, often mitigates against weekend schussing; more than 250,000 skiers crowd the tent-shaped mountain's slopes each year. Having been warned about its disadvantages, you can now consider the strong points: Mammoth's ski season begins in November and runs through July, and since crowds abate after March, it's an excellent choice for spring skiing. The mountain offers 4000 acres of mostly intermediate slopes, but a number of runs will test even the most daring of downhill racers. "Mammoth's only problem," notes Fradkin, "is coping with the impersonality bigness brings on, and every time a new lift opens, the crowds increase." But that also lowers a solo skier's odds of finding a companionable snow bunny with whom to share the excitement of the slopes—and the great indoors.

*Lifts: 2 gondolas, 7 double chairs, 2 T-bars. Ski runs: 19 open slopes, 5 beginner, 12 intermediate, 6 advanced trails. Accommodates: 2000 in area, 4000 nearby. By air: Reno, 168 miles away; private airstrip. Longest run: 3 miles.*

#### SQUAW VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

In 1955, Alec Cushing, Squaw Valley's developer and guiding genius, visited the International Olympic Committee in Paris to propose that the 1960 Winter Olympics be staged at his then-unheralded resort. When the I. O. C. surprisingly accepted, more than \$13,000,000 was spent getting Squaw Valley in shape for international competition. "Since then," says Strauss, "Cushing has never permitted Squaw's momentum to be slowed." Each

year, there have been improvements in the sleek luxury lodges, and the opening of new lifts now seems to be almost an annual event: In 1968, Cushing unveiled the world's largest gondola lift, featuring two Garaventa gondolas, each of which can haul 125 skiers 1½ miles in under five minutes. Since Squaw has 25 other lifts, there's no need to worry about being stranded at the base. Squaw can accommodate 23,000 skiers an hour, who battle their way down excellent intermediate trails and such superb, steep runs as Headwall, Siberia and K-22. Actually, it's a lot easier to ski at Squaw than to find a room there; Squaw Valley has only six housing complexes, but there's plenty of room at nearby Tahoe City—and Reno is only 46 miles away.

*Lifts: 1 tram, 2 gondolas, 18 double chairs, 6 Pomas. Ski runs: 28 open slopes. Accommodates: 900 in area, 8000 nearby. By air: Reno. Longest run: 1½ miles.*

#### CANNON MOUNTAIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Since its inception in 1929, Cannon Mountain has figured heavily in the history of U. S. skiing: It was the home of the first formal American ski school, the site of the nation's first aerial tramway (opened in June 1938), and it was where the first authentic American racing trail was built—the Richard Taft Trail, a Civilian Conservation Corps project in the mid-Thirties. "Today, more than 40 years after its start," notes Serafini, "the real skiers are still making the scene at Cannon." And the reasons are scenically evident; Cannon's slopes are so graceful and challenging that the lack of *après-ski* activity doesn't keep overflow crowds away. Although the stolid atmosphere of this state-run facility generally may daunt the under-30 crowd, Cannon adamantly remains what it always has been: a beautiful place to ski. Period.

*Lifts: 1 tram, 2 double chairs, 4 T-bars. Ski runs: 11 open slopes, 6 beginner, 15 intermediate, 6 advanced trails. Accommodates: 2500 in area. By air: Whitefield, 15 miles away. Longest run: 2¼ miles.*

#### ALTA, UTAH

Just 25 miles from Salt Lake City, Alta, perhaps the most Alpine-looking ski area in America, is also our country's powder capital: Heavy snows begin in November and by the end of each winter, more than 450 inches of snow have fallen on this singular ski complex. One of the oldest ski resorts in America (its first lift was operational in 1938), Alta has not altered its basic character: Even though some recent gestures have been made toward novices, it is still a haven for the expert, as might be indicated by the names of some of its more difficult trails—High Rustler, Stone Crusher, Baldy Chutes,

Gunsight and Rock Gulley. "Filled with circuitous take-offs, walls, chutes and bowls," Pfeiffer reports, "Alta is both an aesthetic adventure and a constant challenge."

*Lifts: 1 single chair, 5 double chairs, 4 ropes. Ski runs: 10 beginner, 10 intermediate, 35 advanced slopes. Accommodates: 400 in area, 5000 nearby. By air: Salt Lake City, 25 miles away. Longest run: 3½ miles.*

#### MINERAL KING, CALIFORNIA

Located at the southern edge of Sequoia National Park—and on Forest Service lands—Mineral King will soon have its future determined by the courts: Walt Disney Productions wants to spend \$35,000,000 developing the area—installing scores of lifts, lodges, restaurants, etc.—and the Sierra Club strongly opposes a Disneyland grab of this remote and beautiful wilderness. The area's skiing is nothing less than sensational. Mineral King has 10 major bowls, each of which offers more skiing than all of Squaw Valley. Says Willy Schaeffler, head coach of the U. S. Ski Team, "Mineral King offers European-type skiing not found anywhere else in the United States." Presently, there are only three ways to get there: by charter helicopter, driving a tracked vehicle or hiking—above the snow line. From the 8000-foot level, where hotels and restaurants would be located, the view is straight up to a ring of 12,000-foot mountain peaks. "Every skier should have the opportunity to see what a near-virgin mountain area is like in winter without other skiers breathing down his neck," comments Fradkin. The area probably should be developed, but whether the Disney operators should be allowed to do it is another question. Would long-haired skiers be barred from the slopes?


*Mineral King has no lifts; its slopes have not been rated for recommended levels of ski proficiency. Accommodates: 500 in Sequoia National Park, 400 nearby. By air: Visalia, 48 miles away.*

#### MT. SNOW, VERMONT

In recent years, Mt. Snow has become the snow-bunny capital of the East. Each winter weekend, thousands of New Yorkers drive the 200 miles to West Dover to sample Mt. Snow's pleasures. The majority of the crowd is far more expert at *après-ski* than at speeding down the slopes. The resort's rise in popularity has given way to some intriguing innovations, such as the world's first bubble-chair lift (an enclosed two-seater) and an "air car" that transports six skiers at a time from Snow Lake Lodge to the lift lines. Between the gimmicks and the evening action, Mt. Snow has, perhaps justifiably, become known as the Coney

(concluded on page 206)





*some over-the-counter views  
of jane birkin,  
the girl who made  
that under-the-counter record*

JE T'AIME,  
JANE





JANE BIRKIN

*je t'aime...  
moi non  
plus*

George Göttscheberg

*jane b.*







It seems pretty tame in retrospect, but viewers of Antonioni's *Blow-Up* may recall a then-sensational scene in which David Hemmings engages in a randy romp with a pair of naked teeny-boppers. One of them was Jane Birkin, an unknown but aspiring young actress. She is now very well known, indeed, but it took another *succès de scandale* to do the trick: a record called *Je t'Aime . . . moi Non Plus*, Jane's vocal of a love song—accompanied by sounds of an amorous liaison between her and singer-composer-actor Serge Gainsbourg. Its ban from air play in most countries boosted sales past 3,000,000. Before finding her new groove, Jane had achieved only modest fame in films, appearing most recently with Serge in *Slogan* as—appropriately—his mistress.



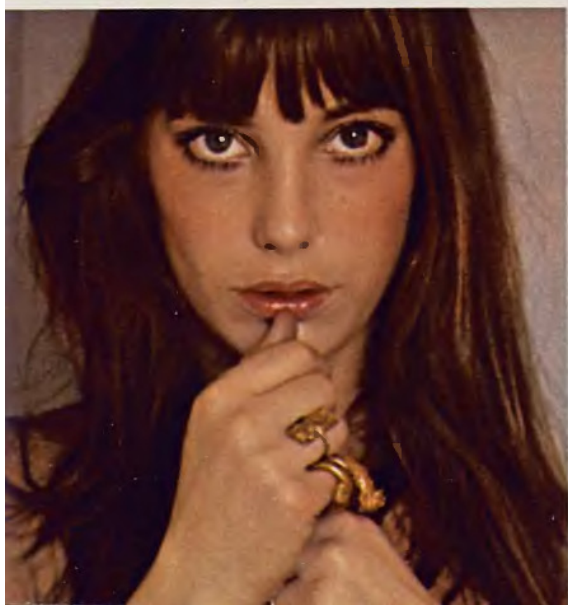




Since the release of their record, this loving couple (above) has begun to achieve a notoriety that European columnists compare with the uproar over Liz and Dick. But unlike the Burtons, Jane and Serge show no inclination to conceal—nor legitimize—their unwedded bliss. This upfront honesty about her private love style—and its candid reflection on the screen—promises to earn Jane, say her breathless publicists, unchallenged claim to the title Sex Symbol of the Seventies and increasing attention from those who interpret her emerging image as a commentary on modern-day mores. The happy result for Jane and Serge is a busy filming schedule, including a soon-to-be-released thriller, *Cannabis*, and the prospect of an appreciative new audience in America.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR







## PUNISHMENT *(continued from page 102)*

present difficult challenges, as does the drunken driver who has caused a fatal accident. Confining such people in prison or placing them in an irrelevant program designed to rehabilitate persons who have deliberately committed serious crimes against others is senseless. Special programs for such offenders can protect the public without the waste and injury risked by imprisonment, while law reform considers whether or not criminal sanctions should apply at all.

Some crimes are acts of momentary irrationality by people who will never commit another serious crime. Murder is often such an act. Occurring most often within families and between friends and neighbors, it is sometimes the result of an uncontrollable impulse, of sudden overwhelming anger—spontaneous, unpredictable and nonrecurrent. Placing the tormented people who have committed such a crime among men who lead lives of crime can be cruel and senseless.

If rehabilitation is the goal, only the indeterminate sentence should be used in all cases. Such a sentence sets an outer limit beyond which the state may no longer restrain the liberty of the individual. The prisoner may be unconditionally released or gradually released under restrictive conditions designed to assure rehabilitation at any time within the period of the sentence. Techniques of release may begin with family visits of a few hours' duration. Later, a man may be able to take on part-time or full-time employment or attend school in a community correction center. Overnight visits with the family might follow and, finally, the conditional release, requiring continued schooling with good performance, employment at a productive level or a stable family situation.

What motivation does a prisoner condemned to seven certain years have in the first, the second or even the fifth year? He is waiting. A program designed to rehabilitate him must wait also. There is no incentive. But even in the early months of the long indeterminate sentence—say for a maximum period of ten years—the prisoner can see the chance to work days, to attend school, to learn a trade, to visit home, to move to a community correction location. The light at the end of the tunnel is visible and it always looks good. It can be a goal—perhaps the first goal of a lifetime.

The day of the indeterminate sentence is coming, but slowly. The practice is less than 15 years old in the Federal system, but the number of indeterminate sentences given in the system doubled between 1964 and 1969 and today the sentence is used in more than 20 percent of all convictions to prison. Yet there remain entire Federal judicial districts where an indeterminate sentence has

never been given, while some enlightened Federal judges give little else.

No correctional system in the country is yet staffed to make effective use of the indeterminate sentence, but this is hardly an argument against it. In any system where professional skills are available, they would be put to better use. Even in those systems with no skills, the change to indeterminate sentencing would at least give the prisoner the chance, however remote, of release at any time.

There are risks, of course, in the use of the indeterminate sentence, as there are in any technique. And it does not, obviously, guarantee rehabilitation. It is only the beginning—only an opportunity. Parole authorities and prison personnel can abuse this additional power, use it arbitrarily or fail to use it through timidity. But we must reform personnel standards and techniques in the system anyway, and any flagrant abuses could be expected to come under judicial review.

Meaningful vocational training in high-employment fields is the best program for many. Throughout the history of Federal correction, most prisoners have been faced with two choices—remaining in the total custody of a prison or being released to the community with insignificant parole supervision. While the Federal Prison Industries program trained and meaningfully employed some, their projects took place within the prison environment and the skills learned were minimal and often in trades in which employment was hard to find. In the early days, it was agriculture, still a dominant occupation in some state prison systems. Later, textile work, bricklaying, tire recapping, auto repair and metalwork were offered some. Now automatic data processing and white-collar training are afforded a few.

In 1965, in what seemed a bold step, the Federal prison system first placed prisoners in normal community employment situations. A work-release program authorized by Congress permitted prisoners to leave in the morning for a place of employment, work there during the day and return to prison when the workday ended. Prisoners were cautiously selected and assigned to the program, nearly always during the last months of their incarceration. Other inmates often made it clear to those chosen that they had better not abuse the opportunity. Among the first jobs offered prisoners in the program were carpentry, auto repair and bookkeeping. One young man traveled 60 miles a day by commercial bus from the Federal institution at Seagoville, Texas, worked a half day in the dean's office at a state college, took three courses and made three A's.

The strain was great on these men, of course. The meaning of imprisonment

had never been so clear. Some admitted the great difficulties in returning to prison at night. But by the end of 1968, thousands of men had been through the program and fewer than one in twenty had failed to comply with all the conditions. Alcohol was the cause of failure in nearly two thirds of the cases; the tavern simply looked too inviting after work and the prospect of returning to prison too dismal. We should hardly be surprised that five percent failed: With no program, 50 percent of all prisoners fail when finally released. As to the five percent who sought to escape, all were caught and returned to prison, where they served more time. People do not really escape from prison successfully. In the history of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, hundreds of thousands have been imprisoned and thousands have escaped, but fewer than 20 have not been recaptured or otherwise accounted for.

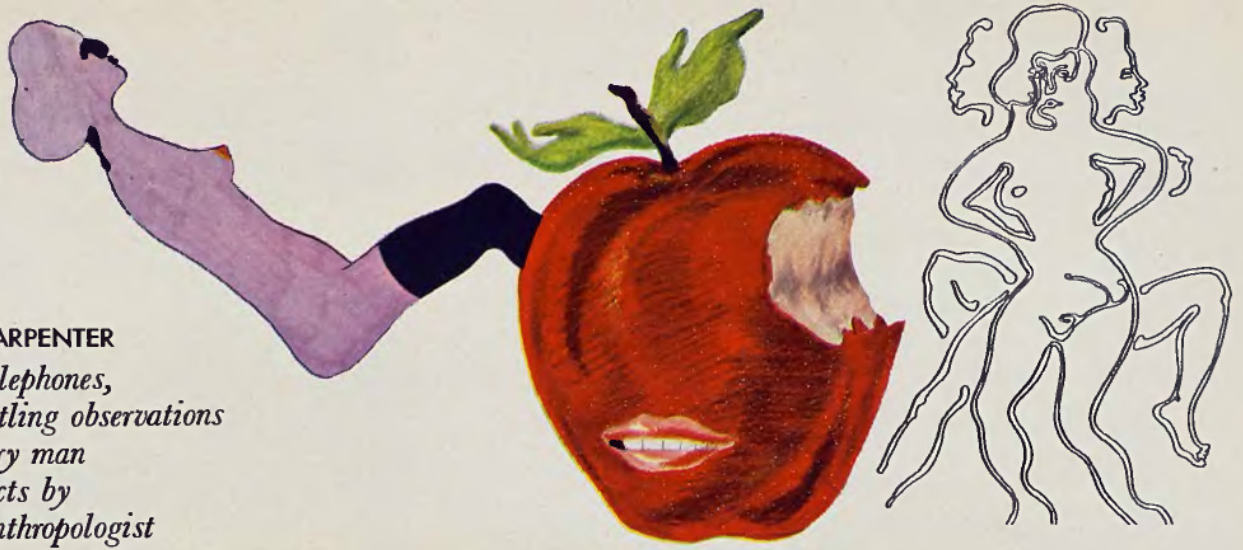
The most discouraging thing about work release is the timidity of the program and the opposition it arouses. It is a small, late and uncertain step in a direction in which we should be moving boldly. Even so, the hard-liners—those who would control crime by long, brutalizing penitentiary sentences and the fear of eternal damnation—have attacked work release as if it caused crime. Blind to the fact that prisoners will soon be released anyway, they prefer six more months of incarceration to a chance to test the personal stability of the individual in community life. What perversity so deprives such critics of compassion that they will not give a prisoner a chance?

From work release, men can move back into society with a job and a history of having worked at it. Many have said that they felt human for the first time in years. A typical releasee in the very first group that began in the late fall of 1965 worked on a construction crew in Texarkana, Texas. He liked the men he worked with and they liked him. When he was kidded with "How about going fishing with us Saturday?" he would answer, "Wait until spring." They slapped him on the back; it had been a long time since anyone had done that. He said he felt like a man again. Before, he had been alone against the world. His family, on relief for five years, went off relief and moved to Texarkana. He was supporting them. He could send them money. He was going to live and work in Texarkana. He would be the best carpenter there, he said. He would work hard and raise his family. He may.

Work release, halfway houses, pre-release guidance centers—these are only the beginnings. Community supervision is the future of correction. Whenever competent authorities decide that prisoners

*(continued on page 200)*





article

By EDMUND CARPENTER

*media, hair, telephones,  
violence—unsettling observations  
on contemporary man  
and his artifacts by  
a perceptive anthropologist*

## THEY BECAME WHAT THEY BEHELD

### THE ISLANDER

"We don't know who discovered water, but we're certain it wasn't a fish." *John Culkin.*

It's the outsider who sees the environment. The islander sees the outline of the distant mainland. When he goes ashore, he commands, for he alone sees form and process.

Yeats, Joyce, Shaw, from Ireland; Eliot, from Missouri; Pound, from Idaho, were the innovators of 20th Century English. Beaverbrook, from the Maritimes; Luce, from a missionary family in China; Thomson, from the Ontario bush, became the giants of 20th Century publishing. Detachment and perspective permit pattern recognition.

"In the histories of most peoples, there occur long lapses during which they lie creatively fallow. Western European man was late by a millennium or so in adding anything to ancient culture; the Jews between the Dispersion and their emergence from the ghettos did nothing that a historian of art and thought could not cover in a long footnote. When they re-entered the world, the Jews, as though seeing for the first time the structure to whose piecemeal growth they had contributed almost nothing, produced within a century a series of epic innovators—Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, Albert Einstein—and scores of hardly less original minds (Kafka, for example). The re-emergence of the Islamic peoples, when complete, may give us the same kind of constellation." *A. J. Liebling.*

### HAIR

Chief Long-hair, a Crow Indian, wound his hair with a strap and folded it into a container, which he carried under his arm. It was his sacred medicine and about ten feet long. As this long tress grew, he bound it at intervals with balls of pitch, and on rare

occasions released it while galloping on horseback.

Taking a scalp meant acquiring an enemy's power.

Samson's great strength resided in his hair, but Delilah shaved off his seven shaggy locks, unshorn from childhood, thus robbing him of his supernatural strength and rendering him impotent.

In the East Indies, a criminal under torture persisted in denying his guilt until the court ordered his hair cut, at which point he immediately confessed. "One man," recounts *Golden Bough's* James Frazer, "who was tried for murder, endured without flinching the utmost ingenuity of his torturers till he saw the surgeon standing with a pair of shears. On asking what this was for and being told it was to cut his hair, he begged they would not do it, and made a clean breast."

In most preliterate societies, ordinary consciousness is associated with the heart and chest, but the early "Indo-Europeans," according to Onians, "believed that the head contained a different factor, the procreative life-soul or spirit, which survives death, and the seed of new life." Among the reasons for thus honoring the head, he cites the analogy with the flower of fruit, seed pod, at the top or end of a plant; association of sexual experience with sensations and appearances in the head; relating the hair of the head, especially the beard, to pubic hair and to sexual power generally; and, finally, the association of life and strength with the cerebrospinal fluid and with the seed that seemed to flow from, and be part of, the latter.

Among the Norse, the hair of thralls was cut short. Among Arabs, what distinguished a freeman was the lock on his forehead, the slave's forehead being shaved. Many religious groups

shaved their heads as a symbol of submission.

Jews, shorn and naked, entered gas chambers silently. Military inductees are first shorn: In one swift cut, self-identity is muted. Following the trial of the Chicago Seven, the prison warden cut the hair of the prisoners, then exhibited their pictures to a cheering Republican club. French women who slept with German soldiers were punished by having their heads shaved.

With literacy, breath, body odors and hair were dissociated from the self, which was sharply delimited. Short hair was required, especially of business and military men: The artist was exempt but never fully approved. Today, the tendency toward long hair is more than social weaponry; it reflects a new self-concept much closer to tribal beliefs. On the surface, the issue seems embarrassingly minor to generate such intense conflict; but in fact its premises are so basic, its emotional roots so deep, that identity itself is challenged.

### TELEPHONE

"'Hello, Central. Give me Dr. Jazz.'" *Jelly Roll Morton.*

The telephone is said to be the only thing that can interrupt that most precious of all moments.

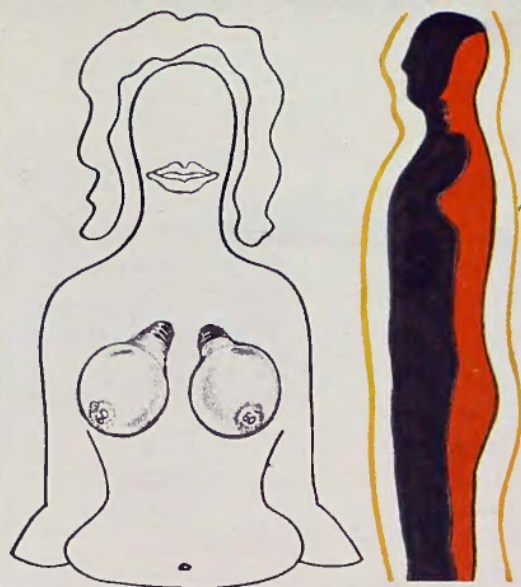
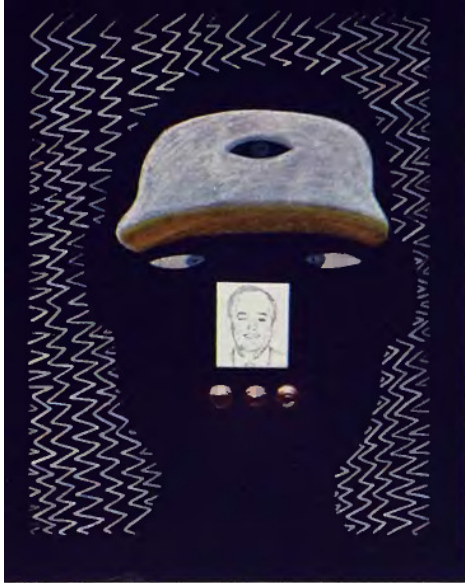
Aimee Semple McPherson was buried with a live telephone in her coffin.

I once observed a man walking alone past a public phone that rang just as he passed. He hesitated and then, after the second ring, answered it. The call couldn't possibly have been for him.

I called various public phones on streets and in terminals and, when someone answered, as almost invariably someone did, I asked why he had. Most said, "Because it rang."

On September 6, 1949, a psychotic





veteran, Howard B. Unruh, in a mad rampage on the streets of Camden, New Jersey, killed 13 people and then returned home. Emergency police crews, bringing up machine guns, shotguns and tear-gas bombs, opened fire. At this point, an editor on the *Camden Evening Courier* looked up Unruh's name in the telephone directory and called him. Unruh stopped firing and answered.

"Hello."

"This Howard?"

"Yes. . . ."

"Why are you killing people?"

"I don't know. I can't answer that yet. I'll have to talk to you later. I'm too busy now."

#### IGNORING OLD AUDIENCES, CREATING NEW

Today's revolutionary movement began with an inspired use of the newly invented LP record. Black humorists, denied access to mass radio audiences, created LP audiences. Though some of these were large, they possessed a sense of intimacy, even conspiracy, totally lacking in radio audiences. When Mort Sahl and others later turned to TV, black humor died. Sahl attributed this to political changes, but I wonder if another factor wasn't involved: Restricting information makes it highly explosive, while widely disseminating information neutralizes its effects.

#### THEY BECAME WHAT THEY BEHELD

"Oh, what a beautiful baby!"

"That's nothing," replied the mother, "you should see his photograph."

All people imitate their creations. Javanese dancers imitate the jerky movements of Javanese puppets. Jazz singers imitate instruments: "I never sing anything I can't play," says Louis Armstrong, "and I never play anything I can't sing."

Victorians moved like steam engines: The *grande dame* coming

through an archway (her bustle a coal car) looked like a locomotive emerging from a tunnel.

Today's fashions imitate our principal creations, which are electronic. Women imitate light bulbs or TV sets: Their clothes flow; their hair is luminous. They radiate. They can be turned on or off.

Illumination comes from within. It has no visible source. It's not dependent upon outside energy. Today's women are cordless.

"Is it on?" asked a three-year-old holding a ballpoint pen.

Psychologists were recently called to aid a boy who couldn't move or speak unless an electric cord, attached to his body, was plugged in.

California hippie: "One couple I know rarely speak but share the same rhythms with tambourines and drums, as well as with their breathing. These rhythms are the same as the ones their electric fan and refrigerator make."

Rural children dream of lambs and bunnies; urban children dream of cars and trains. But acidheads have visions of electronic instruments and, especially under the influence of "electric drugs," identify with TV sets.

"Daddy, are we live or on tape?" *Five-year-old boy.*

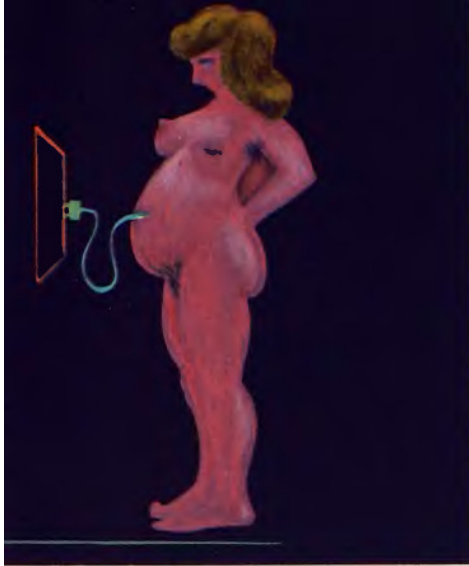
"It took me a long time to discover that the key thing in acting is honesty. Once you know how to fake that, you've got it made." *Actor in "Peyton Place."*

#### MATING MEDIA

In the 1968 elections, the McCarthy campaign staff was approached with a suggestion for crossing media. In the United States, no law prohibits the mating of radio and TV. In Southern California, for example, Spanish-speaking sports fans watch the picture on TV but listen to a Spanish-speaking sports broadcaster on radio. So it was proposed that the New

York-New Jersey area be offered a night of radio sound and TV picture. Five commentators were to provide the audio: John Culkin, Jean Shepherd, Marshall McLuhan, myself and Tony Schwartz, who originated the idea and had a sound studio equipped to handle the project. A bank of small TV sets would offer simultaneous coverage of all principal TV stations in the area; each would be kept on its particular channel. From these the commentators would select programs shown on a master TV set and would direct their comments toward these programs. The plan was to announce in the New York-New Jersey newspapers that at seven P.M. on a certain night, a local radio station would provide that evening's TV audio. For example, the audio for a TV cigarette commercial would be one minute of coughing via radio. If there was a laugh show, it would be pointed out that the laugh tracks were copyrighted in 1935 and that most of the people one heard laughing had been dead for some time. Then listeners would be asked to turn to a channel showing Walter Cronkite, at which point they would hear a taped "count-down," first in English, followed by an A-blast; then in Russian, then Chinese, each followed by blasts and more blasts and in the end by only a child's cry. Finally, and this was the point of the whole project, listeners would be encouraged to turn to a channel with Hubert Humphrey speaking. Instead of his speech, however, they would hear—on radio—the four letters he wrote to his draft board, gaining exemption from duty in World War Two—one letter citing two lectures he had delivered to an R. O. T. C. class, while in the background would be played Hitler's ranting, bombs and screams; then Humphrey's pro-Vietnam-war speeches—"a glorious adventure and great fun, isn't it?"—while in the background, the explosions and screams continued.





The McCarthy team, mostly literary men, saw something profoundly immoral in the suggestion. New forms always seem immoral or chaotic, since they are unconsciously judged by reference to consecrated forms. But a curious contradiction arises: New forms are condemned, but the information they disseminate is believed, while the old and valued aren't even seen.

#### SERVICE ENVIRONMENTS

The moment any service exceeds what any single individual can control, that service is environmental. When environmental services exceed the reach of the greatest private wealth, the society is communistic. In this sense, the United States has been communistic for some time, more fully than any other country. Only a bookkeeping smoke screen conceals this fact. America reached this state via technology, not propaganda or revolution.

Television is part of the only environment today's children have ever known. To punish a child by forbidding him to watch TV is as nonsensical as depriving him of heat.

To try to restrict this service environment to white adults or to regard its benefits as products of private labor is equally nonsensical. The unemployed Negro youth who demands admission into this environment understands its nature far better than the middle-class white who strives to exclude him.

The unskilled-uneducated-unemployed of 1830 London lacked even minimal resources to participate in the service environment. They lacked not only the penny to mail a letter, they lacked the literacy to write it. They lived in the midst of a service environment but could not participate in it. Their admission into it was the reform movement of that day. Today

we face a similar challenge: expanding membership in the service environment.

Electronic media have made all the arts environmental. Everyone can avail himself of cultural riches beyond what any millionaire has ever known. Today no serious scholar limits himself to Morgan Library when the entire New York Public Library is open daily and paperbacks are everywhere at hand. No art lover restricts himself to Mellon's collection. LPs and magnetic tapes make environmental all recorded music from all times: Music, like a wild bird's song, now belongs to the environment.

Today in the United States there are no longer any significant areas of private wealth. The multibillion-dollar service environment of electric information is free for all. Knowledge industries are the only significant ones now. Education, news, transportation, entertainment, medicine, arts, telephone are all environmental.

#### MEDIA AS CODIFIERS

"When [Robert] Kennedy's body was brought back to New York from Los Angeles, one of us was at the airport to see it arrive. Standing with a group of reporters, he noticed that they almost all watched the event on a specially rigged television screen. The actual coffin was passing behind their backs scarcely any farther away than the small-screen version. On these occasions, the tenuous connections between journalism, written or visual, and the real texture of events usually ruptures completely." *"An American Melodrama," by three British journalists.*

By "the real texture" is presumably meant the initial sensory experience, devoid of all resonances and reflections. But why, on this occasion, the "connection" between that event and its image on TV was said to be "ruptured" escapes me. Any medium

abstracts from the given and codifies in terms of that medium's grammar. It converts "given reality" into experienced reality. This is one of its functions. Without such structuring and classifying there could be no meaningful experience. The "real" is in no sense immediately given to us. What is given is too complex, too ambiguous, too raw. It must first be cooked. Instincts aid lower animals in selecting and responding to stimuli. Man has culture. Culture is his means of selecting—structuring—classifying reality, and media are his principal tools for this end.

We regard it as "natural" to think in verbal categories, but not in TV categories, yet language is as much a technology as TV.

In TV studios, idle employees watch programs on monitors, though the live shows are just as close. Billy Graham reports more converts from closed-circuit TV than from among those watching him live.

In New Guinea, when a village leader is ignored by his people, the Papuan government sometimes records his speech on tape, then releases it on radio, to be heard by now-respectful villagers, played to them by the village leader himself, probably on his own radio.

In the highlands of New Guinea, I saw men with photographs of themselves mounted on their foreheads, in front of their head feathers. Friends greeted them by examining the photographs.

#### EMPTINESS

Convinced that Americans fear emptiness more than fines, a justice of the peace in Battle Creek, Michigan, devised a remarkable sentence; he forced traffic violators to sit alone in empty rooms for three to five hours. Outraged citizens made him abandon this punishment, which was regarded as unnecessarily cruel.

When we have a free day, we look





forward to how we will fill it. A person who is unemployed must explain: He is ill, retired, seeking work. To do nothing is indefensible. Millionaires expect their children to work during school vacations. Welfare workers are made uneasy by Indians sitting in front of gas stations, and when we come upon an idle child, we say, "What, doing nothing? Do something!"

Literate man regards silence as empty of value. He calls radio silence "dead air" and condemns any cocktail party marked by long silences. Silence at concerts is usually interrupted by applause from someone who mistakenly thinks the piece is over. A Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington, its background unfinished, sells for far less than an identical portrait with background complete.

Dorothy Lee writes: "In Western thought—and I speak here of the view of the unsophisticated—space is empty and to be occupied with matter; time is empty and to be filled with activity. In both primitive and civilized non-Western cultures, on the other hand, free space and time have being and integrity. It was this conception of *nothingness* as *somethingness* that enabled the philosophers of India to perceive the integrity of nonbeing, to name the free space and give us the zero."

Writing of the Bedouin tribesmen, T. E. Lawrence tells how one of them took him through a deserted palace where each room had a different scent, and then called, "Come and smell the very sweetest scent of all," and led him to a gaping window, where the empty wind of the desert went throbbing past. "This," he told him, "is the best; it has no taste."

#### SENSORY PROGRAMMING

Isolating one sense from all others calls for enormous training and self-control and is probably never fully achieved. Test this yourself: Run water into the bath while switching the light on and off: The sound appears louder in the darkness.

A child learns to separate the senses when he learns, in class, to read silently. His legs twist; he bites his tongue; but by an enormous effort he learns to fragment his senses, to turn on one at a time and keep the others in neutral. And so he is indoctrinated into that literate world where readers seek silent solitude, concertgoers close their eyes and museum guards warn, "Don't touch!"

But all this is history. Today's students mix homework with radio and hi-fi, even TV and telephone, and experience little difficulty correlating

such data, or at least having them coexist. California students get into their wrap-around sports cars (a form of clothing), kick off their sandals so they can feel the freeway coming up through the car, travel at 70 miles an hour with signs flashing past and the oncoming traffic passing at 140 mph; top down; sun and wind in their faces; radio on and every fourth telephone pole in sync with the beat; sharing breakfast with a coed: total sensory involvement. Then they enter class, turn off all senses, put on a tribal face and go numb.

#### REDISCOVERY OF THE BODY

Literate man valued the delimited, controlling self, which he equated with the rational mind. He portrayed this "I" as detached from the body and emotions and in control of both. He said, "I lift my foot," with the "I" controlling *me* and *my*. He excluded passions from the "I"; these lay below: I *lost* my temper, *fell* in love, *dived* into my unconscious, but I *exercised* my reason.

Early analysts were called "alienists." Alienation begins when one feels revulsion with one's body, and fears the sensate world. Trudie Shoop, the dancer, helped schizophrenics rediscover themselves by reteaching them the earliest movements of the child.

The story is told of a group of Jews, with downcast eyes, entering gas chambers. One girl, a dancer, was ordered by a guard to dance for his amusement. Naked, shorn of her hair, she had no identity. But as she danced, she rediscovered herself in the dance, in her body. This gave her the courage to act: In a magnificent gesture, she attacked her tormentor.

If you manipulate people, you must first control their environment. Pavlov couldn't make dogs salivate on signal until he put them in artificial, controlled environments. Literate man was easily manipulated. He lived in a centrally heated, air-conditioned, canned-food world, cut off from personal sensations. He was ashamed of his body. He avoided nudity, was obsessed by toilet etiquette, made sex a sin and gluttony close to it. He became aware of his body only in sports and sex, and sometimes not even then.

Today's youths have rediscovered the body. They rebel against controlled environments; they create personal sensory environments.

Sharp differences between sexes, which marked the past, today disappear. Sex is cooled down. Men and women dress more alike. They share (concluded on page 192)



*fiction* **By ELLIOTT ARNOLD** MORGAN SPOTTED the two girls as soon as he boarded ship. They were in boots and miniskirts. They were leaning on the railing, waving farewells, shouting things to a group of young men on the pier. They spoke an English that was not quite English, and then one of the girls, the blonde one, called out something in Danish. Of course. The vessel was crossing from Harwich to Esbjerg.

He looked at them more closely. The fact that they were Danish—or at least one of them was—made them more exciting. Maybe it was just that he had been working in England too long. They were, he decided with no effort, magnificent, each about as long as the other, the (continued on page 182)

*it was a delightful  
but maddening  
puzzle—which of  
the beautiful sisters  
had entered his  
cabin in the dark?*

## NIGHT CROSSING











STEAMING BOWLS of bouillabaisse, cioppino and other hearty fish-stew fare come into their own as the chill days of November take over. A fish-stew dinner is one of the best possible ways of introducing and blending guests in your digs. Bring on a tureen of sea fare and, in no time, men and women of all tastes will be sharing the succulent meat of lobster claws, comparing pompano with porgy and vying with one another in mopping up the luscious sea-scented gravy. At a fish-stew party, casual clothes take the place of black ties, steaming hand towels replace stiff linen napkins and table talk is all but silenced.

Before you set out to buy your fish and shellfish, you should know that unlike beef stew, for instance, in which beef is the only meat used, or even oyster or lobster stew, which features only a single star, a real fish stew is a colorful conglomeration of from four to a dozen or more oceanic species, all swimming in a broth containing anything from coconut milk to zest of orange. The second thing to remember is that the success of your stew depends upon the freshness of the ingredients. This, in turn, means that no two stews can ever be exactly alike, because each day's catch differs. Even fish of the same type from the same net may boast different flavors. A bouillabaisse in Paris or New York is necessarily a different—but equally fine—kettle of fish from one served in Marseilles; in some cases, it may even be better. But while the variety can be bewildering in its riches, there are archetypes of fish stews, such as the Italian *cacciucco*—including squid, with hot peppers and red wine—and from these models, variations without end can be evolved wherever your safe harbor may be.

Choosing the right fishmonger is often more important than selecting the fish itself. Some dealers will sell only fresh fish; that is, fish whose red gills, bright eyes and firm flesh are proof that their recent abode was the sea or river rather than a bed of ice or a freezer. As far as we're concerned, too much has been made

## a fine kettle of FISH

*food* By THOMAS MARIO

*warm up to a hearty haul of stews*

*brimming with neptune's tastiest treasures*



of the advantages of combining the flesh of large and small fish, fat and lean fish. A sea bass may weigh two or four pounds, but for stew purposes, it's still sea bass, and you buy it for flavor, not for size. Haddock is a lean fish, halibut a fat one; yet if you combine the two for the sake of balance, you'll have two white, flaky, mild-flavored fish whose differences will be largely lost in the rich gravy of the stewpot. It's far better to combine fish whose flavors and textures create a rich contrast. Adding red snapper, say, to a stew containing shrimps and pompano makes a world of difference. Finally, the *sine qua non* of any illustrious fish stew is the mixing of shellfish with those that are free-swimming, not only for the special meat of the shellfish but also for their rich juices.

While it requires a modicum of patience in getting the stew ready, the actual cooking time is brief; often 20 minutes of boiling is enough. But a good gravy, even with the help of clam or mussel juice, doesn't reach fruition so quickly. To give the gravy body and richness, a court bouillon is often prepared in advance. For a fish stew, this is simply a stock made from water, vegetables, spices, fish bones and trimmings, simmered and then added to the pot before cooking time. It's a modest effort well worth the distinction it gives the stew. One should be generous in using seasonings. This doesn't mean that subtleties are thrown overboard and that cayenne pepper or ground fennel should be poured without restraint. But guests should be able to savor seasonings such as saffron and oregano without wondering whether the flavorings they detect were dropped into the pot by mistake. The broth, with its luxuriantly rich flavor, is so important, in fact, that it's often served in a separate dish and poured over fried or toasted bread.

With fish stews, menu planning is a breeze, since what you conjure up in the kettle—which should be of at least six-quart capacity—is, in effect, a seafood appetizer, soup and main course all in one. If you feel you should serve a salad, let it be one that is simple, such as Bibb lettuce and heart of palm with white-wine dressing—or Belgian endive and sliced baked beet with egg dressing. As for the wine, the dictum that fish always thirsts for white while meat takes red is never more obviously absurd than when you think of the flavor power of bouillabaisse or cioppino. White wines are commonly used in cooking fish stews, but when the end product is presented in all its glory it needs a red wine with muscle à la chianti classico or barolo or a sturdy California pinot noir. Or serve malt liquor or stout. An appropriate windup is an assortment of cheeses, a fruit bowl and double-strength French-roast coffee or espresso.

The fine kettles of fish below are all designed for six servings.

COURT BOUILLON FOR FISH STEW  
(About 6 cups)

- 7 cups water
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 1 large leek, sliced
- 1 large carrot, sliced
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 large piece celery, sliced
- 12 sprigs parsley
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 bay leaf
- Fish trimmings, such as head, backbone, tail, etc.

Put all ingredients into pot. Bring to a boil; skim; simmer 30 minutes. Strain. The liquor of shellfish such as clams or mussels, steamed open in another pot, is usually added to court bouillon for fish stew. Bottled clam juice may be added to this recipe, if additional liquid is needed to cover fish in stew.

CROUTONS FOR FISH STEW

Cut a narrow loaf of French bread into ½-in.-thick slices. Preheat oven at 300°. Place bread in single layer on shallow baking pan or cookie sheet. Bake 1 hour, turning once to brown on both sides. Bread may be rubbed with garlic and brushed lightly with olive oil or melted butter before baking. To fry croutons, heat olive oil to a depth of ¼ in. in an electric skillet preheated at 370°. Fry bread until light brown, adding oil when necessary. Prepare about 6 slices per serving.

BOUILLABAISSE MARSEILLES STYLE

- 2 1¼-lb. live Northern lobsters
- 3 dozen hard clams (littleneck size)
- 1½ lbs. Spanish mackerel, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 1½ lbs. eel, cleaned, skinned
- 2 lbs. red snapper, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 6 cups court bouillon
- Salt, pepper
- 1-lb. can tomatoes
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 cup onions, small dice
- ½ cup shredded carrot
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- 2 tablespoons very finely minced parsley
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon saffron
- ½ teaspoon ground fennel
- ½ teaspoon leaf sage
- 1 orange-rind strip ½ in. wide, 3 ins. long
- 1 cup dry white wine

Have fish dealer remove and crack lobster claws and cut lobster tails crosswise into 1-in. sections. Have lobster heads split and stomach sacs removed. Wash and scrub clams with brush to remove sand. Place clams in pot with 1 cup water. Cover with tight-fitting lid;

cook about 5 minutes or until shells are open. Remove top shells of clams, leaving clams on half shell. Set clams aside. Strain clam broth through cheesecloth, if necessary, to remove sand. Add clam broth to court bouillon. Cut mackerel, eel and red snapper into 1-in. chunks. Sprinkle fish generously with salt and pepper. Drain tomatoes, saving juice; chop tomato meat coarsely. In large kettle, heat oil over low flame. Add onions, carrot, garlic, parsley, bay leaf, saffron, fennel, sage and orange rind. Sauté until onions are deep yellow. Add court bouillon, tomato juice, chopped tomatoes, wine and lobster. Boil 10 minutes. Place fish in pot and boil, covered, 10 minutes longer. Place clams in pot. Cook covered a few minutes longer, just to reheat clams. Arrange clams around sides of large serving platter or shallow serving casserole. Carefully lift fish and lobster with slotted spoon from kettle to platter, keeping pieces of fish intact, if possible. Taste gravy; correct seasoning if necessary. Pour enough hot gravy over fish in platter to moisten. Serve balance of gravy and croutons in separate dishes.

BOUILLABAISSE WITH POTATOES

- 2 1¼-lb. live Northern lobsters
- 4 dozen large mussels
- ½ cup dry white wine
- 2 lbs. sea bass, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 1½ lbs. whiting, cleaned
- 2 lbs. bluefish, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 6 cups court bouillon
- Salt, pepper
- 1-lb. can tomatoes
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 cup onions, small dice
- ½ cup leeks, small dice
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- 1 teaspoon saffron
- ½ teaspoon ground allspice
- ½ teaspoon leaf thyme
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 4 cups thinly sliced potatoes

Have fish dealer remove and crack lobster claws and cut lobster tails crosswise into 1-in. sections; have heads split and stomach sacs removed. Wash and scrub mussels well with brush to remove sand. Remove any leaves and beard. Discard any open mussels. Place mussels in pot with ½ cup wine. Cover with tight-fitting lid; cook about 10 minutes or until shells are wide open. Discard any that haven't opened after cooking. Remove top shells, leaving mussels on the half shell. Set mussels aside. Strain broth through cheesecloth, if necessary, to remove sand. Add to court bouillon. Cut sea bass, whiting and bluefish into 1-in. chunks and sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Drain tomatoes, reserving juice; chop tomato meat coarsely. In

(continued on page 202)





*"I turn you on. I turn everybody on!"*



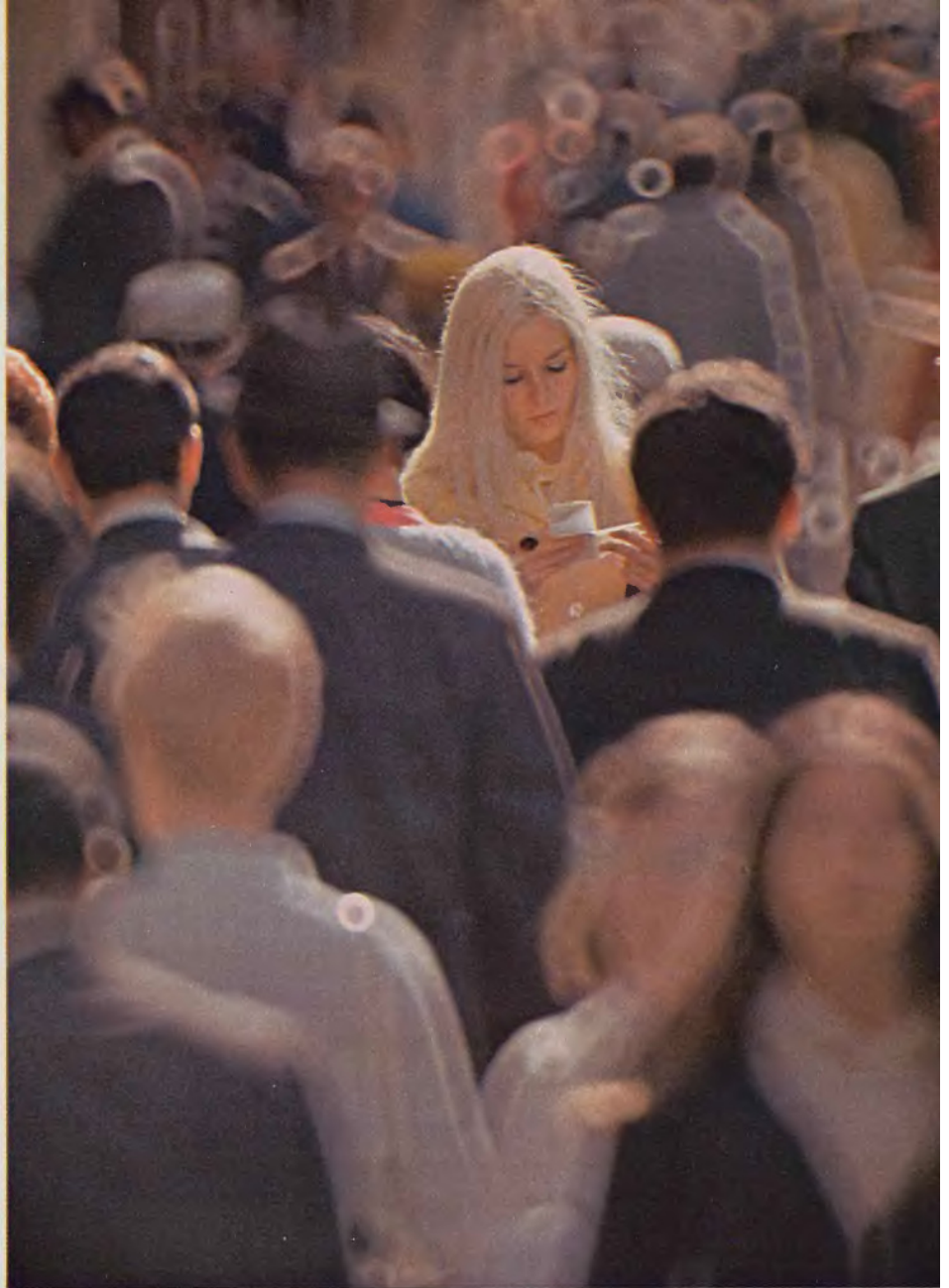


# AVIS IS NUMBER ONE

*jet bunny avis miller is flying high  
aboard hugh hefner's airborne pleasure dome*

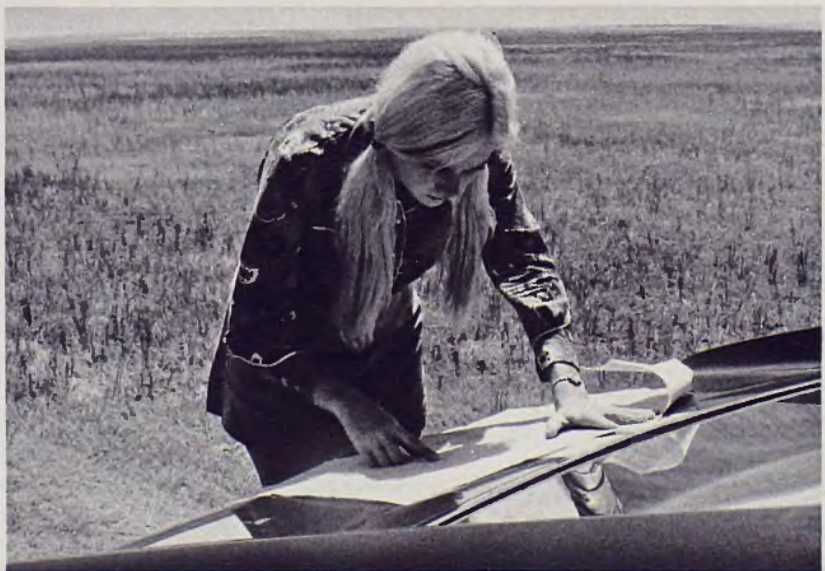
"NOW THAT THEY have 747s, traveling on the commercial airlines is more luxurious than ever," says November Playmate Avis Miller. "But as far as I'm concerned, the Big Bunny is the only way to fly." The Big Bunny, if you don't already know, is Hugh M. Hefner's \$5,500,000 custom-built DC-9-32, the most opulent private aircraft in the world. And Ohio-born Avis is one of 15 Playboy Jet Bunnies Hefner personally selected from among the 850 cotton-tails serving in Playboy Clubs around the globe. "I was working as a Cocktail Bunny in the San Francisco Club," the rangy (5'9") ash-blonde beauty recalls, "when I was told I'd been chosen as a Jet Bunny. To say I was excited is putting it mildly." Avis' first order of business was moving. She hated to leave her parents' home in Union City, California—"I was out of the urban scene almost entirely, which was fine with me"—but Jet Bunnydom requires the girls to be on call out of either the Los Angeles or Chicago Club. Avis chose L. A. and now lives in Inglewood, a 25-minute drive from the hutch and minutes away from the beaches at Hermosa, Redondo and Santa Monica. "I don't like living in the heart of a city," says Avis, "because I get uptight about things like crowds, noise and smog. When I was a kid, my father, a salesman, kept getting transferred—Pittsburgh, Boston, Richmond, Houston. I grew up disliking city life, I'm afraid." After accompanying the plane on observation flights, including the Big Bunny's maiden trip from Chicago to Los Angeles, Avis was scheduled to attend stewardess school in April. A week before her training began, she paid a surprise visit to her brother John, an oil analyst then assaying for possible petroleum deposits near Denver. After acquainting herself with the fundamentals of oil exploration, Avis spent her time loafing, her closest companions the historical best sellers she'd taken with her—*Jennie* and *Mary, Queen of Scots*. A graduate of Arizona State University, Avis majored in history and still finds the subject fascinating. At the end of her visit, she flew to Purdue Airlines in Lafayette, Indiana, for her flight training. The 15 Jet Bunnies were divided into two classes; Avis, in the first group, took two and a half weeks of instruction from Purdue and Continental Airlines. "Stewardesses usually have to train for six weeks," says Avis, "but that's because they have to learn about five different aircraft—we only had to learn about one—and their teaching is slower because the classes usually have at least 50 girls in them."





Just before taking off in the Big Bunny, Avis (above left) models a Jet Bunny outfit, one of five variations on a wet-look theme created for Playboy by internationally famous fashion designer Walter Holmes. Above right, tall and lovely Avis stands out in a crowd in downtown Los Angeles, where she's in search of a birthday present for her brother John. After flying to Denver, she rents a car at the airport and sets off to see him—only to get lost 35 miles later. A little concentrated map reading in the middle of nowhere (below) soon gets her back on the right track.

The big airlines also spend a week on grooming, which the Bunnies already know, plus a week for photo shootings and uniform fittings, which we did on Playboy time." After learning about the DC-9-32, Avis took courses in first aid, ocean survival, handling general emergencies and food preparation, then was sent to the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel for special instruction in wine selection and gourmet dining service. Miss Miller reports that work aboard the Playboy plane is a lot less hectic than on a commercial airliner. "We always have at least three Jet Bunnies on board," she says, "and since there's a maximum of 38 passengers, we're able to go about our duties without rushing." When Avis was finally flight-qualified, she got a chance to go on what she describes as "an unbelievable trip": She was one of five Jet Bunnies who accompanied Hefner and a private party of close friends on a 31-day jaunt through Africa and Europe. Being based in Los Angeles, and with the mounds of publicity she's received as a Jet Bunny (and will undoubtedly



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER





Another funny thing happens to our Playmate on her way to the oil site where her brother works: Near Last Chance, Colorado, a herd of cattle clutters the road (above) and Avis has to shoo them away. Below left, brother John, who analyzes mud samples for possible traces of oil, shows his sister how ultraviolet light is used to test mud for natural fluorescence, a sure indication of oil content. After a long morning's work, the crew is ready for lunch (below right) and Miss November makes herself indispensable by grilling porterhouse steaks for all hands.

receive as a Playmate), Avis has thought about a screen career—but she says she really has no desire to become a serious actress: “The Hollywood scene turns me off completely. To get famous, you have to do a lot of dumb, embarrassing things. Who needs it? Besides, I want to have kids, and the lousiest mothers are usually working actresses; they never have time for their children.” Instead, Avis has opted for the uncomplicated life: “I’ll be happy if I can wind up with a guy who’s carefree and isn’t a slave to business. I’ll admit that that type isn’t easy to find, but I haven’t even started looking yet.” We feel certain that November’s *rara* Avis is one bird who won’t have any difficulties when she finally starts searching for a permanent nestmate.







After her Colorado visit, Avis flies to Lafayette, Indiana, to begin Jet Bunny school. Above left, Continental Airlines chief training hostess Dorlene Fuentes watches troy-bearing Shawn Ferguson demonstrate in-flight dinner service to Avis and Mory Norden (both seated) and, left to right, Tonia Shipley, Morsha Morris, Rosemary Melendez and Kathy Jovonovic. Above right, Avis learns to use a life jocket; after five weeks of training, she earns her uniform, below left. En route to Africo, Avis serves refreshments to Hef and friend Shelly Kasten, below right.





MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Avis was one of five Jet Bunnies who accompanied Hugh M. Hefner and a party of his friends—aboard Hef's DC-9-32, above—on a monthlong jaunt through Africa and Europe. Morocco was the first country visited on the African leg of the trip; below left, Barbi Benton and Hefner, and Jet Bunnies Joy Tarbell, Avis and Rosemary Melendez are treated to a one-mon display of Moroccan folk music. When the Big Bunny sets down at Nairobi, Kenya, below right, Avis receives a heart-warming welcome to the exotic city.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having been rudely awakened by screams in the night, the husband turned groggily to his wife and mumbled, "What's that noise?"

"It sounds like the woman next door is having a fit," she replied.

"Yeah," he agreed, "and a tight one, at that."

And, of course, you've heard about the bright young student who was awarded a full scholarship to the college of his choice—it paid for tuition, books and bail money.



We know a freeloiving secretary who says that two martinis usually make her feel like a new man.

As the time drew near, the patient asked her obstetrician, "Will my husband be permitted to stay with me during the delivery?"

"Oh, yes," answered the physician. "I feel that the father of the child should also be present at its birth."

"I don't think that would be a very good idea," the woman said. "He and my husband don't get along too well together."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masochism* as the agony of the ecstasy.

Two American tourists in France stopped a gendarme on the street and complained about the behavior of the druggist down the block. "We went there to buy some prophylactics," one admitted, "but the druggist didn't speak English and we couldn't make him understand what we wanted."

"Please continue," the officer urged.

"I tried to communicate by example," the tourist explained. "I exposed myself to him, put some money on the counter and pointed to my organ. He still didn't get the point, so my friend did the same."

"Did he understand then?" the gendarme asked.

"He smiled as if he did," the American grumbled. "But then he just opened his fly, took out the largest penis I've ever seen and scooped up the money."

A bachelor we know has discovered a new way to get a girl to sleep with him. "I tell her that I'll name her as beneficiary on a fifty-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy," he declares, "with double indemnity if I ball myself to death."

Upon taking a seat at the bar, the exec noticed that each stool had a number painted on it. Sitting next to him was a rather depressed-looking gentleman and an attractive blonde who was obviously enjoying herself. The newcomer turned toward the unhappy fellow and asked if he knew the purpose of the numbers.

"Sure," answered the chap. "Every half hour, the bartender spins a wheel and whoever has the winning seat gets to go upstairs for the wild sex orgy they have up there."

"That's terrific!" exclaimed the surprised customer. "Have you won?"

"Not yet," shot back the man, "but my date has—four times in a row."

Once bedded, your militant miss  
Is likely to say with a hiss,

"By God, all us sisters

Would kick out you misters,

If we didn't need that to do this."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *egotist* as a guy who suffers from I strain.

Thomas Gladstone, a stockbroker, received an urgent phone call one afternoon. "My name is Walters," the caller announced. "About two weeks ago, my wife got a crazy idea and started walking the street, asking me to procure customers for her."

"Just a minute," Gladstone protested. "You want Dr. Gladstone, the psychiatrist. His name is right below mine in the phone book. Many people dial me by mistake."

"No mistake," came the reply. "I want you to invest all the money we're making."



The shapely coed was undressing for the night when she noticed a puzzled look on her roommate's face. "Do you know there's the impression of a large M on your stomach?" the roommate asked.

"My fiancé's in town this weekend," confided the young thing, "and he likes to make love with his football-letter sweater on."

"Which school does he attend, Michigan or Minnesota?" questioned her friend.

"Neither," giggled the first girl. "He goes to Wisconsin."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





Rowland B. Wilson

"Oh, that's all right, I wasn't doing anything important."







PANDEMONIUM. Heavy-set man bounding on stage. "Hello, I'm Johnny Cash." Rolling applause like combers rushing in; shrieks, catcalls, cowpoke hoots, pigpen yeehoos and, in the audience, the first coming of witnesses to some subtle but understood faith commences, a faded-cotton crewcut procession toward the stage, mild-mannered plain folk coming up to have themselves a Brownie snap or two of Johnny Cash.

Sometimes the photographers go back to their seats, the way they're supposed to. Sometimes they don't. They stand there reverently, arms crossed, mouths open, eyes shining in the hot pink floods, expecting him to . . . to what?

Big fella all in black, frock coat and striped trousers, ruffled shirt, high-polished boots. Big head, the top part half a size too big for the bottom part. Craggy face, ugly-sexy; restless body, spreading himself like hard butter on soft bread, tearing holes here and there in the early evening.

In the past few years, Johnny Cash has been doing about 200 road dates annually, playing to audiences at fairs, prisons, Army bases, colleges and civic auditoriums. But in the summer, it's mostly fairs. Allentownpa. Cheyennewyo. Abilenetex. Topekakans. Billingsmont. Jacksonmich. County fair. State fair. Mid-America fair. Johnny Cash sings: "After seven years behind these bars together, I'll miss you more than a brother when you go, when you go. . . / Say hello to Dad and shake his poor hard-workin' hand, / And send a picture of Mother if you can." It's a music in which soul and self-pity wear each other's best garments, a music that places a premium on sincerity—and Johnny Cash is nothing if not sincere—and on humility; and Johnny Cash, after a dozen years of country-music stardom and now on the verge of international superstardom, is still just folks, still just a good ole country boy.

Carl Perkins, the country-music star whose hit *Blue Suede Shoes* was number one on all the charts back in 1956, says, "There's only one difference that success and money have made in Johnny Cash and that is, back in the early days, this man wanted to do some of the things he has done now, such as helpin' underprivileged people and other good things that you don't read a lot about that he loves to do."

Backstage, Cash restlessly prowls along the green cement-block corridor like a circuit-riding preacher who senses the imminence of hell-fire. His nostrils flare. He strides down the hall, clasping his hands together and tensing them forward, over his head, tensing and exercising his shoulders and neck. Electricians and house cops come up to him tentatively, shuffling their feet. He is friendly but unsmiling. His answers are polite, like scissors cutting him away from their approach. He holds his head back. He is aloof, stern, withholding.

This is probably because the demands on him are high even by star standards. There is a constant procession of people backstage with some need or other that he is expected to fulfill. He cuts radio advertisements for The Walter Reade Organization, which is distributing a film on his life. He gives interviews to disc jockeys, station managers, magazine writers. There are trivial needs, such as autographs or snapshots; more serious ones, such as an offer from a Fender company representative to make him up a special guitar with his name written on the box somewhere. Or more serious ones yet, such as the constant and numerous offers of love and adoration. Little wonder he pulls back, protecting himself, becoming distant, un giving.

Onstage, he sings: "When I was just a baby, my momma told me, 'Son, / Always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns.' / But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die."

Johnny Cash's gravelly baritone voice is a repository of untold sorrows. It sounds leaky, near to tearburst. Even the happy songs have a tremulous, hurt quality. This bouncy number is *Folsom Prison Blues*, an early ballad that is now something of a theme song. Cash has a special feeling for prisons and prisoners. Despite the generally accepted belief that he is a former con, he has never been sent to prison. "Been in jail," he says diffidently. "There's a big difference." Cash looks mean and dour. Could he really shoot a man just to watch him die? Maybe. Has he, say, had a fistfight since he's started singing? That would be more than 14 years. "Naw. Naw, not really."

A bystander sidles up to me and says of him, "Honesty. When the guy sings, you feel that he's *been* there." Ahhh. Been there. Been where? Maybe, in a way, he has, though. Prisons make a nice metaphor and his constant somber aspect bears it out. Dark, brooding eyes. A hard, sensitive face that floats like an island on an ocean of unshed tears as he searches out people's faces, weighing them on some scale that makes his lids heavy, perhaps with sorrow. He is virtually devoid of mannerisms; his gaze is straightforward and unnerving. He is an unadorned spirit. But he does flick at himself a lot, rubbing, stroking, pestering his face impatiently, like a man back from the dead, flicking away cobwebs.

He has had a tough life. He has seen good friends die. He doesn't like to show it, but he takes it hard, very hard. Country star Johnny Horton died in an automobile crash in November 1960. More recently, guitarist Luther Perkins, a good old friend from the early days, burned to death after falling asleep in bed with a lit cigarette. Singer Roy Orbison's two kids were killed in a house fire. Cash is cosponsoring with Vanderbilt University in Nashville an

personality By SAUL BRAUN

## GOOD OLE BOY

*craggy-faced, down-home*

*country-and-western king johnny cash*

*has seen it all and sounds it*



intensive-care unit for burn victims. He also does many benefits. Each one costs about \$5000 in out-of-pocket expenses. He is a generous man. He gives away good Martin guitars on a whim.

Stories about Johnny Cash circulate backstage. Mostly about how good he is or how much people love him or the affection and awe his associates feel for him. "Sometimes we'll go fishin' and not talk," says Bob Wooten, the young guitarist with the Tennessee Three. "When I'm around him I get tongue-tied. It's like I want to be careful, I don't want to say the wrong thing." Wooten is shy and idolatrous. Marshall Grant, the group's bassist, who has been with Cash since the beginning and is one of his closest friends, thinks John Cash has been put on this earth for some holy purpose that hasn't yet been manifest. It's hard to believe that none of the 12 associates who make up the Johnny Cash show (the four Statler Brothers, Mother Maybelle Carter, the three Carter Sisters, the Tennessee Three and Carl Perkins) feel this way without harboring any mild treachery in their hearts, but that's the way it is. They all love Johnny Cash. And so do his fans.

A boy—a cripple, they say, on the verge of death—has been hitchhiking from Ohio to Nashville and then back up to Allentown to see Johnny Cash. He shows up and proves to be a 25-year-old migrant laborer. He had a motorcycle accident and broke a bunch of ribs. Prior to that, somebody shot him, accidentally, with a shotgun. He is all bandaged. Brought before Cash, he dissolves into fan mush. He has a goofy, hapless look and way about him, verifying that he is a born fuck-up of life itself. Some kid who never grew up to be a man, quavery-voiced before Johnny Cash, tears globbing in his eyes. *This is the greatest moment of his life.* A Polaroid snapshot. The smell of pink sticky fixative. He stands in a corner, fixing the memory with an assist from science.

Johnny's wife, June Carter—a lovely, bright-eyed mountain girl—says, "You wouldn't believe it. There's a steady stream of cars that come by our home, just steady. We're having big gates built for the front. My daughter Carlene woke up the other morning with this man peepin' right through her shutters, and they were walkin' all over. I went out to get somethin' in the freezer out in the washhouse and I looked up and there was a big Greyhound bus parked there and people all over, grabbin' things and takin' things, like rocks."

Johnny Cash sings: "*Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there when they crucified my Lord?*"

by to shake his hand, gray-haired security cops, dried-up housewives with steel-rimmed glasses and high, bleached-out voices. We follow his manager, Saul Holiff, into Cash's dressing room, where a man and his wife and their son in a wheelchair and two other sons and a small daughter are standing around. The man—small, leathery, all tendons, with a Western string tie on a figured shirt—introduces his possessions: "My wife, my son, my son, my little princess. . . ."

Johnny Cash gives off a number of "Glad ta see yas" and there's a lot of scuffling around. Holiff whispers to me that the man has brought his wife here in the hope that this will somehow save his marriage. She is planning to leave him.

"Mike here is going up to the M. D. camp next week," the man says. "You know, Jerry Lewis."

Johnny Cash is standing erect, distantly connected to the drama in its enactment, some innate grace keeping him from being sucked in. But you wonder what his fantasies are. Could he really save this marriage? Everybody is stiff and uncomfortable. Holiff suggests a Polaroid. Johnny Cash with the family; Johnny Cash stiffly resting his hand on the visiting wife's waist, the wife stiffly joyous, waiting for some godly supercharge in the shriveled innerlands, with terror and shy hope in her hooded eyes; everybody standing about, speaking monosyllabically, smiling, all ghosts, all standing in for real people elsewhere in the misty joyous past.

"OK?" Holiff asks with his arms outstretched.

"Thanks very much," and out they go, goodbye, nice ta see ya, small sallow man gripping Holiff's hand tightly with gratitude; his wife, his son, his other son, his son in a wheelchair, his little princess.

Onstage, Johnny Cash sings: "*He turned the water into wine; didn't my Lord, now. He turned the water into wine. . . .*"

The typical country-and-western fan nowadays is not precisely the poor hayseed he used to be, but he is a lineal descendant. The children of the Depression have grown up to grab a fair share of the nation's affluence. Allen Berke, who was sales manager at radio station WOKO in Albany, New York, when I researched this article, gives assurances that country-and-western fans are very good consumers, very loyal. "When we go out and sell country, we don't guarantee everybody," Berke says, "but we do guarantee responsiveness. And we discovered that basically, all stations have the same demographics. Albany, Oshkosh, Denver, Little Rock—the same type of

people are tuning in country. This is basically what we come up with: 18-to-49-year-olds, no teenyboppers, no old folks. Now, this is the buying public. People starting out, young marrieds, people willing to let us persuade them to buy your product, Mr. Client. Now, look at this Brand Rating Research Corporation survey of 24,000 people in 24 major markets. Country people, Mr. Client, of all categories, were highest in baking mixes, ketchup, hot dogs, mustard—naturally—margarine sticks, but not real butter, laundry detergent, cough syrup, hair coloring, hair spray, nonfilter cigarettes—they are your Lucky and Camel smokers—chewing tobacco, home permanents and indigestion aids. Also, they put 20,000 miles or more on their cars each year, led in all auto accessories like plastic seat covers, low-priced and used cars purchased, one or more trucks owned, camping trips six days or more, motorboats purchased and recently purchased color-TV sets."

"Modern country music," according to Dick Ellwood, then WOKO's program director, "is *quality* music." Ellwood looks down on the old-time country sound, which he says was "bad English, wailing, nasal, plodding, two-beat, fiddle weaving in and out. They sang a flat note with no character to it." Ellwood won't program the oldies without labeling them "classics." The only Hank Williams he'll play is Williams with orchestral strings behind him.

The change in country music is due in large part to the new interest in it. It's being accepted by more and more people and, as with any commercial product, is being altered to suit their tastes. Country music today is big business, one that brings in \$100,000,000 a year and has made Nashville, which calls itself Music City, U. S. A., second only to New York as a recording center. Unlike its shiftless cousin, folk music, which with minor exceptions goes its own proud and penurious way, country has always known how to take in pop feedback. In the Forties, it needed great amounts of new material to feed the expanding market, and this is what is beginning to happen once again. The deejays all see a trend developing, with people like Johnny Cash and Glen Campbell and John Hartford the prime beneficiaries, as well as others such as Buck Owens, who, despite his pledge to record only country music, has a distinctly rock sound behind him. What's more, rock groups are now getting into country (listen to the Byrds' *The Christian Life* or the Rolling Stones' *Honky-Tonk Woman* or The Band having fun with a Johnny Cash oldie, *The Long Black Veil*).

(continued on page 148)



# GALLO'S GIRLS

*sculptor frank gallo  
—using contemporary  
materials in a classic  
art form—captures the  
elusive essence of  
feminine grace*





The female figures of Illinois sculptor Frank Gallo exude a sensuous eroticism that belies their aura of beguiling innocence and naiveté. This is the way he sees modern woman—the subject of almost all his work. "The feminine form," says Gallo, "is the only indestructible and inspiring resource of simple beauty left to me." One of America's most successful contemporary sculptors at 37, Gallo was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship and accepted an invitation to the 1968 Venice Biennale, which featured works by the most distinguished artists throughout the world. He called it the biggest event of his career. He's also earned effusive critical kudos and resultant price tags as high as \$10,000 for individual pieces such as the sculptures pictured on these pages.



*Turnstile Figure* (left) represents a "hermaphrodite image," says Gallo, "in that the turnstile is a phallic symbol." His sculpture of Raquel Welch (opposite) as Myra Breckinridge appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine—except for the lower torso, which reveals pubic hair beneath the sheer bikini. In order to meet *Time*'s deadline, Gallo personally delivered the sculpture to New York. Because the piece is fragile, he bought two first-class tickets and Raquel sat in the seat beside him during the flight.















*Girl on the Rug* features the characteristic softness in texture and pose that Gallo captures in each of his works.

He achieves this effect by casting them in epoxy resin, using silicone rubber molds good for five castings.

Each is then buffed, burned or colored to achieve different shades and textures. He later adds wood shavings to get a bone color and pigment to accentuate the lines of clothes or body creases. The results are both lifelike and surreal.

The voluptuous and reflective *Girl in Sling Chair* is one of Gallo's earlier works—and probably his most famous. Purchased in 1964 by New York's Museum of Modern Art for its permanent collection, the piece conveys a detached, pensive mood. Reinforcing the plastic skin at the pressure point with lightweight steel enabled Gallo to achieve the cantilevered effect. This piece and many of his other life-size figures look as if they were carved from marble but actually weigh only 40 to 50 pounds.







Most of Gallo's girls resemble the lanky, life-size *Bikini Girl*, at left, unlike *Dancing Figure*, above, one of his smallest pieces—14 inches high. Opposite is *Girl on the Beach*. Says Gallo of his creations: "I don't intellectualize my work. My figures are simply objects of adoration."







## GOOD OLE BOY (continued from page 140)

The most important head turn to country, however, was Bob Dylan's. Beginning with *Blonde on Blonde*, cut in Nashville with Nashville studio musicians, through *John Wesley Harding* to *Nashville Skyline*, the country intent has been growing and evolving. But the *Geist* in it is very far from good old country-boy stuff. There is no song in country to compare with Dylan's *I Want You* for naked sexual assertion, or even his less direct but much more simple "country" treatments of the same subject, *Tonight I'll Be Staying Here with You* and *I'll Be Your Baby Tonight*.

In sum, what this means is that, increasingly, the new country music is coming out of emotional material far removed from the good old bedrock Southern Baptist rural psyche.

To understand this change is to understand the slowly altering face of inner America: in some ways the willing subject of a not-so-handsome nose job, in other ways still very much what it was when the music first came down from the mountains with its charming Scotch-Irish-English accent and spoke simply to the people of those things they knew all about already—a life full of hard times, notorious disasters, reputed studs of the railroad, coal-mining and dirt-farming worlds, losers all, and cheating women. Especially the last: cheating, inscrutable, fascinating, tormenting, inexplicable women.

"A country boy tends to be happier when it's just men around," muses Carl Perkins. "Women have their quilting parties, they definitely don't fool with the coon hunt. They stay at home." Men are raised one way, women another. "When a woman gets the blues, she hangs her little head and cries. But when a man gets the blues, he grabs a train and flies."

Good women are to be respected. Then there's the other kind, the honky-tonk gal. The recurrent fear of the country man is that the good woman he has married and gotten to cook and keep house and raise a family for him will harbor within her secret liquid gusts of honky-tonk spirit. "To an old farmer in the hills or the flatlands where I was raised," Perkins recalls, "about all he's got is his woman. When love goes wrong, there's nothing that can knock the props out from under him more than to take his woman."

In the musical tradition that has developed out of this cultural circumstance, in which the saintly ideal (mother) proves over and over to be only too human (wife), there are certain distinct categories of response:

"I see you with a new man and it hurts me, but I can't turn my head away

*I'm so fascinated by my pain." Or, "You've left me once again and I feel terrible about it and I hate it, but I'm going to put up with it just this one more time, hear?" Or, "I'm a good ole boy and can't get mad at you no matter how much you step on my heart but by gosh look out this time here I come here I come here I come—with my AS to blow your brains out."*

In country music, variations on these traumatic apostrophes recur regularly, suggesting something about how an entire culture, fearful of sex and pleasure and certain kinds of freedom, failed to come to terms with the complexities of male and female and left people the choice of one of two postures—adulterous furtive lovers or tongue-tied strangers in the parlor.

To the country man, woman is incomprehensible and therefore uncontrollable. So, for that matter, is everything else in this world. Life is an endless torment, for a man sees that no matter how hard he tries, no matter how good an old boy he is, crops fail, floods destroy everything he works for, friends and loved ones die. They die on the road in auto accidents, their planes crash, they fall asleep with lit cigarettes. Over everything hangs the awful inescapable prospect of death, the possibility of salvation, the danger of unending hell-fire.

All of this being the case, it's not surprising that the country singer turns with some frequency to the consolations of religion for his material. In a life that fosters repression of feeling, in which the typical dance is all up and down with a stiff body, all the juicy movement done with the legs and none with the pelvis, in which smoking is bad, drinking is bad, swearing in front of the womenfolks is bad, honky-tonkin' is bad and even marital sex is at best one of the necessary but basically evil activities of this world, in which a man has no control over his destiny and constantly gives way to feelings of helplessness, there is nevertheless allowed to flower a lyrical love of God.

Listen to Johnny Cash on *Supper-time*:

"Some of the fondest memories of my childhood are woven around suppertime . . . when Mother used to call . . . 'Come on home now, son. It's suppertime.' . . . But you know, time has woven for me the realization . . . that someday we'll be called together around the great supper table up there . . . with Our Lord. I can almost hear the call now . . . 'Come home, son. It's suppertime. Come on home.'"

Cash's voice, saying this, is soft and spiritual. It is boyish and tremulous, capturing the unique and tender faith that still exists throughout much of this land.

The song is a lyrical fantasy of a forgiving father's love speaking out from across a chasm of generations, both males tied to a vision of female goodness that finds its ideal in a mythic virginity. Undeified mother, eternal father, eternal son—all holy ghosts. The family (the life that was) and heaven (the life that is to be) are one and the same, tenanted by the same splendid couple: a gentle, infinitely patient woman and a kindly, hard-working man, who rested on the seventh day and who knows how to punish an errant child for his transgressions. At the heavenly supper table, finally, the good old boy can end his tormenting quest, "Is this what you want from me, is this it, is this what you want me to be?"

"Come home, son. It's suppertime. Come on home."

This vision defeats time, defeats death, makes the final mystery comfortably known to the true believer—no surprises left in that final glorious flight. And this vision, most importantly, re-creates the blessed memory of childhood with the pious impurity of memory, which picks and chooses, which knows that in rosy childhood only are all the golden late afternoons of comfort and protection.

In childhood is the defeat of loneliness. In childhood are intimations of immortal purity and goodness.

Johnny Cash talks:

"I was born in Kingsland, Arkansas, where my daddy was a farmer. In the Depression, in 1933, he lost his land, so he was share-croppin' for his brother, who owned a lot of land in that county. Then Dyess Colony came along, that was part of Roosevelt's rehabilitation and it was a blessing. My daddy was offered this land up there in this co-op farming project. They sent him a letter that he had been specially selected as one of 500 families in Arkansas to be given 20 acres, a house and a barn, a chicken house, a smokehouse, so we could smoke and cure our own meat, a mule and a cow. And a Government loan of \$20 a month through the winter. So we moved into Dyess in the winter of '35 and I lived there until the year I joined the Air Force, when I was 18, in 1950.

I was five or six when I started picking cotton. It's drudgery, you know, all day long. You straddle a row of cotton, pick it, then you go in and weigh it. You got paid per pound. Three cents a pound when I was a kid. In the harvest season, whenever we picked a bale of cotton, no matter what day it was, except Sunday, we'd take it to the cotton gin on a wagon pulled by mules. The only immediate

(continued on page 209)





SOKOL

*"Sorry, son. I thought you were smoking out here."*



# AND NOW— A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR...

article

By MICHAEL BUTLER

*hollywood may be crumbling, but mad ave's minimovie biz of tv commercials is better—and funnier—than ever*

SCREEN GEMS' West 57th Street studio is dead quiet. Three bells have signaled readiness for a take. Everybody in the studio freezes. A writer interrupts himself in midsentence. A propman gently sets down the box he was moving. Overhead lights dim. Kliegs come up, spotlighting the stage. A flashing red light near the exit warns intruders to keep out.

A blonde actress stands center stage, head bowed, eyes shut, ignoring the make-up man dancing around her, and whispering her key line again and again to herself. The director carefully takes his place on the camera mount. After hours of dry runs, he can do no more. He checks the camera, gives the actress one last smile of encouragement and whispers, "Action."

And the actress, drawing on years of Stella Adler training and every ounce of sensitivity she can muster, steps forward, smiles meaningfully at the camera and says:

"Everything's better with Blue Bonnet on it."

This dramatic moment may be reshot as many as three dozen times, until the various "creative" authorities on the set—the film maker himself and perhaps both an







CONSTRUCTION BY RON BRAOFRD



# Sex in Cinema 1970



article By ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT

**as the old studios—and strictures—sink slowly in the west, literally anything goes on screen, and the outraged forces of reaction are massing for a counterattack**

"THE SOUND of silk on silk and silk on skin merges with their whispered endearments, their progressively more passionate breathing, and. . . ." So begins one of the more subdued passages—describing a love scene between two women—from the script for Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, as written for the screen by Meyer and the young film critic of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, Roger Ebert. What Meyer and Ebert sought to do, under the aegis of 20th Century-Fox, was to enhance the barnyard-variety sexploitation movie with slick, big-studio production values and to dramatize their absurdly convoluted plot—something to do with the vicissitudes of an all-girl rock group trying to make good in dirty old Hollywood—with a smile of sophisticated contempt for the cliché characters and the soap-opera situations they encounter en route. No one connected with the picture pretended that its weird assortment of transvestites, nymphomaniacs, homosexuals and male prostitutes constituted "art"; but it did seem to add up to what audiences were buying in 1970. And, symptomatically, Fox rushed it to the screen in midsummer—along with *Myra Breckinridge*, both with their prints still damp—to avert the financial disasters racked up by such clean but costly entertainments as *Hello, Dolly!*, which was budgeted at a thumping \$20,000,000; *Dolls* came in at a modest \$1,500,000.

Throughout the year, as panic time descended upon the American motion-picture industry, the same story was being repeated at almost every major studio. The big, expensive films—*Sweet Charity*, *Paint Your Wagon*, *Madwoman of Chaillot*—were losing money on a vast scale. (Only the unabashedly old-fashioned *Airport* seemed to negate this trend and industry pundits are still trying to figure that one out.) Producers such as Darryl Zanuck declared flatly that any picture costing over \$3,000,000 was suicidal on today's market, and some suggested that even the \$1,000,000 movie might be a risky proposition. Accordingly, the studios shaved budgets and resolutely trained their sights on what seemed to be the two only sure-fire target areas left in the business—the so-called youth market and the sexploitation field. When these two could be combined in a single picture, as in MGM's *Zabriskie Point*, *The Strawberry Statement* and *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*, or in Columbia's *Getting Straight*, the executives figured (not always correctly) (text continued on page 157)





**SEXPOTPOURRI:** Off came the clothes in 1970 and out went nearly every screen taboo. Films offered everything from heterosexual couplings by Ursula Andress and Stanley Baker ("Perfect Friday," top left) to homosexual cavortings with Cliff Gorman and friends ("The Boys in the Band," top right); from infidelity with Richard Benjamin and Carrie Snodgress ("Diary of a Mad Housewife," center left) to promiscuity with Jacqueline Bisset as a showgirl on the make ("The Grasshopper," center right). Interracial sex—as in "Watermelon Man" with Kay Kimberly and Godfrey Cambridge (above left)—was commonplace, and even the war zone turned erogenous in "M.A.S.H.," with Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, et al., clowning for publicity photos (above right).





**FUNNY BUSINESS:** Sex with a sense of humor was an irreverent theme in many of the major films released in 1970. Pants-down winner in this area was Elliott Gould, overexposed at left in (from top): "Getting Straight," wherein Brenda Sykes exchanges her favors for a selected-reading list—the year's most original self-education ploy; "Move," in which Gould's job as a professional dog walker distracts him from bathmate Paula Prentiss; and "I Love My Wife," which cast him as a philanderer in and out of hospital whites. The naked jay bird perched above is Alan Arkin in "Catch-22" and the limbs below are entangled in a scene from the bluer pages of "The Telephone Book," a satire on pornography. At bottom, Judy Pace hilariously seduces cop Dick Sabel in "Cotton Comes to Harlem."



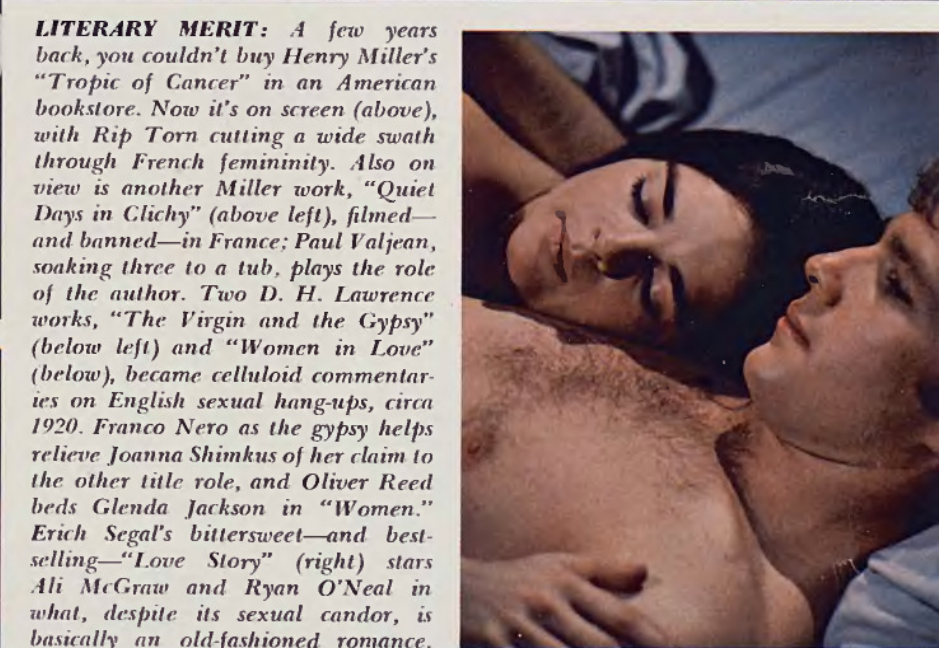




**DIRECT APPROACH:** Famed film makers blazed new trails in erotica this year. "Fellini Satyricon" (above) featured ambisexual Roman decadence, and Luchino Visconti's "The Damned" (top right) had Helmut Berger, in drag, doing the Dietrich bit. John Schlesinger calls "Bloody Sunday"—with its firelit love scene (right)—his "most intimate" film. William Wyler has come a long way from "Mrs. Miniver" to the miscegenetic mayhem of "The Liberation of L. B. Jones" (bottom right). François Truffaut starred Jean-Paul Belmondo with Catherine Deneuve as a mail-order bride in "Mississippi Mermaid" (below) and Sam Peckinpah gave Stella Stevens a splashy role as Jason Robards' mistress in "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" (bottom).







**LITERARY MERIT:** A few years back, you couldn't buy Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" in an American bookstore. Now it's on screen (above), with Rip Torn cutting a wide swath through French femininity. Also on view is another Miller work, "Quiet Days in Clichy" (above left), filmed—and banned—in France; Paul Valjean, soaking three to a tub, plays the role of the author. Two D. H. Lawrence works, "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (below left) and "Women in Love" (below), became celluloid commentaries on English sexual hang-ups, circa 1920. Franco Nero as the gypsy helps relieve Joanna Shimkus of her claim to the other title role, and Oliver Reed beds Glenda Jackson in "Women." Erich Segal's bittersweet—and best-selling—"Love Story" (right) stars Ali McGraw and Ryan O'Neal in what, despite its sexual candor, is basically an old-fashioned romance.



that they had achieved a foolproof parlay.

It was this kind of thinking that induced Darryl's son Richard to bring Russ Meyer into the Fox fold, even though Zanuck's firm had never been connected with an X-rated picture, and Meyer, creator of *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, etc., had never produced anything but X-rated skin flicks. Impressed by a projected gross of over \$6,000,000 for Meyer's *Vixen* (which was made for about one percent of that sum), Zanuck invited Meyer to take over the slackening reins on the "sequel" to his studio's 1968 success *Valley of the Dolls*—a sequel that not even authoress Jacqueline Susann had been able to get off the ground. Meyer, who in the meantime had completed *Cherry*, *Harry* and *Raquel* on a budget of about \$90,000, cheerfully accepted the challenge and, with Ebert, ground out a shootable script in six weeks. What nettled him, Meyer privately admitted later, was the fact that the kind of picture he had been able to make for considerably less than \$100,000 outside the studios—no stars, no elaborate sets but plenty of skin—couldn't be done for less than \$1,500,000 at Fox. Studio overhead, departmental charges and the accumulated costs of previous efforts to produce an acceptable script placed the film in an economic bracket that he, at least, considered risky.

Zanuck apparently had no such qualms, particularly since \$1,500,000 has come to represent an average budget to a major studio. The script also promised a plethora of zesty action—a young couple making it on the back seat of a Rolls, a freaked-out party with another couple coupling in a bathtub, the previously cited Lesbian sequence and a female transvestite who indulges in ritual murders. Meyer, who knows a phallic symbol when he sees one, opened his film with an impressionistic, *mysterioso* series of moonlit shots in which a shadowy figure is pursued, then slain by an equally shadowy figure brandishing a samurai sword. Moments later, a sleeping girl is aroused by the barrel of a .45 tracing its way up her nude body and into her mouth. The girl's lips caress the muzzle until, with a start, she realizes that it's really a pistol—but then it's too late. There is an acid trip, a surfeit of hard rock and a bevy of the bouncy, bosomy girls who always seem to populate Russ Meyer epics—including Playmates Dolly Read and Cynthia Myers.

At a good deal more expense (an estimated \$4,500,000), but for much the same reasons, Zanuck also signed Michael Sarne to direct a screen adaptation of Gore Vidal's mock-pornographic travesty on Hollywood, *Myra Breckinridge*. Sarne, a young hippie Englishman, had attracted some favorable critical attention in 1968 with *Joanna*, a determinedly Mod chronicle of the bed-to-bed hoppings (text continued on page 164)



**SKIN IS IN:** The nude scene has become almost obligatory in any film not bearing the Disney-studio imprimatur. Epidermis is amply exposed in such modestly budgeted features as "Underground," with Robert Goulet and unresisting fille de la Résistance Daniele Gaubert (above), or cast-of-thousands epics such as "The Hawaiians" (below), in which Charlton Heston's communal bathing did nothing to jeopardize the film's GP rating. A communal bed, coupled with phallic symbolism of gargoyles and gun barrels, brought "The Adventurers" (bottom) an R.







**THE NEW NUDES:** *Sexploitation-film producers, faced with competition from the major studios, began to venture even farther out, e.g.: Lesbianism, as in Russ Meyer's "Cherry, Harry and Raquel" (top); voyeurism, with Allen Funt taking his candid camera from the small screen to the big one for "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?" (above left); black-and-white is beautiful, exemplified by the stag film-within-a-film from "Events" (above right); and masochism, in the classic "Venus in Furs" (below), by novelist Sacher-Masoch, who gave the aberration its name.*







**SOMETHING FOR THE KIDS:** Uninhibited sex plus anti-establishment attitudes equal box-office bonanzas with the under-25 audience, or so reasoned the producers of (clockwise from top left): "The Strawberry Statement," with Kristina Van Buren and Bruce Davison; "Futz," showcasing this cozy trio as well as an amorous sow; "Putney Swope," with Laura Greene and Arnold Johnson mixing bubble baths and bubble-gum satire; "Zabriskie Point," Michelangelo Antonioni's flawed vision of young America, culminating in a Death Valley love-in; "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," featuring body-painting à trois; and "Performance," with Rolling Stone Mick Jagger giving nymphet Michele Breton the brush.







**UP FROM THE UNDERGROUND:** Such small-budgeted productions as Cannon Films' surrealistic "The White Whore and the Bit Players" (above) and "Joe" (left) might once have been relegated to the underground circuit; now they're playing first-run houses. "Joe," a gut-gripping portrait of class hatred in the polarized Seventies, may well be the sleeper of the year. Featured here is a pot party mingling hippie, hard-hat and Mad Ave types. Below left is Milton Ginsberg's "Coming Apart," showing Sally Kirkland as a frenzied patient of mixed-up shrink Rip Torn. Certified insane is this character from Aram Avakian's "End of the Road" (below), in which the principal hang-up is not fowl play but gun fetishism. The scene at right highlights Andy Warhol's aptly titled "Trash," starring fright-wig fashion model Jane Forth as the soulful support of a funky junkie.







**DOCUMENTARY DARING-DO:** Unprecedentedly explicit in their depiction of sexual behavior are a spate of new documentary films, generally overlaid with narrative that allows them to clear Customs for their "informational value." San Francisco film maker Alex deRenzy took his cameras to Denmark's 1969 Sex Fair to record the shooting of stag films in "Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach" (above). Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen wrote and directed "Freedom to Love," which prescribes therapeutic orgies (right) and features serious interviews with, among others, PLAYBOY's Hugh Hefner. Below, dancers perform live for Danish sex-club audiences in "Pornography: Copenhagen 1970," also titled "Wide Open Copenhagen" in deference to skittish review boards.







**HERE'S HOW:** Transported from plain brown wrapper to silver screen in 1970 were the "how-to" sex manuals. An unabashed Canadian family's reel life is featured in "A Married Couple" (top); two of many coital positions are demonstrated in "Marriage Manual" (above left) and "Sexual Freedom in Denmark" (above right). In "film club" arcades, legal loopholes also allow public showings of hard-core stag reels (below).



**SATYRICAL SATIRES:** The biggest screen put-ons of the year were perpetrated by 20th Century-Fox in "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" and "Myra Breckinridge." Included in the wild goings on of "B. V. D." (above and right) were Playmates Dolly Read and Cynthia Myers. "Myra," with alter egos Rex Reed (in party scene below) and Raquel Welch (committing the climactic dildo rape of Roger Herren at far right), epitomized the lengths to which a major studio would go for fun and profit in 1970.









of a pert part-time art student and model in swinging London. With *Myra*, backed by an all-star cast that included Raquel Welch, Mae West, John Huston and critic-turned-actor Rex Reed—not to mention the full resources of the Fox lot—Sarne ran wild. Within the first ten days, he managed to alienate not only the entire cast and crew but his distinguished producer, Robert Fryer; he remained in charge, however, with the unflinching support of the studio head, Richard Zanuck. Welch and West weren't speaking after costume disagreements; Reed was speaking volumes—but mostly on the talk shows (and in last August's PLAYBOY) and always in terms of genteel despair over the horrors being perpetrated by his director. Reportedly, Raquel refused to read some of her lines as written and to perform some of the grosser bits of business allocated to her—although, at least in the sneak-preview version of the picture, her opening words were, "Don't you ever forget it, motherfucker." For subsequent screenings, there was an odd modification: The "mother" was blooped out.

In *Myra*, Sarne lost no opportunity to be outrageous. Reed's surgical transformation into Raquel is performed with a kitchen knife by cigar-chomping John Carradine, surrounded by smirking, trollop nurses. And at the end of the film, when Myra seeks to establish the authenticity of her claim to Buck Loner's Westwood acres, she does so simply by hiking her skirts and removing her panties. Meanwhile, she has anally raped a dim-witted young stud and attempted to seduce his adoring ladyfriend. There is an orgy sequence in which most of the female participants wear little more than body paint—and not too much of that—and a tasteless intercutting of clips from old movies, generally with single-entendre effect. When Mae West, as a talent agent whose office equipment consists mainly of one enormous bed, interviews a series of prospective clients, for example, Sarne edits in a gag from a Laurel and Hardy film, with Stan toting a huge pole across the screen. And when Raquel has her orgasm in the rape scene, he cuts to shots of a dam bursting. The dialog is equally uninhibited, with frequent references to balling and kindred sexual activities. At one point, when Mae is informed by a would-be actor that he is six feet, seven inches tall, she coolly surveys his impressive frame, then draws, "Forget about the six feet, let's talk about the seven inches."

The films of 1970 would thus seem to have reached the ultimate phase of the liberating process described in this series of articles over the past five years. Complete frontal nudity, both male and female, is no longer taboo; nor is its

presence now confined to low-budget exploitation shockers. Mike Nichols' costly anti-war black comedy, *Catch-22*, includes not only a vividly drawn brothel sequence with the girls wholly or partially stripped for action but a dream image of a totally nude Paula Prentiss standing with legs apart on a life raft. United Artists went a giant step farther when it released Allen Funt's *What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?*, in which his candid cameras recorded the mingled delight and astonishment—and the occasional consternation—of an assortment of men who unexpectedly discover a shapely nude in their midst. There is also a sequence with a group of women who find themselves in a room with a nude male model. Male nudity, which seemed an unbreachable barrier only a year ago, when Paramount clipped offending frames from *If . . .* and sought to do the same in *Medium Cool*, emerged unabashed—and unsensationalized—in the fire-lit wrestling scene from *Women in Love*. Alan Bates wore only a beard and Oliver Reed was even more scantily clad in a mustache. Far from creating a furor, the scene was highly praised by many critics for its daring, its beauty and its consummate good taste.

In 1970, it was almost impossible to find a picture, other than from the Disney studios, that didn't include, in addition to partial or total nudity, at least one graphic bed sequence—and often, as in *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*, with more than just one couple in the bed. *Stanley* featured its young hero in a high-spirited, pot-induced gambol with two Lesbians; and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* displayed an outsized bed large enough to accommodate four—a Lesbian, a male prostitute, a transvestite (female) and an 18-year-old innocent (also female). Miscegenation, another former taboo, caused scarcely a ripple when it cropped up this year in such films as *The Grasshopper*, *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, *Getting Straight*, *The Landlord*, *Slaves* and *Last of the Mobile Hot Shots*. The last of these, based on a play by Tennessee Williams, received its X rating primarily for a sequence in which Lynn Redgrave depicts fellatio on Negro Robert Hooks—another first for a film from a major studio. But not the only one: Mike Nichols included a similar episode, with a GI and an Italian girl, glimpsed in a doorway as Alan Arkin walked the streets of Rome in *Catch-22*.

Not merely has nudity become commonplace and miscegenation acceptable but homosexuality for both sexes has also lost something of its stigma. Last year, when *The Boys in the Band* went into production, there was considerable comment about the producer's daring,

and his sanity as well. Many were convinced that the picture could never be shown. By the time it appeared, critics were speaking mainly about its restraint and good taste, even though it was considerably more graphic in its explication of homosexual hang-ups than the stage version had been. One of the main characters in Otto Preminger's *Tell Me That You Love Me*, *Junie Moon* is a crippled homosexual who makes what used to be called improper advances to a well-muscled Negro beach boy, but hardly a critic commented on it. *The Christine Jorgensen Story*, a semi-documentary account of the protagonist's surgical transformation from man to woman, with none of the clinical details neglected, emerged as merely a routine program feature. And Lesbianism, after *The Fox* and *The Killing of Sister George*, has become merely an extra added attraction. To rate an X these days, apparently, a producer must persuade his stars to fornicate with a pig (as in *Futz*) or with a chicken (as in *End of the Road*). Almost any strictly heterosexual relationships generally result in an R rating or even a GP (parental guidance suggested) rating.

As *Myra* testifies, language also took on an earthier tone in 1970. When, in the course of a riotous football game in *M. A. S. H.*, one lineman cautions his opposite number, "I'm going to tear your fucking head off," the audience roars its appreciation—the line is so appropriate, so pertinent, so unexpected. But a former studio head, seeing the film in preview, registered total disbelief. "Less than a year ago," he said, "no one would have even dared suggest this." Today, the disbelief is gone. As if to emphasize how times have changed, the coxswain of a rowing team in *The Strawberry Statement* chants, "One, two. Fuck you." Bastard and son of a bitch have become terms of relative endearment, and words describing the genitalia turn up with increasing frequency in major productions. Cunt was freely used throughout *The Boys in the Band* and also in Paramount's *Tropic of Cancer*, based on Henry Miller's classic—and long-banned—novel describing the bad old days in Paris. Recently cleared by U.S. Customs, after some nasty legal maneuverings to block its passage, was a Danish-made adaptation, in English, of Miller's *Quiet Days in Clichy*. "It was a time, and cunt was in the air," flashes on the screen as Country Joe sings over its main titles—and, sure enough, we see views of Paris with CUNT and similar graffiti skywritten across the skies. Was it only 30 years ago that Clark Gable's immortal line, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn," caused American censors to panic?

In 1970, America's would-be censors  
(continued on page 217)



# ACCIDENTS OF A COUNTRY ROAD



*that pleasant drive he had taken so many times before was suddenly transformed into an endless nightmare*

**fiction By ROGER DIONNE**

IT WAS A SUNNY INDIAN SUMMER-LIKE DAY. The air was warm enough to keep the windows open, yet chilly enough for the heater to warm my feet. The road I was traveling was a two-lane black-top, what the Highway Department calls a secondary route. It wound through pine forests, farmland, hills splashed with color; it bulged, descended, arched around bends, careened madly down a hillside to cross a narrow bridge, then staggered victoriously up the other side of the valley. A jolly road, a happy sunny day.

I was looking forward to the feast to which I had been invited. I remembered the house well, all the good times to be had there, the stone walls always in disrepair, the garden of sweet peas, foxgloves and gladioli, the tall swing hanging from the oak tree in the back yard. To get there, you had to watch for Sam's Service Station, an inconspicuous shack choked with rusty cars in various states of collapse. You took the first right after Sam's and drove down a dirt road for three quarters of a mile. The first thing you noticed was the big porch that stretched from one side of the house to the other, filled with the weathered wicker rockers that were never taken in.

It would be a fine feast—a cup of hot toddy to warm me when I arrived, then, in the dining room, sitting around the Tudor oak table, we'd have turkey or roast pork, turnips, sweet potatoes, acorn squash, candied carrots, mince pie, pumpkin pie. We would talk pleasantly, the morning paper from the city strewn around the parlor; we'd reminisce, we'd joke, we'd laugh with the joy of good fellowship. What warmth there would be—a huge fire crackling



in the hearth, pipe smoke in the air, the frayed, braided rug underfoot, the sound of dishes rattling in the kitchen. As the afternoon mellowed, I would be at my ease in one of the lumpy stuffed chairs by the hearth, drinking brandy, a heaviness settling in my bones. Perhaps there would be a football game on the old radio in the corner, the radio shaped like a Gothic window. It would be only background, only a hum.

Sam's Service Station should be just a few miles up ahead. How many times had I watched for it? How many times had I turned down the dirt road? I kept an eye out for it as I drove along the country road, banked with leaves, crossed with shadows. But then I was returning to the city, I was driving away from the feast. I had so looked forward to it. Yet it was late and I was driving away from the feast. I wasn't sure whether it had taken place or not or whether I had been to it or not.

I slowed down, hoping to see Sam's Service Station at any moment. It was easy to miss it, for you came around a sharp bend in the road and there it was, not easy to recognize if you were not anticipating it. It was possible to race by without seeing it at all. I drove around each curve expectantly. At last, I spotted a shack, but it was not the one I expected. It was not Sam's. It was Dick's Diner. I didn't remember ever having seen a diner along that stretch of road. I wondered if, in spite of my vigilance, I had driven too far. Perhaps I had passed Sam's station before beginning really to concentrate upon finding it. Or perhaps they had torn it down. Perhaps Sam had died. Perhaps Dick had converted the station into a diner. But they would have advised me of that. They would have told me to watch not for Sam's Service Station but for Dick's Diner. So I was not disheartened, I drove on, more slowly yet, keeping an ever vigilant eye alert.

Fortunately, I had plenty of time. For when I pulled open the draw curtains that morning and saw the resplendent sun pouring into my bedroom, I could hardly put off for an instant getting out into the country. Hardly—well, that's an exaggeration. I had my coffee and glanced through the morning paper. I had a full three hours before it would be reasonable to think about leaving, but my mind drifted to the wonderful feast to come. I had nothing to do that morning. They were making all the preparations, talking of domestic matters, but I had nothing to do. Nothing. Well, if I arrived early, I was sure they wouldn't mind. They would welcome me as usual and there would be more time for the hot toddy, stuffed celery and radishes before dinner. It would be a long, lazy

afternoon, the sun filtering through the gauzy curtains, the voices hushed and languid.

If I could only find Sam's! I decided, finally, to turn around, baffled though I was as to how I could have missed the turn when I had taken it so often. Perhaps I was on the wrong road. I had not considered that. But I did not think so.

Suddenly, I got my bearings. I recognized the bend in the road ahead as the one I was looking for, the one just before Sam's station, though I could not have asserted in advance that the bend in question has, as indeed it does, or did then, three white birches arching over the road, a maple tree opposite them and a pile of gray boulders just beyond the maple tree. Curious how these impressions are stamped on our minds without our knowing it. Sam's looked as it always had. It was unchanged.

There was no one on the porch to greet me when I arrived. But, of course, I was early, they were undoubtedly busy with their chores. When I knocked and no one answered, I did not hesitate to walk in. No need to stand on ceremony, not after all these years, after all the merry times. I called out their names: "Walter . . . Scotty . . . Lia." No answer.

I walked through the parlor, into the dining room. I was struck first by the bare carcass of the turkey on a silver platter in the center of the table. Hardly a sliver of meat left. The thin wedge of its breastbone thrust itself up obscenely. I gazed at the streaked goblets and the dishes with nothing but scraps on them. The tablecloth was stained in places and everywhere there were bits and pieces of the wonderful bread that Lia makes so well. Big starched napkins, the creases still prominent, were tossed on the table and the heavy oak chairs. One was even thrown on the faded Oriental rug under the table. The swinging door to the kitchen was creaking back and forth.

Dick's Diner came into view. I had only two more miles to go before reaching the familiar turn and the short drive down the dirt road, through the little pine woods and the horse pasture, past the corral and the old barn next to which I'd park my car. I'd rush up the steps to the porch and embrace my dear friends once again and we'd spend the whole day feasting and regaling one another. I could now see the three birches up ahead, now the maple tree and the rock pile. I passed Sam's Service Station and turned down the dirt road. It was a beautiful, bright day and I started singing. I pulled up next to the barn, as usual, raced the motor, honked the horn and jumped out.

I ran across the yard and up the porch steps before noticing the strangers. An

immense woman wearing a faded blue house dress studded with tiny pink flowers and a quilt coverlet over her lap was suckling a child. When she caught my eye, her rubbery mouth splayed into a tattered smile. She was nearly toothless and her fuzz-covered face spread around the smile like a large yellow squash around the inception of rot. Her sparse hair was matted against her livid skull. Her fat, pink arms cradled the child against a breast the size and shape of a soft honeydew melon. In overalls, rocking next to the woman, a stubble of gray hair covering his gaunt jaws and his chin, a large wart protruding from under his left eye, a man gummed chewing tobacco and blinked at me. The smell of musty clothes poured down on me.

"Where's Walter?" I demanded. "And Scotty and Lia? Where are they?"

The woman continued to smile. The man blinked. They both kept rocking.

"Why don't you answer me?"

I turned around and surveyed the yard, as though I needed reassurance that I had come to the right house. Two teenage boys were rolling in the flower garden, fighting. One grabbed the other's throat and started to strangle him. The couple rocked, smiled and blinked. The child in the woman's arms, buried in blankets and flesh, made sucking sounds.

"Where are my friends? Why aren't they here to greet me, as always? Who are you people?"

The woman stopped rocking. She leaned forward. Her smile thickened. She nodded in agreement.

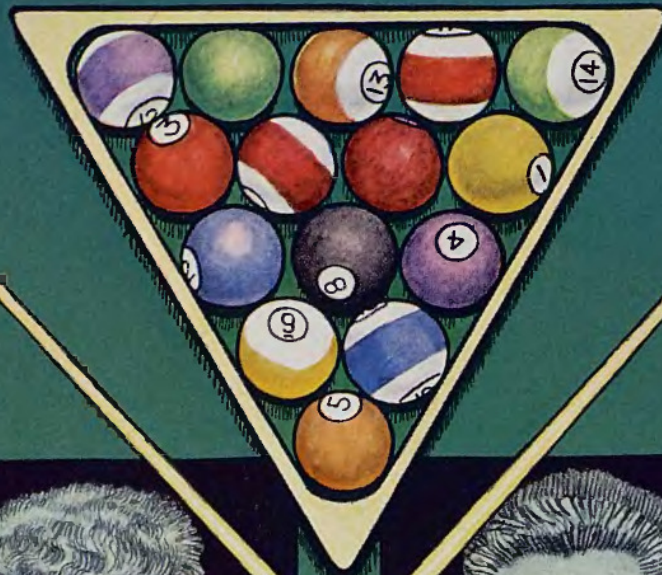
The man, too, stopped rocking. He spit out some tobacco juice and turned to me. He let his jaw drop, but he didn't say anything. His jaw hung loosely below the black hole of his mouth. I stared at him. "Where are they?" I shouted. He nodded falteringly.

"I'll see about this," I said and I burst into the house. The parlor was the same: There were the lumpy easy chairs, the braided rug, the gauzy curtains. In the dining room, places were set for five, with the big starched napkins tented over each plate. The smell of roast pork filtered in from the kitchen.

The couple had followed me into the house. The woman laid the naked baby on his stomach in a corner of the dining room and lumbered into the kitchen. The man sat at the head of the table. Then the two boys banged through the front door and raced into the room, yelling vulgar names at each other and fighting over their seats. The woman returned from the kitchen, carrying the roast pork on a silver platter. She dumped the roast on the table. It rolled toward the man and stopped. The baby started crying. The man gestured toward the empty chair next to him, apparently

(continued on page 227)





## SHOOT-OUT IN JOHNSTON CITY

*... in which—after all the hustlers have  
traded lies and shots—wimpy and fast eddie are  
left standing to play some no-forgiveness pool*

**article By CRAIG VETTER**

THERE ARE SOME WORLDS in which the spoken truth isn't welcome or necessary. Professional pocket billiards is one. In a room with a pool table and a couple of hustlers, the truth is a silly abstraction. Around high-stakes pool, everybody lies about everything, to everyone, loudly or quietly, but nonstop and with style.

And it works. A tight society of pool hustlers—the best 100 or so players in the country—hangs together, perpetuates itself, sees very many arguments, very few fights, makes inside jokes, has an argot of its own, maintains a grapevine, keeps a set of manners, works around a common gaggle of superstitions, has gentlemen and drunks, Young Turks and old pros, fat times and skinny, Rembrandts and Walter Keanes, watches new people arrive and old ones die.

The reason it can exist on a billion little lies is that the single unspoken truth it honors is the only one for which it scores points: That's Euclid's truth—Newton's truth. Poke the

cue ball at the right angle (there's Euclid) and the object ball drops (that's Newton). One point.

The lies, after all, are designed only to get you into a game: "My game's off, I been sick."

"Yeah, well, I been up four days straight. I'm dead. I'd go to bed, but I can't find my hotel."

"You shoot good tired."

"Well, I'm drunk, too."

"You shoot even better drunk."

"Hell, I can't even see the table. I'm blind, for Christ sakes."

"Yeah, and you shoot good blind."

"Listen, I'm drunk, I'm tired, I'm sick, I'm having trouble with my old lady—and I'll spot you three balls."

"All right, rack 'em."

"Bastard."

The lies get you into the game, but only the truth gets you the hell out with the money. Chalk, *(continued on page 172)*



*this ultraluxe  
audio-visual system  
proffers a movable feast  
of sight-and-sound stimuli*

## SWITCHED-ON SUPERWALL

FOR THOSE who prefer to take their looking and listening pleasures in an ultracomfortable position, we commend the electronic wall at right, a self-contained entertainment center linked with a bedside remote-control console. The fiberglass-and-wood four-sectioned wall houses a host of built-in goodies, including a stereo AM/FM radio, light fixtures, twin speakers and a hideaway bar, plus compartments for a TV, stereo rig, tape deck and a movie/slide projector. Each of the four wall units measures four by eight feet—which, when fully assembled, tallies up to 128 square feet of plugged-in pleasure. From the oversized bed, which serves as the hub of your sensorial universe, you can regulate your lights and audio-visual components, raise, lower and revolve the bed in Olympian splendor or speak to the outside world via an optional phone, shown below, that's just a short reach away.

The entire unit—wall, bed and control console—is the brain child of German designer Bernhardt Weinekötter and comes in but one color: high-gloss, sci-fi silver. List price for a complete system (including installation) is \$10,000, imported by Basic-Witz for Abraham & Straus in New York City. Not an exorbitant amount for an assemblage of audio-visual gear that includes *almost* everything you and your bed partner need for an evening of at-home entertainment.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE











*"You've heard of body language?  
Well, I'm a very outspoken person."*

*Vargas*

*© 1954  
by artist*



## the prince's curse

Ribald Classic

from a 19th Century  
French *feuilleton*



MANY, MANY YEARS AGO—in fact, during the Upper Middle Ages—there was a small principality in Europe that cartographers and historians seem to have missed. All we have of it are a few stories brought back by travelers, and the only statistics are these: ruler, Prince Cascarin; location, just east of the Bohemian seacoast; climate, delightful; people, almost without exception tall, handsome, blond and amiable.

Even in the best of places, however, there is always an exception—this squat, ugly, saturnine, bad-tempered exception was a witch named Panaris. The palace major-domo had thoughtfully left her off the guest list for the christening party after Prince Cascarin was born.

And what a party *that* was! All the nobility in the palace enjoying themselves and all the commoners feasting at long trestle tables in the streets. Everywhere, gay banners bearing the motto of the land: *IN MEDIA FELICITAS EST*, which some interpreted as “Good luck is in sight” and others construed to mean “Joy through advertising.” For 30 days and 30 nights, the festivities went on, until everyone was so full of good food and good wine that they fell into a deep slumber wherever they happened to be.

Which was a shame, because there was then no one to observe the rather ostentatious arrival of Panaris in a black coach drawn by three flying camels. She stalked among the sleepers into the palace, straight up the stairs to the nursery, where she pronounced a curse over the baby's cradle:

“Unfortunately, in about twenty years, you will become a remarkable young man—handsome, clever, good-natured, strong and a potentially splendid lover. I can't prevent that. All that I can do is throw in a little traumatic experience. Because, as a baby in your crib, you were frightened by this ugly face of mine, you'll never be satisfied with any pretty girl. You'll always be seeking perfection of form in one certain respect. And so you will stay a virgin ‘when all about you are losing theirs,’ as the poet said.” Having pronounced this long-winded curse, she turned to go; then she paused and sighed. “I forgot the escape clause. If you've ever read a fairy story, you know that there is one. Well, you stay a virgin until you meet a girl who understands our national motto. Since the teaching of Latin in the schools has declined so, that isn't very likely.” Then she departed.

It is rather boring to say so, but Panaris was right in every detail: Cascarin grew up to be a truly handsome prince—tall, strong, etc.—and just as violently aroused as any other young man by the sight of a well-turned female ankle. On the other side, pretty girls, fine ladies, handsome matrons, bonny wenches all showed definite signs of being willing to pop into bed or a haystack with the prince.

But, each time, just when the crucial moment was coming, a darkness settled on Prince Cascarin's brain. A terrible doubt seized his mind: Will her thighs be too fat? Or will they be too thin? He would push up the dress and examine them. He could never make up his mind; no matter how soft, rounded,

finely proportioned and entrancing were the lady's thighs, he would sit looking at them in an agony of indecision. After a while, the lady would wander off in search of some other amusement. Cascarin couldn't shake the witch's curse.

Soon he was the subject of gossip, some of it not very nice. Ladies called him the voyeur behind his back and, if he came to call, made the occasion a very formal one, with mother and aunts in attendance. Prince Cascarin alternately burned and mourned.

One day, as he wandered unhappily in the countryside, he came upon a delightful peasant girl, who was supervising a litter of fat, rosy piglets. She was so charming that the prince took her hand; then he gave her a kiss; then they sat down on a grassy knoll to discuss things better.

Desire overwhelmed Prince Cascarin all at once. “I must—I must”—he said in a tortured voice—“I must see your legs. Don't think ill of me if—”

“Sure thing,” said the girl and she pulled up her skirts. What she exposed was a truly remarkable pair of underpinnings—fine ankles, shapely calves and a great, great pair of thighs.

Or were they? Bang! The witch's curse hit Cascarin in the head. He broke into tears.

“Well!” said the girl. “You are sensitive! If I'd known you were out inspecting today, I'd have taken a bath.”

“No, no,” said the prince, “it's only that I've got this terrible indecision about girls. I seem to connect it with an ugly woman I remember from a childhood dream. It's almost as if a witch had cast a wicked spell on me.”

Then he explained his terrible mental tug of war and finished by saying, “They look beautiful to me, but how do I know if they're perfect? Are they, perhaps, too plump? Or too thin? Oh, if I could only tell.”

“Sounds to me as if it might very well be a spell laid on you by a witch,” said the girl. “If you people at the palace would only learn to have a few big cocktail parties and get rid of some of your social obligations. . . . Anyway, it strikes me that you'd solve the whole problem if you only thought of the truth behind our national motto, ‘*In media felicitas est.*’”

“A body like that, and she knows Latin, too!” thought the prince, dumfounded.

“Forget the too-fat-too-thin question and go a little further. ‘Happiness lies in the middle’ is what the motto says.” She gave a beautiful smile and relaxed backward on the grassy knoll.

Raised up and inspired as he never had been before, the prince plunged forward and, indeed, found the middle.

So the prince became a man at last. The pretty pig girl, shortly thereafter, became a princess.

All of which proves that if a girl does not have perfect thighs (the peasant girl's thighs were actually a fraction of a millimeter too thin), she can make up for it with a good classical education.

—Retold by Paul Tabori



# SHOOT-OUT (continued from page 167)

shoot, think, bank shot, roll, chalk, shoot, work the rail, plan, break the pack, chalk, shoot, until someone goes home with the truth in his pocket. All rolled up in a rubber band. Some go home with just the rubber band, and some lose that, too.

It's the little lies that get the press—but only because they're so damn much fun. The truth about professional pocket billiards is its own classic and subtle drama, which is built around a set of skills that takes a lifetime to master. The observer's problem is that for every hour these men spend learning to play pool, they spend two learning to talk crooked about it.

Pool tournaments are a mix of the truth and the lies. In the official games, only the score means anything and it's guarded by a referee, a scorekeeper and a standings roster. But the side games, the unofficial afternoon or late-night action is generated and kept going by the network of lies. The hustlers meet for tournament play four or five times a year. There's the Stardust tournament in Las Vegas for \$35,000, the Johnston City meet for \$20,000, the Billiard Congress for \$20,000 and usually one or two others big enough to get the sharks off their home tables in Houston, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Los Angeles or Philly, and together to work on one another. Because notoriety precedes most of these men into the pool halls across the country, the only real action they can get is among themselves.

The Johnston City, Illinois, World's All-Round Pocket Billiards Championship is the oldest of the pro tournaments. Paulie and George Jansco started it 11 years ago in a room they'd built behind their Show Bar. That was in 1959 and pool was at its lowest ebb. The pros, of course, had been playing all along, but for 20 years things had been lean—so lean that some hustlers had even learned a trade.

About 1940, pool halls around the country had begun to close for lack of business. Before that, pool in America had seen its first golden age between about 1920 and 1930. Those were the salad days of guys like Al Miller. He was on the road at 14, hustling for a living, and pocket billiards was a dude's game.

"I remember about 1918, I was a teenager and I got my first tailor-made Rambeau cue. Beautiful thing, cost \$7.50. Rambeau was the best cue you could get. Still is, and a lot of guys use 'em. 'Course, Old Man Rambeau's dead, but they're still making the sticks. Back then, you could really hustle. Not that you can't today, but then . . . well, a lot of things was different. Around '30, '31, I was really shooting. I won four tournaments in

Chicago and a couple in Philly and in '32, I won the national. The halls were different then. They were like palaces. There was this one place in Detroit that had, like, 144 tables and girls racking the balls. And these places were for gentlemen only. You'd go in and a girl would take your hat and then you had to sit down and be quiet, and pretty soon you'd get a table. The place was all done in royal purple with brass rails and fittings everywhere and during the day, you could get away with a sweater with velveteen sleeves. But at night, you had to have a tux. Only games we played then were straight pool and rotation. There was no nine ball or one pocket or even eight ball then. And the balls were Zanzibar ivory, much heavier, and you really had to smack 'em to move 'em around."

By 1939, pool had a rotten name. It mattered little that the best of the players wore tuxedos and behaved like gentlemen. The public knew that there was a lot of gambling and cigar smoking and hoods who liked the sport. When the War came, professional pocket billiards nearly disappeared.

Then, in 1961, *The Hustler* came out. That movie, along with the Jansco brothers and Rudolph Wanderone—Minnesota Fats—put it all back together. The second golden age of pool began. It was more widespread this time; there was less cigar smoking, and pool halls with names like Town and Country Billiards even began to attract the ladies. The heroes turned out to be pretty much the same men who'd been the best 20 years before: Al Miller, Luther Lassiter, Irving Crane and 20 or 30 others. But there were some flashy kids, too—Danny Jones, Eddie Kelly, Ronnie Allen—and there was television and a new generation hungry for sports to watch and play.

In 1961, the first year of the Johnston City tournament, 13 guys showed up. "Mostly to catch George and me," says Paulie, "but we was tired of losing, so we let 'em have each other." Every year, the entries and the prize money grew. The Janscos added another big room, and then the hustlers really came—like piranhas after some poor cow that wandered into the wrong river—but only to find one another. By 1963, the field was illustrious enough to bring ABC's *Wide World of Sports* to cover it. The beer and bourbon—standard playing equipment—had to be served in paper cups, and the lights were a little hot, but ego runs high around the hustlers, and ABC went back for five years in a row.

The Johnston City tournament has more pool action than the Las Vegas get-together (which Paulie Jansco also runs, for the Stardust Hotel). In Vegas, when two hustlers begin the courting

ritual that's designed to get them into a side game with the right odds, negotiations are likely to break down early and the two usually end up laughing together and losing their money—not to each other but to the house in a game of craps. Johnston City, however, is a coal-mining town of 3900 people so thoroughly tucked away from everything on the southern Illinois flatlands that to get there, you have to fly into St. Louis, Missouri, 100 miles west. The three October weeks that the hustlers spend in town are likely to be rainy and the only things to do are drink and play pool. The two are far from mutually exclusive, and Paulie Jansco has them both sewed up.

The press always shows up in Johnston City. Over the three weeks they drift in and out, talking to the players ("How old were you when you started to hustle?"), buttonholing Paulie ("Whatever gave you the idea to start a hustlers' tournament?"), searching for whatever's left of Damon Runyon in America, looking for the color, trying to find out if "Boston Shorty" is really short and "Handsome Danny" really handsome. Paulie knows what they're after, and when they sit with him in the Show Bar, sipping Scotch or beer while he sips coffee (if it's before five P.M.), they can't write fast enough. Paulie Jansco is a reservoir of outrageous pool stories about the great pool hustlers.

"We like the hustlers," he says. "We don't cater to straight pool players so much or any particular branch of pool. But the hustlers are the best. This year Allen's here, Kelly's here. They're probably the two best all-round players in the world. Lassiter's here, too, and it's hard to bet against him. He's won three all-round tourneys and has a good chance to win this one. Danny Jones is here; he's the defending champ, but he's got a crick in his neck this year. All the hustlers are here. They come looking for each other and the action is pretty good. The other night, two of them flipped a coin for \$2400; \$4800 takedown. The one that lost the flip immediately challenged the other to a game of nine ball for \$2000, which he also lost. He had a bad day.

"I get along with the hustlers because I understand them. But they're temperamental as hell. You think movie stars are temperamental—ha, get around some pool players. They got to be the world's worst. I got a good example—I got 500 examples—but the year before last, Joey Spades was in Las Vegas. Now, in Vegas we get, like, 140 entries, double elimination, three divisions, and we have to play it off in 17 days, which means you got to play day and night. But Spades says, 'Don't put me on in the daytime.' I say, 'Why not?' and he says, 'I can't bend my finger around the cue

*(continued on page 229)*



*on communes from oregon to new mexico, urban dropouts are reaching back to mankind's pastoral past—and into themselves—for new ways to live humanely with nature and one another*

**article BY JULES SIEGEL** Modern civilization stoops to a low profile outside Taos, New Mexico. In good weather, an ordinary sedan can take you to Indian pueblos unchanged in 1000 years. Recent settlements of young Americans who have elected to drop out of the affluent

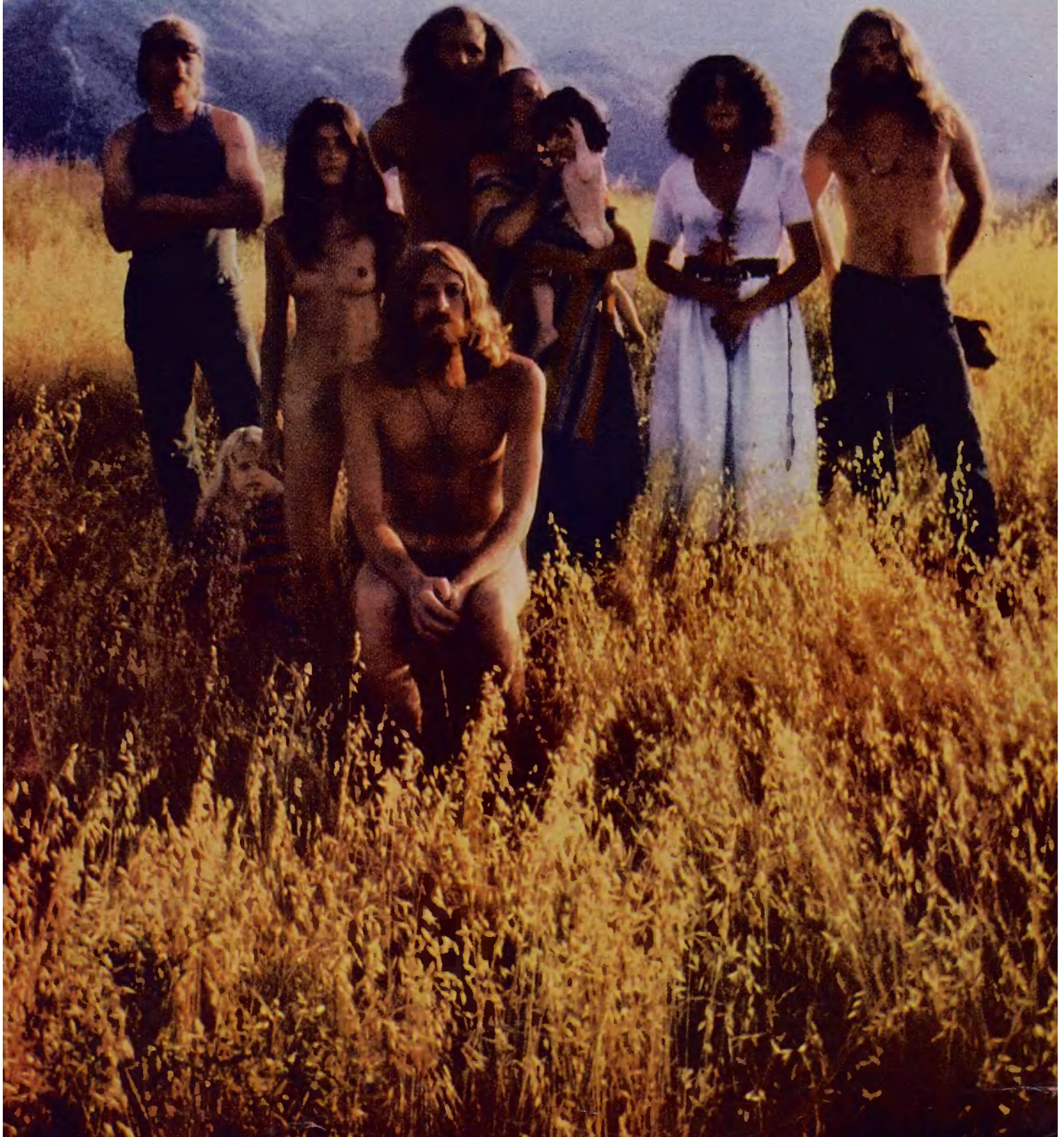
society are more primitive than the pueblos and harder to find, tucked away on dirt roads beyond the easy reach of interfering authority.

One day last summer at Morning Star, a communal colony hidden in the lower reaches of the Sangre de Cristo Moun-

tains, it was possible to believe that the calendar had been entirely erased. The time machine here is tuned permanently to pioneer days, but this was a scene out of history's earliest morning.

Stripped naked in the afternoon heat, a dozen long-haired, bearded boys and

## WEST OF EDEN





girls were furiously working adobe, their bare brown young bodies glazed with mud and sweat. Out on a raw, high, open tract covered with coarse brown grass and stunted clumps of aromatic piñon trees, they looked like aborigines, savages, primitive peoples in a documentary about New Guinea.

In this area of New Mexico, the sky is like the open sea. You can see the weather forming a long way off. In one section of the enormous sky, turbulent gray clouds were sputtering dark veils of rain and bright hairline crackles of lightning. The storm had been hovering down near Taos all morning. Now it seemed to be moving up.

The young workers were paying the storm no particular attention. They were packing earth, water and straw into simple wooden forms to make adobe blocks. In the lower fields, thousands of sundried bricks were stacked neatly among the canvas tepees in which most of the members of the commune were living. Many more bricks were needed. Summer was nearly over. In these mountains, snow begins to fall early in October.

Life was not easy at Morning Star. There was no electricity, no well. Even the water for the adobe had to be trucked up from New Buffalo, a commune out on the other side of the paved highway that ran through Arroyo Hondo. Fruit and vegetables often came up from the orchards and gardens of Five Star, another collective farm located near a natural hot spring in the sage desert south of Taos. All along the road to Five Star, the desert was littered with trash. The farm was dusty and stony. Some of the people were living in crude dugouts roofed with tar paper. There was plenty of food. Five Star had planted more than it could harvest. Some of the crop had begun to rot in the fields.

Morning Star was more picturesque. About 20 yards down from the work site, a crumbling old adobe house was flanked by a couple of ancient trucks leaning anachronistically against mud walls. A tom turkey wandered out of a clot of trees and strutted past naked babies playing in the dirt. A cast-iron wood-burning stove stood out in the open, its sheet-metal chimney wobbling in the wind. Over a campfire, water boiled in a 55-gallon steel drum. A naked girl with the wiry black hair and lean, tawny body of a young squaw was chatting idly with two hugely pregnant girls in faded cotton dresses lounging on the torn cushions of the former rear seat of a car.

In a couple of years, Morning Star might be as prosperous as New Buffalo, where one large adobe house was already occupied and two others were under construction, walls finished, fireplaces installed and roofing with pine poles begun. New Buffalo had seen its share of

troubles, but there seemed to be money available to the commune. There was a tool shed filled with power equipment, a new yellow tractor, a Mercedes-Benz sedan. In the small rooms of the adobe house, sheepskin rugs covered the raw-earth floors. The governor of New Mexico had visited New Buffalo and had been impressed.

There was no telephone at New Buffalo, but there were electricity and water, even a washing machine. The food was tasty and substantial, including not only the usual beans and rice but also homemade jams and cookies. The kitchen was filthy, though, and filled with flies. Young women, naked to the waist, were shucking corn back of the cookhouse. They saved the best ears for seed and dried the rest on the roof. Even the big yellow worms were kept and fed to the chickens. "We have something very important here," one girl said. "We believe in God."

If New Buffalo was medieval, Morning Star was neolithic—freakier, somewhat desperate, not very talkative, much more dramatic. People might freeze to death in those tepees, come winter. There was a sense of presence.

From around the back of the house, a bearded blond boy in hitch-up jeans guided a mule-drawn buckboard to a halt. Wordlessly, he stopped and embraced a tall, slender girl who was wearing a long gingham granny dress and kerchief. For a long time, they held each other—a tiny, fragile tableau of human need set in the overpoweringly grand theater of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains and the trembling storm-cloud heaven.

The sky blackened. Rain fell. Lightning and thunder crackled angrily. The boy and girl bounded apart to arms' length, still holding hands. The storm delivered its full load. Heads thrown back to the sky, mouths open and laughing, they gamboled in the downpour. Up on the adobe ground, the naked workers continued uninterrupted by the rain. The hot cast-iron stove sizzled. The campfire smoked and steamed. In the open doorway of the house, one of the pregnant girls stood staring across the wide plateau to tree-covered mountains beyond, where the sky was a crisp, transparent cobalt blue. At twilight, her labor began. Attended only by her friends, she gave birth at dawn. After a day's rest, she returned to work in the fields, carrying her infant on her back in a cloth sling, pausing occasionally to give the baby her breast while the work of survival went on all around her, serenely confident that when winter arrived, Morning Star would be ready.

• • •

James Marcus Ayers of Denver called himself a tripper drifter. He had been hitchhiking for months throughout the

Southwest and had seen many communes. Now, on his way back to Taos, headed toward home and civilization, wrapped in a striped wool poncho and carrying an Indian charm made of horsehair and hawk feathers, he was still trying to make sense of what he had seen.

"It's hard to understand why people would want to give up everything that's gone before," he said. "Why suffer if you don't have to?"

For the past few years, American parents have been trying to answer the same question. As the decade of the Sixties ended, it seemed as if more and more young people were rejecting the fruits of urban capitalism in a rush to rural communalism. In doing so, they were following an old tradition.

America was settled by people very much like the kids with long hair in the communal colonies of the Southwest. It is no accident that Massachusetts and Pennsylvania call themselves Commonwealths. Our history is filled with utopian experiments—Oneida, Amana, New Harmony, Brook Farm. A few survived. Most failed. Yet the urge to create new societies continued.

The modern history of communalism started with the French Revolution of 1789. The communes of Paris were the city's smallest political subdivisions, roughly the equivalent of today's neighborhood political clubs. When the government fell, they elected a committee called the Commune to run Paris. It lasted until 1794. The Commune was revived for a few months in 1871, after the evacuation of Paris by Prussian troops, then suppressed.

The word itself comes from the Old French *communier*, to share. The root is the Latin *communis*, public or common. From the same sources we get community, communism, communicate and Communion, a sharing with God. Boston Common was once a sheep meadow belonging to the whole settlement. This is the central idea in communalism—the elimination of individual, exclusive ownership of property. Communalism and communism once meant pretty much the same thing. Today, the Communist is usually thought of as a central planner and theoretician, a politician. The communalist is an activist, less interested in the business of deciding how to share but vitally involved in promoting the experience of sharing.

*Newsweek* called 1969 "The Year of the Commune" and guessed that there might be as many as 500 communes in America, with a total population of 10,000. *The Modern Utopian*, a magazine published by the Alternatives Foundation of Berkeley, printed an alphabetical listing of 120 active communes. It began with the Ahimsa Community of Parsons, Kansas ("Buddhist, eight adults, no new  
(continued on page 210)



*yule bounty for office, home and play*  
**PRESENTS PERFECT**



**Office amenities.** Clockwise from 11: Chrome-finished steel vase, from Burke Acton, \$18.90, and Art Happening, a Plexiglas-and-chrome sculpture, from Raymar/Richards, Morgenthau, \$17.50, are atop black-and-white three-screen TV, by Sony, \$695. Free-flowing liquid "picture" that reflects light in an endless variety of moving patterns when stimulated by temperature changes, by Kalliroscope, \$50. Enamel and wood-grained ice-cube maker, by Scotsman, \$249.50. Compact air purifier with preselector/timer and turned-on indicator, by Pollution Control, \$69.95. Eight-track stereo tape cartridge changer, \$329.95, and speaker system, \$69.95, both by Qatron. Model 700A minicalculator and computer with numerical read-out displays and cassette-type storage can accept up to a 960-step program and has 120 storage registers, by Wang, \$4900. Stainless-steel art cube, \$309, and stainless-steel one-piece magazine holder inspired by Japanese paper-folding art, \$259, both from Harvey Prabber. Italian-made steel and molded-plastic desk, \$550, and chair (not shown), \$229, both from Charlton. At center, girl Friday is ready for great dictator on an inflatable polyurethane chair with spun-aluminum base, from Mareddi, about \$140. 175





**Home entertainments.** Clockwise from noon: Double-door ormoire with six trays and two adjustable shelves, by Thomosville, \$400. Volante 3000 transistorized polystyrene wall clock, from Design Group, \$40. Fiberglass-and-steel boom lamp with quartz-halogen bulb that allows for wide variety of intensity, by Tekno Lux, \$125. Laser projector translates any kind of audio frequency into a "doodle" pencil-beamed onto a flat surface, by Sonovision, \$1095. Cortrivation color TV, a receiver-recorder-playback unit, about \$895, accepts blank or prerecorded cartridges, \$7.98 to \$24.98, rental movie tapes such as *Divorce—Italian Style*, \$3 and up, all by Avco/Cotrivation. Caribe II, 14-inch-diameter cast-iron cooking grid, by Columbus Iron Works, \$14.98. Two-quart-capacity bean pot, by Dansk, \$21.95. Model PDP-11 home computer, includes teletype, basic programs, installation and two weeks of instruction at manufacturer's training school, by Digital Equipment, \$10,800. Lucite ice chest, \$45, and tongs, \$1.50, both by Toyco Designs. Fred Yarkoni-designed black-and-clear Plexiglas sculpture light, by Auralume, \$80. *Soldier King*, a sculpture in stoneware, enamel and engraved metal, by Robert von Neumann, from Gilman Galleries, \$450.





**Play things.** Clockwise from 11: Celestron 8 2000mm portable observatory has 8-inch clear aperture that increases brightness 500 times, by Celestron Pacific, \$850. Eleven-channel mobile phone featuring compact transmitter-receiver and easily mounted handset, by Symetrics, \$1645, is on a fiberglass all-terrain Tricart sports vehicle with 11-hp air-cooled engine, by Aqua Fiber-Tec, \$750. Floating transistorized underwater-communications unit carries aquatic message to receiver in face mask (not shown), by Aquasatics, \$150. Sound-an-film system includes zoom-lens super-8 projector with separate recording, playback and sound-on-sound controls, \$325, camera and cassette recorder, both for \$295, all by Synchronex. Mind Maze, an all-ages game in which players guide magnetic steel balls through unknown routes, by Parker Brothers, \$5.25. Niko Mar III underwater housing of aluminum and steel for Nikon F standard camera, by Gidding Enterprises, \$350. Scuba diver's super-safe Electralung has completely closed breathing-control circuit, oxygen pressure read-out, audible warning signal and manual-control option, by Beckman Instruments, \$2975. Sound-an-slides projector-recorder allows up to 35 seconds of recorded sound per picture, by 3M, \$699. 177



yourself in to the sheriff? What you talking about, Walter Beaufort? What kind of foolishness you talking?" She tried humor to change Poppa's somber mood, laughing in a big hullabaloo. "I bet you been hitting the plum wine again," she said joyously.

But Poppa shook his head. "You always accuse me of that when you want to make light of what I'm saying. But I haven't been near that plum wine, not today. And what I'm saying is plain enough. I've killed a white man and I want somebody to know it."

"We know it," Momma said. "Ain't that good enough?"

"I want them to know it," Poppa said. "I want them to know he's dead and I want them to know why he's dead."

"Because he didn't call you Mr.?" Momma said. There wasn't a white man in Alcanthia County who didn't call her Auntie, and she started to rage scornfully at the idea of Poppa's rebelling at being called Uncle. "Now, I could see it if you said you were going to hide out for a while, killing that white man and all that—"

But Poppa stopped her with an angry jerk of his hand. "It's not that way at all, Hattie. I don't aim to hide no more. I been hiding too long already—if you understand what I mean. The time's come for me to stop hiding. I'm going to Dillwyn and tell the sheriff what I've done."

Momma jumped straight up in the air. "Walter Beaufort, you gone *crazy* or something? No, I don't understand what you mean. Why didn't you tell the sheriff last year? Why you got to tell him now? Nobody even knows you killed Mr. Gerber. And to give yourself up now, that don't make no sense at all."

"Some things don't never make no sense," Poppa said. He cocked his eye at me. "You coming with me to the sheriff, boy? Somebody's got to ride Miss Tricia back here to home."

I got up onto Miss Tricia with him and we rode off to find the sheriff.

"I think I'm going to faint," I heard Millicent say behind me. But when I looked around, she was still standing there with her mouth hanging open.

As Poppa and I went up the road, Momma's voice followed us like an angry wind. "You see what I mean about *niggers*, Millicent?" Moaning sadly, half happy and afraid at the same time, a kind of turbulent satisfaction marred her voice as she shrieked at Millicent. "You see what I mean about *niggers*, child?"

"That black bitch," Poppa muttered. I don't know whether he knew I heard him or not. He kicked Miss Tricia viciously in the ribs and the mule leaped into a surprised gallop, heading to Dillwyn for Poppa to give himself up to the

sheriff. After the way Momma and Millicent had carried on, I didn't see what else he could do.

• • •

Even here in Burnside, we had heard that black is beautiful. But I don't think that many of us believed it, because black is ugly and desperate and degraded wherever the white man is sitting on your neck. Still, Millicent and I had worn Afros for a while to show our black pride; but they were too hard to keep clean here in the country, there is so much dust and dirt blowing about. And our kind of hair picks up everything that goes by. Besides, the white people who owned the factories took Afro hairdos as a sign of militancy and threatened to fire everybody who wore one. So everybody went back to getting their hair cut short or straightening it like before.

I was thinking about that as I rode with Poppa to the sheriff's office. I thought about Millicent, too, and the black men she'd seen kissing in the factory. She never would tell who they were, and sometimes I wondered whether it might not have been just a story that she made up to justify her saying that all black men are sissies. At any rate, she complained quite openly that no black man had made love to her since last Halloween, which was almost five months ago and probably explained why she was so jumpy and threatening to faint all the time.

As for me, I thought I knew why no black men were interested in Millicent. For one thing, they could go to Richmond and Charlottesville and get white women, now that they had money to spend on the whores there. Also, the black men I'd talked to told me that they didn't find black women so desirable anymore, the way they were dressing and acting and perfuming themselves like white women on television, now that they had money to do so.

So the black men went to Richmond and paid white women, because their own women were trying to act white. And the black women were turning their backs on their own men, because—if Millicent was any example—they thought that black men were sissies. It was all very confusing.

I was old enough to have had myself a woman or two by then. But I was very hung up on Mrs. Palmer and her five daughters; I hope you know what I mean. There was a time when black people said that doing something like that to yourself would make you crazy. Now they said that it would make you turn white. Which was sufficient reason for some black boys to stop. But not me. I actually did it more. But all that happened was that sometimes I felt dizzy

and depressed. Sometimes I felt weak. But I never did turn white.

Sheriff Dave Young's office was closed when we got to Dillwyn. Some white men sitting around told us that the sheriff was away to a Christian conference. "He's a deacon in the white Baptist church, you know. He'll be away for the rest of the week." There were some hounds lying around, sleeping in the dust, and one or two of them opened a drowsy eye and looked at Poppa and me without curiosity. The white men looked at us as though we were two hounds who had by some miracle managed to get up onto a mule. That's the way white men are in the South. As for Poppa and me, we looked right through those white men, which is really a very good way of rebelling by pretending that you're looking at nothing. There are other sly ways that we Southern black people have of rebelling—like grinning, or licking our tongue out behind the white man's back, spitting in his water when he's not looking, imitating his way of talking—which is why so many Northern black people think that Southern black people are such natural clowns, when what we're really doing is rebelling. Not as dramatic as a Molotov cocktail or a pipe bomb, but it certainly is satisfying, and a whole lot safer, too. Furthermore, it must be said that we do not hate whites here as black people apparently do in the North. Although we nearly always view them with pity and suspicion, for *they* think that we hate them, as they might very well do if the tables were reversed.

"Uncle, is there any particular reason why you want to see the sheriff?"

"No, sir, no, sir, none at all," Poppa said. He thanked them the way he was supposed to, grinning a little, and rode away.

"Where we going now, Poppa? Back to home?"

He shook his head. "We going to Mr. Dotson Gerber's house up the street yonder. I expect his wife is home. I expect she'd like to know what happened to her husband."

When we got to Mrs. Dotson Gerber's, there was a decrepit old white lady sitting in a rocking chair on her porch and waving a small Confederate flag over the banister, like a child does at a parade. She was the mother of Mr. Dotson Gerber's wife. And while colored people said quite openly that the old lady was touched in the head, white people claimed that she had *arthritis*; and they said that she waved the Confederate flag to exercise her arm, as though to conceal from black people the fact that any white had ever lost her mind.

She waved the flag and rocked every once in a while, pushing at the banister with spidery legs that ended in two fluffy slippers that had once been white. Her

(continued on page 188)



# man at his leisure

*playboy's artist-on-the-go leroy neiman covers the men, machines—and women—of an international motor race*

**CAN-AM RACES: ST. JOVITE.** This lush resort country in the province of Quebec provides PLAYBOY's LeRoy Neiman with the perfect setting to capture on canvas a spectacular auto-racing series that has helped put North America firmly on the international motor-sports map. Only a few years ago, road racing was dominated by Europe and Europeans. In the United States, it struggled along as primarily an amateur sport; only a few events attracted foreign-team cars or famous European drivers. Then, in 1966, the Sports Car Club of America collaborated with the Canadian Automobile Sports Club to institute the Canadian-American Challenge Cup—a professional road-race series that in five seasons has evolved and expanded to the point where it now rivals (text concluded on page 234)

Dan Gurney, the decal man, piloted McLaren cars to their first two wins in the \$1,000,000 1970 Canadian-American Challenge Cup series.





Right, tree-covered mountains provide a breath-taking backdrop as crews, drivers and high-performance girls (below) mill around the cars on the starting grid shortly before racetime. The small grandstand and pit area neither dominate the course nor detract from the natural beauty and picnic atmosphere that distinguish St. Jovite from the gaudily commercial racing capitals.



Shaehorned into the tight cockpit of the Carl Haas-L&M Lola T220, artist Neiman gets checked out on the instruments by driver Peter Revson (see last month's *On the Scene*). Though the Lola dropped out with a broken cylinder stud early in the race, Revson later got another ride, taking over for a driver suffering heat exhaustion, and managed to finish seventh. A McLaren machine took the checkered flag, continuing the team's domination of the series.







Birds in bikinis add to the color of the grandstand and the resorts that surround St. Jovite and, presumably, raise driver morale in the pits. Some run errands, fetch tools and get grease on their hands; others mostly decorate, standing ready to either congratulate or console the crews and drivers. A favored few help roll the cars to the starting grid and dispense good-luck kisses. Some of the girls really dig racing, others just drivers.



Abby Newman



## NIGHT CROSSING (continued from page 123)

one fair-haired, the other dark, not really dark, but darker, both with lean, chiseled, greyhound looks that started with their toes and went right up miles of legs to their immaculate profiles. There was something fresh and new and unused about them and he wondered automatically what he could accomplish on a one-night crossing and he tried to decide, for pleasure, which one he would pick if he had a choice. It was not a simple decision and he was still mulling when he saw an older woman approach them. Perhaps she was not all that older, but next to the two thoroughbreds, everybody looked older and a little brown at the edges. The woman said something to them. The girls made faces at the young men on the pier, faces the woman could not see, and they shrugged and trooped dutifully ahead of the woman toward the entrance that led to the staterooms.

Morgan stepped back a little and watched them pass. Now he could see the blue eyes, deep, rich blue, and the high coloring and the high, planed cheekbones. They had the look of models who had not yet started modeling, the freshness, purity; everything that one day would be familiar and owned by the world but which now was reserved for those lucky enough to have them pass in vision.

The older woman glanced at Morgan as she walked behind the girls. She might have been attractive herself at one time, he thought, but the face now was tight and the mouth was pursy with disapproval. The eyes were hostile and whatever she might have had below the face was lost in a shapeless, heavy tweed suit and a boxy cape.

But the girls. He wanted to reach out to touch them as they passed. The way one touches a piece of sculpture.

Presently, he picked up his bag and went toward his own stateroom. He was again musing over which one he would choose when he passed an open cabin door and he saw the three of them unpacking. He nodded; a matey gesture. The older woman closed the door. Not a slam. Just a deliberate, definite, positive closing.

His own stateroom, he saw, was just a little way beyond. He entered, leaving the door open. An invitation. To either one. He'd given up; he could make no choice.

He put his bag on a small table, opened it and took out a bottle of Scotch. He poured himself a drink. He drank it still standing by the table. He poured a second drink and sat down. He sat and wanted a cigarette. He had quit, but now he wanted one; it seemed the time to have the drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He wanted to sit and smoke and think about the

girls. He was 32 and he had imagination to spare.

. . .

There is something about a ship departure, Morgan thought, leaning against the rail and looking down at the wharf, something almost forgotten these days. All airports are bores, dreary, antiseptic when they aren't filthy. There's no feeling of getting away, no matter how much the airline people dress it up, give you booze quickly and parade pretty girls in front of you. You go into a container—who was it who called it like getting into a tooth-paste tube?—and you don't breathe fresh air until you get where you're going.

But a ship is something else, even a tub that does nothing more than make a night crossing over a piece of water between Britain and Denmark. The smell of the sea and the sounds and the animation.

He watched the people on the dock and he thought it might be pleasant if someone were there to wave goodbye to him and, as though it were his own thoughts speaking to him, he heard her say, "You look so lonely."

He tried to guess, in the instant before he turned to her, whether it was the blonde or the other one. He knew it was one of them, and he guessed the darker-haired because of some distant memory of his childhood, when he thought darker-haired girls were bolder. Then he looked, saw he was wrong and felt a flood of relief that he was wrong, because at that moment there was no one else he would have wanted to be there.

"Only because it's a ship," he said, looking at the clear, immaculate eyes, the flaxen lashes, the bronze cheeks, the lips without lipstick.

"Because it is a ship?" She looked puzzled. She had almost no accent.

It was incredible, he thought. He'd almost forgotten how the Scandinavians speak English.

"Because it is a ship you are lonely?" She shook her head. "I don't understand."

"I would never consider having anyone see me off on a plane," he said. He looked at her wide mouth and at the cleft on her chin.

She pondered for a moment, her eyes opening slightly, very slightly, but making him think how they would respond to other stimulation, and then she nodded slowly and gravely, as though he had said something profound.

"Of course," she said. "It is a different thing with a ship."

"A viking thing," he said, seeking a bridge.

She nodded slowly. "Yes," she said.

A man shouted from the pier. "Gudrun!"

She looked down and her face came open into a smile, all of her face, and he wondered what it would do to him if ever she smiled like that at him.

She had, he thought, a face for expression and a face that had had experience in expressing itself. It was mobile, practiced—and then he told himself to cut that out.

"Where is Lili?" the man called up from the pier.

He was young, Morgan saw with a small pang. Perhaps 22, 23. Morgan felt old.

"With the keeper," Gudrun called down. "What does it matter?"

"You'll both be back?" the young man asked.

"Who knows?" Gudrun said. "And what does that matter?"

"It matters," the young man said.

"Then we shall never be back," she said. "Not to you." Something went out of her voice.

"You're right," the young man said quickly. "It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all. Not at all."

"Then perhaps we shall be back," Gudrun said, and something was still absent from her voice.

The ship's whistle blew and Gudrun smiled again, another smile altogether, the smile one gives to a salesperson or a doorman, and yet there was more between her and the youth on the pier than that. Morgan knew that and he didn't know how he knew it. What they had spoken was a kind of code and the young man said the wrong thing and it sent her uptight.

The vessel moved away slowly from the pier and the young man waggled a finger and he could not altogether keep the unhappiness from his face; he looked very young at that moment and Gudrun nodded back, as impersonally as she had smiled that second time.

"Do you make many departures?" she asked Morgan.

"Yes."

"Do you enjoy to do it?"

"I suppose so."

"Don't you know?"

"I guess not."

"Then why do you do it?"

"It's my job." He could see the young man on the pier walking away, his shoulders slumped. He looked at her. She was leaning with her back on the rail. The young man no longer existed for her. It seemed suddenly chilly.

"What is your job?" she asked.

"I'm a newspaperman. Why is it better not to matter?"

She looked at him and frowned. "But you should know that."

She smiled at him, still another smile from her repertory, this one neither great nor wholly indifferent, and she walked away rapidly and he watched the

*(continued on page 194)*



*satire* By **ROBERT CAROLA** **WORD PLAY**

*more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive*

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# PLAYBOY'S POLITICAL PREFERENCE CHART

*a thumbnail election guide, rating this year's major congressional and gubernatorial candidates according to their views and voting records on the key issues*

A RUMOR SWEEPED THROUGH America's political left this past summer that seemed to crystallize the unrest and anxiety of the year of Kent and Jackson State, Cambodia and G. Harrold Carswell. The story went that Richard Nixon was planning to suspend the 1972 Presidential elections and maintain a Government by fiat until such time as he decided that present international and domestic crises were past. The rumor was accepted as truth by many on the extreme left and as a correct assessment of the inclination—if not the actual intent—of the present Administration by a surprisingly large number of moderates.

The willingness to entertain this fantasy revealed two distressing conditions: It made apparent how effectively the Nixon Administration and its more vocal right-wing supporters have been able to cast a mood of repression across the land; and it made obvious how alienated from the political process many of the most active and committed members of the left have become—so alienated as to believe that the American people would allow their democratic institutions to be summarily suspended.

Our own belief is that those institutions are far stronger than either Spiro Agnew or Tom Hayden suspects. But their survival depends entirely on an enlightened electorate. Today, when more information is available to more people than ever before, television and the other news media seem to be highlighting extremism and personal eccentricity while evading the more difficult job of assessing the records of the men who are supposed to represent the will of the people. Since this assessment is urgently needed by those who plan to participate in this year's elections, we have compiled a guide to the candidates in the most significant Congressional and gubernatorial races. We have selected those races that have reached national prominence either because of the candidates involved or because the contests themselves are microcosms of the deep divisions in our society. Some key contests—the Arkansas gubernatorial race, for example—are not included because primary elections had not taken place at presstime.

To evaluate each candidate, we studied voting records, public statements, biographical information and responses to a questionnaire—all of which were made available

through Congressional Quarterly, a nonpartisan research agency in Washington, D. C. Each candidate was judged according to his positions on four issues: the war in Vietnam, civil rights, individual liberties and pollution of the environment. In each category, we also determined whether the candidate had taken an active leadership role or was a yea sayer or a passive bystander. Consequently, each grade reflects both a candidate's position and the degree of his activism.

A fifth category, stature, is an admittedly subjective attempt to judge the intangibles of a man's political profile—his consistency, his public consciousness as opposed to individual ambition, his qualities of courage, honesty and sincerity.






While the basic views of each contender were determined by careful analysis, the grading system itself makes no attempt at objectivity. PLAYBOY's own judgments and convictions pervade the chart. It is our belief, for example, that nothing to be gained by the prosecution of the Vietnam war is worth its cost. It need hardly be said that we also believe blacks and other minority groups have not reached full equality in America and that present laws and Executive leadership remain inadequate. In the area of individual liberties, we support each person's rights to the utmost freedom of action—as set forth in the Bill of Rights, not as many lawmakers would prefer to interpret them. And we are especially appalled at the present trend of writing laws to increase the unrestrained use of police power at the cost of individual liberty.

In the first three categories, candidates are rated according to their adherence to and pursuance of these goals. The fourth category, pollution of the environment, posed a more subtle problem. Obviously, no politician would be foolish enough to take a stand against stopping pollution. Our estimate of each candidate's ecological attitude, therefore, is an attempt to judge his forthrightness and dedication as well as his proclaimed position.

The final grade, of course, is a cumulative assessment of the candidate based on both his positions and his political character and should provide not only a valid assessment of each candidate but also an indication of what his performance may be *after* Election Day.



## THE SENATE

State	Candidate	 Peace	 Civil Rights	 Individual Liberties	 Pollution of Environment	 Stature	Over-all Grade
<b>California</b>	John V. Tunney (D) George Murphy (R)*	B F	B- D	B- C	B C	C D	B- D
	Tunney is the well-intentioned but supercautious liberal; Murphy is the former tap dancer.						
<b>Connecticut</b>	Thomas Dodd (Ind.)* Joseph Duffey (D) Lowell Weicker (R)	C- A B-	B- A A-	B A A-	B A- B	C- A B	B- A B
	Dodd is suffering from ill health and the 1967 Senate censure; Duffey is a liberal Congregationalist minister who may be damaged by that; Weicker is just another moderate.						
<b>Illinois</b>	Adlai Stevenson III (D) Ralph Smith (R)*	B F	B- D	B- D	B C	B D	B D
	Stevenson is a liberal in his father's mold; Smith is a conservative opportunist in Nixon's camp.						
<b>Indiana</b>	Vance Hartke (D)* Richard L. Roudebush (R)	A C	A- B-	B+ C	A C	C C	A- C
	Hartke is a feisty anti-war liberal in an extremely conservative state; Roudebush is a hawk parading as a moderate Republican.						
<b>Maine</b>	Edmund S. Muskie (D)* Neil Bishop (R)	B D	A F	A C-	B D	B- C	B D
	Regrettably, there's less to big Ed Muskie than meets the eye; not even the Republicans know why Bishop is running.						
<b>Maryland</b>	Joseph Tydings (D)* J. Glenn Beall, Jr. (R)	A C-	A C	C C-	A- C-	C C	B C-
	Tydings is a law-'n'-order dove besmirched by charges of unethical conduct; Beall is colorless, odorless and convictionless.						
<b>Massachusetts</b>	Edward Kennedy (D)* Jasiah Spaulding (R)	A B+	A A-	A A-	A A-	B- A	A A-
	Despite the personal crises, Teddy is one of the most impressive men on the Senate record; likely primary winner Spaulding is an anti-war aristocrat.						
<b>Michigan</b>	Philip Hart (D)* Lenore Romney (R)	A B-	A B-	B+ C	A B	A C	A B-
	A decent and gutsy guy, Hart is one of the few really good Senators; Mrs. Romney is related to one of the more reticent Cabinet members.						
<b>Minnesota</b>	Hubert Humphrey (D) Clark MacGregor (R)	C C	A C	A B-	A A-	C D	B C
	Tarnished by previous associations, Humphrey seems unsure of just who he is; MacGregor is a body puncher for the Nixon side.						
<b>New Jersey</b>	Harrison Williams, Jr. (D)* Nelson Gross (R)	A B-	A A	B A-	A A	B C	A- B
	The eyes of Nixon are on this bellwether state where pro-labor dove Williams faces Gross, a purebred conservative Republican.						
<b>New York</b>	Richard Ottinger (D) Charles Goodell (R)* James Buckley (Conservative)	A A D	A B C	A- A- B-	A A A	A B A	A A- B-
	Goodell takes big risks to out-Bobby Bobby's memory; Ottinger runs suaver; James is William Buckley's equally conservative, equally charming brother.						

\*Incumbents.



## THE SENATE (continued)






State	Candidate	☺	⊖	⚖	⊖	Ⓢ	Over-all Grade
Ohio	Howard Metzenbaum (D)	A	A	A-	A-	B	A-
	Robert Taft, Jr. (R)	C-	A-	C-	A	B	B-
Taft honors the family name and supports Nixon; Metzenbaum is radical—for a millionaire.							
Tennessee	Albert Gore (D)*	B+	B+	A	A	A	A-
	William E. Brock (R)	C-	D	C	B-	D	C-
Gore, a courtly anti-war populist, is number one on Ted Agnew's black list; Brock fits the Southern strategy.							
Texas	Lloyd Bentsen (D)	F	F	F	C	F	F
	George Bush (R)	F	C	C	C	C	C-
Millionaire Bentsen is a hip-shooting hawk who doesn't like blacks, Mexicans or kids; millionaire Bush is a class version of the same breed.							
Utah	Frank Moss (D)*	B	B	B-	A	B	B-
	Lourence J. Burton (R)	C-	B-	B-	B+	C	B-
Nonsmoking Mormons liked Moss's move to ban TV tobacco commercials; Burton is another hard-and-fast conservative.							
Vermont	Philip Hoff (D)	A	A	B+	A	A	A-
	Winston Prouty (R)*	D	C	D	C	C	C-
Colorless Prouty sometimes dozes during key votes; able former governor Hoff is a tough liberal trying to pass as a moderate to please uptight Vermonters.							
Virginia	George C. Rawlings (D)	B	A	A	B	A	A-
	Ray L. Gorland (R)	C-	B-	C	B	B	C
	Harry F. Byrd, Jr. (Ind.)*	D	F	C-	C	C-	D
Rawlings is the liberal anti-machine dove; Garland flies with Nixon's flock; Harry, Jr., is the hawkish, conservative product of Byrdland.							
Wyoming	Gale McGee (D)*	F	A-	B-	A-	C	C
	John S. Wold (R)	D	B-	C	C	C	C
McGee is an unreconstructed Johnsonite: Vietnam hawk and domestic liberal; Wold is searching for an issue.							

## GOVERNORSHIPS

California	Jesse Unruh (D)	A	A	B	B	B	B+
	Ronald Reagan (R)*	D	F	F	D	D	D-
Unruh killed the "big daddy" image to be reborn as a fighting liberal; Reagan responds to California's right-wing temper.							
New York	Arthur Goldberg (D)	B	A	A-	A	C	B
	Nelson Rockefeller (R)*	C-	B	B-	C	C	C+
Rockefeller is the ultimate establishment Republican with a fetish for concrete and stone; Goldberg was a great Secretary of Labor.							
Ohio	John J. Gilligan (D)	A	A	B-	A	A	A-
	Roger Cloud (R)	C-	A	B-	C	D	C
State Auditor Cloud is busy covering up a loon scandal; former Congressman Gilligan is a bright, concerned idealist.							



## THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

State	Candidate						Over-all Grade
<b>Arizona</b> 2nd District	Morris Udall (D)*	B	B-	A-	B	A	B
	Marris Herring (R)	D	B-	B-	C-	C	C-
<b>California</b> 7th District	Ronald Dellums (D)	A	A	A	A	A	A
	Jahn E. Healy (R)	D	B-	B	B-	B	C
<b>California</b> 24th District	Myrlie B. Evers (D)	B	A	A-	A	A	A-
	John Rousselat (R)*	D	D	D	C-	D	D
<b>California</b> 27th District	N. "Toni" Kimmel (D)	A	A	A	A	A-	A
	Barry Goldwater, Jr. (R)*	D	B-	C	C	C-	C-
<b>Illinois</b> 11th District	Roman Pucinski (D)*	F	D	C-	B	D	D
	James R. Mason (R)	B	A	C-	B	B	B
<b>Indiana</b> 2nd District	Philip Sprague (D)	B	B-	B+	B-	B	B
	Earl Landgrebe (R)*	F	D	D	C-	D	D
<b>Kansas</b> 1st District	Billy D. Jellison (D)	A-	A	B	A	B	A-
	Keith Sebelius (R)*	C-	B-	C	C	B	C
<b>Michigan</b> 5th District	Jean McKee (D)	A	A	A	A	B	A
	Gerald Fard (R)*	D	C	C-	C-	D	C-
<b>Missouri</b> 2nd District	James Symington (D)*	B	B-	B	A	C	B
	Jahn W. Peters (R)	D	B-	C-	C	C	C
<b>Montana</b> 1st District	Arnald Olsen (D)*	A	A	B	A	C	A-
	Richard Shaup (R)	C-	B-	C	C	C	C
<b>New Jersey</b> 3rd District	James Howard (D)*	A-	A	B	A	B	A-
	William Dawd (R)	C-	A	C	B	B	B-
<b>New Jersey</b> 9th District	Henry Helstoski (D)*	A	A	A-	A-	A-	A-
	Henry L. Hoebel (R)	B+	A	A-	A	B	A-
<b>New York</b> 5th District	Allard Lowenstein (D)*	A	A	A	A	A	A
	Norman Lent (R)	C-	C	C-	A-	B	C
<b>New York</b> 12th District	Shirley Chishalm (D)*	A	A	A	A	A	A
	Jahn Coleman (R)	C-	B-	B-	B	B	B-
<b>New York</b> 19th District	Bella Abzug (D)	A	A	A	A	A	A
	Barry Farber (R)	B	A	A-	A	D	C
<b>New York</b> 27th District	Jahn G. Dow (D)	A	A	A	A	B	A
	Martin B. McKneally (R)*	C-	B-	B	B	C-	B-
<b>New York</b> 29th District	Samuel Stratton (D)*	F	A	C	C	C	C
	Daniel E. Button (R)*	A	B-	B	B	B	B
<b>North Carolina</b> 6th District	Richardson Preyer (D)*	C	B-	C	C	B	C
	Clifton Barham, Jr. (R)	F	D	C	C	C-	D
<b>Ohio</b> 14th District	Jahn Seiberling (D)	B+	B-	A	A	B	B+
	William Ayres (R)*	D	A	D	A	C	C-
<b>Ohio</b> 21st District	Louis Stokes (D)*	B+	A	A-	A	B	A-
	Bill Mack (R)	C	B-	C	C-	C	C
<b>South Carolina</b> 2nd District	Heywood McDonald (D)	C-	B-	C	C	A	C
	Floyd Spence (R)	C-	C-	D	C	C	C-



pale-blue eyes were as sharp as a hawk's behind her wire-rimmed glasses; but it was hard to tell whether she was looking into the past or the future, waving and rocking, smiling from time to time.

Poppa got down from Miss Tricia and walked over to the fence. "Good morning, ma'am," he said respectfully. It was dangerous not to be respectful, just in case the old white woman wasn't crazy and really did have arthritis in her arm. She could raise a ruckus for Poppa's disrespecting her that could cause him to wind up on the end of a rope. "I came to see Mrs. Dotson Gerber, ma'am," Poppa said politely, while the old lady rocked and waved the flag outrageously. She might have been saluting Lee's army marching proudly on its way to Appomattox, which was only a few miles away. Her eyes grew large and happy. But she didn't pay any attention at all to Poppa, even when he asked a second and a third time for Mrs. Dotson Gerber. She

had arthritis, all right, that old woman. She had arthritis in the brain, that's where she had it.

Just then, Mrs. Dotson Gerber came to the screen door. Drying her hands on a pink apron, she inspected Poppa for a minute, as though trying to figure out whether he was safe or not. "Is that you, Uncle Walter?" She squinted through the screen. "Did you want to talk to me?"

"Yes, ma'am, Mrs. Gerber. I did come to talk to you. I got something to tell you."

"I certainly don't see why you came to my front door," Mrs. Gerber said peevishly, coming out onto the porch. "I never receive colored people at my front door, and I'm sure you know that, Uncle Walter. Besides, it bothers my mother's arthritis, people talking all around her." She inspected the crazy old woman, who was waving the Confederate flag and rocking vigorously.

"Well, ma'am . . . I'm sorry I came to your front door. I certainly do know better than that. But I've come to tell you about your husband."

Mrs. Gerber seemed to stop breathing. "My husband?" She dashed from the porch and stood at the fence near Poppa. "You know where my husband is?"

"Yes, ma'am. He's out in my collard patch—where my collard patch used to be."

"What's he doing out there?"

Poppa looked embarrassed. "He came to inspect the well I was digging. We got in an argument and I hit him with my shovel."

Mrs. Gerber turned very white, indeed. "You killed him?"

"I'm afraid so, ma'am. I buried him there in the well."

Mrs. Gerber tapped her bottom teeth with her forefinger. She was a sort of pretty white woman and certainly a lot younger than Mr. Dotson Gerber had been. Behind her on the porch, the crazy old woman rocked on, waving the flag at Southern armies that only she could see. "Momma's arthritis isn't too good today," Mrs. Gerber said absently, patting her hair. After a while, she said, "So Dotson is dead. All of us wondered what happened when he didn't come home last year. Knowing him, I was almost certain that he'd gone and got himself killed." But she didn't seem too upset. "Actually, Uncle Walter, you've done me a big favor. Dotson used to treat my poor mother something terrible, laughing at her arthritis all the time." She patted her hair again, although every strand seemed to be perfectly in place. "I suppose you know that I'm to get married again this summer, to a very respectable man here in Alcanthia?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't know that."

"Well, I'm surprised," Mrs. Gerber said. "I thought that colored people knew everything. Anyway, he's a very respectable man. Very decent and very intelligent, too, I need not say. We both figured that Dotson was dead after all these months. That's why we decided to get married." She looked at Poppa almost gently. "But I never supposed you'd be the one to kill him, Uncle Walter. Why, you've even been here and done a little work for Dotson and me around the house."

"Yes, ma'am."

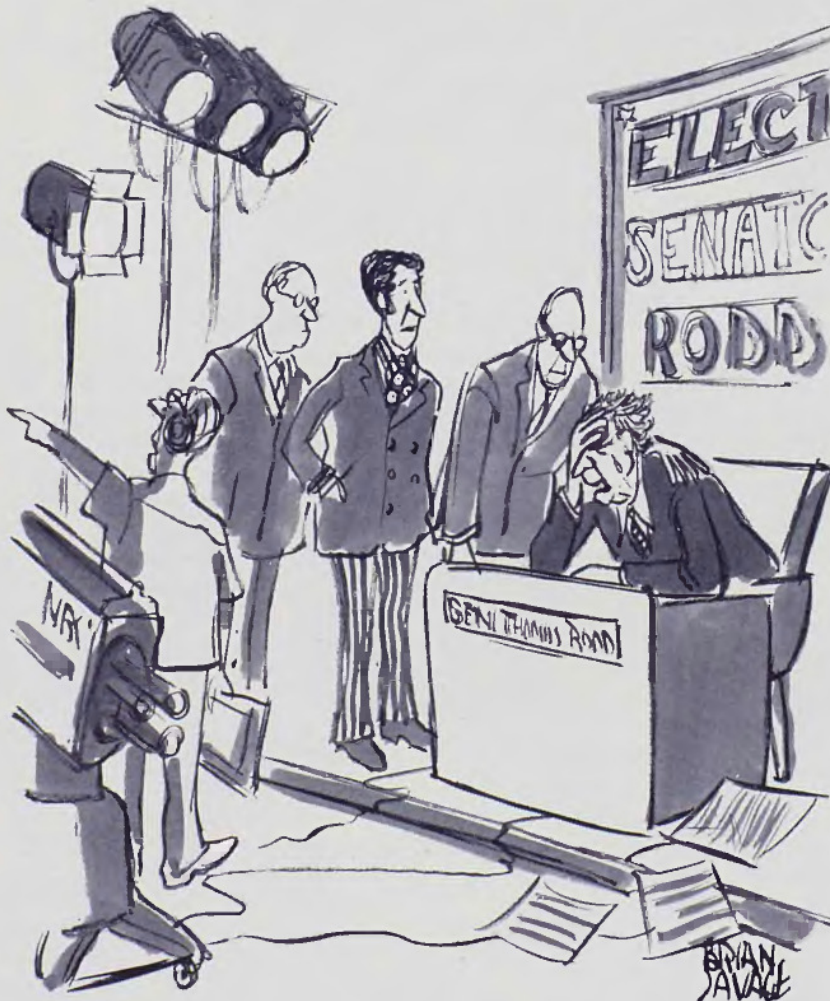
"He really must've provoked you, Uncle Walter. What did he do?"

"He kept calling me Uncle. I asked him not to, but he kept on."

"Yes, that sounds like Dotson. He could be mean that way. I suppose you want me to stop calling you Uncle, too?"

"I'd appreciate it if you would, ma'am. I mean, it's an actual fact that I'm not your uncle, so I'd appreciate your not calling me that."

Now Mrs. Gerber nibbled on her



"I've never heard the Senator make a more emotional speech. Especially the part about the cost of the time slot."



thumb. Her mother rocked on and on, waving the flag. "All right, I'll stop calling you Uncle," Mrs. Gerber said, "if you promise not to tell anybody about my husband being buried out there in your collard patch. After all, I'm planning on being married to a very decent man. It would be a big embarrassment to me—and to him, too—if anybody found out about Dotson being buried in a collard patch. As much as he hates collard greens." It was clear from the tone of her voice that the disgrace lay not in Mr. Dotson Gerber's being dead but in his being buried in our collard patch.

"There ain't no collards there now." Poppa said, trying to placate Mrs. Gerber some. "Why, we haven't done any farming for years."

"But collards *were* there," Mrs. Gerber said, almost stomping her foot. "And Dotson couldn't stand collards. I just hope you won't tell anybody else about this, Uncle Walter. I don't know what my fiancé would say if he knew about this. Considering that he's willing to marry me and to put up with Momma's arthritis in the bargain, I certainly wouldn't want him to know about Dotson. Why, I don't know what he'd do if he ever found out about Dotson. You haven't told anybody else, have you?"

"I went to tell the sheriff, but he's out of town until next week."

"You went to tell the sheriff?" She seemed absolutely horrified. "Mr. Beaufort, I know I have no right asking you to think about me and my feelings in all this. But you ought to at least think about your own family. You know what they'll do to you if they find out about this?"

"I know," Poppa said.

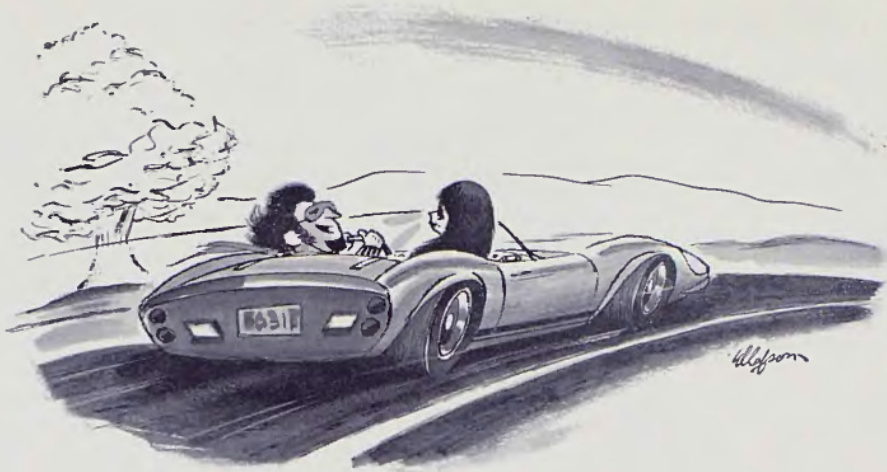
"And you don't care?"

"I certainly do care. I don't want to die. I want to live. But I've killed me a white man. That's not something that somebody like me does every day. I think I want folks to know about it."

"But why now?" she cried. "Why didn't you say something before? Before I went out and got myself engaged?"

"It didn't seem important before. Besides, Mr. Gerber was still in the ground then. He ain't in the ground anymore, not exactly."

From time to time, white people had gone past and looked at Poppa and Mrs. Gerber as they talked. "I think you all ought to go around to the back door," Mrs. Gerber said. "My husband-to-be certainly wouldn't like it known that I stood on my own front porch and carried on a conversation with colored people. . . ." She turned very red then and took a step or two away, as though she was afraid that Poppa might hit her with a shovel. But Poppa started laughing very gently, the way a man does when he weighs the value of things and finds out that what is important to other people seems absurd to him. And he



*"Say, I'm trying to do my share in the ecology movement—rather than drive around all afternoon, polluting the air, why don't we go over to my place!"*

looked at Mrs. Gerber with a kind of amused pity darkening his eyes, as though he realized now that no white person could ever understand why he wanted him to know about Mr. Dotson Gerber.

"We're going on home," Poppa said. "And don't you worry none about Mr. Gerber, ma'am. We'll take care of him. Your husband-to-be won't ever find out."

"What do you intend to do?" Mrs. Gerber wanted to know.

Poppa's face lit up with a great big grin. Not the kind of tame, painful grin that a black man puts on when he's rebelling. But a large, beautiful grin that showed all of his teeth and gums. "I'm going to plant collard greens around him," Poppa said.

Mrs. Gerber wrinkled her nose in distaste. "Dotson certainly wouldn't like that, if he knew. And you mean *over* him, don't you?"

Now Poppa and I both laughed. We hadn't told her that Mr. Gerber was growing straight up from the ground. And she wouldn't have believed us if we had told her. That's how white people are. "Goodbye, ma'am," Poppa said to Mrs. Gerber. She nodded and went into her house. On the porch, her mother waved the Confederate flag triumphantly. The rocker squeaked like the tread of strident ghosts. We climbed up onto Miss Tricia and rode home.

And we were nearly halfway there before I finally figured out why that old crazy white woman was on Mrs. Gerber's porch. They kept her there instead of buying a doorbell and using electricity. That way, when people talked to her, Mrs. Gerber heard them and came outside to see who it was. Smart. Sometimes

I had to give it to white people. They were very smart, indeed.

Momma and Millicent were waiting for us when we got home. "Did you tell the sheriff?" Momma said. She looked haggard and very unhappy.

"The sheriff wasn't there," Poppa said. "He won't be home until next week."

With Momma and Millicent following us, he rode Miss Tricia out to the collard patch and gave me the reins. "Take her to the stable, boy." But I watched while he knelt and worked the dirt into a mound around Mr. Gerber's head. "There, that ought to do it," Poppa said. "Tomorrow, I'm going to plant me some collard greens here." He stood up happily and wiped his hands on the seat of his overalls.

Momma's mouth dropped open. She ran to Mr. Dotson Gerber's head and tried to stomp it back into the ground. But Poppa stopped her firmly. "You've gone stark crazy!" Momma cried.

Poppa slapped her right in the mouth. She spun around like a top. He slapped her again and sent her spinning the other way. "I don't want no more trouble out of you," Poppa said.

Momma melted against him like warm cheese. "All right, sugar. You won't have no more trouble out of me, sugar."

I rode Miss Tricia down to the stable. Millicent had enough sense to keep her mouth shut for a change, and Momma and Poppa went on up to the house with their arms wrapped around each other. I hadn't seen them together like that for years.

. . .

And that is how Poppa started farming again. Helped on by sun and spring rain, Mr. Dotson Gerber and the collards



grew rapidly together. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Mr. Gerber's body growing there seemed to fertilize the whole field. Although in no time at all, he was taller than the collards and still growing. Most of his chest and arms was out of the ground by the end of March. And by the middle of April, he had cleared the ground down to his ankles. In his tattered clothes, the wild red hair, his large blue eyes wide and staring, he seemed more some kind of monster than a resurrected man. The sun and wind had burned his skin nearly as black as ours. And while there was small chance of anybody seeing him—people in Burnside didn't visit anymore, now that most of them worked in the factories—Poppa still thought it might be a good idea to cover Mr. Gerber up. "You'd better put a sack over his head and some gloves on his hands," he said. Later on, Poppa put a coat and some sunglasses on Mr. Gerber, along with an old straw hat. He propped a stick behind Mr. Gerber and passed another one through the sleeves of Mr. Gerber's coat for him to rest his arms on. He really looked like a scarecrow then, and we stopped worrying about people finding out about him. In truth, however, it must be said that Mr. Gerber made a very poor scarecrow, indeed, because the birds hardly paid any attention to him.

It was fortunate for us that birds don't especially like collard greens.

Poppa worked a few hours in the collard patch every night after he came home from the factory. Momma helped him sometimes. Sometimes Millicent and I helped him, too. Then one day, Poppa quit his job at the factory and hitched Miss Tricia to the plow. "You farming again?" Momma asked him. She had been very tame with Poppa since he'd slapped her.

"I'm farming again," Poppa said.

Momma just nodded. "That's very nice, sugar. That's really very nice."

In no time at all, Poppa had planted all the old crops that used to grow on our farm—all kinds of vegetables, wheat, corn. He went to Dillwyn and bought a couple of pigs and a cow. All the neighbors knew what he was doing. But they kept on working at the factories and spending their money at the supermarkets. Until one day, a neighbor woman showed up to buy some collard greens. Poppa sold her a large basketful for a dollar. "I'm just sick to death of store-bought food," she said.

"I know what you mean," Poppa said. "You come back, you hear?" In a little while, other people came to buy tomatoes, string beans, white potatoes, golden corn from the tall green stalks.

Summer droned on. Poppa worked his crops. Word reached us that Mrs. Dotson Gerber had married her decent white man. After school had let out, I had begun to help Poppa full time. Momma finally quit her job at the factory and helped, too. But mostly, she took care of selling and of managing the money that we were making. As for Millicent, I spied her one day making love down in the pea patch. And that black man she was with, he certainly was no sissy. That was all Millicent needed and all a black man needed, too—someplace green and growing to make love in. I never heard Millicent talk about fainting after that, although she did talk about getting married.

Around the end of summer, Sheriff Dave Young came to our farm. "Some of the fellows said you were looking for me," he told Poppa. "But I figured it wasn't really too important, since you never came back."

"It wasn't important, Sheriff."

He bought a watermelon that Poppa let him have very cheap. "You got a good business going here," Sheriff Young said. "Some of the white farmers been talking about doing the same thing."

"It'd be good if they did," Poppa said. The sheriff put his watermelon into his car and drove away.

When fall came and the leaves turned red and gold and brown, Mr. Dotson Gerber turned like all the other growing things and shriveled away to nothing. Poppa seemed very satisfied then, looking over his fields. And I knew how he must have felt, standing there looking at Mr. Dotson Gerber and all the other dead things that would live again next spring.

The Greyhound to Richmond went by and Poppa shielded his eyes to watch. I think that I understood everything about him then and it hurt me so much that I deliberately turned my back. The lesson of that summer seemed a particularly bitter one, because we had done everything and we had done nothing. Mr. Dotson Gerber would certainly be growing in my father's fields every spring forever. And my father, my poor father would always watch and admire the Greyhound to Richmond. The same way that in the deepest and sincerest and blackest part of himself he would always hate himself and believe that God is the greatest white man of all.

"That Greyhound, she sure do run," Poppa said. He sounded very satisfied, indeed. God knew he'd killed a white man. With God knowing, that was knowledge enough. But I was thinking about how it feels to be black and forever afraid. And about the white man, goddamn him, how he causes everything. Even when He is God. Even when he is dead.



"I got sick of people asking us which is the boy. . . ."



1.  
Winston tastes  
good like a  
cigarette  
should.

2.  
You mean...as  
a cigarette  
should.

3.  
What do you  
want good  
grammar or  
good taste?

4.  
I want you  
to buy some  
bar bells.



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Winston may not say it right but they sure know how to make it right with specially processed **FILTER BLEND**™ tobaccos.





## WHAT THEY BEHELD *(continued from page 122)*

hair styles. Men wear jewelry. They're interested in lotions, hair dyes, cosmetics. This disturbs older people, who keep saying, "You can't tell the difference," and guffaw. Obviously, that difference must have meant a great deal to them or they wouldn't be so hung up on this stale joke.

It's a difference that's meaningless to the young. Young men and women today share a common sensate world. Their feelings about themselves and about this world are much alike. They can talk together. Sex polarization at social gatherings—so "men can talk, women visit"—is meaningless to the young.

"And everybilly lived alone with everybiddy else."

### VIOLENCE AND THE QUEST FOR IDENTITY

William James once wrote that no more fiendish torture could be devised than when you speak, no one answers; when you wave, no one turns; but everyone simply cuts you dead. Soon, he said, there wells up within you such hostility you attack those who ignore you and, if that fails to bring recognition, you turn your hostility inward, upon yourself, to prove you really do exist.

Violence offers immediate public recognition. This is especially true for "invisibles," who thereby become—instantly—very visible. In 1967, when armed Black Panthers entered the California Legislative Assembly, pandemonium occurred. Even the threat of violence is a powerful force in any quest for identity.

Detribalizing the African slave robbed

him of all identity, creating great misery of psychic alienation. Racism brainwashed him of his past, leaving him "Wandering between two worlds, one dead / The other powerless to be born." He became an invisible stranger in a strange land.

Though an estimated one third of the post-Civil War American cowboys were black, on screen they all turned white. The black was erased from history, unseen in advertisements and admitted to radio and film only in comic form. He made his first appearance on TV.

Today's invisibles demand visible membership in a society that has hitherto ignored them. They want to participate in society from the inside and they want that society to be reconstituted to allow membership for all. Above all, they want to be acknowledged *publicly*, on their own terms.

Electronic media make possible this reconstitution of society. But this also leads to a corresponding loss of identity among those whose identity was defined by the old society. This upheaval generates great pain and identity loss. As man is tribally metamorphosed by electronic media, people scurry around frantically in search of their former identities and, in the process, they unleash tremendous violence.

### BODY AS SCULPTURE

"In the native world," writes Alan Lomax, "painting lives on the body, sculpture is something you use or worship, architecture you do yourself, and literature you recite or dance."

Grooming and dress are primary arts.

Few activities involve more effort. Yet people rarely think of themselves as sculptors or painters, no matter how much effort they devote to making themselves into living art.

In the electronic environment, everyone is constantly bombarded by light images emanating from the cathode tube—Joyce's *Charge of the Light Brigade*—playing on us, going inside us, making us all *Lord of the Flies*, engulfed by flickering images.

Asked what she had on when posing for calendar shots, Marilyn Monroe replied, "The radio."

We wear our media; they are our new clothes. TV clothes our bodies tattoo style. It writes on our skins. It clothes us in information. It programs us. Nudity ceases to have meaning. How natural that we would now write ads and headlines on nudes.

### PUTTING ON THE DOG

Pets don't come in breeds or races; they come in styles. Styles match owners. Pet psychoanalysts counsel both pet and owner, on the assumption they share psychic problems.

"We train you to train your dog."

A pet cemetery in Washington, D. C., guarantees that pets owned by Negroes aren't acceptable.

### SENSATE WORLD OF NATIVES

When natives talk about their own world, they speak about how things smell, taste, feel, sound: toes gripping roots along a slippery bank; peppery food burning the rectum; "He became aware of gentle heat playing on his right cheek and a fine smoke teasing his nostrils, while on the left he heard an odd gurgling sound."

"It is pleasant," said a Vedda, "for us to feel the rain beating over our shoulders, and good to go out and dig yams, and come home wet, and see the fire burning in the cave, and sit around it."

An Eskimo woman, Uvanuk, delighting in the joy of simply being moved by nature, sang:

*The great sea  
Has sent me adrift,  
It moves me  
As the wind in a great river.*

*Earth and the great weather  
Move me,  
Have carried me away  
And move my inward parts with  
joy*

The phrase translated "moves me" also means "to be in a natural state"; to be moved by nature is to be in nature, to belong there. Emotions are expressed as physical responses: anger, *loosening bowels*; fear, *tightening sinews*; joy, *floating viscera*. Man is small, no more than a weed moved endlessly by the current, but intensely aware of forces acting upon him and delighting in even the most trivial.

Toothless Kuilasar, an elderly Eskimo, told of starvation, of children born and husbands lost, of new lands and faces, and concluded, "How happy I have been! How good life has been to me!" She hadn't conquered life, nor been rewarded by it, but life had acted upon her, spoken through her, and this was joy.



*"Ah, the pomp, color and excitement of college football! What better way to spend an autumn afternoon?"*





## The new Toyota Corolla. Some people find the left rear window its most beautiful feature.

**\$1798\*** That's the beauty mark you'll find on the sticker of every Corolla Sedan. But the sedan is just one version of a beautiful Corolla price.

Two other Corollas have left rear windows that are just as appealing. The sporty Corolla Fastback at \$1918\*. The roomy Corolla Wagon at a mere \$1958\*.

Yet, as inexpensive as it is, the Toyota Corolla doesn't rely on price alone. It has fully reclining bucket seats. It has

thick wall-to-wall nylon carpeting. It has an all-vinyl interior. To make it all the more beautiful.

But one of the most beautiful surprises in the Toyota Corolla is the amount of legroom. There's not an economy car around that comes close.

As for being practical, the Toyota Corolla does a beautiful job there, too. With carpets that snap in and out so you can clean them easily. With front disc brakes for safer stopping. With undercoating to prevent rust, corrosion and noise. With unit

construction and a lined trunk to prevent rattles and squeaks. And with a very practical sealed lubrication system to end chassis lubes forever.

An economy car that comes loaded. That's the real beauty of the Toyota Corolla.

And with the beautiful price of \$1798\*, we can't blame you for being attracted to the left rear window.

**TOYOTA**  
*We're quality oriented*



## NIGHT CROSSING (continued from page 182)

long legs in the boots and then he went to the bar.

He was going to Denmark, so he ordered aquavit and beer, although he knew the Danes didn't often drink aquavit before meals, the way everybody else who drank aquavit did. On the third drink, he recalled there had been two things that hadn't mattered. He kicked that around.

• • •

He watched them eat. The old broide: You could tell how a woman would be in bed by the way she ate. Nonsense, of course. But it would have been marvelous if it were not nonsense. Because they ate.

The dining room had the usual Danish table with the cold food and you were told to go back as often as you liked and they went back often and ate as though they had just discovered food; and when they finished with the courses in the proper order, the cold fish, the cold meats, they went to the tureens at the end of the table and filled a plate

with meatballs and potatoes and they went through that and he watched them, bemused and perhaps a little pootled with the aquavit and beer, and he thought that what they were doing was an act of beauty, a homage to food, obeisance to the rite of eating.

The older woman, the one Gudrun had called the keeper, was with them, and she was not a bad consumer herself, but she lacked gusto. She ate neatly and fully and with a kind of quiet satisfaction, as though she were defeating something, hunger perhaps, but with no zest. They were all three filling a need, but it pleased Morgan to believe that the need the two girls were satisfying was rather more complicated than that of their keeper.

Not once did Gudrun look at him. Not even when she went to the long table for another helping of something or other. Total concentration, he thought. Or maybe she had walked away from him the same way she had from the poor boy on the pier.



*"I heard the pushers are really out in the open around here."*

Once the other girl, Lili, looked up and her eyes fell upon him and he nodded his head and he could not say whether she returned the nod or whether her head moved only because she was putting food into her mouth.

The keeper scarcely looked around.

The dinner was leisurely, the sea smooth and the engines reassuring; there was a hum of passengers talking and there was laughter. Morgan felt quite alone suddenly and a little sorry for himself. There were other girls in the room, some of them, it seemed to him, unattached; and ordinarily, he would have had some ideas, some vague plans. But he was so taken with Gudrun and Lili and the way they looked and with the fantasies they wove in him that he did not seriously survey the other talent.

It was so intriguing and frustrating that he was lost in hopeless reverie until, suddenly, he saw the keeper say something to the girls, touch a napkin daintily to her lips and then get up to leave.

The girls lit cigarettes and themselves scanned the room. Morgan sat up straighter and looked at them, hoping he would fall into their line of sight; then, perhaps because of the drinks and the force of the thinking that had gone on within him, he got up and walked to their table. He planned to nod and smile and, if he were rebuffed, continue on out of the room.

They were talking to each other as he approached, their heads leaning over the table in conspiracy, but then they looked up and Gudrun smiled, a clear, uncontracted smile, and he gestured toward the chair that had been vacated by the older woman and he was delighted when both girls, not just Gudrun, nodded.

"And how is the journalist?" Gudrun asked.

She almost purred, he thought; she was like some sleek animal that had eaten well. The pleasure was on her skin.

"Whoever invented aquavit should be decorated," he said. He felt lightheaded. He had drunk a great deal, but he had not felt it until just now.

"I'm sure he has been. But for Danish aquavit," Gudrun said. "The Swedish stuff is swill."

"I am here, too," Lili said. Her eyes were full on Morgan.

"This is my sister, Mr. Journalist," Gudrun said. "Her name is Lili. It is a lovely name."

"Morgan," he said.

"What Morgan?" Lili asked.

Her eyes remained gravely on him. He had the feeling he was in some way being assessed.

"It's Morgan what," he said. "Morgan Evans."

"Welsh," Lili said.

"Way back. American now," he said.

"How did you know that?" Gudrun asked her sister.



"Those are two Welsh names," Lili said.

Morgan was experiencing a charming conceit that Lili's eyes had weight and that they were leaning on him. Aquavit had never affected him this way before.

Gudrun nodded. "That's right. There was a Welsh one once." She laughed.

It was a reminiscent sound and for a reason Morgan could not understand then, it was a sensual sound, a very sensual sound.

"I remember now," Gudrun said. "He had a first name for a last name, too. And his skin was white."

"Except his hands and from the neck up," Lili said.

The two sisters looked at each other. "It's that way with all Englishmen," Gudrun said.

"The Welsh are not English," Lili said.

"Whatever. The whole island. All of them. Even the Irish. Such marvelously high coloring and then the whitest skins in the world," Gudrun said.

Morgan's head was going into orbit. He was hearing words that added up to something, he didn't know quite what, and he didn't want to show he didn't know.

"Would you girls like a drink?" he asked.

"We don't have any money," Lili said. "That's how they managed to get us home."

Morgan tried to digest that. "Maybe I should phrase it differently. May I buy a drink, several drinks?"

"Of course, we understood that," Gudrun said. "But then we would like to buy you a drink, several drinks. And we do not have the money." She turned to Lili. "Do you suppose we could just sign a chit for it?"

"No," Lili said. She was looking at Morgan again.

"Please," Morgan said.

"But we are becoming chums," Gudrun said. "Chums share and share alike. Everything."

"I'm on an expense account," Morgan said.

"Oh, in that case, fine," Lili said. "When you can shaft the establishment, you do it. It is a pleasure."

"It is almost a duty," Gudrun said.

Morgan flagged down a waiter and asked the girls what they would like. When they said aquavit, he asked for a bottle to be put on the table. He saw that the girls liked this largess and he asked for three bottles of Carlsberg beer and the girls smiled comfortably. Now they were truly chums, knowledgeable chums, on the same wave length and everything was easy.

So easy that Lili dropped her eyes. It was as though she had come to a conclusion.

So easy Morgan felt the impulse to



"Do you know 'I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire'?"

ask Gudrun, "What was it that didn't matter?"

She wrinkled her brow and he thought for a moment he had trespassed and that he had spoiled something, but then her forehead cleared and he knew that it was only that she had forgotten.

"The boy on the pier," he said.

"Oh," Gudrun said. She shook her head. She fished a cigarette out of her bag and Morgan lit it for her. "He means Geoffrey," she said to Lili. "He was a fool. He took it all so seriously. He thought it meant something." She shrugged. "It means something, of course, or it would not happen, but it does not mean what he wanted it to mean."

"What meant something?" Morgan asked. Then, because he thought again he might be pushing, he said, "Forgive me, it's the newspaper reporter in me."

"Because we balled," Gudrun said, shrugging again. "He thought it meant I cared for him. And then he thought Lili cared for him, because she balled with him, too. It did mean something, of course. It meant pleasure. But he forgot the rules."

"Poor thing," Lili said.

"When he was watching her with someone else—who was it, Lili? the Englishman, he had a title—and he should have been watching, that's part of the scene, he wasn't watching the right way. Lili is rather marvelous and when she goes off, it's like the world is coming apart and it's something to see, but he was so damned jealous he spoiled it."

"He was very young," Lili said. "I think this was his first group, his very first. It might even have been his first time."

Now it was making sense and Morgan found himself more fascinated than ever, naturally, and he thought he would play

silent, because he wanted to hear it. He wanted to hear it from those perfect faces.

"You know about that," Gudrun said to him.

"He was a bore," Lili said. "I rather liked him at first, he has such a marvelous body, but then he became a bore. He called me all the time for a date alone."

"No sense of propriety," Gudrun said.

The waiter arrived with the chilled bottle of aquavit in a plastic cooler and the beer and the glasses. He poured the aquavit and the girls and Morgan poured their own beer.

The girls raised their glasses and skoaled and drank down the aquavit and then some of their beer. Morgan did the same.

"Ah," Gudrun said. "It has been a long time."

"No sense of propriety," Morgan said in a judicious voice.

"None at all, I promise you," Gudrun said. "He didn't realize that a couple never does it alone. That means a relationship."

"And that's altogether another thing," Lili said. "You know that."

Morgan nodded. He refilled the aquavit glasses.

"It was all such a bore," Gudrun said. Then her eyes widened. "Lili, do you suppose that it was Geoffrey who wrote to Poppa?"

"I never thought of it," Lili said. "That little monster."

Morgan drank off his aquavit and took a mouthful of beer. "Tell me about it," he said.

"We have been living in London," Gudrun said. "We have lived there quite a little while. Almost a year, in fact. Chelsea."

"A little street," Lili said. "Just off the 195



King's Road." She raised her glass and skoaded Morgan, who quickly poured himself another drink and the three of them drank.

"We even had working papers," Gudrun said. "I worked in a little *boutique*. I sold and I modeled. We were having a ball. Lili was learning interior decorating with a darling boy. A fag, of course, but so talented."

"The group scene," Morgan said.

"Of course. No attachments. No getting hung up on one boy and the heartache. Just marvelous sex all the time and everybody chums and no quarreling. We just had fun and nobody owned anybody else—ugh, what a word, to be owned—until someone brought Geoffrey along. He flipped over me and then over Lili. It must have been Geoffrey."

"I liked him so much at first. Not a private liking, just to have him in the group," Lili said.

"He is a nice boy. Good-looking as all hell. And built beautifully," said Gudrun.

"It's like a complicated dish," Lili said, leaning closer to Morgan and putting her hand on his. "It always tastes good and one is happy with it and one doesn't try to separate the ingredients and one is so happy, always so happy, and then by chance some new spice is added and it's the same superdish, except it's quite a different dish and it is really super. Geoffrey was the new spice. All the girls wanted first crack at Geoffrey, not that he was better than anybody else, but no one had had him before."

"He picked me," Gudrun said. "And everybody watched. Nobody did anything else but watch. We always watch with someone new. But you know that."

"Yes," Morgan said, wondering where he had been all these years.

"And it was beautiful," Lili said. "He loved my sister beautifully. And we all thought it was because it was for the first time. But it wasn't that at all. He broke the first rule. He cared for her."

"So stupid," Gudrun said. "It turned me right off."

"Then he fell in love with me."

"Really so," Gudrun said. "Much more than me." She took out another cigarette. "And you could see it. When anyone else was balling Lili, you could see it. And he didn't want to do it with the other girls and that's naughty. It's more than that. It's rude, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes," Morgan said.

"I can understand jealousy," Gudrun said reflectively. "With a beau. If you have a beau and that's the way it is and you dig that scene. We have some couples who are married and who love each other. But that has nothing to do with balling. I mean, if Geoffrey felt all this for Lili and he saw her flirting and making a private date with someone else, a private date, I could understand."

"But I would never do that. I've never done anything except with the group, once we got together," Lili said.

"But to get so jealous and make such scenes just because she was balling," Gudrun said. "What in the world did he think we were all there for?"

"He was so very young," Lili said.

"He wasn't that young," Gudrun said. "He was just stupid and a bore and he should never have been asked in the first place."

"And you believe he wrote to your father?" Morgan asked.

"I don't know who else would," Lili said. "Poppa was quite happy with our being in London. We live in a very small town in Denmark, in Jutland, and he felt this was our chance. And then, suddenly, we received this letter, telling us we had to come home, that he would cut off our allowance; and even if we were working, we were not earning anything near enough to live on, not the way we like to live, and then Hannah arrived. Out of the blue, she arrived."

"Your friend?"

Gudrun emptied her refill in a swallow. "Friend? Ugh. She was our companion, almost a governess. She was raised with us and she used to always watch us. Poppa is wealthy, quite wealthy, and Hannah always took care of us, even though she is not all that older than we are, were, but she was always so strict. That is why we were so happy to go to London. We couldn't wait to get away from her and we were so happy there, such lovely people, and then someone told on us to Poppa and there Hannah was with her long face."

Gudrun shivered. "It took us right back to our childhood. Hannah always was finding us somewhere, doing something we should not be doing. The only thing different this time was that she didn't take us home pulling our ears."

"So now we have to go home," Lili said. "What a bore."

"I have a feeling it was Geoffrey," Gudrun said. "The little stinker."

"So stupid," Lili said. "It was so good for all the chaps and so good for us, so healthy, and no one's feelings ever got hurt and there were no broken hearts and nobody was lonely. It was a family, a lovely family in which each one gave pleasure to the others, and now it is over."

"It is over only for us," Gudrun said. "What is tonight?"

"Thursday," Morgan said.

"That would be Ann's flat. With her wonderful hi-fi."

"You did it every night?" Morgan asked, thinking of all the time he had been in London.

"Oh, no, not every night," Lili said. "Three or four times a week." She chuckled. "We could have balled every night,

but we had to think of the boys. Most of them had jobs."

"They had to get back their strength," Gudrun said.

Lili giggled. Then she said, "Damn it."

"Yes," Gudrun said. "Damn it. We could have been at Ann's tonight, instead of on this stupid boat. And I feel so much to do it."

"It happens in Denmark, too, I would imagine," Morgan said, looking from one to the other, his mind filled with pictures.

"I suppose so," Gudrun said. "But we don't have contacts in Denmark and if we make a mistake, Poppa will hear about it and I don't know what he would do then. Poppa is very proper and he thought it was scandalous what was going on, but, in any case, it was in another country. He would be much angrier if we tried to do it right under his nose, so to speak."

"And there would be no group in our little village," Lili said sadly. "I am sure there are many in Copenhagen, but Poppa would not let us live there."

"It is so silly," Gudrun said. "It's so silly, because it is all so pure and it harms no one. I wish Poppa would just watch it once himself. He would see how pure it is."

Lili giggled again. "I would like to see Poppa watching it."

"I wouldn't care who was watching," Gudrun said. She sighed softly and closed her eyes. "I can see them all this minute. Ann is putting on the strobe. That's Ann's kink. She likes the strobe. Not too long, it sends you up, almost like pot, but for a little while."

Lili nodded as she, too, saw what her sister was seeing and Morgan refilled their glasses and felt quite old.

In the end, he asked, "Is it possible that you could escape from the keeper tonight?"

The girls looked at each other and smiled, and then Lili shook her head. "It would be marvelous, wouldn't it?"

• • •

Morgan was not exactly certain when it was that he finally climbed into bed. He knew he was in a more excited condition than if he were actually going to have sex. He had a writer's mind and he made writer's pictures and he felt unluckier than he had ever felt before.

He thought of his assignment to Copenhagen. It had seemed an amusing idea when the head of the London bureau had suggested it. Right up his alley, his boss said, then and there coining forever a new phrase.

Everybody in the world knew that the laws against pornography had been rescinded in Denmark. And all the reports about the pornography fair held in Copenhagen had it that almost all the customers were foreigners; that the Danes





*"I tell you guys you're making a horrible mistake!"*



were not that interested in the books and films and magazines and devices.

Was that true? Morgan's boss wanted to know. Was easy access to every type of pornography the kiss of death? Because you didn't have to buy it under a counter, because it was there to inspect openly, like boxes of detergent or cans of soup on a market shelf, did that rob it of its appeal?

That was Morgan's assignment and it had seemed a marvelous lark, except that at the moment, it didn't seem so at all.

He lay in his bed and he thought of Gudrun and Lili in London. Ann's flat it would have been tonight, and while he had no right and he knew he had no right, he felt a kind of agony. It was nothing less than that, agony. There had been perfume he had not smelled. There had been wine he had not drunk.

He didn't hear the door open. He saw a thin line of light from the corridor outside. Then the light got wider, narrowed, and he sat up in bed, the light was gone and he reached out to the wall switch and started to say something, ask something, when he felt a finger on his lips.

It was a gentle touch. A very gentle, commanding touch. He smelled perfume. He began to tremble. And the finger then was removed and was replaced with lips.

It was a gentle kiss. A very gentle, companionable, introductory kind of kiss. The kiss of a friend, for starters, a kiss that stated the ground rules: It wouldn't matter, there was no love, no commitment, just a pleasure of each other, and he fell back in bed, his heart tripping. She was away from him for a moment and he heard a soft rustling sound as she removed whatever it was she was wearing. Then she was in bed next to him and she took his face in her hands with the gift of another kiss that said something quite different and yet somehow, in a larger sense, the same thing. It said that while it didn't matter one way, it was going to matter a hell of a lot in an entirely different way.

Which one was it?

He knew he could not ask, he could not call out a name. Without knowing why, he knew that it was a new rule, made between them for that night.

He touched her face with his fingers and tried to see with them; he touched her breasts and her body and he tried to see with his hands. Gudrun, he fancied, had larger breasts than Lili, who, it seemed to him, was slightly slimmer. These breasts. Were they large? Compared with what? Then she was touching him with her fingers and then he didn't care which one it was, it didn't matter.

That was the way it was; it didn't matter. He understood that fully now.

There was no speech between them, just a silent, concentrated application to the business at hand. Her face moved down his chest; she kissed him there and moved down farther.

It was a little while before she raised her head and it was only to adjust her position on top of him, and he now was in a state of total delight, he was being used, he was without will, he was an instrument being played upon, and far off, in some recess of his mind, he seemed to recall it was the woman's body that was supposed to be that.

He was more tense and more relaxed at the same time than he had ever been in his life. She did her things and made her moves and he felt the rising in her. It happened to both of them at the same moment; he lost control and her hands gripped his shoulders like two vises and he felt a sharp stinging pain on his right shoulder. Then her head fell upon him and he could feel her breathing subside slowly. She kissed him again with a third kind of kiss—friendship, gratitude—and she removed herself. Before he could say anything, he again felt the finger on his lips. She got out of bed and there was the rustling again and he knew he could not reach out to light the light, that would be like cheating at cards.

He saw the thin wedge of light widen, he tried to see the color of her hair, but he couldn't. He was alone, complete and drained.

When he awoke in the morning, he had a slight headache from the drinking. He opened and closed his eyes. It had been a fantastic dream. It had been something he had wanted so strongly that he had fantasized in his sleep and made so real he had believed it.

Only it seemed he could still smell a faint odor of perfume.

Aquavit and a powerful imagination.

He sat up and stretched. He got out of bed. He went to the washbasin and looked at his face. Eyes a little red. He rubbed his chin. Stubble. He brushed his teeth.

He saw his right shoulder. There was a scratch there. A scratch half an inch long.

He touched the scratch. He remembered the moment of stinging pain, when she had clutched him in her own time of joy.

It *had* been real. But which one of them?

He tried to remember whether there was any clue. But how could there have been? It didn't matter. That was the password, the code of conduct. He must count his blessings and remember what had happened and someday, at the time they all dreamed of, when he was past the newspaper part of his life, perhaps he could sit down and write about it, make it mean something.



"I feel a little ridiculous sitting here holding hands, with that going on up there."



He rubbed the lather onto his face.  
But which one had it been?  
. . .

He was on his third cup of coffee when the three of them entered. They seated themselves. The girls nodded. Hannah turned her head to see whom they were gesturing to.

He looked across the dining room and tried to see whether there was anything different in their expressions, in the way they inclined their heads. God Almighty, there must be some clue there, some signal, neither of them was such a consummate actress that some small thing would not expose her. But, after nodding, they addressed themselves to their breakfast and there was nothing.

He had another cup of coffee and longed for a cigarette and watched them eat. Perhaps one would have a slightly larger, more robust, more enthusiastic appetite. Perhaps the one would steal a glance despite herself, make some connection.

Nothing. They both ate with equal heartiness and they talked between themselves and occasionally laughed and he tried to determine whether there was anything special in the laughter of the one or the other, some tiny bit of salaciousness, some little sound of satisfaction—or perhaps, on the other hand, of discontent, that one had had the trick and not the other.

Nothing.

He finished his coffee and he went out onto the deck without looking at them again. The coast line of Denmark was in sight.  
. . .

The ship moved into the harbor and tied up at the pier. He went below to his stateroom and got his little bag. He looked at the bed. He still could catch a faint scent of perfume.

He had to stop thinking of this and start thinking about his assignment. Could what had happened be a part of the story? He thought not. He would save that for himself and for later.

He went back onto the deck. It was crowded as the passengers disembarked. He saw the three of them moving slowly toward the gangway. He stalled. Perhaps up close, he would see something, a flicker of an eye.

They were now waving to someone on the pier. An elderly man. He looked stern.

They moved slowly and then they were alongside him.

"Goodbye," he said.

They looked at him.

Their faces were innocent and pure and unused and their eyes were clear and untroubled and their expressions were friendly and casual and exactly alike.

He tried to identify perfume. The sea air was too brisk and he could make out nothing.

Gudrun held out her hand. "Goodbye, Morgan. It was pleasant to have talked to you, and thank you for the drinks."

He took the hand and scrutinized the face and again tried to detect perfume. Nothing.

"Goodbye, Morgan," Lili said, extending her hand.

He shook the hand and nodded to the empty smile.

They continued on, waving again to their father. Their companion, Hannah, in courtesy, in the European manner, held out her hand. He took it automatically, his eyes on Gudrun and Lili as they walked across the gangway.

He felt a slight sting in his hand. He released Hannah's and looked down at it. She was wearing a ring with a snake's head. The snake's tongue was extended, pointed.

By the time he looked up, she, too, was gone and there were a dozen people between them. By the time he got across the gangway and stepped onto the pier, the father and the three women were in the car and the car was moving off.

He stood still and felt a tingle in his shoulder and he watched the car go and then the people behind him made him move on.



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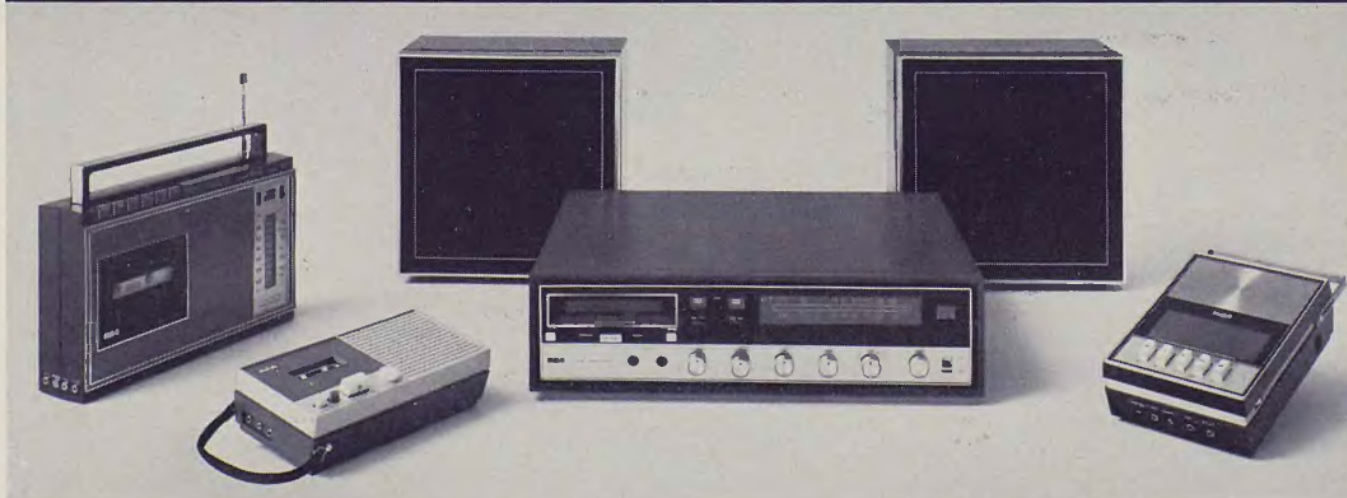
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## PUNISHMENT (continued from page 118)

have reached a reasonable level of rehabilitation, they should be moved from conventional prisons to such community facilities as a floor of a Y. M. C. A., a wing in an apartment building or a house. In such settings, men can learn to live in an environment approaching the kind to which they must adjust before being released. Their freedom, their associations, their schedules can be controlled, as necessary, to help achieve rehabilitation. Family visits can begin, followed by church attendance, if desired, perhaps a movie or a date and later a whole weekend.

As with any pioneer endeavor, our experience with community correction is hardly definitive. There have been successes and failures, but we know that it is a vast improvement over conventional detention. The California Youth Authority experimented with young offenders chosen at random from all except those convicted of the most serious crimes. One group was confined in conventional prison facilities. A second was sent to the celebrated California Forest Camps that were built in the Thirties. It was thought that the fresh air and the dignity and solemnity of the forests might make decent citizens of kids from the slums of Oakland. A third group was treated in small community centers near areas in which they would live when released. From there, they were slowly worked back into the communities. The test began in 1960 in three counties and involved hundreds of youngsters. By 1967, recidivism among those who had been in the conventional facilities or had

gone to the forest camps ran about 54 percent. Among those who had been in the community correctional program, the recidivism rate was 29 percent.

The efforts of correctional agencies must be directed primarily at the youngest offenders, those from backgrounds and with personal histories that indicate emotional instability and the probability of continuing and increasing antisocial activities. If we try, we can help many before they err. They commit most of the common crimes of violence and most burglaries, larcenies and thefts. Thousands of crimes are caused by the neglect of the mentally retarded children of the poor, for example. Mental retardation is approximately five times more common in the ghetto; 25 percent of the inmates in some state penitentiaries, such as Texas, are mentally retarded. Had society truly cared, the physically or mentally deficient youngster could have been helped. Instead, a handicap that did not of itself make him antisocial alienated him from all love and he became antisocial. In time, he committed criminal acts.

Many youngsters—retarded or not—come to prison so disorganized and so lacking in self-control that they cannot focus on any subject for more than a few moments. Their attention span is too short to permit training. Before they begin their rehabilitation, they must live in a calm, orderly atmosphere in which they can learn to concentrate. For many, this is the highest hurdle. It is something they have never known. Born in bedlam, physically abused in infancy and childhood, they have lived amid chronic vio-

lence, fear and confusion. Their physical and mental illnesses—alcoholism and drug addiction are very often present—must be professionally treated and dealt with as the medical problems they are.

As soon as possible, schooling should be resumed for those capable of it. In Federal youth centers, some 90 percent of the inmates are high school and junior high school dropouts. Without special tutoring to get them somewhere near their appropriate grade level, their chances for a life free of crime are slight.

America is a nation with the skills and resources to provide the necessary elements of rehabilitation: Physical and mental health, all the education a youngster can absorb, vocational skills for the highest trade he can master, a calm and orderly environment away from anxiety and violence, life among people who care, who love—with these, a boy can begin again. With these, he can regain a reverence for life, a sense of security and self-assurance amid all the pressures of modern community life. These attitudes will not be developed in a laboratory. They must be developed in the community itself—first, sometimes, in the prison community, but finally in the open society in which the individual must make his way by himself.

Indeterminate sentences, work-release programs and community supervision all will have a much greater chance of success if there is an across-the-board reform of prison administration. Some 125,000 full-time employees are scattered through an impossible maze of jurisdictions throughout the country. Jails across the street from each other—one run by the county, the other by the city—are still commonplace. The waste in manpower and resources available for rehabilitation effort is outrageous in such situations. Even in the biggest city, there should be but one jail system. It would need many facilities and varied programs, but it should manage all correctional activities in the area. Persons in pretrial detention, whether charged with Federal, state or local crime, could be boarded in the facility best suited to their needs and most convenient to the courts and other agencies that might require frequent contact with them. A single agency serving all jurisdictions would have greater resources. Different courts could insist on good performance, as Federal courts have often demanded that a county jail provide regular and decent meals, beds for all inmates and separation of youngsters and first offenders from hardened criminals. Excellence could be attained with one comprehensive service, if properly funded. Today, there are usually several bad ones, none with enough qualified personnel or proper rehabilitation programs. Someone mugged by a teenager just released from county jail can derive little comfort from reports that the



*"Thelma! Can't we once discuss the budget without your being in the nude!?"*



Federal youth center is doing a marvelous job.

In fact, city and county jail systems should be abolished in favor of state-wide systems. Local prisons do not have the staff, the range of skills nor sometimes even the numbers of prisoners necessary to provide all of the services required. They are even less able to provide the special services needed by female and juvenile offenders.

The Federal system itself has too few women prisoners to offer adequate services to them. There are fewer than 800 Federal female inmates. They come from all over the United States to the women's reformatories at Alderson, West Virginia, and Terminal Island, California. How many will have visitors while serving their sentences? What will happen to their children, whom they will not see during the entire imprisonment? Indeed, the whole system of correction for women needs analysis. Prisons for women began by analogy to male prisons after the penitentiary system developed in the 19th Century. Techniques have been re-fashioned only slightly to reflect the very great differences in the conduct of male and female prisoners. Women are rarely violent. They are not a threat to the public. Confinement will not break a drug habit nor train a girl for employment nor make less likely her return to

prostitution. Nearly all women inmates need mental-health services that their institutions rarely provide. The only possible benefit for many women is the calming influence of what can be, but in most women's prisons is not, a quiet, orderly, attractive environment. Regular meals and a clean private room can be shown as life possibilities. Such amenities—and the habits they imply—can soon become desirable, but iron bars will not speed the process.

There should be a drastic shift in manpower from prisons to community services. Eighty percent of all correction manpower guards jails and prisons. The 800,000 men on probation and parole—twice as many individuals as there are in prison—are serviced by only one fifth of the total national correctional personnel, to the extent that they are serviced at all. Surveys have turned up Federal judicial districts where probation service officers carry four or five times the case load of 50 persons that the National Council on Crime and Delinquency considers desirable. Some officers devote up to 85 percent of their time preparing presentence reports for judges and are therefore left with only minutes a day in which to supervise hundreds of recent parolees.

When a man is released on parole after confinement of perhaps many years' duration, he needs help desperately. He

may not know it and he may not want it, but he needs advice, careful supervision, a voice with his employer and fellow workers, a friend to eat dinner with once in a while, a visit with a family. The early months are the hardest; once he gets through them, his chances for making it all the way are much higher. But instead of help, most of his supervision takes the form of routine office visits, spot phone checks, pointless report writing, all of it often surrounded by an aura of mistrust.

No effort within the criminal-justice system holds a fraction of the potential for reducing crime offered by a vigorous, thoughtful correction program. Not even efforts directed at the underlying causes of crime, such as health services, education, employment or decent housing, offer the same immediate potential at anywhere near the cost. Correction focuses directly on the highly distilled mainstream of criminal conduct. If all of our research and learning about human behavior, if all the teaching in our great universities of medical science, mental health, psychiatry, psychology and sociology have any applicability to real life, it is in the field of correction. Yet the people who need these lessons and skills the most almost never get them. If we care for our character, we must revolutionize our approach to correction.



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# RCA





## kettle of FISH

*(continued from page 126)*

large kettle, heat oil over low flame. Add onions, leeks, garlic, saffron, allspice and thyme. Sauté until onions are deep yellow. Add court bouillon, tomato juice, tomatoes, 1 cup wine, potatoes and lobsters. Boil 10 minutes. Place fish in kettle and boil, covered, 10 minutes longer. Place mussels in kettle and cook, covered, several minutes longer to reheat mussels. Arrange mussels around sides of large serving platter or shallow serving casserole. Carefully lift with slotted spoon fish, potatoes and lobster from kettle to platter, keeping pieces of fish intact, if possible. Taste gravy; correct seasoning if necessary. Pour enough hot gravy over fish in platter to moisten. Serve balance of gravy and croutons in separate dishes.

## LONG ISLAND FISH STEW

- 3 1½-lb. live Northern lobsters
- 4 dozen large mussels
- ½ cup dry white wine

- 1 lb. Long Island bay scallops
- 2 lbs. striped bass, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 1½ lbs. porgy, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 1½ lbs. whole flounder, cut into fillets, with skin on
- 6 cups court bouillon
- Salt, pepper
- 1-lb. can tomatoes
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 cup onions, small dice
- 1 cup green peppers, small dice
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- ½ teaspoon leaf thyme
- ½ teaspoon dillweed
- 1 cup dry white wine
- ¼ cup fino sherry

Have fish dealer prepare lobsters as in preceding recipe. Wash and scrub mussels well with brush to remove sand. Remove any leaves and beard. Discard any open

mussels. Place mussels in pot with ½ cup white wine. Cover with tight-fitting lid and cook about 10 minutes or until shells are wide open. Discard any that haven't opened after cooking. Remove top shells, leaving mussels on the half shell. Set mussels aside. Strain broth through cheesecloth, if necessary, to remove sand. Add mussel broth to the court bouillon. Cut striped bass, porgy and flounder into 1-in. chunks; sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Drain tomatoes, reserving juice; chop tomato meat coarsely. In large kettle, heat oil over low flame. Add onions, green peppers, garlic, paprika, thyme and dillweed. Sauté until onions are deep yellow. Add court bouillon, tomatoes, tomato juice, 1 cup white wine, sherry and lobsters. Boil 10 minutes. Place scallops and fish in pot. Add more liquid (tomato juice or clam juice), if necessary, to cover fish. Boil, covered, 10 minutes longer. Place mussels in pot and cook, covered, a few minutes longer, until mussels are merely heated through. Arrange mussels around sides of large serving platter or shallow serving casserole. Carefully lift with slotted spoon fish, scallops and lobster from kettle to platter, keeping pieces of fish intact, if possible. Check gravy and pour enough over fish to moisten. Serve balance of gravy and croutons in separate dishes.

## CIOPPINO

- 1 lb. deluxe crab lump
- 2 lbs. jumbo shrimps, 12-18 to pound
- 3 dozen hard clams (littleneck size)
- 2 lbs. sea bass, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 1 lb. halibut steak, bone removed
- Salt, pepper
- 28-oz. can pear tomatoes
- 6-oz. can tomato paste
- 2 cups court bouillon
- ¾ cup olive oil
- 1 cup finely minced onions
- ¼ lb. finely minced fresh mushrooms
- 2 teaspoons very finely minced garlic
- ½ cup finely minced celery
- 1 cup finely minced sweet red or green pepper
- 2 teaspoons basil
- ½ teaspoon leaf thyme
- ½ teaspoon rosemary
- 2 tablespoons very finely minced fresh parsley
- 2 cups dry red wine

Peel and devein shrimps. Add shells to pot when making court bouillon. Wash and scrub clams with brush to remove sand. Place clams in pot with 1 cup water. Cover with tight-fitting lid and cook about 5 minutes or until shells are open. Remove top shells, leaving clams on the half shell. Set clams aside. Strain broth through cheesecloth, if necessary, to remove sand. Cut sea bass and halibut into 1-in. chunks and sprinkle generously



*"And when I get you alone, I'm going to rip off your clothes and grab your—please—stop interrupting with the correct time."*



with salt and pepper. Place tomatoes with juice in blender and blend until smooth. Mix tomatoes, tomato paste, clam broth and court bouillon. In large kettle, heat oil over low flame. Add onions, mushrooms, garlic, celery, sweet pepper, basil, thyme, rosemary and parsley. Sauté until onions are deep yellow. Add wine and cook until wine is reduced to approximately 1 cup. Add crab lump, shrimps, fish and tomato mixture. Boil 10 minutes. Place clams in kettle and reheat, covered, a few minutes, until heated through. Arrange clams around sides of large serving platter or shallow serving casserole. Use slotted spoon to lift fish, shrimps and crab onto platter, and pour on enough gravy to moisten. Serve balance of gravy in separate dishes with fried or oven-toasted croutons or with freshly sliced sourdough bread.

#### CACCIUCCO

- 2 lbs. squid
- 1 lb. shrimps, 24-30 to pound
- 2 lbs. haddock, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 1½ lbs. porgy, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- ½ lb. scallops
- Salt, pepper
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 cup finely minced onions
- 1 teaspoon finely minced garlic
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
- ½ teaspoon dried "hot" red-pepper flakes
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- 2 cups dry red wine
- 4 tablespoons tomato paste
- 6 cups court bouillon

Have fish dealer clean squid, discarding insides but saving heads and tentacles for court bouillon. Rub skin off squid and cut across body into circles ¼ in. thick. Peel and devein shrimps. Add shells to court bouillon. Cut haddock and porgy into 1-in. chunks. If bay scallops are used, leave whole. If sea scallops are used, cut into quarters or sixths. Sprinkle haddock, porgy, shrimps and scallops generously with salt and pepper. Pour oil into large kettle over low flame. Add squid and sauté slowly, stirring frequently, about 10 minutes. Add onions, garlic, parsley, red-pepper flakes and oregano. Sauté until onions are deep yellow. Add wine and cook until wine is reduced to approximately 1 cup. Add tomato paste and court bouillon, mixing well. Simmer until squid is tender, 20 to 30 minutes. This part of the preparation—cooking squid—may take place several hours before partytime; simply keep the kettle in the refrigerator until needed, then reheat before completing the recipe. Add haddock, porgy, shrimps and scallops to pot with hot gravy. Boil 10 minutes. Remove fish to platter or shallow serving casserole as in preceding recipe.



*"I'm in for starting a fight and he's in for starting a peace demonstration."*

Spoon gravy over fish to moisten. Serve balance of gravy with croutons in individual serving dishes.

#### RED SNAPPER AND SHRIMP STEW, SOUTH AMERICAN STYLE

- 2 lbs. jumbo shrimps, 12-18 to pound
- 3 lbs. red snapper, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 2 lbs. pompano, cleaned, split, backbone removed
- 4 cups court bouillon
- 2 cups coconut milk
- Salt, pepper
- 1½ cups long-grain rice
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 cup onions, small dice
- 1 cup celery, small dice
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- 2 tablespoons very finely minced cilantro
- ½ teaspoon ground coriander
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

To prepare coconut milk, pierce eyes of coconut and drain off liquid. Split coconut in half, using very heavy French knife or cleaver. Remove coconut meat from hard outer shell. Scrape or cut off thin brown coating. Cut coconut into small dice and place in blender. Blend at high speed in several batches, if neces-

sary, until coconut is finely chopped. Pour 2 cups boiling water over coconut and let stand ½ hour. Strain coconut milk through cheesecloth. Peel and devein shrimps. Use shells in making court bouillon. Cut red snapper and pompano into 1-in. chunks and sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Cook rice, following directions on package. Keep warm in double boiler. Heat olive oil in large kettle over low flame. Add onions, celery, garlic, cilantro and coriander. Sauté until onions are limp. Add fish and shrimps. Add coconut milk and court bouillon, using only as much court bouillon as necessary to cover fish. Boil 10 minutes. Lift fish and shrimps carefully with slotted spoon to serving platter or shallow serving casserole. Add lemon juice to gravy; add salt and pepper if necessary. Pour gravy over fish to moisten. Place a mound of rice in each individual serving dish or bowl. Pass gravy separately to be poured over rice and stew.

You don't have to worry about the principal ingredient of a fish-stew fete—conviviality; that will be supplied by your guests after they've been properly mollowed by any of the above ingratiating gifts from the sea.







## **RICHARD BRAUTIGAN** *hip huck finn*

AFTER 16 YEARS in the literary underground, Richard Brautigan, 35, has finally surfaced as the guru of a growing collegiate cult that grooves not only on his writing but on his life style and his view of humanity as well. Living as closely as possible to nature, he has retained an unfashionably optimistic opinion of mankind since he left his birthplace in Tacoma, Washington, at 19 and wandered down to San Francisco, a city he has haunted ever since. Most of his years there have been spent panhandling while publishing free folios of what he calls "true underground poetry." Brautigan has tacked to a wall in his S. F. home a letter from Hubert Humphrey thanking him for a copy of *Please Plant This Book*, a collection he published early in his career that consisted of eight packets of seeds, each imprinted with a poem and planting instructions. From 1965 to 1968, his total income was under \$7000, but it was during this period that *Trout Fishing in America*—a deceptively titled, outrageously funny amalgam of picaresque autobiography and homey-hip philosophy—was published, and his quiet life was threatened by the resulting acclaim. *Trout Fishing* and his two other major works—*A Confederate General from Big Sur* and *In Watermelon Sugar*, both offering more of the same spaced-out ruminations but with somewhat less charm—have sold over 100,000 copies each. A spoken-word LP looms in Brautigan's near future, along with movies based on his novels, and he has read his works everywhere from San Quentin to Harvard. At Harvard, he passed a bottle around and jumped down from the podium and prodded members of the audience to take turns reading. The evening was brought to a close with an impromptu dance by Brautigan and his friends. So far, however, Brautigan prefers to avoid the limelight—and he refuses to discuss his new-found renown. But he has often said his work speaks for him and the beginning of one of his short stories reads: "It's really something to have fame put its feathery crowbar under your rock, and then upward to the light release you, along with seven grubs and a sow bug."

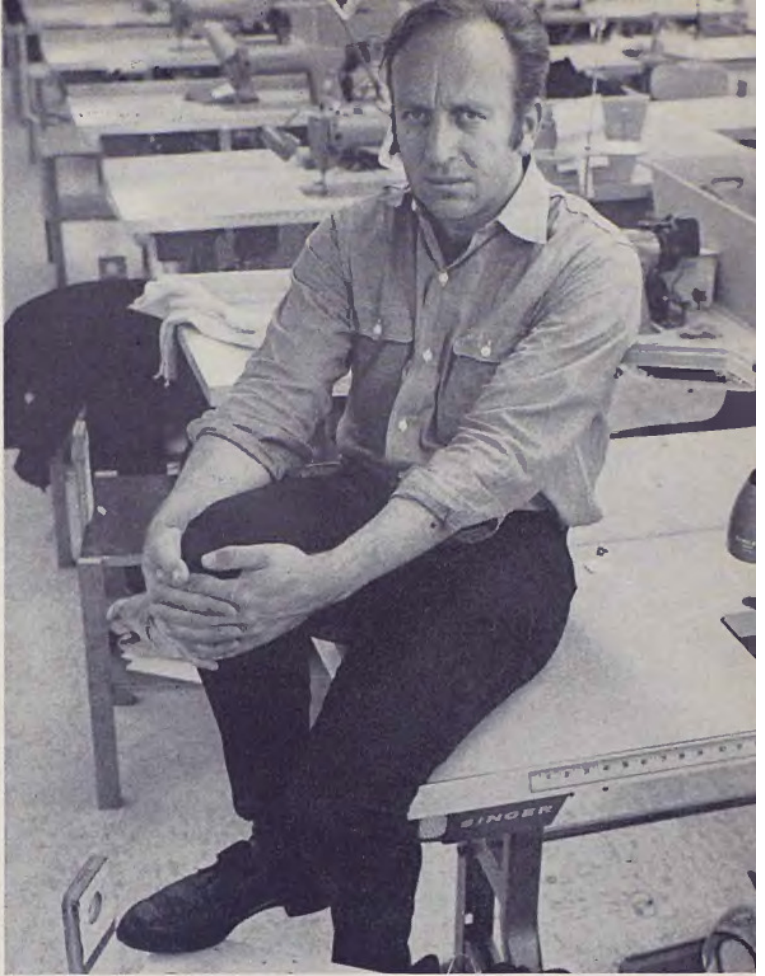




# ON THE SCENE

## **COSTA-GAVRAS** *reelpolitik*

LAST YEAR'S Academy Award-winning *Z* was an exciting film on two levels—as a traditional thriller and as a contemporary political statement. “But,” says Costa-Gavras, *Z*'s 36-year-old director, “I never intended it as an entertainment. The story of *Z* is true and, by the end of the movie, even though we've never mentioned Greece by name, people realize—having witnessed the *coup d'état* and the list of things the junta has censored—that the country is, indeed, Greece and that what we have shown them throughout is the truth.” Based on Vassili Vassilikos' novel of the same name, *Z* was a thinly disguised account of the 1963 assassination of Greek pacifist Gregorios Lambrakis; although the army tried to conceal the murder, an unbending magistrate discovered the facts. A month after 15 army officers were sentenced to jail for complicity in the crime, the discredited military launched its successful coup. “The day America understands that the people of Greece *must* be free is the day there *will* be hope for Greece,” says Costa-Gavras. “Because on that day, America will stop helping the military government—which could not stand for one week without her support.” The politically outspoken director, born Constantine Gavras in Athens (“Costa is my nickname and I added a hyphen to create confusion”), earned a degree in French literature at the Sorbonne and, after studying at the Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinématographiques, acted as assistant director to French film makers René Clair, René Clément and Jacques Demy. He directed his first feature in 1964—*The Sleeping Car Murder*, a taut mystery starring his favorite actor, Yves Montand (who played the assassination victim in *Z*), and Montand's wife, Simone Signoret. The couple also star in Costa-Gavras' new film, *The Confession*, about the 1951 purge of suspected Stalinists in Czechoslovakia's Communist Party. Costa-Gavras plans to continue making movies with contemporary political themes; if he seems committed, it's because he is. Says the Paris-based pacifist, “If I were 18, I, too, would be in the streets.”



## **ALVIN DUSKIN** *peacework*

“THERE IS A CONNECTION between a man's life style,” says dress manufacturer and designer Alvin Duskin, “and the product he produces.” Duskin's style—reflected in such distinctive creations as the “peace dress” with the characteristic symbol woven into the fabric (he calls it “the world's first socially significant garment”)—is one of active involvement in the underground culture with the aim of changing social patterns. Although Alvin Duskin, Inc., grossed a cool \$5,000,000 last year, its 39-year-old founder is more interested in spending his time—and money—trying to preserve the ecological and aesthetic values of his native San Francisco. Thus, when millionaire Lamar Hunt revealed a plan to purchase Alcatraz for a tourist attraction, Duskin ran \$5000 worth of ads in the city's two dailies, stating that Hunt's deal would “be as big a steal as Manhattan Island”—and gained enough public support to defeat the project. His current target for protest is a proposed sixth bridge across the Bay, which he says “will bring still more cars into this choked city.” But Duskin feels that war is the number-one environmental problem. “I'd trade a redwood any time for the number of people being killed today in Vietnam.” So again he's plunged into political waters by campaigning for peace candidates and for the McGovern-Hatfield amendment to halt the war. Duskin, who sees the businessman as “society's last hope”—because “he has more power than the professor or the clergyman”—established (and was president of) ultra-libertarian Ralph Waldo Emerson College. But the school folded after three years, in 1963, and its collapse found him drifting around the Bay Area with little more than his ideals to back him up. Not until he set up shop selling sweaters borrowed from his father's knit factory did Duskin fall into his thing: By adding ten inches to the sweaters, he created a dress never before marketed, and he also originated the “skinny-ribbed” sweater look. Says Duskin, after six years in commerce: “Business is where it's happening. You have to work within the system if you really want to change it.”



## TOP SPOTS (continued from page 112)

Island of skiing. Many of its trails, however, are hardly a carny game: While it's true that most of the 75 miles of ski runs are highly suitable for skiers just past the beginner stage, the mountain's uncrowded North Face will positively delight the most seasoned expert. And in the evening there are all those bunnies. "If there's a facility or entertainment lacking on or off the slopes of Mt. Snow," writes Serafini, "I haven't heard about it." Lifts: 2 gondolas, 9 double chairs, 1 bubble chair, 1 T-bar, 1 rope. Ski runs: 39, mostly intermediate. Accommodates: 1000 in area, 3000 nearby. By air: Mt. Snow Airport, 2½ miles away. Longest run: 3 miles.

### BROMLEY—MAGIC MOUNTAIN—STRATTON MOUNTAIN, VERMONT

These three Vermont ski resorts are located within 20 minutes' driving time of one another. "Thus," Strauss reports, "if snow conditions are marginal at Magic, you're apt to find an abundance at Stratton; and if it's too cold at Stratton, it will be warmer on Bromley's sun-exposed southern slopes." All three, it should be noted, offer well-planned trails for the expert and plenty of room for beginners and intermediates. Each of the resorts has snow-making equipment, as well.

Bromley, built by beer scion Fred Pabst, Jr., doesn't really need much snow; because its slopes are carefully mowed and groomed during the summer,

a four-inch snowfall is more than enough to make for fine skiing.

Magic is notable for its authentic Swiss atmosphere, night skiing, its short lift lines on busy days (ticket sales are limited to 1500) and its efficient and amiable director, Hans Thorner.

Stratton, a haven for Ivy League alumni, is Austrian in flavor, boasts Emo Heinrich's fine ski school and is ringed by well-designed, comfortable chalets.

Lifts: Bromley—3 double chairs, 5 J-bars, 1 Poma; Magic—2 double chairs, 1 T-bar; Stratton—6 double chairs, 2 T-bars. Ski runs: Bromley—8 beginner, 9 intermediate, 6 advanced; Magic—2 beginner, 11 intermediate, 3 advanced, 4 open slopes; Stratton—13 beginner, 14 intermediate, 10 advanced, 6 open slopes. Accommodates: 5000 in vicinity. By air: Bromley—Rutland, 30 miles away; Magic—private airstrip; Stratton—Rutland, 39 miles away, or Springfield, 22 miles away. Longest runs: Bromley—2 miles; Magic—2½ miles; Stratton—2¼ miles.

In addition to the major American ski areas already described, smaller, less-publicized ski settings are also worthy of consideration. Keep in mind that most skiing is done on slopes of 600–1500 feet in vertical descent. Those dramatic, soaring cable cars pictured on postcards of every European winter resort are designed less to serve ski trails than to transport skiers to smaller, higher hills served by Poma lifts and T-bars. The fact that similar hills might be located a couple of

hours from downtown New York, Chicago or Los Angeles doesn't seem to occur to many skiers or travel agents. Some smaller but worthy choices:

Great Gorge, New Jersey: An hour's drive from New York—and the site of a new Playboy Club-Hotel due to open next winter—Great Gorge has been going great guns since it was developed a couple of years ago. Excellent across-the-board terrain for all levels of prowess, reliable snow-making equipment and a nice little racing run.

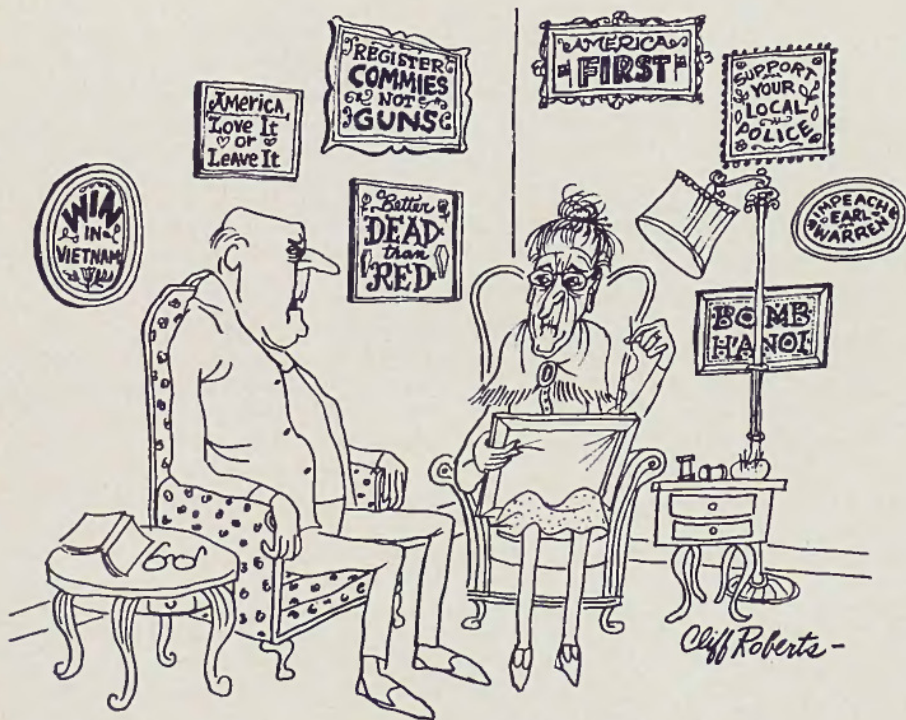
Jiminy Peak, Massachusetts: Offering the most intriguing skiing in the Berkshires, Jiminy was an Eastern mainstay before new roads and new facilities spawned the giants of Vermont and New Hampshire. Massachusetts' best ski area, Jiminy—and especially its Whirlaway Trail—still delights the experts. And there's nary a lift line in sight.

Highmount, New York: Located in the Catskill Mountains, a two-hour drive north of Manhattan, Highmount has a couple of T-bars, assorted rope tows, a modest base lodge and the ability to assure skiing through compressed-air snow making. It has an 825-foot vertical descent and the price is right: \$5.50 admission to the area.

Bear Valley, California: A four-hour drive east of San Francisco, Bear Valley is a medium-sized resort nestled in the Sierra Nevadas. Most of its ski runs range from advanced intermediate to expert and the vertical drop of 2100 feet is hardly Little League stuff. Distinctly San Francisco in character, Bear Valley offers sophisticated *après-ski*. We advise you to write for details; Bear Valley's brochure features a lovely blonde—wearing nothing but her boots and skis. (The address is: Bear Valley, California 95223.)

Attitash, New Hampshire: What sets Attitash apart from almost all other ski resorts is that when management decides the slopes are getting too crowded, it simply stops selling lift tickets. This rather admirable practice means that lift-line waits rarely exceed eight minutes. Novices to hot-shots have ample terrain to test themselves, and a two-year-old chair lift that goes to the summit stretches Attitash's vertical drop to 1525 feet.

Armed with the information supplied by our panel of ski editors, and perhaps some of the equipment displayed on pages 104–109, you're now ready to hit the slopes. In addition to our editors' choices, a number of other American resorts—such as Vail, Colorado, Sugarloaf, Maine, Killington, Vermont, and Jackson Hole, Wyoming, to name only a few—will also prove to be challenging and memorable sites for an American ski odyssey. In parting, our experts warn against tackling tougher terrain than you're ready to handle. Other than that: *Trach!*



"How about just a simple 'Home, Sweet Home?'"





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he can recreate the Playboy Club atmosphere at home with the Playboy Bar Selection! The complete party outfit includes: eight 12-ounce Rabbit-crested glasses; eight 7-ounce Rabbit-crested glasses; 16 black leather-grained coasters; 50 Rabbit Head bar stirrers; 100 Rabbit Head cocktail picks; 250 Playboy Club napkins; and a deluxe four-piece rosewood and embossed stainless-steel bar tool set. The certificate for this handsome gift can be validated at his favorite Stateside (or Canadian) Club, except in California and Michigan—and his Playboy Bar Selection will be hand-delivered to his home.

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*Buck Brown*

*"Adults only—big deal!"*



## GOOD OLE BOY

(continued from page 148)

money from the cotton was when you sold the seed. You'd get maybe \$25 or \$30 per bale. We didn't get any money from choppin' or plowin', but Daddy always paid us kids for pickin' cotton and there was always some backlog to spend it on, like clothes or shoes. And we always had a good Christmas. Plenty of fruit, candy, nuts and fireworks. We'd really bang it up with the fireworks. That was big for us. I mean, it was no Christmas without fireworks.

I went to church every Sunday, or practically every Sunday, because I wanted to. I enjoyed the hymns and I enjoyed singin' 'em. 'Course, it's an important part of poor Southern social life. The church life is. It used to be called a Sunday meetin', and that's about what it was. Back then, you didn't travel so much. You walked to town maybe twice or rode a wagon to the store on Saturday, when you'd stock up for the week.

My mother was a lovely, gentle, patient, wonderful woman.

I went back to visit last year. House number 266. When I saw in that kitchen, that floor, I called my sister and showed her the holes in the floor that the coals from the fire had burned back in the Thirties and early Forties, when my mother was still using a wood stove. And we'd cut wood and pile it up outside for the winter. In August, when we'd finish hoeing and plowing, there was a period of about three weeks between that and harvest time. That's called laying-by time. And we'd cut wood for the cookstove. And those holes in the floor that those coals of fire had burned from falling out of that wood stove onto the floor. I fell onto the stove when I was four. Burned my hand. I thought of that when I was there in that house. I remembered it so well.

Those cottonwood trees around that house. My daddy pulled them up from the riverbank and brought them up for the house for shade trees. I remember what I was doin' at the time. And every room, every window, every wall had a memory. Some almost bring tears.

There were only a few ways out of rural Southern poverty, and country music was the best. The others were going into the Service, maybe going Regular and winding up with a few stripes, or going North to get some good factory money. Johnny Cash went up to Pontiac the summer he graduated from Dyess High School (where he sang Joyce Kilmer's *Trees* at commencement), but he was just a skinny kid weighing 150 pounds and he was pulling down a punch press onto 1950 Pontiac hoods,

making holes for screws to go in. And he was awful lonesome and losing weight as well, and the meals at the boarding-house he lived in were nothing like home, so he quit in July and took a Greyhound back South and soon thereafter joined the Air Force. He wound up in Germany, doing—he says—some kind of Secret Service work, and the thing he remembers most about it is that he was lonely all the time.

One of the things he did was get himself a guitar and start singing and playing for the guys in the barracks. The other was more or less get engaged to a teenager named Vivian Liberto. He'd met her at a skating rink down in San Antonio, where he'd been stationed, and they corresponded themselves into a marriage just a few weeks after he got back from Germany and was out of the Air Force.

He was 22. He began trying to sell appliances for a living, but he was a lousy appliance salesman. Maybe he made \$100 in all doing that. But his landlady, Miss Pat Isem, she was just wonderful, and if they didn't have the rent, why Miss Isem would just wait for it.

The best thing that happened, though, was that he met two good old boys who were working with his older brother Roy out at the Automobile Sales Company at 309 Union in Memphis. There was Luther Perkins. And there was Marshall Grant, who remembers the moment very well:

"I was working down this alley and as I looked up and I saw Roy and his brother Johnny walkin' down through there, it flashed all over me. You'd describe it as if you were to see God. It would send little chill bumps all over you. He was walkin' toward me and I felt somehow, somehow, that there was somethin' we had in common, you know? And just immediately, we went over to talk to Luther Perkins, he was working on the other side, and we just become like blood brothers right on the spot before he ever left the building."

They used to get together two or three nights a week, playing spirituals, not professional musicians but just a bunch of boys who could pick up an instrument and play a few chords. Johnny sang Hank Snow and Ernest Tubb songs and he was so good at it, singing them just like Hank Snow and Ernest Tubb did, they were all impressed, they figured that was great.

Maybe four months later, they played a date at the Galloway United Methodist Church. Then a café. Then out at a ball park over in Arkansas. Passed the hat. Carl Perkins was playing the same date and he already had a record out. They

were real shy with Carl, but then they got to talking and found out he was their kind of people, and they've been friends ever since.

The first time they cut a record for Sam Phillips on the old Sun label, they were scared stiff, so damn nervous, shaking all over. One of them—an old boy named "Red" Kernodle—was so scared he just dropped out. Quit, left his steel guitar sitting there and went back to work. He's still working. He's a mechanic over on Proper Avenue in Memphis.

The three other boys stayed there and recorded *Cry, Cry, Cry*, with *Hey, Porter* on the flip side, and it did well, got to number 14 on the country charts, and then, six months later, another of Johnny's songs, *Folsom Prison Blues*, which went to the top of the charts. The third record came 18 months later. It was called *I Walk the Line* and it was on the charts 44 weeks. Marshall and Luther still had their jobs. They waited until after *I Walk the Line* and then they felt they could safely quit.

J. R. Cash never sold another appliance in his life. That was 1955. And those early days were a lot of fun, what they call the good old days. After work, they'd pile into a '54 Plymouth and put the bass fiddle on top and off they'd go, playing dates in and around Memphis. Places with names like Tootsie's Orchid Lounge and Junior's Dew Drop Inn and Pearl's Howdy Club. They wore out the Plymouth, then a used Cadillac, then got themselves a new Chrysler and wore it out.

At first they took the wives and kids along, just one big happy family, then they started going out for maybe a week at a time and they left the families home. They'd play a date, then pick up and drive all night, racking up the miles, two of them sitting up front and the other curled up in back—a tough grind.

They tried to make the hours pass more pleasantly, but they weren't the sort to, say, fool around with *Bad Women*. In Cash's version of *Frankie and Johnny*, for instance, Johnny is a guitar-pickin' singer who gets tempted but in the end winds up faithful to Frankie. So they didn't go honky-tonkin'. Instead, they did mischievous things. They'd get into hotel rooms and jump on the beds, raise some hell, break some furniture and then get the innkeeper up there and say, "Innkeeper, we sorta broke some things up which we'd like to pay for and then if you'd be so kind as to get us another room." They stayed in the same room, the three of them, to save money.

They also had this signal cannon that they used to shoot off in hotel rooms. And for the really big times they'd make



bombs, real, big ole bombs that they'd shoot off to blow up a tree, say, or some deserted country shack. They'd put four or five sticks of dynamite, five or six pounds of gunpowder into a can and wind twine around it. They'd carry it around until they found the ideal spot to blow it. Once, they were coming out of Denver on the way to Amarillo, Texas, and they had this bomb all ready to go, Marshall driving, four in the morning, going on those black ribbons that tie this nation together, quiet, lonely, and here John pops up and says, "Marshall, we just gotta explode the damn thing, I can't sleep back here, I'm so afraid it's gonna go off." So at daybreak, they set it off in the desert and it went off big, very big, like a couple of years' worth of Christmas fireworks, and they got a big kick out of it.

But then John's popularity began to grow and it wasn't possible to keep on that way. Country fans have a way of liking their singing stars to be pure and good; these fans are the salt of the earth, you know, but merciless, relentless. So the boys gave up horsing around. By

1956, they were appearing regularly on *Louisiana Hayride*, which is close to the top, and then, a year later, on *Grand Ole Opry* in Nashville, which is the top. By 1960, Johnny Cash was being billed not as a country star but as a balladeer, and if he wasn't number one, he was certainly one of the country superstars and the only one with a real audience outside country. In 1964, he was the hit of the Newport Folk Festival. He gave Bob Dylan his Martin guitar there, a gesture of respect and solidarity that must have confused all those who wondered what Cash was up to with that long-haired hippie weirdo—to say nothing of those who wondered what Dylan was doing hanging around with those Southern bigot shit kickers down in Nashville.

During this period, Johnny Cash and the Tennessee Three started playing benefit dates at prisons. It was something John cared about. The first was Texas State Prison, Huntsville, some time in 1959. There was a downpour, an all-out storm, but they stayed out there, playing in the middle of a rodeo arena, with

prisoners all around them, and none of the cons moved to get out of the rain. That's the reaction they got at all the prisons—at Cummins in Arkansas, at Hutchinson in Kansas, at Folsom and at San Quentin. Once, they played San Quentin and Merle Haggard, who is now a big country star, was a prisoner there, and somehow Johnny Cash spoke to him, some spirit passed from Cash to Haggard, who suddenly discovered that *that* was what he wanted to be.

Prisoners and Servicemen, Cash says, make the best audiences for him, because they're so responsive. But he gives more, too, he knows how to talk to them, one good old boy to another. Listen to the San Quentin album: "*They say ole Johnny Cash works good under pressure. Put the screws on me, I'm gonna screw right out from under you is what I'm gonna do, you know that? Tired of all that [beep].*" The prisoners cheer. "Aw ri. I tell you what. This show is bein' recorded . . . and televised . . . for England." The prisoners cheer. "And they tole me, they said, 'You gotta do this song, gotta do that song, you know? Stand like this, or act like this.' I just don't git it, man, you know? I'm here to do what you want me to and what I want to do." Here the prisoners cheer lustily for one of their own, self-described, a man who can't be pushed around in this life, a real man. "So what ya want to hear?" Following all this bad-boy bluster, he sings *I Walk the Line*, a good-boy song. The whole sequence is an illumination of some of the tensions that have afflicted him in his life and that have afflicted the men he sings to—men who, as Carl Perkins says, "tend to be happier when it's just the guys. They respect their women, but when a bunch of men get together, they swap jokes and leave the 'beep' in and they'd rather the womenfolks weren't around."

So Johnny Cash and the Tennessee Three raced across the American landscape, using up cars and buses, cutting up in hotel rooms, and Vivian was at home with the four young children, all girls, and John wanted a son so badly he was really hurt about it. They had moved to Casita Springs, California, where John tried to break into films and TV to expand his base, but the film venture didn't turn out too well. It was something called *Five Minutes to Live*, with Pamela Mason, and John didn't like it at all. There were also some TV appearances. But the scene somehow wasn't working out right.

For one thing, the marriage was foundering. He doesn't like to talk about it, but the sound of it is in an album he put out early in this period, *Now, There Was a Song!*, full of classic weepers in the country genre. He does these misery



"Good morning! Acme Reminder Service calling—don't forget to take your pill!"



songs very well, especially the old Hank Williams classic *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry*. Though he has a special interest in Jimmie Rodgers, there is more similarity between Cash's life and Hank Williams', including the very real possibility that his life might have ended the way Williams' did, in the back seat of a car somewhere on a road between truck stops and play dates, no pulse in him, no heartbeat in him, the victim of a premature "heart attack."

When Marshall Grant was asked what the worst thing their parents, hard-working country men and women all, might have feared for them, he said probably Bad Women first, but then the pills, which is the thing that really did happen to Johnny Cash. He was popping Dexedrine. He was overworking, going constantly, and his friends and relatives feel the reason for it all was the decaying marriage, although he himself says he doesn't know why and can't even recall what the pleasures were of being on that ride—seesaw, Margery Daw, going high, going low.

For a good picture of the ravages it can cause a man, look at the album covers of *Mean As Hell!* and *Happiness Is You*, two album titles drenched with

hidden irony to those who know him well. Like Marshall Grant:

*It was a way out, a cheap, fast way out, which John now admits. But, nevertheless, it was there and it was real, real, real bad. The tensions stemmed from his marriage. The marriage started fallin' apart long before he ever met June. She had nothin' whatsoever to do with his marriage fallin' apart. Besides bein' the most wonderful female besides my mother and my wife that I ever met, she came at a time that Johnny really needed somebody. Without June, he couldn't have done it. He wouldn't be alive today. I found him in the bus one time. I could feel no pulse, no breath, and through artificial respiration and everything, it brang him back to life. There had been other cases, but there was always something that kept him from dying.*

*I don't understand why he let it happen to him, because really he was only hurtin' himself.*

*When Johnny would get on these binges—and believe me, they were binges—he was a completely different person. The way you see him right now, you can completely turn him around. And then June and I was his biggest*

*enemy, because we're the two that fought him so damn hard, so we're the ones that did all the damage. We'd find the pills and throw them away, we'd block as many of the sources of his getting them as we possibly could. So we were his number-one enemy, and it hurt so deep. Oh, it really hurt seeing this great man completely turned 180 degrees around and you saw the reverse side of I don't know what. 'Cause I felt that this man only had one side and it was good, but there was something that come out in him that wasn't John R. Cash. It was something else. And, by God, was he mean.*

*Then he'd go for weeks and not go to bed, just not at all. And he'd run up and down the halls in motels, slammin' doors and kickin' doors and kickin' doors down, anything to antagonize us, to let us know that he was up and raising hell, so to speak. Very seldom he got out and went anyplace and got into trouble. He didn't do that. He would stay right there in that motel and do whatever he was gonna do. And the only time he went to bed was when he had just completely passed out and then he went to sleep for about 24 hours and woke up a completely different human being.*

*Well, once we were playing some dates*

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"Hmmm . . . 'Peter and the Purple Penis.' I don't know if we're quite ready for it yet."

out in Texas and the last date come up in Dallas and he was supposed to have gone home. He left us on an early flight, something like six A.M., but that wasn't early for him, because he never did go to bed. I rode back on the plane with June and we got home the next morning and picked up the paper and there it was. Instead of going back to Los Angeles, he went to El Paso and caught a taxi across the border and bought a large quantity of pills. Of course, these people in Mexico have a little swingin' deal with the authorities and Johnny was a victim of that. I understand he was sittin' on the plane, all strapped down to go home, when they come aboard and took him off and he had something like 1100 pills on him.

If it was me doin' the things he did, there was no way I could have lived through it. But I believe there was something that made somebody go find him and bring him back, because God just wasn't ready for him to leave here yet. I still think he's here for a purpose that he still hasn't fulfilled.

. . .

Johnny collapsed under the weight of all that purity and goodness, all that love and adulation. Once, when he was in good condition, Marshall came up to him and said, "Why, John? When you're like this, like you are now, why do you have to go back?"

And John said, "Marshall, I can't stand to face my friends."

Look at a recent album cover. *San Quentin*, say, or *Folsom*. Here is a big

man, a large presence, broad shoulders, a big gut, a shape and aura of filled proportions, what J. R. Cash was meant to be by the thrust in his genes. Now look at the earlier *Mean As Hell!* and Johnny Cash is flesh being consumed, flesh on a spit, cheeks gone, shoulders gone, a man eating himself alive but leaving his heart intact. A man slung between a large destiny and sweet memories, like being tied to bent saplings, torn in two. Unwilling to let himself be all he could be and have the power and the pleasures.

In a way, he tried to be free, but in the end, he proved to be what he has been saying all along he was—a prisoner.

And some of the good, decent people of God who were his biggest fans turned on him. "Soon as they found out he had anything in his pocket stronger 'n aspirin," says Carl Perkins. "The grass-roots, dyed-in-the-wool country people from that area, they are so hard."

. . .

Johnny Cash likes to call his lakeside home in Hendersonville, outside of Nashville, a three-room house, and I suppose technically it is, a pair of striking wood and glass roundhouses or carrouseles, two stories high, connected by a train-length passageway of glass, Tennessee fieldstone and old, hand-hewn barn timbers stained a weathered gray-green that almost looks natural. Outside there is a waterfall and a swimming pool and a dock by the lake, where he and June fish. Across the street is a large new house he built for his parents.

The day I came by, he was dressed in

black trousers, black shirt overhanging a noticeable paunch that is accentuated by a backward-leaning posture. He spoke softly and feelingly, considerably more relaxed than he had been during a recent tour, and this despite the fact that his mother was just recovering from a mild heart attack and that June, recently pregnant, had collapsed during the tour and had to be brought home for a rest.

As we talked, in various spots around the house, on the outdoor deck, in the kitchen that disappears into a row of closets, on the bedroom balcony looking out on Old Hickory Lake full of bass and crappie, the impression grew that I had been told the truth, that Johnny Cash hadn't changed at all in more than a decade of stardom, that he was now exactly what he was always meant to be, what he had been raised to be: a moral, godly, hard-working country man who retires to the domestic hearth at the end of his workday to enjoy life's pleasures in a godly, moral way.

A Columbia Records technician who remembers Cash from the hairy pill-trip times says that he is now the straightest man in Nashville. It's hard to see how anybody could be straighter. He derives his greatest satisfaction from domestic joys: the purchase of a tractor, the birth of a son, John Carter Cash, after all these years. "Lord," says June, "he's with him all the time." His son has taught him laughter, but his annual \$3,000,000 income hasn't changed him at all. He is just as humble and genuine as any country bub could wish, and to illustrate this, on the stairs between his round glass-walled bedroom and his rustic-elegant living room—the house is worth an estimated \$250,000—there is a display shelf containing a cluster of cotton on the stalk.

"That's some cotton from Dyess, Arkansas," he said offhandedly as we passed it, as though just any city superstar would be as likely to have erected some little shrine to childhood hard times—a roach or a rat in formaldehyde, say.

At my request, he enacted picking cotton, and he did it with no self-consciousness or hesitation. He bent over and began picking, his legs spread and his heavy trunk overhanging a cotton row, humped, fingers flying, cotton to sack, cotton to sack. "You take these fingers here in between the burrs and pull the cotton out. Just kind of twist it out, something you have to learn to do real fast. The burrs stick you in the fingers. If you pick cotton all day, your fingers are stuck all over with wounds from the burrs."

He came erect, his body suddenly huge with pride, rearing his thick-maned head back, his mouth sucked in, judging me and challenging me to come across the






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line and understand what was in his heart then, what was in his blood, and I think I did: His eyes were bright with the romance of his blessed childhood stigmata.

He is happiest talking about his childhood. There are some areas he refuses to get into at all—his first marriage, for example. But he will talk at great length and with great pleasure about Dyess and his youth, which in one way is odd, considering the dismalness of American rural poverty in the Depression years, considering how rejected the rural South feels and has felt, considering the tragedy that dogged the Cash family.

There were seven brothers and sisters. The oldest brother, Roy, lives in Memphis, where he is a service representative for Chrysler. Older sister Louise also lives in Memphis. She is married. Youngest sister Joanne lives in Hendersonville. Tommy records country-and-western music for Epic Records. Reba runs House of Cash, one of two Johnny Cash corporations, which does music publishing. The other brother, Jack, had a bad accident when he was 14 and Johnny was 11 or 12. They were very, very close.

It happened in late May, just before school was out. Soon they would be going into the fields to work the cotton. Jack was at school, working in the woodshop for pay. They called it hiring out. Any time they worked for their neighbors or any of the big farmers in the area and got paid for it, they got to keep the money. And it was really something if they could get an extra job, make a couple of dollars. So Jack was helping build a fence at the Agricultural Building in town.

John was going fishing that morning out at the Tyronza River and he wanted Jack to go with him, but he wouldn't. He said, "No, I'm going to work." And John took his fishing pole and walked about halfway to town with him. Then Jack went on to town and John went on to the river.

He had begged Jack to go fishing. But Jack wouldn't. He had said, "No, I'll go make my dollar." So Jack went on to the school, to work in the woodshop, and he was working at a bench saw, pushing lumber through it, and something happened, somehow, and Jack got pulled up onto that saw.

To this day, John will not sing the songs that were sung at Jack's funeral. But he has vowed that ten percent of the songs he sings will be sacred ones, and a recent album, *The Holy Land*, took him to Jerusalem and the sacred sites of Christianity, and he says it was the high point of his life. Marshall Grant says he's

sure Johnny Cash "collaborated some with Jesus on that album."

A fan has asked him, "Do you feel God calling you into any special kind of service for Him?" And he has answered, "I think He did that years ago, when He called me to sing."

Marshall's best guess is that Cash's mission is, more or less, to bring us all together, that in his supersuperinternational stardom, which he is sure will come, Cash will have a very big influence on us all. This is a very heady destiny, but I suspect Cash would not altogether reject it. He does feel himself to have certain powers. He can sometimes communicate with the late Johnny Horton. What, after all, was Cash doing if not having a very big influence on us all when the President of the United States—who once, long ago, called upon us to lower our voices and who once said *his* mission was to bring us all together—asked Johnny Cash to come to the White House and sing *Okie from Muskogee* and *Welfare Cadillac*, and Cash said, courteously, to be sure, that no, he wouldn't sing those songs, because, popular though they are, *Okie* pokes fun at hippies and radical youth in general and *Welfare* is about some folks buying themselves a new Cadillac on their welfare checks. The President said he didn't mean to be divisive at all, he just *liked* those songs. But Cash didn't sing them. Nixon is his man; he stands four-square behind the President, but it is not in him to be mean and uncharitable and thoughtless. This is perhaps a legacy of his Indian blood. He is a quarter Cherokee, from his father's mother, and he identifies with this blood far more than anybody else in the family does. We had been discussing the special feeling he has, a curious compassion for and identification with the downtrodden and the abused. He had been telling me about a monument he had visited in Germany that marked the site where German machine gunners had slaughtered about 500 Jews. "I betcha I been to that place 15 times," he said, his voice quivering with feeling, "just to sit and cry, sit and bawl. And I don't understand why I felt like I did, because I had never known anybody that was a Jew. You know? But I felt so *bad* about that. My Indian blood? I think it's noble blood. A lot of people that live in or near Indian reservations, they look down at the Indian as a drunk or dirty, smelly, and this is not the image of the Indian to me. This is not what an Indian is."

"The Jew, the Indian and the Negro," I said, "allowed their images to be built up."

"That just shows me that they're even

better people," he said, with a surprising show of anger. He had been lounging against a sofa cushion. He sat up erect.

"Some people might think that makes it look like they're weaker people," he said with heat and passion, "but to me, it's that they're a better people, because when it's all tallied up, if there's a big tally book up there, a judge to stand before"—he raised his fist, closed tight, muscles running up his arm—"it's not going to be *me* that did *this*"—chopping down with the fist, overpowering whiff of mythic elements in it, Mars, or Cain in the fields—"not going to be *me* that did this to that guy. It's going to be *that* guy that did it to *me*."

He was charged with feeling, full to bursting. His face was radiant with the anger that, surprisingly, gave it much the look he has onstage, socking out the message. During this exchange, he had even stopped coughing. This cough of his is a terrible thing, it's bitter for a singer to have chronic throat trouble. He emits a dry, hacking cough at intervals and it won't clear up. There is something in there scraping him raw, some obstruction that needs to be brought up, possibly something—who knows?—that has to be said or sung before it can release its grip on him and he can stop peering into the faces of those he meets for the answer to the mystery that will never be explained to any man not prepared to rip his heart out and swallow it whole and be reborn.

He always wears black, like some penitent in some penitentiary or some holy man who has made himself a prisoner for us all, has taken it at the wrists and ankles for us all. In a society in which the ideal is the emulation of Jesus, power goes to those who least and those who most resemble Christ. Cash is one of the latter. His generosity, his compassion, his almost perfect humility. The message and the sermon in his songs are in his flesh. He is, in Bob Dylan's phrase, a "sad-eyed prophet" for a literal Christianity of fundamentalist belief and constant re-enactment, a belief that is slowly dying in this nation but not among old-time Johnny Cash fans. He has put himself under a sentence of death for them and they revere him for it.

On the road just outside the Cash gates, the Plymouths and Chevies throbbed slowly by, a procession of witnesses to some subtle faith. A glimpse of Johnny Cash. A Brownie of Johnny Cash. A chance to shake hands or maybe take home a bit of rock for a souvenir. What do they want from him, anyway? He's just a good ole country boy, that's all.





"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!"



# “Tabac Original never dies, it doesn’t even fade away.”

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## Sex in Cinema

(continued from page 161)

had considerably more reason to reach for the panic button. For one thing, the abandonment of all forms of censor control over film production in Denmark and the almost complete relaxation of sexual taboos in Sweden led inevitably to attempts by American film distributors to bring in some of the more obviously exploitable numbers. After all the brouhaha over *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, Grove Press was able to get its sequel, *I Am Curious (Blue)*, past the Customs authorities without a murmur—which may explain in part why it was notably less successful than its predecessor. On the other hand, Grove faced stronger opposition to *Quiet Days in Clichy*, and for a curious reason that is neither yellow nor blue. In the two Vilgot Sjöman films, what the courts like to call “redeeming social values” are clearly evident; both investigate contemporary attitudes in Sweden’s socialist state, with sex merely one of the avenues of investigation. And even though, at least in the earlier film, the investigation proceeded into sexual areas that, at the time, went somewhat beyond “contemporary community standards” (another phrase favored by the courts), the sociological, semi-documentary approach precluded the possibility that it was intended primarily to appeal to “prurient interest”—which is the final court test as to whether or not a picture is to be considered obscene.

Throughout the year, importers continued to use these somewhat nebulous (and possibly specious) guidelines to get their pictures past Customs. Such films as *Pornography in Denmark*, *Sexual Freedom in Denmark* and *Pornography: Copenhagen 1970* went through as “documents”; because they recorded an event or events that had actually happened, they had redeeming social values—even though, in each instance, the footage included completely graphic shots of sexual intercourse that matched precisely the activities featured in stag films. The one difference is that whenever the stag action commences in *Pornography in Denmark* or *Pornography: Copenhagen 1970*, it’s clear that we are seeing a film within a film; the polite fiction is maintained that we’re not looking at stag reels per se but at how they are presented in the film clubs of Copenhagen. Similarly, when we watch Lesbians performing totally nude in a Danish night club or, in *Pornography in Denmark*, drop in for a protracted visit to a movie studio where a stag film is in the process of being shot, we are repeatedly reminded that these are being shown purely for their “informational” value. *Sexual Freedom in Denmark*, on the other hand—

some of which was actually shot in the U.S.—offers the stag action as part of a course in “sex education.” Probably the most responsible of the films in this genre is the West German production *Freedom to Love*, written and directed by Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, authors of such well-respected books as *Pornography and the Law* and *The Sexually Responsive Woman*. Topped by an orgy filmed in Amsterdam, the film also includes revealing filmed interviews with Britain’s chief film censor, John Trevelyan, critic Kenneth Tynan and PLAYBOY’s own Hugh Hefner.

Sex education is an increasingly common pretext for getting pictures past Customs and for discouraging local police action. Early in the year, for example, the Los Angeles Customs office sought to bar the Danish-made *Without a Stitch*, claiming that it went considerably beyond contemporary community standards. A local defense attorney, Stanley Fleishman, easily disproved this by taking the jury to see *I Am Curious (Yellow)* and *The Stewardesses* (in 3-D),

both of which had run unchallenged for more than six months in the Los Angeles area (although the *Los Angeles Times* had primly rejected *The Stewardesses’* proposed tag line for its ads: “It puts you in the cockpit”). What clinched Fleishman’s argument, however, was the testimony of a female social scientist who averred that her clinic advocated precisely the same kind of sexual explorations undertaken by the unwed heroine of *Without a Stitch* to combat her frigidity—explorations that led the comely Anne Grete through half a dozen countries and more than a dozen experimental partners in the movie. “Of course, where possible, we do urge our patients to perform these experiments with their own husbands,” the social scientist admitted. The picture was passed.

At this point, at least in the major cities, a thoroughly detailed sex education may be obtained by anybody over 21 who wishes to pay five dollars to see such films as *Language of Love, He and She, Man and Wife* and *Marriage Manual*, most of which come from either Sweden or West Germany. In them, a wide variety of coital positions is



“You came across on the Mayflower, why not now?”



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 about yourself,  
 try  
 something else.**



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 Brut by Fabergé.

demonstrated by living models—in some instances, including masturbation, fellatio and cunnilingus—while sex educators, gynecologists, psychiatrists and ordinary M.D.s lecture, both on screen and off, about the need for this kind of understanding of the sex act to make for happier marriages. In the Swedish *Language of Love*, for example, a young wife complains about her husband's premature ejaculations. Cunnilingus is the suggested solution of the quartet of experts assembled for this particular film; and when, later, the husband fills their prescription, the wife leaves no doubt about her complete satisfaction.

In such movies as *Freedom to Love*, of course, the redeeming social values are clear-cut and readily demonstrable. In the case of *Language of Love*, no less an authority than Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of the Kinsey reports, was willing to take the stand and testify that the picture was not only educational but medically sound. Unfortunately, no such easy out existed for such serious but erotically explicit films as *Quiet Days in Clichy*, which neither pretended that its considerable sexual activity was offered as education nor was any more concerned with contemporary community standards than Miller's original book. Indeed, the film, like the book, might be interpreted as a frontal assault on those very standards because they represent a bulwark for bourgeois values that the author abhors. True to its source—far more so than Joseph Strick's *Tropic of Cancer*, in which Rip Torn impersonated the young Henry Miller in his Paris escapades—*Clichy* celebrates the zest for life, the frank enjoyment of women and the kind of euphoria seemingly induced by Paris itself that is Miller's wholly personal hedonism, as elaborated in his several books. He is clearly a man who would pass up a square meal for a rounded bosom any time—and much of the film is devoted to his hungry search for both. It features throngs of available girls, both pro and nonpro, a sequence in which a precocious 14-year-old shares the apartment (and the attentions) of the film's two protagonists, Joey and Carl, and an orgy that ends abruptly when Joey urinates in a bathtub he's sharing with two whores.

Some critics have begun to feel that it's time for the courts to reconsider their own imprecise definitions of what constitutes obscenity—particularly since so many producers of sex-oriented movies have already learned how to beat them at their own game. In a new Italian version of *Venus in Furs*, a rather handsome and literate updating of the famed mid-19th Century novel by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, the producers diligently

studded the film—as if anticipating trouble in the American market—with perhaps half a dozen scenes in which a psychiatrist clinically spells out for the emotionally disturbed hero (and the courts) the progress of his case. It seems that as a child, he had witnessed a servant girl making love; on being discovered, the girl beat him, then cuddled him to her naked breast. From that time on, he could enjoy sex only after enduring or inflicting pain. The inserts, crudely done and even more crudely inserted into the completed picture, are not only redundant, they painfully mar the flow and artistry of the film itself. And yet the producers were undeniably well advised, at least from a commercial standpoint, to include them. When *Venus in Furs* was imported, its vivid flagellation scenes promptly caught the watchful eye of the New York Customs inspector, a jury found the film devoid of redeeming social values and ruled against its showing.

What the courts have been saying, albeit with no great consistency, is that where movies are concerned, sex can be educational, it can be sociological, it can be clinical; but the artistic representation of sex as a valid emotional and/or erotic experience remains suspect. The importance of the *Quiet Days in Clichy* decision, handed down this past July by Judge William P. Gray of the U. S. District Court, Central District of California, is the fact that for once the film maker's art and artistic intent (as well as his fidelity to the original novel) were central to the defense arguments. Not since the historic case of *The Lovers* in 1960 had such a defense even been attempted in the American courts. The literary values that ultimately stayed Customs' restraining hand on such acknowledged classics as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Ulysses*, *Tropic of Cancer* and dear old *Fanny Hill* simply did not seem to pertain to film. The redemptive values of art qua art, belatedly recognized by the courts in the works of writers, painters, photographers and sculptors, had yet to be extended to motion pictures.

In rendering his decision, Judge Gray made it abundantly clear that he neither liked nor approved of *Quiet Days in Clichy*. Nevertheless, in summarizing his findings, he stated: "The court is unable to determine whether or not the film *Quiet Days in Clichy* goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in the nation as a whole in the depiction or representation of matters pertaining to sex or nudity. Qualified, respectable experts have found that the film *Quiet Days in Clichy* has artistic merit and other social values. I am unable to find that it does not. Bearing in mind the



increasing frankness in society in matters pertaining to sex and nudity, and the possible artistic merit of the film, I find that the film appeals to the normal interest in sex and nudity which the average person has in such matters, and that it does not appeal to the prurient, i.e., shameful, morbid interest of the average man." The Government did not file an appeal.

Most courts around the country, however, continue to apply the customary three-point yardstick—community standards, redeeming social values and absence of prurient interest—to measure a film's morality, with the result that today's producers and distributors of frankly sex-exploitation films are selling their wares by solemnly, if often hypocritically, stating that sex is the farthest thing from their mind, that their pictures are therapeutic, informational, moral, uplifting, even, on occasion, patriotic. The sex just happens to be there.

Confusing the issue still more is the fact that the courts' yardstick is actually closer to rule of thumb, subject to varying interpretations not only by juries but by jurists. One can sympathize with the 12 good men of Danville, Illinois, who, after deliberating eight hours on the merits of Russ Meyer's *Vixen*, sent out a note from the jury room, asking the dictionary definition of prurient. The layman on a jury is not expected to be a semanticist. But community standards and social values are even less precise phrases, and certainly less subject to dictionary definitions, as the Supreme Court itself has made clear. Justice William Brennan, who first enunciated the community-standards concept in the important *Roth-Alberts* decision of 1957, went on to explain that by community, he meant the entire nation, not a particular county or town. Then Chief Justice Warren wrote that there is "no provable 'national standard' and perhaps there should be none."

Today, with most court cases being fought on the community level, this question of whether community should be given a strictly local connotation or be widened to embrace the entire nation has become crucial. The theater owner in Danville who played *Vixen*, for example, was convicted on criminal charges, even though the same film had been running unmolested for months in Chicago, a scant 100 miles away, and could unquestionably have been shown without any interference whatsoever in the neighboring college town of Champaign, 30 miles to the west. For the people of Danville, however, *Midnight Cowboy* and *Three in the Attic* were "far out"; *Vixen* was the first frankly sex-exploitation feature ever to be booked into their

town. Ironically, the theater owner later complained that in the six weekends that *Vixen* played his drive-in, "We did at least three or four times the business that we did with the Disney-type pictures these people say they want. If I give them what they say they want, I go out of business. If I give them what I know they want, I get thrown in jail." Naturally, the case is being appealed.

Not only is the showing of certain movies being increasingly harassed by the whims and vagaries of local judges, juries and ambitious district attorneys but also approval by a higher court in one part of the country is no guarantee that a picture can be exhibited unchallenged elsewhere. Probably no film in history had been subjected to more thorough examination by the courts than *I Am Curious (Yellow)* before it was admitted into this country last year. Even so, hardly a month has gone by without its being hauled before yet another tribunal somewhere—from Boston to Spokane. Russ Meyer, whose *Vixen* has been charged variously with obscenity, pornography and committing a public nuisance, estimates that since his picture was released in 1969, he has fought no fewer than 23 cases in state and municipal courthouses all over the country.

Although in most instances at present, convictions on the local level are almost certain to be reversed on appeal, the complexion of the highest Court has been rapidly changing since the beginning of the Nixon Administration, with each new appointment specifically designed to counter the liberalism of the Warren era. A number of leading civil-liberties lawyers have openly expressed the fear that, should a new test case dealing with obscenity and/or pornography in films reach the Supreme Court, many of the gains achieved in recent years would most certainly be rolled back—despite the Congressionally unpopular conclusion of a special L.B.J.-appointed Commission on Obscenity and Pornography that the latter is harmless and can even be therapeutic.

Meanwhile, the motion-picture industry's own voluntary film-rating system, adopted almost two years ago, has proved less than successful—except, perhaps, to the industry itself. Last March, the M (mature) classification was changed to a GP rating, in the hope of clarifying that particularly nettlesome category, and the age limit was raised to 17. But nothing was done about the far more controversial X rating, which has been increasingly used in movie ads as a lurid come-on. (One sex-exploitation film, *Africanus Sexualis*, actually advertised itself in some communities as XXX-rated.) Also, it was

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frequently quite difficult to see the logic behind giving *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*, for example, an R, while *Myra Breckinridge* rated an X; to the general public, not privy to the councils of the Motion Picture Association of America, the sexual distinction between the two films would seem not only faint but dubious.

More seriously, although the Code authorities have repeatedly declared that their system is not intended to rate films for adults but merely "to furnish guides to parents to decide on the moviegoing of their children," newspaper publishers in some 40 cities across the nation have undertaken to bar all mention of X-rated movies from their columns and, in many instances, have even refused to run advertisements for such films. When the X-rated *Midnight Cowboy* walked off with several major Oscars at Academy time, the nationwide telecast probably provided many viewers in those cities with the first concrete evidence that the movie actually existed.

Recognizing these weaknesses in the Code, and fearing what they termed "a new public sympathy for censorship which can only result in a restriction of the responsible exchange of ideas in our society," the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures and the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the (Protestant) National Council of Churches took an unprecedented step last May. After an 18-month evaluation of the Code and

its operation, the two organizations declared, in a joint statement, that "as a guide to production, the Code and its standards are today a pure fiction. It is beyond dispute that the Production Code as such is dead." These two leading church groups went on to point out that the public has not yet been sufficiently educated to the true significance of the Code's symbols, that children are being admitted to R- and X-rated pictures, that advertising for R- and X-rated films is frequently deliberately misleading and that trailers for such pictures are often shown at theaters where G and GP films are running. Most importantly, from their point of view, pictures are being rated less for their basic values and effect upon the viewers than for such superficialities as language, extent of nudity and explicitness of sexual action. Their solution, after considering a number of alternatives, was the creation of an independent regulatory system that would bring back some of the force of the old Production Code and the development of machinery that would enforce compliance. Ominously, the report concludes, "BFC and NCOMP believe that the motion-picture industry has very little time to make these changes voluntarily, before public clamor for censorship secures legal sanctions which could be extremely harmful, both to the industry and to the public welfare."

What the report does not make clear, although this is perhaps the most sensi-

tive area on the current film scene, is that the Motion Picture Association is powerless to impose its ratings or standards on the increasing number of producers operating on the fringe of the business. In fact, unless a foreign film is imported by one of its own member companies—such as United Artists, which released *Fellini Satyricon*, with its graphic depictions of the decadence that was Rome—the association has no control whatsoever. An independent producer or distributor may voluntarily submit his picture for a rating; but if he knows that it will probably be an X, anyway, there is little reason for him to go to the trouble and expense. Since the X is automatic for unrated pictures, he is free to publicize his film in any way he chooses. Small wonder that the general public is confused.

As a direct result, nudie films have grown considerably rougher in the past year. Although their makers prudently keep their ear to the ground and are probably even more delicately attuned to contemporary community standards than their big-studio counterparts, they can only conclude that they are safe to go and do likewise when they see what the majors are doing. In 1970, for the first time in the ten years he has worked the exploitation field, Russ Meyer included a glimpse of male frontal nudity in *Cherry, Harry and Raquel*. Other films, such as Dave Friedman's *Trader Horne*, have become considerably more liberal in their display of female pubic hair and in their suggestions of fellatio and cunnilingus. A Lesbian sequence is now not merely commonplace but virtually mandatory in the exploitation field (although male homosexual action is still relatively rare). But the irony is that where once the exploiters led the way for the major studios, today they seem to be following respectfully in their wake.

The one taboo observed by big-studio producers and exploiters alike, however, is overt penetration, whether vaginal, oral or anal. For the courts as well as for the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, this remains the ultimate distinction between what is acceptable and what is hard core. The suggestion of any form of copulation is now countenanced by most higher courts; but the depiction of it, unless in the form of "sex education," is subject to prosecution. Despite this stricture, 1970 saw the development of literally hundreds of small, 16mm "arcade" theaters that are, quite openly, running stag films. In some instances, these are the classic stags described in Part Seventeen of *The History of Sex in Cinema* (PLAYBOY, November 1967); but more often, they are brand-new and made specifically for this new market—often by the same people who operate the arcades.

What makes this possible is the creation



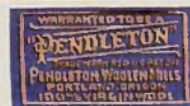
"I don't know, I don't seem to be sleeping the sleep of the just nowadays."





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*"Bah—I just don't know what the youngsters are coming to these days."*



of a legal fiction that the viewers are members of a private club (though in some cities, even this ploy has been dropped in favor of open admission). In most instances, membership cards are instantly available, for as little as a dollar, whenever tickets are purchased (at from three to five dollars). The cards state, in one form or another, "I declare that I am not a member of any censorship group or law-enforcement agency—UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY." Being over 21 is another admission requirement, although, in fact, most members of such "clubs" seem to be men well into their 40s and 50s. Another prerequisite, in those cities where the membership device is still employed: "I believe that motion pictures dealing candidly and frankly with sex and nudity are educational and have social value."

With these legal protections, the "clubs" have proliferated into a clear-cut and self-sufficient operation now known in the trade as arcades or minitheaters. Los Angeles is the undisputed leader, with well over 100. New York has three dozen, with additional scatterings in Detroit, San Diego, Seattle, Dallas, Houston and Honolulu. And San Francisco, where it all began, has perhaps two dozen—all of them, as of this writing, operating openly without the club gambit to protect them from the authorities, who seem strangely indifferent to this disregard for the letter of the law. Most of the theaters are small—converted stores with perhaps 50 seats or fewer. Some may have as many as 300 seats; more have between 100 and 200. Because the man who takes the tickets often runs the projector—and the candy concession, as well—operating costs are extremely low. In fact, perhaps the biggest budget item at this point is the creation of films to supply the houses. Because the operation is so new and relatively clandestine, there is not yet a viable distribution system to move prints from house to house or from city to city. But probably most of the exhibitors in this field would rather do it themselves.

Actually, the arcades are a logical extension of the growing schism in the nudie field that first surfaced five years ago. Some, like Russ Meyer, chose to beef up their plots, added more production values and ended up, if not always at 20th Century-Fox, at least on increasingly frequent occasions in neighborhood theaters and drive-ins. Others dropped all semblance of plot and concentrated on the naked girls. At first, the disrobing was protracted, much as in live burlesque. Soon, however, the flimsy nighties or shifts were shucked within the first few minutes of the performance—but the models carefully retained their panties. Then the panties came off, but the camera eye delicately refrained from

peeping at the pubic area. Before long, however, pubic hair was also being exhibited, and this led promptly to the "split beaver," in which the camera was trained almost exclusively on the vaginal lips. Almost immediately, this was augmented by what the sexploitation houses like to call "San Francisco action"—films, generally heterosexual, featuring extensive foreplay but simulating coitus. The real thing was only a step away; and in 1970, it arrived.

It could hardly be otherwise, with strip joints in most major cities featuring topless—and often completely bottomless—entertainment under full protection of the law. Those film makers who catered to this same voyeuristic market had to come up with something stronger—or go out of business. Some operators of the beaver and San Francisco-action houses hit on the notion of taking the rougher reels and running them as a separate operation, although often on the same premises, for a restricted membership; and the private-club concept was born. Aiding it considerably is the fact that these theaters use 16mm almost exclusively. Since 16mm cameras are not only relatively cheap but portable, they can be carried into motels, hotels or private homes, away from the prying eyes of either unions or the police. And new 16mm film is now so fast that action can be photographed with existing light or with the addition of a single hand-held "sun gun." Thus, reels for this market can be produced at little cost and with relatively little risk. Sound, for the most part, is merely a collection of phonograph records supplied by the theater (when the projectionist remembers), although—again, thanks to inexpensive equipment—there have been attempts to record dialog as well, but more especially the sighs and moans of the participants in the act of love. Plots, where they exist at all, are minimal—as is the need for dialog.

In these films, all types of sexual activity are now on display. While two is generally the company, three is no longer a crowd when it comes to heterosexual action; any number can play. And where less than a year ago the erect penis was strictly taboo, today it is not merely erect but inserted—in every available orifice. In one technically quite accomplished reel, an attractive, shapely brunette, probably still in her teens, masturbates for fully five minutes directly into the camera, then unzips the fly of her cameraman and, in extreme close-up, sucks on his penis until well after the semen has come. Obviously, this required extremes of professionalism on both their parts.

Films appealing to the homosexual trade also appear to be proliferating—and growing rougher. A year ago, penises were never more than semi-flaccid; today

they are often erect. A year ago, the male models who perform in these films avoided all contact with the genitals, except for seemingly accidental touching in the course of wrestling or similar rough sports. Today, they've gotten to the point of mutual masturbation. There is no reason to suppose that—barring an official crackdown—all-out homosexual activity will not be presented on screen within the next six months.

What has been happening in America—the loosening of existing censorial restrictions—is being paralleled to a lesser degree throughout the world. The Scandinavian countries, of course, have long since given up on all attempted restraints on their film makers, except to prohibit attendance by people under 15 at adult-rated pictures. Sweden, following the lead of neighboring Denmark, considered abolishing its *Statens Biografbyrå*, for almost 60 years the official film-censoring bureau. West Germany, now the prime producer of "sex education" movies, maintains what is called a Voluntary Self-Control Board; but its head, Dr. Ernst Krueger, has said, "In the highest age bracket, for viewers of 18 or over, we have become relatively liberal about sex." French censors are admittedly far more concerned with politics than with eroticism.

When Italian film maker Franco Zeffirelli attacked his native industry last spring, declaring that "a film is now judged on the basis of how many nipples you can count by the end," he was tossed out of the Association of Italian Film Authors for his trouble. In England, where censorship is quasi-government-administered, the age for admittance to X-rated films was raised to 18 last July—and the widely voiced anticipation is that British films will soon become even bolder in their efforts to attract the 18-and-over public. India, virtually the last bastion of Victorianism, has traditionally barred not only nudity but even kissing from its films; but this year, at long last, these bans seem about to be lifted on imports, and a government-appointed committee has recommended that they be removed for domestic productions as well.

In Japan, the motion-picture industry operates under a Code of Ethics Commission that seems at least as permissive as our own Motion Picture Association. There is almost no form of eroticism that cannot be—and has not been—presented on the Japanese screen. Only the Soviet Union, Spain, South Africa and Pakistan retain full and vigorous control over their film industries—which may explain in part the lack of impact their product has had on the international market.

Despite this global loosening of restraints, however, the quotient of sexuality has been considerably higher in the



American films of 1970 than in most of those imported from abroad, not including the sex-educational. Perhaps the most stunning of the imports remains *Fellini Satyricon*, a hauntingly rich fresco of the obscene overindulgence of Nero's Rome. Its young heroes, Encolpius and Ascyltus, both ambisexual, move motiveless through a series of episodes—fragments, really, like the shattered paintings that close the film—that flaunt a degeneracy so complete as to expunge all sense of eroticism. Erotic, which relates to love, is present only once in the entire film, in a rather chaste and moving sequence in which a patrician and his wife commit suicide rather than fall into the hands of Nero's minions.

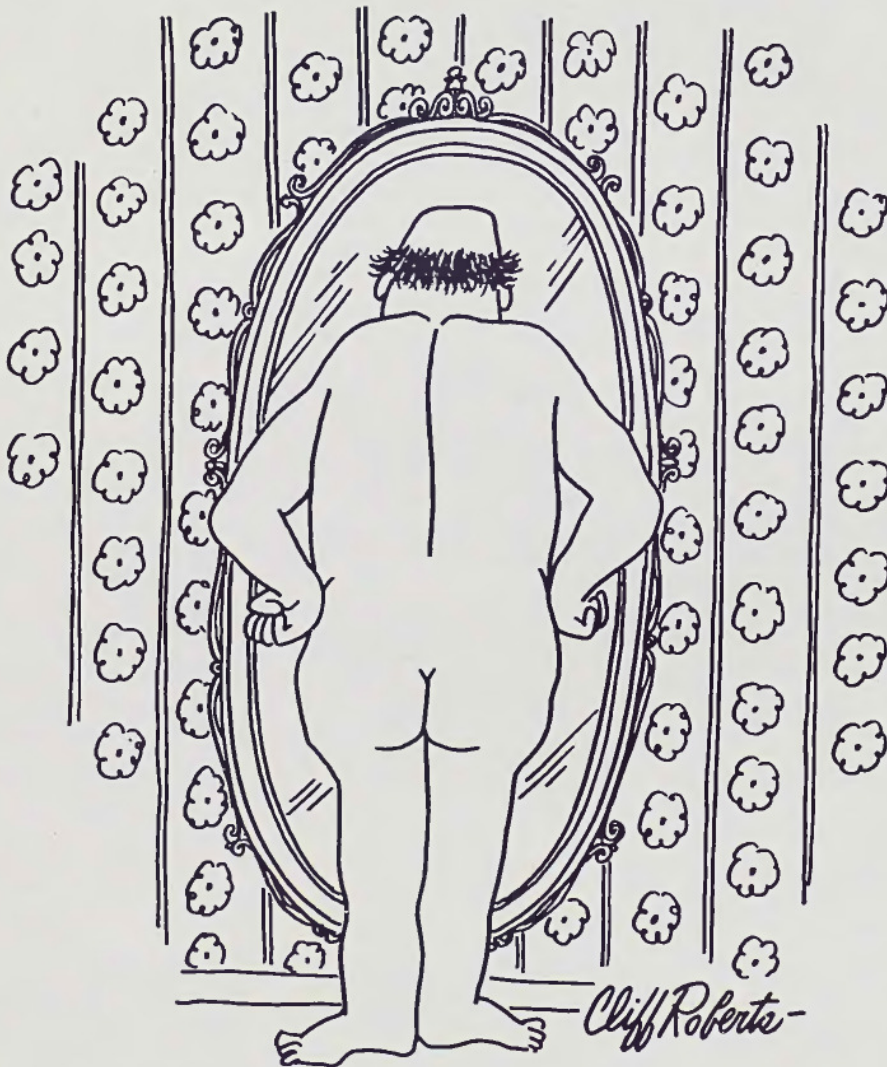
The rest of the film is filled with acidly etched images: a vast, tenement-like brothel with an incredible array of carnal pleasures offered in every room; an orgy with hundreds of naked men

and women holding lighted candles in a large swimming pool, while their masters sup, poeticize and fornicate. A naked hermaphrodite is stolen from its sacred cave by the two anti-heroes and left to desiccate in a desert. One of the young men, now captive on a slave ship, is sequestered for the homosexual pleasures of its captain. Both Encolpius and Ascyltus are jealous for the affections of a venal, lissome pervert named Giton, who constantly plays the one against the other. What Fellini seems to be saying, in a phantasmagoric way, is that their times, in fact, parallel our times, and that the licentiousness of the pre-Christian era he so startlingly depicts is a bold foreshadowing of our own fate. "Rome in its decline was quite similar to our world today," he wrote last May. "There was the same fury for enjoying life, the same violence, the same lack of moral principles and ideologies and the same self-complacency."

While Fellini was preparing his *Satyricon*, his distinguished compatriots Michelangelo Antonioni and Luchino Visconti were at work elsewhere, Antonioni in Hollywood, Visconti, under the aegis (and largess) of Warner Bros., in Germany, Austria and Italy. Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*—despite its desert love-in (photographed in discreet long shots) and some slightly more torrid scenes toward the end, when Daria Halprin encounters her boss's collection of weirdo friends at a mountain resort in Arizona—failed to generate either the critical or the box-office enthusiasm that MGM had anticipated. For all of Antonioni's artistry, it proved a painfully superficial account of the contemporary youth scene and a patently, even presumptuously biased attack on American materialism. In *The Damned*, Visconti was only slightly more successful in his depiction of the bloody dawn of the Hitler era. By dwelling solely on the degeneracy of those times—its protagonist is a transvestite, a child molester and, in the most literal sense, a motherfucker—Visconti achieved revulsion without revelation.

Closer to the mainstream of Italian film making is Pietro Germi's zestful *Serafino*, the story of a lusty young shepherd who divides his nocturnal attentions between his nubile cousin and the village whore. Almost tricked into marrying the cousin, he settles for the prostitute and her four children of dubious parentage when he discovers that the uncle, the girl's father, plans to use the marriage to control his inheritance. Germi, who earlier directed the frolicking *Divorce—Italian Style* and *Seduced and Abandoned*, creates his films with a keen awareness both of what is expected and of what is necessary. There is a gratifying number of sexual exploits on the part of his roguish hero, but Germi invariably—and humorously—cuts away before the action gets out of hand: as opposed to, for example, Rod Amateau's *Pussycat, Pussycat, I Love You*, filmed at Rome's Cinecittà studios by an American company with an international cast and crew. Thoroughly Hollywood in concept, this fatuous farrago purports to follow the Technicolor adventures of a writer who can make it with everyone but his wife. The color, at least, and the not-quite-costumed girls are gorgeous.

France was also in the doldrums, with Jean-Luc Godard increasingly hung up on New Left polemics and most of his New Wave contemporaries engaged in strictly commercial productions. For United Artists, for example, the talented François Truffaut filmed *Mississippi Mermaid* with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve. Filled with steamy scenes between its two attractive stars, the film lacked only one thing—a credible story. Story troubles also marred



"Aha! Me proud beauty!"





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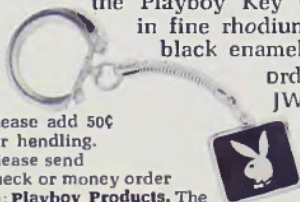
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Claude Lelouch's tricky, often charming *Love Is a Funny Thing*, with Belmondo (again) as a French composer, married, who has an affair with a French actress, also married, while both are working on a picture in Hollywood. The bed scenes are handled with the taste and discretion one would expect of the director of *A Man and a Woman*, but this film lacks the romantic aura and in-depth characterizations of his earlier success. Not only taste but tension mark Claude Chabrol's *La Femme Infidèle*, in which a rather stolid husband gains the respect of his roving wife by murdering her lover; but, again, the tone seems overly cautious by today's standards. Of the older *Nouvelle Vaguers*, only Alain Robbe-Grillet, the novelist-turned-director, seems interested in sustaining the French reputation for sophisticated sex. His *Eden and After* concerns itself with a group of students who, out of sheer boredom, go in for simulated gang rapes, sex perversions and Black Masses at a café called The Eden. There is little of what might be called conventional plot—the action drifts casually from Paris to Tunisia, then back to Paris—but Robbe-Grillet lets slip no opportunity for full-front nudity along the way.

England, which achieved a major breakthrough in *Women in Love*, had little else going for it in 1970, with three of its leading studios closed and most of its production financed wholly or in part by American companies. *Brotherly Love*, for example, was strictly a Metro picture—and looked it. While Peter O'Toole gave one of his finest performances as a roistering nobleman with an incestuous passion for his married sister, Susannah York, and the action included a forthright attempt by O'Toole to seduce Miss York in her bath, the film nevertheless seemed wrapped in the cotton wool of another time and another place—specifically, Hollywood of the Forties and Fifties. And despite some modishly modern camera effects, the same might be said of *My Lover, My Son*, another of Metro's English ventures, in which beautiful Romy Schneider displays more than motherly affection for her fully grown but emotionally immature progeny.

Also under the Hollywood influence was John Boorman's *Leo the Last*, with the capable Marcello Mastroianni totally miscast as an effete British nobleman who divides his time between spying on his black neighbors through a telescope and attending sensitivity sessions with his well-heeled cronies. Dramatically, an inordinate amount of time is spent in a communal pool, where nude ladies and gentlemen seek to achieve spiritual freedom by bouncing up and down in the water. But if the sequence contributed little dramatically, visually it was the high point of the picture. James Bond made his annual appearance, this time with

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newcomer George Lazenby as a sort of road-company 007, in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*; as usual, the girls were beautiful and, in every sense, bountiful. *Monique*, a low-budget, no-star British sex film imported by the normally astute Joseph Levine, proved more French than the French themselves have been this year: A husband with a frigid wife turns to their French maid for affection; so does the wife; when the husband finds the two of them in naked embrace, he transforms the situation into a highly satisfactory *ménage à trois*. Rated X.

If, on the whole, the European film makers were relatively staid in 1970, the exuberant offspring of the New York underground were not. Actually, the underground not only surfaced in 1970, it erupted—and nowhere more explosively than in Michael Wadleigh's *Woodstock*, a more-than-three-hour exploration of the sights and sounds of 1969's most famous love-in. For three days and nights, despite rain, mud and fatigue, Wadleigh's camera crews photographed not merely what was on stage at Woodstock but the freak-out that surrounded it. Kids got stoned. They bathed—or sunbathed—in the nude. They went out into the tall grass and made love, but always within earshot of the incessant rock beat. The cameras were everywhere, and everywhere there was something worth looking at, worth recording. If nothing else, *Woodstock* deserves to go

down in history as one of the great love pictures of all time.

Meanwhile, in the 16mm *cinéma-thèques*—and often in 35mm art houses as well—another side of the underground unfolded. Young film makers are not infrequently approached to supply movies for the beaver and arcade operations. Sometimes they are also asked to do stag reels; they have the equipment, they know film technique, they are accustomed to working with nudes—and they work cheap. More than one underground film maker has supported his more artistic efforts in this manner. *Hi, Mom!*, by young Brian De Palma, treats this in a buoyant, comic way. In one of his film's four segments, the hero is instructed by the winner of the Golden Fig Leaf Award in the art of making stag films, then shoots a session through his own apartment window.

*Events* is more serious. Two young men, needing money to do a documentary on Lenny Bruce, agree to make a series of stag films for \$10,000. The greater part of *Events* deals with the preparations, including fascinatingly improvised sequences—frequently *au naturel*—in which their girlfriends try to analyze their reactions to the proposed filming and their willingness to participate. One, Joy Wener (whose real name is, improbably, Joy Bang), opposes the whole idea. Another actually becomes stoned during the session. Others, includ-

ing some professional models hired by the producer, participate with wholehearted enthusiasm. The climactic orgy is a composite of the filming itself, through multicolor gauzes, and the edited picture that the audience ultimately sees is flash-cut and multiple-imaged, but with fleeting glimpses of sexual action hitherto seen only in authentic stags. It is, without question, the most far-out experimental film of 1970.

That's no small feat, considering the competition. Also up from the underground is *Coming Apart*, a kind of Warhol movie that goes Andy one better: All the action is in focus and all the dialog can be heard. Milton Ginsberg, the director, starts from the simplest premise: A psychiatrist (Rip Torn, again), who is also a formidable lecher, decides to keep a film record of his activities. In a borrowed apartment, he sets up a concealed camera that looks into a large mirror, and thus covers the greater part of the room—including the couch on which most of his patients discuss their problems, quickly disrobe and submit willingly to "therapy." Uncompromising in its technique, *Coming Apart* is a vivid document of our erotically troubled time.

A somewhat similar statement is attempted, less successfully, in *End of the Road*, directed by Aram Avakian from a script he wrote in association with Terry Southern. Its protagonist, Stacy Keach, is a young teacher who has been released from a mental institution and resumes his career at Johns Hopkins, only to become involved with the adulterous wife of a gun-fetishist professor. While the wife has an affair with Keach, the professor masturbates in his study. There is frontal nudity, male and female, bestiality and an appalling abortion sequence in which the patient drowns in her own vomit-filled oxygen mask. After these and similar delights, the film makes a belated attempt at social commentary by bringing in President Nixon and the astronauts, but the effect is less pertinence than impertinence.

Without question, as far as sex in cinema is concerned, 1970 has been the crucial year. The big studios, the independents and the underground alike have pushed their new freedom to the limits, always testing to see how much farther they can go, largely ignoring the silent majority implacably building up on the right. Meanwhile, the push for national movie censorship continues to grow. What faces us in the year ahead rests in the answer to a simple question: Will these pro-censorship forces succeed or will audiences grow tired of the sexual excesses in so many films and cause them to fail through lack of attendance? The pendulum has already begun its reverse swing—and it's bound to hit somebody.



"Ignore him."



## COUNTRY ROAD *(continued from page 166)*

offering it to me. The woman looked at me, smiling. I gladly accepted.

It was a curious thing, but when I turned onto the dirt road toward their house, I couldn't remember what my friends looked like. Here I had spent the whole trip conjuring up the feast, imagining the variety of country sauces, condiments and vegetables we would have, and now, when I tried to put my friends into the picture, they wouldn't come. Their forms blurred, their faces became empty spheres with buzzing eyes and noses, one identical to the other. No, not identical—different but unrecognizable, like faces seen through murky water. Scotty was the old man, I recalled. I should remember him. No, it was Walter who was the old man. It was his house, and when Scotty married Lia, Walter invited them to live with him, now that he was alone. But then there was Ethel. I had forgotten about Ethel all this time. So Walter was not alone, after all, and Scotty and Lia had bought the house. They had always wanted to live in the country and they invited Walter and Ethel to live with them and the two boys, now that the boys were older. I could never remember the boys' names. Or was it Ethel who had inherited the house, as often happens? Yes, her uncle died childless and willed it to her, or to her aunt; and when she died, her aunt willed it to her. But Ethel would not invite a family of four to live with her and Walter. A childless couple was one thing, but a family of four, with the children always getting into things. . . . No, I had it now. Ethel was married to Scotty, the two boys were their children, so there was no question. . . . Then was it Lia who inherited the house? Perhaps Lia was Ethel's aunt, still alive after all; but what about Scotty's parents? It was his parents who were staying with them, I thought.

I parked next to the old barn, sure that everything would pull itself together, once I saw them, the six of them, lined up as for a family photograph. I had even brought my camera. I would ask them straight off to take their picture, the oldest to the left, the youngest to the right, and that would settle the matter. Their names might not necessarily come back to me, but I would be sure of the relationship of oldest to youngest; and after taking the picture, I would listen carefully to hear the names they ascribed to one another. At home, after the picture was developed, I would write the names in ink below each person before I forgot them; and in the future, I would make sure to consult the photograph before setting out to visit them again.

They were not on the porch to greet me, as I had feared. The door stood open and the parlor was in darkness, in spite of the bright sunshine outside. When no one answered my ring, I walked in. "Walter," I called, "Ethel . . . Scotty," glad of the opportunity to link the person who responded with the name I called out, thus getting a start on the problem of their identities. But it would be perfectly plausible for Walter, for example, to hear me only by the time I uttered "Scotty" and to respond in the name of the whole household. He would walk out, arms open in welcome, and like a fool, I would say, "How are you, Scotty?" That would be a fine beginning to our afternoon. However, no one responded. No one at all. They—what was left of them—were all sitting around the dining room, some slumped against their chairs, others collapsed over the tablecloth. The flesh was gone from their hands. Their faces were rotted beyond recognition, if I could have recognized them. Bones were exposed here and there, lips gone, eyes rolled up into the head. As I gazed at them, the kitchen door was pushed open and the gray-and-

white mare came halfway into the room. She bowed her head and nudged my chest. I grabbed some candy-covered almonds from a bowl on the table and offered them to her. She lifted back her lips and crunched them with her yellow teeth. Then she clomped into the parlor and out the front door. I ran to the door and watched her plod past the barn, across the dirt road and disappear in the pine woods.

I am a stubborn sort. The reasonable thing to have done after my car had broken down would have been to forgo the feast, fetch a mechanic and get the car repaired. But I had been looking forward to a genial afternoon among friends for so long and the day for it was so perfect that I refused to allow a gratuitous mechanical failure to spoil it. If I had not been in a remote part of the country or if it had not been a holiday, the problem would not have presented itself. I could have found a mechanic right off, entrusted my car to him and gotten a lift to my friends' house with time to spare. However, my circumstances were exactly what they should not have been. Attending to my car would mean wasting hours searching for



*"You knew I had a hernia when you married me."*



the man I needed, not knowing whether I would find him, paying exorbitant holiday prices, not knowing whether, in the end, my car would run. And what kind of justice was it that made a man work faithfully, day in and day out, only to be forced on his holiday to attend to his witless car? I decided the best thing was to abandon the car and make my way to my friends' house somehow.

I knew I could not get a lift. For on a holiday, what little traffic there is consists of family groups; and no one likes to offer a stranger a lift in front of his family, afraid it might reveal a vulnerability in the family circle or even a desperate need for love. So I would have to walk. I guessed I was about six miles from my destination. At four miles an hour, I'd get there in an hour and a half, which would not make me too late. But an hour and a half later, I was only rounding the bend before Dick's Diner. I had two miles more to walk before reaching the dirt road, and then nearly another mile before arriving at the house. After all this time, I was only halfway there! I cursed my luck. Who else but me had to spend his holiday in such fashion, shambling through unfamiliar country, struggling against the cold, when a warm hearth and a bountiful feast awaited me? Perhaps while I was still bent against the wind, my friends would

sit down without me, assuming that something had come up and that I had no way of letting them know. I was cold, I was hungry, so I did a foolish thing. I figured that since there were two sharp bends in the road, both to the right, and then the right turn down the dirt road, I could save myself time by striking out directly through the woods. In that fashion, I could probably cut the three-mile hike into a short walk. At least it was problematic, it was an adventure, while the more practical course along the road was grimly fixed and for that reason, as well as the distance involved, altogether unappealing.

I plunged into the woods. At any moment, I expected to emerge into the pastureland that overlooked my friends' house, but the woods were endless. I stumbled on for more than an hour, scratching my face, my arms, my legs, cursing my luck. Finally, I had to admit I was lost. But the sun was still high, there was still time to find my way. For a while, I made long sweeping arcs, north, then west, hoping in this fashion to hit either the dirt road or the main route. Then, in desperation, I turned abruptly south, thinking that I had overshot the mark. After walking in this direction for perhaps another hour, I became frightened. I gave up all hope of ever reaching my friends. I simply wanted to be released

from these woods. I was utterly exhausted, chilled through and through, weak with hunger, and the sun was falling fast. When I could go no farther and was searching for a bed of dry leaves to make myself a kind of cocoon for the night, I found myself in an open field, and there below me, with wisps of smoke beckoning from the chimney, was my friends' house. I revived immediately. The day was not a total loss, after all. I rushed down the hill, calling out their names. It was quite a story I had to tell them, funny in a way, but only funny, it was true, now that I was safe. I wondered whether it was the outcome of a situation that allowed comedy in like a carefully screened guest at a fancy dress ball, or whether the situation itself was inherently funny. Suppose I had collapsed before reaching the clearing and slept the night in the cold. Suppose I had wandered for days and finally died of hunger and exposure. Would the story then be just as funny? Funnier, probably. Funnier if I had been forced to stay out the night, funnier yet if I had died.

As I crossed the yard, Walter and Scotty came out the front door. How glad I was to see them! My friends at last! The right family, no child clasping the fat breast of a clod, and they were alive. Alive and standing on the porch to greet me. I had struggled hard. I had been a fool to try cutting through the woods. But here I was. We were reunited. All was not lost.

"We were expecting you," Walter said.

"Good to see you," Scotty said.

"I had a terrible adventure," I said.

"We were just having some hot toddy," Scotty said. "Would you like some? It's the way you like it."

We walked to the dining room. One of the cuts on my forehead began to bleed again.

"Well, how is life in the city?" Walter asked.

"The same," I said. "How are you getting on?"

"We've bought a TV."

"I've always said you could use a TV," I said.

We entered the dining room. The heavy, high-backed oak chairs were pushed against the walls, one against each of the three walls facing me. We sat down.

"I suppose the business is doing well," Walter said.

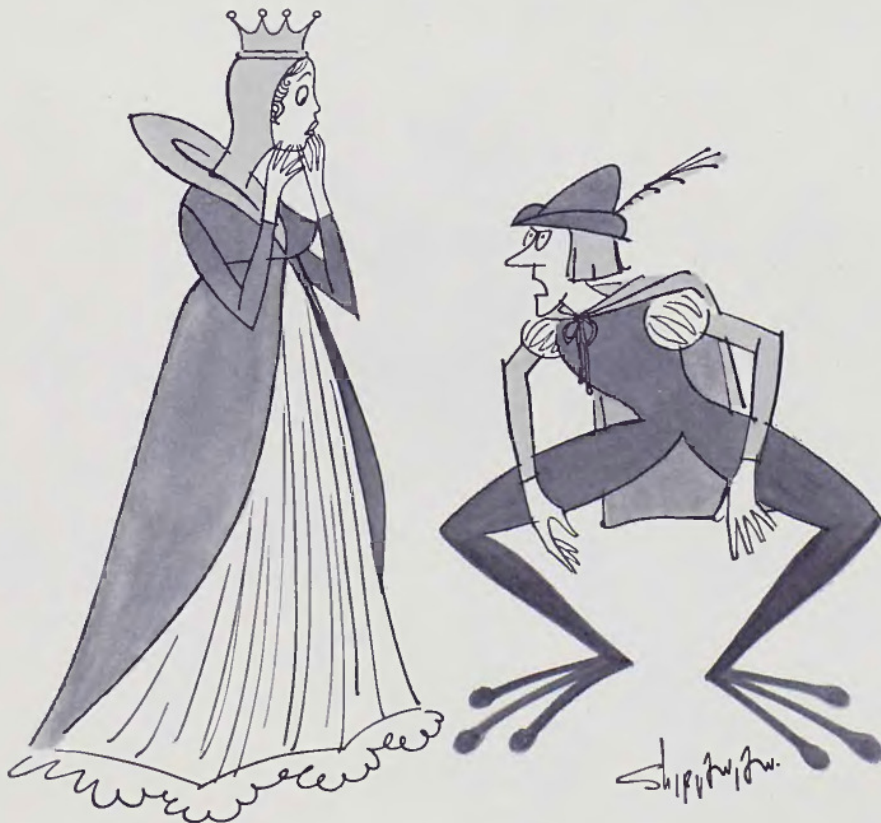
"It gets better, then it gets worse," I said. "You're digging in for the winter, I imagine," I added.

"Yes, we're battening down the hatches," he said.

Scotty offered me some candy-covered almonds.

"How is your horse?" I asked.

"What horse?" he replied.



"You call that a kiss?"



## SHOOT-OUT (continued from page 172)

in the daytime. I can only bend my finger around the cue at night.' So I look around and there's no open doors or windows in the place and so I say, 'How do you know whether it's day or night when there's no doors or windows and we operate strictly by electric light?' And he says to me in his most serious voice, 'My finger knows.'

"And any time a pool player loses, it's never his fault. He was never outplayed and he never played bad. He'll tell you the lights were bad or the table was bad or the atmospheric conditions were bad—like some kind of weatherman.

"They're a crazy bunch. Really nuts, some of them. And they drink a lot. Some of them never get sober. But I've seen those guys where they were bumping into the corners of the table walking around it, couldn't see the ground, and they'll still shoot your eyes out. It's a hard way to live, making your money off a pool table, and it does funny things to a guy's head. Most of my best friends are pool hustlers; but I still tell people when I get real hot, 'If I was a witch, I'd turn you into a pool hustler.' They're different from other people. They just want to be pool players. Take Al Miller—he's a master electrician, but he don't work at it. He's content to be poor—not

dog-poor, not most of the time—but you know, poor, and he has no ambition at all except to play pool."

And someone always asks, "Where's Minnesota Fats?"

"Fatty? Oh, hell, who knows? He was one of the instigators of this tournament and he played in the first couple, but he's so busy with exhibitions and television and his corporations that he usually doesn't show up here around tournament time. He lives about 20 miles from here, and we been friends since '39. He is the king of the hustlers, no question, and I don't mean just pool. He's a born hustler, a fabulous person.

"I'll tell you who Fats is. He's got a Cadillac and the whole trunk is full of clippings, stories about him; you write something about him, he'll buy a thousand copies. Anyway, when he and his wife go on a trip, they have to take two cars, 'cause there's no room for luggage in Fats' trunk and he won't leave those clippings behind. One time he stopped at the side of the road and some guy was plowing a field. He got him over, introduced himself and he's showing this farmer his clippings. He's amazing. He and his big mouth have done more for this sport than anything.

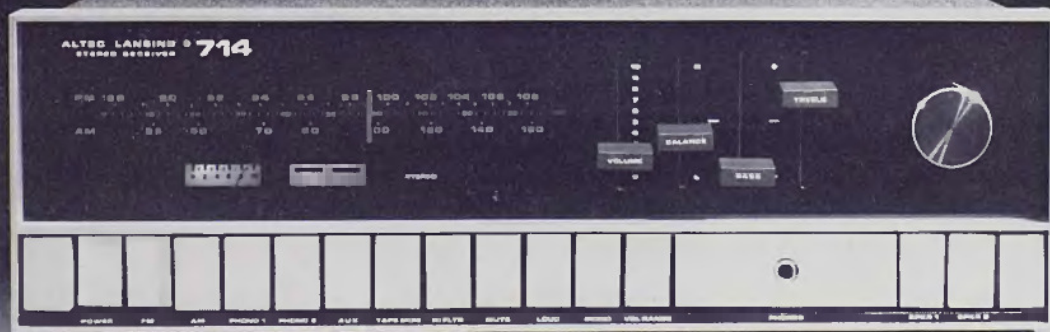
"He's also the best bite man in the

world; better on the snap than anybody. He'll borrow some money from you and make you want to go out and get some more so you can give it to him. I'll tell you a funny story about him and Al Miller. We're in Norfolk and every day Fats bites Miller for a hundred. Every single day, for six weeks. Well, there was this big crap game and Fatty got his tit in a ringer one night and he loses \$4800. Next day Al is there and we're talking about Fats losing \$4800 and Miller really gets hot. He says, 'That son of a bitch, he's been getting \$100 a day from me for six weeks to eat on and you mean he had \$4800 to lose in that crap game?' So now he's looking for Fats; he's going to punch Fats in the nose. He's standing there in front of the poolroom for about two hours just burning, and naturally, we're rubbing it in. Miller's so mad he can't see anymore. He says, 'As soon as the fat man comes, I'm going to run over and fix his nose good!' So Fatty drives up and Miller runs over, opens the door and jumps in the car and they sit there for about 20 minutes. Then they get out and Miller's real dejectedly walking back toward us. We asked him what happened. 'The son of a bitch bit me for another hundred,' he says. You got to be king to do that kind of thing."

"Is that stuff true?"

"Is it true?" says Paulie. "What did

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they send me, the religion editor?"

"Listen, the match tonight is going to be one of the best of the tournament. One-pocket finals: Lassiter against Allen. That's going to be pretty pool. There ought to be a good crowd, because both these guys are popular. Ronnie Allen's from L. A. and he's flashy. Walks around the table, talking to the crowd, laughing, making jokes, very colorful, dresses in that Mod style. And he's very good. He's favored and he ought to win. Young as he is, he shoots beautiful pool. His nickname is Fast Eddie, you know, like the movie. Everybody gets a kick out of him.

"Luther's going to be way over his head against Allen in one pocket. In nine ball or straight pool, he'd eat Allen alive, but in one pocket it ought to be the other way around. But it'll be a good match. Luther's a pro, he's been playing pool for 38 years and when he goes down into that pit, he goes to shoot. No matter what, there'll be some no-forgiveness one-pocket pool in there tonight.

"One pocket's a very specialized game. Very tough. Each player picks one pocket—either the right or the left at the top of the table—and then whoever gets eight

balls in his pocket first wins. What happens is it turns into a very tight defensive game, because any one of these guys could sink eight balls in seven seconds if they had open shots. So the trick is to keep your opponent from having a shot. You hide the cue ball: behind the pack, on the wrong rail, anywhere you can. Just so you leave the other guy nasty. That's called playing safe. It's maybe the toughest game in pocket billiards, because you have to know how to shoot straight, bank, play combinations, perfect position; and, hardest of all, you have to know how to shoot a safety. It's a nervous game, gives everybody those sneak-up kind of heart attacks. It's beautiful."

He was right. When the big room opened at 7:30, the crowd was there. It took the 300 or so of them about five minutes to bunch through the double doors and find seats in the grandstand that surrounds the pit on three sides. Those who couldn't get seats stood and sat in the stairway aisles. The rest stood on chairs behind the grandstand.

In the pit, two very green, brand-new billiard tables with special overhead

lights were getting a final careful brushing (*with the nap of the fine green felt, called Simonus number one*).

Behind the tables, up out of the pit on the side without a grandstand, some of the hustlers were drifting over to get a piece of standing room or a seat at the long folding table with the trophies on it. Behind that on the wall hung a huge elimination chart with the record of three weeks of pool on it. It looked like professional pocket billiards' family tree, running nearly floor to ceiling, with all the great pool hustlers paired off against each other: "Handsome Danny" Jones, "Cuban Joe" Valdez, "Cicero" Murphy, Marvin Henderson, Al Miller, "Cincinnati Joey" Spaeth, "Champagne Eddie" Kelly, Eddie "Knoxville Bear" Taylor, Jack "Jersey Red" Breit, Al Coslosky, Joe "the Butcher" Balsas, Billy "the Kid" Cardone, Joe Russo, Richie Florence, Bill "Weenie Beanie" Staton, Larry "Boston Shorty" Johnson, all dovetailing to the left until only six names were repeated, then four, then two, Luther "Wimpy" Lassiter and Ronnie "Fast Eddie" Allen, hanging one above the other with only a single line next to them left to fill.

Allen came in a back door from the general direction of a marathon gin-rummy game, walked through the milling hustlers in front of the trophy table and began laughing and saying hi and looking around at the crowd. His Mod clothes—flared pants, body shirt with loose long sleeves and large pointed collar—were a contrast to the other players'. So was his age—around 30. Perched on top of his head, above an *Our Gang*-comedy face, was a vermilion corduroy cap that said even before he opened his mouth that he was insanely cocky.

The betting had started in the crowd even before Allen had arrived. Now it began among the hustlers. The odds were on Allen at seven to five. Allen's entourage—three or four madras-bell-bottom-Mod-mustachioed L. A. friends—was doing the negotiating and holding the money. Allen overheard a conversation in the front row between two guys trying to make a bet. He leaned over and said to the one who wanted Lassiter, "You want to bet? I'll take your bet. What do you want?"

"Seven to five on a hundred."

"Seven to five?" Allen is shouting now (the liar's tone). "Man, do you know who I'm playing? I'm playing Lassiter—Luther Lassiter—and you want seven to five?"

His pigeon, unconvinced, held firm. "I want seven to five."

"Take it," said Allen over his shoulder to one of his moneymen, a guy in square-toed shoes.

Lassiter had stepped quietly through the crowd now and into the pit. He



"Oh, the usual. What kind of day did you have?"



looked, as he always does, more like a troubled stockbroker than the seven-time champion of the world in straight pool. White shirt, dark tie, gray sports coat and short-cropped white hair—whiter than it should be at 56 years. There was some scattered applause as the crowd noticed him, but he didn't look up. He took his Balabushka cue out of its case, twisted the two halves together, slid the case under table number one and sat down, without a word, on a stool in a corner of the pit. He sat there for five minutes (while the chatter and the betting continued) with one foot on the ground, one foot on the crossbar, head tilted to the left and not moving: an overly calm portrait in a room that by now had the decorum of an auction barn.

A moment later, Paulie Jansco stepped into the pit and the room quieted, except for some coughing and a few last-minute bets. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "welcome to the ninth annual World's All-Round Pocket Billiards Championship. We've already crowned a straight-pool champion in Joe Russo and a nine-ball champion in Mr. Luther Lassiter. Tonight we'll crown a one-pocket champ in either Ronnie 'Fast Eddie' Allen of Burbank, California, or Luther 'Wimpy' Lassiter of Elizabeth City, North Carolina. The best four out of seven games will win."

A referee is in the pit and the lights over table two have been turned off. Lassiter is still sitting quietly, eating ice out of a paper cup. As Paulie leaves the pit, Allen takes his arm and says, "Wait a minute, wait—wait—wait. He ain't getting his choice of the table."

"All right, we'll flip for it," says Paulie.

"OK, that's fine, but you don't give the choice away, for Christ sakes."

Paulie tosses a quarter, Allen wins and says, "The *other* table." The referee sets two cue balls on it and Allen and Lassiter step up to lag.

Allen scrunches his little cap into place on the back of his head, and then, smiling, he asks, "May I lag, Mr. Lassiter?"

"Yes, sir," says Lassiter in his quiet voice. "I hope it's your pleasure."

Lassiter wins, a rack of new balls is set on the spot, he sights along his cue and then takes a gentle break shot that pushes the pack toward the upper right pocket and leaves the cue ball nearly on the lip of the left-hand pocket, where Allen will have no shot except a safety. Allen is on the stool and engaged in a giggly, whispered conversation with two of his friends in the front row.

"Your shot, Mr. Allen," says the referee.

He walks quickly to the table, looks briefly, bends, takes one stroke to line his shot up, and then pushes the cue ball through the pack, off the 6, off the 3, and leaves it buried on Lassiter's side. A nearly perfect safe. There is slight

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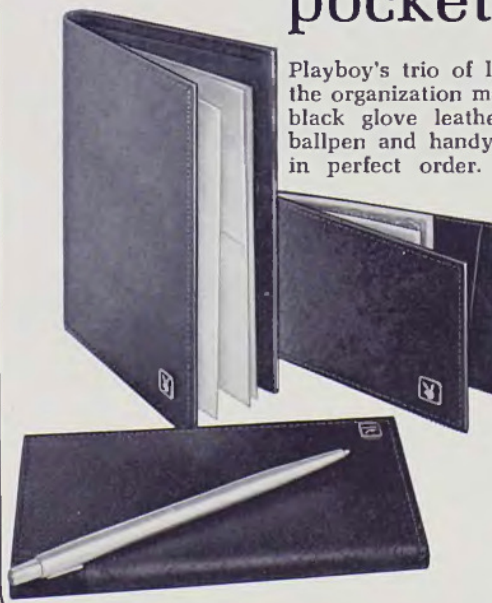
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applause as he returns to the stool, a cigarette, a drink and his conversation. Lassiter walks to the table and around it slowly. He is taking deep breaths, blinking and shaking his head back and forth. There are two possible shots, but not very possible. He stands still, chalking his cue, taking both shots in his head. The only sound is Allen's animated whispering. Lassiter walks to the other side of the table, takes another deep breath, then seems conscious of the time he's taking and says softly, "This boy's a genius—this boy is the best player in the world."

Allen turns, smiling. "You want to bet on me, Mr. Lassiter, sir?"

Lassiter is still looking. He bends, strokes two or three times, and then says, "No, sir, I would not," and pokes a safe shot along the high rail. Allen is up and to the table. He looks, bends, shoots and walks quickly back to the stool.

"Fast Eddie," says Lassiter, looking at the table again and shaking his head. "Boy, I wish you'd put me out of my misery." After a moment, he plays safe, and there is applause. He's put Allen in a very bad spot.

Allen, at the table, looking at the trap he's in, says, "Very pretty." There is no shot and almost no way for him to play safe. Lassiter, on the stool, drops a cube of ice into his mouth and watches. Allen plays a tablelong bank, down the long rail and back up into the middle of the pack—where the cue ball buries itself. There is applause, the loudest of it coming from around the trophy table, where the other hustlers are watching a game they're glad they're not in. Allen has escaped from the trap and left Lassiter in a worse one.

At the table again, shaking his head again, Lassiter looks for 30 seconds and then says, "I wish I had Daddy Warbucks' head on my shoulders right now." Herbert Cokes—Daddy Warbucks—is sitting on a folding chair in front of the cluster of hustlers, shaking his head no.

"I'm glad you recognize talent when you see it, Luther," says Allen from the stool.

"Oh, don't worry, I can tell from that cap alone, my boy," says Lassiter without looking up from his studies. There is

laughter and Allen, smiling, tips his cap. Lassiter's looking at a bank combination. It's not a shot he wants to take, because a miss will leave the table to Allen. He bends to shoot it, then straightens up again and chalks his cue nervously, then bends again and takes the shot. The cue ball leaves the pack, hits the rail, then rolls back into the pack, where the 5 ball breaks out and runs for the hole. There is yelling and clapping before the ball drops, which it does. Allen is smiling, pounding his cue butt on the floor, Cokes is leaning forward in his chair, eyes shut, clapping, the crowd is still applauding and some of them are on their feet. Lassiter is smiling and looking at the table for his next shot.

His position is good and now he begins to work on the tight pack of balls like a gourmet over a duck. He breaks the 2 ball off the corner of the pack and straight in on a hair-thin cut, then the 3 straight in, then a bank on the 11, the 6 up the rail and in, the 4 on a bank and then a pause.

"Mr. Lassiter, shooting for two," says the referee.

Lassiter is looking at a bank shot on the 15 ball. An easy shot, but there's nothing afterward. He sinks it and then shoots a safety. There is applause as he sits down.

"Mr. Lassiter needs one ball to win," says the referee.

Allen is up. He looks carefully at the table, moves around it, then leans over the 7 ball and puts his eye very close to it to see if it's touching the rail. The referee moves around, bends over it and says, "Not frozen."

"Yeah, thanks, I know," says Allen, "for all the good it does me." Then he banks the cue ball the length of the table; it comes back and kicks the 7 a foot and in. There is wild applause and some spilling of drinks. This is the magic the crowd has come to see. Allen has an opening now and, unlike Lassiter—who usually sinks a ball here and a ball there, between safes—Allen's style of play is called runout. Given an opening, he can sink the eight balls he needs to win without a miss.

He turns to the crowd now and announces, "The blitz is on." And then with almost no hesitation between shots, he banks the 8 in, pokes the 1 straight in, the 13 along the rail, the 10 straight in, the 9 on a cut, the 14 straight in, and then the 12 on a bank rolls toward the hole, bangs the rail and hangs up on the lip of his pocket. The sound of disappointment from the crowd.

Allen is smiling. He steps back and says, "Should have had a hamburger." The winning ball is alone on the table in the upper left corner.

Despite the miss, there is no real shot for Lassiter. He is chalking, looking at



"No!!!"



the table. The one ball that's left is dangerously close to Allen's pocket and open only to a difficult cross bank. If he makes it, he's likely to scratch, too. If he doesn't, he'll leave it for Allen.

"Don't miss," says Allen. And then, as Lassiter takes the shot gently, the ball comes off the rail and runs toward his pocket. Allen stretches off the stool and says, "Will it go?"

"It will, my boy, it will," says Lassiter. It does. The gallery is on its feet, clapping, and the hustlers are clapping, shaking their heads, laughing, exchanging money. Allen is smiling and shaking his head back and forth.

And the rest of the seven-game match followed the same rhythm—Lassiter refusing to leave anything open, playing very tight and then making shots where there weren't any. One here, then safe for five minutes, then another, until finally there were eight down. Allen became quieter, and wherever he could eke out a shot, he turned it into a fast run of five or six. After he'd lost the first three games, he took off his little red cap in a moment of bravado for the crowd. They loved it. He won game four by sinking a ball on the break and running seven more balls in about a minute.

In the next game, Lassiter again controlled. He tied Allen up, never let him get warm, made his speed inconsequential and his knowledge of the table impotent. All through the final game (it took half an hour), a drunk in a tweed Norfolk and horn-rimmed glasses who had timidly placed \$25 on Lassiter with Allen's men kept shrieking out every time Lassiter made a shot or a fine safety. "Atta boy, Wimpy, did you see that, Chuck? He never misses that cut. . . . Nice and easy, nice and easy, goddamn, look at that! He's still the greatest, Chuck. Shit, come on, Wimpy." Lassiter never looked up at him (Allen did), nor did the still anxiousness of every move he made through all five games ever loosen. In fact, it got worse, until when he sank the last ball and the drunk had given his last whoop, Lassiter was shaking badly and breathing very heavily. The crowd stood, applauding, and he walked from the table to the stool where Allen sat smiling. Wimpy shook hands with his left, cue dragging on the floor from his right. He was smiling the smile he seems always to want to repress.

The next night, again before a full house, Lassiter beat Joe Russo in straight pool, nine ball and one pocket for the over-all championship. Russo gave him little trouble. As their last game of one pocket ended and the announcement of Lassiter's championship was made, and as the table lights were turned off, and as Lassiter tried to pack his cue between handshakes, Ronnie Allen stepped into the darkened pit and set \$3000 in \$20



"Since you ask, yes—the constable is a friend of mine."

bills on table number one. He said nothing. Lassiter moved past him and through the crowd, and then made his way into the restaurant that Jansco runs in the same building. None of the crowd left their seats and Allen stood talking with some of them—his money still on the table—as his friends were dispatched to find Lassiter and work out the terms.

Al Miller and Lassiter were sitting together, eating grilled-cheese sandwiches when the first offer was made. Lassiter told Allen's moneymen to go away. He didn't want to play; but then he said he'd think about it.

"Give him a chance to unwind, for Christ sakes. He just finished playing," said Miller.

They left and another man arrived. He had a Latin complexion, a dark-blue suit and sunglasses. Lassiter and Miller knew him and he sat down.

"I'm tired," Lassiter told him. "I'm just tired and nervous."

"Why don't you take something?"

"I do, it helps a little."

"What do you take?"

"Compoz."

"What?"

"Compoz, C-O-M-P-O-Z, it's supposed to calm you down."

"Yeah, all right. Listen, they want to spot you two balls, for three hundred a game. Nobody in there has left their seats, Wimpy."

"They all want to see me get beat. They love that."

"Come on, Wimpy, they're waiting."

The man in the sunglasses was standing now. Miller finished his sandwich and said, "Tomorrow we'll take off and play some golf. You can relax then. It's all right."

"Yeah, but I'm nervous. Nervous. I'm afraid I'm going to get beat." He was wiping cheese off his mouth with a paper napkin and shaking his head.

"Come on. You been beat before, haven't you?" said the man in the sunglasses.

Lassiter said yes, shook his head, picked up his cue case and the three of them went back to the pit room.

Allen was waiting, along with the crowd. At this point, the reporter's eyes and ears become no good to him. Because finally, it's no fun to resist the lies anymore, or to remain the only sober man in a room full of hustlers. They played seven games, or eight, or twelve; it depends on whom you ask. Lassiter won five and Allen won three, or they both won four. They played for \$300 a game; or they played for \$600. The backer in the dark glasses made a bundle, or he made a couple of bucks, or he lost heavily. Allen was drunk; Lassiter quit because his head was getting funny; he quit when Allen wanted to lower the spot. There was no referee and Lassiter played in his shirt sleeves instead of his coat. There was no scorekeeper, and the story of what happened got retold only by people who had a stake in how the story went: "I lost 'cause Lassiter chickened out." "Allen couldn't take the heat, I won a bundle." "I came out about even. Lucky thing, 'cause Wimpy was starting to crack." "Allen hadn't slept for two days and he was so goddamn drunk."

"Hey, Danny, you going to be at the Stardust in March?"

"Yeah."

"Maybe we can play some nine ball."

"Yeah, if my neck's better by then."





## man at his leisure

in glamor and excitement some of the most popular events in Europe.

The founders of the Can-Am series took a fairly traditional idea—custom-made, fendered, sports-racing cars—and eliminated almost all restrictions on chassis design and engine size. This provided incentive to experiment and innovate rather than simply refine, and has resulted in the development of ultra-high-performance automobiles with 600–700 horsepower that test engineering concepts and driver skills to their absolute limits. Stirling Moss, director of racing for Johnson Wax, which sponsors the Can-Am series, believes Can-Am Group 7 cars are what sold foreign designers on the American-developed V8 engines featured in the Formula 5000 cars now popular in Europe. Except in prestige, the Group 7 cars have surpassed even the Formula I Grand Prix machines; and their great spectator appeal has raised

(continued from page 179)

the Can-Am season purse to about \$1,000,000 by attracting some of the biggest names in international racing.

To capture the color of the Can-Am, PLAYBOY sent its peripatetic artist LeRoy Neiman back on the road, this time to St. Jovite, Quebec, for the running of the second race in the 1970 series at Le Circuit Mont Tremblant. St. Jovite was the Can-Am starting point in 1966 and its facilities and location continue to make it one of the most prominent and exciting events of the racing season. Reports Neiman:

"As I drove to the course, the French names, the bilingual road signs, the music on the car radio, the lush rural countryside dotted with farms and churches that show their French influence reminded me a little of Le Mans. But the Le Mans 24-hour race is almost a European Indy 500—all carnival and cops and bureaucracy and grandstands and tradition.

St. Jovite, to my great pleasure, had the atmosphere and spirit of a well-planned Woodstock. Very informal, with tents, bedrolls, blankets and people scattered everywhere, talking, drinking, smoking, charcoaling, or just sunning themselves in shorts or bikinis. Much more picnic than carnival.

"The setting is spectacular. Soft grassy hills, steep mountain slopes (you can see the ski trails zigzagging through the trees) and jagged cliffs, all of which provide comfortable vantage points from which to view large sections of the two-and-a-half-mile course that reminds one of a river winding through rocky, hilly woodlands. The starting-line grandstand is too small to detract from the course's natural beauty and the pit area is reminiscent of a busy filling station. Unlike the French gendarmes, who work Le Mans as though it were a student riot, their French-Canadian counterparts know how to keep order without aggressive regimentation. This helps ease the tension among crews and drivers, for St. Jovite's holiday atmosphere can be felt even in the pits, where nerves usually fray quickly as racetime nears. The competition is there: Expensive cars carry the hopes of owners and sponsors—at speeds of 200 miles per hour in pursuit of a purse of at least \$65,000 and series point awards. But irritability is remarkably low and professional fraternalism high.

"Despite its beauty and festive air, St. Jovite is a tortuous course that wears out cars and drivers alike. Only ten cars—fewer than half the starting field—held up long enough to finish. At least one driver suffered heat exhaustion and was relieved by Peter Revson, who managed to place seventh in a completely unfamiliar car. Revson's own machine had dropped out with engine failure after seven laps. On the very first lap, Jackie Oliver's Auto-coast Ti22 topped a rise at 150 mph, caught air under its front end and did a backward somersault that demolished the car but miraculously spared the driver. Two other cars were sidelined by the same crash, ten more by mechanical failures. After 75 laps, the winner was Dan Gurney, who started in the pole position with the fastest qualifying speed of 102.58 mph and then averaged 97.95 mph, giving the McLaren team its 15th consecutive victory in the Can-Am series. Gurney's triumph only served to increase the efforts of rivals—and to heighten the interest of motor-racing enthusiasts—to see who might end the McLaren team's long winning streak before the last race of the season on November eighth at Sears Point in Sonoma, California."



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**PLAYBOY FORUM**

(continued from page 74)

(remember that our conspiracy laws are already vague), with penalties up to 30 years in prison. This also has passed the Senate and is in the House.

The Defense Facilities Security Act (HR 14864) gives the Secretary of Defense broad powers to define virtually any industrial area a "defense facility" if it might be used in the future for such purposes, gives him authority to deny employment in or even access to these areas, and empowers the President to order massive investigations of individuals and groups, whether or not such persons or groups have (or seek) access to classified information. This has passed the House and is now before the Senate.

Do you get the picture? The presumption seems to be that all Americans are potentially disloyal and need to be policed like the denizens of one of Orwell's or Kafka's totalitarian fantasies.

National Committee to Preserve the Bill of Rights Sharon, Massachusetts

**PERMANENT CRIMINAL RECORDS**

As a retired criminal attorney, I was especially interested in the letter from John M. Cates (*The Playboy Forum*, June), which mentioned the expungement of permanent criminal records. It is ironic that a society that goes to great lengths to safeguard a man's life and property can take from him (by maintaining permanent records of an arrest or court charge) his most valued possession—his reputation—without even a semblance of due process.

I recall a *Playboy Forum* letter of several years ago that quoted a prosecutor, in dropping obscenity charges against a school superintendent, as saying "he has already suffered for his acts." The prosecutor was referring to the record that had been made and the publicity that the simple fact of the charge had generated.

There's no doubt that the existence of a record of any type of criminal involvement "punishes" an individual for the rest of his life. A person with a record is forever called upon for explanations by employers, credit bureaus, etc. All too frequently, a police record penalizes an individual far more than can the sentence of any court.

William F. Byers  
Orlando, Florida

*The case referred to by Mr. Byers was that of a former superintendent of schools who had been accused by the Federal Government of sending obscene mail to two women; the actual recipient was a postal inspector seeking to entrap the man. The Government dropped the case because the accused had "already suffered for his acts," and was "no longer in a position and has no access to*

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youth," and because he had "suffered shame and humiliation to the extent that further prosecution should not be necessary." The man, who had pleaded not guilty, was never given a chance to prove his innocence, because the Government "generously" dropped the charges. The record, of course, remained, as did the gratuitous implication that the accused was dangerous to youth; he was suspended from his position, subsequently resigned and spent some time in hospitals suffering from emotional and physical shock. In maintaining all records of alleged criminal involvement, society's attitude toward justice approaches that of the character in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland": "I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said the cunning old Fury; "I'll try the whole case and condemn you to death."

#### MORE UNEASY RIDERS

Recent letters in *The Playboy Forum* have commented on real-life experiences similar to those in the film *Easy Rider*.

Let me add my own testimony. I was driving through a small town in Louisiana with two friends one Saturday at two A.M. We stopped to make a call from a telephone booth. We all have longer-than-average hair and that was our only "criminal" offense. Immediately, however, two sheriff's deputies pulled up behind us, got out of their car and asked, "What the hell are you doing here?" We explained that we were making a phone call; one of the officers then remarked that anyone who uses the phone at that hour is a "shit-ass." With that, they returned to their car, telling us in choice language to get out of town and not come back. We politely obeyed and I made a point of driving extra carefully, to avoid any further confrontation with the protectors of the peace. About two miles away, however, their red light appeared behind us and we were ordered to pull over. We were told that we were under arrest; our request to know what crime we were accused of was ignored. We were not informed of our constitu-

tional rights and they neither allowed us to lock up our car nor would they impound it themselves; the car was simply left beside the road until my bail bondsman took me to it after my release 12 hours later. Several items had been stolen during that interval.

At the prison office, we were fingerprinted, photographed and given the drunkometer test, which we passed. I was then charged with careless driving and my two companions with vagrancy and (believe it or not) protesting. They were released into the custody of their parents, but I was put in jail and not allowed to make a phone call, despite repeated pleas, for several hours. When I finally called a bondsman, I was released on \$1000 bond.

I am leaving the state of Louisiana as soon as my trial is over, and I urge all others with long hair to make a long, long detour rather than drive through this totalitarian realm.

David Dick

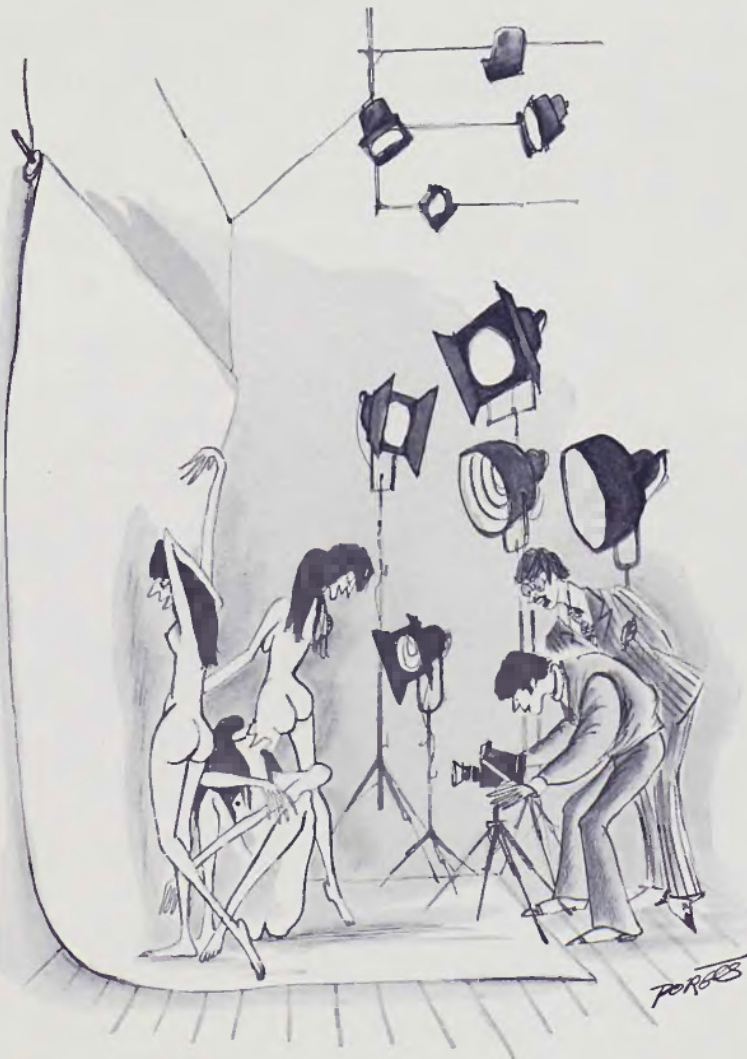
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

#### ALTERNATE INSTITUTION

One of the most constructive aspects of the culture being developed by young people is the creation of new institutions such as free universities, the underground press, free stores and the like. In big cities all over the country, a type of operation that might be called the "emergency communications center" has appeared and is serving important needs. The Switchboard in San Francisco and LSD Rescue Line in Chicago are two of the better-known instances of the genre. Primarily, these are phone services that take calls from people in trouble with drugs and either advise them, get help to them or refer them to someone who can help.

Late in 1969, such an organization was founded in Philadelphia by Sherri Winter and Shelly Kaplan. It is called HELP and besides aiding young people who have medical or legal problems resulting from involvement with drugs, it also gives assistance or advice to runaways, girls looking for abortions, men with draft problems, A. W. O. L. Servicemen, people contemplating suicide, people in need of shelter, clothing or food and people with a venereal disease. HELP has access to doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists and other kinds of professional assistance.

Organizations such as HELP get things done in areas in which establishment-oriented groups fail. Emergency communications centers operated by young people speak the language of the young, are trusted by them and avoid the moral preconceptions with which sometimes even sympathetic oldsters approach drug and sex problems. The proliferation of such communications centers around the country is a positive accomplishment of young people. Such alternate institutions



"Leave some space for the trademark and copy."



are evidence that a new culture can supplant an old one, not by violent opposition but simply by finding better ways to do things.

John Mayer  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

#### MILITARY JUSTICE

Robert Sherrill's article *Justice, Military Style* (PLAYBOY, February) really told the truth about our glorious Army. My own case is just one more example of the kind of inequity that the military countenances daily. Arrested on suspicion of possession of marijuana, I was threatened with a court-martial but, after a few weeks was sent, instead, to a board of administrative discharges. My lawyer told me bluntly that this change of procedure occurred because there was not enough evidence to convict me at a court-martial, and the board virtually admitted this when it gave me an undesirable discharge on the grounds of *suspicion* of possession of marijuana because of *hearsay* and *circumstantial evidence*—in other words, because of evidence that would not stand up in any court of law, not even a military court. The authorities simply had a hunch that I was guilty, and acted accordingly.

But justice is not supposed to be based on hunches: it's supposed to be based on facts. I feel that I have been denied my constitutional right to due process of law

—after spending 19 months in Vietnam fighting to defend the system that has treated me this way. As soon as I get home, I'm going to retain a lawyer and take this matter to a civilian court. I am *not* guilty.

J. S. Foster  
APO San Francisco, California

#### FULL SPEED ASTERN

A letter dispatched to all flag officers, unit commanders and commanding officers throughout the U. S. Navy from the Chief of Naval Operations stated that short, neatly trimmed beards are permissible, that sideburns may be worn to the top of the earlobe and that hair may be worn to a maximum length of three inches. The reason given for these new rules is "the Navy's policy of keeping abreast with the civilian trends in dress and appearance so long as it does not conflict with a neat and military appearance."

The letter's arrival at the base where I'm stationed was heralded by rumors, which were adamantly denied by the officers in charge. This was followed by half-truths, which were, in turn, succeeded by grudging admissions that the new policy actually existed. Once the policy was acknowledged, though, the local powers did everything they could to discourage exercise of the new freedom. Men with beards and longer hair are

required to undergo biweekly inspections for lice. Once they begin a beard, they can't shave for six months. Inevitably, men who take advantage of the new hair rules are singled out for preferential harassment. I'm eligible for re-enlistment, but I am going to forgo a Navy career and leave the Service altogether. Not over the trivial issue of growing a beard but because of the low caliber of leadership displayed during this episode.

DP/3 Dennis J. Patten, U. S. N.  
FPO New York, New York

#### WELCOME WITHHELD

The day before the student Moratorium that took place in October 1969, President Thieu of South Vietnam was quoted by the Associated Press as saying, "I would welcome any delegation of students to come here and visit Independence Palace, Hué Cemetery and our soldiers in the field . . . and I think they would change their minds."

I decided to take him up on that and wrote to the embassy of Vietnam in Washington. Like others who contacted the embassy, I received a form letter asking for a personal résumé of my political affiliations and views and my reasons for wishing to visit Vietnam. The letter ends, "We will advise you of further details in due time." My copy of this letter was dated January 30, 1970. After returning a detailed reply within a week,



## 'My Whiskey'

Two words that describe the personal pride people have for the most likeable brand of whiskey in the world.

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I received another form letter of acknowledgment, which ends, "We hope to be able to bring you more information about your request in due time." Since then, I have inquired several times without receiving any reply and it's now many months with no word from the embassy.

Was the statement by President Thieu just an effort to counteract the attention given student activities last year by the press, to publicize the Republic of Vietnam and picture it as interested in student sentiment in the U. S.? If so, it is time to correct the impression he gave. In the absence of any cooperation with my pursuit of this public invitation, I cannot help but conclude that President Thieu was insincere.

This may seem like a lot of work to discover that a politician didn't mean what he said, but we're in this war only because a lot of Americans believe what Vietnamese and U. S. politicians are telling them. When the reasons a nation is fighting a war are not obvious, the credibility of the leaders becomes an important issue.

Randall K. Walter  
Richmond, Virginia

#### DISSENT IN THE SERVICE

As a staff member of *The Ally*, an underground newspaper for GIs with a circulation of about 50,000, I've received many letters from our distributors complaining about the military's tampering with Servicemen's mail and, in some cases, using intimidation to prevent distribution of the paper. The following are a few such complaints:

A soldier in Vietnam asked his commanding officer for permission to distribute *The Ally* and was promptly transferred to a remote outpost. At his new unit, he again asked to distribute the paper. The Army has neither refused nor approved his request. We sent him 300 copies, which arrived ripped open. His platoon sergeant said he would keep them in the company safe, but the man demanded them and eventually distributed all 300. Now he no longer receives the bundles we send him.

A private stationed at Fort Hood, California, was arrested by the military police for having 13 copies of *The Ally* in his locker. He was charged with distributing an "unauthorized publication." After a special court-martial, he was sentenced to six months at hard labor; his sentence was suspended; then he was discharged as unsuitable for military service. At Fort Polk, Louisiana, a private was apprehended by MPs while distributing *The Ally*. He was court-martialed, fined \$15 and subsequently put on levy for Vietnam.

Marine distributors at Iwakuni, Japan, were questioned at length by the Criminal Investigation Division and by their commanding officer, because they had received large numbers of *The Ally*.

When asked by the GIs what authority he had to open their mail, the commander replied that he had no authority but that the package had been damaged in handling and the newspapers had been exposed. The same thing happened to four such packages.

Our distributors in Korea have reported that mail clerks had been told by the C. I. D. to watch for unusual brown envelopes addressed to the distributors, so that C. I. D. could impound the articles and investigate them. In one division unit, our subscribers claim that their first-class mail is being opened and crudely resealed. We also receive letters from many of our subscribers complaining that *The Ally* has never arrived.

It appears that the military greatly fears one of the institutions it supposedly exists to protect—the free press.

Rod Lord  
Berkeley, California

#### YANKEE, GO HOME

Senator Stephen Young of Ohio revealed some information of the greatest importance on the Vietnam situation. He said, as recorded in the *Congressional Record*:

A Gallup Poll or survey made by the U. S. military command in South Vietnam completed recently, and then suppressed on order from Ambassador Bunker and top U. S. Army officials in Saigon, shows 65 percent of the people in all South Vietnam want all Americans out of the country. The American Broadcasting Company reported that 30 percent had no opinion and five percent, mostly in Saigon, wanted Americans to stay.

This survey should be considered by anyone who still believes we are protecting the Vietnamese people.

Alan M. MacRobert  
Washington, D. C.

#### VETS AGAINST THE WAR

Who has been and is responsible for mass murders, torture, political repression and other unspeakable crimes in Southeast Asia? You are.

This indictment comes from Vietnam Veterans Against the War, a group of men forced to carry out United States policy in Indochina. Most of us have been in combat. We have defended a series of totalitarian governments against their people and we have participated in a war that is an atrocity. Our members were there when President Eisenhower assisted the French at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, when President Kennedy sent military advisors to Vietnam, when President Johnson increased the number of U. S. forces in Southeast Asia and when President Nixon ordered Cambodia invaded.

We have witnessed the Diem regime's killing of Buddhists and the subsequent killing of Diem himself. We have seen firsthand the decadence of the Ky regime and the corruption and repression of the Thieu government. We have observed with disbelief the mockery of democratic principles in rigged elections. We have listened to briefings and we have given briefings. We have made false body counts and we have read the body counts released as fact. We have heard regimental commanders say, "The present ratio of 90 percent killing to 10 percent pacification is just about right." We have heard regimental chaplains pray for "the wisdom to find the bastards and the strength to pile on." We have been ordered to defoliate the countryside and bomb and burn villages. We have buried the women and children killed by U. S. firepower. We have carried infants horribly mutilated by U. S. napalm. We have picked up the arms and legs of our buddies and carried the remains of friends in rubber bags.

If there is an American commitment to defend freedom in Vietnam, the U. S. has not even begun to honor it, because we support a government in Saigon that Stalin would have envied for its brutality and Al Capone would have admired for its corruption. We are not defending America by fighting; we are destroying it. There is no prestige, no honor in doggedly continuing to fight a vicious, costly war against a brave and militarily weak people. We hear that the U. S. has lost too many men to pull out, as if continued fighting could bring back the dead. We are told that invading Cambodia protected our fighting men, but they would not have needed protection if we had left Southeast Asia.

We are told "The war is over for you." But there are too many of our buddies dying in Vietnam at this very moment. There are too many of our wounded still suffering in inadequate hospitals. There are too many Vietnamese kids hiding from our soldiers and our bombers. And there are too many Americans who don't give a damn.

Scott Moore, Vice-President  
Vietnam Veterans Against the War  
New York, New York

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's 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.







*"Say, you know, you're very attractive when  
you're angry and naked. . . ."*



## WEST OF EDEN (continued from page 174)

members wanted"), and ended with the Yellow Submarine Commune in Eugene, Oregon (no comment). In Ann Arbor, Michigan, there was one commune living in four houses supported by three rock groups. This was Trans-Love-Energy, home of the White Panther Party and the MC5. It had been organized by John Sinclair, now serving a ten-year prison sentence for giving—not selling—two marijuana cigarettes to undercover narcotics agents.

In Brooklyn, a real-estate firm called The Apartment Key advertised house rentals "suitable for communes." In Menlo Park, California, the Portola Institute, a hip think tank, created the Whole Earth Truck Store, a kind of traveling Sears for rural collectives.

It turned out that there were communes all over America—urban, rural, suburban and exurban. Some banned drugs. Others gave LSD free to all members and visitors. Many were little more than crash pads, but some were as comfortable as any good fraternity house. And, in a way, that was what most of them resembled—coed fraternities where the parties smelled of grass instead of beer.

To the adult experts, one thing was

very clear: The communal-living phenomenon was real, and it might be dangerous. The communes had something to do with drugs and revolution. There were warnings.

"More and more of our children will move into psychedelic communes unless society tries to understand the stresses that alienated them in the first place," said Dr. David E. Smith, director of the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic.

What were those stresses? What was that alienation all about? Why were the children of America rejecting everything their parents had tried to give them? Where did everything go wrong?

The Sixties opened with a burst of Kennedy laughter that was cut off by rifle bullets. The nation became expert at staging state funerals. We wallowed in the gloom of imperial responsibility. We went to war, and this time, we lost. The game became ugly, boring and senseless. Some of the young tried to save themselves by fighting the manic national parent; others ran and hid. Orphans of affluence, they knew almost nothing about survival. To most of them, money was something that came out of a wallet; food was found in refrigerators and

work was a tedious magic that Dad did to make the house machine keep buzzing. Scrounging in the rich garbage of the American nightmare, they returned, in effect, to man's original state. They became hunters and food gatherers.

They smoked marijuana, took any pill that anyone offered, made love to one another. They did not go to school and they did not receive grades. They dressed themselves in crazy old costumes and made every day Halloween. And finally, they began to explore one of the dirtiest words of all: communism. There was a great sharing. In the general euphoria of this communion of the children, even grownups could smile and take a flower. It was 1967 and the Summer of Love was transforming the foul tenements of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury and New York's Lower East Side into the temples of what was to be a new society in which money and profits would not exist.

No one wanted to believe that it all had the sad beauty of the games children played at the entrance to the gas chamber. No one wanted to believe that the lovely girl with the strange stare and the soft voice and the woven crown of flowers was Ophelia. No one wanted to believe that those were funeral flowers. No one wanted to believe that death could be so satisfying.

In October of that year, Groovy, a pleasant mental defective, and his girlfriend, Linda Fitzpatrick, the daughter of a well-to-do Connecticut exurbanite, were murdered in an East Village cellar, where they had hoped to score acid.

The Summer of Love was over and the Winter of Speed was beginning. Hip was buried in a mock funeral on Haight Street. Long-haired dealers with guns were running the scene now. The original hippies who had not disappeared into the desert when the teeny-boppers arrived were looking for safe holes to hide in. Shivering was epidemic.

Many of the casualties of this dream that failed fled into the Indian country. A defeated people, they went to the Indians to learn how to live off the land. They saw no other way to survive.

Ever since the beginning of the psychedelic revolution in the late Sixties, there has been an intensive fascination with the Indian roots of the American experience among the turned-on young. They may reject their parents, but they are still afraid of the dark. They need experts to teach them how to live in the raw. The Indians are experts. They have been out there in the wilds a long time, existing quite well without the benefits of industrial civilization.

The Taos Pueblo was already old when the Spanish conquistador Francisco



"This young lady is a Ph.D., my dear. I am picking her brains."



# Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.



80 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY MCKESSON LIQUEUR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © MCKLIQCO, 1970



MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON. Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.



Vásquez de Coronado came to New Mexico, seeking the mythical golden cities of Cibola. Today, the Indians of the pueblos live much as they did then. They have never accepted modern concepts of property rights. The reservation and the buildings belong not to any person or family, not even to the pueblo itself, but only to the universal life force. The cultural ethic of the pueblo Indians of the American Southwest idealizes peace and order. In order to achieve and maintain union with nature, the people of the pueblos willingly subordinate themselves to the group spirit; yet they do not recognize the validity of master-slave relationships. The Taosenos have refused to accept, in principle, the authority of any government to direct their lives as a moral, ethical or natural right. In the face of superior force, they have accommodated themselves to successive Spanish, Mexican and American Colonial presences. During the past 400 years, they have successfully—if temporarily—revolted against each of their conquerors whenever external rule began to interfere with the basic experiences of the way of life of the Taos Pueblo. The young Americans living in the communal groups that have begun to dot northern New Mexico with canvas tepees, old school buses, tents, trailers and adobe huts often say that the Indians were the original hippies

• • •

Morning Star in New Mexico is the offshoot of an earlier commune with the same name set up on a 31-acre ranch

near Santa Rosa, California, by Lou Gottlieb, formerly of the Limelighters folk-singing group. When Gottlieb began the venture in 1965, he thought it would be a start toward the formation of what he called the Alternate Society, the opposite of the Great Society, an answer to the problems of the "age of cybernation, economic abundance and technological unemployability." Gottlieb's experiment broke up under the pressure of various stresses, internal and external. Some of the people went to New Mexico and tried to create a new Morning Star that would succeed.

Other long-hairs began arriving in New Mexico as early as 1967. Within two years, they had spent more than \$500,000 on land. In Taos, there was a general store run on what appeared to be a low-profit basis. A hippie automobile-repair shop was accepting payment from those who could afford it and allowing others to use its facilities free. A free medical clinic was in operation.

If a totally moneyless society was undoubtedly a long way off, still there was evidence of a budding Alternate Society. The runaways were learning how to take care of their own. Yet they were hardly welcome among the local people, who were afraid of drugs and disease. There were two cases of bubonic plague in the hippie colony in Placitas. During the Thirties, plague had threatened northern New Mexico. No one wanted to see it return.

There was also something less rational, the kind of intangible prejudice that

greeted any minority group. A discussion overheard in the Kiva Coffee Shop of the Kachina Lodge in Taos was typical. This one was going on at a corner table among two real Americans in white short-sleeved shirts and a middle-aged man whose orange shirt and leather string tie were evidently supposed to suggest solidarity with Western tradition.

"Them hippies are tryin' to take over, but they don't want to work," said one of the white shirts.

"Oh, they'll work, all right," the wild Westerner said. "You just got to give them the kind of work they like. Executive work, that's what they like. Of course, there's not much of that around, is there?"

"Haw-haw!" they guffawed, pounding the table and stamping their feet. "You hit that nail right on the head," said one. "They gonna be executives with the telephone company or nothin'. They ain't lazy. They just particular. Haw-hee-haw!"

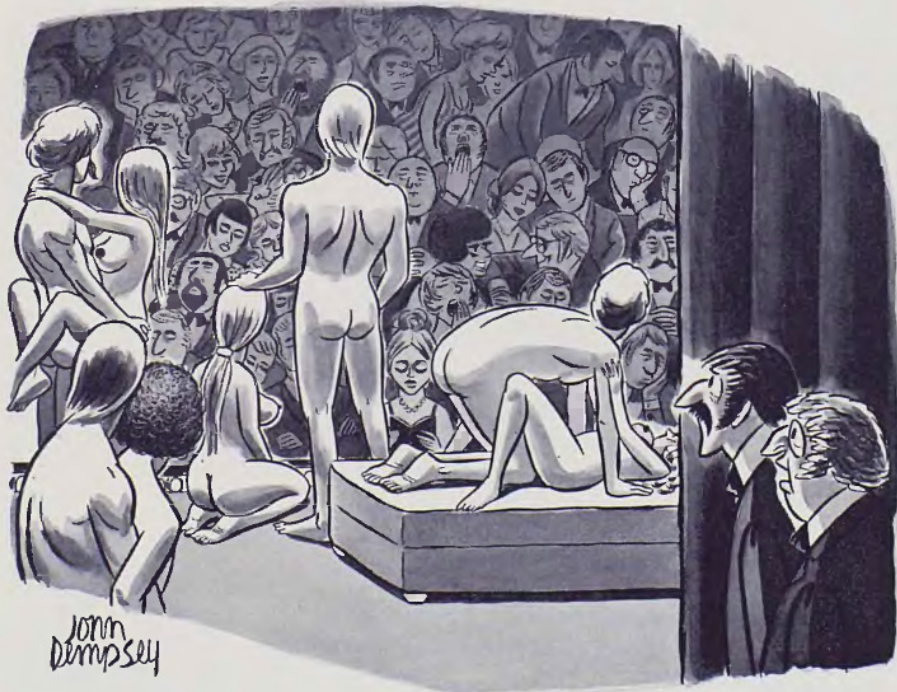
About 30 miles south, the 50 current members of the Hog Farm, a traveling circus of a commune that had just spent the past 18 months moving like gypsies from town to town in three large, gaily painted buses and a motley caravan of other motor vehicles, were sitting in front of the Road Hog, their oldest and favorite bus, discussing plans to build a real kiva in which they could live comfortably during the winter.

A kiva is ordinarily understood to be a ceremonial building, traditionally circular and consisting mainly of a large round hole dug in the ground, walled with adobe and roofed with pine poles. It is one of the oldest forms of shelter known to man. The pueblo Indians no longer live in kivas, but they use them for such sacred rites as the peyote service. In many languages, the word for temple is etymologically closely associated with the word for house. As important a breakthrough in human development as housing is thus understandably memorialized in religious ritual.

The Hog Farm was among the most recent communes to settle in the New Mexico area but one of the oldest groups in the psychedelic movement, a wild seed that sprang from novelist Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters. Kesey, not long released from jail after serving six months for possession of marijuana, was living on a ranch outside Eugene, Oregon.

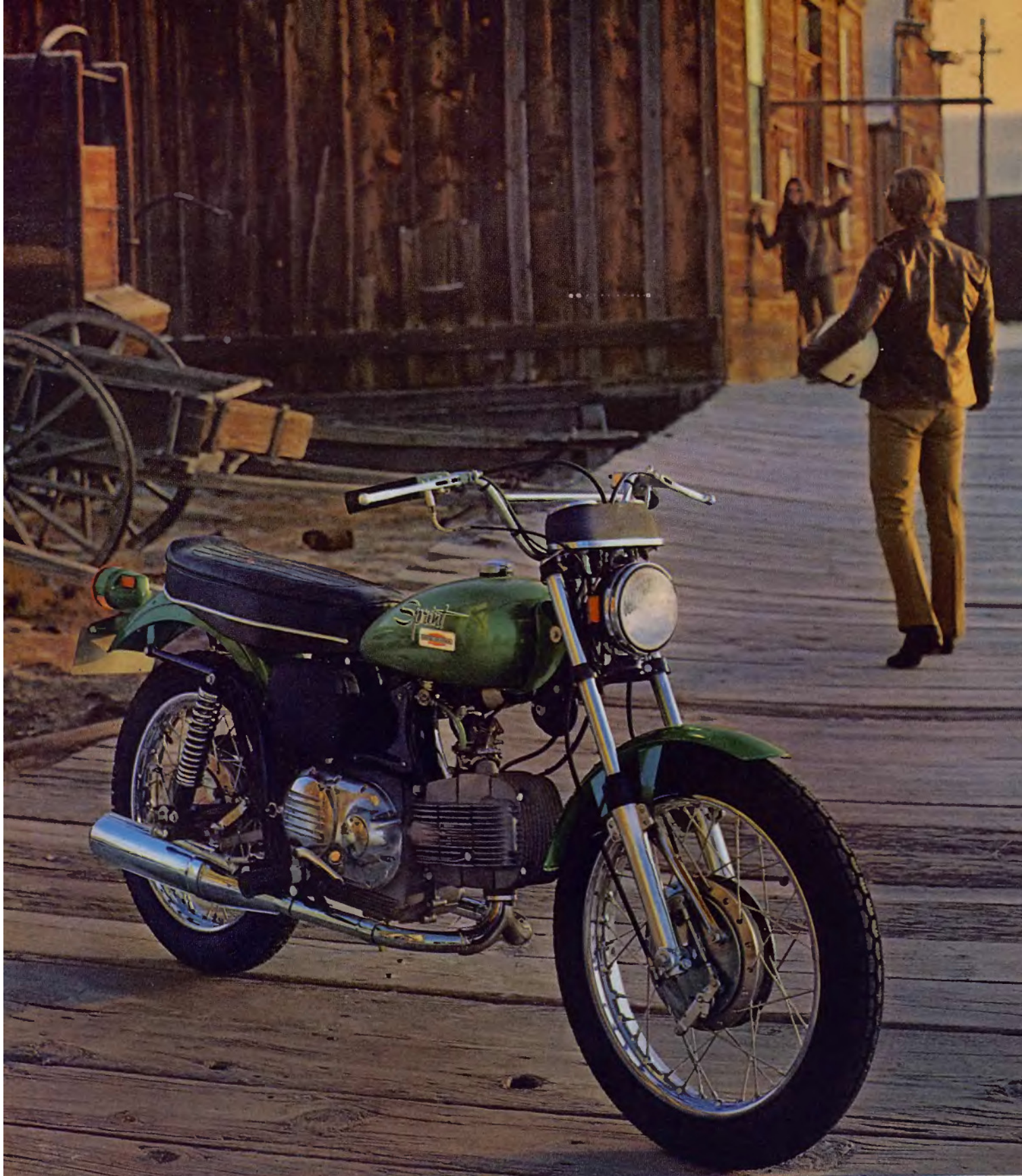
"Ken told me it's a place to die, not a place to live," former Prankster Hugh Romney announced to the group after the work meeting was finished. "He said, 'I am building a graveyard.' He doesn't want anyone coming up there."

In the colorful world of the superhip underground scene, it's not likely that there are many men more colorful than Hugh Romney, who used to walk around



"My God! Now what'll we give them?"





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out-performers***



Manhattan wearing an orange-nylon jump suit and a sweat-stained cowboy hat with a steer horn projecting horizontally from the crown. He lost his front teeth somewhere and has never found time to replace them. Richard Avedon was on his way out to New Mexico to photograph Romney for the Museum of Modern Art. "If I ever get my front teeth back, I'm dynamite," Romney said.

The Hog Farm got its name when Romney and his wife, Bonnie Jean, began living with a couple of friends on a pig farm in the San Fernando Valley, rent-free in return for feeding the 40 pigs every day. A psychologist, Romney maneuvered the rapidly growing group all across the country, putting on concerts and light shows. In an article in *The Realist*, he described the Hog Farm as "an expanded family, a mobile hallucination, a sociological experiment, an army of clowns." Among its members is a 400-pound female pig named Pigasus that ran for President in 1968. More recently, Pigasus was bred to a local stud. One of the Hog Farm's most precious possessions is a photograph of Pigasus getting it on with her swain.

The Hog Farm came out of the underground into the national media in August 1969, as a result of its services at the Woodstock Music Festival. The Hog Farmers ran the freak-out tent, where victims of bad drug trips were brought down. The Hog Farm was credited with major responsibility for keeping the peace when some 400,000 fans arrived for this outdoor show on a farm in Bethel, New York, where no more than 100,000 were expected. Hog Farmers also provided similar services at the Dallas Music Festival. A psychiatrist observing the freak-out tent was amazed at the skill with which bum trippers were calmed. Asked for his professional opinion on their techniques, he replied, "How can I comment on what they're doing? I'm here to learn."

Not everyone was quite so impressed with the Hog Farm's performance at Woodstock. "I didn't like the way they treated their women," complained Jim Fouratt, a founder of Gay Liberation Front. "I thought it was ugly the way a guy would just grab a naked girl, throw her to the ground and get his rocks off."

During a conversation about sex in communes, one Hog Farm visitor said, "My wife spent two months in a commune in San Francisco and never got fucked."

"It's very easy to spend two months in a commune without getting fucked," a girl replied.

Another said, "Well, winter is coming soon, the cold will bring everyone together again."

The Hog Farm, unlike many of the

communes in New Mexico, refuses to take itself seriously. Romney, in particular, has the almost mystical genius to make fun of life without offending anyone's belief in the dignity of human existence.

One day, Romney and the others were informed that Red Dog, the "money commissioner" for the Hog Farm, had lost the commune's entire bank roll of \$900, leaving them without funds for food while they waited for a \$6500 check to arrive from the promoters of the Woodstock festival. Despite the loss of the bank roll, the kitchen crew was trying to figure out an evening meal. Feeding is the responsibility of a volunteer called the dance mistress, who plans the menu and supervises the cooking. It looked as if the commune was going to get something like rice and beans.

Fortunately, a reporter and a photographer from a national magazine showed up with enough expense-account money to feed the entire commune for a couple of days. The magazine men bought meat for the evening meal, not realizing that many of the Hog Farmers were devout vegetarians. The following morning, all the vegetarians agreed that the night had been a bummer, filled with bad dreams, screaming and widespread bum trips, as a result of the meat eating. The more probable cause of the excitement was a girl who freaked out in a high fever resulting from what appeared to be pneumonia. In the early hours of morning, she was taken to the Embudo Hospital at Dixon. While being examined by the doctor on duty, she asked dreamily, "Doctor, how much does an angel weigh?"

"How should I know?" the physician replied.

"You ought to," the girl said. "There's one sitting on your shoulder."

In the ordinary course of a day, crises such as this are a routine part of the Hog Farm adventure. In fact, they provide one of the more significant attractions of communal life for Hugh Romney.

"If you're married and you have a kid," he says, "maybe something important will happen once every six months. The baby will step on a nail. Your wife will damage the car. Here, something is happening every minute. Every day, you get the opportunity to make significant decisions."

Communal living allows people to work out hang-ups acquired in the course of growing up in the nuclear family. A man like Hugh Romney has the satisfaction of playing parent over and over again. The more dependent members get to be children as much as they please, until they're tired of the role. Each person can act out his own fantasy in a highly permissive setting in

which the demands of reality are minimal. Responsibility for managing the affairs of the commune is assumed by commissioners like Red Dog, who volunteer for their jobs and hold them only as long as the work satisfies them.

In addition to the more predictable commissions—sanitation, work, housing, and so on—there is a full-time dope commissioner, who forages for drugs. On this day, the dope commissioner was in Denver. When he returned with a shopping bag full of grass, there was a great communal smoke-in. Dozens of Hog Farmers rolled joints in mass production while others lighted up. Soon there was a joint in every hand. Musicians got their instruments and the mountain air was filled with rock music and the smell of burning grass. In addition to the communal smoking, there were invitation-only sessions later on. When it comes to dope, the Hog Farm has not reached pure socialism. There are always private stashes, not only as a hedge against scarcity but also, frequently, because of the sometimes limited availability of a really high-class product. There is a widespread feeling that publicly distributed grass is rarely as good as private stock. If the Hog Farm is any guide, there will probably be a black market in bootleg marijuana even when the weed is legalized. It is human nature to mistrust officially sanctioned pleasure.

• • •

How must the parents of the soldiers of the psychedelic revolution feel? Have they delivered their children into the hands of Charles Manson?

When *Life* ran a cover story on communal living, the pictures combined the rugged poetic patina of Marlboro Country with the romantic sentimentality of Bible illustrations. In reality, most of the communes were physically little better than prison camps. If the Government had forced hippies to live in them, the Red Cross would have complained. Yet they were much better than our mental hospitals, reform schools, orphanages and jails.

At the energy centers of the communalist movements are social workers without portfolio, unable to accept the brutalities of official charity and unwilling to ignore the victims of America's continuing urban disasters. There is a war going on between our cities and our people. The communes are emergency wards and rest homes for the casualties.

This aspect is most obvious in Synanon and Daytop Lodge—communal therapy centers for drug addicts—but it is visible also in groups operating without any formal philosophy or mission. Last summer, 15 to 25 persons were fed and housed daily in Lagunitas, California, by an outfit called Young Ideas that seems





*"Don't wait supper for me, dear—I just ran into one of my old college roommates. . . ."*



to have started out as a business but evolved into a commune.

The driving force here was Jim Brewster, 33, an Army helicopter pilot who was discharged for the good of the Service under less-than-honorable conditions. The less-than-honorable conditions had something to do with an A.W.O.L. charge and Brewster's unofficial business operations. Young Ideas was headquartered in a big old Chinese-style roadhouse owned by the Lotus Fortune Cookie Company. The building had evidently been a restaurant. One of its huge kitchen ranges was fitted with *woks*—broad, slope-sided pans used in Chinese cooking.

The pagoda flourishes of the house curled against great redwood trees. The property bordered a state park. There was a small creek running in and out of the trees to a deep pond. Salmon spawned there in the springtime. In the summer, the pond was thick with kids, many of them naked. Highway workers, linemen

and other utilities service people sometimes ate lunch on the roadside and watched the show.

Someone once asked, "Do you have group sex?"

The answer was, "How can we avoid it? There are no walls."

There was only one bathroom. Efficient use required a suspension of the rules of privacy. A boy would be taking a bath. A girl would come in to wash her face. Another girl would sit on the pot.

One of the girls, Nancy, very tall and blonde, had a voluptuous figure, which she exhibited as often as possible. She seemed to have a profound sexual itch that she was unable to relieve for very long.

"Nancy's on a heavy fuck trip," said Brewster. A dropout from Brigham Young University, she seemed to be determined to act out some idealized standards of free love. She had one steady

lover and lots of in-betweens. When Nancy was getting to know a new lover, her moans and cries filled the house at all hours. When she was in heat and looking for satisfaction, it was impossible to ignore her constant display of flesh. Getting caught with her in the narrow kitchen was an exercise in grope therapy. She hit mercilessly with her breasts, her behind, her thighs. Sometimes she was only playing. Too quick or crude a response could cause her suddenly to act offended.

"You're crazy! You're crazy!" she would shriek, running away in a funny goosy sway that wasn't very sexy at all.

"Love is the form of communication I know best," Nancy explained. "When I'm having trouble with someone, I find that the best way to work it through is to ball him. It clears the obstacles fast. I don't think people really know each other until they've balled."

On a Saturday afternoon, Nancy wore her see-through blouse to the local super-market. This so highly disturbed one old party that he made a citizen's arrest and the girl was charged with indecent behavior. She spent a couple of hours in jail before being released on \$50 bond. The charge was later dropped.

The others were more discreet, attempting to maintain at least the appearance of monogamy. There were flirtations that cut across the lines, but, as in conventional society, they were usually well hidden, despite the close quarters. For privacy, you had to go outside. In July and August, Jim Brewster and his girl, Sherri Wik, slept out in the open in a big four-poster bed planted on the hillside like an advertisement for antique furniture. Next to the bed there was an old oak night chest with a white-china pitcher of wildflowers.

Young Ideas was in the business of odd jobs—gardening, home repairs, house painting. The workers and their girls and wives lived in the Chinese house. Young Ideas charged its customers four dollars an hour and paid the workers two dollars an hour, of which half was deducted for room and board. No great profits accumulated. Once, when there was no money, Brewster pawned his gold Rolex wrist watch for \$175 and bought food. Individuals who had outside incomes were expected to pay their way. At peak population, it cost upward of \$1500 a month to keep the place alive. During one four-week period last summer, no one who came to the Chinese house was refused food or temporary shelter.

Among the long-term residents were a few teenagers. One 16-year-old girl had apparently been abandoned by her parents. There were two married couples in their early 20s, two adult single girls and





The party's over and they've all gone home  
and at last it's quiet and no more people  
thank goodness and . . .

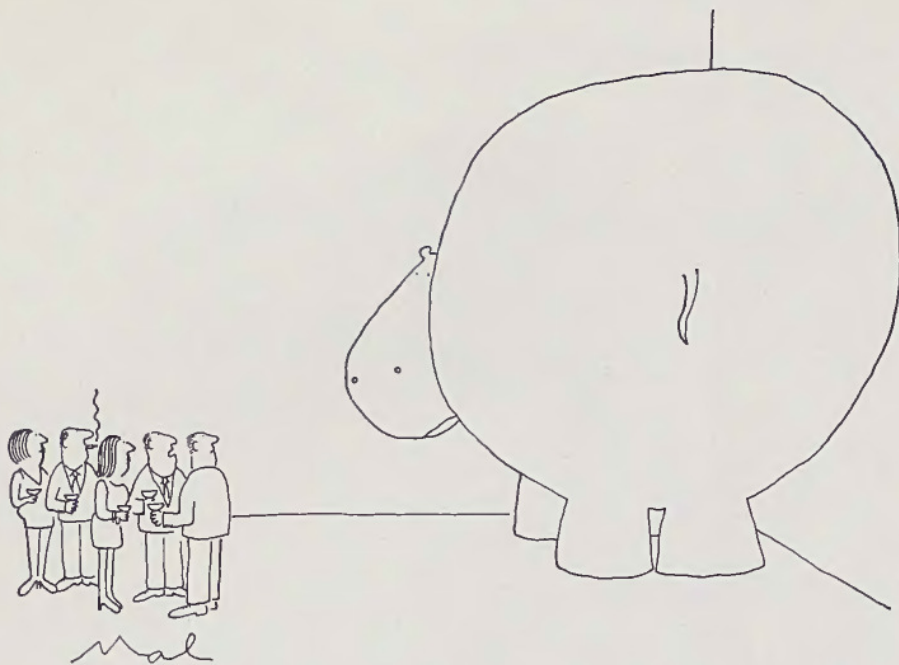
This...is the L&M moment.



Right now, for the two of you.  
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"Strange . . . usually, he's the life of the party."

five single men. One man was in his 50s. He had spent five years in prison for armed robbery. A couple of the others had done time, too, mainly for petty offenses. Sherri's daughter, Santee, a two-year-old, was the only child. On weekends, there might be as many as ten visitors eating and sleeping there.

Brewster and Sherri were the dominant figures. They had started the whole thing. They paid the rent and the bills and dealt with outside authority. They were the adults. The others, for the most part, were children who would grow up and move on. Jim and Sherri and the baby would remain.

If there was a unifying philosophy at the Chinese house, it wasn't more than this: no violence. There was the unquestioning belief that no situation could possibly require force. It was an unspoken but absolute denial of the existence of incurable evil.

A young poet, Bill "Aquarius," chose for a while to live in an abandoned metal water tower in the woods. He shared it with a scorpion. He refused to entertain a visitor's suggestion that he kill it.

"That's not necessary," he said. "The scorpion and I have to learn how to live together. If it gets used to me and I get used to it, then we can get into each other's thing and understand each other."

Guy, a big, young Georgian who commuted between the Chinese house and his apartment in San Francisco, was a recent convert to pacifism. At one time,

he had carried a pistol. For a while, Guy had been obsessed with the fate of the American Indian. Wearing feathers, buckskins and beads, a hunting knife at his waist, he had sermonized the patrons of the cheap bars of San Francisco's Tenderloin, pounding a Bible and commanding sinners to repent and do something about their Indian brothers.

"I don't think I was quite rational then," he admitted, "but, you know, I converted some of them. It didn't take permanently, of course, but I did get a few righteously hooked."

Like most of the people who lived in the Chinese house, Guy kept his hair short and wore ordinary heavy-duty work clothes. In a frayed straw hat, Li'l Abner boots, plaid-cotton shirt and blue-denim jeans, he was Mr. Hick. But beneath the getup there was a very complicated, subtle and individual intellect. A skindiver, he seemed to be searching in the dark, cold waters off Point Reyes Peninsula with a singleness of purpose for a satisfaction that had eluded him on land. In the course of his search, he amused himself by hunting abalone, which he brought back to the kitchen at Young Ideas. Restaurant abalone usually tastes like fishy eggplant. The life is too long gone by the time it reaches the plate. Guy's abalone had the fresh essence of the open sea, a very special experience.

Guy found a runaway Siberian Husky in the woods and brought it back to the house. The dog was a wild brute with thick fangs made for grinding bones. There were three other dogs living at

the house: a russet Weimaraner named Janice, a heavy-boned black Labrador called Barney, and Lilith, an elegantly successful product of the mating of a male coyote and a female Alsatian. They were beautiful hounds, constantly posing, as if waiting for Andrew Wyeth to paint their portraits.

Lilith and Janice were Brewster's dogs. Janice had taken acid once. Her eyes still seemed to burn with what she had seen. Lilith was feline and tawny, more cat than dog. She had a serious case of the hots for Brewster. He would sometimes take her in his arms and embrace her, rolling on the floor, kissing her mouth and making love noises in her ear, feeling her up shamelessly.

"She's a *chick*," Brewster explained as he got up from a heavy make-out session with Lilith. The dog lay on her back, her legs spread, pumping her sex in pleading passion, her dignity totally forgotten. "Ho-ly shit, Lilith!" Brewster howled. "Give us some *slack*!"

For the rest of the month, the child, Santee, imitated Jim's vehement plea. "Gimme *slack*!" she would shout in her baby voice, cracking the last word like the tail of a whip.

When the Siberian arrived, Janice was in heat. The big dog immediately claimed her as his own. He was a jealous lover, suspicious of the easy immorality of communal life. Whenever Barney approached Janice for a friendly sniff, the new dog attacked with the blunt fury of a wolf. Guy was warned that the Siberian was dangerous.

"That dog is a good dog," he argued. "Just don't mess around in his thing with Janice and he'll be peaceful as a pup." Visiting dogs who showed up at the Chinese house for the usual light socializing were immediately driven out by the Siberian male, who walked around in a stiff-legged patrol, growling deep down in his chest. Sometimes he would stand next to Janice in dumb adoration, lost in a love trance.

Several times a day, the house was in uproar, dogs whirling and roaring. One of the men trying to separate them was bitten on the chest and arm by the Siberian. While the victim was being taken to the emergency room at Marin General Hospital, the dog growled at Brewster.

Quick and big, Brewster is a perfect endomorph, with the round, thick muscles of a boxer, not the kind of man to take any crude shit from a hound. In eight years in the Service, he had worked his way up to master sergeant before becoming an officer and a helicopter pilot. At the time of his discharge, he was a captain. On the biceps of his right arm, there was a fat white scar.

Brewster had neatly trimmed hair. He



# OF THE FIVE GREAT BLENDS ONE IS IMPORTED.



Americans have always liked fine blended domestic whiskey. But now, more and more Americans are discovering a different type of blend they like even better. Canadian whisky. That's

where Canadian Mist comes in.

We've blended fine Canadian whisky to suit American taste. What we've created is a balanced, light-bodied whisky. It has richness in taste and an individual character all its own. What's more, you pay no more for Canadian Mist than you

do for the great American blends. That's because we distill and blend Canadian Mist in Canada but bottle it here.

That saves us tax money. Which saves you money. Usually about two dollars a bottle. So, as you can see, being a blend is good.

But being imported is even better. In fact, being foreign has its advantages.



## CANADIAN MIST.





was wearing striped white-and-blue pants and a Phi Mu sorority T-shirt, one of a collection that included an official Mickey Mouse Club T-shirt and another emblazoned with the slogan of Olympia Beer: "It's THE WATER!" It showed a cascading mountain stream just like the illustration on the Olympia label. Into the stream a little boy was urinating:

Jim Brewster wore costumes, not clothing. They were subtle costumes, selected to enhance roles rather than merely to adorn. It seemed sometimes that he could remember which role he was playing at the moment only by looking in the mirror. In a tan-poplin bush jacket, he was a young field executive in the construction business. A football jersey turned him into an all-American college jock. When he went to court to explain how he had managed to accumulate \$1200 worth of traffic citations, he wore a navy blazer with brass buttons, a peach-striped white button-down oxford shirt and cream-colored flannel pants.

"Your Honor," he testified crisply, looking the judge straight in the eye, "I don't know exactly how it happened myself. My marriage was breaking up and I was living alone. I was going through a great deal of emotional confusion."

"You say you were not living at home?" the judge asked. "Where were you living?"

"I moved around a lot."

"Did your wife forward the citations?" the judge questioned.

"I guess not, your Honor," said Jim Brewster, picking up his cue. "But I know that's no excuse." The boyish sincerity of his *mea culpa* was laid on with a fine sense of drama. He was the most clean-cut person in the courtroom. You could tell that he was a stable young householder who had gotten mixed up and put himself back together again. Go, and sin no more, was the verdict.

"Sometimes I think I ought to just go ahead and become an actor," Brewster confided later. "That's all I do is play these different roles."

The growling dog triggered the wrong Jim Brewster role; he leaped for the dog, grabbing it by the collar, with the evident intention of throwing it out of the house. The dog snapped, its solid jaws hardly seeming to move. Brewster jumped back, blood dripping from his forearm. The Siberian ran out of the house. For the next day, the doors were kept locked while attempts were made to convince Guy that the dog had to go.

"That dog doesn't bother anyone unless you get on his case," said Guy. "You'll notice that he hasn't attacked one person first. You just got to give him time to settle himself. You got to *understand* him." The following day, Guy was bitten, but still the dog remained.

Janice looked embarrassed. "I know he's a gangster," she seemed to be saying with her liquid, human eyes, "but I can't help myself—I love him."

That afternoon, Guy took the Siberian to Rancho Olompali, a big spread near Novato. As many as 200 people had once lived there communally, supported by a millionaire who had taken LSD and gone all the way on a Jesus trip. A fire had gutted the main house. The columned ruins were Grecian. They stood unrepaired, a bombed-out mouth. Two children had drowned in the swimming pool. There was a new fence around it, but the water was green with slime.

There were ovens at Olompali in which 900 loaves of bread had been baked every day and given away. A wedding had been performed with bride, groom, preacher and guests all naked. Before the tragedy, the people at Olompali had considered themselves gods, conduits to earth for immense energies from mystical sources. The millionaire's family committed him to an institution. Now there were only a few scavengers left.

A bearded boy brought corn, squash and tomatoes out of the Olompali vegetable garden and laid them at the feet of the visitors from the Chinese house. They ate the young corn raw. It was sweet and tender, but the kernels were misshapen and irregular from inconsistent watering. The squash and tomatoes were just coming ripe. The visitors filled baskets with the vegetables.

A little billy goat walked up to the Siberian dog. The massive jaws flicked once. The kid fell dead without a sound. Guy was stunned. He took the dog into his pickup truck and left. He did not return to the Chinese house for several days. When he did, the Siberian was not with him.

"I suddenly realized—that could have been the *baby*," Guy confessed.

"Right! Finally!" Brewster shouted. His voice was cheerfully cynical but weary of pushing.

• • •

"Happiness is unheard of unless advertised on television," Brewster wrote later in his trip book. A trip book is a kind of journal, a shorthand record of a person's psychedelic trips, an attempt to retain the fleeting experience. Many are filled with drawings and notes from friends. The best time to bring your trip book up to date is when you're on acid or speed or just plain grass. Few people seem to make entries when straight. The preferred instrument for writing is a felt-tipped pen, which glides smoothly, producing a bold line filled with character and color.

Many people like rice-paper tablets with rough, handmade colored paper covers, the kind you can buy in any

Japanese notion store. Brewster's book was an ordinary gray single-entry ledger that cost 69 cents. It was filled with block writing that revealed a very private Jim Brewster in moments approaching poetry, an explanation of the riddle of what a cashiered Army captain who looked like an astronaut was doing running a psychedelic communal living experiment.

Here are a few excerpts:

*Countless nows ago a shadow went undetected.*

*Final figures do not matter; each individual has his own timekeeper.*

*God has become a household word instead of a good father.*

*As the years roll by, what happens to the minutes?*

*Clear light! Pulsing plasma echoes through the iceberg. Bravo, Mingo, you've succeeded again!*

*"I want to be a me when I grow up."*

*"That's absurd. You've got to be like us."*

*The past tense of me is you.*

*The constant river changes. When will we catch up?*

In more linear moments, Brewster confessed to a sense of mission that seemed to make him feel anxious and uncomfortable. He liked taking care of people who weren't making it on their own. He liked watching the unconscious movie that was performed every day in the living room of the Chinese house: thick yellow sunlight filling the open door; Santee playing in the dust motes, her face smeared with chocolate; Lilith rising gracefully in liquid shivers to exit on the run; a naked girl prancing lightly down the steps to stand and chat before the bathroom door; a blonde in her blue shift taking fresh-baked pies out of the oven; Harvey Mandel's burnsienna sleepy music pouring through the room; and Sherri, dark-haired Sherri of the slender legs, walking across the shadows and the light, only her cryptic smile announcing that she knew he saw her dancing to the beat.

Brewster didn't know, didn't like to think about, how they got there, where they were going. "I don't know how it happened," he answered once. "I don't know why I'm doing this. I just deal with whatever is in front of my nose at the moment." Another time, he said, "I came back from Vietnam with a duffel bag full of grass and got into the acid scene. I spent fourteen months hallucinating at the Avalon. I heard all these assholes jacking themselves off verbally about the movement. When I couldn't take it anymore, I decided to see what I could do."

Finally, he came up with this answer: "I believe that the system is falling





*"You didn't let me say a word when I came in. Will you run down and pay for the cab?"*



apart. I am attempting to arrange for my own survival when it gets into the heavy scenes." In his tone of voice there seemed to be the implication that if it came to revolution and civil war, he would not have to assemble soldiers. All he would have to do was issue weapons. It was not a pleasant vision.

At the end of 1969, the Chinese house was almost empty. After Christmas, the remaining few were sent away. Brewster was tired of playing social worker. "I guess it failed because of overindulgence," said Fred, a young acidhead botanist who had helped out with the gardening. A few days later, Sherri and Jim were alone with Santee in the big house. It looked as if Young Ideas was finished as a communal experience. Brewster was calling up friends with theatrical connections. He was going to become an actor. Or he and Sherri were going to move North, way up the Coast. They would find a big old comfortable house and turn it into a country inn. They would charge cash in advance.

By the time January was over, though, there were five souls living at the Chinese house—Wolf, an old-timer, Pamela, a newcomer, and Sherri, Jim and the baby. After a long rainy spell, the forest was

green and fresh. Sherri and Jim came in and the telephone was ringing. It was a friend, one who had returned to the city.

"What are we doing?" said Brewster. "We just came in from walking in the hills in the most gorgeous golden sunset. And now I'm standing at the living-room window, watching salmon leap in the creek. You wish you were here? Well, come on out, brother. We got a groovy trip going. What color do you want us to paint your room?"

. . .

By the summer of 1970, there were 10 to 15 persons living at the Chinese house. There were a big vegetable garden, geese, chickens and rabbits. Brewster's Rolex, redeemed during the winter, was back in pawn, but new sources of income were being developed. Young Ideas had an arts-and-crafts store and was managing a successful rock group, AUM.

There was a new goal—a big farm up in the Sierras near the snow line, a place to work out a total survival scheme, where the umbilical cord would finally be cut.

Perhaps to the visitor from the city, the question still remained. "Why give up everything that has gone before?"

The answer is existential. A rural commune is a base camp on the edge of time, a platform for mounting expeditions into the original moments of existence.

Sometimes it's impossible to achieve the peak of awareness without surrendering the tools of civilization. It becomes necessary to get out of the automobile and walk into the elemental wilderness beyond the road. In order to be reborn, you have to strip off the protective clothing—both symbolic and real—and leave the path for the depths of the forest, assuming as part of the adventure the possibility of getting lost.

From Young Ideas, there was one expedition that began to approach this kind of experience. On the beach at Point Reyes, a national seashore on the Pacific Ocean, where a primeval wind roars constantly, Jim Brewster stood with a small group of people who had forgotten one another's names and called to a seal swimming about ten yards offshore.

"Tse-tse," Brewster howled in an outrageously playful baby talk. "Come on, tse-tse." For some long period that no one wanted to measure, the big man spoke to the seal in noises that really did sound like seal talk. The seal poked its head up out of the water, scanned the humans curiously and moved a few yards closer in. At this point—where the three elements of earth, air and sea met—intelligent animals from foreign worlds were in contact, recognizing each other as strange but living inhabitants of the same universe.

The sun was setting. It was growing too cold to enjoy the game. On the way back, one person looked at the scene and said in a voice bordering on ecstasy, "It's so beautiful—and it's not symbolic of anything!" When the long climb through high seaside grass was nearly completed and the road was almost in sight, the flashing beacon of the RCA Communications Center appeared in the rapidly darkening sky, a message from America calling its straying children home from their play on the shores of eternity.

. . .

On a Sunday in September, the Hog Farm was scheduled to give a benefit concert for Embudo Hospital in Santa Fe's Greer Garson Theater. Four Hog Farmers awoke well before dawn to drive to a hot spring in the mountains near Los Alamos by sunrise. There were two couples and two babies. The road reached out of the desert through enormous finger-shaped eroded cliffs that looked like the rocky, sea-worn bluffs at Point Reyes. Next came pine-covered mountains. High in the mountains, the car came around a long curve and broke out into the open. On the right, a meadow as big as Manhattan Island extended like some cosmic football field. It was a place for 500-foot-high gods to hold



*'We can't go on meeting like this. . . .'*



decaathlons, a pasture for Apollo's cattle.

Several miles farther, the car stopped at an unmarked gravel parking area by the road. The Hog Farmers walked down a steep hillside and across a stream bridged by fallen logs, then up through the woods about a quarter of a mile to a natural pool into which steaming water flowed from a crack in the rock. On the rocks were the remains of candles lighted by people who had used the pool at night.

Everyone undressed and got into the hot water. From there, it was possible to see the entire valley. Before long, a couple of Indian forest rangers appeared and chatted jovially with the naked Hog Farmers.

"This is a sacred Indian spring," the older of the two foresters explained. "You come into this spring and it will cure all sicknesses, leaving you refreshed and healthy. People come from all over to bathe in this water. It cures the arthritis, the rheumatism, the aches and pains. These waters purify and sanctify the soul."

"Do you bathe in this spring?"

"No," the Indian replied. "I'm too busy. I got to keep the place clean." While he talked, the forester and his partner carefully picked up debris left by previous bathers. The older man held up

a piece of glass. "See, this is what I'm afraid of."

"Don't you have a day off?"

"My wife, she got all kinds of work for me on my day off. I got my gardening."

"This is your garden," one bather said in the traditionally pontifical and symbolic rhetoric used for conversing with Indians. The gray-haired forester looked at him blankly, then understood that he meant the forest.

"Oh, no," he said, "I got a vegetable garden. I grow melons. Well, we got to go now. Good luck to you."

When the foresters left, the Hog Farmers carried out a relaxing exercise. Two people, one holding the feet, the other the head, gently rocked a third person in the water slowly and rhythmically. The muscles of the body relaxed, the breath diminished and the soul entered the timeless void. One by one, they served one another. The babies dozed on the rocks. Young acidheads who had been camping overnight on the mountain above the spring came down to bathe. An astonishingly beautiful eight-year-old blonde girl stripped and got into the hot spring, paddling up to each man and looking deep into his eyes with a frank stare of love while her mother sat on a rock and watched.

After washing with Dr. Bonner's Bio-Degradable Liquid Soap, the Hog Farm-

ers dressed and walked slowly back to the car, stopping on the way to drink from an icy spring. When they reached the parking area, the campers were there, too, passing a bottle of Red Mountain wine and eating Kraft American cheese.

Someone brought out a loaf of dense bread baked in the Hog Farm kitchen for the trip to Santa Fe. There was also a jar of homemade peach preserves made by a girl at New Buffalo. The food was shared. One of the campers played a guitar with professional polish. Otherwise, the meal was eaten almost in silence. It was not necessary to point out that this was Sunday and this meal was Communion. On the way back down past the great meadow, a sudden rain fell briefly, leaving the air moist and sweet.

That night in Santa Fe, the Hog Farm collected \$780 for Embudo Hospital, a way of returning the kindness shown sick hippies. After the light show and concert was finished, the entire commune walked solemnly up the center aisle and on out into the lobby—arm in arm, hand in hand—singing, "All we are saying is give peace a chance." Over and over again they sang that refrain, until it echoed in the brain like an insistent, hypnotic prayer: "All we are saying is give peace a chance."



**If you think "rapping" is something you do on a door, maybe Roi-Tan's new flavors aren't for you.**

But if your idea of "rapping" is honest talk and getting into someone's head, maybe you'll give Roi-Tan flavors an audience, too.

Because they're into the same kind of honesty. Like honest taste. And an aroma that tells it like it is. There are now four Roi-Tan Tips. New cherry, menthol, and aromatic. And regular.

They're mild in taste but heavy in satisfaction. And wherever your tastes are at in flavors, one of ours will satisfy one of yours.

So get Roi-Tan Tips. And instead of knocking on some door, you'll get to where someone's really at.

What could be a better reason to smoke one?





(continued from page 150)

director and a writer from the agency—are either satisfied or exhausted. If only because so many of the people involved are young, there's always at least an attempt at humor in a shooting session; but the first-time visitor to a set is usually struck by the painstaking seriousness with which commercials are produced. Without question, more energy and effort go into the best 60-second spots than into some feature films. The industry is fiercely competitive, too often uptight—and all because the stakes are so high: Over two and a half billion dollars are spent making commercials in this country every year.

During the three and a half hours a day that the average viewer spends in front of the set, he sees some 43 commercials. The point of all the money and all the high-priced talent is to make sure that the viewer *really* sees and hears the message. If he decides he'd rather switch than fight, he can knock a brilliant campaign—and its creators—into oblivion. He is the ultimate critic whom all the copy writers and art directors and production people are trying to move. Since his most likely move is into the bathroom, they'll go to elaborate lengths to hold his attention.

For instance: Not long ago, a crew of New York advertising people was shooting a commercial for Del Monte vegetables. The concept was based on spoofing the old Tarzan movies: a beautiful Jane, pursued by a lion, running through the jungle, singing the praises of Del Monte. Shooting the sequences with Jane was a breeze. But the lion sequences were a different story.

Edgar turned out to be your typical New York City lion—a real pussycat. No amount of cajoling could induce him to leap, snarling, toward the camera. Finally, after a dozen unsuccessful takes, the copy writer had a brain storm: Why not dangle a live chicken in front of Edgar to call back his lost jungle instincts?

"I'd rather not do that," his trainer said. "I don't know just how he'll react."

"Come on, we can't sit around here all day," the director said.

So they sent one of the studio "go-fers" to a nearby market and on the next take, Edgar was confronted by a squawking chicken. For a full five minutes, he stared at the bird. Then he began to quiver. The director whispered, "Action," and Edgar sprang. *Over* the chicken. *Over* the camera. And *astride* the trainer, whom he proceeded to treat like a lioness in heat.

Several propmen and grips ran to the trainer's aid, but they were stopped by a quavering whisper that came from underneath Edgar: "Don't frighten him, don't frighten him. Let him finish!"

A few minutes later, the trainer—a little wetter but otherwise OK—scrambled sheepishly to safety. And Edgar went back to his perch, refreshed and ready for work.

Several years ago, Lever Brothers gave Doyle Dane Bernbach an unusual assignment—to develop a personality for a new detergent. Name, packaging, advertising—the works. Writer Paula Greene and art director Len Sirowitz (now a partner in one of New York's hottest new agencies) began the project by reviewing what the competition was doing.

"It was obvious that the top cleaners—Mr. Clean, Ajax, Bold—were shooting for a masculine, quasi-sexual image," says Sirowitz. "We decided simply to take that approach to its logical conclusion."

They designed a package that features the imperious head of a Roman gladiator. They named the detergent Hero. And, to top it off, they wrote commercials that featured a Hero box three stories high, sitting majestically on a grassy plain, intoning to 200 wide-eyed housewives as follows:

*I, Hero, am here,  
I am strong yet gentle.  
Friends, housewives, countrywomen,  
Bring me your wash.*

Selling the idea to Lever Brothers turned out to be surprisingly easy. ("It didn't hurt," says one junior art director, "that the gladiator on the box happened to bear a striking resemblance to one of the top Lever executives.") But producing it was another story. Following are a few excerpts from Len Sirowitz' production diary:

May 16: Flew to shooting location—plain of Agar, Yugoslavia. Hero box 30 feet high, 22 feet wide, 8 feet deep flew with me—in its own plane. First night in Dubrovnik there is an earthquake. Omen?

May 17: Begin searching for 200 Yugoslavian women who look like pretty American housewives. This could be a long casting session.

May 18: Visited location today. Hero box has been erected in middle of plain of Agar, 100 miles from Dubrovnik. Box seems to be causing consternation among local peasantry. Shoot commercial tomorrow.

May 19: Rain.

May 20: Rain.

May 21: Visited location again today. Workmen paddling around Hero box in rowboats. Still raining. Decided Israel might be better place to shoot commercial.

May 27: Hero box now erected on plain of Ephraim, Israel. Visited location today. Israeli crew members

making cracks about "the golden calf." Client making cracks about "the commercial version of Cleopatra."

May 28: Casting 200 "American housewives" no less difficult in Israel. One girl who was perfect for commercial resigned when she heard it would be shown in the United States. "My parents think I'm living in Paris," she explained.

May 29: Tried to keep news of shooting away from Procter & Gamble. Security breached—full-page article about Hero in Tel Aviv newspaper. In Hebrew. Israeli production man denied leaking press. Said, "You can't take 200 streetwalkers off Tel Aviv's main drag and have nobody know about it."

May 30: First day of shooting. Interrupted. Turns out we erected Hero box precisely on Jordan-Israel border in direct line of mortar fire. Israeli army guards assigned to location.

May 31: Second day of shooting. Israeli Phantom jets buzzing location. Hero box shaking dangerously.

June 1: Third day of shooting. Raining. Went to nearby Israeli army billet to ask for help in getting our equipment out of mud. They said no. Told them there were 200 Israeli women with us. They said yes.

June 2: Rain.

June 3: Rain.

Somehow, the shooting was completed. And today, housewives in Portland, Oregon, are appropriately startled by the sight of a giant Hero box on their television screens. Of course, they're not half so startled as the Jordanian guerrilla who wandered over to Israeli territory and saw the real thing looming over him.

Why is the business of making commercials so fraught with problems? For one thing, there's the constant pressure to produce fresh ideas. And there's the temperament of the people in the business; they tend not to operate as precisely as C. P. A.s or engineers. But there's a third reason, and this one is gloriously ironic: The very people who have raised the art of communication to its commercial zenith often have trouble communicating among themselves.

Take the typical client-agency relationship. To many creative people, the client symbolizes the square, uptight straight world. To many clients, creative people look like refugees from *Hair* who are determined to fritter away their advertising budgets on artsy minute movies that may or may not sell their products.

Each faction can give examples to prove its point. Writer Derald Brenamen tells of creating a commercial for the



f folkes



*"Cora and I have no secrets from each other."*



headache remedy Vanquish at Benton & Bowles.

"We came up with a terrific animation spot built around a history of the headache. It opened with a visual of a little cave man center screen while the audio had an announcer intoning, tongue in check, 'As man has evolved, so has his headache.' Everybody loved it. Everybody, that is, except one of the board members at Sterling Drug. He's a Mormon, and he doesn't believe in evolution. I fought for the commercial, but it was hopeless. I felt like Clarence Darrow."

Another favorite story of creative types: Not long ago, a major snack company was looking for a television spokesman for its potato chips. It turned out to be like looking for the Grail. The agency that had the account at the time sent pounds of pictures of top comedians off to the client. But every agency recommendation was rejected for one reason or another. Finally, someone in casting had a brain storm: Why not the British comedian Terry-Thomas? "Perfect," all the agency people said, as they rushed off pictures of Terry-Thomas to the corporation headquarters. A few days went by, and then they got a wire from the client:

HE'LL DO STOP BUT MUST SHAVE MUSTACHE AND CAP FRONT TEETH STOP

The clients have their stories, too: Recently, the president of Campana summoned Ted Bates advertising creative people to its company headquarters in Batavia, Illinois, for a brainstorming session on Pursettes tampons. It was a meeting of "critical importance," since Pursettes are directly competitive

with Tampax and trailing that brand in the market place.

As usual, planes out of New York's Kennedy Airport were delayed, so the rather woolly creative types who had been threatened into making the long trek to Batavia holed up in the terminal bar and nursed their grudges. And when they finally got to Batavia and the president was in conference, they found another bar.

By the time they were ushered into the oak-paneled Campana board room, they were in the mood for almost anything but a discussion of the ins and outs of Pursettes. The meeting gradually came to order. Various corporate underlings made long introductory remarks, complete with charts and graphs. Finally, the president himself rapped impatiently for attention. He waited until the room quieted. Then, holding a tiny blue Pursette up in front of him, he said solemnly, "Gentlemen, it is imperative that we find new uses for this product."

There was a long pause as the visitors stared glassy-eyed at the Pursette. Then one of them slowly rose to his feet and proposed, "Why don't we douse them with kerosene and sell them as torches for dwarfs?"

Of course, the legendary gap between client and agency can be bridged. One top creative executive seemed to be doing extremely well with a particularly important client. Over the years, he had built a good rapport with the old man—almost a father-son relationship. So he wasn't surprised when one day the client invited him and his wife out to his home in East Hampton, Long Island.

The young executive's wife was under-

standably nervous about meeting the client's socialite wife; but after a few hours with the sweet little lady, she felt accepted and relaxed. The visit went smoothly until the young wife spotted a lovely antique blown-glass inkwell, picked it up to examine it and dropped it—spilling indelible ink all over an irreplaceable antique Oriental rug.

The hostess became hysterical, flailing her arms and screaming, "Get her out of here, get her out of here!"

The young couple could do nothing but leave, the wife crying brokenheartedly, the husband with visions of his client-agency relationship smashed beyond repair.

When they got home that night, his wife had regained her composure. "I know it can't make things right," she said, "but I think we should at least make a gesture to show them how sorry we are."

So the next day, the husband went back to his client's estate bearing two dozen long-stemmed red roses. A maid showed him into the library, then went to find the mistress of the house. For ten minutes or so, the young man waited standing. Then he sat down on a chair—and crushed to death the old lady's sleeping Pekingese. He threw the roses and the Pekingese into a grand piano and ran from the house.

One man who never worries about his relationship with clients is Stan Freberg, the renegade writer who created memorable campaigns for Sunsweet Prunes ("Today the pits, tomorrow the wrinkles") and Jen's Pizza ("Show me your Jen's pack"). Freberg began his advertising career 13 years ago, working as a creative consultant to advertising agencies through Freberg Ltd., the great seal of which reads "*Ars gratia pecuniae*"—Art for money's sake. But recently, he got fed up with consulting and formed his own agency ("Everything J. Walter Thompson is is what I ain't"), complete with a research department and a media-buying arm—Thyme Inc., "A Division of Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Osborne."

Freberg has little trouble with clients, because clients who come to Freberg Ltd. know what to expect. On those rare occasions when a client forgets whom he hired, Stan has a Frebergesque way of telling him. General Mills once gave him the assignment of increasing sales of Cheerios cereal among adults. Using animation, Freberg created a dialog between a man on a couch and his psychiatrist.

MAN (troubled tone): I don't know, doc, but I can't seem to relate to cold cereals that are shaped like things—you know, like Cheerios. I take them out of the box and smash them into flakes.

PSYCHIATRIST (very reasonably): But they're shaped like that for a



"It's your own fault, Edith, for asking to be transferred from parking meters to the vice squad."



This is the tape system that turns blank 8-track cartridges into recorded 8-track tape. One. After another. After another.

Slip in a cartridge. Talk or sing into the mike. Use any other sound source. And you're doing what the cartridge recording companies do. Just on a smaller scale.

And to help you become a pro at this business we've put the two hottest developments in 8-track together for the first time. Automatic shut-off which makes it impossible for you to tape over what you've just recorded. (Shuts off even if you're not around listening to

what's being taped.) And Fast Wind that lets you get where you want to on tape without wasting time.

Twin VU meters make sure you get the right recording level. And professional-type sliding bass, treble and volume controls let you adjust the playback to your ears.

If you don't feel like working, you can sit back, relax and enjoy pre-recorded cartridges. Or one of the radios built into the system. FM/AM and FM stereo. FET pulls in stations you didn't know were there. And keeps one from interfering with another. AFC

on FM holds the signal with an iron grip. There's even a Stereo Eye that tells your eyes when you're listening to stereo. In case your ears can't tell.

The whole package, with its black-out dial and walnut-grained cabinetry, plays through 4 perfectly matched, glorious sounding speakers. With enough power behind them to knock down the walls of Jericho. Or make your neighbors climb theirs.

Stop in at your Panasonic dealer and investigate our Model RS-820S—the 8-track stereo cartridge factory. A whole new world of fun and profit awaits you.

# Open your own 8-track cartridge factory.



**PANASONIC®**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-8000.  
In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call. Ask about Model RS-820S.



good reason. It's easier to toast an O.

MAN (*dubious*): How can I be sure of that?

PSYCHIATRIST: Trust me.

MAN: I never thought of it like that. I've acted like a bigot, I really have.

"The client loved the commercial," says Freberg, "but the word bigot bothered him. In the meeting, he kept questioning it. I told him it was the right word and, besides, it had never been used in a commercial.

"He went back to Minneapolis and pretty soon, I got a wire: 'HAVE GIVEN MATTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION. CHANGE BIGOT TO SOME OTHER WORD.'

"I wired back: 'HOW ABOUT FAGGOT?'

"Three days go by and then I get another wire from him: 'IF THAT'S OUR CHOICE, BIGOT IS BETTER.'"

To avoid such difficulties, Freberg has added a clause to his contracts with clients that reads in part: "You agree that the final decision on any such copy changes, including but not limited to the decision as to what is or is not funny, shall rest with us."

After creating an ostensibly successful client-agency relationship, the trickiest aspect of making a commercial is finding the right talent to act in it. The major New York agencies have huge casting departments that are constantly on the lookout for fresh "housewifery" types who can deliver the standard commercial lines without gagging on them ("Marge, why dust when you can Pledge?"). They audition hordes of silver-haired, silver-tongued announcers in the quest for the one who can bring conviction to a stand-up pitch like "Now, more than ever, shouldn't *your* brand be True?"

But finding talent for a "slice of life" detergent commercial is nothing compared with what the more inventive writers and directors require. Howard Zieff, probably TV's most successful director of commercials and the creator of such classic spots as "Stomachs" for Alka-Seltzer and "Driving School" for American Motors, insists on using "real people"—critics call them "uglies"—in the commercials. "When I cast a balloon seller for a Benson & Hedges spot," Zieff says, "he didn't look like he was from central casting. He looked like he was from Central Park. In fact, we were filming him on the street—cameras, lights, all kinds of equipment around—and passers-by kept walking into the scene, trying to buy balloons from him."

Not long ago, Zieff shot that commercial for Alka-Seltzer about a professional pie eaters' contest. The spot, which includes a sprint to a pie table and a touching scene in the locker room between an old athlete and a rookie, is a brilliant spoof of the mystique of professional athletics.

Zieff, of course, insisted that each actor in the commercial be a 300-pounder. "But I was careful to ask each one how his general health was. I was worried about the sprint to the pie table. These guys weren't exactly built like Rafer Johnson. And I know the most exercise some of them were used to was lifting a fork."

He was right. After about a dozen takes, it looked as if he might lose some of his cast. "I'd yell 'Cut' and the whole dozen of them would flop down on the grass, spread-eagled, gasping for breath. They looked like beached whales. Some of them started to turn blue. Often, I do as many as twenty takes. I made do with a dozen that day."

When a commercial requires a very large cast, it's usually shot overseas, where the actors, all nonprofessionals, can be hired for very little money. "But I wish just one client could spend a day trying to manage a hundred European extras," says Zieff. "Believe me, he'd shoot in the States and damn the expense."

Last spring, Zieff spent weeks in the Po Valley, trying to shoot a spectacular military scene for a Cinzano commercial: Napoleon's troops, thousands of them, lined up as far as the eye could see for his review. "Those guys just couldn't form a straight line. We worked with them for hours. We moved this one or that one, we talked very patiently to them. Finally, we had one of the crew draw a line on the ground to guide them. Would you believe he drew a crooked line? Then we managed to get everything set up to shoot and I noticed a big gaping hole in the line. Emilio and Luigi had wandered off to take a leak."

One key scene in the commercial called for a conscript to ride a horse at full gallop along the line of troops. "I was driving to the location," says Zieff, "and I passed the conscript we had cast—he claimed he was a stunt man—trotting along the side of the road on a horse. He turned to wave to me and fell off the horse. I almost died. We did half a dozen takes with him. Every time, he fell off the horse and ruined the take. Somebody finally had a brain storm. We restaged the whole scene, moved equipment and people so it would make sense for him to fall off the horse. So of course that was the only take all day in which he *didn't* fall."

Most actors have a love-hate hang-up about doing commercials, which they feel are a comedown from the legitimate stage or the silver screen—but, on the other hand, there's all that money. One small part in an ad that runs nationally can bring an actor as much as \$20,000. And a number of actors have been discovered through commercials. Gunilla Knutson, the sexy Scandinavian blonde who purred, "Take it off, take it *all* off," for Noxzema Shave Cream, is now making feature films. The award-winning

Alka-Seltzer commercial built around a massive dumpling and marshmallowed meatballs has led to celebrity for the bride, Alice Playten, and a comedy movie role for the groom, Terry Kiser. And Ali MacGraw was cast as the lead in *Good-bye, Columbus* after somebody spotted her in a Revlon commercial. Most actors know the success stories and are eager to get in on the action.

"Eager? They're desperate," says David Altschiller, top writer at Carl Ally advertising. "I was once auditioning girls for a Noxzema spot. It called for a particular kind of reading, sort of a zany feeling, so I was careful to give each actress who came into my office very specific direction. Late in the afternoon, this blonde came in. You could tell she was a little on the kookie side. I was right in the middle of saying to her, 'Look, I want something sort of special here'—when I was called out to take a phone call. When I came back, she was sitting on one corner of my desk, studying the script. And her clothes—all of them—were sitting in a nice neat pile on another corner." Altschiller swears she didn't get the part.

Recently, black actors have started to get a break in TV commercials. Civil rights groups and certain agencies, notably Young & Rubicam and Benton & Bowles, have been instrumental in the fight for this particular civil right. And advertising people have begun to realize that integrated commercials are more realistic than the lily-white ones of a few years ago. Sometimes, however, in their zealous efforts to set things right, advertisers go a bit overboard. A few months ago, Fisher-Price Toys had a special man on a shooting. His assignment: to ensure that the little toy black boy who was one of 20 little figures in a toy bus didn't accidentally get assigned a back seat.

Another time, an advertiser wanted to cast two white models and a black model riding on a three-seater bicycle. "But the logistics of it were impossible," says the producer. "We couldn't put the black girl on the front seat—too obvious. We certainly couldn't put her on the back seat. And when we tried her in the middle, she looked like filling for a sandwich."

As rough as the business of making commercials is today, few agency people miss the era of live television. Today, mistakes can be buried on the cutting-room floor. In the old days, they were broadcast to millions of viewers even as they happened. A California used-car dealer was once doing a live commercial of a sale to a black couple. He was making quite a show of it. He painstakingly pointed out the various features of the car they were interested in. He answered each of their questions convincingly. And then he closed the deal, dramatically handing a set of keys over to the black gentleman. Millions of viewers





*"How about performing an unnatural act? Like balling me for free?!"*



watched as the camera followed the smiling couple leaving the showroom and then zoomed in on the dealer, who, carried away by his salesmanship, smilingly blurted, "Now, there go a pair of happy niggers!"

Used-car advertising had a patent-medicine aspect in those days. One sales technique was to advertise a ridiculously low-priced special that always happened to be "just sold" when customers came in for it. One day, however, a customer mounted a kamikaze attack on one of these specials. Les ("Get off your couch and come on down to Hermosa Beach") Bacon was raving about a particularly good buy to his television audience when a young man rushed onto the lot where the commercial was being telecast, waving a handful of money and screaming, "I'll buy it, I'll buy it!" They had to sell it to him.

Of course, products with possible suggestive overtones were especially prone to disaster on live television. The Beautyrest Mattress people were once doing a live commercial that featured a well-endowed blonde in a low-cut nightgown. The action called for the camera to dolly in and pan the actress as she snuggled down into the Beautyrest and then to zoom in on her smiling, slumbering face for a long close-up. No one ever got to see that blissfully slumbering face. The cameraman obediently began his move. But when two gently heaving breasts came into his view, he zoomed in and held on them, transfixed, for a full 45 seconds. So did 4,500,000 viewers.

A few clients actually miss the days of live commercials. In that era, agency people didn't dare attempt some of the crazy things they try today. Recently, a fledgling writer at Grey Advertising came up with a brilliant commercial idea for Ivory, a soap women use to wash babies' diapers. Why not build a spot around a stork in flight, a stork bringing to mother not a newborn baby but a box of baby's diaper soap, Ivory Snow?

"Great concept," said the producer. "We'll just get a good animator to draw us a nice stork and—"

"No animated stork," said the writer. An animated stork was much too predictable. Only a live stork in full flight could do justice to the grace and dramatic possibilities of the writer's idea. Having taken a stand, he then took a vacation.

Trouble began at dawn of the shooting day, when the crew tried to prepare the stork, specially shipped from Florida, for his moment of television glory. It seems that a flesh-and-blood stork—unlike the benign likenesses that adorn the sides of diaper-delivery trucks—is a very ill-tempered bird. During the process of luring this one from his shipping crate and taping his beak to a diaper, several crewmen sustained their first stork bites. The stork, furthermore, was filthy from the fight he had put up and in no condition to communicate Ivory Snow's lily-white image.

Eventually, the dirty bird was cleaned and one of the crew members—with diaper, Ivory Snow and thrashing stork in his arms—made the perilous ascent to a

launching platform 50 feet above a grassy field in West Chester. He waited for the director's cue. "Roll 'em," whispered the director to his cameraman. "Speed," he commanded his sound engineers. And then he shouted up to the platform, "Release the stork!"

The crewman unhandled the stork and leaped back out of the way. The stork just stood there, looking down over the edge of the platform.

"I said, 'Release the stork!'" shouted the director.

"I did!" the crewman shouted back. "He don't wanna fly!"

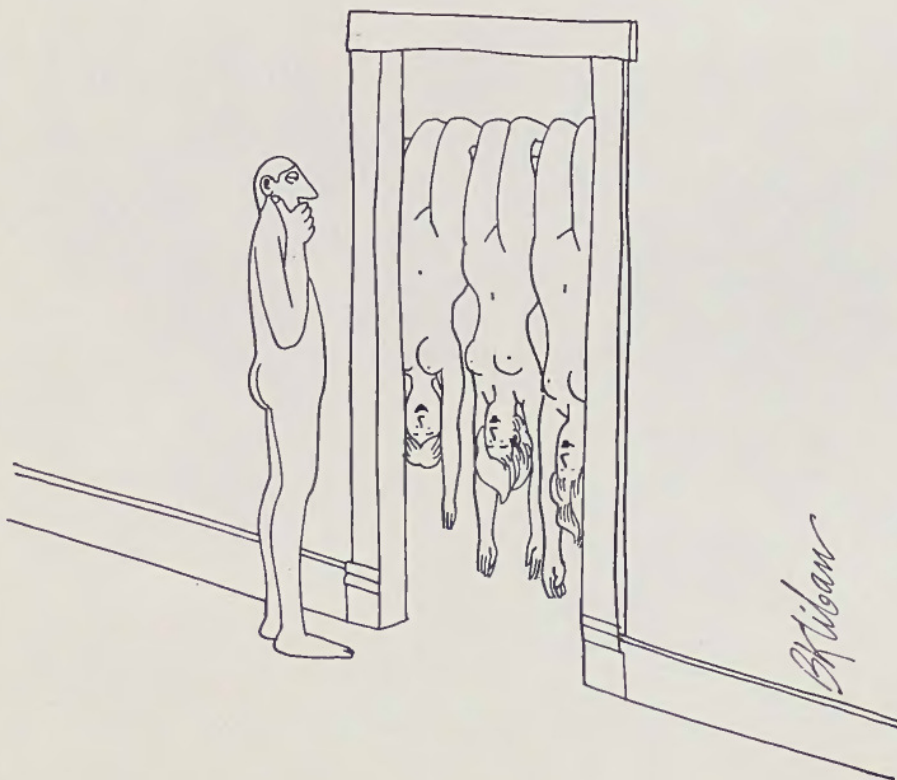
No one had considered the fact that this bird had spent his life walking around a coop in Florida. He'd never been in the air in his life. And he wasn't about to hurl himself into space, especially not toting a diaper and a box of soap. The crew on the ground looked at one another and had visions of roughly \$25,000 in production costs—if not the stork—going out the window. Finally, the director took the extreme step:

"Kick him off the platform!" No answer from above. "I said, 'Kick him off the platform!'"

The crewman reluctantly planted a well-placed kick. The stork, flapping wildly, shot straight out into space for about 15 feet. And then he plummeted to the ground—the diaper and the Ivory Snow box trailing behind him. The stork barely survived, but the commercial died.

So why do they bother? Why does a Harvard Business School-trained client put himself in the hands of spaced-out copy writers, wild-eyed art directors and jungle beasts? Because usually, after all the mistakes and retakes and recuts, what they give him somehow sells his product. Rosser Reeves, former chairman of the Ted Bates Agency, tells about an Anacin commercial: "It was a 59-second motion picture that cost just \$8400 to produce and it made more money for the makers of Anacin in seven years than *Gone with the Wind* did for MGM in a quarter of a century."

The motives of the creative people are more complicated. For one thing, Madison Avenue is a place where offbeat, even bizarre ideas are sought after instead of sniffed at. For another, it's a place where a person can earn a good living while he's still young enough to enjoy it. Finally, when a writer or art director sees an idea—his idea, which started with a blank piece of paper—moving and making sounds on a screen, he forgets how hard it was to make it happen and looks around for the next one. There's this writer at Young & Rubicam, for example, who has a great idea for an Excedrin commercial: It calls for an albino dwarf riding a hippo on a tightrope over Times Square. . . .





# DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 66.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

## STEVE TRACHTENBERG

HOME: Boston, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Associate Dean (Boston University), Professor, Lawyer

HOBBIES: Politics, Bicycling, Writing concerned Letters to the Editor, W. C. Fields movies

LAST BOOK READ: "Let Them Eat Promises: The Politics of Hunger in America."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Collaboration in editing the book "Higher Learning and The Rule of Law."

QUOTE: "If the university is to retain its value as an institution, it must find imaginative but practical ways to deal with this country's troubles. Society wants the university to help solve problems, not just go 'tsk, tsk'."

PROFILE: Inventive. Resourceful. Articulate. But a pragmatist also, who understands the need for constructive as well as critical ideas.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



**Authentic.** There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

**Dewar's never varies.**



## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 94)

reruns of Debbie Reynolds' asshole. To see the reality of the world—it's mind-blowing.

**PLAYBOY:** You've rarely made television appearances, even on talk shows. Why?

**GOULD:** Let's just say I'm biding my time. Ironically, considering my past experiences with the networks, I *have* been approached to do television specials and guest shots, all of which I've rejected. If and when I do television, it won't necessarily be an entertainment show. And I'd want to create it, produce it—do the whole thing. I'm in a terrific position. Within reason, I can do whatever I want in TV or movies. My company owns some really good properties, many of which we owned before I made it—scripts that I thought I'd love to play but I'd never have the chance to play because I wasn't important enough. Now the studios are so anxious to have me do any or all of these properties that they're willing to commit the necessary money without even reading scripts. But I worry about falling into the trap of doing something I might not be able to pull off.

**PLAYBOY:** Having made half a dozen films in the past 18 months, aren't you taking the risk of overexposing yourself?

**GOULD:** If I were being compulsive—working just for the sake of working—then it could be dangerous for me to overextend myself. That's why I won't work on anything that doesn't emphatically interest me. I'm very conscious of having had several hits in a row, but I

don't want my success to hamper my ability to do what I please. Even if you stay within the confines of realistic financing and you're trying to communicate something important in a film, that doesn't ensure success. But with those two factors governing, I don't think I can get into very much trouble. No one's going to get scared of losing a lot of money. In fact, the money people might be willing to take more chances than they used to. For my company and me, I've got to know why a picture wants to be made and what it's about and whether its cost is reasonable. All our films will be honest and cheap.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you decide to film *Little Murders*, a play that flopped on Broadway?

**GOULD:** The fact that two of the major ingredients of the movie are Jules Feiffer, writing his first screenplay, and Alan Arkin, the director—both geniuses. Arkin couldn't do anything that was less than honest; his mind is as brilliant as anyone I've ever met. Besides directing, incidentally, he also plays a paranoid policeman who's trying to solve 342 unsolved murders. When I first did *Little Murders* as a play, I recognized Jules's work as being really contemporary, inventive and original. I thought at the time that the theater form was too sterile for the realistic way it had to be done. The two major characters are a nihilistic, apathetic photographer who takes pictures of trash, and a ballsy girl with whom he's having a relationship. It's

about the shadows, the fear, the paranoia and the sounds of the cities we live in and the ways we've adapted blindly to what we take as the norm. And about how we become accustomed to things that we needn't get accustomed to, and how in doing that we become conditioned by our environment. And it's about random violence. It's going to be highly provocative and terribly unnerving as well as brilliantly funny and black and original—possibly too incisive, too brilliant and too sophisticated. I hope not. But at least it's not showing off. It's not going to be "giving the people what they want to see." It's not just a dishonest entertainment film.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you consider a dishonest movie—a bloated epic like *The Adventurers*?

**GOULD:** Believe it or not, I had a ball watching *The Adventurers*, because it was like most of the movies I've seen throughout my life: unbelievable. I loved going to a drive-in and seeing it. It didn't challenge me, it didn't provoke me and it didn't insult me, because I was conditioned to its whole reason for being. I went with my girl and she fell asleep. The sort of dishonesty I really object to is dishonesty in packaging—and I don't mean the kind of packaging that interests Ralph Nader. Most Hollywood studios are consumed with hedging their bets before they make a picture. Too often, they're overly impressed by star value and they purposely use heavyweight celebrities to sell a picture package; the story isn't all that important. I'll give you an example: George Stevens' last movie, *The Only Game in Town*. The stars were Elizabeth Taylor and Warren Beatty. It's a tiny little story with a terrific character study of two people. If the film had cost a million and a half bucks and been done by a really contemporary hand, it might have been lovely, instead of bombing out. I can't conceive how that picture could have cost \$6,000,000. It goes to prove that two magic motion-picture names mean absolutely nothing today, that somehow an audience will smell out opportunism. But it makes me want to shout some choice obscenities to see a picture involving actors of the stature of Taylor and Beatty being second-billed to garbage like *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true, as a *New York Times* writer reported last year, that you indulge in profanity because you feel that if proscribed words are used often enough, society will no longer consider them profane?

**GOULD:** That's why I love to use colloquial words to color my performances. I can't wait for the time when I can say cunt or asshole or motherfucker as often as I please in a film. Not because I'm trying for any sensational effect but simply because that's the way people really



"My husband thinks I'm out to a feminist meeting."







talk. In *Little Murders*, I was able to ad-lib a colloquialism that I think makes an important scene work. My father and I are standing at a window. We're both snipers. He takes the first shot and he hits somebody. It's a chilling moment. Without telling Alan or Jules, I screamed out of the window, "COCK-SUCKER!" My character had gone mad by this time, and for it to be reduced to that kind of shock language was an inspiration. The word was the emotional outburst of a maniac. I was thrilled to have done it. God, I hope it's still in the film. It will be, unless we have to trade that for something else to get a decent rating.

**PLAYBOY:** If you have to trade cocksucker, what would you hope to keep in return?

**GOULD:** One cocksucker for three fucks? Maybe people won't even hear it, because it's like a gorilla screaming. So maybe we'll get by with it. Like, in *Getting Straight*, the masturbatory thing I do. The director cut away from it at just the right moment. But even implied masturbation was very shocking to some people. Why? Why shouldn't this be on the screen, if films are to reflect real life? Too many people think masturbation is something bad—"It's nasty and it'll stunt your growth, son." We grow up taking our parents terribly seriously and not recognizing the fact that they often don't know what the hell they're talking about. It can be very dangerous to impose your own prejudices, hang-ups and expectations on a child.

A few months ago, I took my four-year-old son, Jason, to the circus. Beforehand, I told him how wonderful it was going to be, because I so wanted him to enjoy it. Well, the greatest show on earth turned out to be like the Concord Hotel. All those spotlights going around in circles and the chorus girls and the fourth-rate interlocutor. There was no magic there. Even the trained animals seemed perverse and totally unnatural. The circus has become so commercial that it's no longer the pure art it once was. I'm sure Jason didn't enjoy it as much as I told him he would, and I think that may have distressed him.

**PLAYBOY:** How have you adjusted to being a part-time parent?

**GOULD:** Not very well. It's unnatural to visit your son and it's unnatural for any child of that age to see that Mommy and Daddy don't have a relationship. When he asks why, I think it's important that we don't lie to Jason. I've been seeing him more often lately, but it's very hard. God, it's hard to visit. I find myself wanting to love him so, and therefore going out of my way to be nice to him. But you can really harm children by being overly nice to them, by giving them everything they want. Because they really don't want everything they think they want.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you overprotective toward Jason?

**GOULD:** At first, I was. I found myself being a Jewish mother. Every time we walked around, I'd watch him for fear he'd fall. That's not right, 'cause young children *do* fall, and when they do, they're going to look at you for a reaction. And if you respond with a "I hope you're not hurt" look, it blows their minds; they get very scared and start to cry.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you want Jason to turn out like you did?

**GOULD:** God forbid. The thing I want most for my son is that he understand himself and the environment in which he's living. If he understands, he'll never be afraid of anything. But if he doesn't understand, his mind is so fertile that he's going to cut himself off and be terribly anxious about a lot of things—the same way I was. You know, when I contemplate my son's future, I'm really uptight about the volatile state of the world today. And the more I contemplate, the less inhibited I am about moving toward a radical ideology and philosophy.

**PLAYBOY:** Radical in what sense?

**GOULD:** I mean that I'm moving toward not being afraid to do something unconventional, even risky, in order to change the things that need changing. In the face of absurdity, there comes a time when you've got to revolt against it. Like insisting that we walk out of Vietnam and say, "OK, we lost that game. We're no longer the champ of the world." A radical can't stay on the fence or be liked by everybody.

**PLAYBOY:** According to many polls, the majority of Americans don't really want fundamental social change and, in fact, feel threatened by radical movements.

**GOULD:** They don't know what's best for them. They refuse to recognize the fact that things are always changing in our society, that nothing stays the same. Unfortunately, that head-in-the-sand attitude gives license to chauvinistic bullies like the hard-hats for beating up those they disagree with—especially the young. As a result of such perverse treatment, we're seeing a vast fragmentation between the generations and an incredible consolidation of young people who refuse to be fucked around with any longer. I'm with 'em all the way and I think they can tell that from the kind of movies I've made. Unlike their parents, they want to be provoked, get involved—even when they go to see a film; they want to come away with something more than a good time.

Their parents are happy with placebos like *Airport*, which is doing terrific business. They want to be conned. They want to be finger-fucked. They don't want to know what's going on. The state of technological passivity in which they

wallow is incredible. We've created cars and air conditioners—all kinds of devices that supposedly enhance the human condition. But in so doing, we've depleted the earth and polluted our air and water. And the potential of our own bodies has been diminished by the growth of these creature comforts, which cause noticeable lethargy and apathy. Well, young people see what's happening, and what it's done to their parents and to America and to the American dream, and they don't want it to happen to them. But nothing they've done to reclaim the nation, to make the necessary social reforms, has had any effect—except to get their heads split open.

So we're paying the price for trying to maintain the status quo. Banks and police stations are being bombed. Isn't that sort of clue indicative that some kind of change is essential? The passive among us think not. They've been taught that we'll survive, whatever. They forget that this country was founded in revolution. It's amazing that the revolutionary tradition of Europe now is so much more appealing to young Americans. Come to think of it, most European countries have been, in their time, what we are today. Spain, England, France and Germany took turns being the big power before succumbing. I believe there will be no lasting power until the earth becomes a planet inhabited by a race of equal humans, where there are no more flags.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't you concede that the chances of fulfilling such a utopian vision are exceedingly slim?

**GOULD:** If it's left to choice, yes; but it may happen because of a nuclear accident. If 98 percent of the human race were destroyed, those remaining might understand how insignificant the planet is, how insignificant technology is, how insignificant being the world's greatest power is. It's a grim thought, but eliminating that 98 percent may be the only hope of mankind. Considering the way people currently distrust one another, I think it's inevitable.

**PLAYBOY:** If you happened to be among the surviving two percent, what would you want to do with the rest of your life?

**GOULD:** The same thing I'm going to try to do if there *isn't* a cataclysm: use my potential to understand what and who I am and help others understand that we must feel before we can think. If we all do that, perhaps human dignity will start to flourish rather than be suppressed. I also want to keep my body and my mind healthy and open. I realize that my head is still a little crooked and, unfortunately, I'm still very much motivated by my emotions. But I'm really working at getting straight—if you'll excuse the expression—and I think I'm going to make it.







WAVE



# PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Altice Lasing .....	229	Minolta Cameras .....	72
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