

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

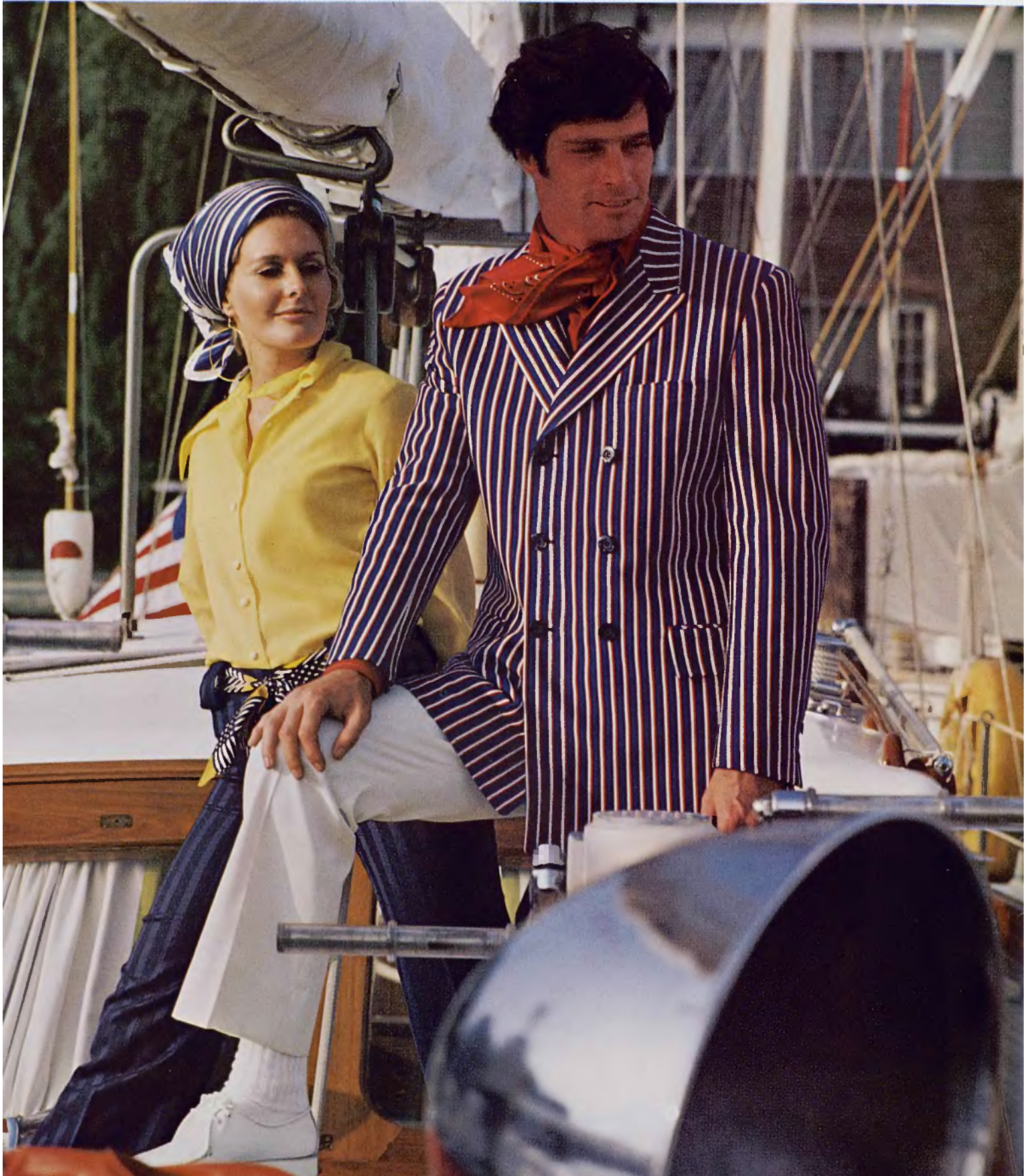
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PLAYBILL EVEN THE MOST casual student of anatomy will realize that the dotted lines and the directions "FOLD HERE" are not a part of February cover girl Norma Bauer's genetic inheritance, but they do serve to illustrate our continuing interest in the gatefold concept, and even in expanding on it. So, in addition to this month's lovely Playmate, Linda Forsythe (no dotted lines or "FOLD HERE" on her), we offer for your perusal *How Other Magazines Would Photograph a Playmate*, a collection of editorial and pictorial hints to a variety of national journals, with shootings done by the PLAYBOY staff photographers pictured in a group below.

According to futurist-sociologist Alvin Toffler, progress may be having a cataclysmic effect on modern society. In *Future Shock*, he describes the constantly accelerating pace of technological and social change in terms of its resultant stress on man's psychological stability. Our March issue will include Toffler's prescription for coping with these pressures; and expanded versions of both articles will appear in his new book, *Future Shock*, scheduled for publication in April by Random House.

While some look with concern toward the future, American Servicemen live in a legalistic limbo deeply rooted in the past. In *Justice, Military Style*, Robert Sherrill, Washington editor of *The Nation*, documents and denounces inhuman conditions in many Armed Forces penal institutions. Sherrill, whose exposure of inhumane conditions at the Pendleton brig resulted in a Congressional investigation, plans to include this article in *Military Injustice*, a book soon to be released by Harper & Row.

The Armed Forces also figure prominently in *The Land of a Million*

Elephants, beginning a three-part serialization of Asa Baber's forthcoming novel by the same name. Baber, whose *Revelations* appeared in our October 1969 issue, black-humorously investigates the East-West power struggle in Chanda, a mythical Asian kingdom. William Morrow will publish the novel later this year, while Baber continues writing and teaching English at the University of Hawaii.

To many people, the recent upsurge in the use of strictly-for-pleasure drugs bodes ill for the future, while to others, it represents a step toward liberation and perhaps enlightenment. This month's *Playboy Panel on The Drug Revolution* brings together men of both viewpoints: such experts as Harry J. Anslinger, former head of the Federal Narcotics Bureau; William S. Burroughs, novelist and film maker, himself a rehabilitated narcotics addict; Baba Ram Dass (formerly psychologist Richard Alpert, Timothy Leary's research partner at Harvard); Alan Watts, once an Episcopal minister, now a philosopher and guru of Eastern religions; and Joel Fort, M.D., psychiatrist and author of *Pot: A Rational Approach* in the October 1969 *PLAYBOY*.

Belief in reincarnation is central to *The Rebirth of Yost*—the first *PLAYBOY* contribution of versatile Thomas Baum, a film director, novelist and onetime NBC copywriter—in which the Reverend Yost ordains his own death and subsequent resurrection. The accompanying illustration was provided by Don Baum (no relation to the author), chairman of the art department at Chicago's Roosevelt University. Another writer making his first contribution to this magazine is Ivan Prashker, whose story *The Boss's Son* chronicles a day in the life of a petty and vindictive businessman who can't wait to take over his father's office and

the callgirls who go along with it.

Satirist Marvin Kitman reveals another kind of patriarchal legacy in *George Washington's Expense Account*. Kitman's irreverent peek into Washington's spending habits will appear in book form next July, courtesy of Simon & Schuster.

While completing his February article, John Skow listed a new pair of ski boots on his expense account and sent us *Skiing the Psychological Alps*—a subjective account of the frustrations, triumphs, pleasures and anxieties he experienced while testing the slopes at a series of Alpine ski centers. Those who prefer warmer climes may chart another course after reading *Playboy's Weekend House-yacht Party* and enjoying our graphic uncoverage of a tropical fete on land and sea. Since feminine companionship is a boon to seafarers and landlubbers alike, we've designed the *Distaff Sex Quiz*, a psychometric probe into the libidinous leanings of the girl or girls in your life.

Our February issue also highlights *Artists & Models*, cartoonist Buck Brown's impressions of portraitists and their obliging *objets d'art*. In *Bibi & Barbara*, Misses Andersson and Parkins are the co-stars of an exclusive *PLAYBOY* pictorial. Robert L. Green's *Suitably Impressive* offers sardonic suggestions well-suited to urban affairs. *Audio Exotica* presents the latest in short-wave-radio equipment for the tuned-in turned-on man of the world. And in *Jazz & Pop '70*, we introduce the winners of our 14th annual reader and All-Star polls; and Nat Hentoff describes the changing spectrum of today's sounds. So despite our tongue-in-cheek cover, do not fold, spindle or mutilate this issue, for it contains umpteen hours of entertainment for men, just right for happy journeying through this truncated month of abbreviated days.



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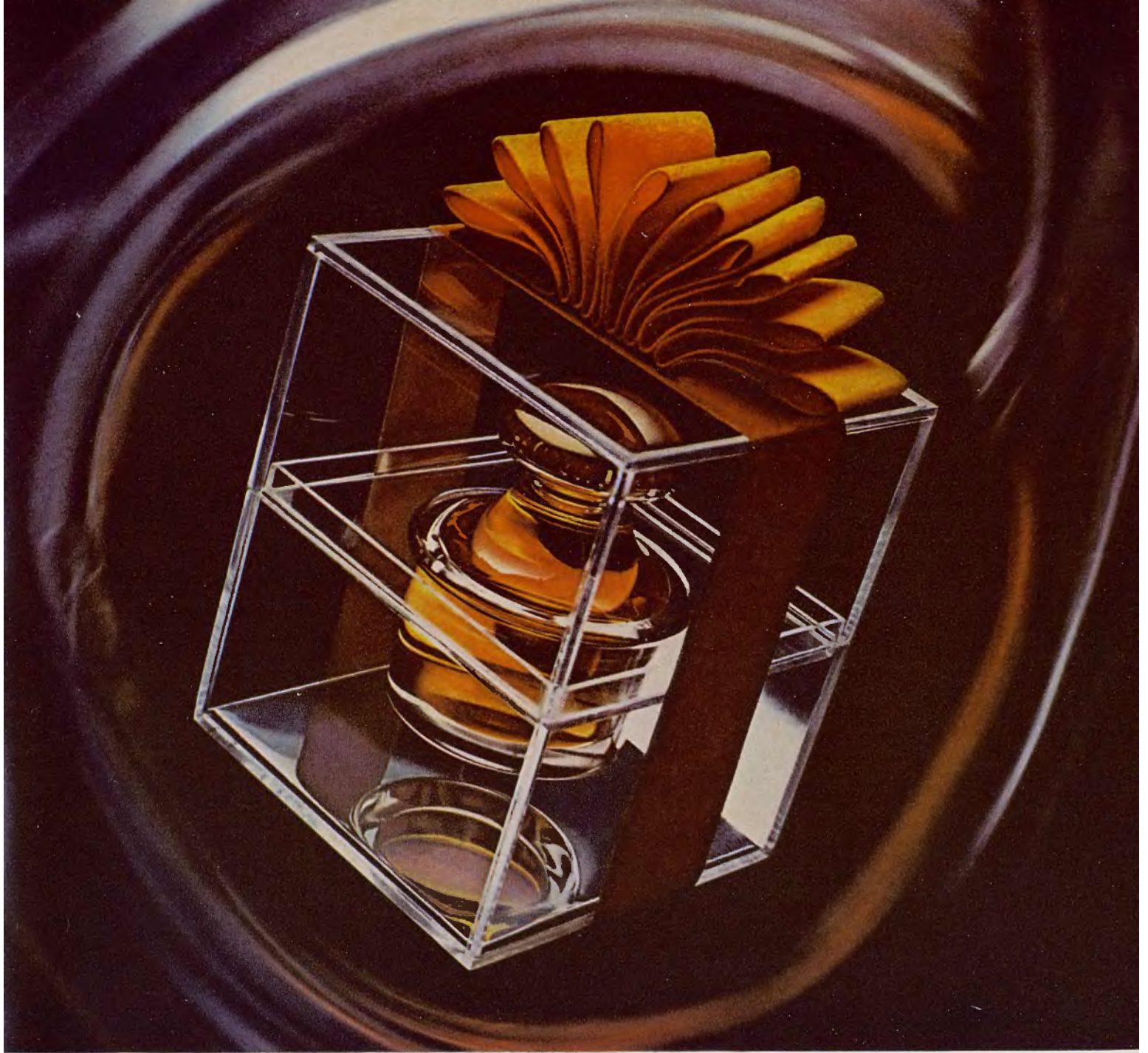
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PLAYBOY, FEBRUARY, 1970, VOL. 17, NO. 2. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO. INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

CARRY ON

Since the tragic assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the struggle for human rights has taken a variety of forms. PLAYBOY's November interview with the Reverend Jesse L. Jackson, director of SCLC's Operation Breadbasket, provided many needed insights into the current movement. In questioning the Reverend Jackson, Arthur Kretchmer creatively uncovered the problems confronting black and poor people in America and highlighted the constructive approaches of a prominent spokesman who must deal with them. Beyond that, the Reverend Jackson conveyed his deep racial pride and his commitment to bettering conditions for all human beings, black and white. His statements on the economic plight of black and poor people are a grim reminder of the tremendous responsibility all concerned leaders face. It is no surprise to the Urban League, but, nevertheless, disturbing to note that, as the Reverend Jackson states, "A black man . . . with a master's degree earns less than a white man with a high school diploma," especially after decades of struggle to eliminate inequality. The insight of the Reverend Jackson should serve as a guide to bridging the chasm between what he termed the haves and the have-nots. PLAYBOY deserves credit for having the insight to publish the timely statements of this highly respected leader.

Edwin C. Berry
Executive Director
Chicago Urban League
Chicago, Illinois

The interview with Jesse Jackson is one of the most complete analyses of and offers realistic solutions to the problems plaguing America today. I think the Reverend Jackson speaks for every concerned American who wants to rid this country of these problems.

John Wooten
Executive Director
Black Economic Union
Cleveland, Ohio

Wooten, formerly a lineman for the Cleveland Browns and later with the Washington Redskins, is now active in Jim Brown's black-capitalist movement.

The implication that the blacks are the only people in history who got a raw

deal becomes tiresomely repetitious. Germans, Italians, Chinese and many others have come here, overcome language barriers and worked hard to upgrade their standard of living. As for dignity—it can't be bought in the five-and-dime. You either have it or you don't. Do professional bellyachers really rate much consideration? Jackson says the black child is "physically weaker than his white contemporaries and probably sickly," after telling us, with great relish, how Joe Louis was "beating them up, knocking them down and making them bleed" and also bragging of the general superiority of the blacks on the athletic field.

It would seem that Jackson is not fighting for a cause but conducting a personal vendetta. All in all, his philosophy is somewhat puerile.

S. C. Wentworth
Eastchester, New York

Your Jesse Jackson interview was an outstanding piece of work, both with respect to the candor of the questions and the clarity of the Reverend Jackson's answers. Our organization is the designated Community Action Agency administering OEO and related programs in the war on poverty in Seattle and King County, Washington. We need materials to be used in training staff and volunteers in problems of poverty and racial discrimination. I have not seen anything that so clearly lays out the issues and provides such rational and sensitive answers as does your Jackson interview. I am asking permission to reproduce this interview for training purposes.

Cyrus Noe
Economic Opportunity Board
Seattle, Washington

Permission granted.

Before wealth can be redistributed or allocated or used to maintain a mother on welfare or to feed 30,000,000 hungry people or be given away in any other form, it has to be produced. The present function of government is to extort wealth from those who earn it—via taxation—and then to allocate it to those who did not earn it. The means of producing this wealth (factories, mines, retail businesses, engineering firms, etc.) are not natural resources belonging to all but, rather, products of conscious and

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deliberate action taken by individuals or groups of individuals for reasons of personal profit. Jesse Jackson (and others who advocate the welfare state under different banners) is not ignorant of the above, and that makes him potentially dangerous to a free society and a free people. I suppose it is easy for men like Jackson to attempt to justify extortion of wealth, but to me it's a futile rationalization.

To those who do not accept this altruistic code, I wish good luck in the battle against the Jesse Jacksons of this country.

Cameron Craig
Osage Beach, Missouri

Your November interview with the Reverend Jesse Jackson is the best yet. The Reverend Jackson has stated the facts in a more succinct and relevant manner than any other liberal in America. We of the white middle class are like a flock of unquestioning sheep and the slaughterhouse is just over the hill. As an infantry combat veteran of the Vietnam mess, let me say that it's time we discarded "My country—love it or leave it" and adopted "Our country—change it or lose it." Thank God for people like Jesse Jackson.

Pasquale H. Cruciano, Jr.
New Castle, Delaware

The interview with the Reverend Jesse Jackson gives us all a truer picture of ourselves as Americans, and truth is the one factor that seems to be missing lately in the American experience. The Reverend Jackson is the heir to Dr. King in our hearts and our support will be forthcoming in the future.

John S. Barge, Jr.
APO New York, New York

Having suffered for years the exploitation of ghetto businessmen, American blacks are finally responding to a voice that tells them they no longer need tolerate such treatment. The voice is Jesse Jackson's and the courage he has demonstrated in defying the exploiters surely makes him the central figure in the continuing struggle for racial equality. Without violence, without hatred, he has proved to all of us that the black man not only recognizes his rights but knows how to secure them as well.

Ronald Landry
New York, New York

BOTH YOUR HOUSES

In his November article, *The House*, Representative Richard Bolling does our nation a service by telling it like it is on Congressional reform. As has been the case with welfare reform, draft reform and tax reform, it will take the power of an aroused public to turn the tide on Congressional reform that is decades overdue. This is the gut question: Is Congress relevant today to the needs and problems of this country and of a rapid-

ly changing world that teeters on the edge of survival? The answer is no. Today, large constituencies such as the young, poor, black, brown and old are not fully represented. Eight hundred thousand District of Columbia citizens have no representation and must live under a form of Congressional colonial rule. Tens of billions of dollars of appropriations bills are not enacted into law until six months of the fiscal year have already elapsed. Special-interest groups exert massive influence, while the dispossessed and disenfranchised—usually with urgent human needs—struggle to be heard at all. The great issues of our time—an eight-year undeclared war, poverty, racism, population, the urban and environmental crises, global security and survival, the quality of the human spirit, the direction of technology and information science—go crying for attention while Congress bogs down with relative trivia. Congress must lead rather than follow, act instead of react, cope with problems before they become crises and look ahead five, ten, fifteen years beyond the elbow room of day-to-day operation. Congress today continues to lose the confidence of an informed and sophisticated public. More and more, young people are channeling their energies outside the system because of a genuine ebbing of faith in our established institutions.

To struggle on with the tough issues of our time without reorganizing the process by which we tackle these problems is like plowing a field with a shovel instead of a tractor. At the time of this writing, Congress is going through the motions of a third attempt in nearly 200 years to reform itself. But in spite of positive interest by many men in both parties and progress on some minor points, this initial reform legislation is token. It does not deal with the really major reform issues, such as (1) the objectives of Congressional reform, (2) the need for a permanent joint committee to review the role, functional needs and organization of Congress, (3) the seniority system, (4) committee jurisdiction, (5) openness of all proceedings to the public, (6) the power of committee chairmen, (7) the integrity of the Congressional Record, (8) the meaning of constitutional war-making powers in a complex world, (9) scheduling and management of Congressional business, and (10) the control of special interests.

We are deceiving ourselves if we believe that Congress can nitpick its way through the Seventies and Eighties with the structure, organizational resources and procedures designed 100 years ago. The fact is that the capability of Congress has actually regressed relative to the accelerating needs of our complex world. It is time to move Congressional reform to the top of our national agenda. To do this requires maximum public understanding and discussion. Public

scrutiny and concern will do more to produce an effective and responsive Congress than any other input. It's time for a Congressional overhaul—and everyone's future rides on how effectively this job is done.

Representative Donald W. Riegle, Jr.
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

The average American asks why the campuses and cities are gripped by chaos and why so many of my peers are now members of Students for a Democratic Society, the Black Panthers or Marxist organizations. I suggest they read the PLAYBOY articles by Congressman Richard Bolling and the late Drew Pearson on the House of Representatives and the Senate. These authors cite compelling reasons for the overreaction of students to our lawmakers' failure to concern themselves with the vital issues confronting our nation. The picture becomes even more tragic when one thinks of what Congress *could* do in its uncorrupted form. It takes articles such as these to educate the establishment to the reality of the situation.

Barry Brokaw
Northridge, California

Congress is most adept at passing judgment for the American people but will not pass judgment on itself. These 535 men direct the fate of 200,000,000 people but are, to a great extent, doddering old men clinging to an archaic system that should have been revamped over 100 years ago.

Drew Pearson and Representative Richard Bolling have really hit them where it hurts. Before the next national election, a third and probably a fourth party will hopefully proclaim as their platform that Congress must be reformed.

Edward C. Smith
La Jolla, California

MAKE UP YOUR MIND

Ernest Havemann did a fine job of summarizing in November's *Alternatives to Analysis*. He did not develop adequately, however, the relationship between theory and treatment. Many, like myself, who identify with the field of behavior therapy, regard it less a composite of techniques and specific theories and more a philosophical set of assumptions about what constitutes acceptable scientific evidence and how one goes about collecting it. If behavior therapy is to avoid the fate of other fads, it would seem important to view it in this fashion and not to restrict its definition to a collection of procedures and hypotheses currently in vogue.

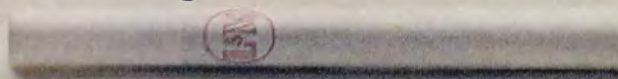
Gerald C. Davison, Ph.D.
Stanford University
Stanford, California

Alternatives to Analysis is most interesting but also, unfortunately, largely



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misleading. The article does not deal with alternatives to analysis but presents some recent and not so recent attempts to influence human behavior by using a variety of manipulative devices. These approaches are only vaguely related to psychoanalysis, which is not only a therapeutic technique but a theory of personality development as well.

Unquestionably, conditioning of the Pavlovian type can alter behavior that has been conditioned. The crucial question is whether neurotic, psychotic or other forms of maladaptive behavior are a matter of simple or complex conditioning. To avoid this decisive issue, the behaviorists simply deny disease and illness with the assumption that everything is learned and therefore can be unlearned by devices that stimulate re-education. But neuroses are not just bad habits and neurotic behavior cannot be eliminated through conditioning, mere imitation or exhortative therapy and the like, in spite of the areas of validity in every single one of these approaches. The fact that so many approaches are available for altering human behavior indicates the plasticity of human beings and our state of relative ignorance in formulating a precise and integrated theory of how personality develops.

Leon Salzman, M. D.
 Director of Psychoanalytic Medicine
 Tulane University
 New Orleans, Louisiana

The various types of psychiatric therapy, both group and individual, are well described by Ernest Havemann. But there is a generalization in psychiatry that states that, no matter which type of therapy is used, one third of the patients get well, one third improve and the remaining third show no noticeable improvement. Furthermore, given current psychiatric knowledge, personality profiles and diagnostic techniques, one is still unable to determine which patient is likely to benefit from which type of therapy.

H. Blustein, M. D.
 Chicago, Illinois

Ernest Havemann warns your readers that the many new approaches to psychotherapy can splinter off into different cultisms just as rigid, mechanical and addictive as formal Freudian analysis. However, he seems to have missed the essence of a comprehensive alternative to mental and personality disorders and adaptive processes in growth and development. In 1962, I personally suggested the term integrative therapy to describe a combined treatment program. Such programs consist of chemotherapy, physical treatment and any or all social and psychological procedures that help the person compensate for excessive stress loads or difficulty in biosocial function. In sum, we have many procedures that, if judiciously integrated according to the

patient's needs, can and do produce the desired therapeutic result.

Leonard Cammer, M. D.
 New York, New York

Dr. Cammer is the author of a textbook, "Outline of Psychiatry," published in 1962; Simon & Schuster published his latest work, "Up from Depression."

A GOOD LOOK

I was amazed to find that none of the libraries in the mid-Hudson area file, index or store PLAYBOY. Do you have a service that offers PLAYBOY on microfilm?

Henry Herman
 Poughkeepsie, New York

PLAYBOY is now available in both full color and black and white microfilm produced by the University Microfilm division of Xerox Corporation. Because of copyright regulations, sales are limited to libraries; but in view of our outstanding first-year microfilm sales, PLAYBOY on film should be easily accessible at local libraries in the near future.

SPACED OUT

U. K. Le Guin's *Nine Lives* (PLAYBOY, November 1969) is a marvelous story: first-rate science fiction, extremely well written and organized. I am very fond of the field—a good deal of dandy political and moral thinking goes into the fanciful creation of futures for mankind. Unfortunately, most of the prose is fierce and a good deal of the characterization wooden. The exceptions are a delight (Bradbury, of course, and some others). *Nine Lives* is a rare one. Conception, stunning; moral, strong and good; characterizations, very strong, including the group humans. Congratulations both to PLAYBOY and U. K. Le Guin.

Lael Wertenbaker
 Marlborough, New Hampshire

Mrs. Wertenbaker was active as a Time-Life reporter and correspondent from 1910 to 1947 and, as a free-lance writer, has authored ten published books.

I admire U. K. Le Guin's ability to create powerful moods, Blakelike, out of the marriage of dream-stuff ideas and settings. It is always gratifying to see science fiction outside the genre magazines; and when the story is as excellently conceived and executed as *Nine Lives*, it is good to know that it is reaching a larger audience.

Roger Zelazny
 Baltimore, Maryland

A leading science-fiction writer, Mr. Zelazny has won both Hugo and Nebula awards for his stories.

GOOD SCRIPT

With the exception of Daniel S. Anthony's *You Are What You Write* in your November issue, articles on graphology in nonscientific publications tend either to vulgarize their subjects or to become too technical for the inexperienced reader.



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So make your move to Miller . . .
The Champagne of Beers.

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any watch
unless it's a . . .

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TIME OUT TIMER
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CROTON
SUPER-CHRONOMASTER
since 1878

However, Anthony avoids these dangers and gives a clear and thorough description of the essence of graphology.

But Anthony gingerly refrains from going into details in his interpretation of the lower zone, where normal and also abnormal sexual urges of the writer are often clearly expressed.

Rudolph S. Hearn
Vineland, New Jersey

I was among the first Chicago personnel directors who, as far back as 15 years ago, utilized graphology for the evaluation of managerial applicants, along with other projective techniques, such as sentence completion, the thematic apperception test and self-evaluation forms. I feel that graphology is an invaluable adjunct to executive appraisal, yet I would never reject an applicant on the basis of handwriting alone. Handwriting reveals the inner person but fails to account for the fact that human beings play many roles in life and modify their behavior patterns in given business situations. Graphology should be very carefully utilized to support or negate interviewing impressions and the results of projective tests. When the intuitive impressions, depth interviewing, test results and handwriting all point in the same direction, then we know we are on the right path in our selection processes.

It was primarily in the insurance field that graphology first gained acceptance. To my knowledge, there are close to 50 companies in Chicago alone that use it.

John M. Mendheim
President, Mendheim Associates
Evanston, Illinois

When Daniel Anthony is not being academic, he writes well. It is his lack of clarity when he attempts to be scientific that makes *You Are What You Write* hard going. Anthony could have simplified his terms but, instead, wrote as though conducting a seminar for graphologists. Handwriting gives us major clues to personality and character: but why be so heavy-handed in tracking down these clues? I think Anthony could have used a lighter touch.

Nadya Olyanova
New York, New York

Miss Olyanova is herself a graphologist and author of "Handwriting Tells."

Your graphology article is extremely lucid. However, there is another way handwriting is analyzed, based on single signs; e.g., I dots, T crossings, etc., which is the method to which most people have been exposed. Anthony's use of the Gestalt approach seems to have more validity as a reliable psychological projective technique. It should also be pointed out that the graphologist uses handwriting alone in making his analysis, in distinct contrast to psychologists, who render a personality profile through tests and an

interview. Rarely will they use only one projective test, such as the Rorschach. That Anthony can overcome this handicap and still produce a valid personality picture indicates the tremendous potential inherent in this approach. One can appreciate how much psychological insight and art are required by a good graphologist by noting how skillfully Anthony has been able to blend the indicators revealed in the article into the beautiful capsule sketches at the end.

Dr. Milton Arnold
Lynbrook, New York

Anthony writes of handwriting analysis with an excess of scientific caution; those of us who know what he and his reputable colleagues (few and mostly European) can do are convinced of the high scientific level of their work. Serious handwriting analysts have long been on the defensive—because of this very scientific caution, because of public and institutional skepticism and because of the many charlatans masquerading as graphologists. However, as a result of the work by men such as Anthony, they no longer need feel diffident about claiming their rightful place in the scientific community.

Samuel H. Westerman
Hillside, New Jersey

RATED X

Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert are mistaken in their November *Sex in Cinema* roundup. Jean Seberg was not seen naked on the screen in my picture *Birds in Peru*. The effect of nudity was entirely an illusion created by the use of colored tape and sand. I have no objection to nudity and none to pornography for the needy, but I think that art and pornography are bad for each other. The mistake made by Knight and Alpert proves there is no reason for an artist to capitulate and that it is still possible to create an illusion without giving in to flat-footed obviousness.

Romain Gary
Paris, France

EXISTENTIAL MOMENT

Stephen Dixon's *What Is All This?* (PLAYBOY, November 1969) is a provocative and amusing short story. It helped reinforce my feeling that existentialism as a philosophy is far from defunct. In fact, as Dirk sat contemplating the events of the weekend past, he must have chuckled to himself and thought, "Yes, the existentialist is right. The whole world is made out of Silly Putty."

Robert D. Cunningham
Assistant Professor of Philosophy
Boston University
Boston, Massachusetts

VOLCANIC ROCK

Your November article, *Head Stone*, by Alan Goren, depicted Mick Jagger as an honest human being and not as the harsh,



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style.



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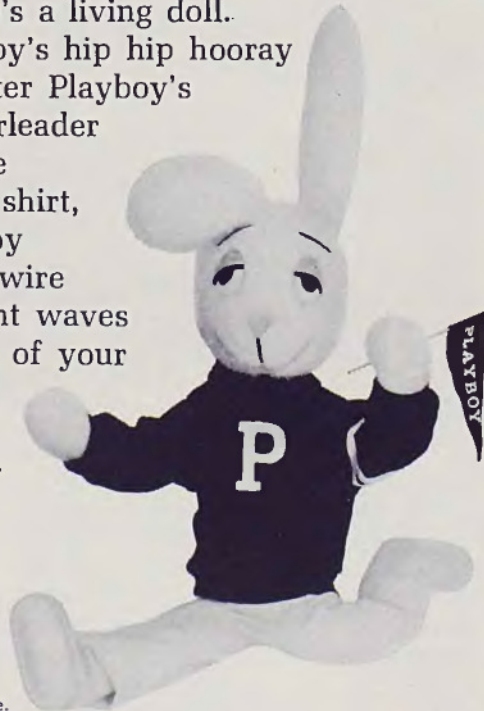


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militant junkie many believe him to be. Too many people would like to classify anyone with long hair and a sense of individualism as somewhat malignant to our present society. If Jagger is a disease of some kind, then I hope to hell no doctor ever produces a cure for it.

Sp/4 William A. Hoff, Jr.
APO New York, New York

The article about Mick Jagger shows one man's prejudice against his countrymen. The *Playbill* states that Coren is thinking of running for a seat in Parliament but, if the English read the article, he will be lucky to retain his citizenship. It is unfair to stereotype all Englishmen as stiff and it also seems absurd that the multitude is trying to persecute Jagger, as Coren would have us believe. With his attitude, he stands as much chance of being elected in England as George Wallace would have in Harlem.

Clifford W. Turcotte
Agawam, Massachusetts

Coren should have included the fact that two of the Stones's hits have been banned as singles. The song *Let's Spend the Night Together* was banned by most Chicago rock stations because of its suggestiveness, although *Lay, Lady, Lay*, recorded by Bob Dylan and just as suggestive as the title implies, was played morning, noon and night by these same rock stations. The Stones's *Street Fighting Man* was banned in Chicago during the Democratic Convention of 1968 for fear it might rally and unite the demonstrators. Even after the convention, Chicago stations still refused to play the song. All in all, Coren's article describes Jagger better than most music magazines that rely on gossip and half-truths.

Henry Mount
Macomb, Illinois

TOUCHDOWN

How I Revolutionized the Game of Football in your November issue was a classic. Harry Brown may be interested in the fact that similar football games existed in Portland some 20 years after the sand-lot skirmishes he recalls. I myself played for an outfit known as the Rosemont Wildcats and we campaigned against teams from Morrill's Corner, Deering Center, Woodfords and Nason's Corner—no doubt the sons of the greats that Harry recalls. If Brown's unit lays claim to the T formation, my squad can claim as original the shotgun formation for passing (everybody was too chicken to run), the safety blitz (we specialized in 11-man lines) and the down-and-out pass pattern when our leading receiver, a 16-year-old with a fake I. D., ran down to Bubba's Café, coughed down a "dimey" and passed out.

Davis S. Rawson
Bangor, Maine





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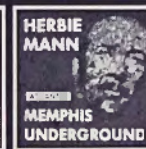
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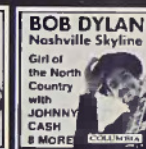
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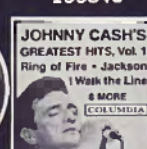
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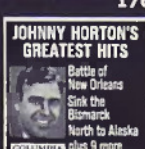
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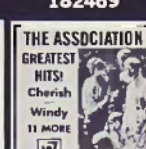
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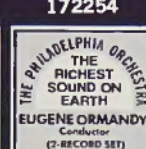
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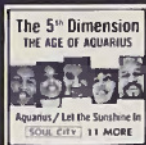
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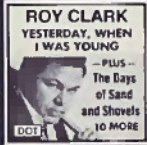
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interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. And from time to time, the Club will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special form provided—or accept by doing nothing.

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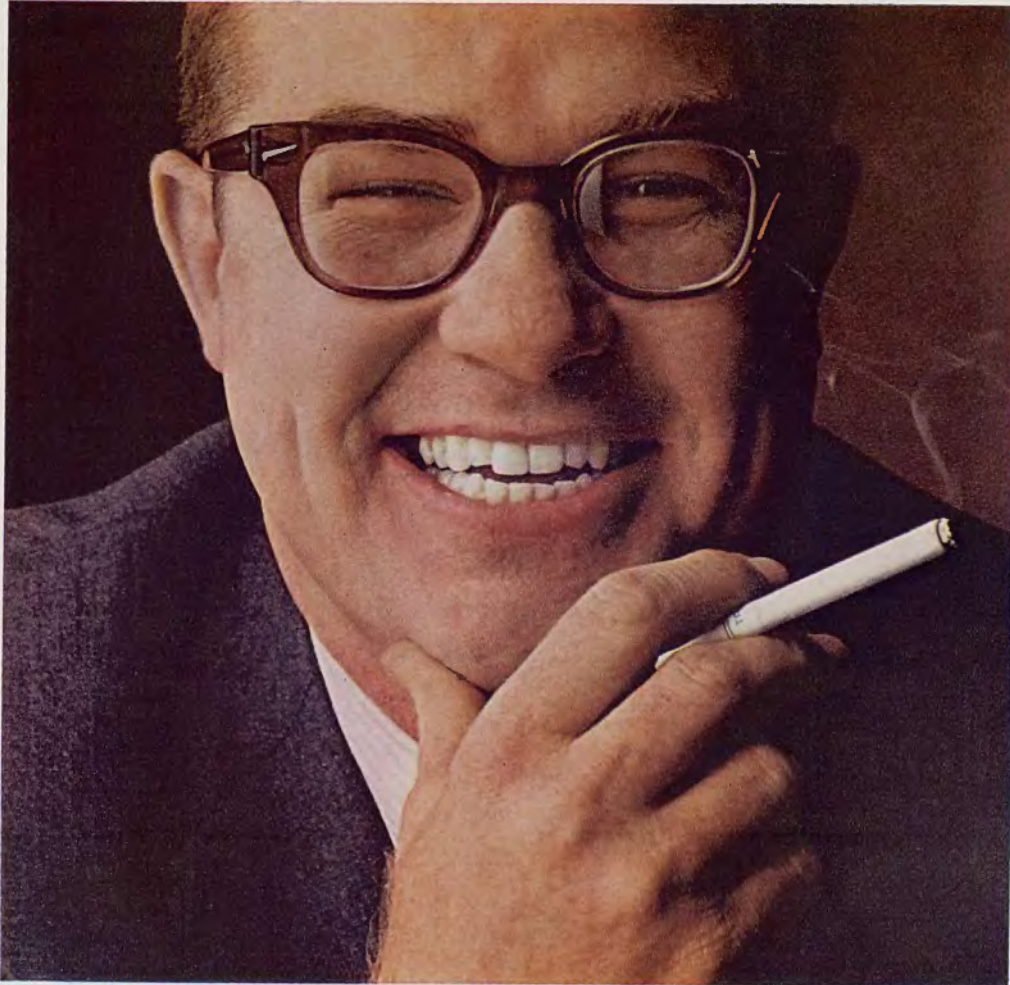


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Architect Max Frisch said once that technology was just a way of organizing the universe so that man wouldn't have to experience it. That *can* be the case—with automobiles replacing legs, television cameras replacing eyes, computers, finally, replacing man's memory—but it doesn't have to be. If you work at it, if you pay attention, you can turn on instead of off through technology. The *Whole Earth Catalog* has become an underground best seller (30,000 copies in print) exactly because that's what it offers: several thousand ways to get back in touch with our planet and with ourselves. This mammoth mail-order compendium can connect you with such things as seeds, power tools, other catalogs, geodesic domes, do-it-yourself books, walking shoes, computers, lab equipment, tape recorders, weather maps, auto-repair manuals, house plans, electrical supplies, source books, idea books, posters, cameras, films, film-making instructions, guitars—and so much more that this list only begins to indicate the scope of the book. The *Whole Earth Catalog* can put you through to perhaps 10,000 bits of paraphernalia—some ordinary, some extraordinary, but all practical, fascinating or simply fun. Gathered together in one place, they provide a new, simple and straightforward way of looking at—and, if you decide to put them to use, of coping with—an increasingly complicated technological world.

Unlike Sears' or Montgomery Ward's or anybody else's catalog, it has no product of its own to push, and no product can buy its way in. The young people who put the book together say they'll include anything that is "useful as a tool, relevant to independent education, high quality or low cost and easily available by mail." (The catalog itself is available only by mail at 558 Santa Cruz, Menlo Park, California 94025. A year's subscription—two catalogs and four supplements—is eight dollars.) It's a graphically unusual book, *Life*-sized, with pictures of the items scattered around each page, next to prices, addresses and a short review for each entry. The reviews, as much as anything else, tell you some-

thing about the people who created the *Whole Earth*. Their low-key style reads like a prose marriage of *Consumer Reports* and *The Village Voice*.

The first of the catalog's seven sections, "Understanding Whole Systems," begins by recommending books by Buckminster Fuller and then goes on to list sources for such things as *The Times Atlas of the World*, photos of the earth taken from Gemini and a free NASA film called *Debrief: Apollo 8*, about which it says, "28 minutes long, 16mm, color, sound (but skip the sound—pedestrian and obvious. Instead, put something rich on the record player. . . . Splashdown on dawn Pacific is mythic)." Section two, "Shelter and Land Use," lists addresses to send for house plans, designs for Indian tepees, books on how to build them yourself, instructions for mushroom hunting, organic gardening and weather forecasting. There's a place to send for seeds ("exquisitely designed instruction capsules . . . automation and an example of what we've been given to work with on our planet"), directions for building a house of adobe bricks and a machine that generates electricity from the wind.

Under the heading "Industry and Craft," *Whole Earth* leads you to woodcraft gear, laboratory supplies ("All kinds of illegal-looking equipment"), tools ("a snap-on tappet wrench will convince you that a tool can be a work of art"), a source for buckskin (as usual for *Whole Earth*, at a better price than you could get in any store), a miner's catalog, a book on how to tie knots and a place that sells weavers' looms. The "Communications" section includes such consciousness enlargers as a small computer (\$4900), instructions for building radios, making films and books and (for \$3500) a Moog synthesizer. Section five, titled "Community," offers help in village planning, boffers (foam-rubber swords that let you be aggressive without being injurious), a book on massage ("People rubbing people is always nice. People rubbing people with skill is an order of magnitude nicer."), a generous plug for Sears' and Ward's catalogs and

the address of a place where you can buy surplus discount items directly from the Government.

"Nomadics" is the Huckleberry Finn section of the catalog. Here is all the information you'll need to travel on foot, by car, by plane or by boat. There are boots, moccasins, ropes, packs and pots, along with books on survival, sailing, mountaineering ("Any idiot can go climb a mountain, and any idiot can fall off. Not falling off is a technical business, of which this is a fine text."). There's also a tribute to *National Geographic*, the name of a firm from which you can buy aeronautical charts and a book on how to thumb your way across Europe. The final section, "Learning," is devoted to Creative Playthings, books on education theory, an index of educational films, a source for posters and how-to books on sense awareness and self-hypnosis.

There's much more, of course, in this serendipitous catalog. It's a book full of nooks and corners, some of which you find only on your tenth time through. The best place to start is with the singular statement of purpose that's printed inside the front cover: "We are as gods," it says, "and might as well get good at it." Just some help with being human may be enough to ask of any book. And there's little doubt that this mind-expanding catalog could help us all do that.

The Mattachine Society, whose members advocate unharassed homosexuality, recently sponsored a "gay-power vigil" in New York to demand "the same rights that everyone else has." If the nonviolent approach fails to move the heterosexual establishment to accord their lavender brothers (and sisters) the respect they insist on, the Mattachines make this ominous threat: "If necessary, we will bring a thousand drag queens to suburbia."

The *Chicago Daily News* relates this shaggy-goat story from England: A Mr. Ian Holdsworth of the isle of Skye boarded a train accompanied by an animal that he said was an African mountain dog. The porter said it looked very much like a goat and also smelled

like a goat. Holdsworth still insisted it was an African mountain dog. Giving him the benefit of the doubt, the porter allowed the animal to board, even though it had been heard to bleat rather than bark. Along the 600-mile journey between Peterborough and the isle of Skye, Holdsworth's remarkable dog not only butted a passenger and ate its way through an empty mailbag but gave milk on arrival in Fort William, Scotland.

Soft-Core Pornography of the Month, gleaned from an early Apollo report in the Kennedy Space Center files: "Subsequent to the mating operation and prior to final torquing of the mating bolts and silo closing, a rain shower passed through the area and water ran down the skin of the vehicle, making it necessary to raise the skirt to dry the mating surfaces."

Speeding along a Montana road not long ago, according to the Williamsport, Pennsylvania, *Grit*, a car suddenly crashed into a Helena hamburger stand, tore through the counter area and back out through the far wall. The place was aptly named the Zip In And Out.

Our Enterprising Businessman Award goes to Paul Stewart, who runs a shoeshine shop at the University of Tennessee. Although many of the students there have given up shoes in favor of bare feet or sandals, Paul is well heeled since he put out his new sign: FEET WASHED AND TOENAILS POLISHED—\$1.50.

Ecumenical Note: Among the few hundred disciples and gurus in attendance at a Swami Jamboree held near Canada's Mont Tremblant were Swami Chidananda, Swami Venkatesananda, Swami Shivapremananda, Swami Pranavananda, Swami Vishnudevyananda, Swami Satchidananda, Swami Sahajananda and Rabbi Gelberman of New York's Little Synagogue.

Calling Dr. Freud: The book *Oedipus: Myth and Dramatic Form*, edited by James Sanderson and Everett Zimmerman, is dedicated "To our Mothers."

Sign of the times from an ad in *The New York Times*: "136 East 55 St., Apt. 4a . . . a nice 3-room apartment with an eastern exposure of a large court with a view of a tree."

Erotomanes, take note: According to the London *Sunday Times*, the University of Bristol's department of extramural studies is offering a course in which "students will be able to mount a bird under expert guidance."

An investigation by Georgia's state revenue department uncovered two vending

machines dispensing packages of cigarettes that didn't bear the state tax stamp; one of the machines was located in the basement of the state revenue department building.

Help is as near as your post office: "If you have an emergency involving a poison," advises the *Houston Chronicle*, "write Harris County Medical Society, 1133 M. D. Anderson Blvd., Houston 77025."

Our California correspondent informs us that a new topless singing trio in Los Angeles calls itself The Swinging Six.

BOOKS

Former SNCC worker, a founder of the Yippies, cultural revolutionary (with 40 arrests so far) and a defendant in the Chicago conspiracy trial, Abbie Hoffman has had a crowded life. Occasionally, he snatches time to write books. *Woodstock Nation* (Random House) was assembled in five days as Hoffman, "high on adrenaline, excitement, no sleep, rock music and pot," rapped on the floor of his publisher's office. He characterizes the result as a "Talk-Rock Album," but actually, it's a cascade of photographs and drawings as well as text in multicolored type and what could be called kinetic make-up. The ostensible focus is the mammoth rock festival at Bethel last summer, where Hoffman set up an *ad hoc* "hospital" for those who were coming down from bad acid trips. Finally, however, the therapist himself experienced a frightening bummer and needed attention. In between his often manic reports on Bethel, there are flashbacks to his boyhood, to his multiple assaults against the "Pig Nation" immediately before Bethel, along with speculations about the future—his and that of "the nation" of young people represented at that festival. It's difficult to get a clear perspective on Abbie in this whirlwind of impressions, but he isn't quite sure of his directions, either. He does make clear that he has turned off politics and now opts for cultural revolution, which "requires people to change the way they live and act in the revolution rather than passing judgments on how the other folks are proceeding. The cultural view creates outlaws; politics breeds organizers." For all its defiance, *Woodstock Nation* is an essentially poignant odyssey. Hoffman has had the courage of his kaleidoscopic convictions, but the question that keeps assaulting him is whether he is Moses or Don Quixote.

Al Dooley, graduate student at Berkeley, is one of those superbright hipsters whose lack of moral education threatens to do them in. Academically speaking, of course, Al knows just about everything;

and what he doesn't know, his black professor (former holder of the Uncle Tom Chair of Intuitive Sociology at Harvard) will fill him in on. But the one thing he really wants to know is the meaning of life, and he's beginning to think there isn't any. In his new novel, *The Great American Jackpot* (Random House), an expanded version of a short story that ran in *PLAYBOY* in 1964, Herbert Gold disguises this ever-pertinent situation behind a smoke screen of gags, put-ons and put-downs. Al founders around until he realizes there's nothing awaiting him but the ordinary warm enema of life, and so he decides it's time to rob the Crocker-Anglo bank in San Francisco. This he does and his ex-girlfriend's boyfriend turns him over to the cops. ("Al would have preferred to be rich and free and powerful and successful rather than under arrest for bank robbery. Well, a young graduate student can't hope to have everything all at once. He might just as well start at the bottom with a good long prison term.") And that is the plot, or most of it, anyway. In a novel like this, the plot is nothing, though, and the delivery all. What Gold delivers is a withering portrait of the whole dropout, cop-out, "Give-me-Librium-or-give-me-Meth" subculture.

It's refreshing to come across a novel written by a white man about The Problem that is devoid of masochistic self-abasement. *Up Your Banners* (Macmillan), by Donald E. Westlake, is a boy-gets-girl, boy-loses-girl, boy-gets-girl deal. And though the boy is white and the girl is black, the reader is not encouraged to do any conscience examining. The initial nagging between Oliver Abbott and Leona Roof calls to mind Charlie Brown versus Lucy Van Pelt. Abbott has been appointed to a high school teaching post that the local community—largely black—wanted filled by a black man. Miss Roof, a judo-trained gym teacher, threatens him with a literal hammer lock every time he comes near. Inevitably, they become lovers and their relationship has the charming silliness of a Bill Cosby routine. But then along come some Bruce J. Friedman black militants, making obscene phone calls, slashing Abbott's tires ("Doggone it, I liked that car"), chasing him in his girlfriend's car down the Grand Central Parkway. And a few Woody Allen-like situations as well: Finding a gasoline-soaked cross on his lawn, Abbott decides helplessly that the best way to get rid of it is to set it on fire. The pressure finally gets to be too much for Miss Roof and she shuts down the liaison abruptly. "And now, if you'll excuse me," mutters the bereft Abbott to his parents, "I have to go upstairs and cut eyeholes in my sheet." It all ends with a marvelous Frank Capra scene: Abbott, the wishy-washy white

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



RICK GRIGG

HOME: La Jolla, California

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Marine Ecologist.

HOBBIES: Surfing champion, scuba diving, photography, writing.

LAST BOOK READ: "Famine—1975."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Ph. D. thesis on the population dynamics of marine organisms.

QUOTE: "People don't think you can pollute oceans because they're so big. Well, the sky was big too. Oceans will be used more and more for food and I want to make sure they're used carefully. They're the last unspoiled resource we have."

PROFILE: Committed. Impatient. A realist, determined to apply his knowledge to today's problems.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."



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liberal, busting in on a seething black grievance meeting and chewing everyone out like Jimmy Stewart for "trying to kill love," then rushing forth with his faint-heart-ne'er-won-dark-lady prize in tow. No doubt, it is patronizing to predict that *Up Your Banners* will, in the right hands, be turned into a delightful movie. Another new Westlake novel—*Somebody Owes Me Money* (Random House)—is available in hardcover, after its advance appearance in the July and August, 1969, issues of PLAYBOY.

Is Marshall McLuhan a genius, bursting with fulminating insights but under-endowed with literary talent? Or is he just a bad writer who conceals this fact behind a smog of verbosity? How badly he writes is amply demonstrated by his latest concoction, *Counter-Blast* (Harcourt, Brace & World), which, as he acknowledges, patterns itself after Wyndham Lewis' avant-garde magazine, *Blast*, that set out to rock and shock Edwardian literary London way back in 1914. Whom McLuhan is out to shock is not very clear. There seems to be no necessary relationship between the creaky aphorisms on which he bases his apocalyptic pronouncements and the book's typographical high jinks. After threatening the world with the specter of unchecked electronic creativity, the least McLuhan and his makeup man, Harley Parker, could have done was think up something newer than 1914 avant-gardism. But if McLuhan the ad-man poet is a flop, what about McLuhan "the distinguished and perceptive literary critic"? The chance to pass judgment on this aspect of his activity is now offered us with the publication of *The Interior Landscape* (McGraw-Hill). It seems that the sage of Toronto is a bit sore that "in the pop-mind" he is regarded as "the archetype of the post-Gutenberg critic, a 'Pop Philosopher' or 'Media Prophet.'" Which amounts to a major contemporary instance of biting the hand that feeds one—since without the pop ballyhoo, McLuhan surely would never have made it as he did. In any event, after plodding through these essays on Joyce, Poe, Pope, Keats and Mallarmé, even the most enthusiastic fan will have to admit that McLuhan comes honestly by his lack of literary skill. Masterpieces in poetry and the novel exist simply to provide him with illustrative footnotes. Obsessed by his one or two original thoughts, driven by an ambition that has nothing to do with poetic sensibility or literary values, McLuhan seems to be the sort of critic who never had the pleasure of reading and enjoying a book for its own sake.

Sooner or later, even the most loving momma in the world has to speak up for herself—even if, God forbid, she should have to say a few things in public about her own son. And so *Mrs. Portnoy's Retort*

(Allograph), as told to David Martin and Harvey Jacobs, tries to set the record straight on all this talk about her little boy. If she's a tiny bit annoyed, who could blame her? After all, she's a grandmother only on her daughter's side. But Mrs. Portnoy wishes her son, after all, the best: He should live and be healthy, but that book should drop dead. Just to show there's no hard feelings, Mrs. Portnoy (who looks not unattractive in the photographs that accompany her defense) reveals some of her secret recipes. Chopped liver, for instance, should begin with a very clean liver, especially if there is a teenager in the house. For *petite marmite*, you should use only the smallest marmites. But good, nourishing food wasn't enough for her Alexander. *Shikshas* he had to have, yet. You know what a friend of Mrs. Portnoy's did when her son developed a yen for *shikshas*? She made a life-size *shiksa* out of chopped liver and let him *nosh* for a month! What can you do? Boys will be boys and Jewish mothers will be Jewish mothers, and each of them has to write a book. At least Mrs. Portnoy has forgiveness in her soul. As she always says, "First eat, hate later."

Men in Crisis (Basic) is one of those uncommon books that deserve to be read despite the fact that they're written in exasperating jargon. Rex A. Lucas, associate professor of sociology at the University of Toronto, casts his sentences in cement. When talking about men weeping silently in the face of death, he writes: "The deviation from the strict conformity to the letter of the norm (forbidding crying), though known, could be permitted because it provided a limited emotional outlet which posed no threats to the outward behavioral conformity of the others in the role-set." But the stultifying effect of such language is counter-balanced by two things: first, the raw drama of the original event, a mine disaster that trapped 18 men 13,000 feet underground for six and a half days; and, second, the scholarly detective work that leads from an analysis of the entombed miners' behavior to a better understanding of how men in a group fortify one another in the face of danger and death. Lucas, a member of a research team of psychiatrists and sociologists that interviewed the miners after their rescue, is concerned with the ways in which the men as a group set standards of behavior that each internalized and used as a guide to his own conduct. The most instructive issue concerned the drinking of urine. When the men believed they would not survive without the intake of liquids, one miner said he'd heard of "fellows who had drunk their own." By painstakingly reconstructing the miners' varying degrees of reluctance to accept this solution, Lucas derives a persuasive principle of human behavior:

Individuals who can adapt to changed circumstances under stress are best able to exercise self-discipline and also to manipulate the group so that new social standards will support changed ways of behaving. *Men in Crisis* succeeds in excavating from the tomb of the trapped miners illuminating insights into the social nature of courage.

The field of literary pornography having been so vigorously tilled in recent years, it is becoming damnably difficult to find a piece of terrain that hasn't already been—you should excuse the expression—plowed. But Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, a husband-and-wife Ph.D. team, are experienced finders, as they prove once again with their newest book on exotic erotica, *Erotic Fantasies* (Grove). According to its subtitle, the book is "a study of the sexual imagination in underground literature." The Kronhausens set out to include the widest possible variety of pornography that they could find; thus, the reader can sample hard-core selections on Lesbian and homosexual practices, the sexual exploitation of children, sadism in the service of orgasm, fetishism involving clothes or excretory products, and other assorted aberrations. The material is interesting in that it demonstrates the astonishing number of variations that can be dreamed up on a single theme and indicates the range of perverse pleasures to be found in the sexual act. But all the verbs, adjectives and images remain essentially the same, whether the sex fantasy involves a man and a woman, two men, two women or a human being and an animal. In *Erotic Fantasies*, the sexual act is reduced to the relative meaninglessness of sensory responses to external stimuli, mediated by personal fantasy. The cumulative effect is not only depressing but anti-erotic, anti-human, anti-life.

Books by instantaneous public figures tend to be as lasting as yesterday's newspaper. Bernadette Devlin's *The Price of My Soul* (Knopf) is a decided exception. First of all, the combative 22-year-old Member of Parliament from Northern Ireland has an extraordinarily incisive writing style. As the occasion demands, she is blunt, tart, sardonic (with herself as a frequent target) and gently affecting (as in the description of the death of her father). Secondly, she has a remarkable story to tell. Part of it is autobiographical—the growing up of a proud girl in an outcast family. ("Socially my father was the bottom Cookstown could produce. He was the road sweeper's son.") With anger and humor, she makes palpable not only her own besieged position but also the conditions of life and mind of the Catholic working class in Protestant-dominated Northern Ireland. While at Queens University,

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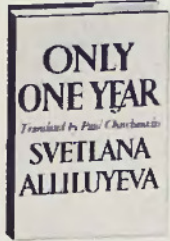
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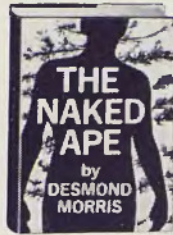
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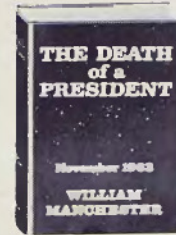
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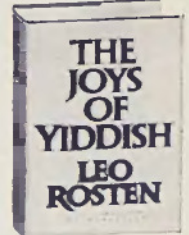
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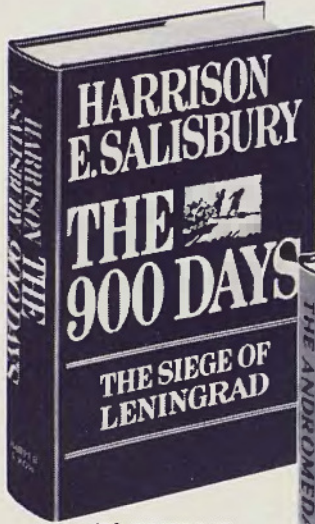
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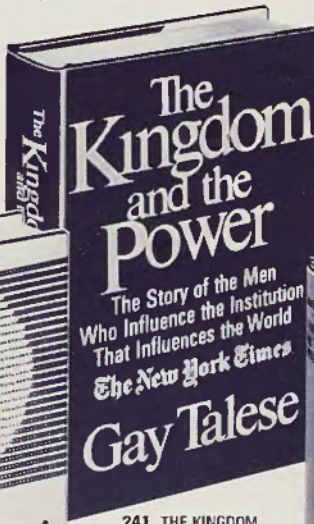
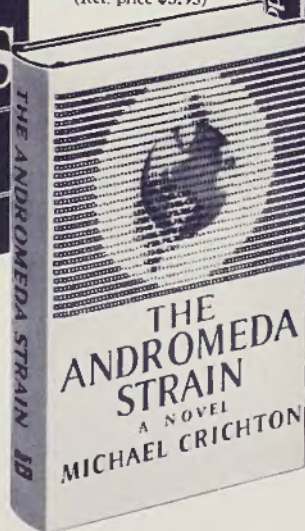


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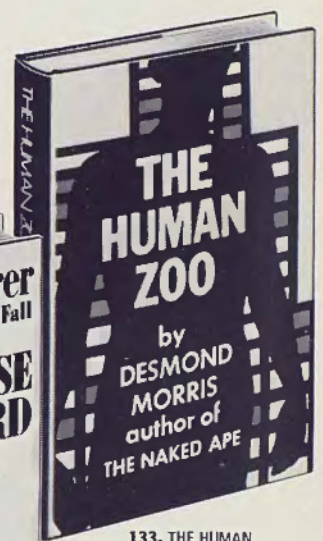
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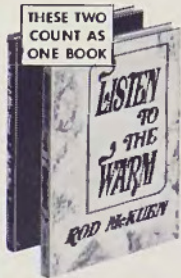
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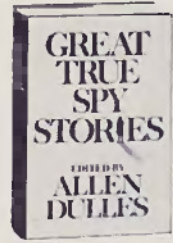


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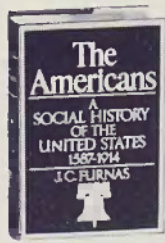
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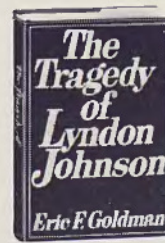
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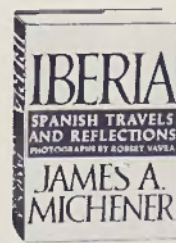
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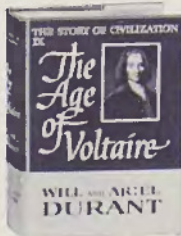
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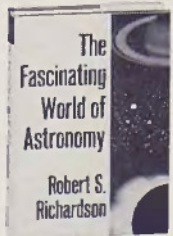
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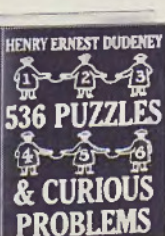
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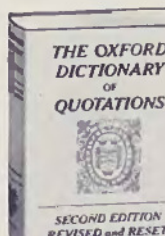
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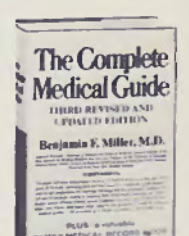
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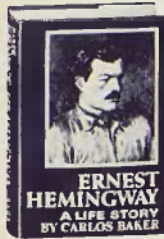


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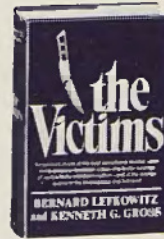
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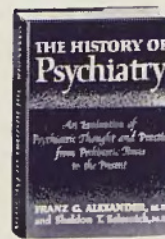
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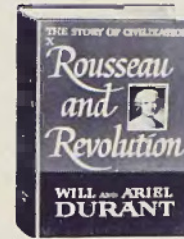
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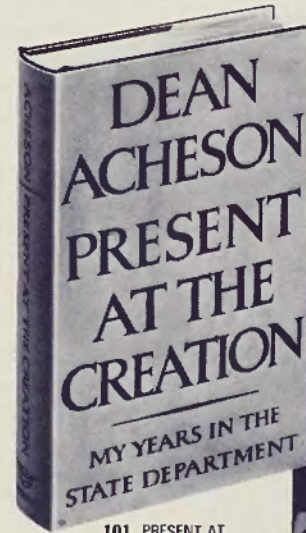
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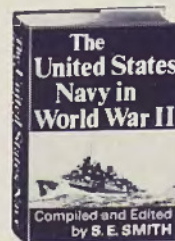
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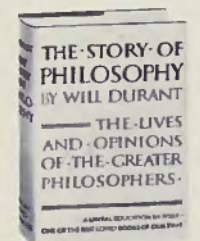
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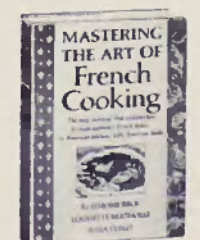
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Belfast, she became involved in civil rights activity and was soon the most visible leader of a movement—which is far from over—to democratize Northern Ireland. Miss Devlin is also a pungent analyst of present political processes. Of her experience in Parliament, she writes: "When you look at the Labor benches and think, 'Some of them must have got there honestly,' you wonder what happened to them, and your constant watch is that it doesn't happen to you." And, finally, *The Price of My Soul* makes clear what most newspaper accounts of Miss Devlin's ascent have obscured: The social change she is seeking is not only for Catholics. She is a socialist and her goal is to win economic rights for all the underprivileged people of all of Ireland: "We were born into an unjust system; we are not prepared to grow old in it." Whether or not her prophecy is accurate, she has certainly discovered who Bernadette Devlin is and what she must do.

The Gun That Made the Twenties Roar (Macmillan), by PLAYBOY Associate Editor William J. Helmer, is a womb-to-tomb biography of the notorious Thompson submachine gun, a collector's relic that still sees occasional service in Vietnam and Latin America. As the "social history" of a firearm, the book offers a gun-sight view of the mugs and molls who once wrote headlines with their "Chicago Typewriters," as well as a glimpse of the military-industrial complex of small-bore repeating weapons that preceded the Big Bertha version of today. Originally promoted as an "anti-bandit" gun ideal for use by local fuzz, the Tommy gun proved more popular with robbers than with cops and the daily papers regularly printed the testimonials by Al Capone, John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, Bonnie and Clyde and a score of others. The moral of the book is not that those who lived by the chopper died by the chopper; it is that firearms in and of themselves have a deathly fascination for Americans that is as deserving of analysis as it is of control.

In *The Pleasure Seekers* (Bobbs-Merrill), public-health physician Joel Fort seeks to counter "the present mindless hysteria over drug use and abuse." He has the credentials: former staff member at the Federal Narcotics Center in Lexington, Kentucky; consultant to the World Health Organization; Social Affairs Officer for the UN; director of California's Center on Alcoholism; director of San Francisco's Center for Special Problems; and currently professor at the University of California's School of Social Welfare. He is also, not incidentally, a highly regarded contributor to PLAYBOY (*Pot: A Rational Approach*, October 1969; and participant in this month's *Playboy Panel on The Drug Revolution*). "Drug abuse," Dr. Fort sardonically notes, "means for many people any use of a drug not used by

them." He makes it abundantly clear that anyone who smokes or drinks is a drug user; and, in his opinion, it is both hypocritical and counterproductive to crack down on marijuana when alcohol and tobacco are of far greater concern, because they "are the 'hardest' and most dangerous mind-altering drugs in terms of scientific evidence and total number affected." He ridicules the notion that less dangerous drugs lead to more dangerous ones ("the steppingstone theory") and he flatly opposes the use of police action as a solution to the drug-addiction problem. Drug laws, he states, are disproportionate to the offense committed, useless as deterrents and senselessly wasteful of time, money and effort. For all the vigor of his attack on this nation's paranoid drug outlook, Dr. Fort is no advocate of the use of chemicals in the quest for pleasure: "Instead of the 'psychedelic ethic' . . . a better model would be: to turn on to people and the world, tune in to knowledge and feeling, and drop in to changing and improving life and society."

A batch of provocative additions to the games people play is collected in *A Gamut of Games* (Random House), by games historian and inventor Sid Sackson, who has dreamed up dozens of new things to do with dice, dominoes, poker decks and ticktacktoe squares. The book's detailed instructions and illustrations describe 38 games, most of them devised by Sackson himself, the remainder supplied by fanatic games buffs of his acquaintance—among them a Polish film critic, a Benedictine friar and a father-and-son team of basket weavers, the last responsible for Cups, a modern version of Mancala, the oldest two-player game known to civilization. One whose notions of indoor sport tend to exclude cards, or pencil and paper, can nonetheless enjoy the book's historical footnotes, which include such esoterica as the fact that cribbage was invented by England's 17th Century poet Sir John Suckling. Serious players will find something to attract them at every turn—easy games, fun games, games at which the mind of a higher mathematician might boggle, plus a deep, diabolical parlor contest called Haggie that is practically certain to send half your guests home angry. The book concludes with thumbnail reviews of over 200 games currently on the market—one, invented by comedian Godfrey Cambridge, is called 50 Easy Steps to the White House, in which the winner gets to paint the Executive mansion black.

Few Americans have opposed the Vietnam war with the courage and tenacity of Dr. Benjamin Spock. When such a man writes a book to express his deepest convictions, one expects something special. Alas, *Decent and Indecent* (McCall) is not very special. It is a sadly ineffectual statement by a man whose good in-

tentions lead him straight down the path to boredom. His aim in writing the book was "to point out psychological truths." But since he is neither psychologist nor psychiatrist, he is reduced to recapitulating commonplace ideas. Example: Behavior cannot be fully comprehended unless its unconscious components are illuminated. From this chestnut of a Freudian principle, the good doctor proceeds to derive virtually every social problem imaginable, including bad marriages, confusion in sex roles, discrimination at home and aggression abroad. His simplistic psychiatric notions are often embarrassing ("The little girl's envy of the boy's penis and the boy's envy of the little girl's ability to grow babies create rivalries that persist into adulthood"). It is too easy, however, to belabor Dr. Spock's limitations, because in this book, with all its faults, a good man stands revealed. And if it is true that his intellect has been overtaxed by his decision to move outside his specialized fields of medicine and pediatrics, it is equally true that his integrity, one of the scarcest of modern virtues, gleams brightly. So does his concern for his fellow man, the same concern that mothers all over the world found in his book on child care, the same concern that inspires his opposition to the war in Vietnam—and compelled him to write this book reaffirming his faith in idealism.

MOVIES

The Damned is a work of dazzling virtuosity by Italy's Luchino Visconti, whose last comparable effort was *The Leopard*. In this dark investigation of the military-industrial power structure that forged Germany's blueprint for disaster under Hitler, Visconti casts a bitter eye on the predatory members of a munitions-making dynasty. (Though the name here is Essenbeck, it is worth noting that the Krupp family's holdings included the vast steelworks at Essen.) Beginning with a birthday dinner in the baronial Essenbeck mansion on the night of the *Reichstag* fire, the film formally, almost ritualistically, introduces the gallery of killers, perverts, cowards and compromisers whose treachery provides dynamite for Visconti's microcosm of an entire nation slipping into an abyss. Most poisonous of the lot, all of whom bear watching, is the 40ish blonde baroness (played with devastating intelligence and skill by Ingrid Thulin, of Ingmar Bergman's celebrated acting stable), who communicates her lust for power in mouth-to-mouth meetings with the plant's ambitious executive director (Dirk Bogarde, up to his usual high standard but sounding like odd man out in an English-speaking company full of thick Teutonic accents). Manipulated by a diabolical cousin with leverage in the

SS, the barones' effete son and heir turns out to be a revelation to the family and to the film itself. As played by young Helmut Berger, the weakling Martin is a stunning embodiment of Hitler's Hegelian theme that "Personal morals are dead . . . we are an elite society where everything is permissible." Thus, the family's number-one son, who first appears in drag singing a cabaret song à la Dietrich, casts off sexual impotence and goes in for child molestation, drug addiction and, finally—in a scene of rich, vindictive decadence—beds down with Mother. As meticulously stylized as a Wagnerian opera, even photographed in a surrealistically lit re-creation of German *Sturm und Drang*, circa 1933, this two-and-a-half-hour movie was made to be seen and seen again.

Baby Jane Holzer, a Manhattan socialite who amuses herself by dabbling in underground-art circles, plays a minor role in the filmization of *Futz*, Rochelle Owens' infantile allegory about a farmer named Futz who has carnal knowledge of his pig. Amanda. In consort with the Café La Mama Troupe under director Tom O'Horgan, Miss Holzer at one point brandishes a burning mop as if to ream the beleaguered hero. Sally Kirkland, that pioneer lady among nude actresses, appears naked astride a real pig, which eventually has its throat cut on camera. Considering the raw material at hand, director O'Horgan perhaps deserves to be pitied rather than censured for his debut as a film maker, though he doesn't help matters a great deal by heightening the play's singsong acting style or by resorting to tired trick photography that sometimes makes his performers look like reflections in spoons or by moving the action into realistic rural locations near Stockton, California. To support O'Horgan in his effort to "create an impact at several levels," adapter Joseph Stefano further dislocates reality by opening the movie with a formal concert-hall sequence in which the company chants an irrelevant *a cappella* ode in praise of pig fuckers. With scarcely a trace of enlightenment or wit to justify its aggressive offensiveness, *Futz* is sure to charm those new-cinema fanatics who cannot tell the difference between a milestone and a roadblock.

Moviemakers are generally all thumbs when they are set loose upon a novel by William Faulkner, so it is faint praise to say that *The Reivers* fares better than most. A formula script, directed with no departure from convention by Mark Rydell, with a relentlessly cute musical score by John Williams, recounts the bumptiously comic misadventures of a 12-year-old Southern boy (knowingly played by Mitch Vogel) who sneaks up north to Memphis for a weekend of whores and horse races, accompanied by



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two devil-may-care stable hands. As the hired hands, Steve McQueen and black actor Rupert Crosse thumb their noses at racial tension and just try to have a good time, casually corrupting the boy in their charge and incidentally stealing a brand-new, bright-yellow Winton gas buggy owned by his grandpappy. There is a disarming early-primitive buoyancy in the way the film dotes on the miraculous automobile. If one were to quibble, McQueen's contemporary cool proves a minor handicap to his role as the head reiver—or thief, in the parlance of Faulkner's Mississippi, circa 1905—but his own personable style easily matches the charm of the character he plays: Boon Hogganbeck, who just might dream up one helluva wingding weekend in Memphis. Despite a host of Mississippi and California location sites drenched in local color, Faulkner fans will scarcely recognize the South of *The Reivers*, so don't expect too much. McQueen and his capable cohorts ask only to entertain you.

The screen version of John Le Carré's best seller *The Looking Glass War* provides gainful employment for Christopher Jones, cast as an amoral Polish refugee whose main ambition is "to sleep with movie stars," until British M. I. 1 smuggles him into East Germany to find out about a new Soviet missile. Appearing along with Jones are Pia (*Elvira Madigan*) Degermark as the girl with no name, who inevitably turns up on these occasions to bind a man's wounds and go to bed with him if he can find the time, Sir Ralph Richardson, Paul Rogers and other senior intelligence-corps types who seem more than ready to let younger men die for a good cause. Or even for a meaningless cause; because weapons technology and political realities change so often, and so suddenly, that Jones becomes expendable just as the East German secret police are closing in on him. Too bad. Espionage, we are given to understand, is a cynical racket, masterminded by weary World War Two heroes who dread going home to face the nonstop bitchery of their neurotic wives. *The Looking Glass War*, as dimly reflected by writer-director Frank R. Pierson, tells us once again that cloak-and-dagger work is sometimes dangerous but more often uncommonly dull and ranks very low on the list of career opportunities. Spy films generated a lot more fun in the good old days when their messages were kept secret.

Throughout *The Arrangement*, a valid theme and a wealth of dramatic ideas are spoiled by Elia Kazan's inability to say no to himself. Kazan, as faithful adapter of his own novel about the life and loves of a disillusioned advertising tycoon, tries to omit nothing, say everything.

Finally, the movie sags, borne down by self-conscious symbolism and an eclectic style that attempts to combine Mod satire, sexual fantasy and gimmicky cartoon sequences with a hard-breathing family saga that often sounds like an unproduced work by Kazan's longtime associate Arthur Miller. *The Arrangement* is easy enough to sit through, because director Kazan retains his talent for mounting scenes full of theatrical whammy, but his book's faults are only exaggerated on film. The dilemma of the adman who yearns to give up money, success and power and rediscover his humanity has been explored so often in conventional fiction that it no longer strikes a resonant chord. The movie is at its worst when Kirk Douglas appears on the screen in duplicate—his nude, innocent self telling the mature, presumably corrupt man he has become that we can't go on forever blaming our mothers and dads; or when, rendered temporarily speechless after an abortive attempt at suicide, he sits watching wild animals devour one another on television, while his wife, the cool social lioness (Deborah Kerr), and his colleagues from the advertising jungle close in on him like beasts of prey. The dramatic attack is subtler in scenes with his enfeebled father (Richard Boone) and with his on-again, off-again mistress (Faye Dunaway, giving her gritty performance since *Bonnie and Clyde*, as a steadfast slut who heals her wounds by sleeping around a lot). But there are few likable characters in *The Arrangement* and all are steeped in the movie equivalent of the author-director's purple prose.

Remember the Alamo? Peter Ustinov reclaims it for Mexico in the title role of *Viva Max!*, playing a madcap Mexican brigadier general who decides to right the wrongs of history after losing his longtime fiancée to an American pole vaulter. Max's strategy involves marching 100 or more baffled foot soldiers across the border to San Antonio, where he manages to capture the Alamo by moving in just before the doors are closed to tourists. The plan works—and so does the movie—mainly because it's so zany. Director Jerry Paris coaches a field day for Ustinov, whose enchildada accent is sufficient provocation to reopen the Mexican-American War, matching wits and bits with Jonathan Winters, John Astin, Keenan Wynn and palatable Pamela Tiffin. Winters is in his element as a National Guard general, hauled out of his hardware store to handle the crisis; but even the lesser parts are downed to perfection by some certified nuts, among them woebegone Bill McCutcheon, as a passing motorist who thinks, or perhaps hopes, that his little woman may be raped by the desperadoes; Alice Ghostley, as a lady obsessed with her fear of

Chinese Communists; and Kenneth Mars, as a right-wing gynecologist who heads his own heavily armed militia.

Three smashing actresses cook up a movable feast in *Trilogy*, a triple-threat film based on stories by Truman Capote and first adapted for television by Capote and scenarist Eleanor Perry, whose husband, Frank, directed the tales as if he were doing it for love. How the project came to pass—film buffs, please note—can be gleaned from a published version of *Trilogy* (Macmillan), which contains the original stories and the scripts, plus exhaustive reminiscences and footnotes by the trio of talented collaborators. Broadway veterans Mildred Natwick, Maureen Stapleton and Geraldine Page appear in turn and seem to top one another, perhaps because the roles they play show a steady progression in quality. Miss Natwick has the toughest time of it in *Miriam*, as a shrill professional nanny who has spent her life pretending to adore children and managing to evade the truth until her alter ego appears in the person of a strange, sadistic little girl. In *Among the Paths to Eden*, Miss Stapleton (with the reliable assistance of co-star Martin Balsam) uses wry humor as a potent weapon against the sentimentality of her role as a lame New York spinster who frequents cemeteries on the chance of meeting a widower ready to be consoled. Better yet is Miss Page in her Emmy-winning performance as the irrepressible old lady in *A Christmas Memory*, Capote's pungent recollections of childhood, narrated by the author. It's a tidy string of cinematic pearls.

Richard Crenna, Gene Hackman and James Franciscus play three orbiting astronauts who have 42 hours to live when their spacecraft's retro-fire fails on re-entry. Will Mission Control chief Gregory Peck give the go-ahead to a rescue module, piloted by David Jansen? Will the hurricane furiously spinning toward Cape Kennedy abate in time for another launch? Will the trio of desperate men up there blow their cool, or run out of oxygen? How are their wives doing? And where's that Russian spacecraft, said to be plummeting through the starry vastness? These are only a few of the life-or-death questions considered in *Marooned*, the first outer-space epic since Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and it's a big one. Again, the crew of special-effects wizards working under director John Sturges can claim a stupendous technical achievement. Everything is a better-than-reasonable facsimile of what appears on 100,000,000 television sets under NASA auspices, with the added fillip of an almost-unavoidable disaster to heighten suspense. There's the rub. A public accustomed to the high tension of actual space feats may simply be too hip for scenarist Mayo

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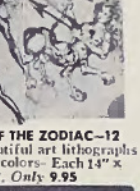
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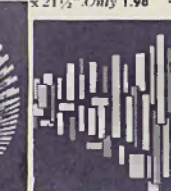
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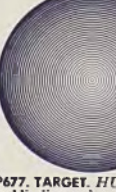
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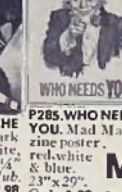
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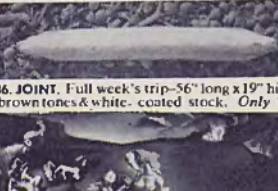
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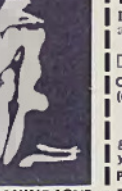
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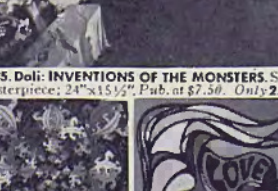
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Simon's patently contrived fiction, based on a novel by Martin Caidin. Yet, taken as a mechanical but well-manipulated pop thriller, the movie works fine, with Peck delivering standard heroics and Hackman going to pieces with considerable flair. But the most notable acting job is by Crenna, whose honestly touching farewell to his wife (Lee Grant) should reassure earth-bound men that astronauts are altogether human.

An actor impersonating Carl Sandburg stands up in a brothel and reads the poet's celebrated verse about Chicago—which may be one of the least forgivable excesses of *Gaily, Gaily*, lewdly based on author Ben Hecht's memoirs of his early years as a fledgling newsman at large in the Windy City. The year is 1910, when America's golden age of innocence was coming to a noisy end—and nowhere more noisily than in Chicago. Beau Bridges (son of Lloyd), yclept Ben Harvey for his cheeky portrayal of the author, takes leave of Racine, Wisconsin, in order to spare his family embarrassment. "His juices are all dammed up!" says the lad's grandmother, stating his problem succinctly. Needless to add, the floodgates burst wide open in Chicago, where Ben learns about women and whiskey and yellow journalism and crooked politicians after he is plucked out of the gutter by the city's top madam, Queen Lil (Melina Mercouri), who invites the boy to make her house his home. Obviously, director Norman Jewison looks upon the Chicago of a half century ago as a sumptuous stage setting, ideal for a slapdash farce populated by performers with engaging manners (newcomer Margot Kidder, playing the friendly whore next door) or, at least, as a lively gift for caricature (Brian Keith as a drunken Irish ace reporter; Hume Cronyn as a political hack named "Honest" Tim). Stretched this far, Hecht's tall tale is twice as broad as it is long and hardly ever convincing as biography, though steeped in nostalgia and good rough fun—the kind one might encounter during a dusk-to-dawn bout in a tavern overrun by boozy old newshounds.

Downhill Racer gets to the gut reactions behind the glamor of Kitzbühel, Megève, Sankt Anton am Arlberg and other snowy stops on the international ski circuit. With his own company producing, star Robert Redford delivers the soundest performance of his movie career as an egocentric, thin-skinned competitor from the backwoods of Colorado, who lucks into a spot on the U. S. Olympic Team and doesn't stop until he achieves a gold medal in the downhill event (a fictional feat, since no American has ever come off the Olympic slopes with a similar honor). The chills, spills and exacting discipline of the sport are captured by

brilliant action photography and by the presence in supporting roles of several first-rank professional skiers. Redford, to his credit—and to the credit of freshman director Michael Ritchie, a promising recruit from television—fits easily into this fast company and never compromises the truth of his role by playing for sympathy. He comes on tough, ambitious, none too bright but instinctively shrewd. Scenarist James Salter's terse dialog has an icy ring of authority, which works especially well when the hero drops in at the old homestead to tell his perplexed father about the importance of becoming a champion. "World's full of 'em," Dad grumbles. For a winner, the world also turns out to be well supplied with women such as languid Camilla Sparv, briefly effective as a jet-set type who hustles famous clients on behalf of a Swiss ski manufacturer.

As a playwright, comedian Woody Allen runs the gamut from wild hilarity to downright sloppiness. He had it both ways in Broadway's *Don't Drink the Water*, a bright but underdeveloped satire about East-West infighting, which loses a little in translation to the movie medium by scenarists Harvey Bullock and R. S. Allen (no relation). The show still sparkles at intervals, with Jackie Gleason hamming up a storm as the Newark caterer whose family's European holiday is rerouted—thanks to a Communist highjacker—to include an unscheduled landing in the mythical eastern European capital of Smetana, Vulgaria. Accused of being a master spy, the pride of Newark holes up at the American embassy and begins behaving like a man who is more interested in good food than in the Cold War. Estelle Parsons adds some perfectly placed flat notes as Gleason's missus, a horrific American super-*Frau* with a compulsion about keeping floors waxed. Under the direction of Howard Morris, the nonsense is broad but seldom inspired and ranges from a predictable romance between the caterer's cute daughter (Joan Delaney) and the U. S. ambassador's accident-prone son (Ted Bessell) to some moments of relatively high comedy, never higher than when the distraught Gleason—up to those ample hips in intrigues and dangers abroad—savagely demands of his wife: "What'll it be next year—the Gaza strip?"

One rainy Saturday morning in Manhattan, a boy and a girl find themselves in bed together and realize that they haven't been properly introduced. They spend the rest of the day getting acquainted, discussing menus, listening to music, fighting a little and recalling their previous affairs—often in flashback. The weekend is half gone before they go back to bed and agree to begin a real relationship. Their names are *John and Mary*,

title roles for Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow, whose tandem performances put this easygoing romantic comedy into the category of groovy new movies people will line up to see. British director Peter Yates shows a fancy-free appreciation of the moral climate maintained in New York's singles bars and follows it from such "in" places as Maxwell's Plum and the Fillmore East to a white-walled bachelor flat that plainly cries for a feminine touch. Mia as Mary, a fey young swinger swathed in hippie homespun, looks right at home on the premises and dispels any residual doubt about her acting ability from the moment she demolishes her bed partner's early-morning hospitality routine by confiding that she has no special preferences about breakfast: "It all depends on who I wake up with." Michael Tolan registers strongly as the married man in Mary's remembrances of things past, while Hoffman does his post-*Graduate* bit to a turn and is steadily amusing, if not quite plugged in to the script's description of him as a trend-setting furniture designer whose avocation is *haute cuisine*. *John and Mary* is perfect when director Yates relaxes into the subdued rainy-day mood, letting his hero and heroine simply eye each other in silence or speak their subconscious hopes and hang-ups for only the audience to hear.

RECORDINGS

Far from being spoiled by success, Arlo Guthrie comes across more real all the time, as evidenced by *Running Down the Road* (Reprise; also available on stereo tape). Backed by a softly swinging electric combo, Arlo gets into Southwestern rock on such items as his father's *Oklahoma Hills* and his own *Wheel of Fortune*, on which he reveals an uncanny resemblance to the late Buddy Holly.

A welcome surprise for those who lamented the passing of the original Brubeck foursome is *Brubeck in Amsterdam—The Dave Brubeck Quartet* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape). Recorded in 1962 at the Concertgebouw, it is just now being released; the reasons for the delay are not apparent, since the recording is filled with the tasteful, lovely sounds of Brubeck, Desmond, et al., that were the trademark of the group. The compositions, including *Brandenburg Gate*, are all originals and all first-rate.

They call it *O. C. Smith at Home* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape); but it's really O. C. in a studio, backed by orchestras, choruses and what not, singing the type of slick, sentimental story songs that have brought him fame. On tap are *Daddy's Little Man*, *Color Him Father*, *My Cherie Amour*, the theme from Gordon Parks's *The Learning Tree* and

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seven others. O. C.'s in good form throughout but gives the impression he'd rather be into heavier stuff.

Like their first LP, *Suite Feeling* (RCA) is a highly entertaining, musically deft and basically lightweight set by Light-house. The addition of Pinky Dauvin gives the Canadian jazz-rock group more vocal strength than it had, but the forte of the ensemble is still its orchestral sound.

John Mayall's new drumless, unamplified blues group, which has been gassing festival audiences around the country, gets its first vinyl exposure on *The Turning Point* (Polydor; also available on stereo tape). With Jon Mark on acoustic guitar, Steve Thompson on bass and Johnny Almond playing sax and flute, Mayall turns on a Fillmore East crowd with a seven-tune runthrough that encompasses a jazzy *California* and a boisterous *Room to Move*.

W. C. Fields on *Radio / with Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy* (Columbia) is one of the funniest things we've heard since our old Atwater-Kent expired. It contains a flock of the classic Fields-McCarthy battles of barbs and assorted Fieldsian endeavors, including his marvelous temperance lecture and an audio version of his famous movie short *The Pharmacist* that is nearly as hilarious as the original.

Let Go (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) has the Charlie Byrd Quartet recorded "live" at the Hong Kong Bar in Los Angeles' Century Park Hotel. One of the really bright spots of a session filled with high points is the playing of flutist Mario Darpino, a gentleman who engenders a flurry of excitement with his soaring flights of fancy. Filling out the quartet are Gene Byrd on bass and William Reichenbach on drums. Charlie, of course, is the center of attraction and he's particularly impressive on the Ellington medley, *Mood Indigo* and *Satin Doll*, and the following *Blues 13* (on which Darpino also shines).

After zapping the classical charts for more than a year with *Switched-On Bach*, Walter Carlos and his obedient Moog have done it again with *The Well-Tempered Synthesizer* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape). Well, almost. The Bach is as scintillating as ever. This time, it's the *Brandenburg No. 4*, jubilantly endowed with the same unusual registrations, perky rhythms and razor-sharp clarity that made the earlier album so rewarding. Some excerpts from Handel's tuneful *Water Music* fare equally well, but the Scarlatti and Monteverdi tracks fall curiously flat. Yet, the production as a whole has a good deal going for it. In *The Moog Strikes Bach* (RCA; also available on stereo tape), Chicago-based Hans Wur-

man follows the trail blazed by Carlos with only moderate success. Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* bounces along quite merrily in this Moogified rendition, but most of Wurman's work on the synthesizer is just too synthetic for long-term listening.

No more monkey business for Frank Zappa. No more Mothers, no more put-downs of self and others. Just straight-ahead sounds—at least, that's the way it is on *Hot Rats* (Bizarre; also available on stereo tape), a set of six driving, harmonically complex pieces that amply display Zappa's fine guitar playing and the virtuosity of Ian Underwood, who contributes all the reed and keyboard parts. We were knocked out by the subtly hued *Peaches en Regalia* and the angular *It Must Be a Camel*, which features Jean-Luc Ponty's violin.

The group that holds forth on *Herbie Mann / Live at the Whisky à Go Go* (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) is by far the most interesting the eminent flutist ever has had going for him. It's stretch-out time, as *Ooh Baby* completely fills side one and *Philly Dog* does the same on side two. On hand for the festivities are funky vibist Roy Ayers, rock tenor man Steve Marcus, guitarist Sonny Sharrock, bassist Miroslav Vitous and drummer Bruno Carr. What's produced is a very tough sound, indeed.

It's a great month for the blues, since somebody at Chess decided to reissue their classic recordings of the 1950s; some of the first releases in the projected 36-LP series are among the all-time indigo masterpieces. The dozen tracks of Muddy Waters' *Sail On* range from 1948 to 1954 and cover the transformation of the relatively free-form, African-hued Mississippi Delta style into the more mathematical idiom of the city. Howlin' Wolf's *Evil*, culled from the years 1951 to 1959, also reaffirms the matchless variety and vitality of the Chicago blues a decade ago. Two of the greatest harmonica players associated with the city are showcased in Sonny Boy Williamson's *Bummer Road* (1957-1960), a collection of salty fables punctuated with even saltier studio talk; and Little Walter's *Hate to See You Go*, a superb set by the man who made the harmonica speak like a saxophone. Evidence that the Chess blues line will continue to grow is provided by *KoKo Taylor*, a young lady whose tigerish approach to her music is artfully enhanced by veteran producer-writer-singer-bassist Willie Dixon. Of course, not all the world's greatest blues are on Chess. *Memphis Swamp Jam* (Blue Thumb; also available on stereo tape) is a four-sided tribute to some of the old-timers still active in W. C. Handy's town, such as Booker White (who happens to be

B. B. King's cousin), Furry Lewis, Fred McDowell, Sleepy John Estes and Nathan Beauregard, who is over 100 years old and plays an electric guitar. *Elmore James* (Bell; also available on stereo tape) is the best LP yet devoted to the work of a bluesman who, had he not died of a heart attack in 1963, might have eclipsed both Muddy Waters and B. B. King; Elmore's slide guitar work is the best ever recorded and his vocals have a growling intensity comparable with that of Wilson Pickett. Finally, no blues-guitar freak can afford to miss *Sweet Black Angel* (Blue Thumb; also available on stereo tape), on which Earl Hooker—with solid support from Ike Turner—proves himself a master of the ax, the idiom and the wah-wah pedal.

THEATER

Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band* signaled the first mass exposure of homosexual theater. Sadly, from current samplings of the gay genre, the trend is down. Although there are glimmers of the *Boys'* bitchy wit and personal desperation in such plays as *And Puppy Dog Tails* and *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, there are much greater gobs of sentimentality and melodrama. It is almost as if homosexual theater had set out to repeat the worst mistakes of the straights. *Puppy Dog*, the first play by young David Gaard, is a modest but not quite disarming valentine to the homosexual life—all sugar and no spice. It brings to mind Mart Crowley's line: "Show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you a gay corpse." The paraphrase might be, "Show me a play about happy homosexuals and I'll show you a play corpse." There is little conflict, tension or humor. *Puppy Dog* concerns a heterosexual who has had a passing childhood fancy for his high school buddy and, years later, looks him up in New York. The buddy is now queer, although not as blatantly so as his current friends. Will the backward hetero never notice the faggoty around him? The play is thin and uneventful, except for some occasional nudity and male-to-male nuzzling. But even that manages to be inoffensive—one big reason why it fails as a dramatic work. At the Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery. In contrast, *Fortune and Men's Eyes* is harsh, ham-handed, heavy-breathing—and compromising. Director Sal Mineo's production is a free adaptation of John Herbert's play about how prisons turn erring youngsters into hardened homosexuals; and the original version, which had a moderate run off-Broadway a few seasons ago, was never very good. It was too pat: The young innocent, Smitty, too quickly became king of the jungle, and his bunkmates were largely stereotypes. But for at least one act, there were some colorful and

humorous attempts at character shading. This time around, Mineo has cut to the action. A male rape scene that took place offstage in the original happens onstage in the nude. But as male rape scenes go, this one is well staged and well acted. Since the play opened, a defecation scene has been mercifully eliminated, but a masturbation sequence has been retained at the finale. Yet, for all its artificially charged atmosphere, *Fortune* remains fairly tame stuff. When one of the convicts cries, "I'm stuck in this filthy, stinking hellhole," one wonders what hellhole. Except for that rape, there's not as much grime as in any of Cagney's old prison blocks, nor anywhere near as much stark reality as in Kenneth Brown's play *The Brig*. At Stage 73, 321 East 73rd Street.

In *Stomp*, a group of ex-students share their extraordinary life experience with the audience and the result is a remarkable theatrical experience. Not too long ago, most of these 23 young men and women were Texas collegians. Then they dropped out of the American way of life—and some of them out of school—and formed a commune, which they call The Combine. Led by Doug Dyer (one of the few with a theatrical background), they created a family and a show—a rock musical "environment." What is special about *Stomp* is that the cast is the material and, to emphasize the point, there is no program and no division of credits. But credits there are. The music, a cross between Texas country and electric rock, is pure and unaffected. The mostly untrained performers sing and play everything from plugged-in guitar to flute to trumpet. With slides, lights, songs, dance, mime and skits, they display their disenchantment with everything from Vietnam to DDT, spoof the squares (mostly their parents, who unknowingly contributed some of the most telling lines) and discover their own and one another's possibilities. "They think I'm flipping out," says one *Stomper*. "but I'm really flipping in." The aim is to flip everyone in. *Stomp* takes place in a room (which also serves as the cast's living quarters) made up to resemble an indoor ball field. The audience sits in bleachers and on the floor, and the actors are all over the place. In the theater of audience participation, this show is refreshing. It neither assaults nor patronizes the audience. It simply involves everyone in its own innocence and awareness. *Stomp* is unpretentious and important, iconoclastic yet upbeat, in favor of sex, self, peace—and the future. Producer Joseph Papp found *Stomp* in the South and imported it North, where it lives and breathes in his New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Not only have my girl and I enjoyed each other fully during the past six months but our relationship is accepted by both sets of parents and, consequently, is relatively guilt-free. For these reasons, as well as my deep personal feelings, I am unable to understand her sudden insistence on regressing to a point where we don't exchange any intimacies and also date others. What would make someone change so quickly?—D. R., Walla Walla, Washington.

Unless she simply wants to drop you, she may consider the situation premature, finding that it deprives her of opportunities for excitement and romance elsewhere. To her way of thinking, nesting too early in the relationship may have laid an egg.

I've taken up photography and am pleased with the initial results. However, after shooting my first roll of color film indoors with flash, I was surprised to note that the subject's eyes looked bloodshot (which they weren't). What did I do wrong?—V. G., Bryan, Texas.

Your problem is known as pinkeye and it occurs when you shoot pictures by flash in a room that is too dimly lit. This results in the pupil of the subject's eye being wide open at the moment of shooting. The light from the flash enters the pupil, bounces against the retina—which is pink—and thus gives an overall reddish appearance to the eye. To avoid this, turn on more lights before shooting. It also helps if the subject does not look directly at the lens.

As a salesman with many overseas accounts, I find myself doing quite a bit of traveling to the Continent. Unfortunately for me—and my accounts—I don't seem to be at my best the first few days after arrival. I'm tempted to attribute it to travel fatigue; but what do you do in a jet besides eat, drink, sleep and look out the window? I don't immediately go out on the town once I arrive in Paris or Rome but stick pretty much to business. Is there anything I can do to bring myself back up to par?—J. B., New York, New York.

Your complaint is a common one among those who travel by jet over long distances—you're suffering from time-zone fatigue. Many functions of the human body work on 24-hour cycles called circadian rhythms; and with a jump of five or six time zones, it will actually take a number of days for your body to readjust. Ten in the morning in Frankfurt is actually four in the morning in New York; your body temperature is low, your blood pressure is down and

your production of adrenaline is off—hardly the best of all possible times for you to put over a big sale. A number of major corporations recommend that their executives rest for 24 hours after flying through three or more time zones, rather than buckle down to business immediately. They also suggest that you keep to your old eating and sleeping schedules initially and adjust to the new regimen by about an hour a day. You might try presynchronization to the time schedule before leaving home if you have to be on the firing line immediately upon arrival.

Though I've spent four years in college, I've acquired only two years' credit, because of my difficulties with women. When I'm going with a girl (and I've fallen in love with many), I spend so much time with her or thinking about her that I neglect my studies. When we finally break up, I can't get any classwork done for weeks. My immediate problem is twofold: First, the university has put me on final probation; and, second, my current girlfriend—who hates school—wants to quit, marry me and go to work to support me until I get my degree. The idea appeals to me, since marriage might get my mind off women and let me settle down to work. What's your opinion?—J. E., Lawton, Oklahoma.

It's unlikely that you'll learn self-discipline simply by acquiring a wife; in fact, your succession of serious girlfriends and your inability to fulfill basic responsibilities make it highly doubtful that—in your present state of immaturity—the marriage would be a success. Unless the draft is a factor, why don't you leave school for a while and work things out unencumbered by guilt feelings about missed classes and final exams? When maturity—or exhaustion—sets in, you can always return to college.

I am involved in a lengthy debate with a gambling friend. He says you have a better chance of winning in Las Vegas by playing the slot machines. I contend you're better off at the gaming tables. Who wins this one?—R. S., Denver, Colorado.

You do, hands down. The house advantage at the tables averages about four percent; meaning that, in the long run, the house makes a "profit" of four cents on every dollar you wager. The house advantage on slot machines is usually higher. But the real edge of the tables over the slots has little to do with the odds. A slot machine restricts your betting—if you're riding a winning streak on a dime machine, the size of your bet

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to mother**

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doesn't go
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autumn day
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always remains the same, a dime a pull. If you're riding a streak at the tables, you can always step up the action as well as the size of your bet.

Several years ago, I was secretly married; then, almost immediately, I was sent to Vietnam. During my absence, and by mutual consent, the marriage was terminated by a Mexican court. Though my former wife and I had considerable sexual involvement before and after our wedding, we had never really lived together as man and wife, which makes me wonder if I should even tell my current fiancée about it. I have no real wish to hide the matter, but neither am I eager to unnecessarily muddy the waters of our relationship.—L. S., Elyria, Ohio.

A former marriage is not to be confused with a passing affair. There are potential legal, religious, emotional and philosophical problems involved that should be discussed openly and fully before you and your girl are married.

There's been a great deal of talk in the past few years to the effect that we are "in the Age of Aquarius." Among my hippie friends, and even among some of my straight friends, this appears to be cause for rejoicing. However, everyone I question becomes terribly vague about what the Age of Aquarius actually is. Can you tell me when we entered the Age of Aquarius, what astronomical event or sign indicates that we are in it and what it portends for human history?—H. C., Chicago, Illinois.

We queried a number of well-known astrologers and received a variety of answers. The clearest explanation of the changing of astrological ages, however, is that they are determined by the relation between the constellations making up the signs of the zodiac and the vernal equinox, a point on the celestial sphere (the globe of the heavens) where the plane formed by the earth's orbit crosses the celestial equator. The position of the vernal equinox gradually changes with time and every 2000 years, it coincides with another constellation. Since astrologers differ about the location of the boundaries between the signs, estimates vary as to when the Age of Pisces ends and the Age of Aquarius begins. Some think we are in a transitional period of indeterminate length; others say the Age of Aquarius began in 1904; yet others would date it from 2000 to 2060. The greatest agreement among astrologers is about the effect the Age of Aquarius will have on mankind. It will, they say, be a time of increased scientific advancement, greater freedom of thought, more humane law and a deeper sense of universal human brotherhood.

My boyfriend and I started out by being good friends. We would meet for lunch and go for drives and discuss love, sex and marriage openly and frankly. As a result, he knew I wasn't a virgin long before we began dating seriously and it didn't seem to bother him. Now that we are very much in love, he has suddenly decided that it *does* bother him, that his dream girl has always been a virgin and that now he is torn between his dream girl and me. If we were to marry, I am afraid he would always feel he had taken second best. There is nothing I can do about *me*, but I would like to know why he is suddenly so frightened by the fact that he was not my first love.—Miss E. K., San Diego, California.

A dream girl is a common fantasy and one that reality can never live up to. It's possible that your boyfriend's strong regard for chastity actually hides a long-established antagonism to sex, the basis of which may be a belief that sex is degrading to women. In the real world, chastity is not an expression of morality, and we urge you not to let it become as important to you as your boyfriend has let it become to him. You might also remind him of Aldous Huxley's apt definition: "Chastity: the most unnatural of the sexual perversions."

I'm planning to buy several pairs of bell-bottom trousers but am confused about the length at which they should be worn. Please help.—R. L., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Bell-bottoms should be long enough to break at the front of the shoe and come to the top of the heel at the back.

For months I maintained a warm, intimate relationship with a girl, only to find out that she is a drunk, a sleep-around and a compulsive liar. She goes to a local college and I just learned that her current boyfriend, who plans to marry her, is transferring there. He's a fine guy and I wonder if I should let him know what's going on with his girl.—S. K., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

You can bet your sweet bippy he's not going to appreciate your telling him that while his girl got an A for effort, she flunked your finals. Forget it—if there's anything he needs to know, he'll find out without your handing him a crib sheet.

After meeting a new girl at work, I invited her to my club for a few drinks. She drove her own car and followed me over, where we indulged heavily with a couple of my friends. We were all pretty snocked when the lass wished to leave and I escorted her to her car. My friends thought it ungentlemanly of me not to drive her home, for her own safety; but as she had previously declined my offer

to take her home in my car and insisted on driving hers, I didn't feel obligated. Who's right?—N. S., Indianapolis, Indiana.

We also feel that your behavior was ungentlemanly and, worse yet, could have led to disaster. No one who has been drinking heavily should be allowed to drive a car, no matter what the circumstances. The least you could have done was put her in a cab and retrieve her car for her the next day.

A friend tells me I can store my cigars in the refrigerator as a substitute for a humidifier. Do you recommend this?—L. W., Sioux City, Iowa.

No. The cigars will gradually absorb food flavors and your cherished cheroots may taste like Corona Bolognas.

My wife has not experienced orgasm in the five years we've been married. She admits that she must have some hang-up and we've tried every remedy except seeking outside help. Her upbringing was severely antisexual and I think this is the cause of her trouble. But she is reluctant to see a psychiatrist. What do you advise?—E. D., Phoenix, Arizona.

It would be best to proceed by stages. First, your wife should see a physician, to make sure there is no physical cause for her problem. Marriage counseling would also be advisable. If further treatment seems to be needed, one of the most promising techniques for dealing with sexual inadequacy has been developed by Masters and Johnson, authors of "Human Sexual Response." Their Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, Missouri, offers therapy for frigidity, impotence and premature ejaculation. The foundation accepts only married couples, whom they treat as a unit; they will not treat a husband apart from his wife, or vice versa, and the couple must be prepared to spend two weeks in St. Louis. In addition, couples cannot apply on their own but must be referred by a doctor, a psychotherapist, a marriage counselor or a clergyman. Masters and Johnson's new book, "Human Sexual Inadequacy," which describes their treatment technique, is scheduled for publication in April.

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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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

GAUDRYISM

I enjoyed the letter about Savannah alderman William Gaudry, who said, "I believe in freedom and liberty, but with moderation" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969). Such restraint inspires imitation; my contribution to Gaudryism is, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her limited variety."

Gary Blake
Department of Speech and Theater
City College of New York
New York, New York

Dr. Medart asked your readers for further Gaudryisms. Always quick to indulge in inanity for its own sake, may I offer, "I came, I saw, I moderated."

Joseph W. Fisher
Brooklyn, New York

How about Vice-President Agnew's recent slip of the tongue at a Pentagon awards ceremony: "Give me liberty or give me economy."

Barbara Rurik
Chicago, Illinois

My contributions to Gaudryism: "Walk softly and carry a twig"; "... conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that some men are created equal"; "I might return."

John M. McAlonan
Plainfield, New Jersey

THE ANARCHISTS

Every time a gang of overromantic Marxists goes on a rampage, the newspapers and various deep thinkers in our Government describe what has happened as anarchy. One pious citizen has even written to a Chicago newspaper, urging that "the anarchists" should be shot without trial. By anarchists, his letter reveals, he means a certain Maoist wing of Students for a Democratic Society.

As a real-live, 14-kt. anarchist, I demand equal time. Anarchism is a philosophy based on principles that directly contradict Marxism and Maoism in virtually every respect. Marxists have always condemned it as individualistic, subjective, bourgeois and liberal—by which they mean it is within the tradition of liberty, rationalism and respect for differences.

There are a dozen varieties of anarchism, ranging from the anarchocapitalism

of Murray Rothbard to the anarchocommunism of Prince Kropotkin. The most prevalent form today is the anarchopacifism derived from Leo Tolstoy, Gandhi, the Catholic Worker movement and the "guild socialism" of G. K. Chesterton. In spite of their differences, all of these schools remain anarchic because of their allegiance to the three basic anarchic principles of decentralization of power, rejection of coercion and respect for the individual conscience.

Occasionally, some anarchists have violated their own philosophy and have used methods of coercion and violence. Then they are no longer anarchists; and, of course, they are merely acting like all the other political philosophies, from the warrior liberalism of the New Deal-Fair Deal-Great Society to the fanatic anti-communism of the right wing, to communism itself. Thus, other political philosophies justify violence on principle; anarchists reject violence on principle.

It is unfair for all anarchists to be stereotyped by a few among them who act like nonanarchists; and it is even more unfair for anarchists to be blamed for the activities of Marxists and other enemies of anarchism.

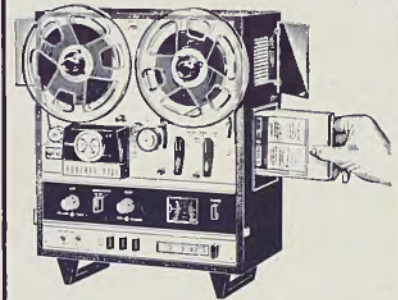
Kevin McCool
American Anarchist Association
Chicago, Illinois

DISSENT, DISRUPTION, DESTRUCTION

I detect intolerance in PLAYBOY's account of the vigilante group who chopped down trees and hedges in a park in Queens, New York, because the park was frequented by homosexuals (*Forum Newsfront*, October 1969). Your choice of adjectives strongly implies your disapproval of this action. Don't you realize that the ax wielders were only "doing their thing"? They obviously felt that they had to resort to such methods "to bring attention to a degrading and inhuman condition" that was permitted to flourish by "an indifferent society." They were inspired by "commitment to a cause they believed morally just"; the fact that their activities were illegal is irrelevant. You condemn them because you are committed to "the status quo"—but unless you and others like you "wake up to the need for basic reform," we are going to "see an upheaval in this country that will shake it to its foundations." Why don't you "come out of your establishment

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shell" and find out "what's really happening"?

If these words sound familiar, it is because they are often used by lawbreakers on the other side of the philosophical fence, who PLAYBOY appears to support and condone.

Howard L. Chapman
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Your view of what PLAYBOY supports and condones is distorted. To set the record straight: We believe that those who find some social condition objectionable and wish to do something about it have three choices—dissent, disruption or destruction. We believe that dissent is both a legal and a moral right of every man and that nobody, from the Communist Party U.S.A. to the John Birch Society, should ever be punished for expressing his opinions, however obnoxious they may be to the majority. When dissent becomes passive disruption—as in the sit-ins practiced by labor unions in the 1930s and civil rights workers in the 1960s—the persons involved retain the moral right to "do their thing," but they must be prepared to face the legal consequences. (However, we also believe that society at large should, in prudence and wisdom, investigate the causes of the disrupters' agitation and correct the grievances of which they legitimately complain.) Where disruption escalates into destruction—as in the whippings or lynchings of the Ku Klux Klan, the rampages of some factions of Students for a Democratic Society or even the "massacre of the trees" by the Queens vigilantes—the participants are, in our opinion, both morally and legally unjustified, since no person has the right to initiate the use of force against the body or property of another.

HOME OF THE BRAVE

All who have signed this letter are Army personnel at Fort Polk, Louisiana—the largest U.S. Infantry training center for Vietnam—which is located in a rural, isolated section of southwestern Louisiana. We are therefore forced to spend most of our free time either in a nearby small town called Leesville or be confined to the post. This situation is common to many Army training centers and it would be tolerable were it not for the fact that Leesville takes advantage of soldiers through various types of blatant discrimination, while the Army indifferently condones it.

Discrimination against black soldiers as well as prejudice against all GIs are sickening realities. On two occasions in which we were personally involved, Negro soldiers were refused service at public restaurants and lounges, solely because they were black. Several other times, soldiers have been robbed and brutally beaten either with the assistance or mysterious nonintervention of the local police.

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

SETBACK FOR DARWINISM

*Then to Dayton came a man
With his new ideas so grand:
He said we came from monkeys long
ago. . . .*

In California, where Darwinism still is controversial, the state board of education has unanimously ruled that primary and secondary school science courses must provide equal time for the Bible. Under new teaching and textbook regulations, instructors who teach Darwinian evolution are required to include other scientific and theological theories related to creation. Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction and promoter of various anti-smut and anti-drug campaigns, applauded the ruling: "The trend is not to outlaw anything, as in the Scopes trial, but to encourage as many theories as possible." Whereupon the San Jose Mercury editorially speculated that this might require astronomy teachers to round out their Copernican theories with material supplied by the International Flat Earth Society.

*. . . But in stating his belief
Mr. Scopes found only grief
For they would not let their old
religion go.*

—Vernon Dalhart, "John T. Scopes Trial"

GOVERNMENT-ISSUE GIRLS?

LONG BINH, SOUTH VIETNAM—Displaying conspicuous gallantry in the face of long-standing Pentagon policy, Brigadier General David E. Thomas, Surgeon General in South Vietnam, has proposed that the Army establish and supervise on-base prostitution services. He noted that soldiers find girls regardless of Army prohibitions and the result is a whopping V. D. rate—about one Serviceman in five. This, the general observed, would be drastically reduced if soldiers could patronize legal, supervised houses, where the girls were Government inspected.

IT DOESN'T PAY TO ADVERTISE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In response to a legal action by a group of direct-mail advertisers, the U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to review the 1968 postal pandering law. As presently enforced, the law permits an individual to order his name deleted from the mailing lists of any advertisers whose merchandise or literature offends his sense of decency. Some businesses affected by the law have complained that it denies them freedom of speech and due process, will cripple them financially and will aggravate censorship

problems by making postal authorities enforce the whims of each citizen.

Junk-mail-weary citizens have, indeed, tended to indulge their whims at the expense of their tormentors. Since the law was passed, the Post Office has had to issue some 274,000 deletion orders to firms, including a supermarket, the Nashville Bible House, the Christian Herald, an electronics magazine and an auto-seat-cover manufacturer. One San Francisco youth, who found his induction notice personally offensive, requested that his name be stricken from the Selective Service mailing list. Postal authorities refused him on the grounds that the law applies only to purchasable items and his draft board wasn't trying to sell him anything.

THE BIG EYE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Secret Service has requested many of the nation's police departments to supply intelligence information on a variety of dissident activities, according to The New York Times. In addition to information about persons making direct threats against the President and other high officials, the agency invited reports on "irrational" or "abusive" remarks about Government officials, attempts to "embarrass" the Government, people seeking "redress of imaginary grievances" and participation in "anti-American or anti-U.S. Government demonstrations." The Secret Service guidelines leave it to local police officials to decide what remarks are "irrational," what grievances "imaginary" and what demonstrations "anti-American."

The Times noted that many legal and scientific groups oppose such indiscriminate data gathering, on the grounds that it leads to secret Government black lists of persons suspected of holding unpopular political views. Last October, a Department of Health, Education and Welfare spokesman admitted that, for administrative convenience, HEW has long maintained lists of hundreds of scientists and academicians whose political activities have rendered them ineligible to receive Federal research funds or to serve on Government panels.

DISTILLED SPIRITS

Alcohol—so often obscured by the marijuana controversy—is making some news of its own lately. In recent developments:

- Britain's hard-nosed policy with drunken drivers has caused widespread public antagonism and controversy; but highway deaths are down 1152 (and injuries down 11,000) in the first 12 months

since its inception. Under the law, any motorist acting oddly can be required to take breath and blood tests for intoxication. If his blood contains more than 80 milligrams of alcohol per milliliter, he is banned from driving for a year and may be fined £100 (\$240) or jailed or both. Anyone refusing the tests is automatically convicted and subject to the same penalties.

• In Washington, D. C., the National Institute of Mental Health has recommended that all public-drinking laws be repealed, except laws against drunken driving. Noting that drunkenness accounts for almost one third of all arrests, the NIMH suggested that police time and manpower could be put to better use and that drunks be sent to emergency-treatment stations instead of to jails.

THE INFORMALLY MARRIEDS

AUSTIN, TEXAS—Under the state's new common-law-marriage rules, which became law January first as part of the new Texas Family Code, Texas teenagers can marry informally and without parental consent if the boy is at least 16 and the girl at least 14. The couple simply files a declaration with a county clerk stating that they "agreed to be married" on a certain date and, thereafter, lives together as husband and wife.

DOCTORS EXAMINED

A nationwide poll of practicing physicians reveals that:

- 62.8 percent believe that legal abortion should be available on request.
- 67.7 percent favor the repeal of laws against private homosexual acts between consenting adults.
- 85.2 percent oppose the unrestricted sale of marijuana.

The poll, conducted by Modern Medicine, reflected the opinions of almost 28,000 of the 206,000 doctors who receive the magazine. In an article interpreting the results, Dr. Donald Hastings, a University of Minnesota professor of psychiatry, commented on the doctors' negative response to marijuana: "One guesses that the rejection of pot represents physician backlash toward all that it stands for: long hair, uncleanness, nonconformity . . . and an uncomfortable sense that hippies, unless stopped somehow, represent the weak, ineffectual, effeminate American of the future." The only specialist group to favor legal marijuana (56 percent) was the anesthesiologists.

EGEBERG ON ABORTION

NEW YORK—Dr. Roger O. Egeberg, Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs, announced at a Planned Parenthood meeting that he favors more liberal abortion laws. Stressing that his views do not necessarily reflect those of the Nixon Administration, the medical chief of the

Department of Health, Education and Welfare said abortions should be allowed not only for reasons of strict medical necessity, fetal deformity and rape, but also when pregnancy threatens the emotional well-being of a woman, especially when she is unmarried and very young. He explained that these views are part of his over-all approach to the problem of population growth in the U. S., which is a "threat to the quality of American life," and called for early sex education in the schools and a campaign to persuade Americans to have fewer children.

ABORTION CHALLENGE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—By expanding on the decision handed down in California's Belous case ("Forum Newsfront," December 1969), a Federal judge in the District of Columbia has invited a Supreme Court ruling that could nullify abortion laws in some 40 states.

U. S. District Court Judge Gerhard A. Gesell noted the California supreme court's decision in finding Washington's 1901 abortion statute, which sets a "life and health" standard for legal abortion, unconstitutionally vague. But he emphasized other constitutional objections as well: that such laws infringe on "a woman's right to avoid childbirth for any reason"; invade individual and family privacy; interfere with the proper practice of medicine; and deny due process by assuming guilt on the part of a physician whose "professional judgment, made in good faith, should not be challenged."

The ruling's direct effect is to void the Washington law and exempt licensed physicians from prosecution under it. But if heard by the Supreme Court and upheld on the grounds presented, the decision could render most of the country's abortion laws unconstitutional. Declaring the case a matter of "public urgency," Judge Gesell requested the U. S. Attorney's office to promptly appeal the decision directly to the Supreme Court, which is expected to hear the motion and perhaps rule before the end of 1969.

Judge Gesell, whose late father was the nationally known pediatrician Dr. Arnold Gesell, gave his opinion in dismissing an indictment against Dr. Milan M. Vuitch, the Washington area's most outspoken opponent of restrictive abortion laws. Since 1964, Dr. Vuitch has been arrested numerous times on abortion charges in the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia, and is currently appealing his one conviction. He and four other physicians have purchased a private hospital in Laurel, Maryland, which they plan to build into a 100-bed general medical facility offering legal therapeutic abortions under Maryland's recently liberalized law.

The provost marshal's office has received many reports from men assigned to Fort Polk, but nothing has been done. Complaints have also been made through "proper channels" such as unit commanders and the Inspector General's Department, but to no avail. Constructive action is long overdue: We the undersigned soldiers, both black and white, hope that exposure of these injustices in PLAYBOY can help correct them.

(Signed by 12 Servicemen)
Fort Polk, Louisiana

For additional comment, see Robert Sherrill's "Justice, Military Style," on page 120.

MILITARY INJUSTICE

The concern over military injustice expressed by your readers in *The Playboy Forum* might be intensified if they knew that America's future military leaders are indoctrinated to disregard personal conscience and individual liberty. Here at West Point, one of the most flagrant violations of personal freedom—as well as of separation of church and state—is the requirement that all cadets participate in religious services each week. Every cadet, regardless of his personal convictions or religious beliefs, must attend either Protestant, Catholic or Jewish chapel services. Even foreign cadets studying at West Point—be they Buddhist, Moslem, Shintoist or Hindu—have to go to the religious ceremonies of one of these approved religions. There is absolutely no provision for them to practice their own religions.

The penalties for not attending chapel are quite severe. By exercising the constitutional right to refrain from religious participation, cadets are subject to judgment by a board of officers. Punishment consists of 44 hours of marching with a rifle and two months of confinement. During the confinement period, the cadet may not receive visitors or leave his quarters except for meals and classes. This punishment is not subject to appeal or judicial review, since it is termed "administrative punishment" and is thus removed from the processes of ordinary justice.

When I discussed this situation with a constitutional-law instructor, he told me that even if a successful plea could be raised in court, any cadet who tried it would almost certainly be black-listed by the senior officers, meaning that he might as well write finis to his career.

How can we expect the Army to appreciate the value of the individual soldier when a gross injustice such as this is imposed upon, and accepted by, the Army's future leaders?

(Name withheld by request)
West Point, New York

ANTI-FLOWER POWER

A vet of our misguided effort in Vietnam. I am stationed in one of our country's bastions of freedom, Cherry Point,

Tell someone you like about Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter.

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So, tell someone you'd like to like about Lark's easy-taste and Gas-Trap filter. It'll be down hill from then on.



North Carolina. In my off-duty hours, I wear a tan hat with a fancy hatband. One rainy day, I spent some time off-post, festooning a chain of flowers to further decorate my hat. When I tried to get back on the post, I was stopped by the desk sergeant, who was checking I.D.s and liberty cards, and told to wait. I sat reading *Soul on Ice* while various non-coms came in and stared at me quizzically. Finally, the sergeant called me back to the desk and told me my flower chain was improper civilian attire and must be removed.

This is the same post where, as a letter in the August 1969 *Playboy Forum* told it, the commanding general declared that flower decorations are subversive. Perhaps we should adopt a policy of herbicide toward these beautiful, but unpatriotic, life forms, until America is deflowered.

L/Cpl. Cesar Hernandez
Cherry Point, North Carolina

Letters in *The Playboy Forum* have described the Army's prohibition of the display of peace symbols, flower decals and the like. Lest anyone think this war against basic constitutional rights is limited to suppression of relatively unconventional opinions, I'd like to report my own experience.

After returning from Vietnam, I was stationed at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D. C. There, as a result of the commanding general's order prohibiting the display of political materials on registered vehicles, I had to remove a NIXON FOR PRESIDENT sticker from my car.

Paul Caparatta
New York, New York

I am a seaman in the U. S. Navy and, recently, I purchased a peace symbol in a shop in Waikiki Beach, Hawaii. The symbol was a carved human hand holding up two fingers in the "V" sign. I liked it so much that I placed it on my desk as soon as I returned to my ship. Immediately, two officers noticed it, rushed over and ordered me to remove it.

Here's the irony: A similar carved hand, with only one finger raised—in the well-known obscene gesture—stands on the desk of another crewman and none of the officers have ordered it removed. What a difference a single finger makes!

(Name withheld by request)
FPO San Francisco, California

FREE PRESS IN THE ARMY

Your Military Left, an anti-war, anti-Army newspaper, was recently created at Fort Sam Houston by myself and others who feel as I do. When our second issue appeared, the colonel commanding our medical training center ordered MPs to confiscate every copy and shakedown inspections were held all over the area.

Along with the MPs, Military Intelligence quickly appeared on the scene.

They began their investigation by interrogating anyone who had a copy of the paper. Prior to publication of the third issue, a major in Military Intelligence sent for me. He questioned the authenticity of my convictions, discussed my general philosophy for more than an hour and ended by telling me that I ought to leave his country. I've since had three similar interviews with him.

The executive officer of the M. T. C. has ordered me restricted to the company area and requires that I have an escort wherever I go—even to the latrine. Two other members of the paper's staff have been shipped out and three have been arrested for allegedly distributing *Your Military Left*. In spite of this, we've published four issues.

What keeps us going? Belief in what the Army supposedly defends—freedom.
Pvt. Walter Volmut
Fort Sam Houston
San Antonio, Texas

POT PENOLOGY

My father sent me a copy of your October 1969 issue in which Dr. Joel Fort's article, *Pot: A Rational Approach*, mentions my case. I would like to inform your readers of what has happened since Dr. Fort wrote that article.

Originally, I was charged, as Dr. Fort said, with "possessing" and "dispensing" (i.e., giving away) two marijuana cigarettes to a pair of police undercover agents and was threatened with a minimum 20-year penalty. The trial judge ruled that the police had used illegal entrapment to persuade me to give them the weed and dropped the dispensing charge; he also, however, ordered that I stand trial for *possessing* the cigarettes. This directly contradicts several Supreme Court rulings, which hold that evidence obtained by entrapment cannot be used under any circumstances in a trial.

This proceeding ended in a mistrial, when the judge ruled that state witnesses had made prejudicial and improper statements against me. I was then brought to court a third time and found guilty of possessing the two joints. The judge sentenced me to 9½ to 10 years in prison and refused to let me free on bond pending appeal. I am now in Marquette Prison while my lawyers continue to appeal my case.

John Sinclair, Chairman
White Panther Party
Marquette Prison
Marquette, Michigan

Dr. Fort appears again in this issue, as a participant in the "Playboy Panel" on "The Drug Revolution."

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

Your readers might be interested in one student's response to the antics of California's Max Rafferty, the Lord High Executioner of Education and

Protector of Youth. Dr. Max's latest decree orders that all school lockers shall be searched for pills, pot and other illegal items. At one school, the search was proceeding drearily, with nothing illicit discovered and everybody growing increasingly bored, when, suddenly—the moment of truth—there it was: a pillbox taped all around suspiciously. Eagerly, the officials tore it open—and found nothing inside but a single piece of paper, with the words "No pill has been invented that would numb the place where Dr. Max gives me a pain."

Mrs. Judi T. Schooley
Salinas, California

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

I read two stories in *The Dallas Morning News* that make a truly remarkable contrast. The first tells of an 18-year-old who was sentenced to prison for selling \$12 worth of marijuana to a police undercover agent. The reporter adds that the defendant "had no previous record." His sentence: 30 years.

The second story concerns a man who used a shotgun to kill another man, whom he accused of dating his wife. He said he shot in self-defense; the prosecution claimed the shooting was premeditated. The jury ruled that the crime was "murder without malice." The sentence: five years.

Don Ingold
Commerce, Texas

THE REALITIES OF CRIME

With all the talk about the crime problem in this country, very few people seem to be doing anything realistic about it. One man who does have serious, rational proposals for improving police protection of citizens, speeding up judicial processes, cleaning up our jails and making sense out of the absurd tangle of our criminal laws is Norval Morris, a codirector of the Center for Studies in Criminal Justice at the University of Chicago. I recently read an article about Morris in the *Chicago Daily News*, which described his views as follows:

The Nixon Administration's anti-crime program is foolish and inept, he says, "because they're rushing around with task forces on organized crime, wars on snut, crackdowns on marijuana instead of concentrating on the real crime problem—violence against people and property."

Morris presents an alternative anti-crime program in *The Honest Politician's Guide to Crime Control*, a book he wrote with criminologist Gordon Hawkins . . . published . . . by the University of Chicago Press.

"The first principle of our cure for crime," Morris says, "is to strip off the moralistic excrescences on our criminal justice system so that it

may concentrate on the essential.

"The prime function of criminal law is to protect our persons and our property.

"When criminal law invades the spheres of private morality and social welfare, it exceeds its proper limits—and neglects its primary tasks."

The article goes on to outline the program Morris offers in his book, which includes: (1) repealing laws that make public drunkenness a criminal offense (there are now over 2,000,000 arrests per year for this offense); (2) repealing laws making purchase, possession and use of drugs a criminal offense, though harmful and habit-forming drugs could be sold only by a licensed pharmacist on prescription; (3) controlling marijuana as alcohol is controlled; (4) legalizing all forms of gambling; (5) abolishing such vague charges as disorderly conduct and vagrancy; (6) removing sexual activities in private between consenting adults from the sphere of criminal law; (7) legalizing abortions performed by a qualified medical practitioner in a registered hospital; (8) passing tougher laws against drunken driving and firearms misuse, which together are responsible for most of the violent deaths and injuries in the U. S.

In my opinion, Morris is doing vitally necessary work, which demands the respectful attention of the public and our lawmakers.

Arthur Seldon
Chicago, Illinois

\$4000 WASTE PER YEAR

In New York State, approximately \$4000 is spent on each prison inmate per year under the name of rehabilitation. As a chaplain, I have visited these prisons and found that the inmates receive punishment and degradation rather than rehabilitative treatment.

For example: Less than two years ago, a prison warden in the state of New York took a fire hose and hosed a man down to the point of exhaustion, then nearly beat him to death. In another instance, a guard picked up a young man and threw him through a glass window; the youth required over 50 stitches to put his face together.

A prison guard can impose silence (with the threat of solitary confinement) and restrict exercise when the prisoner is in his cell. In county prisons, inmates are not permitted to read a newspaper. I have watched young men fall apart, seam by seam, from the punitive intensity of jail confinement.

The inmate can react in basically two ways. He can allow his anger to mount and, when released from prison, take his revenge upon society: Almost inevitably, he is caught again and returned as a professional criminal. An alternative reaction is to become an automaton. He performs

functionally within the system, but he loses his individuality and incentive—and, without guts, decisiveness and drive, no man can make it in the outside world. Therefore, he *also* commits a crime, because he is, consciously or unconsciously, seeking to be caught and returned to the only place where he knows how to function—as one of the walking dead.

The time wasted in these institutions is outrageous! But with the proper training and education, men and women could leave the prisons prepared to be contributing members of society.

The answer is certainly not reform but total change: from punishment to preparation—preparation for the dog-eat-dog world outside.

Wayne P. Daugherty, Chaplain
The Mobile Ministry
Ithaca, New York

SUPPORT FOR BILL BAIRD

Birth-control crusader William Baird spoke to over 700 students here at the University of Maine and he received widespread student backing. We hope that his work can be continued and that the community at large will give him greater support. The president of our student senate sent Baird a letter, which reads in part:

It was a great honor and pleasure to hear your lecture, "The ABCs of Abortion and Birth Control," at the University of Maine in Orono. It was apparent by the standing ovation and the long question and answer period that your lecture stimulated a great deal of interest and concern on the part of the students.

After the lecture, I heard remarks such as "Best lecture we've had in years" and "I thought I knew all there was to know about birth control; now I know how little I really did know." As interesting as the topics of birth control and abortion are, we were particularly happy to see not only faculty members but also Roman Catholic nuns in the audience.

The fact that you have been convicted in Massachusetts for your lecture at Boston University only raises you in the esteem of hundreds here, who look to you as an inspiration for those who believe in, and are totally committed to, the cause of humanity.

In addition, the student senate passed two resolutions concerning Baird, one endorsing his efforts in liberalizing birth-control and abortion laws and the other donating \$100 to his work in the hope that the contribution will set a precedent for other schools.

Linda Nixon, Secretary
General Student Senate
University of Maine
Orono, Maine

DOCTORS AND ABORTION

I read a letter in the November 1969 *Playboy Forum* referring to a previous letter by Dr. Dwight G. Geha (*The Playboy Forum*, August 1969). Though it's several months after the fact, I wish to reply to the doctor's comments.

Dr. Geha presents his self-invented guidelines for approving or disapproving abortion for women who find themselves with unwanted pregnancies. By implication, he is saying that if a woman is remiss in her contraception, she should bear the consequences.

I reject this position for several reasons. First, an unwanted child is a rather severe penalty for forgetting to take a pill. Second, Dr. Geha places the entire responsibility for contraception on the woman—who will have to bear the child—whereas contraception should be the mutual responsibility of both the woman and the man. Finally, he completely ignores the possibility of contraceptive failure; and that, obviously, is the fault (if we must assign fault) of the prescribing doctor or the pharmaceutical company, not of the woman.

I also reject Dr. Geha's fundamental assumption that somebody else, other than the woman in question, has the right to decide this matter. Any woman who finds herself with an unwanted and unplanned pregnancy should be able to terminate it, *solely* because it is unwanted and unplanned. Otherwise, she is not the owner of her own body.

In a world already inhabited by far too many people and with greater overpopulation threatening famine and environmental deterioration in the next decade, Dr. Geha's moralism is not only arrogant and presumptuous but dangerously misguided.

Mrs. Shirley L. Radl
Executive Director
Zero Population Growth, Inc.
Los Altos, California

SEX-LAW REVISION

One of the key arguments against our archaic sex laws, in addition to their cruelty, is that they are often written in constrained and unclear language, due to the inhibitions of the puritans who promulgated them. This vagueness means that, in many states, not even lawyers are sure which sexual acts are illegal. In this connection, your readers might be amused by the following, from an article in the *Wayne Law Review*, on the current Michigan sex laws and proposed revisions of them:

The gross indecency statutes . . . probably cover every conceivable form of sexual activity that any substantial group of individuals considers indecent.

Michigan law with respect to deviate sexual conduct . . . probably prohibits any and all sexual activity,

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- 4301—TIME I GET TO PHOENIX, Glen Campbell (Capitol)..... 6.98
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in public or private, heterosexual or homosexual, other than conventional petting or coitus. Consent is, of course, no defense.

In other words, if you're passing through Michigan, simply don't have sex at all. Nobody can say with certainty that any sex act is legal here.

Emmett Arnoni
Ann Arbor, Michigan

HELP FOR HOMOSEXUALS

As a homosexual, I feel that I am living in hell. I have never had the courage to discuss my condition with anyone. In high school, I met a girl and we developed a close friendship, though our relationship was without sexual feeling on my part. Meanwhile, seduced by an older man, I soon found myself irresistibly drawn to gay bars, where I allowed myself to be picked up for one-night stands. I continued this practice throughout college, telling no one about it and also maintaining my relationship with my girlfriend, a relationship that had lasted so long that in everyone's eyes, it seemed to be a courtship.

I led a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence and when not actively engaged in homosexual activities, I could almost forget that I was homosexual. I didn't even think it strange to consider marriage. My girl had been raised by strict parents and knew little about sex. She considered premarital relations wrong and interpreted my lack of sexual interest for her as a virtue. She often praised my "chastity" and "considerateness."

After college graduation, I received an Air Force commission through R. O. T. C. My fear of being discovered while in the Service made me abstain from sex altogether and in a further effort to normalize my life, I married my girlfriend a year later.

I had great anxiety before the wedding and subsequently, my worst fear was realized: I found myself impotent with my wife. Though I have not had any homosexual contacts in years, I still feel no desire for her. My only sexual outlet is masturbation, with homoerotic fantasies, about which my wife knows nothing. Because of her upbringing, my wife accepts my impotence and wants us to remain married, but she also wants children and has urged me to see a doctor or psychiatrist about my condition. I have refused to do this so far, since I am still in the Service and if my secret came to light, it might mar my good record. When I get out of the Air Force later this year, I will see a psychiatrist. I do love my wife in my own way and I want a normal life. I would deeply appreciate any advice you could give me on how to obtain psychiatric help.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

One of the simplest and quickest ways to obtain psychotherapy for this or any other psychological problem is to contact the nearest teaching hospital (that is, one affiliated with a medical school) with an adult outpatient clinic. Such clinics have full-time in-service staffs and are prepared to deal with emergencies as well as to offer long-term therapy.

ARE HOMOSEXUALS SICK?

During a discussion of homosexuality reported in *Time* magazine, Dr. Charles Socarides, a New York psychoanalyst, defined physical sickness as "the failure of function." He went on to say that "A human being is sick when he fails to function in his appropriate gender identity." His conclusion: "It must be declared that homosexuality is a form of emotional illness."

The Playboy Forum, in its discussion of homosexuality, has been careful not to be as disparaging as Dr. Socarides, having deliberately rejected the term sickness and saying only that homosexuality is a state that has "intrinsic disadvantages for the individual, disadvantages that would exist even in a tolerant society." I find your position far less offensive than Dr. Socarides' and I would like to state my objection to his approach.

To describe psychological behavior as sick is based on reasoning by analogy. In effect, Dr. Socarides is saying that emotions and actions are like organs of the body and that the terminology of physical pathology is equally applicable to describe psychological states. The science of physical medicine has developed by the examination of innumerable individuals and their organs and then formulating a generalized, or average, conception of how each organ should appear and what it should do. When a patient goes to a doctor, he reports a pain or malfunction; the doctor then checks the patient's organs for departures from the established norm. He describes his patient as "sick" if he finds physical, tangible, organic malfunction or abnormality in the patient's body.

Now, many homosexuals do not report pain or malfunction, so they cannot be said to be sick in that sense. It is true that their behavior departs from that of the average man, but I think no one can seriously argue that statistically unaverage behavior is illness. Obviously, the merit or lack of merit in behavior can be determined only by the person whose behavior it is. There is a school of thought that defines culturally unacceptable behavior as pathological (thus, a World War Two kamikaze pilot would not be considered mentally ill; but, in America today, a healthy young man who committed suicide would be). Fortunately, progressive thinkers in America are acutely aware of individual differences and have too much respect for individual liberty to say that socially unacceptable

behavior is sick, per se. Thus, the analogy between physical and psychological states breaks down.

Having read Dr. Socarides' views, I understand why Dr. Frank Kameny and others have objected vehemently to the psychiatric treatment of homosexuality. Dr. Socarides is evidently a humane and well-meaning man, but his choice of terminology presents an obstacle to understanding. Perhaps more progress would be made in solving the problems homosexuals have in our society if both psychoanalysts and homophiles would redirect their efforts to understanding this condition, its causes and its consequences, rather than defending or attacking it on the basis of irrelevant value judgments.

Charles Tyrell
London, England

NEMESIS OF ALL EVIL

The illustrious Alameda County Board of Supervisors has scored a victory over the forces of evil (and individual freedom) by drafting and passing a new anti-topless, anti-bottomless law, which contains the following provision, as reported in *The Hayward Journal*:

Violation would consist of a female who "exposes any portion of either breast below a straight line so drawn that both nipples and all portions of both breasts which have a different pigmentation than that of the main portion of the breast are below such straight line."

Rumors are circulating that the vice squad is to be issued new crime-fighting weapons: rulers and felt-tipped pens. Also, the possibility of hiring a semantics expert (from San Francisco State?) to interpret this law is being considered by concerned citizens.

Robert A. Sturgess
Hayward, California

CONGRESSMAN VS. CULTURE

My wife and I believe that the action taken by Representative John J. Rooney in killing the State Department's fund for special educational and cultural projects (*Forum Newsfront*, November 1969) was most detrimental to America's foreign relations. The question of obscenity is one that individuals must judge for themselves and we feel that Congressman Rooney and his committee acted improperly as censors.

We were members of the six-student troupe from the University of Kansas who took part in the drama-group tour of eastern Europe the year preceding the committee's action. During the trip, we met many students in Yugoslavia, Romania, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Not only were we able to answer these young people's questions (we still correspond regularly with many of them) but we also gained firsthand knowledge of how our peers live in a Soviet-oriented environment.

Their theater is far more sophisticated than its counterpart in the United States. All the plays included in our repertory had already been produced there. We observed obvious political censorship in the eastern European theater, but no moral censorship. It seems that the reverse situation prevails in America.

The students we met are far from naïve about the United States. They are aware of our racial problems, our standard of living and our crime rate. They are fascinated by our space program and are acquainted with American culture and art through their universities and theaters. While traveling, we attended many performances of American plays: *The American Dream* in Warsaw; *The Price* in Bratislava; *A Delicate Balance* in Ljubljana; also, a troupe in Belgrade was rehearsing *Hair*.

We had to be careful not to wave our flag in the faces of these knowledgeable young people but to speak of our faults, our drawbacks and our desire to improve. These students would have lost regard for the U. S. if we claimed perfection. The U. S. is respected to the degree that it doesn't try to hide things from its own people or the rest of the world. In the eyes of eastern European students, this is the crucial difference between America and the Soviet Union; and it is the basis for admiration of the U. S. and disdain for the U. S. S. R. The students liked our particular troupe because our plays were not censored politically, as theirs always are.

Our concern in writing this letter is not the future of the University of Kansas' participation in cultural exchange, but the over-all future of cultural exchanges, so vital to international understanding. The U. S. has many friends in eastern Europe, especially among the student population. The only way we can convey our interest in their welfare is through the direct contact provided by these exchanges.

Bruce and Judy Levitt
Lawrence, Kansas

REDS AND BEDS

Thank you for your detailed and impressive answer to Larry Herron (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969), in which you correct all the misquotations of Dr. Mary Calderone's remarks that Herron had picked up from a John Birch Society pamphlet. The shock of seeing Dr. Calderone's actual statement together with the distortions of that statement makes perfectly clear what Birch tactics really are.

As adults, we teach children that telling lies is wrong; yet telling lies about Dr. Calderone is perfectly justified in some people's minds if doing so will discredit sex education. What warped values!

Lynne O'Flaherty
New York, New York

TEENAGERS' SEX QUESTIONS

To oppose the absurd, rabble-rousing attacks on sex education I've heard recently, I offer my personal experiences and reliable studies to prove that sex education is both useful and necessary.

Over a year ago, I initiated the first formal sex-education class at a residential school for the visually impaired and blind. (I might add that *PLAYBOY* was one of the main instructional materials I used.) These were some of the questions asked in class: Is it true a woman can become pregnant only during menstruation? What is ovulation and why does it occur? What is a Pap test? What is birth control and what are some of the various methods? What is venereal disease and what causes it? How do multiple births occur? How do frigidity, impotence and sterility differ?

These questions came from teenagers. It was clear that, prior to my course, no one had attempted to teach them about sex. This was substantiated by a survey I made of the students, which revealed that none of their parents had ever discussed sex with them.

William A. Darity, in his study of females at one university, found that only 19 percent cited their parents as the major source of sex education. Their main sources were friends and members of their peer group (44 percent) and books (24 percent). The remaining 13 percent received instruction from teachers or counselors. Shirley S. Angrist, in a similar study, discovered that it was primarily close friends or roommates with whom birth control was discussed. In the 1964 *School Health Study*, it was reported that among ninth-grade students, 75 percent of the boys and 50 percent of the girls indicated they would never turn to their parents for information when they had questions about sex.

This evidence indicates that the schools are needed as the principal institutions for sex education.

William H. Miller
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Virginia

LATENCY AND SEX EDUCATION

Critics of sex education have raised the question whether or not it is wise to impart information about sex to children when they are in the so-called latency period. Latency is a concept postulated by Sigmund Freud, who suggested that there is a stage in childhood psychosexual development (from the age of five to eleven) during which there is a diversion of sexual energy, manifested by lessened sexual activity and interest.

Critics who use this latency concept as a stick with which to beat sex education are not considering all of the available evidence. Freud's basis for his theory of childhood sexuality was the recollections of adult patients undergoing analysis.

Other analysts practicing in the same general cultural milieu seemed to corroborate Freud's observations.

There are two important limitations on this data: One is that all the analysts were operating within the Judeo-Christian culture; the other is that they assumed that what adults could see or remember of childhood sexuality constituted the whole picture.

By now, however, numerous definitive studies have added new facts to this picture. For one thing, cross-cultural anthropological data on hundreds of cultures have thoroughly substantiated the hypothesis that when childhood sexual activity is not tabooed, children regularly indulge in diverse forms of sexplay, from the time they discover genital pleasure in the toddler stage. There is no latency period in which such activity decreases.

Contemporary studies of our own culture cast further doubt on this concept's validity. Kinsey's statistics for boys and girls, the Ramsey study of boys and Broderick's studies uniformly demonstrate that children in our culture continue overt sexual activity through the so-called latency years. Whether or not adults notice it, both boys and girls consistently engage in masturbatory, exploratory, heterosexual and homosexual play throughout these years, without interruption or decrease. (This may escape adult observation because most children, by then, have learned to keep their sexual activities private.)

Simultaneously, many new ego capacities emerge—formal learning, social skills, sex-appropriate roles—that seem to dominate the scene, but this does not constitute an actual diminution of sexuality.

As evidence accumulates to disprove the existence of the latency period, it appears that those who cite this concept to support their opposition to primary school sex education are pursuing an unvalidated theory down a blind alley.

Warren J. Gadpaille, M. D.
Denver, Colorado

SEX IN SWEDEN

Having enjoyed reading the discussions of Swedish sexuality that have appeared from time to time in *The Playboy Forum*, I thought your readers might in turn be interested in these excerpts from my article, "Everyone Is Curious (Sex)," which was published in the magazine *Sweden Now*:

After having read through an abundant and rather pathetic collection of articles and books on sin and sex in Sweden, what one sees, in the end, are the writers' own Victorian perspectives shining through. It's as though Sweden, by speaking and behaving openly and honestly, had broken a tacit conspiracy and let the deep dark secret out of the bag. For

(continued on page 208) 49

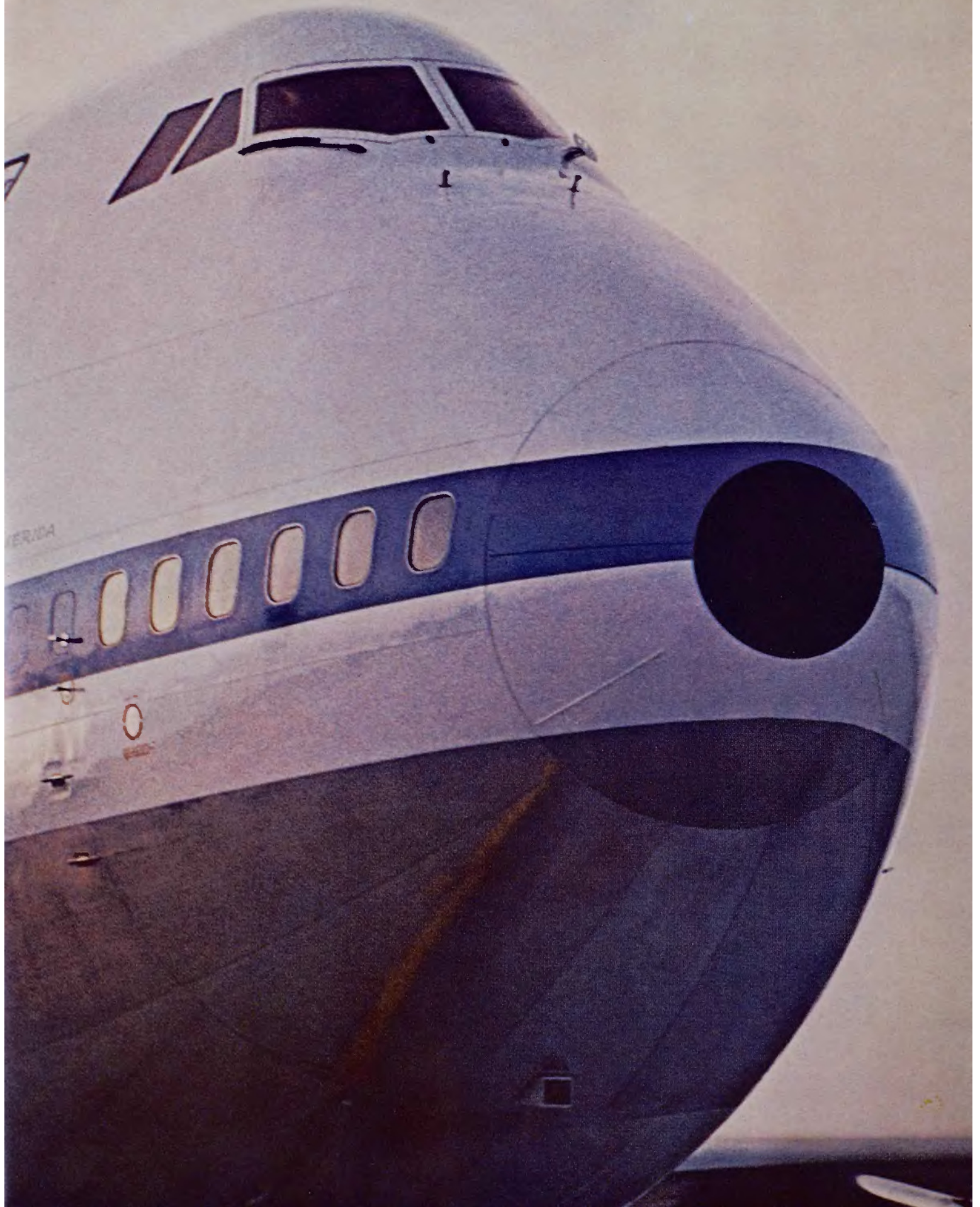
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discussion **PLAYBOY PANEL:**
THE DRUG REVOLUTION

the pleasures, penalties and hazards of chemicals with kicks are debated by nine authorities

PANELISTS

HARRY J. ANSLINGER, 77, graduated from Penn State in 1915 and obtained a law degree in 1930 from American University. A Government civil servant from 1918 to 1963, he served under nine Presidents and early in his career held consular posts in the Netherlands, Germany, Venezuela and the Bahamas. Once assistant commissioner of Prohibition, he helped make the dry years dry, then moved on to serve 33 years as commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics and is widely considered the man most responsible for the 1937 Federal law banning marijuana, a reputation that has earned him the bouquets of some and the brickbats of others. Since 1946, Anslinger has been the U. S. representative to the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs. Both in the Bureau of Narcotics and on his UN post, he has been one of the major hard-liners on drug deterrence and has vigorously expressed this position as co-author of numerous books and articles, including *The Murderers* (about drug dealers) and *The Protectors* (about drug police). Friend and foe agree that Anslinger's position has remained tough, uncompromising and outspoken throughout his long life.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, 56, is best known as the author of surrealist satires such as *Naked Lunch*, *The Ticket That Exploded* and *Nova Express*. After studying anthropology at Harvard, he briefly attended Vienna Medical School, then worked at such jobs as bartender, exterminator and private detective while privately pursuing such arcane studies as the ancient Mayan civilization of Mexico, being hypnoanalyzed by a psychiatrist and practicing "nonverbal awareness" with general semanticist Alfred Korzybski. Fifteen years of narcotics addiction (during which he traveled widely in Central and South America and, later, in North Africa) were terminated by a successful cure in 1957. Once a "walking pharmacy" who experimented upon himself with a variety of narcotic, psychedelic and other drugs, he is one of the few white men to have tried yage, the Peruvian Indian drug claimed to create telepathic powers. Burroughs now explores new areas of consciousness by making underground films (*Towers Open Fire*), learning to read Egyptian hieroglyphics (to escape the confines of "linear thinking") and combining all these elements

in his forthcoming book, *The Job*. Denounced by one critic for "extending the boundaries of the novel toward the public lavatories," Burroughs has been lauded by Norman Mailer as "the only American novelist today who may be possessed by genius."

JAMES COBURN, 41, is one of Hollywood's biggest stars, scoring well both at the box office and in the estimation of film critics. A graduate of TV commercials, he has demonstrated both verve and versatility, switching easily from the role of Derek Flint (in a series of bottled-in-Bond parodies of Fleming's phlegmatic superspy) to such offbeat characterizations as a stuffy naval officer (in *The Americanization of Emily*) and a batty surgeon (in *Candy*). Coburn experimented with LSD, under medical supervision, in the years before it was made illegal and remains convinced of its potential value to many users. In recent years, he has been a volunteer worker at the Los Angeles Free Clinic, helping people with bad trips and other drug problems. Coburn describes himself as very interested in Eastern mysticism and has a keen appreciation of contemporary art and music.

BABA RAM DASS (nee Richard Alpert), 38, was born to a wealthy family (his father founded Brandeis University and headed the New Haven Railroad) but strayed from the business world to major in developmental psychology, in which he obtained a Ph.D. from Stanford in 1957. During the early Sixties, he became associated with Dr. Timothy Leary's experiments at Harvard on psilocybin, a drug the Mexican Indians say "enables a man to see God." When the research moved on to LSD, Leary and Alpert became controversial, eventually left Harvard under ambiguous circumstances and set up the Castalia Foundation to study the mystic aspects of drug experience. Co-author (with Leary) of *The Psychedelic Experience* and (with Dr. Sidney Cohen) of *LSD: The Inside Story*, Alpert recently spent a year in India and Nepal, primarily studying in a Hindu temple in the Himalayas, returned as Baba Ram Dass and now preaches and practices raja yoga as the next step beyond drugs.

LESLIE FIEDLER, 53, has established himself as one of the nation's leading literary critics, a prominent liberal dissenter from standard liberal beliefs and the man who outpsyched the analysts by alleging that three of our most wholesome



COBURN: You can't attribute Haight-Ashbury to psychedelics, any more than you can attribute skid row to alcohol. The real cause is the alienating character of society.



ANSLINGER: Supposedly harmless marijuana smoking is regarded by several doctors as a sign of incipient insanity. Marijuana may even cause psychosis.



BURROUGHS: Nonchemical methods of mind expansion have a positive role to play. Anything accomplished by chemicals can be accomplished by other means.



FIEDLER: Creatively, LSD is a complete bust. Users talk about creativity, but they don't do anything about it. The painter stops painting and fantasy replaces reality.



RAM DASS: *A bad trip can be as valuable as a good trip. An eight-hour horror show can teach you a great deal, once you realize it was all inside you before.*



OTERI: *Marijuana is harmless and should be legal. As for heroin addiction, it's a disease and should be treated by doctors. Lean heavily on the heroin dealer.*



WATTS: *The police shouldn't be involved with drugs at all, nor with any other moral or medical problems that the individual should take to his doctor or minister.*



COBURN: *The passions we can't control—such as hatred, greed and lust—become controllable under certain drugs. This offers a new view of man and of society.*



FIEDLER: *This particular generation gap might almost be called chemical warfare—the potheads versus the boozeheads—or, more accurately, religious warfare.*

literary classics (*The Last of the Mohicans*, *Moby Dick* and *Huckleberry Finn*) all contain an unconscious theme of interracial homosexuality. He received his Ph.D. from Harvard in 1941, has taught at several universities and is the author of such works as *Love and Death in the American Novel* and *No! In Thunder*. Fiedler was arrested in 1967 on a charge of "maintaining a premises" where marijuana was allegedly found, after becoming faculty advisor to the State University of New York, Buffalo, chapter of LEMAR (Legalize Marijuana), and has subsequently accused the narcotics police of framing him and of attempting to stifle academic dissent.

JOHN FINLATOR, 57, was director of the Food and Drug Administration's Bureau of Drug Abuse Control when this agency merged with the Bureau of Narcotics in 1968, after which he became the deputy director of the new Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs in the U.S. Department of Justice. A graduate of North Carolina State University, Finlator has also been director of the Office of Manpower and Administration of the General Service Administration, special agent with the Department of State and national president of the Association of Federal Investigators. He has also served in a number of managerial and personnel positions and both taught and coached football in high school. Though totally committed to enforcement of the law, Finlator is generally considered more flexible and moderate than Anslinger.

JOEL FORT, 40, has an M.D. from Ohio State University and has specialized in public health, drug abuse and social reform. Now on the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley (School of Social Welfare), for some years he has been a leading spokesman for reform of drug laws—and for moving America beyond drugs. He is a former Consultant on Drug Abuse to the World Health Organization. Dr. Fort created the San Francisco Center for Special Problems, the only organization in the world to provide treatment for all forms of drug abuse and other forms of deviance, including criminal behavior, sexual maladjustment and suicidal depression. In a matter now in the courts, he was removed as director in 1967 for being too independent and for dissenting from established police philosophy on drugs, sex and youth. In 1969 he continued the work of his center by establishing the private Fort Center for Solving Special Problems. The author of *Pot: A Rational Approach* (PLAYBOY, October 1969), Dr. Fort has also written *The Pleasure Seekers* (see *Playboy After Hours*, page 28). He was a defense witness in the trials of Lenny Bruce and Timothy Leary and in the Boston marijuana trial in which co-panelist Joseph Oteri attempted to have the anti-pot laws voided.

JOSEPH S. OTERI, 39, partner in the Boston law firm of Crane, Inker and Oteri,

established a local reputation as a defender of the civil rights of policemen, then leaped to national prominence in 1967 as attorney for two students accused of marijuana possession. Oteri's defense was the most meticulously planned and massive legal assault ever mounted against the constitutionality of our anti-pot laws; and the transcript of the trial is considered by experts the most complete single review of the pharmacological, psychological, sociological and legal aspects of marijuana usage. A graduate of Boston College (B.S. and LL.B.), Oteri now advises other lawyers on constitutional challenges to our marijuana laws and is preparing to bring his Boston case before the U.S. Supreme Court. **ALAN WATTS**, 55, had his first book published when he was 18. After being ordained as an Episcopal minister in 1944, Watts acquired a masters degree in theology but left the clergy in 1950 to pursue his own independent studies of comparative religion, acquiring an honorary Doctor of Divinity from the University of Vermont in 1958. Best known for his several books on Zen Buddhism, he has also written extensively on Christianity, Hinduism, Taoism and modern psychology. An early experimenter with LSD, Watts regards himself as a friendly mediator between Christian moralists and Oriental mystics, hippie astrologers and skeptical psychiatrists, meditative ascetics and sexual revolutionaries. Among his numerous books are *Beyond Theology: The Art of Godmanship* and *The Way of Zen*.

PLAYBOY: In addition to provoking an increasingly acrimonious national debate, the use of illegal drugs has become symbolic of the so-called generation gap afflicting our society. Glorified in plays (*Hair*), movies (*Easy Rider*) and countless rock songs (*Let's Go Get Stoned*)—and condemned by large segments of the government, the clergy and the psychiatric profession—drugs such as LSD and marijuana are, rightly or wrongly, in the forefront of the war between freedom and repression, youth and age, powerlessness and power. At this critical juncture in history—the beginning of the Seventies—with enormous public interest focused on the subject, PLAYBOY has brought together nine key figures to discuss and clarify the issues at stake. Most of these men have been involved both nationally and internationally in the drug scene, and several of them have not only been where the action is but have made the action. Gentlemen, let us begin with the most popular of the illegal drugs, Cannabis—which is best known in this country in the form of marijuana. Would you attempt to estimate the number of Cannabis users in the world and tell us whether you think use is really increasing or just becoming more public?

ANSLINGER: Cannabis stands just where it has for the past 1000 years. In the East, it appeals to a minority of the population—religious ascetics, the poor and the dissolute. In the West, like other hallucinogens, it is used by psychologically and socially maladjusted persons who have difficulty in conforming to social norms. But it has no general appeal to the public at large in any country.

FORT: That's not quite true. The World Health Organization has estimated that there are at least 250,000,000 regular Cannabis users in the world. We have between 12,000,000 and 20,000,000 of them right here in the United States, according to my own surveys and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and the number is increasing. And pot, incidentally, isn't even the most popular illegal drug. To be perfectly accurate, tobacco and alcohol are illegal for adolescents in most states, and their widespread use by this group is much more prevalent than the use of Cannabis.

OTERI: I agree. Today, pot is smoked at every college campus, from Maine all the way across to Oregon. The ones we see in court are just the ones who are unlucky enough to get caught.

ANSLINGER: Well, I can quote Dr. Seevers, one of the American Medical Association's leading experts on drugs. He says, and these are his exact words, "If marijuana had universal appeal, one would expect to find it accepted and used socially in moderate amounts in Asia and Africa by a majority of the population, but on the contrary in most countries, regular users are held in low esteem."

FORT: Nonsense. In India, the caste that is held in the highest esteem of all—the Brahmans, or priests—are the heaviest Cannabis users. They're the religious ascetics you mentioned a minute ago. They use it in the form of bhang, a sort of milk shake made from marijuana leaves. In the Arabic countries, most of the adult population are users of another Cannabis drug, hashish—which comes from the resin of the Cannabis plant, unlike marijuana, which comes from the leaves, and is a much stronger drug than either marijuana or bhang. Throughout Africa, most tribes have some knowledge of marijuana or hashish or both. And in America, the whole pattern has changed in the past decade. Marijuana is definitely no longer the drug of such excluded minorities as the blacks and the Spanish Americans; it's smoked by people of all social classes, races, religions, occupations and ages.

FIEDLER: I'll agree with all of that except the last word. There is still a real split between the generations about pot, and people of 40 or over who have tried it are relatively few. In fact, I would say this particular generation gap might almost be called chemical warfare—the potheads versus the boozehheads. Actually,

though, it would be more accurate to call it religious warfare—but only the potheads realize that there is a religious issue at stake.

PLAYBOY: This religious argument is the basis of Dr. Timothy Leary's proselytizing for marijuana. He claims that we would all be better and wiser if we combined marijuana and silent meditation, as the Brahmans do, instead of alcohol and conversation. How do you gentlemen feel about that argument?

BURROUGHS: I agree. Americans would not only be better and wiser, as Leary says; they'd also be much less boring.

WATTS: I have smoked marijuana in places where it is quite legal and it can be a profound religious experience. Its use as an aid to meditation and yoga has been dated back to at least 700 A.D. If accompanied by such disciplines, marijuana can definitely give you a new insight into people's motivations and into how the world itself works. You don't have such a violent urgency about life; you are quieter, more at peace and have a very clear sensation of the continuity and harmony of your own being with all else. Isn't that what religion is all about?

ANSLINGER: That's ridiculous. A person under the influence of marijuana can get so violent that it takes about five policemen to hold him down.

FORT: Again, nonsense. There isn't a shred of evidence that marijuana in itself provokes violence.

BURROUGHS: I would certainly agree with Dr. Fort. After seeing people use all sorts of drugs—in the United States, Mexico, South America, Europe and North Africa—I have no hesitation in saying that Cannabis is the least harmful of all the drugs in common use, with the exception of coffee and tea, of course. I have never seen anyone become violent while using Cannabis.

COBURN: It's not that simple. I think that some people might become violent while on pot. But you should look at the whole background in such a case. More than likely, there is a psychological disturbance present to begin with, and then the individual is soaked in our violence-crammed mass media until he thinks the only answer to every problem is the quick, violent solution. If he happens to be smoking weed when he commits his crime, this is probably the least significant of all the factors that lead him to blow up. And, frankly, I'm inclined to suspect that the effect is usually the opposite. There are probably countless people walking the streets today who have been prevented from attacking others because they sat down and smoked a joint instead and it pacified them. On the other hand, if they had gone into a bar and gotten blind drunk, they might have come roaring out in an alcoholic

rage, looked for the guy they were sore at and really blasted him.

BURROUGHS: I'm sure of it; alcohol provokes more crimes than any other drug in the world. But getting back to pot itself, I would like to point out that the La Guardia Commission Report of 1944 reached the conclusion that it did not provoke violence, and so has every other scientific study I've looked at. The whole mythology of the pot-crazed killer or rapist is just something dreamed up by the tabloids.

ANSLINGER: Rubbish. Alcohol is always dragged into the conversation when people are defending marijuana, but it's just irrelevant. It has nothing to do with the drug problem. I want to make it very clear that this supposedly harmless marijuana smoking is regarded by several doctors as a sign of incipient insanity. And there's a lot of evidence that marijuana even causes psychosis directly. Doctors in India, Egypt and Indonesia have presented proof that continued use of hashish results in commitment to mental hospitals.

FORT: These studies from the Eastern world are based on anecdotes and personal estimates. There are no valid statistics based on scientifically controlled experiments from those areas.

OTERI: In the Boston trial where I first attempted to have the anti-marijuana laws declared unconstitutional, one witness for the prosecution quoted the very same studies. When I cross-examined him, he didn't even know if the determination of psychosis had been made by a psychiatrist or a ward attendant.

BURROUGHS: I have lived eight years in Morocco, where Cannabis is used by a large percentage of the population, and I've never seen or heard of a case of psychosis that could be attributed to the drug. Local doctors I've talked with confirmed this impression.

FIEDLER: I think we have to get back to the religious aspect in order to understand drug prejudices. Drugs have always been considered either sacred or diabolical. The background of drug use in history involves charms, magic potions, holy sacraments and Devil's orgies. In more advanced societies, the same cluster of ideas carries over into our modern distinctions between legal intoxicants, which are good, and illegal dope, which is bad. But that is purely a matter of social definition. In the Moslem countries, for example, it is Cannabis that is the legal intoxicant and alcohol the illegal dope. Let me add that these prejudices, although irrational, are not arbitrary. Each society permits the chemical aids that reinforce its own basic values. A quietist society will prefer the opiates, while an aggressive society such as ours will prefer alcohol. The Moslems, like our young people, choose Cannabis,

which puts them in a third category entirely.

RAM DASS: Precisely. Every religion is a way of arriving at a certain state of consciousness and every society is based on a particular religion. Naturally, since any state of consciousness can be induced by a specific drug or group of drugs, you are going to find each society accepting certain drugs and bitterly condemning others. I myself have given up pot—and LSD—but not because I think they are bad. I quit because of personal reasons—first, because I'm doing *prana-yam* breath control and that doesn't mix with psychedelics; and, second, I don't want to break the law, since that leads to fear and paranoia. But I am not putting these drugs down. I honor them.

FORT: I think there's a misleading implication in overstressing metaphysics in all this. The fact is that America is a drug-prone society. Adults have set this standard by their own behavior and, even more, by the advertising they allow on all the mass media. If there's one message that comes through sharp and clear in all American advertising, it's that every time you have a pain, a problem or trouble of any sort, there's a salesman just around the corner who has the snake oil that you need. After all, this is the age of "better living through chemistry." Pop a pep pill to cram for an examination. Pop a barbiturate to get to sleep at night. Pop a tranquilizer or gulp a martini if you're nervous about a social occasion. And, of course, our teenagers have all been pre-conditioned to marijuana by cigarette commercials, which all play on the theme of escapism and suggest that you can find some magical release from the ills of the flesh by putting a dried plant in paper, lighting it and inhaling the result. It isn't really much of a step from that to marijuana; and pot, of course, seems to have the advantage that it really gives you a boost and tobacco doesn't.

FINLATOR: I think a better way to put it is that America is as affluent in drugs as it is in all other commodities. Then, too, we have a tendency to abuse almost anything, certainly including marijuana. Some of the panelists seem to overlook that fact. The dangers of Cannabis have been exaggerated and the penalties are often excessive, but I think it's a mistake to gloss over the potential problems.

PLAYBOY: What are those problems?

FINLATOR: The basic danger is getting caught up in what Dr. Fort calls the drug-prone society. Marijuana is psychologically addicting to certain people. It has a tendency to assist in the transformation of personality and in moving the young chronic user into a subculture where he feels safe from society. This is one of the *real* problems.

RAM DASS: The biggest danger is getting caught by the law, not by a subculture.

ANSLINGER: Again, that's ridiculous. The men best qualified to speak on this subject, who have seen the harm Cannabis drugs can do, are Indian physicians such as Dr. Isawar C. Chopra, who has stated flatly and unequivocally that Cannabis does lead to psychosis.

OTERI: I got Dr. Chopra on the stand in Boston, under cross-examination, and he admitted that his studies did not involve a valid scientific sample and didn't really connect marijuana and insanity in any cause-and-effect fashion.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the validity of these studies in other countries, many American physicians still believe that marijuana is a dangerous drug. The American Medical Association and the National Research Council's joint committee on drugs issued a statement to that effect late in 1968.

OTERI: I question the competence of the men on that committee. You have to understand the difference between a real expert and a phony expert. A true expert in this area is someone who has done therapy, research, clinical work or field studies, preferably all four, and has been deeply involved in firsthand experience for years. There are very few such experts on marijuana, but there are, on the other hand, many pseudo experts who, by virtue of a medical degree or by having someone ghostwrite articles for them, claim to be knowledgeable. And I'm skeptical of this country's medical societies. These societies all have drug committees, and a person can be a specialist in ingrown toenails or something else totally unrelated to marijuana and get himself put on a drug committee, eventually ending up as chairman and signing documents written by somebody else, thereby giving himself standing as an expert.

FINLATOR: That's a rather bold, yet safe, statement for a lawyer to make. Certainly, these men are competent and experienced. I think the young reader should at least listen to these doctors and not just toss them off as incompetent on Mr. Oteri's authority.

BURROUGHS: Doctors, however, are a variegated lot, like any other profession, with the usual incidence of stupidity and psychosis. Anybody can line up a few doctors to say *anything* he wants said.

FORT: The A. M. A. statement about marijuana being dangerous was based on a study of some 30 heroin addicts imprisoned in the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, who were administered varying amounts of ordinary smoking marijuana, an oral extract of crude marijuana and tetrahydrocannabinol, the active agent in all Cannabis drugs. With low doses of each of these substances, the subjects experienced the same high that people get with social marijuana smoking; but with increased dosages of the concentrated

extract, or THC, most of them showed marked perceptual changes. The experimenter, Dr. Harris Isbell, called these alterations of consciousness hallucinations or psychotic reactions. This, of course, merely confirms an axiom of psychopharmacology: With increasing doses of any drug, different and usually more dangerous responses occur. It would have been more correct, therefore, to say that marijuana, like all other drugs, including aspirin, can be dangerous if used in excess. As for the changes in perception, these can be described as psychotic reactions and hallucinations, of course, but also as consciousness expansion or religious vision, but that depends upon the prejudices of the person making the judgment.

RAM DASS: Exactly. A person can be called a lunatic in one place and a saint in another for reporting the same kind of spiritual experience. In India, many of the people we lock up would be called "God intoxicants" and given religious sanctuary. Nowadays, in America, anybody can be locked up as psychotic if two psychiatrists will sign a certificate to that effect. And the horror is that they will sometimes do that if the person sees reality differently than they do.

FORT: True, but I must add that some marijuana reactions are extremely unpleasant. I have seen people really in a panic over such experiences. However, the problem has always cleared up within a short period of time and hasn't resulted in permanent psychosis. Also, the incidence of this transitory type of psychotomimetic behavior is quite small in comparison with the number of marijuana users past and present and the number of times the drug has been taken by these users. Still, it definitely is something that any potential user should be made aware of.

PLAYBOY: What does marijuana do that gives pleasure to most of its users?

OTERI: I can't answer that personally, since I've never blown grass myself, but what users generally describe is an intensification of pleasure in sight, sound and the other senses, together with a general glow of well-being. Since I'm a hedonist myself and none of the alleged evidence of harmful side effects is convincing, that's all the justification pot needs, in my opinion. What's wrong with pleasure, pure and simple? If somebody has more noble effects to describe, I'd be interested, but I really don't think such arguments are necessary. If something is pleasurable and harmless, I say let people have it.

WATTS: I agree. Marijuana is a superb tranquilizer and, when used in a group setting, it creates much more humor— I might even say hilarious—sociability than any other drug I can think of. Sometimes I suspect that the vegetable kingdom is intelligent and had an enormous committee meeting a long time

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ago, at which it was decided to provide a remedy for every poison. Pot may be a specific remedy for the bad effects of alcohol. Not only is it medically useful in treating alcohol withdrawal but it also has helped calm down the country at a time when alcoholic bad tempers are steadily raising our violent-crime rate.

RAM DASS: Social use certainly leads to the hilarity Mr. Watts describes, but the heightening of the senses is most acute when you use Cannabis in an isolated setting as part of solitary contemplation.

FORT: I'll agree with all that's been said about pleasure, relaxation and contemplation: marijuana has brought such relief to millions, although some people get nothing out of it. Its chief beneficial effect, however, has been to significantly reduce unemployment for tens of thousands of drug policemen. Let me add that there are also certain good effects that are much less subjective than the aesthetic or sensual experience of the user.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

FORT: The drug is widely used to treat diseases in Asia and Africa. It was also used medicinally in Europe and America until the last century. If the drug police were not so hostile to such research, we might find out if this ancient folk medicine has any significant contemporary usefulness. My own observations, in countries where Cannabis is still used medically, suggest that it may be helpful in treating depression, stimulating appetite, alleviating headaches, lowering high blood pressure and producing sedation or relaxation. In David Solomon's anthology, *The Marijuana Papers*, there are even two extremely suggestive clinical papers indicating that marijuana may be better for some mental patients than any tranquilizer currently in use. But we would know a lot more about this if Federal and state laws and policies didn't prevent research in this area.

ANSLINGER: You must be joking. The American Medical Association, the World Health Organization and the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs have all stated that marijuana has no medical uses and should be considered a social menace. We don't need any more research to show that. I challenge you to name one doctor who has reported a beneficial medical effect of marijuana, outside of the backward areas of the world and that 19th Century folk medicine you were mentioning.

FORT: I'll name two: Lloyd J. Thompson, M. D., professor of psychiatry at Bowman Gray School of Medicine, and George T. Stockings, M. B., one of England's most honored experimental psychiatrists. The reason there aren't more in this country is because of you. Theoretically, any physician can get a tax stamp to do this type of research; but for years, the only ones who have been able to get these licenses are those whose research leads to the

conclusions the Government wants. You have led this country to treat scientific questions, at least in the area of drugs, the way such matters were handled in the Middle Ages. Fortunately, the National Institute of Mental Health has sponsored some unbiased research in the past few years; but that research should have been done decades ago, and every state should permit and encourage it.

FINLATOR: Still, there is no *proven* medical use for marijuana today, whatever Dr. Fort may care to speculate about the matter.

PLAYBOY: Before things get too heated, let's move on to another aspect of the marijuana issue—the alleged relationship between pot and hard narcotics, such as heroin. Do you think marijuana is really a steppingstone to more dangerous drugs, as its critics allege?

ANSLINGER: As I have repeatedly stated, the danger of progression to hard stuff always lurks in the background for the user of marijuana. Marijuana is always a scourge that undermines its victims and degrades them mentally, morally and physically. The files of my former bureau and every local narcotics squad, as well as studies done at Lexington, show that the vast majority of heroin users started their drug taking with marijuana. Neither I nor the bureau says that every pot smoker goes on to heroin or morphine, but the person who starts using marijuana is looking for abnormal kicks, and after a while, marijuana won't be enough and he'll want to go on to something stronger.

OTERI: I'd like to see somebody prove that. In our Massachusetts test case, the testimony of our experts and the cross-examinations of those testifying for the prosecution established that there is no evidence whatever of a causal relationship between pot and the true narcotics. The fact that things sometimes occur in sequence does not prove cause and effect. The figures cited say nothing about the much greater number of marijuana users, in the millions, who never use hard drugs. And if Americans were asked to be completely honest about their drug usage, we would probably find that alcohol and tobacco were their first illegal drugs, with some of them moving on later to marijuana and then a few moving to heroin. Does that prove a causal relationship between alcohol and heroin? I'm sure that 100 percent of heroin addicts drank either mother's milk or synthetic formula in infancy, but that doesn't prove a thing, either.

PLAYBOY: Another charge made against marijuana is that it leads its devotees to lose interest in ordinary social goals—to become dropouts. Is there any truth to that?

ANSLINGER: Certainly. The marijuana smoker is very prone to asocial behavior

and withdrawal. The economic consequences of having a nation of potheads would be dreadful.

WATTS: It's not quite that clear-cut, either with marijuana or with the stronger psychedelics, or even with alcohol. We're all familiar with the skid rows where some alcoholics end up and the hippie quarters where the psychedelic dropouts can be found, but the reverse is also possible. Some hard drinkers are very successful in business and even in Government. I also know many people who have become more socially involved because of their use of LSD. I myself must say that since I have experimented with mescaline, LSD and other mind-altering drugs, I have become a far more active participant in politics. I was much more of a dropout *before* I turned on.

FIEDLER: I think we should make a distinction here. Taking drugs can be merely an accommodation to the *status quo* if the things you take are the accepted, value-reinforcing drugs of the society; for us, that would be cigarettes, booze, aspirin and tranquilizers. But it can be revolutionary if the drug opens you to new values outside the social framework. If to change yourself is really to change the world a little, then taking mind-altering chemicals such as pot and LSD is radical social action.

OTERI: Which comes first, the chicken or the egg? I think dropping out, at least psychologically, precedes the drug. A kid who smokes pot and then runs away from home and joins a hippie commune probably started to drop out, deep down inside, before he smoked his first marijuana cigarette. This is obvious, I'd say, when you consider the number of pot smokers who are successful in business and never think of dropping out. Advertising is full of them. And then there are all the people who have been smoking pot since high school and are pursuing their studies in graduate school now. Some of them are even professors. And look at all the lawyers, writers, doctors and other professionals who just use it as a relaxant on weekends.

ANSLINGER: I wouldn't minimize the dropout problem and its economic consequences, but I'll grant you this: Though a lot of people seem to quit their jobs and just become loafers after trying marijuana or LSD, you'll find some of them have come back to their senses and are working again in a few months or years.

FORT: You just can't attribute Haight-Ashbury to pot and acid, any more than you can attribute skid row to alcohol; it's demonology to blame such things on a drug. The real cause is the alienating character of our society itself. Repressive family life, meaningless schools, pointless jobs, bigotry, wars, and intolerance everywhere: That's what people are reacting against when they drop out.

And that's why the themes of *Tarzan* and *Robinson Crusoe* are so popular and keep coming back in new movies and new TV shows. Some hippies have even left the urban communes and taken to the woods, literally trying to live out the *Tarzan* and *Robinson Crusoe* myths—and working hard, by the way, to develop alternate societies. You can't attribute that to a drug.

RAM DASS: I think that LSD, unlike pot, does cause people to drop out; but I think that's good. Pot is walking a foot off the ground; LSD is leaving the earth entirely and zooming across the galaxy at the speed of light. It cuts through your preconceived models of the universe and allows you to take a new look at everything. This often leads to rejection of your old life games and dropping out dramatically. You can hardly compare pot and acid at all.

FINLATOR: Oh, yes, you can; but the comparison is highly unfavorable to LSD. Although acid is one of the most intriguing drugs man has discovered, it is also one of the most dangerous. That's why so many college students—who may still experiment with pot—give LSD a wide berth. They know from firsthand experience the terrible freak-outs it can cause, as well as the dropouts.

BURROUGHS: What's wrong with dropping out? To me, this is the whole point: one's right to withdraw from a social environment that offers no spiritual sustenance, and to *mind one's own business*.

PLAYBOY: Would any of you care to attempt a description of an LSD trip for the sake of those who have never had the experience?

WATTS: All my trips were under scientific administration, with pure Sandoz laboratory acid, when such research was still legal; and I never took more than 200 micrograms. The kids who are buying black-market acid these days, adulterated with God knows what, and dropping amounts like 500 or even 1000 micrograms, have much wilder and weirder trips, I'm sure. Speaking only for myself, I would say that you know the drug is starting to work when you suddenly feel a certain sad humor about the people back down there at ground level. They look so *frantic*, as if they have no conception of the importance of life. They seem to be fleeing from demons and have no time to stop and look at what's around them, in the present moment. But you, of course, have all the time in the world. As the experience progresses, you commonly notice a metallic taste on the tongue, a slight tendency to sweat, a slight rise in body temperature and a feeling of physical instability. LSD also highly intensifies the sense of color. The world becomes almost jewellike and light seems to come from inside things rather than falling upon them. You understand what the Ninth Century Irish

mystic Scotus Erigena meant when he said, "All things are lights."

With another psychedelic, DMT, or dimethyltryptamine, the light again comes from outside, as in normal vision, but falls in an odd way, and objects appear as though they were made of enameled tin or plastic, so that the experience has been referred to as the "plastic doll" and immortalized in rock lyrics. Under LSD, people look as though they were made of precious materials, spun gold, black onyx or living jewelry. With the eyes closed, I notice an elaboration of exquisitely kaleidoscopic patterns similar to the arabesques one sees in Persian and Moorish art and similar to patterns in nature exhibited by branching ferns and mosaics. An LSD experience is multi-dimensional and electronic, almost science-fictionish, compared with mescaline or psilocybin, which are more earthy and vegetative. As the hours pass, it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish between controlling and being controlled. That can be enormously confusing and disorienting; it's as if you were a puppet but at the same time an omnipotent God in charge of the whole universe. A direct contradiction, you see, and very mind-blowing to somebody who is a strict dualist, although it's well understood by Orientals and Africans and American Indians. If you try to describe it to a psychiatrist whose viewpoint is rigidly Occidental, he's apt to jot down in his little pad, "psychotic reaction"—like the Lexington experiment we discussed earlier. Fortunately, I was working with a very enlightened psychiatrist, who understood that the European way of looking at things is not the only valid way.

RAM DASS: Let me add a few comments to that. Your time sense changes on LSD. With a single note of music, you can feel the many gradations of the beginning, middle and end of the note, as well as changes in the thought processes behind the note, and so on. When you look at someone's face, you start to see the face change, become fluid and become a thousand faces, so that one woman becomes a harlot, a virgin, mother earth, child, adolescent, Lolita, the Virgin Mary and, in that sense, all women. You can also project a face either backward or forward in time and see that person as an infant or as a crone. The face often takes on a luminescent quality and the eyes become almost literal mirrors of the soul. You feel as if you're making a very deep contact with the person behind his defenses at a more profound level than one usually makes in social contact. Then you start to feel yourself disassociating from yourself. After this stage, you may feel as if you've merged with another human being or even into the environment itself. In Hinduism, this transcendent merging is called "becoming one with

the Atman." It's as if you've moved to a level of consciousness in which everything is seen as energy. It's in this state that one physicist yelled out, "This is the first time I've seen what was meant by $E=mc^2$!" You understand the equivalence of matter and energy, even if you can't understand Einstein's mathematics.

ANSLINGER: Come off it. Whatever sublime feelings the person on LSD *imagines*, the fact is that he's out of his head. He can't function in any normal way. He couldn't play chess, make a bed, run a cash register. I can tell you about a case in a fraternity house where they were having a weekend party. On a dare, one of the girls took a sugar cube in which there was a drop of LSD. She was out for two days and during that time, she was raped by a number of the fraternity boys; and when she came to, she said she realized that something terrible had happened to her.

FINLATOR: Quite true. The LSD tripper not only cannot function in his normal way, he doesn't *want* to. He should not, of course, drive a car or engage in any other activities requiring concentration or skill, and most don't. But to say that these drugs are expanders of the mind is pure bunk.

COBURN: I can't agree. In the days before it was against the law, I took both LSD and peyote several times under the supervision of a psychologist, in order to find out if it was possible to attain the religious experience associated with these drugs. I found it an exciting enrichment of my awareness and one that I would never have thought possible before in my ordinary life. It was an overwhelming warmth of emotion that we rarely allow ourselves to feel. I think it's a giant step, and it seems amazing to me that it's looked on as such an evil thing, when there are drugs that are far more dangerous.

BURROUGHS: It's pure bunk for Mr. Finlator to say that psychedelics aren't expanders of the mind. Any user can testify to the contrary, and to rule out their reports is to rule out all firsthand experience, that isn't scientific.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the other drugs and plants that are capable of producing effects similar to LSD, and how extensively are they being used and abused?

RAM DASS: There are basically five groups of psychedelic drugs: lysergic-acid derivatives, particularly LSD; phenylethylamine derivatives, such as mescaline, the active ingredient of the peyote cactus; triptamine derivatives, such as psilocybin; piperidyl benzilate esters, of which JB329, or Ditran, is an example; and phencyclidine, or Sernyl.

FORT: There are also a number of synthetics derived from the amphetamine structure. These include MDA, MDMA

and STP, which is dimethoxy-methylamphetamine. Since these drugs had no clinical testing prior to their black-market distribution, proper dosage was totally unknown and people often took amounts of STP that produced two- or three-day trips and numerous untoward side effects. As the proper dosage was worked out informally, bad reactions seemed to decrease.

WATTS: In pre-Columbian Mexico, the seeds of *ololiuqui*, a morning-glory plant, and *teonanacatl*, the mushroom now called *Psilocybe mexicana*, were used by the Aztecs. The same morning-glory seeds and synthetic psilocybin are now used in America for psychedelic experiences. In fact, Dr. Leary's research began with psilocybin, long before he started using LSD on his subjects and himself. The full range of psychedelic plants and substances is enormous, including nutmeg, the fly agaric mushroom and the Jimson-weed plant, which contains the alkaloids atropine and scopolamine. Fly agaric and atropine are really dangerous, since an overdose can kill you.

FORT: Perhaps the most important thing to emphasize here is the enormous variety of substances that are available to people seeking to alter their consciousness and, hence, the impossibility of ever controlling or eliminating this through criminal laws.

FINLATOR: Still, I'd like to get to the kind of people who are using LSD through a better education program—one they can believe. It's true that the young are attracted to it—often the very young, such as 13- and 14-year-old teenyboppers. It's not the drug of the intellectual; although he has a keen interest in it, he gives it a very wide berth, as I said earlier. What is particularly disturbing is the attraction of high school students to the drug. Hippies may have listened to Leary and Alpert too long and dropped out too far, but we all hope that our very young men and women will study the drug and reject it. So far, however, we've done a rather lousy job of communicating with them.

RAM DASS: I think Tim and I had really very little to do with that, or at least far less than you claim. To the public, it looks like only young people aged 15 to 25 use LSD, but, actually, this is like the top of the iceberg. Most of my correspondence has come from ministers, lawyers, nurses, doctors and other people quietly using it in their homes and communities. And you're wrong about LSD not being attractive to intellectuals. Neurotic superintellectuals, who use verbalism as a defense against feeling, may shun it, but many well-educated people are interested and ready. But I have never recommended that anyone take LSD. All I suggest to any other human being is that he become educated about the issue and make his own decision. It

seems to me that if there is one thing we've learned about LSD sessions, it's that there has to be a voluntary choice for it to be a meaningful experience. There is a point after you've taken it when it starts to affect your space and time domain and you get scared. At that point, if you feel that somebody has pressured you into taking the drug, you tend to become paranoid and think they want to freak you out or drive you crazy. If you've chosen to do it on your own, you have to face the fear instead of projecting it outward and facing your fears can be a tremendously valuable experience. I really think a normal individual would benefit from taking LSD. A normal person, in our society, is extremely alienated from his fellow man, from nature and even from his own body, and LSD can end all that.

WATTS: I agree that LSD can be an extremely useful tool for certain people, to use very occasionally to solve a specific problem or to get over a specific hurdle. But the idea of being a chronic LSD user is something I simply don't approve of at all.

FINLATOR: I must object even to that modified endorsement. Considering the Federal law making it illegal for anyone to possess LSD for other than medical or scientific purposes, I think it's very irresponsible for you people to directly or indirectly encourage LSD use. Even if it were not a matter of violating a criminal law, there are a number of experienced workers with LSD who indicate that even the normal individual may have an unpredictable response that may be very dangerous for him. At best, it should be considered an experimental drug and its use very carefully controlled.

BURROUGHS: That I will accept. LSD may be safe for others, but it isn't safe for me. The two times I took it were nightmarish.

WATTS: Nothing I said was meant to urge others to try LSD. I stopped being a clergyman because I didn't feel like preaching to people. I don't have the missionary instinct at all and, therefore, I don't feel very much inclined to be a missionary for LSD.

RAM DASS: As for me, I think Mr. Finlator's whole approach is dead wrong. To talk about "controlled" research with LSD is an absurdity. Only a very naïve person believes that such control is remotely relevant to what LSD is all about. The environment, the motivations of the researchers and many other factors have tremendous effects on the LSD experience. Bringing orthodox scientific method into this reminds me of the drunk who lost his watch in the dark alley but went looking for it under the street light because there was more light there. It scares scientists to think about experience for which there are no symbols and events that don't involve measurable

physical energies. Nevertheless, that is the stuff of which the LSD experience is made, and it is fallacious to reject it because it doesn't fit into what you can measure.

FORT: Should we all abandon our involvements and concerns, take Hindu names, give up science and become priests?

RAM DASS: Not at all. You just have to recognize that this area of knowledge is experiential rather than strictly experimental. Like the archaeologist, you have to go out of the controlled situation of the laboratory into the raw field of nature itself, because that's where the information is.

FINLATOR: Mr. Ram Dass can't seem to lose his past identity as Richard Alpert, LSD evangelist. He criticizes present scientific method but offers no alternative except veiled suggestions that everybody should take a trip. Research should certainly continue, but not that sort of research.

WATTS: Yes, I wouldn't be so eager to gather data that I'd let just anybody try LSD. First of all, I would take a great deal of trouble to find out who might or might not be on the edge of a psychotic abyss and might therefore experience some bad effects with the drug.

RAM DASS: A bad trip can be as valuable as a good trip. An eight-hour horror show can teach you a great deal, once you realize that the drug didn't create it but only triggered it and that it was all inside you even before you took the drug.

BURROUGHS: Yes, a bad trip can be valuable—if you ever get back.

FINLATOR: Right. I must repeat that all this evangelizing is terribly irresponsible. I can't recommend that a person take LSD under any conditions, unless it is in a medical, clinical situation, and perhaps not even there. This drug is the most powerful and probably the most dangerous known to man. Its effects upon human beings are absolutely unpredictable. Even people who have taken a number of doses sometimes don't meet their Waterloo until maybe the 30th trip. The question one should ask himself is, since the drug is so powerful and unpredictable, should I play a game of chemical Russian roulette? The well-adjusted individual will answer in the negative, I am sure.

PLAYBOY: Just how widespread is the use of LSD-type psychedelics?

FORT: I would estimate that more than 1,000,000 Americans have used either LSD or a similar strong psychedelic.

RAM DASS: Tim Leary estimates that the figure is over 4,000,000.

FORT: Well, when you're dealing with behavior that has become illegal, you can never really know. This much, however, I'm fairly sure about: Most people who have experimented on themselves this way have been scared off either by bad

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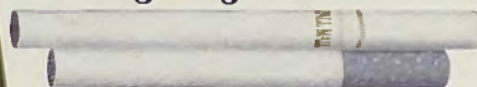
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trips or by the growing legal repression. I'd say that the number of regular users of LSD, psilocybin, morning-glory seeds and so forth is only in the tens of thousands. However, there is also a much larger group, the 200,000 American Indian members of the Native American Church, who use peyote regularly as part of their religious ceremonies. Interestingly enough, abuse of the drug just doesn't seem to occur. Quite the contrary, anthropologists unanimously agree that the peyote religion has been a good influence in Indian life. Members of this church practically never become alcoholics or criminals and are generally very stable, moral and happy persons.

RAM DASS: LSD could play the same role in the lives of non-Indian Americans, if it weren't for the bigotry of Government officials. I was an atheist back in 1960 and I never would have gone to India, taken up meditation and become a religious man if acid hadn't forced me to recognize that there are areas of the human mind that Western psychology has never charted. The great Oriental myths are maps for those areas, once you learn to decode their symbolism.

BURROUGHS: Certainly, many important insights carry over after the drug has worn off. Under the influence of mescaline, I have had the experience of fully seeing a painting for the first time. Later, I could have the same experience with the painting without taking the drug again. Other permanent insights also occur, so that one exposure to a mind-expanding drug may enrich you for life. But I must insist that all of these drugs can be treacherous and unpredictable.

FORT: Actually, the bad trip has been so sensationalized by the press that some of you may be incredulous when I say this, but my impression is that only about one LSD trip in a thousand has really unpleasant consequences. I don't want to minimize the danger when I say that but merely to put it into perspective. Most of the unpleasant consequences, also, are just acute panic or psychotic reactions; in spite of the press's melodramatic harping on suicides occurring during such panics, such deaths are still extremely rare, although these risks are greater for the young, the unprepared, the poorly guided and the illegal user. Alcohol, tobacco, war and guns are the really lethal problems on the American scene, in a large way, and abuse of LSD is a microscopic menace by comparison. But it has major risks, and I can't support the mystical evangelism of Dr. Leary and Ram Dass.

RAM DASS: I stick to my position: It should be the privilege of any rational, responsible adult to take LSD as long as it is not destructive of other human beings. But I have also proposed that we create centers for the LSD experience in the same way

universities are settings for training the rational mind; and that LSD users should be licensed only after extensive training and psychiatric examination, the same way we license airplane pilots.

ANSLINGER: That is the type of absurd proposal that Aldous Huxley made, that the individual be permitted to achieve euphoria any way he desires to get away from the reality of life. Only a disordered mind would entertain such a proposal. It is utterly monstrous and ridiculous.

RAM DASS: Historically, politicians in positions such as yours have usually been frightened of new and powerful things like LSD because they sense a real threat to their vested interests. I think we can safely leave it to the readers of *PLAYBOY* to determine if I have a disordered mind.

PLAYBOY: Is there any foundation in fact for the allegations that LSD leads to blindness, death or birth defects?

FIEDLER: As I recall the blindness scare, it was a crude fraud carried out by a high state official in Pennsylvania, who deliberately falsified the medical records of six male college students to make it appear that their blindness had been due to the use of LSD, although it was entirely from unrelated causes.

FINLATOR: Since we in the Government are sometimes accused of scare tactics, let me point out that the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs helped discover the truth in that case. We have not been able to find in this instance—nor in any other reported case of blindness alleged to have come from LSD's causing someone to stare into the sun—that there was any evidence for such charges, and we have said so frankly.

RAM DASS: The birth-defect yarn is much more complicated and reminds me of the famous controversy in astronomy about the canals of Mars. The astronomers who wanted to believe in intelligent Martians saw canals that could have been created only by design, but the astronomers who didn't like the idea of another intelligent race so close to Earth merely saw canals that looked like natural formations. Both groups were looking with equally accurate telescopes. On the subject of chromosome damage, you're looking through a microscope instead of a telescope, but evidently you still see what you want to see. I might add that one of the values of psychedelics is that they make you realize how much of the alleged reality "out there" is really just "in here," constructed by your own brain.

FORT: You can learn that, without psychedelics, in any class on perception psychology. But to be more specific about the chromosome story, it all began about two years ago, with a New York geneticist, then unknown both in his own field and in LSD research, who made a brief tour of Haight-Ashbury and

was sufficiently horrified by the hippies to rush back to his laboratory to prove that LSD was harmful. Quickly thereafter, the usually careful journal *Science* hurried into print this man's study based upon the extremely small sample of three people's white blood cells, two of them "normals" and the third a schizophrenic who had received not only LSD but other mind-altering drugs and a series of electroshock treatments. The white blood cells of the two other subjects were exposed to varying strengths of LSD in test tubes and then all three were reported to show a significant increase in chromosomal breakage, a finding that was sensationally pyramided by the newspapers into the yarn that LSD had been shown to cause human birth defects. Then the other side went to work, repeated the experiments—and didn't find the alleged chromosome damage. For a while, the studies were evenly divided between those who found some evidence of increased chromosomal breakage and those who didn't. However, the latest studies ruled out the factor of prejudice by using control groups and the well-known "double-blind" tactic; that is, the people who evaluated the blood samples didn't know whose blood they were looking at, the LSD users' or the non-users'. They were unable to find any effect of LSD on white blood cells and no one has ever shown it to cause birth defects.

RAM DASS: The interesting thing was the tactics used to sensationalize this story. The general newspaper-reading public, for instance, was never told that there is no scientific knowledge that definitely links damaged chromosomes in the blood to damaged chromosomes in the reproductive system. In other words, even if the blood-chromosome story had been true, it wouldn't have proved anything about birth defects.

FORT: And the public wasn't told, either, that similar evidence of damage to blood chromosomes has been reported in connection with such widely used products as coffee, alcohol, nicotine, DDT and aspirin. Now that would have created a real panic if the papers had cared to publicize it.

FINLATOR: The studies of the effect of LSD on chromosomes are certainly far from conclusive, but until we know a great deal more, I would strongly urge all pregnant women to stay away from psychedelics, especially during the first trimester.

FORT: Certainly; the first three months are crucial. I would add that the pregnant woman should also avoid, during those months, such socially accepted drugs as caffeine, nicotine and alcohol, as well as exposure to viruses and any form of radiation. There are 250,000 American children born each year with birth defects mostly of unknown origin and, in a culture where most people haven't

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used LSD, it is irresponsible to keep harping on that and ignore all the other possible and confirmed sources of damage to the embryo.

FINLATOR: True. But before we turn to another subject, let me add that while I cheerfully grant everything Dr. Fort has said about sensationalism and exaggeration in this area—and I'll even volunteer my own opinion, based on FDA investigations, that reports of violence against others by LSD users, when checked out, usually are found to be untrue—this is still a dangerous drug. The possibilities of acute panic reaction, depression, psychosis and violence against oneself are quite real. People have, in fact, jumped out of windows to escape the unconscious forces this drug unleashes. Art Linkletter is trying to tell the young to learn from the tragedy of his own daughter.

ANSLINGER: Let's not minimize violence to others. There was that student in Brooklyn who killed his mother-in-law while he was on an acid trip.

WATTS: We'll never know what role LSD played in that tragedy. After all, *most* people want to kill their mothers-in-law. Besides, it came out later that he had been on dozens of other drugs in addition to LSD.

RAM DASS: In my experience, there has been virtually no significant amount of violence of any kind as a result of LSD. Look into any case where this is alleged and you'll almost always find that the individual in question was mixing acid with Methedrine, a drug that is known to produce paranoia in chronic users. Almost always, it was the Meth that was the real culprit.

PLAYBOY: On the positive side, how do you gentlemen evaluate the claims about increased creativity and the other benefits that are alleged to derive from LSD and the other psychedelics?

FINLATOR: LSD is a complete bust in that respect, contrary to the claims of its cultists. One researcher at Yale found no positive results after testing volunteer graduate students. LSD users talk about creativity, but they don't do anything about it. The painter who uses acid stops painting and *talks* art. The graduate student is full of cosmic plans but never starts one of them. The world of fantasy replaces the world of reality. Acidheads begin to neglect their personal appearance and become so introspective that they contribute nothing to the world. As to their claims about a new understanding of self, God and the universe; well, they could have acquired understanding through logical thinking—without drugs.

WATTS: I couldn't disagree more. Having seen some of the more recent works that have come out of psychedelic experiences, I think LSD has been very beneficial. These works are a return of glory to Western art. We haven't had anything

like it since illuminated manuscripts and stained-glass windows. It's difficult to estimate its value in literature. I can only say from my own point of view that I have derived all kinds of ideas for lectures and writing from it.

FIEDLER: Literature has always been drug-ridden. In particular, poets, whose function is to celebrate whatever transcends the ordinary, are eager to celebrate drugs. They are also likely to note an analogy between the way the mind opens in the course of artistic creation and what happens under the stimulation of the "holy" kind of chemicals. Until recently, many American writers always thought of alcohol as representing or even being their muse. This has given them the privilege of believing themselves in the same tradition as the Homeric poets, who never touched a lyre without drinking a ceremonial goblet of wine. Marijuana and heroin have inspired the songs of other poets, of course. Poetry itself, in fact, is a drug in the sense in which I use the word, though it proceeds *out* of the mouth rather than into it. Poets are, therefore, less terrified of drugs than, say, bankers or real-estate salesmen. Yet, poets know the terror of mind expansion, too—the danger of walking into the world of magic, which is the danger of no return, as all the myths tell us, from Gilgamesh right up to *The Fellowship of the Ring*.

BURROUGHS: I'll agree that the literature of drug use is voluminous. In the last few years, there has been a deluge of subjective reports describing LSD, peyote and psilocybin experiences, and very dull reading it is, for the most part. The successful use of the drug experience depends on the skill of the writer. But it has been my impression that any sedative drug that decreases awareness—the narcotics, barbiturates, excessive alcohol and so forth—also decreases the author's ability to create.

COBURN: Exactly. One set of drugs puts you to sleep and the other set wakes you up, for the first time in your life. Of course, waking up can be pretty painful for some people. In the research I know about, the subjects who have the worst trips are psychologists and psychiatrists—apparently because they have made adjustment and submission to society as it is such an important goal in their lives.

RAM DASS: Different drugs definitely seem to affect the artist in different ways, as one would expect. You can almost relate the changes in serious popular music to the changes in drug fashions. Early Dixieland was largely shaped by alcohol and the more complex developments—Chicago style and so forth—came in when jazz musicians discovered pot. Then you had a lot of them turning to heroin in the Forties and you got the very introverted progressive jazz. Rock 'n' roll came in with a return to marijuana and a rejection of heroin. The recent tendencies in

heavy rock are all connected with the stronger psychedelics and I would say that 90 percent of the rock industry, which is shaping the minds of the young today in a very dramatic way, has been linked to acid.

COBURN: Certainly there are plenty of psychedelic themes in rock songs like *Mr. Tambourine Man*, *Mind Gardens*, *Flying High*, *Mother's Little Helper*, *The Crystal Ship*, *Brain Police* and lots of others. This comes from use of the drugs or from association with other musicians who have been turned on. After all, the real significance of the LSD trip is not the experiences that you can put into words, because you know they are all drug induced; it's something else that lets you go inside your head and find the real center of gravity of your being, as in Oriental meditation. It's like a sequence we had in *The President's Analyst* where we show two people making love on a hilltop while spies are killing one another all around them; the lovers are encircled by violence, and yet their attention is on love. Most of the critics missed the point and, even though the movie was full of references to drugs, they didn't realize that that sequence was an allegory on the kaleidoscopic shocks of the LSD trip and the calm center of serenity in the middle of it all. Mixed-media shows are another approach to the same theme; with these devices, you create astounding things—fantastic, beautiful, sometimes hideous entities—that exist only for a moment. But the point is not this retinal circus, as it has been called, but the light, the pure light, that permeates it all.

BURROUGHS: Yes; and, going back a bit, I want to disagree with Mr. Finlator's statement that you can achieve this kind of awareness through logic. Actually, logic—the linear, Aristotelian way of thinking—can put you in touch with only a very small area of reality, as Marshall McLuhan and the semanticists have pointed out. But consciousness expansion is certainly not dependent upon drugs. One means of altering consciousness is Scientology. I have recently taken courses on this in England. Some of the students were former users of Cannabis and LSD and they assured me they had never accomplished as much with either of those drugs. I feel that nonchemical techniques such as this have a more positive role to play than any chemical methods. Let me stress this very strongly: Anything that can be accomplished by chemical means can also be accomplished by other means, given sufficient knowledge of the processes involved. Recent experiments show that brain waves can be controlled and turned on or off at will. Any trip you want will soon be available without drugs.

WATTS: I won't comment on Scientology, about which I know nothing, but the Orient has dozens of varieties of meditation

and yoga that yield the same basic experience as LSD. The trouble is, it takes an awfully long time to get anywhere with these methods, and most Westerners just don't have the patience. But if you take a few psychedelic trips first, then you're ready to use meditation fruitfully. You have the hang of it. Certainly, LSD has made meditation much easier for me.

PLAYBOY: Some theologians claim that the chemically induced mystical experience is valueless because one hasn't earned it. How would you answer that?

WATTS: Aldous Huxley answered it, years ago, when he pointed out that this objection ignores the traditional Christian teaching of gratuitous grace. This is specifically a gift of God that *isn't* earned. My own answer is more sardonic. I just say this objection proves what I've always suspected: that if you scratch a WASP, you find a Christian Scientist. The WASPs, both in England and America, are very much under the influence of the Cartesian split between mind and body and, therefore, they despise the body. Naturally, they can't understand LSD, any more than they can understand Oriental religions, which seem quaint and comical to them. But early Christianity was different, not only in recognizing gratuitous grace but in the whole sacramental tradition of spiritual gifts from such material substances as water, bread, wine and oil. You see, primitive Christianity was materialistic as well as spiritual: The two were not separated. Since Descartes, we have separated them and we think we are materialistic. Actually, we are merely abstract, or mentalistic. A materialistic culture would not turn the world into a junk yard full of poison gas, the way we have done.

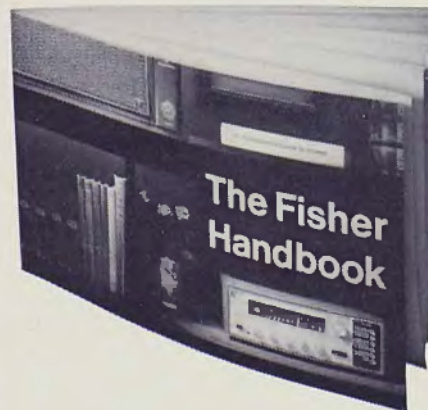
RAM DASS: Amen. The so-called materialistic American lives entirely for mental satisfactions—game rewards, as Tim Leary says. Money and status are very abstract, especially when the price of getting them is the reduction of the real, material world to a more and more lethal cross between a swamp and a penal colony. The real materialists are up in the hills, living in hippie communes and breathing unpolluted air. As for the more basic religious question: One of the holiest men I met in the Himalayas told me that LSD is the form in which God came to America. My own guru asked me for some acid one day and took 900 micrograms—a fantastic dose. I watched him in horror, but nothing happened. He didn't change at all. You can explain that any way you choose.

FORT: I want to get back to something that doesn't sound so paradoxical to the ordinary American. LSD and the other psychedelics have additional uses beyond possibly turning people into nature mystics or fresh-air lovers. There have been a number of clinical studies in which

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these drugs have been found effective in treating chronic alcoholics, heroin addicts and schizophrenic children, among others. There have also been positive results using LSD to bring peace of mind to terminal-cancer patients.

RAM DASS: An outstanding example is Aldous Huxley, who took one last acid trip the day he died of cancer. His wife reports that he was in pure bliss at the moment of death, like some Oriental or early Christian saint. Compare this with the ugly horror of most cancer deaths.

FORT: Even more impressive is the potential these drugs may have for treatment not just of specific pathologies such as addiction and childhood schizophrenia but for the entire spectrum of character disorders and mental problems. It's a scandal the way this has been swept under the carpet by our national practice of one-dimensional viewing-with-alarm.

PLAYBOY: Methedrine is one of the few drugs, along with heroin, that many young people have themselves been crusading against. Just how dangerous are the speed drugs?

FINLATOR: Pretty hazardous in the case of methamphetamine, which is the drug originally called speed. The other amphetamines pose some problems, too, but should not be confused with meth, which is the one that led hippies to spread the warning "Speed kills." Although there is no physical dependence created, one may easily develop a very compulsive type of habit, and the cumulative effect often involves hallucinations of a definitely paranoid cast, leading to aggressive and antisocial behavior. You can also see a rather clear-cut impairment of mental functioning in general, loss of emotional control, poor judgment and occasional toxic psychoses. Let me emphasize, lest I be accused of terror tactics, that these things happen only after a long period of heavy abuse.

BURROUGHS: I won't challenge a word of that. There is no medical excuse for amphetamines, especially meth, and no indication that people who appear to need them at a given time could not get the same benefits from safer stimulants, such as caffeine. All types of speed are extremely injurious to health and the chronic user almost always ends up with a paranoid mentality and, frequently, with hallucinations that confirm his delusional suspicions. I think we should stop the whole ugly scene by prohibiting the manufacture of these worthless chemicals.

WATTS: I know how badly off some speed freaks get, but using it occasionally isn't all that bad. I have taken doses up to ten milligrams when I had a great deal of work to finish in a hurry. It gives you a burst of energy and increased mental clarity. But I am very cautious about abusing anything of this sort, so I haven't explored it much.

FINLATOR: One of the worst aspects is the withdrawal period, after the user has been on speed a long time. Again, I don't want to exaggerate; it isn't nearly as terrible as the withdrawal experienced by heroin or barbiturate addicts or alcoholics. But it is extremely painful and leads to depressions, often including the paranoid hallucinations Mr. Burroughs mentioned.

RAM DASS: The whole speed scene is pretty sad. Some go through a period where they get stuck in the same fantasies over and over again. The trip can take several years, but there are a lot of people who have been through it and finally come out the other side. It doesn't seem to have the lifelong addictive properties of heroin.

COBURN: Yes, but those years are all wasted. Since my wife and I have been working at the Free Clinic in Los Angeles, I've seen a lot of methheads and the picture is really pitiful. Speed really fries your brain.

BURROUGHS: Let me say another word about the paranoia associated with Methedrine. There's a rationale to it; the user's friends really *do* turn against him. They lock their doors and pretend to be out, because they can't listen to his rantings any longer. You see, the typical Meth reaction is an interminable, rambling, very agitated monolog.

RAM DASS: We're all talking as if the methheads, who shoot speed right into the arm, like heroin addicts, are the most dangerous abusers of amphetamine drugs. Not true at all. Many of our Government officials drop amphetamine pep pills at a fantastic rate, especially the ones who have to jet around the world for conferences every week. They think they're using it only to keep alert, but many of them really have the habit. The American people should seriously consider the extent to which our entire international policy is shaped by people who are chronic users of a drug known to produce paranoia and irrational hostility.

FORT: You're exaggerating. My own observations in Washington and the state capitals suggest that the most abused drug in Government circles is alcohol. The real amphetamine scandal is the casual way it is prescribed by doctors who ought to know better. In a recent typical year, the American people consumed 153,000 pounds of amphetamines—and 971,000 pounds of barbiturates, which are even more dangerous—all obtained through doctors' prescriptions. Obviously, a lot of these physicians should go back to medical school and learn about abuse of drugs.

ANSLINGER: That's another red herring. There's no real problem of overprescribing by physicians in creating drug abuse. The illicit market is the big problem.

FORT: Many people would like to think so, but, actually, sedatives, stimulants and tranquilizers are now used by about

25,000,000 Americans, with a significant portion involving misuse and abuse. This includes barbiturate addictions, amphetamine psychosis and deaths from accidental or deliberate overdoses. The widely publicized use of speed by some young people is small in comparison with the use of Benzedrine, Dexedrine and Preludin by respectable middle-class adults getting it from their physicians and pharmacists.

BURROUGHS: I would add that all evidence indicates that the amphetamines and barbiturates on the illicit market are obtained from the legal market. These drugs are overproduced by respectable corporations, and that's the source of underground supply.

RAM DASS: I don't think anybody should be blamed for that. An individual does what he chooses to do, and in this society, there is always a way to do it. What you should do is educate people or get them turned on to something else, so that amphetamines and barbiturates don't appeal to them as much.

FORT: Instead of trying to switch people from one group of drugs to another, I'd like to teach everybody how to live *without* drugs. Failing that, I would at least hope to make people aware of the risks, and the difference between use and abuse, so they would confine themselves to short-term, selective, discriminate use of a given drug like alcohol or marijuana.

PLAYBOY: A few moments ago, Dr. Fort said that Americans use 971,000 pounds of barbiturates a year. What are the principal barbiturates in use today?

RAM DASS: First, I guess, are Nembutal pills, which are called yellow jackets or dolls, as every reader of Jacqueline Susann knows. The second, Seconal tablets, are called red devils, appropriately enough. The third barbiturate in general use, phenobarbital, has a rather tame slang name by comparison, I'm afraid; they're just called phennies. All three are generally known as goof balls.


PLAYBOY: How serious is barbiturate use? Mr. Burroughs gave the following vivid description in *Naked Lunch*: "The barbiturate addict presents a shocking spectacle. He cannot coordinate, he staggers, falls off bar stools, goes to sleep in the middle of a sentence, drops food out of his mouth. He is confused, quarrelsome and stupid. And he almost always uses other drugs, anything he can lay hands on: alcohol, Benzedrine, opiates, marijuana. Barbiturate users are looked down on in addict society: 'Goof-ball bums. They got no class to them!' The next step down is coal gas and milk, or sniffing ammonia in a bucket—"The scrubwoman's kick." Was that description colored by the mood of black comedy in your novel, or is it accurate?

BURROUGHS: Perfectly accurate. I originally wrote it for *The British Journal of*

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Addiction and only later incorporated it into the novel.

FINLATOR: Barbiturates are certainly a big problem now. It's very easy to take an overdose; the drug affects you with the very first tablet, so you're likely to lose your number sense and take twice as much as you intended. When a user mixes barbiturates with alcohol—which is quite common, I'm afraid—this overdosing frequently leads to death. The relatives and the police never know for sure whether it was an accident or a suicide.

FORT: That's the way Marilyn Monroe died, and Dorothy Kilgallen, and a lot of others who aren't so famous. Among the Hell's Angels, it's considered a sign of *machismo* to drop several drugs at the same time, so you can find a kid who not only has barbiturates and alcohol in him but also pot and speed and maybe some acid, and he's coming at you at 80 miles per hour on a motorcycle. Frightening.

FINLATOR: Barbiturates are also physically addicting, and the general public doesn't seem to be sufficiently aware of that fact. I can assure your readers that the withdrawal is just as harsh as is the case with heroin and can even result in coma or death.

BURROUGHS: Barbiturate withdrawal is worse than heroin withdrawal, in my opinion.

FORT: Alcohol withdrawal or d.t.s is also worse than kicking heroin, and the public hasn't been told that, either. The victim can have generalized convulsions and a toxic psychosis. Somebody who's hooked on both alcohol and barbiturates is much more likely to die in a cold-turkey withdrawal than a heroin addict is. It's imperative that he be tapered off with a gradual substitution-withdrawal program. And you can't underestimate this problem. There are probably 200,000 barbiturate addicts in America, many of them mixing the pills with alcohol.

PLAYBOY: How does that compare with the number of heroin addicts?

ANSLINGER: There are about 100,000 heroin addicts in America; and without the efforts of Federal narcotics agents, the number would be much higher.

BURROUGHS: Pardon a cynical smile. In America, thanks largely to our efficient Narcotics Bureau, police action against addicts has been carried further than in any other country, and yet we've got more per-capita use of heroin than any nation in the world. This would seem to a rational observer to suggest the hypothesis that police repression and increased penalties are not the answers to problems that are basically medical.

ANSLINGER: I hear that line all the time, and it's dangerous nonsense. The addict is a police problem as well as a medical problem. He is not able to carry on a productive life and always comes to the attention of the authorities. Even addicts who are doctors can't be trusted; they

get careless and slovenly in their work, become liars and lose all moral feelings. In Iran, where there are a lot of opium smokers, the army couldn't solve the problem of finding lorry drivers. You can't take a chance and let an opiate user get behind the wheel of a truck. The heroin addict is always irrational and generally, he's a thief. They'll even become bank robbers, because they've lost all fear.

BURROUGHS: If they've lost all fear, the narc squads will soon restore it. Besides, heroin addicts I've known in England don't fit that description at all. The American addict steals to get money, because the policies of the Narcotics Bureau have created an artificial scarcity that has raised the price of a fix to an astronomical level. Few addicts commit crimes of violence. They tend to be sneak thieves, shoplifters and lush rollers. If they could obtain the drug legally, their crimes would vanish. As an occasional citizen of New York, I consider the burglaries committed by desperate addicts to be immoral and a goddamned nuisance. I say give them some legal junk before they steal my typewriter.

ANSLINGER: It's immoral to just let people remain addicts. Heroin is pure poison. Most of the addicts arrested are under 35, and you rarely see an old junkie. They live about two thirds of an average life.

FORT: That is sheer unmitigated rubbish. Heroin is a hard drug only in the sense that the addiction is very strong; it's much softer than many other drugs in the dimension of actual physical harm to the body. Chronic excessive use of heroin produces no permanent damage at all, except for the addiction itself—which is, of course, a form of slavery. Chronic excessive use of alcohol, by comparison, would inevitably create irreversible and often fatal destruction of the liver and brain. If many of our heroin addicts die young, it's mainly because of the brutal way our society treats them, including cold-turkey withdrawals with associated convulsions and spasms, police sadism and the black-market situation that forces them to become thieves or prostitutes.

COBURN: My impression is that the effect of the drug is quieting and pacifying. It's not at all inductive to criminality, except when it's made illegal.

ANSLINGER: Do you want to make it legal? Do you realize that if it weren't for the efforts of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, we'd have as many addicts as there were back in 1914, when one in 400 Americans was hooked?

FORT: Heroin wasn't even being used in this country in 1914. But even if you're talking about the widespread use and abuse in those days of elixirs and tonics containing other opium derivatives mixed with alcohol, I still question your figures. There was no medical definition of addiction at that time, and no survey research, so we don't know how many addicts there were.

ANSLINGER: My figures include all opiates and cocaine.

BURROUGHS: Be that as it may, nobody here suggests legalizing opiates across the board. We're talking about making them selectively available to people who are already hopelessly hooked. This is a rational social measure, and all citizens with windows leading to fire escapes will appreciate what I mean. I would also like to point out that my own problem with addiction was solved, through medical treatment, while I was in England and could have obtained all the junk I wanted on prescription. All the time I lived under Mr. Anslinger's fatherly protection in this country, I found it quite impossible to kick my habit. And I tried 11 times.

PLAYBOY: Does heroin addiction in itself pose problems even where the drug is legal, as it is in England?

BURROUGHS: Definitely. Total dependence on junk is the definition of addiction and such a condition is boring. I think there's also a decreased awareness, diminished creativity and a lack of interest in all that isn't God's own medicine. But the ordinary addict is quite capable of working efficiently at uncreative, blue-collar jobs, as long as his daily supply of the drug is available. It's only when his supply is cut off that he becomes a social liability, like the junkies who do most of the petty thieving and shoplifting in New York today. And it's not just the addicts who suffer under these laws; the whole public pays the bill. With 100,000 addicts in the country and the average habit costing about \$50 per day, that means the public is going to be robbed of 50 times 100,000, or \$5,000,000 every 24 hours. Since the Syndicate controls heroin, this means the Government is forcing the enslaved addicts to rob us of almost two billion dollars per annum, thus funneling that sum into the Mob, to be used in financing further criminal ventures. Why does such an idiotic situation continue? I personally can explain it only by remembering that it's like an old movie. The narcs need the Syndicate and the Syndicate needs the narcs to keep this tired and expensive show on the road. If junk is the monkey on the addict's back, the addict is a monkey on the public's back.

PLAYBOY: How can the problem be solved?

BURROUGHS: I'm convinced that the apomorphine treatment is the only therapy that works with narcotics addiction, since it acts by regulating metabolism and removing the need for junk. I don't have to use will power to avoid a relapse into morphine addiction. I simply don't want junk. Apomorphine is the only drug known that acts in this way. A number of addicts have taken this treatment at my suggestion, and all agree that it's the only treatment that works and that it's the least painful form of treatment. Yet most American doctors are completely ignorant of its use in treating addiction. Apomorphine is listed in the United

States as a narcotic subject to the same regulations as morphine; but in both France and England, only an ordinary prescription is required and it can be refilled any number of times. It's difficult to avoid the conclusion that a deliberate attempt has been made in the United States to mislead medical opinion and minimize the value of this treatment. This drug also seems to have wide use for other problems in addition to curing addiction. Variations of the apomorphine formula could lead to a specific anti-anxiety drug. Since all monopolistic and hierarchical systems are based on keeping people in anxiety, however, it isn't surprising that the use of the apomorphine treatment has been consistently opposed in certain drearily predictable quarters of the Western world.

FORT: I certainly agree that there should be experimentation with this and any other new approach to narcotic withdrawal. Psychological self-help techniques, administered by ex-addicts themselves, such as the Synanon and Daytop Village programs, also have a definite value—although with most addicts, this just doesn't work. It's really the same approach that Alcoholics Anonymous uses for booze addicts; and while it should be encouraged, I fear that the press has somewhat overemphasized its value. There is no one solution, not even the methadone-substitution program that is so fashionable now; but comprehensive outpatient programs to treat all forms of drug abuse should be established in every major city.

ANSLINGER: I am of the opinion that as long as there is any organization attempting to take people off narcotics, it is all right, even though some of their attitudes are questionable. I think Synanon is doing good work. As for Daytop, once in a while, I hear of a case where they help someone. The methadone-maintenance program is doomed to failure, because it merely substitutes one narcotic for another. It is cruel to put out hope for people in this program. Usually, you conduct research quietly in a laboratory, but this project has been conducted in the press and has not been properly evaluated. I think many of the statements made about this and other treatment programs are irresponsible. The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs tells me that it has picked up a number of people from the methadone program for engaging in unlawful activities; and I've recently talked to several addicts about whether methadone blocked out heroin and they had a good laugh at that. I said, "Well, suppose the Government made methadone legal. Would you switch to it and leave heroin alone?" And they said, "Of course not."

BURROUGHS: I agree that the methadone program isn't a cure; it's just taking a man off cut whiskey by giving him strong wine. But I thought the point of the

program was to keep these unfortunates out of our apartments.

FORT: Yes. It's true that the methadone program substitutes one drug for another, but much more important is the tremendous accomplishment involved in taking an individual out of a totally self-destructive and criminal life style and teaching him to function again. The great majority of people who have participated in this program have been able to work or go to school productively and have been removed from the vicious cycle of illicit heroin addiction. Our ideal should be to help individuals become self-sufficient and cure them of dependency on methadone or Synanon or psychoanalysis, but we often have to settle for less.

BURROUGHS: Let me emphasize that apomorphine does not have these drawbacks. You don't have to stay *on* apomorphine to stay *off* junk; once your metabolism is regulated and you don't need the narcotic anymore, the apomorphine can also be discontinued.

PLAYBOY: What approaches would you gentlemen suggest to prevent abuse of the other drugs we've discussed?

BURROUGHS: Since people will always take drugs of one sort or another, it might be wise to undertake a really objective inquiry to determine what drugs do the least harm and under what conditions these drugs should be available. The drug problem, like all problems, wouldn't be there if things had been handled right in the beginning. Drug news played up in the press creates interest and curiosity. So you get more people wanting to try these drugs, more users, more outcry, more laws and more young people in jail. Any serious attempt to actually enforce this welter of state and Federal statutes would entail a computerized invasion of privacy and sweep us into a total police state. Remember the boy in Arizona who read about the maniac sex killer slaying eight Chicago nurses? He proceeded to kill five women before the fuzz nailed him. Any newspaper story will duplicate itself like a virus; plane hijacking and oil slicks, for example, are the "in" things right now. Then the press gave LSD the build-up—it's new, it's exciting and anybody who is anybody in literature and the arts has logged a trip. It's dangerous and glamorous, so it's the thing to do for all the young people who hear about it. Now, after shoving a sugar cube into every open mouth, the press is screaming to stamp out this evil, talking about people jumping from sixth-story windows, hacking mothers-in-law to death, calling for more laws and creating more criminals out of otherwise quite harmless young people. Now we have a drug problem.

ANSLINGER: Good Lord! That takes the prize. We've been hearing some of the most ridiculous statements that have ever been made. To blame these things on our laws is ridiculous; it's one of those

Hitler-type lies that have been carried around and repeated and repeated until everyone believes them. We've been providing proper drug education by just presenting the facts about the dangers of drugs, and they have been set forth by experts. The one objective is to educate people as to the dangers of narcotics and show that all of them lead to an escape to nowhere.

FORT: Most of what we've heard about drugs from you, as a matter of fact, has been myth and misinformation. Real education has not been tried in this country. Meaningful education would begin in elementary school with the presentation of objective, factual information about all the drugs, from alcohol through narcotics, by well-trained and groovy teachers. Drug-education programs, as well as sex education, should continue throughout the school years and should also be available to the general public. Additionally, such programs should desensationalize drugs, making clear that both the dangers and the benefits have been exaggerated in the past.

RAM DASS: Let me mention that there are certain asthma remedies containing belladonna, which hippies sometimes use if the LSD supply temporarily dries up. Since the proper dosage level is usually not known by these kids, they often go into convulsions or coma. A beautiful example of law enforcement in operation: You take away a comparatively safe drug and drive them to a much more dangerous one.

FORT: That is precisely what happened during San Francisco's recent war on the hippies, and again during Operation Intercept. But the worst problem of all is the one we have hardly touched: nicotine, and the associated coal tars and poisons in ordinary cigarettes, which are directly linked to heart disease, lung cancer, high blood pressure, bronchitis and emphysema. There are 75,000,000 smokers risking these diseases in America today. They kill 400,000 Americans a year and smoking leads to vast property damage from fires.

COBURN: I know I can't really justify my smoking, since I realize it's physically harmful to me. Certainly, it makes us adults look pretty silly to kids. The way we throw fits over marijuana and ignore the tobacco problem really shows up our hypocrisy.

FINLATOR: There are still other drug problems that should be mentioned. Young people experiment with many different agents, such as bananas, airplane glue or nutmeg, in an attempt to find kicks. They should be told the facts about these substances in a manner they can accept. Every time we hear of another so-called abuse of something, we try to keep our cool and study it medically.

WATTS: But nobody in Government seems to have gotten the point of the banana hoax a few years back. The hippies or

Yippies or whoever started this yarn were trying to teach us something and we don't appear to have learned. The lesson is that there are vast numbers of natural psychedelics and the Government is going to look increasingly foolish if it tries to make them all illegal. The nation's leading manufacturer of catnip, which is a mild psychedelic, reports that its sales doubled in 1968—while the cat population remained relatively constant. Already, one legislator—in Ohio, I believe—has introduced a bill to impose a 15-year sentence on anyone caught smoking catnip, but this is another absurdity. If catnip is banned, another legal psychedelic will become popular. The Swedes have a psychedelic seaweed and somebody will begin importing it soon, I'm sure—if they haven't already. The Government's position against consciousness-expanding agents will grow increasingly ridiculous. Next year, it might be orange peels.

PLAYBOY: How long has the Government been involved in drug regulation?

OTERI: In a small number of states, Massachusetts among them, there were anti-marijuana and anti-narcotics laws as far back as 1911. But these laws were, in fact, toothless; nobody enforced them and they carried penalties like 60 days in jail. In 1937, Mr. Anslinger had a hearing conducted before Congress to propound the Marijuana Tax Act, the purpose of which was to do away with the "killer drug," marijuana. A small number of witnesses joined in reciting anecdotal testimony ascribing to marijuana every conceivable form of degeneracy, including rotting of the brain. A pharmacist and a veterinarian testified about such things as the alleged effects on the personality of dogs. The average citizen today would be absolutely shocked at the thought that a law that has such widespread effect and has ruined so many lives was passed on the basis of this kind of skimpy, one-sided evidence. Every state now has an anti-marijuana law, generally based on the Uniform Narcotics Act, and the penalties are quite harsh under both state and Federal laws. It's also a system riddled with absurdities, as in Massachusetts, which punishes marijuana possession with three and a half years in prison, while being present in a room with marijuana is punished with five years in prison.

BURROUGHS: All of these laws result from misinformation, mismanagement and what can only be called deliberate bad intentions. You'll remember that famous junkie, Sherlock Holmes; he never had cops sniffing around his digs looking for the needle. And that was before the invention of "permissiveness." The present hysteria on the subject of drugs has been fomented by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, local narcotics agencies and the sensationalism of the press. Drug control

is a thin pretext, and getting thinner, to increase police powers and to brand dissent as criminal. The pretense of looking for narcotics gives the authorities the right to search any person or premises at any time, and the police are continually lobbying for more anti-narcotics laws and stiffer penalties. Many of the laws passed under this pressure are very dangerous to our so-called freedom. In some states, for instance, it is a crime to be an addict. Penalizing a state of being, apart from any proven illegal act, sets a precedent that could be extended to other categories of "offenders," including anyone opposed to official policies. To classify all opposition as criminal is, of course, a simple device by which a fascist regime takes over a country. The standard practices of forcing young people to become informants under the threat of prison sentences if they don't cooperate, or of undercover agents encouraging narcotics violations in order to run up a score of arrests, pose a threat to common decency and an American way of life in which one could reasonably take pride.

ANSLINGER: This is some of the most vicious tripe I have ever heard. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs arrests only traffickers. They leave the addicts to the local police. Federal agents are only after the person who imports and sells. Naturally, it is easier to make the case against the addict than the trafficker; but to make a case against the trafficker, you have to spend a lot of time investigating. And I see nothing wrong with undercover work; that's standard police procedure everywhere.

FINLATOR: Federal law enforcement does focus on the trafficker, in spite of the popular misconception that the law concentrates on the addict because he's much easier to arrest. Police are honorable men, for the most part, and they recognize that the culprit in the whole drug problem is the trafficker. Contrary to the widespread myth, we don't allow our agents, nor do we encourage those with whom we work, to use covert agents on college campuses. I don't think such campus undercover work is necessary and, as far as the drug problem is concerned, I believe it to be ill-advised.

WATTS: But I don't think the police should be involved with drugs at all, nor with any other moral or medical problem—such as abortion—that the individual should take to his doctor or his minister. The police have enough work to keep them busy, regulating automobile traffic, preventing robberies and crimes of violence and helping lost children and little old ladies find their way home. As long as the police confine themselves to such activities, they are respected friends of the public. But as soon as they begin inquiring into people's private morals, they become nothing

more than armed clergymen. And this is very unfortunate, in view of our tradition of separation of church and state. We don't want cops who are simply preachers with guns. It's as a result of this kind of thinking that police today are detested by enormous numbers of people and regarded as upholders of the most reactionary attitudes. It's very unkind to police, as dedicated men, to put them in that sort of position—preventing certain kinds of personal pleasure that cannot hurt anyone else. The Government is not supposed to be a kind of universal nursemaid.

RAM DASS: I also think such practices are ill-advised because they just increase the paranoia of human beings toward one another. The lack of respect for the privacy and dignity of the individual in this society is a sign of the sickness of the times.

FORT: In some ways, we are really moving closer and closer to the Orwellian world of 1984, and the tactics of the drug police are indistinguishable from those of the Communists and other totalitarians. One glaring manifestation of this was the inclusion of suspected marijuana possessors in the 1968 Congressional legislation authorizing accelerated wire tapping and electronic eavesdropping, thus making perhaps 10,000,000 people subject to possible secret scrutiny. Now there is a move to abolish the need for a search warrant before the drug police break into a house. The end in no way justifies the means.

OTERI: The thing that bothers me most about the whole situation is that we're losing what this country means to me and to millions of other people like me—freedom. Not license; I don't confuse license with liberty. But we are supposed to have freedom to at least make our own decisions. I think that the average American today would trade his freedom for cradle-to-grave security, and I find this very tragic. There is a tremendous erosion of the rights of people. Americans don't care any more that agents listen to their telephone conversations. They don't care that they can be followed and spied on. I will venture to say, as a matter of fact, that you couldn't get the Bill of Rights through a legislative committee today, and this bothers me deeply, because I think this is what America is all about. The one thing that symbolizes our country is the Bill of Rights, and I hate to see it being eroded.

FIEDLER: It's worse than that. It's actually a war against our own children.

FORT: Yes, but I think the young also use drugs such as marijuana as a symbolic way of waging war against the hypocrisies, deceptions and injustices of the adult world.

FIEDLER: That's why I say this is a religious war between the generations. Most of what has been publicly disseminated about pot and LSD in our society has



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obviously been more the product of fear than of fact. I doubt that absolutely objective research is possible at all in this area.

WATTS: In America today, society defines certain drugs as sinful and then looks around for evidence to prove that they are also dangerous. Our Western civilization is against pleasure; that's really what the controversy is all about.

FINLATOR: These are the kinds of all-inclusive denunciations of law-enforcement efforts that are fashionable now. I believe you gentlemen are too intelligent to believe everything you've said, but you think it sounds good on a panel such as this. All of you know that for organized society to survive, it must restrain and regulate itself. Let's not be so sophomoric as to intimate that all our problems can be laid to the existence of such necessary restraints.

PLAYBOY: What about the alleged connection between drugs and sexual pleasure? Dr. Leary and others have claimed sex-enhancing benefits from LSD, and advertisers also imply this with alcohol and tobacco. What is the real relationship between drugs and sex?

ANSLINGER: There isn't any question about marijuana being a sexual stimulant. It has been used throughout the ages for that; in Egypt, for instance. From what we have seen, it is an aphrodisiac, and I believe that the use in colleges today has sexual connotations. A classical example of amatory activities is contained in the article "Hashish Poisoning in England," from the *London Police Journal* of July 1934. In this remarkable case, a young man and his girlfriend planted marijuana seeds in their back yard and when the stalks matured, they crushed the flowering tops and smoked one cigarette and then engaged in such erotic activities that the neighbors called the police and they were taken to jail. As to LSD, one medical expert has made the statement that the principal side effect of taking it is pregnancy. If we want to take Leary literally, we should call LSD "Let's Start Degeneracy."

FORT: That's more demonology. Sex isn't degeneracy, Mr. Anslinger; and, contrary to your fantasies, no mind-altering drug is in itself a specific aphrodisiac. The most widely used substance to enhance sexuality is alcohol, which is closely associated with a tremendous amount of heterosexual and homosexual behavior, since it loosens inhibition and reduces guilt and anxiety. In theory, a person could learn to use any one of several drugs to increase sexual pleasure, but the main ingredient would be the user's expectations and knowledge. Also, LSD is not a specific cure for frigidity or homosexuality, as Leary has claimed. LSD has helped some with these problems and is likely to be of benefit to others, but only in selected instances, where the person is motivated to change his sexual orientation,

is well prepared for the experience and when this is part of a broader program of social therapy. No figures are available on how many individuals with these problems have taken LSD or what overall effects have occurred.

FINLATOR: Most of Dr. Leary's claims have not been valid. Even those who were at one time close to him in the psychedelic movement have berated him in public and in print for his statements about LSD as an aphrodisiac. No medical uses for LSD have been completely proved, whether it be for alcoholism, frigidity or homosexuality, and it cannot be considered a specific treatment for these conditions.

RAM DASS: Tim is absolutely right about LSD enhancing sex. Before taking LSD, I never stayed in a state of sexual ecstasy for hours on end, but I have done this under LSD. It heightens all of your senses and it means that you're living the sexual experience totally. Each caress or kiss is timeless. I'm also convinced marijuana is a sexual stimulant; it certainly intensifies the experience by slowing time down so that it appears to last longer.

FINLATOR: At your age, Ram Dass, could it be that you're boasting a little?

WATTS: Cannabis is not an aphrodisiac, but I'll agree that it can very much enhance the quality of the sexual experience. I would not describe LSD as an aphrodisiac, either. It doesn't make you want to jump into bed with the nearest female. For me, it has always been a peculiarly above-the-belt experience—much more intellectual, aesthetic and imaginative than erotic. On the other hand, if it comes about that while using LSD it is natural, convenient and spontaneous to have an erotic relationship arising from an affectionate feeling toward another person, it can be the most astonishing experience of merging. It's like a kind of coming together of galaxies that seems incredibly beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, then, the erotic effects of Cannabis and LSD vary considerably from person to person.

COBURN: Yes, but even more important than the enhancement of sex is the new dimension of love that these drugs open up. I think something new is forming. I guess it's in kind of an embryonic stage now. All of the passions that we can't control—such as revenge, hatred, greed and lust—become suddenly controllable under certain drugs. This is fantastic and offers a whole new view of man and society.


PLAYBOY: But none of these possibilities can be explored until the drug laws are modified or repealed. Do you think that's likely?

OTERI: Yes. One of the big things that's happening is the series of court challenges to marijuana laws. The Boston trial in September 1967 was the most thorough drug case presented anywhere. It rose out of the fact that the Massachu-

setts statute, like other states' laws, classifies and deals with marijuana as a narcotic; and we in my office decided that if marijuana, in fact, was not a narcotic but a relatively innocuous drug, the state had no right to regulate it in this manner. We sought to establish this by using the most qualified experts in the field, paring down an original list of 31 to 11 who we thought were unassailable in their credentials. The Government countered with eight people whose credentials I dispute, and I think it was the first time that the expertise of people who make pronouncements on marijuana was truly exposed in a courtroom and has become part of the public record. The case took two and a half weeks to try; the transcript ran to about 1900 pages and through direct examination and cross-examination, we exposed all the myths that have been propounded. We made a comparison of marijuana vis-à-vis alcohol and tobacco, showing that marijuana is certainly less harmful than either of these two substances and that, consequently, it is a violation of a person's equal protection under law to impose the present marijuana laws. We lost the first two rounds in the courts of Massachusetts, although the lower court did state in its ruling that there was a desperate need for further study and that there should be a different approach to the handling of first offenders. Our main hope lies with our appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, where we hope for a hearing this year. We raise issues more fundamental than those in the Leary case, and a victory for us might well make all anti-pot laws unconstitutional. Other cases raising some or all of these issues are now being tried in all parts of the country, including Oregon, California, Michigan and Iowa. We have hundreds of requests for copies of our briefs and motions and we have tried to help as many lawyers as possible mount these attacks.

FORT: In 1968, Alaska became the first state to take marijuana out of the narcotics laws and put it under the dangerous-drug laws, which makes first-offense possession a misdemeanor rather than a felony. The former attorney general of that state, Edgar Boyko, was primarily responsible for that landmark reform, which has been little publicized. Also in 1968, California reinstated pre-1961 legislation that makes it possible for a judge to impose either a misdemeanor or a felony penalty for a first-offense possession conviction; between 1961 and 1968, the judge was required to treat it as a felony. On the negative side, the U. S. Senate has approved the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs, an international treaty that attempts to rigidify our present drug policies. It did this at the instigation of Mr. Anslinger without any public hearing and without dissenting votes.

ANSLINGER: Dr. Fort doesn't like the Single

A man in a white and red striped shirt is seated at a piano, playing. A woman in a purple top is leaning over a bar counter, holding a pack of Viceroy cigarettes. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with warm, ambient lighting. The man is looking towards the woman. On the bar counter, there is a white mug with a green leaf pattern and a small ashtray. The background is dark with some out-of-focus lights.

**Don't settle
for some of the taste
some of the time.**

**Viceroy gives
you all the taste
all the time.**

Convention treaty because it imposes very strict controls on all the nations of the world over Cannabis products as well as other drugs. The Supreme Court has ruled that treaties as well as the Constitution are the law of the land, so all of you aren't going to change a thing. I'm amused by fellows like Leary, Ginsberg, the hippies, college groups and some far-out professors who are participating in the movement to make marijuana legal. These people are utterly ridiculous and wasting their time, now that we've got this treaty.

FORT: The United States and other countries have not always adhered to treaties they have signed; and, besides, the treaty you're talking about doesn't even affect marijuana, because the leaves of the Cannabis plant are excluded from coverage. Also, the treaty specifies that if a particular country's courts find something unconstitutional about the drug laws, then that part of the treaty is not binding on that country. Nowhere does the treaty say that possessors of the drug must be made criminals, nor does it specify what kind of penalties to impose.

PLAYBOY: As we discussed earlier, peyote is legally available for use by members of the Native American Church in their religious ceremonies, and Dr. Leary has established the League of Spiritual Discovery along similar religious lines. Do you think this is a genuine new religion or just a device for bringing about legal use of marijuana and LSD?

ANSLINGER: This idea of using marijuana like the Native American Church uses peyote will not get very far, because Congress, in its wisdom, is not going to permit it. Furthermore, it's purely a way to obtain an aphrodisiac, which I am quite sure is in the back of the minds of those people who want to legalize marijuana.

WATTS: I don't think for one minute that Tim Leary established the League of Spiritual Discovery just as a device for himself and others to find a way to use marijuana and LSD legally. His interest in these substances has been extremely honest, sincere and religious from the beginning. Religion is not just a front nor just a gimmick. It's a frank recognition that these chemicals have a religious dimension. And although he may have promoted the League by means more reminiscent of Aimee Semple MacPherson than those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, I still wouldn't question his sincerity.

OTERI: I find the religious-freedom argument pretty tenuous myself. The Supreme Court upheld the right of the Native American Church to use peyote, but only because it has been part of Indian religion since Aztec days. It won't buy the same argument for a religion only a few years old. I'm sure Leary would have lost if he had based his Supreme Court case on that argument.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the validity of Dr. Leary's religious-freedom argument, the Supreme Court unanimously upheld his other contention—that the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 is unconstitutional because it forces the purchaser to incriminate himself by buying a tax stamp. What effect will the Leary decision have on the problems we've been discussing?

WATTS: All the Leary decision means is that now you can smoke pot in a Federal park. Everywhere else, you are still under the jurisdiction of state anti-marijuana laws.

FORT: Exactly; the state laws are unaffected. Also, we can expect a new set of Federal laws, carefully written to avoid the constitutional pitfall noted by the Court. I would say that the best thing about the Leary decision is that it's another important reiteration of the basic principle that a man cannot be forced to incriminate himself.

OTERI: There's more to it than that, and I think I speak with some inside knowledge here, since I observed the case closely from a legal viewpoint and even filed an *amicus curiae* brief, against the existing law, on behalf of the National Students Association. Officially, you can say that all the Court did was reaffirm the constitutional guarantee against self-incrimination—and, incidentally, demand proof, rather than presumption of guilt, when smuggling is alleged in connection with possession—but the implications go much further. As a result of that decision, to name one example, I don't think the Government could now win a Federal conviction for possession of grass.

ANSLINGER: That's irrelevant. The Federal Government has never sought possession convictions, anyway. All we were ever interested in was the major dealers. In my 30 years with the bureau, I can hardly recall a possession case that we prosecuted.

BURROUGHS: Some people may have a better memory, Mr. Anslinger.

OTERI: That is a somewhat misleading statement, Mr. Anslinger. What usually happens is that the Federal and state narcotics agents will cooperate in setting up a raid; then, if the quantity of grass seized is large enough to create a presumption of intent to sell, it becomes a Federal case; and if the quantity is much smaller, the Feds turn the case over to the state authorities and they usually prosecute for possession. But to return to the original question: I think the Leary decision is a critical turning point, because it shows the beginning of rationality, rather than hysteria, in regard to marijuana. I think the Court is starting to realize that if the Government has any business in this area at all, it should concern itself only with sellers, as it did during alcohol Prohibition, and leave the users alone. In fact, I predict that the Court will abolish the crime of possession

entirely when it rules on one of the next cases that raise this issue.

FINLATOR: I wouldn't expect that at all. I do think, however, that the Leary decision is a signal that we will have to take a new look at our drug laws, which Congress is already doing. Of course, many of us have felt for a long time that the whole question needed a new approach; we didn't need the Leary decision to tell us that. As for the crime of possession, Mr. Anslinger is right: The Federal Government has never pressed hard on that issue. However, considering the Leary decision as a sign of the times, I expect that the states are going to have to re-examine their own laws and that individual possession will be treated more leniently.

OTERI: I don't think you realize the degree and variety of public pressures mounting against these laws. *The Wall Street Journal* reported on November 3, 1969, for instance, that the *U. S. Tobacco Journal* favors legalized pot. They discuss the fact that modern marketing methods could surmount the hurdle of prevailing irrational prejudices. I predict flatly that even the modified Nixon program will never get through Congress.

PLAYBOY: The Nixon program has already been altered toward lower penalties for possessors, while still in committee. What do you gentlemen think will finally emerge as the new Federal drug program after Congress has examined the President's proposals and the various alternatives currently being debated?

RAM DASS: Obviously, the laws should be changed. It should be possible to purchase marijuana the way you purchase alcohol, and heroin addicts should be treated as sick people, not as criminals. Whether Congress will be this rational, however, is open to doubt.

FINLATOR: I'm sure that such a radical program as Ram Dass suggests has no chance at all. However, there are going to be major changes, and people in government at all levels are trying to bring some semblance of sanity into this area. I expect that the contradictions and absurdities of present legislation will be ironed out by an omnibus bill, more or less along the lines of President Nixon's proposals, with uniform penalties rather than the inconsistencies we have at present. Probably, there will be a general lowering of penalties for those who are merely users and not dealers—and for all drugs, not just for marijuana.

ANSLINGER: The penalties will be lowered, I agree. But I'm sure Congress will never legalize marijuana. History is strewn with the bones of nations that tolerated moral laxity and hedonism. While I don't oppose some leniency toward users, the ideal situation is in Ohio, where a law was enacted providing a *minimum* penalty of 20 years for the sale of heroin. Addiction dropped 85 percent the first year. Of

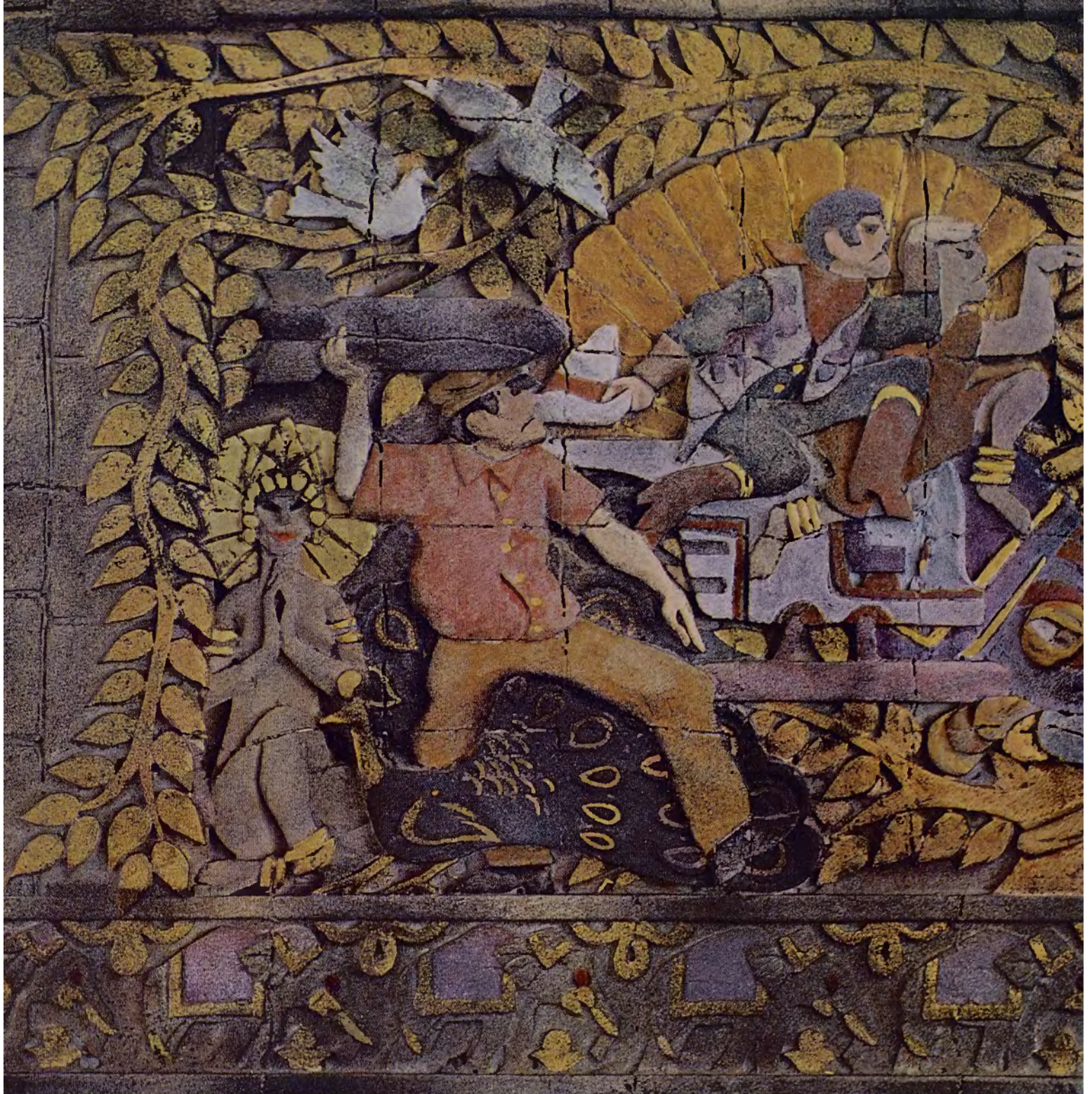
(continued on page 200)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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visit enchanted chanda—where exotic asian beauties commingle with comic-opera bureaucrats and ill-advised military advisors

**Part I of a new novel
By ASA BABER**

THE LAND OF A MILLION ELEPHANTS



TRY THIS: A jungle dawn, see? The night sky dying and monkeys calling. The birds get ready for heat. Smoke, river mists, low clouds on the hills. The charcoal porters walk the trails. Out of the brush comes Buon Kong, riding his elephant. Tall grass falls under the slow shifting weight. "Da-dum-da-da," you expect to hear trumpeted. Into the circle he rides, beast kneels, dismounted is Buon Kong. Not a word. He waits.

A tall girl has bathed in the stream. She comes back up the hill with her hair dripping. She is naked to the

waist and points of water jewel her skin. She faces the rising sun and combs her hair with an elephant comb and her face has the look of seeing nothing.

The ritual of a new day begins. The girl kneels and raises her hands to the sky. Buon Kong reaches up. On each wrist, he ties a string. Each string has 32 knots in it, for the 32 parts of the body and the 32 souls. He leads a group, saying: "Come, my soul, by the path that has just been opened, by the track that has just been cleared. Come with me and *bouleversez*. Take your tie and hang

your ghost. Come, before it's too late."

Then the girl makes pipes for them and they drink rice wine. Rice wine is called *phoum*.

. . .

Descriptions:

The mountain people of Chanda build their houses on stilts. The roofs are made of straw and the walls are supported by saplings.

Their ponies are shaggy and small. They carry more than their weight.

The hunters wear silver collars and anklets; these they may not keep if they fail to track wounded game or kill more than they need to eat or use any of the foreigners' weapons from the crates in storage.

The best cure for dysentery is to chew raw opium. It tastes like licorice and you can bite into it like chewing tobacco.

The people live long lives doctored by gall of bear and python, marrow of tiger, deer's soft horn. They eat onions when it rains.

Colors of poppies: red, blue, white, mauve. Pale-green stems. Collect the sap, wrap it in banana leaves, shape it into brown blocks. The women do this work, singing quietly in the fields. The plants are waist-high. The women work early in the morning, before the dew lifts, before the clouds pass.

The blue of their cotton wraps is the color of deep water on a clear day, when the sky gives tones to everything. On some mornings, there is a rainbow over the poppy fields. This is the pinnacle of the world's prism.

If the valley harvest is poor, the mountain people must guard their own fields from the lowlanders. The men carry handmade rifles without stocks or sights. The bullets are made out of rusty nails, the powder out of charcoal and saltpeter. The men wear coils of slow-burning torchwood around their wrists.

. . .

The history of Chanda is happy and sad.

When the great god Khang came out of the sky and chose his living place many thousands of years ago, he settled in what was to become Chanda. He loved the trees and rivers and hills. He mated with a sea serpent and they had four sons. Three of the sons were OK guys. The fourth was a real shit. His name was Yak. He was short and ugly and his mother dressed him funny.

For 10 or 12 centuries, everything went pretty well. Khang had his way when he wanted it. He ruled the world. The boys played together in the great outdoors, while their mother baked papayas and buffaloes for fancy dinners.

Then one day Yak killed his father. He did it very sneakily, by the light of a new moon. No one saw him do it. He simply came home and announced that from that day forward, *he* was the grand-

est god in the jungle. Since the three other sons were spiritual innocents, and since the mother was too old by now to fight it, Yak had his victory.

Yak was a bad king. He loved to fight and he started wars and other conflagrations for his own amusement.

It is Buon Kong's opinion that Yak still lives (that is, his *phi* does) in the hearts of many men today.

It is Roger Blake's opinion that there is no such thing as *phi*. This is why Roger Blake left his parish and came to Chanda. He wanted to destroy ignorant superstitions.

. . .

Buon Kong teaches that there are three harmonies in the world: water harmony, the harmony of living beings and the harmony of flowerlike girls. According to him, the last harmony is the best. The way he sees it, water can storm in a minute and living beings can fight in seconds, but it takes years for a *phousao* to grow old.

. . .

The king of Chanda is five feet, two. In the years before Chanda became important, he used to ride to work down the royal road, seated on his elephant. He would smile at all his subjects and they would rise up from their bent-back postures in the rice fields and wave at him.

"How nice," he used to say, "that I am the one king everyone stops bowing for."

The great powers were afraid that the king would be assassinated riding high in profile like that. "It is not fitting, King, that you have no limousine," they said, one at a time. "It is beneath your dignity to ride in the open on an elephant."

They showered him with automobiles and the king rode to work in a different car on each day of the week. But the climate of Chanda, the dirt and red mud and monsoons, made it difficult to keep the cars running. The Americans and Russians imported teams of mechanics to service the limousines. Spare parts were hauled upriver and stacked on the docks and in the huts.

"Please," said the king one day to Colonel Kelly, the American advisor, "please permit me kindly to return to my elephants."

"No can do, King Six," said Kelly through his cigar. "Will inquire via telex but suspect, I say again, suspect no joy." Colonel Kelly was very busy and he talked in radio procedure on occasion, to save time.

"Roger," said the king, who was learning.

"Out," said Kelly.

The good colonel sent an inquiry by radiotelephone to Saigon. It was relayed to the fleet monitoring station in the China Sea, and from there, on to Cinc-

PacSix in Honolulu by satellite transmission, where it was decoded and recoded and telegraphed under the seas and across the mountains to Washington. There, it was picked up by the agencies concerned (and also by other agencies that had to know what those agencies were up to) and it was scheduled for discussion on many agendas.

This is not to imply that the quiet colonel was just sitting around while he waited for an answer. As a matter of fact, he forgot the message entirely, for he was a very busy colonel; and what with flying chopper missions to drop arms, and establishing liaison with mountain tribes, and cutting a little opium on the side, he hardly had time to think. So it is not surprising, and certainly not to his discredit, to realize that when a response finally did come, in a slightly garbled form, the colonel did not understand what it was all about.

The kind colonel requested an audience with the king (that is, he walked into the next room, where the king was reading *The New York Times*). "You got any elves here?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon?" said the king, who had been abroad to Paris and London.

"I say again, you got any elves in this country?"

"Hmm," purred the king, as he read stock quotations and pretended to think hard about the question, "it could just possibly be that we do, although I have never seen any myself, at least not that I can remember."

These continuous qualifications were a bother to the efficient colonel. He tossed the action message onto the king's lap. "Says here, 'We got no elves' pants.' You ask for elves' pants?"

"I don't know," murmured the king again, as he looked at the colonel through his gold-rimmed glasses. "Are elves' pants expensive?"

"Beats the hell out of me, King Six. I can't see how they would be, though. Elves are supposed to be small. Not much material needed. Although there's the workmanship involved."

"Ah, yes," said the king.

"Yep," puffed the colonel, now interested in the subject. "Tiny little sewing job, I guess. Mighty small crotch, I guess." He smoked in silent contemplation. "Well, I can get you a reconfirm on this, but I don't think they got any elves' pants available."

"That," said the king, without emotion of any kind, "is too bad."

The colonel had turned to go, but, hearing a tone of neutrality in the king's voice, he wheeled back. He slammed his fist on the desk like a sincere car salesman. "Listen here, King, old buddy, we're going to get you those elves' pants, if it's the last thing we do."

"That would be very nice, indeed,"

(continued on page 86)



"This wasn't the first time you've been saved from a dragon, was it?"

UNTIL SOMEONE accidentally comes up with the great American novel, the only truly unique contribution to belles-lettres made by Americans will continue to be the corporate expense account. Our talent for the art is unsurpassed—even though writing this kind of autobiography leaves many of us feeling vaguely un-American. The tale we tell may be painfully true, but the concept of eating, sleeping and forgetting the cares of the day at no expense to oneself seems immoral;

it grates against the closet puritan lurking in all of us.

So that you can save your guilt for some greater imagined sin, I would like to disabuse you of the notion that expense-account writing must have been the evil product of a diseased eastern European mind. The classic in the field is still the expense account that George Washington turned in for leading the country through the Revolutionary War.

Every schoolboy knows that at this critical moment

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S EXPENSE ACCOUNT



in our history, Washington offered to serve his country without salary. In a stirringly patriotic speech delivered shortly after his election as commander in chief of the Continental Army, the general pledged to fight without pay to the end—provided the country picked up his expenses.

Nothing much is heard in the classrooms about the equally stirring expense account General Washington submitted after the War. The 66-page list of expenses

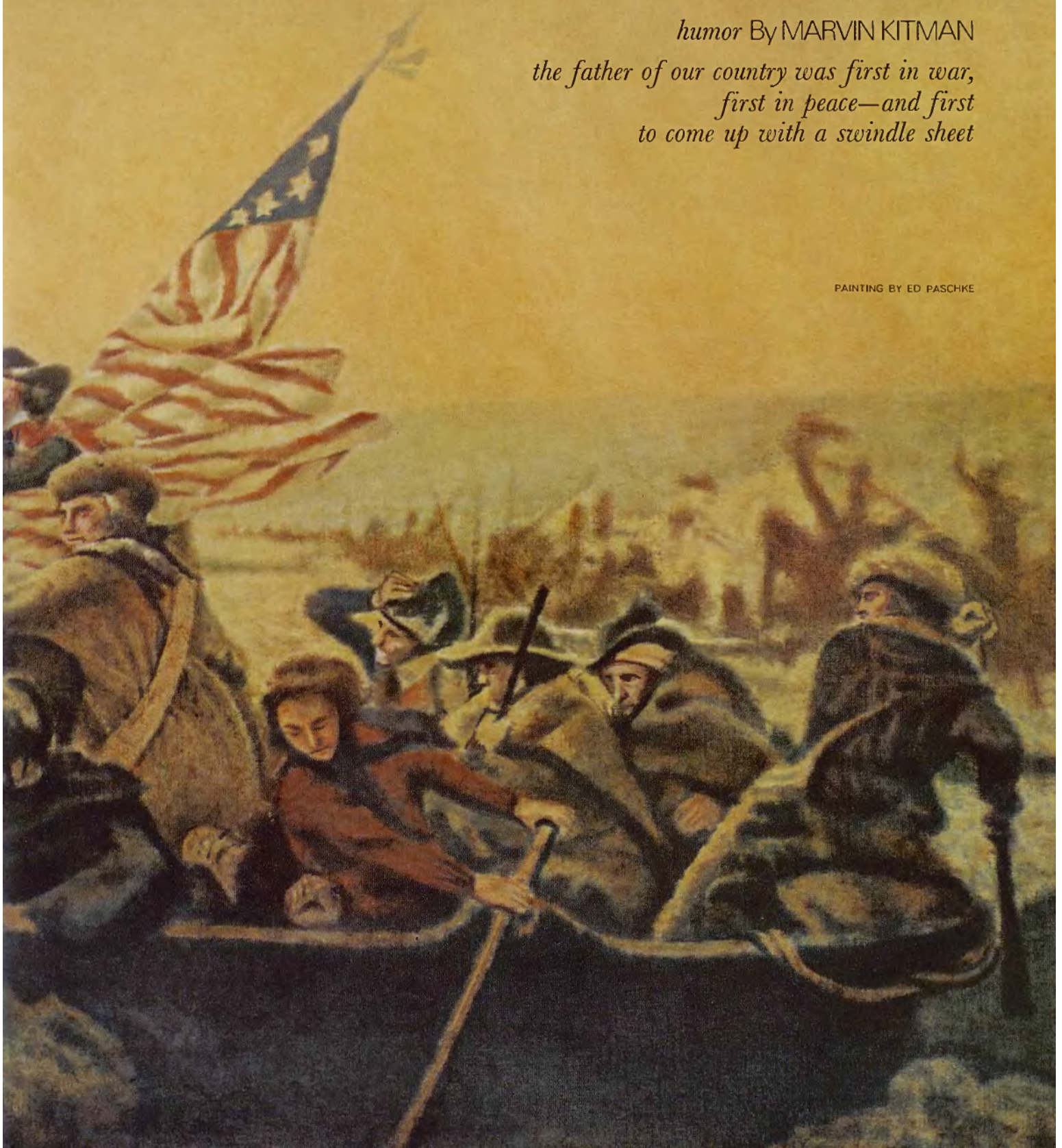
was first published by the Treasury Department in 1833, under the deceptively boring title *Accounts, G. Washington with the United States, Commencing June, 1775 and ending June 1783, Comprehending a Space of 8 Years*. For some reason, the book never really caught on with the public.

I found a copy of it in the stacks of the New York Public Library, where I've been researching *The Making of the President 1789*, a book about how the Mount

humor By MARVIN KITMAN

*the father of our country was first in war,
first in peace—and first
to come up with a swindle sheet*

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE



Vernon political machine engineered the first national election. It was a very exciting discovery.

I am no historian, so I have to be cautious about getting involved in issues that Washington scholars have quibbled about for the past century. But I *am* a free-lance writer. And if there is one thing free-lance writers are authorities on, it is expense accounts. Editors have repeatedly assured me that some of my most creative writing appears in the expense accounts accompanying my assignments.

Reading Washington's literary tour de force brought me the sad realization that much of what I considered original in my work was derivative. But it is only proper to give credit where credit is due: With the exception of the drug-inspired avant-garde, just about everybody who writes expense accounts today is only following in the padded footsteps of George Washington. In fact, I might go so far as to say that Washington's expense account is obviously the revered model for the current epic form of the genre—the nation's defense budget.

Like most literary giants, Washington began his *Accounts* with a bold statement that sets the tone for the entire work. On his first day of active duty, we learn, he engaged in a series of strategic military maneuvers that today we would call a shopping spree:

To the purchase of five horses, two of which were had on credit, from Mr. James Meade, to equip myself for my journey to the Army at Cambridge—& for the service in a then going upon—having sent my horses back to Virginia . . . \$6214

Now, the other, more venal soldiers, who insisted on being paid for their services, received salaries ranging from \$80 a month for privates to \$500 a month for generals. It appears that Washington spent more than the average general's annual income the first time he used his expense account—and Washington never told a lie, so there's no point in questioning whether he actually spent that much money on horseflesh. Despite his reputation for honesty, he submitted bills for all expenditures over \$25. (However, by way of historical comparison, I must note that there is no record of bills submitted for purchase, rental or mileage on horses used by Paul Revere during his famed ride to Lexington and Concord. Whether he was a selfless patriot or simply lost his receipts, we shall probably never know.)

While on this same expedition, Washington also bought harnesses, saddles and other spare parts for his horses; pistols, letter cases, maps, field glasses and a light phaeton—ending the day in Philadelphia's Abercrombie & Fitch with bills totaling \$8762. But it was taxpayers' money well spent.

At the time, Philadelphia was a hotbed of Toryism, as was nearly half the country. Judging from the way the general was laying in supplies, the sporting-goods store owners undoubtedly spread the word that he was expecting a long cold war. The intelligence that the revolutionary's gear included

To a Field Bedstead & Curtains, mattress, Blankets, & C. & C. . . . had of different persons . . . \$532

alone must have thrown terror into the British War Office. "What manner of man is both master military strategist *and* interior decorator?" they must have asked themselves. Indeed, these domestic expenditures may be the origin of modern psychological warfare.

After this brilliant beginning, Washington's muse soars to yet a new plateau in the entries labeled "household expenses." Here we see his true greatness revealed; and even though these items fail to prove that he invented expense accounts, they clearly show that he was the founding father of that American life style known as expense-account living.

Everybody is familiar with what conditions were like for Revolutionary troops wintering at Valley Forge. It was so cold, the story goes, that enlisted men could keep warm only by grumbling to one another about their lousy \$80 a month—and General Washington even gave away some of his blankets, possibly the same ones he charged on his expense account. More than blankets, though, it would have warmed the Pfc.'s' hearts to know of this item in their leader's ledger for January 29, 1778:

To Capt. Gibbs . . . Household exp's . . . \$2000

And they would have warmed even more if they had known that the general's \$2000 outlay for his own miserable subsistence covered exactly one month.

Literalists would say that Washington lacks his usual candor in explaining what his household expenses were—while I would call this a clear case of poetic ambiguity. In any event, the question is of interest, because it represents a problem Congress still faces in dealing with the military-industrial complex. Every time a defense project costs taxpayers more than anticipated, it is in the tradition of George Washington.

The contemporary term closest to household expenses is miscellaneous. Like politics, this category seems to combine elements of fiction and nonfiction. At Valley Forge, I learned from other sources, Washington's household expenses covered such luxuries as food and the purchase of uniforms—and such necessities as imported wines, entertainment costs and construction of a separate dining hut. Household expenses probably also covered the silver dollars that Washington tended

to throw across rivers, a favorite form of R. & R.

A recapitulation of the eight-year war period on the last page of the expense account states that household expenses alone amounted to \$157,312. To the unimaginative, this may seem a trifle out of line. But I'm sure the same conclusion could be drawn from an audit of President Grant's liquor bills or President Harding's expenditures on his mistress, Nan Britton. And these expenses add up to one incontrovertible fact: that George Washington wasn't one of those cheap politicians we're always reading about in American history.

In case anyone doubts this statement, let me hasten to add that these household expenses did not include charges for servants. Following the old military principle that those also serve who only stand and wait, Washington hired civilians to make his bed, police the area, carry his duffel bag and powder his wig. He was an equal-opportunity employer, judging by the number of whites who worked like slaves on his staff. A typical week (December 1–7, 1775) in the rebel fight against British tyranny ran:

To servants wages . . . \$234
To washing . . . \$127
To barber, at sundry times . . . \$175

Apparently, it wasn't until *after* the American Revolution that war was supposed to be hell.

One school of thought holds that Washington's frequent entries for barber may be a genteel euphemism for dental-work. As should surprise no one, his wooden false teeth fitted poorly—which is why he's rarely shown smiling in war pictures—and there are no expenditures listed for carpenter. Less easily explained are the numerous entries for so-called washing.

It happens that a major scandal, dubbed "The Washerwoman Kate Affair," occurred during the period covered by the account book. Continental Congressman Benjamin Harrison, a political crony of Washington's from Virginia, is purported to have written a letter to the general, discussing Army affairs. It closed with this footnote about private affairs, as they related to Washington's forthcoming junket to the nation's capital at Philadelphia:

As I was in the pleasing task of writing to you a little Noise occasioned to turn my Head around, and who should appear but pretty little Kate, the Washerwoman's daughter, over the way, clean, trim, and rosey as the Morning; I snatch'd the golden glorious Opportunity, and but for that cursed Antidote to Love, Sukey (Mrs. Harrison), I had fitted her for my General against his return. We were obliged to part, but

(continued on page 186)

bibi & barbara



co-starring in the new film "the kremlin letter," blonde bibi andersson and brunette barbara parkins make this sexpionage thriller doubly attractive

AS PROVOCATIVE a pair of *agents provocateurs* as devoted spy-flick fans could desire, Bibi Andersson (left) and Barbara Parkins are two prime reasons why director John Huston's upcoming espionage epic, *The Kremlin Letter*, should be classified a high-priority item among moviegoers intrigued by international skulduggery. In making the Huston film, Stockholm-based Bibi—who has been a rave-noticed star in eight of Ingmar Bergman's masterworks—accepted a rare movie role outside her homeland. An alumna of video's *Peyton Place*, Canadian-born Barbara, the other half of the picture's danger-prone distaff duo, makes us doubly aware that this twosome warrants close surveillance.



Grooving in the grass, both Bibi and Barbara exhibit the femme fatale anatomies that enabled them to more than measure up opposite "Kremlin" heavies Richard Boone, Max Von Sydow, George Sanders and Orson Welles. Bibi, whose Scandinavian charms would make any spy come in out of the cold, is featured in "Kremlin" as a hashish-smoking harlot whose line of work leads her to disaster. She recently received the Best Actress award at the Cannes Film Festival for her role in the French film "Le Voil." Barbara, who immigrated to Hollywood from Vancouver in her midteens, has been dancing since the age of six, training that came in handy for her "Kremlin" role of a dancer who opens a safe with her—what else?—toes.





Bibi, an alumna of Sweden's prestigious Royal Dramatic Theater School, seeks only film roles that test her training. Barbara's performance in "Valley of the Dolls" admirably exhibited her acting talents, but she loves to travel as well as act. She was a bit upset, as a result, when the Soviet Union denied her an entry visa from a Finnish shooting location: The Russians saw red because of her part in "The Kremlin Letter."



A Million Elephants *(continued from page 78)*

said the king, as he read the message on his lap: "NO, SAY AGAIN, NO ELVES' PANTS."

It was months before the colonel figured out what the message meant. By then, the king had displeased many governments by some of his actions, and suggestions were made that perhaps it was time for the king to get back on top of his elephant, but the king only smiled.

"Laws do not automatically make people better," said Buon Kong. "For people must attain a state of inner truth." "And what is truth?" he was asked.

Buon Kong smoked on his pipe for a moment before answering. "I will tell you a story about truth," he finally said. "Once, our king decided that he would make his people in Chanda honest and truthful. One day, while we were out in the fields, he built a gallows in front of the royal gate. When we returned from our work at dusk, there was the captain of the royal guard, stationed with his troops by the gallows.

"What is this?" we all asked.

"Everyone will be questioned before he enters the city," said the captain. "If he tells the truth, he will be allowed to enter. If he lies, he will be hanged."

"We stood there and talked to each other, wondering what to do. Finally, I stepped forward.

"Where are you going?" asked the captain.

"I did not stop, but answered as I walked, 'I am on my way to be hanged.'

"He caught up with me. 'I don't believe you.'

"Very well," I said, 'if I have told a lie, then hang me.'

"I brushed past the gallows. He put his hand on my shoulder. We were nearing the gate. 'If I hang you for lying,' he spluttered, 'I will make what you have said come true.'

"I went under the arch and the people cheered and followed me. 'Exactly,' I said to the captain, 'and now you know what truth is to those in power. It is their truth.'

"The gallows was taken down and moved back to the prison yard, where it is still used with some frequency."

"Truly, Buon Kong, I think you could be king," someone said.

He spit betel juice. "I have never felt peaceful enough for power. Places of power are not harmonious."

"But you are one of the most peaceful men I know, surely more peaceful than the king."

"It is not my business to judge the harmony of the king. Remember that harmonies are deceptive, that a chaotic soul

may have a surface as smooth as fish oil."

And he lay back on his pallet to sleep.

• • •

Charley Dog came to Chanda by way of two busts in America—the first in Texas, where he was sent up for having two joints rolled in his field-jacket liner; the second in California. In both cases, he was coming across from Mexico.

Charley Dog loved Mexico better than anyplace he had ever been. But he kept getting caught doing one thing and another.

About a year after his second term began, Charley Dog was picking tomatoes on the prison farm (under the watchful double-barreled eye of the guard), when he fell to listening to the chatter in the next field. Mexican chatter, that is, spoken by wetbacks. Enough of it was understood by Charley Dog, oh, yes. An old man of bent back sang a song about Chanda. Charley Dog listened and translated it that night:

*There is a place called Chanda
Where the women all are free
Aieeeee*

*And more dope than you could hope
for
Unless your daddy peddles pot
Aieeee*

*So you take your caffeine
And leave me my amphetamine
Oh, baby, baby, your daddy's
getting old.*

There is some question as to whether Charley Dog translated this song literally, and there might even be some question whether he heard the song at all. But so be it. There, in the middle flats of California, he dreamed of Chanda and of what life might be like for him there.

The next day, he escaped, hopped a freight to Sacramento, broke into a Laundromat changemaker, called a friend and got himself a little-diddle pot franchise, saved his silver and sold his gold and, within a year, he bought a one-way ticket for Chanda.

That's how Charley Dog made it.

• • •

The city of Royal City does not look like a city. There is only one paved road. It runs north-south through the center and it stops 500 meters beyond the royal gate.

The city sits in a saucer of hills reminiscent of Dien Bien Phu. "He who controls the hills controls the city." This profound thought, variously worded, appeared in the intelligence reports of the many representatives who had been sent from many countries to lodge in Chanda. This shrewd tactical concept intrigued Colonel Kelly. At night, under the light of his lantern, he would place plastic overlays on his maps of Chanda and, using red and blue and green grease

pencils, he would launch attacks and counterassaults, diversions and envelopments. Always, always he was left with the belief that it would be next to impossible to break out of an enemy encirclement in the hills surrounding Royal City.

With conventional weapons.

But Colonel Kelly had a special nuclear kit and in that kit were other overlays and graphs and tables; and late at night, when the mantle in the lantern was down to a small glow, the colonel would quietly, chuckingly open his special nuclear kit.

According to Colonel Kelly's consistent and mathematically correct computations, a nuclear airburst at 10,000 feet of what still has to be classified megatonnage, if delivered at what still is considered a classified point on the map, and if timed to coincide with classified temperature conditions, this airburst would singe the hills but leave the city intact.

This made the colonel very happy. And he stayed happy until Lieutenant Goodfellow was assigned to Chanda as the colonel's executive officer.

Lieutenant Goodfellow always wanted to do the right thing. He was eager, industrious, square. He had been raised secure in the glow of educational institutions. His moral outlook could best be described as American modern, realizing, as you must, that this term covers many viewpoints but could probably be said to lie, speaking in analogies, somewhere between the courthouse square and the high school football field.

Lieutenant Goodfellow did not think he wanted to make the military a career. But he was not sure of that.

He reminded Colonel Kelly that, in the colonel's nightly wonderings, he had forgotten to compute wind direction and velocity.

"Atomicwise," said Lieutenant Goodfellow, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The colonel praised the lieutenant for his efficiency. They were both very hearty about the whole mistake. They spoke loudly and laughed a lot. But Colonel Kelly was very relieved that he made out the lieutenant's fitness reports and not vice versa.

The colonel took it upon himself to show the lieutenant a thing or three. First, he requisitioned some equipment via telex. The message flew through the air and bounced off satellites and whipped under oceans. From a supply shed in Maryland, across a continent by rail, across an ocean by plane came the colonel's requested equipment.

And one morning at dawn, when the birds were getting ready for heat, a small balloon about the size of a basketball floated up on the wind currents above Royal City. The sausage sellers and pedicab drivers and vegetable vendors

(continued on page 160)



the rebirth of yost

fiction

By THOMAS BAUM

he announced on the merv griffin show that he had decided to die that night and would be coming back—but as whom?

WHILE WAITING FOR HIS FRIENDS, the ARMOURS, to come and bear him to his tomb, the Reverend Mr. Yost watched himself on *Merv Griffin*. He was the last guest. The producer had brought him on with less than five minutes to go; and now, as Yost watched in his apartment with Magdalena, his pregnant cat, it was three minutes to one. Aliza Kashi was seated to his right and Marty Allen shared the desk with Merv Griffin.

"Well, Merv," Yost himself was saying, "there are different ways to think about it. For instance, this new CBS show of yours. Well, that's sort of a rebirth, in a way. You're doing the same number, if you know what I mean, for a different network. That's all reincarnation is, really. Same number, new network."

"But aren't you supposed to improve or something?" Merv Griffin was looking around at Marty Allen, who *(continued on page 90)*

Suitably Impressive

TWO MEN ABOUT
TOWN DISPLAY THEIR
DISTINCTION, ONE
CONSERVATIVELY,
THE OTHER
DASHINGLY—BOTH
EMINENTLY CORRECT

ATTIRE
By ROBERT L. GREEN





Checking out their dates' choice of finery found in Chicago's latest ladies' boutique, Garage, these admiring gentlemen sport shaped suits that reflect today's fashion permissiveness. The man in the dark suit maintains a wardrobe viewpoint that's based on well-tailored traditionalism: He prefers a wool single-breasted pin-striped two-button suit, by Jean Louis for Hart Schaffner & Marx, about \$175; a variegated-striped cotton shirt, by Hathaway, \$16; wide-striped silk tie, by Bill Miller for the Village Squire, \$7.50; and moc-toed burnished-leather slip-ons with concealed monk strap, by Renegades, \$32. His more adventurously garbed confrere has chosen a single-breasted wool twill two-button suit with ultrawide lapels and slanted flap pockets, designed by Roland Meledandri, \$225, cotton Swiss-made shirt with long-pointed collar, \$22.50, solid-color silk tie, designed by Ralph Lauren for Polo, \$12.50, and imported broad-toed two-eyelet shoes, \$45, all from Ultimo.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA

rebirth of yost (continued from page 87)

was deadpanning at the studio audience. "Isn't your soul supposed to get better each time?"

"I'm coming back as Raquel Welch," Marty Allen said.

"Well, yes," Yost watched himself say, "hopefully, each time around, you polish the number."

"And have you?"

"Not as much as I hope to. The thing is, you lose a lot when you let death and rebirth just happen to you. You forget everything. You get these flashes now and then—*déjà vu*. But mostly, you forget. Your act doesn't really improve. That's why, this time, I'm making a conscious decision to die. Tonight," he added.

"I'm getting out of here." Marty Allen said. The camera showed him pantomiming a fast exit.

"Not on your show, of course, Merv," Yost heard himself say. The camera returned to his face. "I wouldn't do that to you. You'd get too much *lucchem kuluhtak*."

Yost, seated on his bed, stroking Magdalena, nodded. The show's editors had scrambled the tape. He had actually said "Catholic mail."

"Tonight, later. At the home of my friends, the Armours."

"Joseph Armour? Like in the society columns, the Armours?"

"He and his wife are old friends. They've prepared a place for me in their house."

"But how will we know you when you come back? Who will you be?"

Yost watched himself hesitate.

"Well, if I knew exactly who I was going to be, I could skip that reincarnation and go on to the next, couldn't I? So——"

"But how will we know it's not a gag?"

"Oh, it's not a gag——"

"But how will we know?" Merv Griffin was leaning toward him, intensely imperterbable.

"I'll come back on your show," Yost said. "The new me."

Merv Griffin displayed boyish confusion. "What about all these kids who follow you? All your disciples?" He gestured toward the balcony. There was a burst of applause. "What will they do without you?"

Yost shuddered. "Oh, they'll be fine," he watched himself say. "They know I'm coming back."

"They know everything about you, don't they?"

"I've had no secrets from my friends."

"But whose baby will you be?" Aliza Kashi asked.

"Johnson and Johnson's," Marty Allen said. Merv Griffin grinned. The band struck up the show's theme. Yost, hearing

his front doorbell, let Magdalena off his lap. "Good night, Marty. Aliza, good night. Phil Ford, Mimi Hines, Genevieve. Good night, Rocky. Thank you, Dr. Yost. I hope you were putting us on. Aliza hopes you weren't. Good night——"

He turned off the TV and walked to his front door, followed by Magdalena. It was quiet outside in the hall, but nevertheless, he lifted the disk of the peephole. For several days now, the kids had been sitting watch outside his building, coming and going in shifts, and occasionally they got past the doorman and came up and pounded on his door. It had been a torturous week and Yost was glad he had waited until the last night to go on *Merv Griffin*. Otherwise, there would have been even more kids. Checking the hall now, he saw, through the fisheye lens, not kids, thank God, not disciples, but the Armours, Joseph and Thea, come to fetch him. He opened the door.

"The place is swarming with kids," Joseph Armour said, scowling.

"We can take the service elevator," Yost said. "It goes straight to the basement. There's a side exit. The kids have been here all week."

"How awful."

"On the Griffin show, I mentioned I was going to your house tonight. There were kids in the studio audience. They're apt to spread the word."

"I dare say," Joseph Armour said. Thea looked about to cry.

"Let's go," Yost said, picking up Magdalena and nuzzling her face. She jumped heavily to the floor and padded into the kitchen. Yost watched her go behind the sink to her nest; then, smiling to himself, he went out into the hall and locked the door. He waited while the Armours summoned the service elevator and then ran down the hall. In the other shafts, he could hear the voices of kids on their way up to his floor. Well, they had missed him. He got into the service elevator with the Armours and it sank to the basement. He waited with Thea while her husband went to tell his chauffeur to drive around to the side exit.

"How do you feel?" Thea asked in a quiet voice.

"Sad." He smiled at her.

"I'm sad, too." She stared straight ahead. "Joseph still doesn't believe it. Oh, he believes it, I guess, but he's so frightened of it."

"That makes two of us, at least," Yost said pleasantly. He could hear the kids milling around the front entrance of the building. A shout had just gone up. The kids had seen the limousine and were in pursuit. Yost ground his teeth together. Running from the kids marred the performance, but there was no alternative.

The thing itself could only work in private. Perhaps it was unwise to have gone on *Merv Griffin*, he thought, looking at Thea. She was fighting back tears.

"There's no way to know who you'll be?" she said, shaking her head. "Whose baby? Where?"

"No," Yost lied. His mother's pangs would already be under way; his were about to start. He looked up the alley at the limousine coming toward them. The mouth of the alley was clogged with disorderly young men and women, running. The limousine swooped close and Joseph Armour opened the door and Yost and Thea got in. Yost turned in his seat to look at the wretched crowd receding in the rear window. Then, feeling a precise pain over his heart, he faced front.

"Those kids," Thea said. "Those awful kids."

"Yes," Yost nodded.

"Did you see that one girl?" Joseph Armour shook his head. "Fifteen years old, if that. With a baby in her arms, running. And there were others. Pregnant girls!"

"They know too much about you," Thea said to Yost. "They know everything you've ever been or done."

"Reason enough to get reborn," Yost said with a smile.

"But what if they claim their kids are you? What then?"

"Don't worry about the kids," Yost said. The limousine shot into the park. Rain had started and the large drops exploded into petals on the windows. Yost sat back, savoring the deep, moody heat of the interior, letting his body merge with the upholstery. The pain over his heart, referred from his bowels, leaped to his shoulder. It had started in earnest. He could feel his skull pressing against his flesh and the blood throbbing across the bridge of his nose. He let his mind go to his chest, where his heartbeats were merging. It was different from when the heart stood still, a thing that came unexpectedly. This was a matter of fear and concentration. He had rehearsed many hours for this night.

"My God, my God," Joseph Armour said. They were out of the park and turning up the street to the Armours' town house. Through a thick haze, Yost saw the kids. The word had spread. There were more here than at his place, hundreds, and cop cars were going slowly along the street, lights turning in the rain. A police line had been set up and Yost saw two members of a TV camera crew. The cops were clearing a passage for the limousine. Yost looked past Thea at the kids pressing toward the car, which did not slow down but proceeded directly into the Armours' garage, the door dropping behind them. Yost could hear the kids starting to chant in the street: They wanted to see him, to be

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ARTISTS & MODELS

By *Buck Brown*

aspects of the art world that the public seldom sees





*"I'm sorry, miss,
I only do landscapes."*



*"C'mon, you know what I want; I
don't have to draw you a picture."*



*"Remember, baby, if you
leave, don't come back!"*



*"That painting isn't the only thing
that's pregnant with celestial fire."*



"So much for my masterpiece; let's get started on that painting."



"An artist always puts a little of himself into his work."



"Let's clean up and get a fresh start tomorrow."

FUTURE SHOCK

the accelerating rate of man-made change already may be the most stable fact of human existence, which poses this question: does man the organism possess the adaptability to survive the traumatic consequences?

article **By ALVIN TOFFLER** IN THE THREE SHORT DECADES between now and the turn of the next millennium, millions of psychologically normal people will experience an abrupt collision with the future. Affluent, educated citizens of the world's richest and most technically advanced nations, they will fall victim to tomorrow's most menacing malady: the disease of change. Unable to keep up with the supercharged pace of change, brought to the edge of breakdown by incessant demands to adapt to novelty, many will plunge into future shock. For them, the future will have arrived too soon.

Future shock is more than an arresting phrase. It may prove to be the most obstinate and debilitating social problem of the future. Its symptoms range from confusion, anxiety and hostility to helpful authority, to physical illness, seemingly senseless violence and self-destructive apathy. Future-shock victims manifest erratic swings in interest and life style, followed by a panicky sense that events are slipping out of their control and, later, a desperate effort to "crawl into their shells" through social, intellectual and emotional withdrawal. They feel continuously harassed and attempt to reduce the number of changes with which they must cope, the number of decisions they must make. The ultimate casualties of future shock terminate by cutting off the outside world entirely—dropping out, spiraling deeper and deeper into disengagement.

In the decades immediately ahead, we face a torrent of change—in our jobs, our families, our sexual standards, our art, our politics, our values. This means that millions of us, ill prepared by either past experience or education, will be forced to make repeated, often painful adaptations. Some of us will be simply unable to function in this social flux and, unless we learn to treat—or prevent—future shock, we shall witness an intensification of the mass neurosis, irrationalism and violence already tearing at today's change-wracked society.

The quickest way to grasp the idea of future shock is to begin with a parallel term—culture shock—that has begun to creep from anthropology texts into the popular language. Culture shock is the queasy physical and mental state produced in an unprepared person who is suddenly immersed in an alien culture. Peace Corps volunteers suffer from it in Ethiopia or Ecuador. Marco Polo probably suffered from it in Cathay. Culture shock is what happens when a traveler suddenly finds himself surrounded by newness, cut off from meaning—when, because of a shift of culture, a yes may mean no, when to slap a man's back in friendly camaraderie may be to offer a mortal insult, when laughter may signify not joy but fury. Culture shock is the bewilderment and distress—sometimes culminating in blind fury or bone-deep apathy—triggered by the removal of the familiar psychological cues on which all of us must depend for survival.

The culture-shock phenomenon accounts for much of the frustration and disorientation that plague Americans in their dealings with other societies. It causes a breakdown in communication, a misreading of reality, an inability to cope. Yet culture shock is relatively mild in comparison with future shock. This malady will not be found in *Index Medicus* or in any listing of psychological abnormalities. Yet, unless intelligent steps are taken to combat it, millions of human beings will find themselves increasingly incompetent to deal rationally with their environments. A product of the greatly accelerated rate of change in society, future shock arises from the superimposition of a new culture on an old one. It is culture shock in one's own society. But its impact is far worse. For most Peace Corps men—in fact, most travelers—have the comforting knowledge that the culture they left behind will be there to return to. The victim of future shock does not.

Take an individual out of his own culture and set him down suddenly in an environment sharply different from his own, with a wholly novel set of cues to react to, different conceptions of time, space, work, love, religion, sex and everything else; then cut him off from any hope of retreat to a more familiar social landscape and the dislocation he suffers is doubly severe. Moreover, if this new culture is itself rife with change, and if, moreover, its values are incessantly changing, the sense of disorientation will be even further intensified. Given few clues as to what kind of behavior is rational under the radically new circumstances, the victim may well become a hazard to himself and others. Now, imagine not merely an individual but an entire society, an entire generation—including its weakest, least intelligent and most irrational members—suddenly transported into this new world. The result is mass disorientation, future shock on a grand scale.

This is the prospect man now faces. For a new society—superindustrial, fast-paced, fragmented, filled with bizarre



styles, customs and choices—is erupting in our midst. An alien culture is swiftly displacing the one in which most of us have our roots. Change is avalanching upon our heads, and most people are unprepared to cope with it. Man is not infinitely adaptable, no matter what the romantics or mystics may say. We are biological organisms with only so much resilience, only a limited ability to absorb the physiological and mental punishment inherent in change. In the past, when the pace of change was leisurely, the substitution of one culture for another tended to stretch over centuries. Today, we experience a millennium of change in a few brief decades. Time is compressed. This means that the emergent superindustrial society will, itself, be swept away in the tidal wave of change—even before we have learned to cope adequately with it. In certain quarters, the rate of change is already blinding. Yet there are powerful reasons to believe that we are only at the beginning of the accelerative curve. History itself is speeding up.

This startling statement can be illustrated in a number of ways. It has been observed, for example, that if the past 50,000 years of man's existence were divided into lifetimes of approximately 62 years each, there have been about 800 such lifetimes. Of these 800, fully 650 were spent in caves. Only during the past 70 lifetimes has it been possible to communicate effectively from one lifetime to another—as writing made it possible to do. Only during the past six lifetimes have masses of men ever seen a printed word. Only during the past four has it been possible to measure time with any precision. Only in the past two has anyone anywhere used an electric motor. And the overwhelming majority of all the material goods we use in daily life today have been developed within the present, the 800th, lifetime.

Painting with the broadest of brush strokes, biologist Sir Julian Huxley informs us that “The tempo of human evolution during recorded history is at least 100,000 times as rapid as that of prehuman evolution.” Inventions or improvements of a magnitude that took perhaps 50,000 years to accomplish during the early Paleolithic era were, he says, “run through in a mere millennium toward its close; and with the advent of settled civilization, the unit of change soon became reduced to the century.” The rate of change, accelerating throughout the past 5000 years, has become, in his words, “particularly noticeable during the past 300 years.” Indeed, says social psychologist Warren Bennis, the throttle has been pushed so far forward in recent years that “No exaggeration, no hyperbole, no outrage can realistically describe the extent and pace of change. . . . In fact, only the exaggerations appear to be true.”

What changes justify such supercharged language? Let us look at a few—changes in the process by which man forms cities, for example. We are now undergoing the most extensive and rapid urbanization the world has ever seen. In 1850, only four cities on the face of the earth had a population of 1,000,000 or more. By 1900, the number had increased to 19. But by 1960, there were 141; and today, world urban population is rocketing upward at a rate of 6.5 percent per year, according to Egbert de Vries and J. T. Thijsse of the Institute of Social Studies in The Hague. This single stark statistic means a doubling of the earth's urban population within 11 years.

One way to grasp the meaning of change on so phenomenal a scale is to imagine what would happen if all existing cities, instead of expanding, retained their present size. If this were so, in order to accommodate the new urban millions, we would have to build a duplicate city for each of the hundreds that already dot the globe. A new Tokyo, a new Hamburg, a new Rome and Rangoon—and all within 11 years. This explains why Buckminster Fuller has proposed building whole cities in shipyards and towing them to coastal moorings adjacent to big cities. It explains why builders talk more and more about “instant” architecture—an “instant factory” to spring up here, an “instant campus” to be constructed there. It is why French urban planners are sketching subterranean cities—stores, museums, warehouses and factories to be built under the earth—and why a Japanese architect has blueprinted a city to be built on stilts out over the ocean.

The same accelerative tendency is instantly apparent in man's consumption of energy. Dr. Homi Bhabha, the late Indian atomic scientist, once analyzed this trend. “To illustrate,” he said, “let us use the letter Q to stand for the energy derived from burning some 33 billion tons of coal. In the 18½ centuries after Christ, the total energy consumed averaged less than ½ Q per century. But by 1850, the rate had risen to one Q per century. Today, the rate is about 10 Q per century.” This means, roughly speaking, that half of all the energy consumed by man in the past 2000 years has been consumed in the past 100.

Also dramatically evident is the acceleration of economic growth in the nations now racing toward superindustrialism. Despite the fact that they start from a large industrial base, the annual percentage increases in production in these countries are formidable. And the rate of increase is itself increasing. In France, for example, in the 29 years between 1910 and the outbreak of World War Two, industrial production rose only five percent. Yet between 1948 and 1965, in only 17 years, it increased by more than 220 percent. Today, growth rates of from 5 to 10 percent per year are not uncommon among the most industrialized nations. Thus, for the 21 countries belonging to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development—by and large, the “have” nations—the average annual rate of increase in gross national product in the years 1960–1968 ran between 4.5 and 5 percent. The U. S., despite a series of ups and downs, grew at a rate of 4.5 percent, and Japan led the rest with annual increases averaging 9.8 percent.

What such numbers imply is nothing less revolutionary than a doubling of the total output of goods and services in the advanced societies about every 15 years—and the doubling times are shrinking. This means that the child

reaching his teens in any of these societies is literally surrounded by twice as much of everything newly man-made as his parents were at the time he was an infant. It means that by the time today's teenager reaches the age of 30, perhaps earlier, a second doubling will have occurred. Within a 70-year lifetime, perhaps five such doublings will take place—meaning, since the increases are compounded, that by the time the individual reaches old age, the society around him will be producing 32 times as much as when he was born. Such changes in the ratio between old and new have, as we shall show, an electric impact on the habits, beliefs and self-images of millions. Never in history has this ratio been transformed so radically in so brief a flick of time.

Behind such prodigious economic facts lies that great, growling engine of change—technology. This is not to say that technology is the only source of change in society. Social upheavals can be touched off by a change in the chemical composition of the atmosphere, by alterations in climate, by changes in fertility and many other factors. Yet technology is indisputably a major force behind the accelerative thrust. To most people, the term technology conjures up images of smoky steel mills and clanking machines. Perhaps the classic symbol of technology is still the assembly line created by Henry Ford half a century ago and transformed into a potent social icon by Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*. This symbol, however, has always been inadequate—indeed, misleading—for technology has always been more than factories and machines. The invention of the horse collar in the Middle Ages led to major changes in agricultural methods and was as much a technological advance as the invention of the Bessemer furnace centuries later. Moreover, technology includes techniques as well as the machines that may or may not be necessary to apply them. It includes ways to make chemical reactions occur, ways to breed fish, plant forests, light theaters, count votes or teach history.

The old symbols of technology are even more misleading today, when the most advanced technological processes are carried out far from assembly lines or open hearths. Indeed, in electronics, in space technology, in most of the new industries, relative silence and clean surroundings are characteristic—sometimes even essential. And the assembly line—the organization of armies of men to carry out simple repetitive functions—is an anachronism. It is time for our symbols of technology to change—to catch up with the fantastic changes in technology itself.

This acceleration is graphically dramatized by a thumbnail account of the progress in transportation. It has been pointed out, for example, that in 6000 B.C., the fastest transportation over long distances available to man was the camel

caravan, averaging eight miles per hour. It was not until about 3000 B.C., when the chariot was invented, that the maximum speed was raised to roughly 20 mph. So impressive was this invention, so difficult was it to exceed this speed limit that nearly 5000 years later, when the first mail coach began operating in England in 1784, it averaged a mere ten mph. The first steam locomotive, introduced in 1825, could muster a top speed of only 13 mph, and the great sailing ships of the time labored along at less than half that speed. It was probably not until the 1880s that man, with the help of a more advanced steam locomotive, managed to reach a speed of 100 mph. It took the human race millions of years to attain that record. It took only 50 years, however, to quadruple the limit; so that by 1931, airborne man was cracking the 400-mph line. It took a mere 20 years to double the limit again. And by the 1960s, rocket planes approached speeds of 4000 mph and men in space capsules were circling the earth at 18,000 mph. Plotted on a graph, the line representing progress in the past generation would leap vertically off the page.

Whether we examine distances traveled, altitudes reached, minerals mined or explosive power harnessed, the same accelerative trend is obvious. The pattern, here and in a thousand other statistical series, is absolutely clear and unmistakable. Millenniums or centuries go by, and then, in our own times, a sudden bursting of the limits, a fantastic spurt forward. The reason for this is that technology feeds on itself. Technology makes more technology possible, as we can see if we look for a moment at the process of innovation. Technological innovation consists of three stages, linked together into a self-reinforcing cycle. First, there is the creative, feasible idea. Second, its practical application. Third, its diffusion through society. The process is completed, the loop closed, when the diffusion of technology embodying the new idea, in turn, helps generate new creative ideas. There is evidence now that the time between each of the steps in this cycle has been shortened.

It is not merely true, as frequently noted, that 90 percent of all the scientists who ever lived are now alive and that new scientific discoveries are being made every day. These new ideas are put to work much more quickly than ever before. The time between original concept and practical use has been radically reduced. This is a striking difference between ourselves and our ancestors. Apollonius of Perga discovered conic sections, but it was 2000 years before they were applied to engineering problems. It was literally centuries between the time Paracelsus discovered that ether could be used as an anesthetic and the time it

began to be used for that purpose. Even in more recent times, the same pattern of delay prevailed. In 1836, a machine was invented that mowed, threshed, tied straw into sheaves and poured grain into sacks. This machine was itself based on technology at least 20 years old at the time. Yet it was not until a century later, in the 1930s, that such a combine was actually marketed. The first English patent for a typewriter was issued in 1714. But a century and a half elapsed before typewriters became commercially available. A full century passed between the time Nicolas Appert discovered how to can food and the time when canning became important in the food industry.

Such delays between idea and application are almost unthinkable today. It isn't that we are more eager or less lazy than our ancestors, but that, with the passage of time, we have invented all sorts of social devices to hasten the process. We find that the time between the first and second stages of the innovative cycle—between idea and application—has been radically shortened. Frank Lynn, for example, in studying 20 major innovations, such as frozen food, antibiotics, integrated circuits and synthetic leather, found that since the beginning of this century, more than 60 percent has been slashed from the average time needed for a major scientific discovery to be translated into a useful technological form. William O. Baker, vice-president of Bell Laboratories, itself the hatchery of such innovations as sound movies, computers, transistors and Telstar, underscores the narrowing gap between invention and application by noting that while it took 65 years for the electric motor to be applied, 33 years for the vacuum tube and 18 years for the X-ray tube, it took only 10 for the nuclear reactor, 5 for radar and only 3 for the transistor and the solar battery. A vast and growing research-and-development industry is working now to reduce the lag still further.

If it takes less time to bring a new idea to the market place, it also takes less time for it to sweep through society. The interval between the second and third stages of the cycle—between application and diffusion—has likewise been cut, and the pace of diffusion is rising with astonishing speed. This is borne out by the history of several familiar household appliances. Robert A. Young, at the Stanford Research Institute, has studied the span of time between the first commercial appearance of a new electrical appliance and the time the industry manufacturing it reaches peak production of the item. He found that for a group of appliances introduced in the United States before 1920—including the vacuum cleaner, the electric range and the refrigerator—the average span between introduction and peak production was 34 years. But for a group that appeared in

(continued on page 202)



PLAYBOY'S WEEKEND HOUSEYACHT PARTY

modern living

*getting away from it all
for a salty tropic frolic with
all the comforts of home*



Lined up in adjacent slips at a Miami-hotel marina, our three water-borne pleasure domes are boarded by the last of the party crew. Moments later, the three craft are under way, making knots southward bound for a secluded Florida Key and a long weekend of festive fun.

TODAY'S HOUSEYACHT is the greatest getaway craft for couples since the ark. Offering the best of the two worlds of land and water, today's fast-moving, splendidly appointed, seaworthy pleasure domes are a far cry from the houseboats of yore, those flat-bottomed, shanty-topped barges that drifted with the currents, carrying migrants South and West on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. What proud houseyacht captain would stand for such prosaic nomenclature as houseboat when he has under him a sleek vessel capable of cruising at 20 miles an hour and up—in luxury and with the greatest of ease? Such carelessness with words would be grounds for *(text continued on page 105)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FLIP SCHULKE



With the Carri-Craft anchored in the inviting waters off the Florida Keys, its cavorting crew gives in to an understandable urge to plunge into the pellucid briny from the edge of the catamaran cruiser's spacious sun deck; it's a good ten-foot dive, as Beth (above) is in the process of discovering. An afternoon of aquatic aquabatics proves not only contagious to the seafaring partygoers but relaxing as well. They shower, change into dry clothes and take their ease in the luxurious main salon (below), as Bab and Lee deftly strum their guitars and run through a sizable repertoire of folk ballads. Meanwhile, Carol (right) takes an extra-long turn in the shower before joining the group.



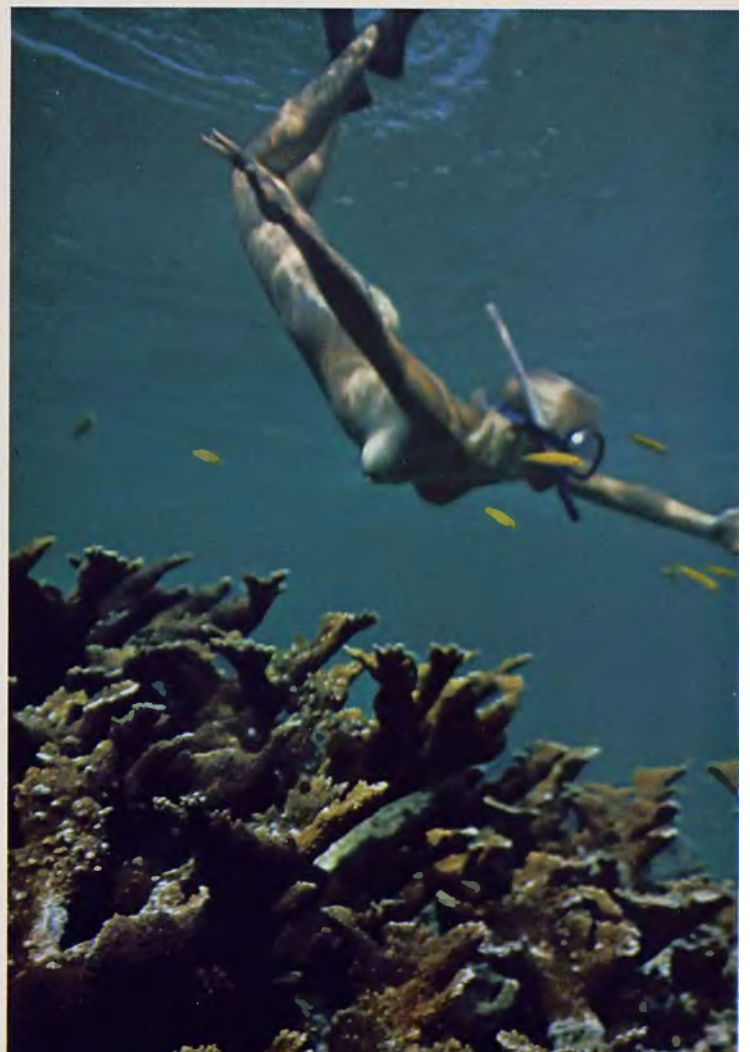


As first mate Georgia watches, Niles eases the 57-foot houseyacht into an offshore anchorage (top). They then join Carol on the aft deck (above) and the three relax in inflated plastic chairs until a playful Julian literally goes a little overboard with Carol and the chairs (below).





Aboard the second houseyacht, a 34-foot Thunderbird Drift-R-Cruz, a frolicking quartet of nautical nomads begins its three-day spree through the Florida Keys. At cruising speed, they head through unusually calm water on the edge of the Gulf Stream toward Carysfort Lighthouse for a few hours of diving near the magnificent coral reef marked by the 117-year-old beacon. Bill is the skipper at the helm, while Dara, Ray and Connie ride topside to take full advantage of the sea breeze and bright sunlight (above). Once at anchor, Ray and Connie (below right) dive over a bouquet of coral only slightly less dazzling than Connie in her natural state. Later, weary but exhilarated by their underwater adventures, the two aquanauts go below and take time out for some quiet conversation in the spacious cabin (below left).





Putting the upper deck to good use, Dara chats with Ray as she and Connie enjoy the special pleasure of nude sun-bathing (above). Soon afterward, the girls persuade Bill to tow them in a glass-bottomed dinghy (left), through which the two can enjoy what's on the bottom—and vice versa. Mermaid Connie (below) climbs back on board after an afternoon's snorkeling stint.





The third vessel in this seaworthy trio, a 46-foot Chris-Craft (above), is deserted by skipper and crew—some far a swim, others to take a masked look at the underwater flora and fauna. Back on board with Pat (left), Paul pilots his Aqua Home from the flying bridge. Later, Alice tries her hand at water-skiing (below). At Ballast Key, Jeff inflates the Nautisport rubber boat and shuttles Pat and Paul to shore (top right), where Paul affectionately nuzzles Pat while helping her apply suntan lotion (right). Strolling up the deserted beach, they're surprised to find sun worshipers Julian and Carol (who have come ashore in a dinghy from the nearby Carri-Craft) and join them (below right) as they stretch out in a state of dress most apropos in these tropic climes.





keelhauling. These nautical fun-and-sun pads can ply the water with far greater versatility than bigger and more expensive yachts or sailing ships and, foot for foot, with far greater comfort. They can go wherever there is navigable water—not only in rough seas, because of their high freeboards and broad beams, but also through shallow waters—and sometimes right up to secluded beaches, because of their shallow drafts. The largest of the three houseyachts that transported *PLAYBOY*'s pleasure seekers drew slightly less than four feet.

As a summer hideaway for weekends or longer, the houseyacht is both a home at the beach or lake

Lunches on board houseyachts can range from an alfresco attack on a pile of hamburgers to this sumptuous meal Chris-Craft skipper Poul concocted and then relished with the aid of his volunteer galley slaves: fresh red snapper with Spanish sauce, sliced tomatoes, broccoli and plenty of rice. Taking their ease after a late-day dip, Jeff and Alice (below) tête-à-tête in the seclusion of the skipper's stateroom.





A rendezvous on the beach at Spottswood's Munson Key (above) provides a fitting climax for PLAYBOY's festive fleet of partygoers. The night abounds with a variety of pleasures—cold cocktails, hearty food for the hungry crew, iced beer and free-form fun and games. Norma (below left) tends a heap of fresh shrimps broiling over charcoal, which will be served with a choice of sour-cream-and-tomato or egg-and-white-wine dip. After all hands have had their fill of appetizers, tender fillets of beef are consigned to the grill. (Recipes for regal houseyacht dining, on board or beach, are given on page 190.) Bob carves a rare fillet (below right) as Niles and Georgia exhibit admirable restraint.



front and a powerboat for all the water sports you can name—swimming, diving, water-skiing, snorkeling or just plain cruising. And the very nature of the craft allows the living to be as casual as you want to make it—wherever you want to go.

Throughout the Great Lakes, there are hundreds of vacation spots accessible by houseyacht for a weekend or a whole summer. North from Chicago on Lake Michigan, there are the Wisconsin and Michigan shore lines and Mackinac Island, just a short hop into Lake Huron. And through the locks at Sault Sainte Marie into Lake Superior, you'll find places such as Isle Royale National Park, Port Arthur or Duluth-Superior, only 30 miles from a stretch of the Brule River and some of the greatest trout fishing in the U.S.

There are all kinds of trips to be made

Suffused with food and drink, the revelers dance through the night (right) to the swinging stereo sounds piped ashore from a close-in houseyacht. Relaxing in the moon-drenched water just off the beach, Paul and Pat pause for a lingering kiss.



up and down the Mississippi. From St. Louis, you can wind your way north through Mark Twain country and all the way up to northwestern Illinois and the gambling tables at East Dubuque. Down the Mississippi, there's New Orleans and, beyond that, the Gulf of Mexico—and perhaps a journey to Cozumel, off the Yucatán Peninsula, one of the most secluded and beautiful water-bound hideaways in the world.

In the Northeast, it's easy traveling to Cape Cod or Martha's Vineyard. And on the West Coast, there's Catalina Island, Santa Barbara and northward to Monterey, Carmel and, of course, San Francisco. Or you can steer a course for Seattle and its marvelous surrounding waterways.

Wherever you decide to roam, today's houseyachts can be used as bases for fishing and hunting expeditions. The largest of the three in PLAYBOY's fleet has a special open-well stern deck for deep-sea sport fishing (also offered in a configuration suitable as a floating corporate board room).

The fastest-growing segment of the billion-dollar boating market, houseyachts are attracting more and more buyers because of the variety of basic models available and a wide price range. In 1969, approximately 4500 of them were purchased at an average cost of \$15,500. Industry projections show even bigger sales this year—a far cry from just a few years back, when sales averaged somewhere between 300 and 400 units annually. The latest models are a snap to operate—especially if you already have some knowledge of power boating. Manufacturers claim that if you can drive a car, you can quickly learn to captain a houseyacht with proper instruction—providing, of course, that you use common sense and observe the rules of the waterways.

If you're interested in being the captain of your own house cruiser, be sure to take some time and care in looking for the yacht that suits your own needs best. We recommend, too, renting a houseyacht similar to the one that strikes your fancy before you buy. Then, if you come ashore Sunday night still turned on by your choice of craft, it's time to put financial wheels in motion and make the purchase.

The three houseyachts used for PLAYBOY's three-day cruise from Miami to the lower Keys and back—among the best designed and equipped on the market today—ranged in price from about \$13,000 to \$70,000. The most expensive was Carri-Craft's 57-foot cruising catamaran—called the Casa Grande. Next came Chris-Craft's 46-foot Aqua Home, and at the low end of the price scale was Thunderbird's new 34-foot Drift-R-Cruz.

The Casa Grande is so big that you could fit 60 revelers aboard, along with a combo and waiters, without the crush

of the usual cocktail party. And hardly anyone would notice that a chef was turning out hot hors d'oeuvres in the all-electric galley. As a seagoing playground for four cavorting young couples, the all-fiberglass catamaran cruiser is nearly as well appointed as an Onassis manse; it sleeps eight in luxurious comfort. The Carri-Craft also has a huge top deck for sunning and lounging, a 10-by-10-foot wheelhouse that puts the captain a good ten feet above the water with full 360-degree unobstructed vision, and a large forward deck to boot.

Six carpeted steps down from the wheelhouse is the elegant main *salon* that connects with an aft cabin (separated by Pullman doors); together, they provide spacious quarters 27 feet long and 12 feet wide. The L-shaped galley is conveniently located forward on the port side of the *salon*, with plenty of room for both cooking and drink dispensing.

Among other beguiling accommodations are two sizable forward staterooms, one with a double bed. The other, forward on the starboard side, has a seven-foot-long bunk with a full-sized mattress, reading lamp, private head and shower, linen locker, mirror and dressing light. And back between the main *salon* and the aft cabin is another full bath.

The big houseyacht's standard engine package consists of twin 225-horsepower Chryslers with Paragon V drive and hydraulic clutch. With that kind of power, the 21,000-pound catamaran cruiser can zip through the water at better than 26 miles an hour. The combination of its twin-hull design and high freeboard (six feet forward, five aft) makes rough seas a breeze and yet, with its draft of just under four feet, shallow waters are no problem, either, when the craft is in the hands of a careful navigator, as it was on the trip through the often-tricky waters of the Keys. Carri-Craft's manufacturers say that anyone with some knowledge of power boating can be taught to operate this large houseyacht in a week or less—and the lessons are included in the purchase price, which ranges from \$57,000 all the way up to \$70,000.

Like the auto makers, boat manufacturers offer a long list of optional equipment. The most expensive extras in all three boats are diesel rather than gasoline engines. A diesel power plant will up the price about \$10,000. As other optional equipment on the Carri-Craft, we recommend air conditioning, gas-fume detectors, on-board parts kits and spare propellers, radio-telephone, depth sounder, stereo tape system and electric heads rather than hand-pumped ones. We'd also opt for the larger 14-cubic-foot refrigerator with automatic ice maker in place of the standard 10-cubic-foot box, especially if you plan plenty of entertaining on board.

The smaller and sleeker Chris-Craft

Aqua Home, on which three frolicking couples spent the weekend, prices out at about \$40,600, including more than \$10,000 in optional equipment—notably, dual-control command (flying) bridge, air conditioning, a 6.5-kilowatt fresh-water-cooled generating plant and a 12-volt battery system. Its twin 230-horsepower V-drive engines allow the Aqua Home to cruise at 22 mph, with a top speed of about 27. Although on a single fiberglass hull, the Chris-Craft has a 15-foot beam that gives it lateral stability and a 44-inch freeboard both forward and aft that makes it operate extraordinarily well in rough seas. At the same time, it draws only 29 inches, allowing its captain to navigate shallow waters.

The interior of the 1970 Chris-Craft is especially handsome, with its bright-orange wall-to-wall carpeting throughout—contrasting with white paneling. And the layout is well planned for convenience and casual comfort. The elaborate galley is on the same level as the main pilothouse, and there are two convertible lounges that can comfortably sleep two people each. Across from the galley is a drop-leaf table that doubles as a dinette or a coffee table. Aft on the lower level is the owner's stateroom, with an appropriately large double bed. At midship is a private-entrance lounge that converts to upper and lower berths. Also on the lower level is a well-appointed full bath with head, shower and multibulbed showbiz-type mirror.

Thunderbird's new 34-foot Drift-R-Cruz is 12 feet shorter than the Chris-Craft but has a special charm all its own. It's a trim ship that can be a perfect water-borne address for two couples with nothing to do but relax in the sun. With that light a load and twin 200-horsepower Mercury Cruiser engines, this 34-footer can run flat-out at about 26 miles an hour and cruise at a brisk 18. Least costly of the three, the Drift-R-Cruz delivers at \$12,995 with a single engine or, with twin inboard-outboards, at about \$16,000. Though the boat is able to sleep ten, four is a far more companionable number when you're headed for a weekend on the water and require room to stow enough aquatic gear to assure your party a variety of sporting activities.

The way it's configured, up to four people can sleep on convertible lounges in the pilothouse; a couch aft makes up into a bed big enough for a cozy twosome and the dinette table can, in emergencies, be converted into a bed for a couple similarly inclined toward togetherness. Under the wheelhouse are two V berths; but on the trip to the Keys, our water-sports-loving enthusiasts found it the best place to stow the considerable amount of sports equipment they took

(continued on page 189)



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. WHITE III

"YOU WANT TO BRING some coffee to my office, Kitty?" Dave Birnbaum asked his father's secretary.

"I've got to type this letter right away," she said. "Why not grab a cup and take the coffee yourself?"

Dave gave Kitty his bad eye, but, hunched over her electric typewriter, she ignored him. Gritting his teeth, Dave thought, "If the old man wasn't banging you every other night, gee, I'd paste you in the teeth."

From the neighboring office, Dave could hear his father, Louis Birnbaum, carving up a slow-paying customer over the phone. What, for Christ's sake, did the old man—a live wire, if ever there was one—see in a surly type like Kitty? Twice Dave had tried to put the knock on her, but the last time, his father told him to cut out the hatchet job. "When you're running this place, you'll fire the help. But I'm still number one. Which means, only when I don't like them they get the ax."

Muttering under his breath now, Dave walked away from Kitty's desk without even bothering going through the motions of pouring coffee for himself. "Kitty, sweetheart," he thought, "you just better be married or out of here before

THE BOSS'S SON

portrait of the heir apparent as a heel

fiction

By IVAN PRASHKER

the old man either croaks or retires."

Dave walked down the hall to his own office. His father kept him at some distance, as if Dave, too close, might get notions of crowding L. B.'s style. Peering into the offices as he passed, Dave checked to see who was at the old grindstone and who hadn't yet showed. A clumsy walker, he almost bowled over one of the

bookkeepers, who was on her way to the ladies' room.

"Good morning, Dave," the bookkeeper said, dancing out of harm's way.

"Hello, Rose," Dave muttered without apologizing.

When he reached his office, Dave began sifting through the day's mail. Under the glass on his desk was a colored photograph of his wife, Ruth, and their three-year-old daughter. Ruth was slim, sunburned and very pretty. She was nuzzling the child, whose laughter was so apparent, even now Dave swore he could hear the kid giggling. His father had hoped for a grandson and, for that reason, Dave had badly wanted his first child to be a daughter. When the obstetrician told him Ruth had given birth to a girl, Dave's initial reaction was, "Tough shit, L. B."

One of the letters Dave opened was from a friend, Milt Zeigler, with whom he grew up on Long Island but who now lived in Miami and was running his father's business. Dave had tried to get his friend special prices, but the old man had turned down the last order, saying, "For the prices they're willing to pay, they'd have to buy triple the volume."

"But Milt's (continued on page 193) 109

"IT'S BEEN GREAT growing up right next door to New York City," says 19-year-old Linda Forsythe, "because Manhattan is the most exciting place to be; it's ideal for single people. But you couldn't give me enough money to live there the rest of my life; I'm too spoiled by the quietness—and cleanness—of home." Hailing from Weehawken, New Jersey, this American beauty describes herself as a home-grown product of the Garden State. "But I'm no flower child," she points out, "and I have little sympathy for the hippies and none for the revolutionaries. Sure, my generation is dissatisfied; and we're more aware, perhaps, than our parents were at our age. But those in a

with frenetic manhattan just across the hudson from her quiet home town, miss forsythe enjoys the best of both worlds

LUCKY LINDA



It's easy to see why Linda Forsythe entered a beauty contest a few years ago. Representing Hudson County, New Jersey, she reached her home-state finals in the Miss Teenage America competition. "I came in second," she recalls, "so I didn't make it to the nationals." From these pictures, we can only surmise that the judges weren't paying attention. Early in the morning, Linda feeds the family cats, Streaks and Salo, and thinks about the full day ahead—going to Manhattan to look for an undemanding part-time job and a comfortable place to live while earning her college degree in town.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



"I've spent a lot of time in New York," says Linda, "but leaving home to live there is a big step for me. Just reading the apartment-for-rent ads in *The New York Times* is enough to confuse anyone." After arriving at the Port Authority Bus Terminal (below), she looks longingly at an expensive high-rise (bottom left) on her way to see an apartment she can afford. Once inside, Linda asks about leases, utilities and redecorating, and makes a thorough inspection of the kitchen (bottom right). This particular apartment is still occupied, and Linda wonders how it would look with the furniture she'll bring from home.





position to change the course of this country are more likely to listen to a well-reasoned approach from young people who aren't wrecking property or tying up traffic and campuses with protests that often turn out to be violent. The kids making all this noise are children, and if the world gets into their hands now, they'll destroy it. Drastic changes—if they're to be constructive—take time; it can't happen all at once. I'm not always happy with the *status quo*, but I'm not about to drop out or start marching in the streets. I'm still a kid, too, and I have too much to learn." Linda believes in working to change the system from within and—practicing what she preaches—will use her Playmate fee to further her career ambition to be a social worker. When we talked with her, she was preparing to leave the family homestead and move to Manhattan. "The courses I need," she told us, "are available at New York University, which has an excellent graduate school in this field. I feel very strongly about doing social work, especially with children. Even though I hope to have my own someday, I'd like to adopt a child, too. There are so many kids who have no one; this world's going to be in their hands, eventually, and it's up to us to help them. Meantime, I'm going to work and study—and play. So many people don't seem to know how to enjoy life. Maybe I don't, either, but I'm sure having all kinds of fun trying."



Top: After apartment hunting, Linda breaks for a leisurely lunch with friend Gene O'Rourke at the Old Garden Restaurant. "Gene was very helpful," she says. "In addition to lunch, he pointed me in the right direction for a job interview I'd set up." Above: Linda arrives in plenty of time for her appointment.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Back home, Linda unwinds by talking over the day's activities with her sisters, and receives a soothing massage. Our pooped Playmate tells them, "Running around New York all day is terribly exhausting—and I'll have to go through it all over again tomorrow." Still undecided about either job or apartment, she takes the paper to bed for planning the next day, confident that things will work out. Knowing Linda, so are we.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The tired doctor was awakened by a phone call in the middle of the night. "Please, you have to come right over," pleaded the panic-stricken mother. "My child has swallowed a contraceptive."

The physician dressed quickly; but before he could get out the door, the phone rang again.

"You don't have to come over, after all," the woman bubbled. "My husband just found another one."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *counterfeit money* as homemade bread.



A well-dressed gentleman seated at the bar was quietly guzzling martinis. After finishing each one, he carefully ate the glass and arranged the stems in a neat row. The ninth time this occurred, the bartender could stand it no longer and commented to another customer, "There's a guy who's absolutely nuts."

"He sure is," agreed the other man. "The stems are the best part."

If I had my life to live over again," mused the old gentleman, "I'd make all the same mistakes—but I'd make them sooner."

We know a young thing who had been married three times and was still a virgin: Her first husband, a psychiatrist, only talked about it; the second, a gynecologist, just looked at it; and the third was a gourmet.

Having repaired to what they thought was an isolated spot in the cemetery, the couple was proceeding to make love when a cop surprised them. "Didn't you see the sign at the entrance?" he railed. "NO ADMITTANCE AFTER DARK."

"No," explained the young man, "we came in the other way, past the one that reads GET LOTS WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG."

Then there was the ambitious secretary who walked into her boss's office and demanded a salary on next week's advance.

Little Herbie was instructed by his mother to avoid any of the popular synonyms for urination and to substitute the verb whisper.

That night, the boy approached his father, who had not yet been apprised of the new code. "Daddy," he said, "I want to whisper."

"All right, son," answered his father, "do it in my ear."

A gangster wished to move into the higher levels of society but was afraid his favorite blonde would embarrass him with her unpolished language. He decided to send her away for a very expensive crash course in grammar. She returned three months later, burst into his office and exclaimed, "Were you blue while I was gone?"

"All that money," the mobster moaned, "and she *still* has her tenses wrong."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *relay* as the second time around.

We know a fellow who, upon being told by his shrewish wife that she would dance on his grave, promptly provided for a burial at sea.

Then there was the gay tattoo artist who had designs on several of the local sailors.

When the father discovered that his teenage daughter had made love with her boyfriend at a wild party, he insisted on having the young man arrested for statutory rape and the case was promptly brought to trial. The first witness was another teenager who had attended the festivities. "If you actually witnessed the act," the prosecutor demanded, "why didn't you try to stop the defendant?"

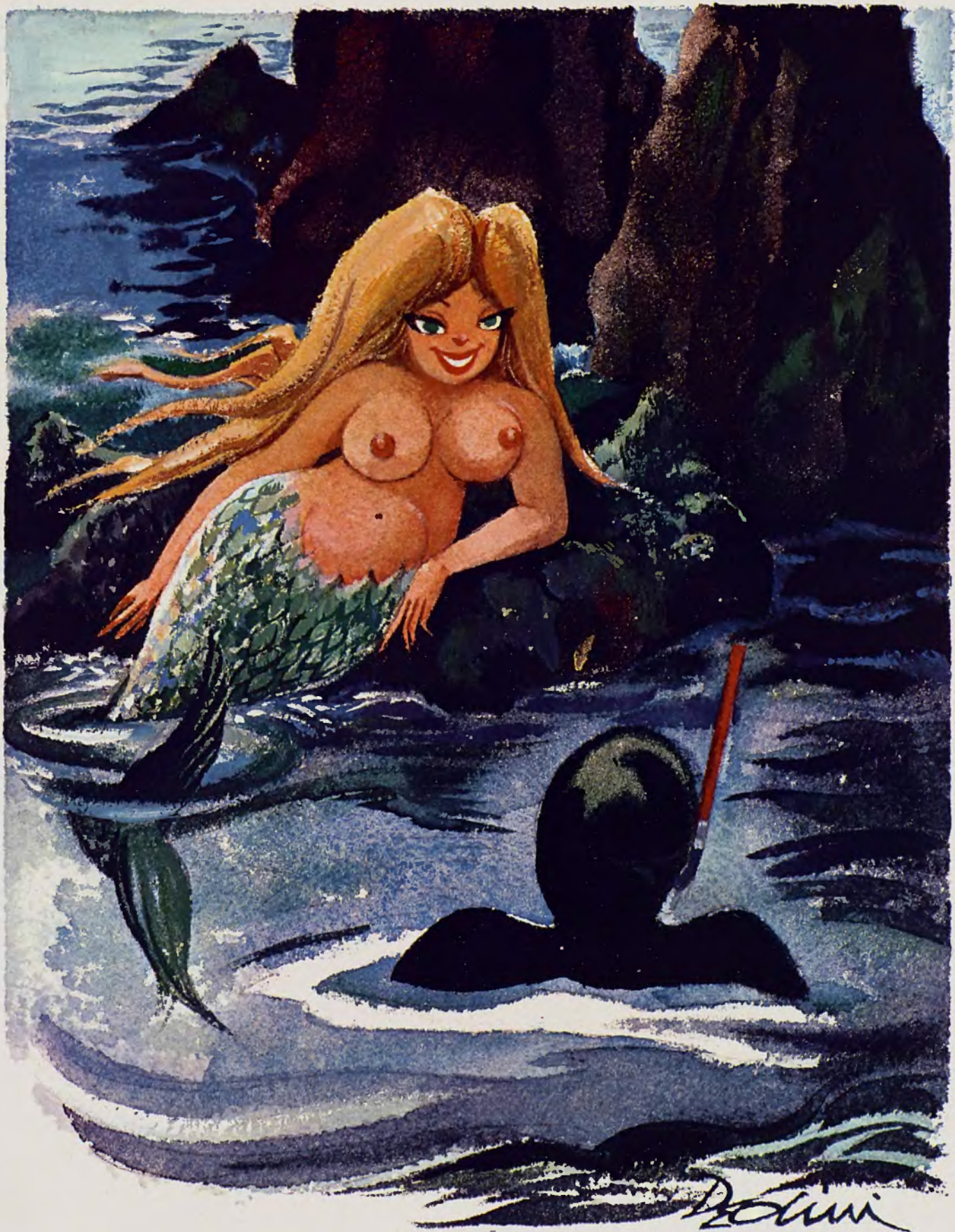
"Well," the testifier admitted, "at the time, it was impossible to tell which of the two would be the defendant."



While swimming in the nude at a deserted California beach, the young chap sustained a painful sunburn over his entire body; and later that night, while in bed with his date, he found the agony almost unbearable. Stepping into the kitchen, he poured a tall glass of cold milk and submerged the object of his greatest discomfort.

"My God!" the girl gasped, watching him from the doorway. "I've always wondered how men load that thing!"

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.



"Seeking underwater delights?"



DACHAU, GERMANY, is best known as the locale where thousands of Jews were tortured, killed and burned by their Nazi captors. Some of these Nazis futilely pleaded at the post-War Nuremberg trials that they had done their evil not from wicked hearts but because they had been ordered to do so.

The United States military forces now maintain a prison near the former extermination camp, and it was there in August 1968 that Sergeant Wesley A. Williams, acting on orders from his superiors, severely beat five GI prisoners with a rubber hose wrapped in green tape. The stockade commander, Major William B. Moore, later told a court-martial that the victims were "known troublemakers" transferred from another prison, and he justified the beatings with the argument that they were good preventive discipline. "Give them a welcoming party—but don't leave any marks," Sergeant Williams says he was told, and he did just that, bludgeoning the five men and then kicking them as they lay on the floor, trying to protect them—

article

By ROBERT SHERRILL

the abridgment of constitutional guarantees by courts-martial is matched by the illegal brutality meted out to those convicted



MILITARY STYLE

selves. Although the sergeant admitted all this, his explanation that he was "only following orders" satisfied the military tribunal, which acquitted him of any wrongdoing.

That is the kind of Cotton Mather trick—the victor proving his perfection by repeating with impunity the mischief of the vanquished—that the military mind would enjoy. Yet, of course, it raises other thoughts that the responsible civilian, desiring to be proud of his Government, will want to reject. The historical parallels—of officially sanctioned brutality and of military justice rigged to protect a corrupt system—are too unpleasantly obvious to accept without further evidence.

There is no shortage of places to seek the evidence. The Pentagon supervises in this country and overseas 138 Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine brigs and stockades with an overflow population of 15,000 prisoners. To what extent do these prisons harbor the incipient Dachauism of the 1940s? It is a fairly important question, seeing as how there are 26,820,000 veterans in this country and another 3,800,000 Servicemen; if they, by their experiences, develop a tolerance for unconstitutional trial procedures and for unconstitutional punishment, it means that the minds of one seventh of our population will already have been to some extent polluted by militarism.

The Army is quite frank about its mission to condition not only the bodies but the minds of those under its control. In the pamphlet "The Fort Knox Experiment," for example, the Army touts its methods for "developing the 'whole' man...in contrast to just exposing them to information," and says: "The Army today is the only organization in America equipped to conduct this kind of efficient training of our citizenry. The Armed Services have an extraordinary opportunity, since they control the time and attention of the trainees 24 hours a day, seven days

in the week." To gather clues to what is going on in the almost 90,000 court-martial that take place each year, and to what is happening in the military prisons where many of these defendants wind up, I interviewed GIs, officers, honorably discharged vets and deserters from coast to coast. The file of random reports runs over: of the homosexual at the Navy brig on Treasure Island, San Francisco, who was forced to suck on a flashlight for the amusement of his Marine guards; of the Army brass at Fort Riley, Kansas, who panicked when they discovered one of their soldiers was only 12 years old and "hid" him for three months in solitary confinement; of the inmate at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center brig whom guards punished by wrapping his throat in a wet towel, clamping a bucket over his head and making him smoke cigarettes thereunder until he passed out; of the several Servicemen at Fort Dix, New Jersey, who were sprayed with water and then pushed outside, naked, for varying lengths of time in the winter (one of them for three hours); of Fort Dix soldiers seeking conscientious-objector discharges who were imprisoned "for their protection" in a special cell with known homosexuals; of the several sailors and Marines who, according to the reports from different bases, were made to do such strenuous exercise right after eating that they vomited, after which the guards pushed their faces in it or they were made to roll in it or (in two instances reported) they were made to eat it; of the inmate at the Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, stockade who was covered with gray paint and required to stand at attention until the paint dried on his skin.

But before a random compilation, perhaps it would be fairer to back up and take a long look at an "average" prison. The Presidio stockade has been much in the news lately, because that was where 27 prisoners sat down in a circle and refused to get up until they had read a list of their complaints about wretched living conditions and the threat of death from guards. They were tried as mutineers and some are now in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Senator Charles Goodell, of New York, who demanded an investigation of stockade conditions, was told by Pentagon officials that "some stockades are better than the Presidio, some are worse," which must mean that it is average.

At the time of the Presidio sit-down, there were 125 prisoners in space meant to hold 88. There was one toilet for about every 35 prisoners, because not all of the toilets had lids and some were stopped up and unusable (and half the time, there was no toilet paper). On the day of the sit-down, the stockade—always short of supplies—had food for 110 prisoners, 15 short of the prison population. Prisoners had to buy their own soap; and if a prisoner ran out of soap in the middle of the week, he

couldn't have another bar until the next week; if he lost his toothbrush at the first of the month, he couldn't get another until the following month. Prisoners in segregation cells were sometimes not permitted to bathe or brush their teeth for a week. The barracks were so crowded that prisoners lying on the top bunks could touch the ceiling. Recreation was one movie a week, chosen by the chaplain. The prison library, which closed at four p.m., before the men came back from work, was in the basement and accessible only by climbing over garbage cans; the books were ancient ones, mostly on mysticism and military history. Families could visit prisoners, but it was against the rules for a father to hold his baby. But the worst feature was the lack of cleanliness and the smell of human waste. The toilets were constantly clogged, backing up into the shower rooms, the floors of which commonly were two or three inches under water; human feces floated in the water, so it was best sometimes to take a shower while wearing boots. And, as a result of these conditions, there were rats.

An official Presidio press release claims that "prisoners live a more comfortable life than the regular soldier who performs his duties properly." Yet there were 52 suicide attempts in the stockade last year. Colonel Harry J. Lee, provost marshal for the Sixth Army, says, "There have been no suicides nor has there been a bona fide suicide attempt at the stockade in the memory of personnel now serving at the facility since at least June 1966." The Army does not call them suicide attempts; it calls them "gestures." Private Roy Pulley, one of the protesters, tells of how a gesture struck him: "I was lying on my side on the bunk, reading, one night, and this guy across the room was sitting on his bunk. He tied something around his arm to make the veins swell up so he could cut them better. And when he cut them, the blood flew about 20 feet—hit me right in the back of the neck." A total of six gestures were made by Ricky Lee Dodd, who cut his wrists when he was imprisoned in solitary and was taken to the hospital, where the wrists were sewn up and bandaged. He was returned to the stockade; this time, he removed the gauze from his wrists and hanged himself. When he arrived back at the hospital, he was pronounced dead but was revived. After an earlier attempt at suicide, a guard had handed him a razor blade with the encouragement, "If you want to try again, here we go." (After one of his suicide attempts, a guard had squirted him with urine from a water pistol.) Other gestures made by the sit-down defendants were: 12 cuttings of wrists, arms and chest; two cuttings of throat; eight dosings of lye, detergent, oven cleaner, shampoo, metal polish and something identified only as poison. Altogether, there were 33 suicide attempts among 21 of the mutiny

defendants. The men who ran the Presidio paid little attention to these gestures, because, as Lieutenant Colonel John Ford, Presidio provost general, put it, they felt the men were "just trying to get medical discharges."

Since the sit-down protest, the Army has spent more than \$80,000 fixing up the stockade building—which was constructed two generations ago as a bank and still uses some of the original wiring for the burglar alarm. Many of the plumbing and heating and other physical ailments have been corrected. It is still no show place; Presidio officials refused to allow me to inspect the building and also refused to permit a representative from Senator Goodell's office to drop in unexpectedly. Presidio officials did organize a special one-day tour for the press, but the prisoners were not permitted to be interviewed and were, in fact, removed from the stockade and lodged elsewhere before the press got there. Officials admitted they "spruced up" the place for the press. The validity of the prisoners' protests of shabby facilities can be seen in the fact that since the sit-down, the stockade has been supplied with an intercom system, a new recreation area outside, perimeter lighting, a new boiler, a new medical-treatment room, new locks (the old ones could be opened with a comb, according to guards), ten more chairs in the mess hall, two new stoves in the kitchen, a new soap dispenser in the kitchen and a fire sprinkler system. The guard strength has been increased threefold, the cooks and kitchen help have been increased twofold, and the prison population has been cut one third.

Actually, however, the physical-environmental problems were never responsible for the prisoners' hellish existence. Their troubles came from the men who ran the prison: Captain Robert Lamont, 25 years old, was in charge. He had never had any training in confinement work and was easily swayed by bad suggestions both from noncoms serving under him and from his immediate superiors. Apparently holding a great deal of sway over Lamont was his top sergeant, Thomas Woodring, who had previously worked as a guard in civilian jails and for ten years as a Los Angeles policeman and a sheriff's deputy. Prisoners have given sworn testimony that Woodring and Lamont tried to talk the Negro inmates into beating up whites. Other affidavits tell of Woodring's delight in the bottle. The closest he came to denying this was to say, "To my knowledge, no complaints have been made about me drinking on duty." Woodring's aide, Sergeant Miguel Angel Morales, did the best he could for his boss, testifying, "I have heard of him working intoxicated, but I have never seen it. I never heard that he gets mean when he gets drunk." If Woodring sometimes

(continued on page 214)



DISTAFF SEX QUIZ

PSYCHOMETRIC CLUES, CUES AND GUIDELINES TO THE LIBIDINAL LEANINGS OF THE LADIES IN YOUR LIFE

SEX PRESENTS endless possibilities for joy, fulfillment, tenderness and just plain fun—but it can also end with your swimming desperately for shore amid the shattered debris of a capsized pleasure barge. While the voyage can frequently be one of fair weather and full sails, almost certainly you have occasionally sailed too close to the rocks and found yourself in the same difficulties as every master navigator before you. Or, as Sigmund Freud plaintively put it, “The great question that has never been answered, and which I

have not yet been able to answer despite my 30 years of research into the feminine soul, is: What does a woman want?”

There is no definite answer, because each woman wants something different of each man, and the average woman—like the average man—is a mystery to herself as well as to others. This simple quiz doesn’t attempt to illuminate all of that vast expanse of feminine id and ego but only to shed some light on your particular lady fair. There are eight sections,

each of which sounds various depths in your lady’s personality. There are no “right” or “wrong” answers; her erotic profile is no more “good” or “bad” than her fingerprints, though it may provide clues for both of you concerning the possibilities that lie ahead.

So glue on a Freudian beard, have your lady recline gently upon the couch and join us on a trip through the labyrinthine ways of the feminine psyche. When she has completed the test, turn to page 172 for scoring instructions.



SECTION ONE: THE MEN IN HER LIFE

Your companion should picture a doorway in her mind's eye, getting it sharply and clearly in focus. She opens the door and imagines a man waiting on the other side—any man, the first man who leaps to mind, whether it be you or someone she has conjured out of imagination or memory. Once she has the image clearly in her mind, ask her to glance over the statements below. All of them describe feelings she might have about men in general; she has probably felt each of them at one time or another. Tell her to check the 11 that come closest to how she feels right now about the man in the imagined doorway, even though the statements may not fit her feelings precisely.

1. I'd rather go to bed with him than be a platonic friend.
2. I would want to form a really warm friendship with him before I'd consider a sexual relationship.
3. He's a famous world figure who wants me for his mistress, and that's all right with me.
4. I wish I felt free to wear something so provocative that he couldn't take his eyes off me.
5. I hope he's ready for a lot of sexual activity tonight.
6. He's the kind of boorish fool who will proposition me before I even have an opinion of his character.
7. He'll probably be upset by some of my attitudes and behavior.
8. If I were sure he was interested, I'd do a little discreet promoting.
9. I hope he'll be a pleasant escort; I hate to go out alone.
10. Well, he looks friendly.
11. I hope he's not as bad as most men seem.
12. I can tell just by looking at him that he's another unscrupulous Casanova.
13. He's obviously bright and self-assured enough not to be frightened of my intellectual ability.
14. It wouldn't take much for him to turn me on.
15. Maybe he'll want to marry me.
16. He's got a mean mouth; I'd rather stay a virgin forever than have an affair with a nasty operator like him.
17. I want to arouse him.
18. I bet all he'll want to talk about is sex, sex, sex.
19. I want my friends to admire him, too.
20. He'll probably be like all the others and want to change me.
21. If I don't get him into bed tonight, I'll be climbing the walls.
22. I hope he realizes that I can give him a lot more than just sex.
23. I couldn't care less at the moment.
24. I'm ready, if he is.

SECTION TWO: THE CULTURE OF SEX

Now we turn to a brief quiz on her general knowledge of the art, literature and science of sex. The lettered items in the upper section are significant adornments of our erotic heritage. The task is to link each with the proper identifying phrase in the lower section. We have included several phrases that don't refer to any of the items in the upper section. This is to prevent her using the process of elimination.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--|
| A. ___The Wife of Bath | H. ___John Thomas | O. ___Eugene Schoenfeld |
| B. ___Salome | I. ___Mrs. Robinson | P. ___Pussy Galore |
| C. ___ <i>The Song of Solomon</i> | J. ___Restif de la Bretonne | Q. ___H. Van der Velde |
| D. ___Humbert Humbert | K. ___Helen Gurley Brown | R. ___ <i>Kama Sutra</i> |
| E. ___Pietro Aretino | L. ___ <i>The Perfumed Garden</i> | S. ___Pomeroy and Martin |
| F. ___Emma Bovary | M. ___Masters and Johnson | T. ___Mara |
| G. ___Henry Fielding | N. ___ <i>A Man and a Woman</i> | U. ___Protagonists of <i>120 Days of Sodom</i> |

- | | | |
|--|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. A mother who shared with her daughter | 10. Raquel Welch's real name | 20. Advice for single girls |
| 2. Sentimental French film | 11. A banned rock cantata | 21. Fourth Century Arab sex classic |
| 3. James Bond reformed her | 12. Author of <i>Tom Jones</i> | 22. Adulterous Flaubert heroine |
| 4. He had a good word for incest | 13. A judge, a duke, a banker, a bishop | 23. The hippie's friend |
| 5. Country matters | 14. Two Lesbians and a midget | 24. He wrote sexy sonnets |
| 6. Early co-workers with Kinsey | 15. A mad gynecologist and his mother | 25. Praiser of monogamy |
| 7. A bawdy Pilgrim | 16. The most erotic book of the Bible | 26. Lover of miniboppers |
| 8. John lost his head over her | 17. An ode in defense of virginity | 27. A good companion to Lady Jane |
| 9. Heroine of <i>Sexus</i> | 18. Indian sex manual | 28. French pastry baked in cuneiform |
| | 19. Famous sex researchers | 29. Old-time burlesque comics |

SECTION THREE: DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

In this section, the lady is asked what she has actually done sexually and what she might be tempted to try. Answering is simple: For each item, she merely circles the letter in front of the response that most accurately describes her experience or desires. Caution: If your relationship with her is new and tentative, she might not want to show you her answers in this section or she might prefer to complete it later, in privacy. In a long-established relationship, of course, both of you will probably find that sharing these answers is especially valuable and informative for an even more complete understanding of each other.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. So far, I've been to bed with (a) myself. (b) one man. (c) two to four men. (d) five to eleven men. (e) more than a dozen men. | teach the authors of sex manuals a few things. |
| 2. My first sexual intercourse occurred when I was (a) never. (b) 24 or older. (c) between 20 and 23. (d) between 16 and 19. (e) 15 or younger. | 9. (a) I could never bring myself to try mate or date swapping. (b) The idea of swapping is exciting, I admit, but I haven't tried it. (c) Variety is the spice of life; of course I've tried swapping. |
| 3. (a) I am less interested in sex than most men are. (b) I'm just as hot-blooded as most men. (c) The truth is that most men don't have as much sex drive as I have. | 10. (a) I tried group sex and didn't like it. (b) I'd never dream of participating in it. (c) Sex with two guys at a time sounds groovy, but I haven't actually tried it. (d) I've tried it and it's out of sight. |
| 4. (a) I've tried only one way of making love. (b) I have experienced several sex practices. (c) I think I've tried just about everything. | 11. (a) Sex should always be as private as possible; isn't that what intimacy means? (b) The thought of making love with other people nearby turns me on, but I've never done it. (c) I've made love in parks and woods and the thought that somebody might be watching adds to my excitement. |
| 5. (a) I have never had an orgasm. (b) I had intercourse many times before I achieved a good climax. (c) The first few times, I didn't reach orgasm; but after that, I got with it quickly. (d) Even at the beginning, it was always easy for me to reach the heights. | 12. (a) Making love at home is the only sensible way. (b) His pad or mine is OK, but I'd really like to move out—to the beach, the woods or even the couch in his office. (c) If you think the king's palace in <i>I Am Curious (Yellow)</i> was far out, you should see some of the spots I've found. |
| 6. Now I reach climax (a) rarely. (b) often. (c) almost always. | 13. Lately, my sex life has been (a) fabulous. (b) quite satisfying. (c) OK, I guess, but I wonder if there is more excitement somewhere else. (d) sometimes good, sometimes not so good. (e) blah. |
| 7. When I don't have an orgasm, I (a) fake it. (b) tell him. (c) let it pass without comment. | |
| 8. (a) The place for acrobats is the circus, not the bed. (b) I have a few favored variations. (c) I've tried some variations in position and I'd like to try more. (d) I could | |



SECTION FOUR: WHEN SEX REARS ITS LOVELY HEAD

We are surrounded by sexual stimuli at all times, but only some of them turn us on; others we find unpleasant and yet others we simply ignore. In the following questions, your companion is presented with a variety of situations, images and ideas. For each one, she should circle (a) if she strongly agrees, (b) if she agrees only somewhat, (c) if she is undecided, (d) if she disagrees somewhat and (e) if she disagrees strongly.

1. I am watching a modern film and the actress portrays the full sequence from arousal to climax. Naturally, I feel decidedly stirred up myself. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
2. I am buying my spring wardrobe. As I look at each item, I figure out, first of all, if it will make me look exciting to men. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
3. The kind of girl who always attracts hordes of men is generally rather shallow and self-centered. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
4. Men have some kind of built-in radar system that tells them which women are really sexy. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
5. If I had to make a choice, I would rather be good in bed than be the star of an Oscar-winning movie. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
6. Occasionally, when I'm with a girlfriend and her new man, I find myself wondering what their boudoir behavior is like. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
7. If I had to choose, I'd rather be a topless dancer than a callgirl. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
8. Dirty jokes are just that—dirty. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
9. Some of my dreams are extremely torrid. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
10. I can't understand why some girls these days deliberately try to look sexless and ugly. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
11. I'm not ashamed to admit that a sexy novel turns me on. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
12. It's absurd for a woman to strive to look sexually attractive most of the time. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
13. My idea of a good party is one where I get something going with an interesting man. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
14. There is too much emphasis on sex in America today. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
15. When the smart girl chooses clothes, sex appeal is the primary consideration. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
16. I enjoy conversations about sex. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
17. I seldom daydream about having affairs with men. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

SECTION FIVE: A MATTER OF GENDER

By now, the two of you have been thinking about sex for a while and you might be inclined to put the magazine down and try John Dewey's theory of learning by doing. To cool the atmosphere a bit, let's look at something more subtle—gender (otherwise known as sex role). Below are 35 famous women. The lady taking the quiz should check the names of those who engage her interest, excite her admiration or serve as an ideal of femininity. If she doesn't immediately recognize some of the names, you may peek at the scoring section and help her along. This won't affect the results. There is no need to pick and choose; she may check as many as she likes.

Cleopatra	Mae West	Coretta King	Colette	Helen of Troy
Janis Joplin	Eleanor Roosevelt	Susan Sontag	Margaret Mead	Raquel Welch
Isadora Duncan	Gertrude Stein	Margaret Chase Smith	Indira Gandhi	Messalina
George Eliot	Ingrid Bergman	Joan Baez	Mary Magdalene	Joan of Arc
Miriam Makeba	Harriet Tubman	Fanny Hill	Eartha Kitt	Bernardine Dohrn
Simone de Beauvoir	Victoria Woodhull	Emily Dickinson	Marilyn Monroe	Golda Meir
Bernadette Devlin	Madame Curie	Susan B. Anthony	Elizabeth Taylor	Florence Nightingale

SECTION SIX: A TRIP TO THE LAND OF DREAMS

Here is an opportunity for your girl to take off and jet herself to the world of fantasy. Following are six old-master paintings that she is asked to interpret. Advise her against trying to be "correct" according to art-school standards; rather, she should let her imagination soar and read into the paintings whatever she chooses. Then, in the lines below each picture, she should describe briefly the story that she has imagined. Again: There are no right or wrong answers; many different interpretations of these paintings are possible.

MARTINI'S "THE ANNUNCIATION"



DEL PIOMBO'S "THE DEATH OF ADONIS"



GAINSBOROUGH'S "MR. & MRS. ROBERT ANDREWS"



CRANACH'S "CUPID COMPLAINING TO VENUS"



WATTEAU'S "THE GAME OF LOVE"



DI COSIMO'S "A MYTHOLOGICAL SUBJECT"



SECTION SEVEN: THE MATING CALL

Here, we get down to the nitty-gritty and ask your girl to state candidly her sexual preferences. The warning in section three applies here also: If your current relationship is still in the uncertain early stages, she has the right to take the Fifth Amendment as far as your personal curiosity is concerned. Tell her to think about each question and choose one of the four answers that is closest to how she actually feels at this stage of her life. If the girl is not experienced enough to have distinct preferences, ask her to imagine her probable choices.

1. I like being nude around the house.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
2. If I want to ask for something special in bed, I use the earthy four-letter words, rather than euphemisms.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
3. I've tried mixing sex with alcohol and/or marijuana and it's a gas.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
4. Worrying about getting pregnant cuts down on my sexual pleasure.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
5. I like to exhibit my body to my lover.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
6. I get a sexual yen at least three times a week.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
7. I wish I wasn't so nervous and shy around men.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
8. I need romantic trappings and preliminaries to get me in the mood for sex.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
9. Even when I want a man, it's difficult for me to manipulate the action.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
10. If a man doesn't know how to arouse me in the preliminaries, I'm not too bashful to tell him what I want.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
11. I prefer to let the man start the action.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
12. Being feminine doesn't mean being passive; I make sure he gets his share of the fun, too.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
13. There's a little something extra about daytime dalliance.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
14. When we're making love, I get distracted by outside noises.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
15. I have enjoyed oral sex and find it as blessed to give as to receive.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
16. Once a night, or less, is enough for me.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
17. It's very important to me that both of us reach climax at the same time.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
18. I don't insist on darkness; in fact, I rather like having a little light on the subject.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
19. It takes me quite a long time to reach orgasm.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___
20. I'd like to try every position.
Always___ Often___ Sometimes___ Never___



SECTION EIGHT: TELL IT LIKE IT IS

Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living, and only Marshall McLuhan has had the impertinence to answer, "So, who's living?" Most of us have examined life to some extent and have come to certain conclusions about it—we are all philosophers, whether or not we dare call ourselves by such a high-sounding name. Below are some of the conclusions of famous men and women. Your ladyfriend is asked to agree or disagree with each one in terms of how well it reflects her own philosophy of life.

1. "Resolve to take fate by the throat and shake a living out of her." (Louisa May Alcott) Agree____ Disagree____
2. "A place for everything and everything in its place." (Isabella Mary Beeton) Agree____ Disagree____
3. "Without knowing the force of words, it is impossible to know men." (Confucius) Agree____ Disagree____
4. "I have noticed that nothing I never said ever did me any harm." (Calvin Coolidge) Agree____ Disagree____
5. "To be nobody-but-myself—in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you everybody else—means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight, and never stop fighting." (E. E. Cummings) Agree____ Disagree____
6. "If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant: If we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome." (Anne Bradstreet) Agree____ Disagree____
7. "The objector and the rebel who raises his voice against what he believes to be the injustices of the present and the wrongs of the past is the one who hunches the world along." (Clarence Darrow) Agree____ Disagree____
8. "How glorious it is—and also how painful—to be an exception." (Alfred de Musset) Agree____ Disagree____
9. "Let them think I love them more than I do,/Let them think I care, though I go alone,/If it lifts their pride, what is it to me,/Who am self-complete as a flower or stone?" (Sara Teasdale) Agree____ Disagree____
10. "Blessed is everyone that feareth the Lord." (Psalm 128) Agree____ Disagree____
11. "With virtue and quietness one may conquer the world." (Lao-tse) Agree____ Disagree____
12. "Man is a rebel. He is committed by his biology not to conform." (Robert Lindner) Agree____ Disagree____
13. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." (Sermon on the Mount) Agree____ Disagree____
14. "It is said that truth is often eclipsed but never extinguished." (Titus Livy) Agree____ Disagree____
15. "Risk! Risk anything! Care no more for the opinion of others, for those voices. Do the hardest thing on earth for you. Act for yourself. Face the truth." (Katherine Mansfield) Agree____ Disagree____
16. "Thou goest to woman? Forget not thy whip!" (Friedrich Nietzsche) Agree____ Disagree____
17. "Prize not anything as being to thine interest that shall ever force thee to break thy troth, to surrender thine honor, to hate, suspect, or curse anyone, to play the hypocrite, to lust after anything that needs walls and curtains." (Marcus Aurelius Antoninus) Agree____ Disagree____
18. "Fortune favors the brave." (Virgil) Agree____ Disagree____
19. "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." (Robert Frost) Agree____ Disagree____
20. "Life is one long process of getting tired." (Samuel Butler) Agree____ Disagree____
21. "Speech is civilization itself. The word, even the most contradictory word, preserves contact—it is silence which isolates." (Thomas Mann) Agree____ Disagree____
22. "A deaf, dumb and blind idiot could have made a better world than this one." (Tennessee Williams) Agree____ Disagree____
23. "There's a hell of a good universe next door, let's go." (E. E. Cummings) Agree____ Disagree____
24. "Life is a Goddamned, stinking, treacherous game, and nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are bastards." (Theodore Dreiser) Agree____ Disagree____
25. "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." (Harry S Truman) Agree____ Disagree____
26. "Happy the man whose wish and care/a few paternal acres bound,/Content to breathe his native air,/In his own ground." (Alexander Pope) Agree____ Disagree____
27. "A man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds." (Nursery rhyme) Agree____ Disagree____
28. "Work and pray, live on hay, you'll get pie in the sky when you die (It's a lie!)." (Joe Hill) Agree____ Disagree____
29. "I believe that no people ever yet groaned over the heavy yoke of slavery but when they deserved it." (Samuel Adams) Agree____ Disagree____
30. "Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it." (Thomas Carlyle) Agree____ Disagree____
31. "Sing we for love and idleness/ Nought else is worth the having." (Ezra Pound) Agree____ Disagree____
32. "Follow your own bent, no matter what people say." (Karl Marx) Agree____ Disagree____
33. "Because I have confidence in the power of truth and of the spirit, I believe in the future of mankind." (Albert Schweitzer) Agree____ Disagree____
34. "Wisely and slow: they stumble that run fast." (William Shakespeare) Agree____ Disagree____
35. "Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time." (Thomas Carlyle) Agree____ Disagree____
36. "Life is either a daring adventure or nothing." (Helen Keller) Agree____ Disagree____

*"Oh, yes, big
round ones are
really in now."*





Vargas

AUDIO EXOTICA

for the man of the world, short wave offers a fascinating spectrum of international intrigue and entertainment



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

FOR THE AUDIOPHILE with an abiding interest in global goings on, there's fascinating fare awaiting his listening pleasure on the busy bands of today's short-wave radios. Moscow and Melbourne, London and Lisbon, Prague and Paris are saturating the air with an intriguing diversity of news, views and features. These far-flung transmissions provide a tasty supplement to local AM and FM programming, and they're now remarkably easy to pick up. Today's transistorized short-wave receivers capture distant stations with clarity and power. If you haven't yet tuned in to the world, it's time to give it a try. There's nothing like hearing Radio Havana reporting on a highjacked plane or the BBC discoursing on a Parliamentary crisis to fully appreciate the impact of having tomorrow's headlines at your

Opposite page, counterclockwise from ten: Model CRF-230 23-band A.C./battery portable with 48 transistors and two telescoping antennas, by Sony, \$695. The Landloper, a six-band A.C./battery portable, comes with a rugged plastic case with brushed-aluminum panel facings, by RCA, \$99.95. Model HQ-215 solid-state short-wave receiver with I-beam construction comes with revolving 22-inch corrugated dial drum, by Hammarlund, \$529.50. International Broadcast Receiver designed for use on high-frequency bands between 3.5 and 26.1 megacycles features 12-position 360-degree continuous band switch that controls the positioning of a drum dial in the band-in-use window of the frequency display, by Squires-Sonders, \$1255. This page, counterclockwise from 12: The World-Wide, 11-band solid-state A.C./battery portable, features automatic noise limiter, five antennas and pitch control switch for clear reception of Morse code, by Panasonic, \$299.95. Model SW-4A international short-wave broadcast receiver with direct frequency dialing, crystal lattice filter for adjacent station rejection and an S meter that indicates signal strength, by R. L. Drake, \$299 for receiver, \$19.95 for matching speaker (not shown). Model RTV-320 solid-state stereo multiplex FM/AM/SW receiver with two matched speakers puts out ten watts of music power per channel, by Grundig, \$259.95. NordMende Globetrotter 111 15-band A.C./battery solid-state portable, with visual tuning meter and battery tester, comes with teakwood or scuffproof vinyl case (as shown), by Sterling Hi Fidelity, \$159.95. Royal 3000-1 nine-band A.C./battery solid-state portable with telescoping antenna, which doubles as a carrying handle, and Permoware cabinet with chrome trim, by Zenith, \$199.95. Center: Model SB-310 professional short-wave receiver with ten-tube circuit, vernier tuning dial and headphone jack, by Heath, \$259 in kit form; speaker kit, \$18.95.



finger tips. And catching a "live" performance of Amsterdam's famed Concertgebouw Orchestra is an aesthetic experience of the first magnitude.

Short-wave broadcasting originated about 40 years ago, as an instrument of empire. Britain, the Netherlands, France and other colonial powers used it to keep distant outposts in touch with the home country. Later on, as World War Two approached, Mussolini and Hitler latched onto short wave as a potent medium of propaganda. Since that time, short wave has become an accepted tool of foreign policy. Sometimes the sell is relatively soft, as on England's BBC or our own Voice of America. Sometimes it's blatantly hard, as on China's Radio Peking. But in all cases, the broadcasters' aims are to entertain and influence the growing audience of global listeners.

With a few notable exceptions, overseas auditors cannot eavesdrop on transmissions destined for native ears. The stuff we hear is strictly for export. Most often, the language used is that of the country to which the program is directed. During the peak-audience evening hours in North America, when most international broadcasters are beaming transmissions to this continent, one is more apt to encounter English on the short-wave bands than any other language.

From an ideological standpoint, the most bizarre and far-out fare comes from Radio Peking, which directs English-language transmissions to this continent daily from seven P.M. to midnight and again at four A.M. (Eastern standard time). No matter when you tune in, you're certain to get an earful about the perils of "U. S. imperialism" and "Soviet revisionism," together with much commentary on the perfidious collusion between Washington and Moscow.

Listeners on the West Coast can pick up Radio Peking directly from transmitters in mainland China. In the East and Midwest, Peking's programs come in best via powerful relay stations located in Albania, whose own Radio Tirana also regales us with English-language programs. The content is similar to Peking's but with an Albanian accent.

Radio Moscow's broadcasts to North America are now far less pugnacious than in the days when the Cold War was at its height. Although the message isn't all sweetness and light (especially when U. S. foreign policy is under consideration), Moscow is obviously trying to accentuate the positive in its current programming for Stateside listeners. A typical broadcast includes news, features about life in the Soviet Union, interviews with visiting Americans and brief musical selections played by leading pop and classical artists in Russia. Radio Moscow beams a strong signal to America through-

out the evening hours. Earlier in the day, a sensitive receiver is able to pick up other English-language programs from Radio Moscow directed to Asia, Africa and western Europe. They vary in substance according to the audience—those aimed at Africa, for example, stress the advantages to young Africans of studying at Soviet universities.

Variations on the party-line theme can be heard from a number of Soviet allies. The closest to home, of course, is Radio Havana, which broadcasts every night in English. One regular feature is a program titled *Mailbag*, which answers letters from inquisitive listeners about the facts of life in Castro's Cuba. Other Radio Havana programs include *The Voice of Vietnam*, a compilation of news and views about the war, and *Songs of the People*, which features folk music from "the souls of people the world over." Listeners adept in Spanish will probably prefer Radio Havana's broadcasts to Latin America, in which the programs are more heavily weighted with south-of-the-border rum bas and cha-chas.

For over-all enjoyment and elucidation, nothing beats the World Service of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which now stays on the air 24 hours a day. The BBC's news broadcasts, heard almost every hour on the hour, are justly renowned for their objectivity, thoroughness and literacy. Equally praiseworthy are its programs on current affairs—*Radio Newsreel*, *The World Today* and *Outlook*—which emanate daily from the London studios. Devotees of the English rock scene will want to make a habit of checking the current British hits on *Top Twenty* and *Pop Session*, while investors in international securities can keep abreast of latest developments via the BBC's detailed financial and business reports. Although the World Service turns its directional antennas toward North America only during our evening hours, the program can generally be received here at all times of the day and night—either direct from transmitters in England or via the BBC's new Atlantic relay station on Ascension Island.

According to taste, you'll find plentiful nourishment from the short-wave services of Switzerland, the Netherlands, Portugal, Sweden, Italy and Germany—all of which beam programs to North America in both English and their native tongues. For a neutralist viewpoint on the day's events, tune in Berne; for the opinions of young Swedes on sex and society, tune in Stockholm; for the smoky sounds of *fado*, tune in Lisbon. Classical-music buffs will be especially partial to Radio Nederland for its weekly programs by the aforementioned Concertgebouw Orchestra. Inasmuch as Radio Nederland's broadcasts are directed to North America

from 300-kilowatt transmitters on the island of Bonaire in the Caribbean, the sound quality is apt to be first-rate. BBC's World Service also goes in heavily for classical-music programming, relaying concert-hall performances by the major orchestras of London and the provinces. Not surprisingly, Italy's RAI highlights operatic fare, often sung by splendid young artists on their way to international fame; and Germany's Deutsche Welle puts understandable emphasis on lieder and chamber-music recitals.

Linguists will want to sample the relays of local broadcasts that are simultaneously transmitted on short wave. France, for example, assumes that all civilized people know at least a smattering of French and obligingly puts the popular France-Inter program on short wave from morning to early evening, our time. It's a well-paced talk-and-music show that might segue from an Aznavour concert at the Salle Pleyel to a critical roundup of new plays in Paris and on to a leg-by-leg account of the Monte Carlo Rally. There's no better way to brush up on your French or to imagine yourself in Paris. Similarly, the Soviet Union short-waves its local Mayak program most of the day for the benefit of Russian-speaking listeners beyond its borders. Though the average American college grad won't get much out of the verbal portions of these broadcasts, the musical parts can be excellent and, again, one has the feeling of being tuned in to the genuine article. Short-wave relays of home programs can also be heard from Norway, Portugal, Switzerland and a variety of Caribbean islands and Latin-American republics.

The boom in international listening hasn't gone unnoticed by purveyors of electronic merchandise. Short-wave radios now come in a tempting variety of models, ranging from pocket-size portables in the under-\$100 category to state-of-the-art communications receivers that carry price tags of more than \$1000. Within this wide area, you're certain to find a set that will get you satisfactorily tuned in to the world.

The cost of a short-wave radio generally rises in direct proportion to its ease of tuning and its sensitivity to weak signals. The tuning problem is paramount. By international agreement, short-wave broadcasting stations are restricted to a few extremely narrow bands interspersed at various points in the spectrum between 3.5 and 26 megacycles. If the entire spectrum is put onto a dial of normal size, each of these bands will occupy a space of about one quarter inch. Under such conditions, tuning becomes a very fine art, indeed, since there may be dozens of clamorous stations wedged

(concluded on page 197)

the hazards and rewards—mental, physical and aesthetic—of

SKIING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ALPS



article By JOHN SKOW

It is an easy 15 hours of mountain driving from Salzburg's *Grosses Festspielhaus* (altitude 1350 feet), where Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* is swelling toward intermission, to St. Niklaus, Switzerland, where the skier boards a train that climbs toward Zermatt, where he carries his skis a mile and a quarter, ascends by a series of three cable cars to the Matterhorn's Theodul glacier and arrives at the Trockener Steg shelter (altitude 10,000 feet). There is a nice balance in going directly from the *Festspielhaus* coat rack to Zermatt; the amateur at glacier skiing and cross-country Bach discovers that his two passions mortify the flesh in similar ways.

What is involved, I think (although I am the patient, not the doctor), is an oddly agreeable contrast between piteous hardship and gross self-indulgence. It takes five and a half hours to perform the *Christmas Oratorio* properly. The listener has bought his ticket because he likes Bach; a man will sit through an hour of Haydn to win the approval of his fellows or the silence of his wife, but the distance events take honest dedication. Nevertheless, the first 20 minutes are not truly enjoyable. The chorus inquires, "*Wie soll ich Dich empfangen, Und wie begegn ich Dir?*" and then repeats the question a number of times, and the cataleptic tingle of a crossed leg brings doubt: Has the listener overestimated his stamina?

But the next time the Bach lover thinks to make the sly wrist movement that allows him to look at his watch, an hour and a half have passed. He discovers with some pride that

he is enjoying Bach, and himself. Self-approval takes on substance, rises from woodwinds to strings to brass, and ramifies, returning always to the resolving chord: The listener is strong enough, after all; he is making a passage not everyone has the cold nerve to attempt. Moreover, he is about to be rewarded. Two of the oratorio's five and a half hours are allotted to a languorous dining pause, and a kind and prosperous friend has invited the listener to join him at the *Osterreichischerhof Hotel*, renowned for its *Kalterer See* wine, oxtail soup, fillet of roe deer and delicate apple tort.

The mood of honest self-admiration dissipates ever so slightly during a night and a day of jouncing in the skier's Volkswagen bus (Austrian friends suggested the train, but Americans do not take trains). A night in a *Gasthof* at Zermatt repairs only the body. Next morning, for no clear reason, the skier's spirit is too feeble to climb out of his coffee saucer, and the Theodul glacier is humbling.

It is gray cold. There is a thieving wind. In the thin air of 10,000 feet, it is a dizzying job to clamp skis to boots. The skier straightens, short-breathed, and there, briefly free of clouds, is the Matterhorn. His reaction is fretful: Huh, Matterhorn. He turns to the descent. The glacier runs are not steep, but boot-deep new snow muffles the skis and light snow still falling blurs the face of the hill. The skier holds back, grayed vision only an excuse, refusing to accept the run's easy speed. What he does is scraping, shameful, not skiing; and

after a mile and a quarter, his obsession with skiing, which had him sharpening edges in August, is remembered only as something forgotten, like the list of Latin prepositions that govern the dative.

In this way, the skier arrives at the lift shack jangled and furious and so out of phase with his own body that he tangles his skis climbing the slight rise to the T-bar. The comedy is familiar; the performance of the marginal amateur athlete skids from day to day up and down a curve sharp enough to be called manic-depressive. This is true of any sport—the six-handicap golfer shoots 97 and curses hideously—but the wildest dips and rises are those of skiing.

It is not only that a skier must travel nearer the edge of exhaustion, with less in reserve, than a golfer or even a tennis player, nor that his mistakes are punished by wearying falls; it is that he never knows what sort of court he will be playing on. Snow can be hard, soft, deep, scraped off, wet, dry, new, old, crusty, glare ice or a condition known as hard-boiled eggs; and it can be most of these in the same quarter mile. Light, in addition, can be clear, hazy, snow-clotted and flat in the same five minutes. A variation not noticed, or not sufficiently allowed for, can catch a skier on his psychological downcurve and drive him toward something near helplessness. Skiers do a lot of muttering.

Change comes especially fast in the air of the high mountains, and Zermatt is high for skiing. In December, it is generally change for the colder and grayer. As the skier rides the long T-bar (expressively called a *Schlepplift* in the Alps) up the Theodul glacier, his nose freezes numb and he applies the customary New England remedy: Mash nose flat against face with ski glove and rotate clockwise. He can expect to repeat the indignity a dozen times before the day ends.

And yet, there is an omen low in the sky above a ridge of snow called the *Furggsattel*. Seen through a dust devil of blown ice crystals, it has the complexion and warming ability of a subway token, but it is the sun. For another 200 yards, gray mist tears off in patches and blows down the valley. Then it is gone altogether and the sky has cleared to a hard blue. The skier's face burns hot and now he is far out on the manic curve, rising.

There is enough new, light snow to practice the subtle swallow flight of powder skiing. One of the marvels of powder is that in combination with warming sun, it produces exactly the condition of mind—insufferable smugness—that the skier needs to ski it. The skier's mind is drawn first to the huddled masses yearning to be free but not successful in wangling winter vacations. Then the skier thinks of the indiscriminating wretches who have vacations but who booked accommodations at the wrong mountains. After that, he finds fault with everyone else on his own slope: This one, who has fallen, is a bumbler; this other, who has not, flashes a cheap and shallow skill. Thus, the number of skiers in the world worthy of this snow and this bright noon is neatly reduced to one. This "Viva yo!" or "Hurray for me!" (James Michener supplies the phrase in his book *Iberia*) is embarrassing to set down in type but wonderfully enjoyable to feel on a ski run. *Viva yo* is undoubtedly the reason that middle-aged nonathletes pursue a sport that leaves them bruised, numb and shaking with fatigue. It is the peak of the curve.

The skier wastes half a run trying to remember—powder is a rarity—and then it all begins to work. The loose, easy swing starts at the back of the neck and drives downward. As the skis bank through one soft long turn, the shoulders coil into another. It is a trick. Moved gently in the deep snow, the skis are free; moved abruptly, they are caught and the skier pitches over them in a blind, drowning fall. So, gently, gently, fade one turn into the next, clean and free. In the rush of chill air, there is a realization close to panic: It is really happening.

The run ends and the skier stops. Watch, sometime, a skier curling down through powder. The flow of motion leaves a

flow of quiet; and at the end of his run, he will stop—always—and look back at it. The curved track is a beautiful thing and the skier regards it with something simpler than adult vanity. The fascination goes back a long way, to back yards and snowsuits and snow angels made by lying down and flapping the arms and legs. This rarest kind of skiing comes, in the end, to an innocent, idiot pleasure in making patterns in the snow.

It works for two more runs and half of another, and then there is no strength left to fight the altitude: 10,000 and 11,000 feet are too much for a flatlander the first day or so. If the skier is merely tired, he is lucky; it is not uncommon to see a newcomer gagging with nausea at the end of an easy run, as if he had just stayed with Jim Ryun for three fast quarters.

The cafeteria at the Trockener Steg shelter is an unlovely vault, suitable for storing oil drums, in a corner of the high cable-car station. It suits the skier's fantasy; he is tired, tough, a survivor. A terse word or two and a survivor's lean grin produce a companion for lunch—a lank-haired, long-bodied public-relations chick from Berlin, whose fantasy is tracking the same way and who is happy to barter perfect English for War-movie German. There are a few tables, some goulash soup, bread, cheese, hot rum. Goulash soup, full of paprika and sausage, is the only soup fit to be eaten at 10,000 feet. The rum is light-colored and strong. It is poured out of unlabeled two-liter bottles into a hot-water-and-spice mixture. Rum at the lunch break is always a bad idea, because it leaves the skier rooted and content; but it is one of the world's best bad ideas. Beyond the shelter's frosted windows, ravens wheel in a light wind.

Zermatt owes its special character to the interaction of two powerful forces in a mountain valley. The first is the glacier, shouldering down toward the valley floor. The second is the hotel business, advancing inexorably toward the glacier. In time, they will meet and the glacier will be destroyed; but now, although 10,000 skiers may crowd in during the high season, Zermatt seems small and—perhaps because cars are not permitted—securely walled off from the world.

Certainly, the second impression is correct; Zermatt is a "closed" village, whose mountains, forests and ski lifts and many of whose hotels are owned by a syndicate called the Municipality of Zermatt. One requirement for membership is that the candidate's family must have lived in Zermatt at least since 1618. The town, like the rest of Europe, gets its chambermaids from Spain; but most of the other jobs are held by members of its ancient, interrelated families, who share not only profits but the same four or five faces. The faces, in turn, share a single expression, the *Alles in Ordnung* look of the Swiss hotelier.

What the visitor feels as he buys a paper, or orders *Glühwein* in a *Bierstube*, or rattles in unbuckled ski boots up the middle of the town's narrow, winding main street is, of course, the oddly businesslike coziness of Switzerland. Zermatt has its own flavor, however, at least part of which depends on the visitor's knowledge that seven years ago, at the beginning of a profitable ski-race weekend, the village withheld the news that typhoid had broken out. Guests were permitted to arrive, contract the disease and carry it away with them before the town's elders admitted that the illness spreading in town was typhoid. (Not surprisingly, a spirit of historical revisionism is now prevalent in Zermatt. "The newspapers made too much of our little typhus," a *boutique* manager said. "It's true that some guests died after they left, but we had only three deaths in Zermatt. Yes, my mother was one who died, but she was old. She would have died anyway.") Zermatt now spends adequate sums for plumbing and for public relations. The memory of the town's business error fades.

For two more days, an incredible cycle continues: four or five inches of new snow at night, hot sun all day. The Matterhorn's rock spire is lit like a great bent flame. Smugness is epidemic. On the easy glacier slopes, the skier (continued on page 150)

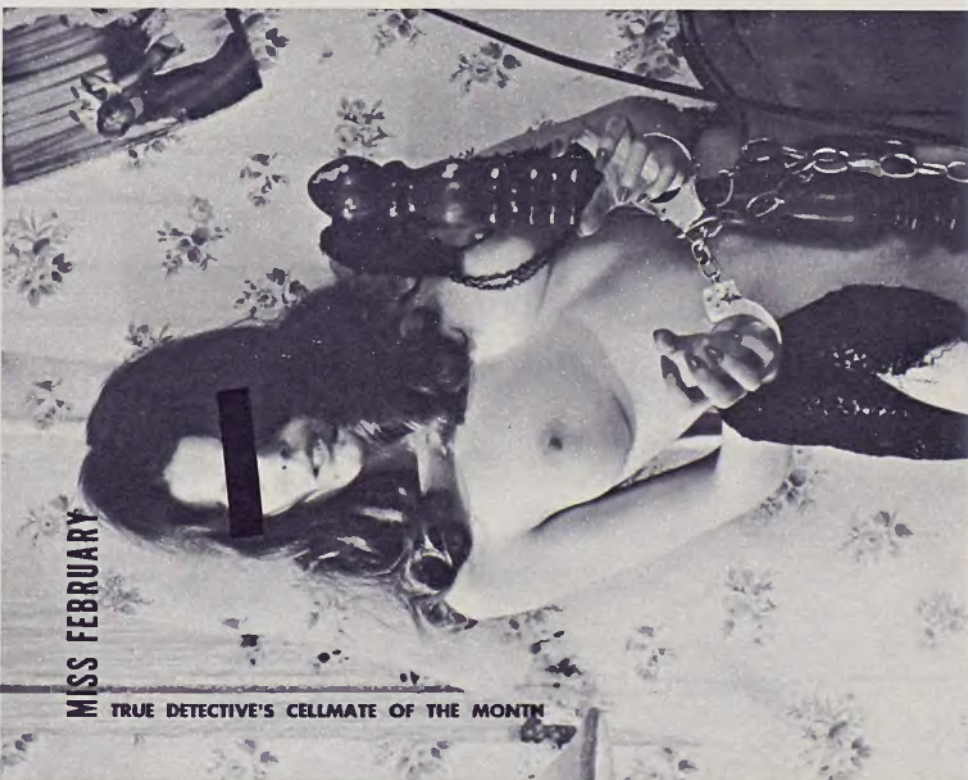


"Do you think this will be as much fun back home in Indianapolis?"

HOW OTHER MAGAZINES WOULD PHOTOGRAPH A PLAYMATE

*playboy
playfully envisions
what might
happen if ten other
publications
had their
own gatefold girls*

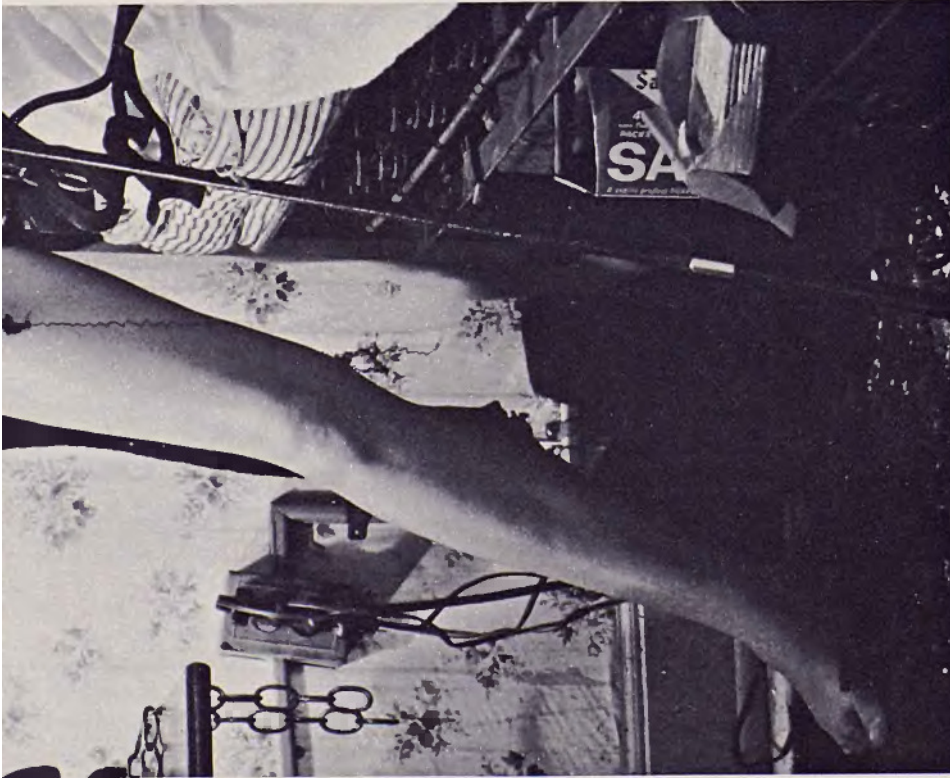
IT'S NO SECRET that our Playmate of the Month is one of PLAYBOY's most appealing and popular features. The fact that hundreds of girls each year vie for an appearance in one of our dozen issues is an indication of the high regard in which Playmatehood is held. Our Playmates have, in fact, become an American institution to rank with Betsy Ross and the flag—but, unlike Betsy, they've managed to do so without a single stitch. Always willing to share our bounty, we think it would be an excellent idea if other popular periodicals began running their own versions of our foldout feature. To encourage a variety of them to enter the gatefold field, we've projected some thoughts on how famous publications such as *Fortune*, *National Geographic*, *Life* and *Consumer Reports* might present a Playmate who reflected the magazine's special interests. Granted, *Spat Makers' Monthly* or the *Wrecking-Ball Digest* might have some problems coming up with an appropriate Miss of the Month; but for most, the addition of a dishabilled damsel should boost circulation—if not that of the magazines, then at least that of their readers.



MISS FEBRUARY FORTUNE'S DIVIDEND OF THE MONTH



FORTUNE As business booms into the soaring Seventies, top executives of America's largest corporations have cast their votes and elected another *Fortune* Dividend of the Month. In an almost unanimous round of balloting, the *Fortune* executive panel selected as Miss February the aggressive young president of Swing Free Incorporated, Barbara Bottomley (above), whose barish performance in the software industry has for some months raised eyebrows in corporate board rooms and temperatures in corporate bedrooms. It is clear that the participating executives rated self-supporting assets above inflationary hedging as the most important trend in the current quarter. Miss Bottomley, who started with Swing Free just five months ago as an apprentice mail clerk, is esteemed especially for a canny knowledge of when to protect assets and when, as market conditions dictate, to swing freely.



TRUE DETECTIVE At 12, she refused to testify in a case of statutory rape. At 20, she's busy battling Nashville's pimps to become boss bitch of the city's vice ring. Meet Miss Floozie Ripoff, who has what it takes to make the right man happy: curvaceous torso, lithe limbs and the temper of an untamed tigress. Her voluptuous .38-.22-.38 packs the man-stopping wallop of a cupronickel-jacketed 230-grain .45 ACP slug, and her heart's in the right place—next to her liver and just behind that big, beautiful, bountiful, bouncing chest! Nipples like ripe red cherries, the eyes of a sniper, this Queen of Tarts loves 'em, mugs 'em and leaves 'em with an ear-to-ear grin (one that's been put there by a knife). Floozie's pet peeves are "stoolies and coppers"; her favorite reading is the *National Enquirer*; and as a hobby, she collects offbeat sexual violations.





MRS. FEBRUARY FAMILY CIRCLE'S HELPMATE OF THE MONTH

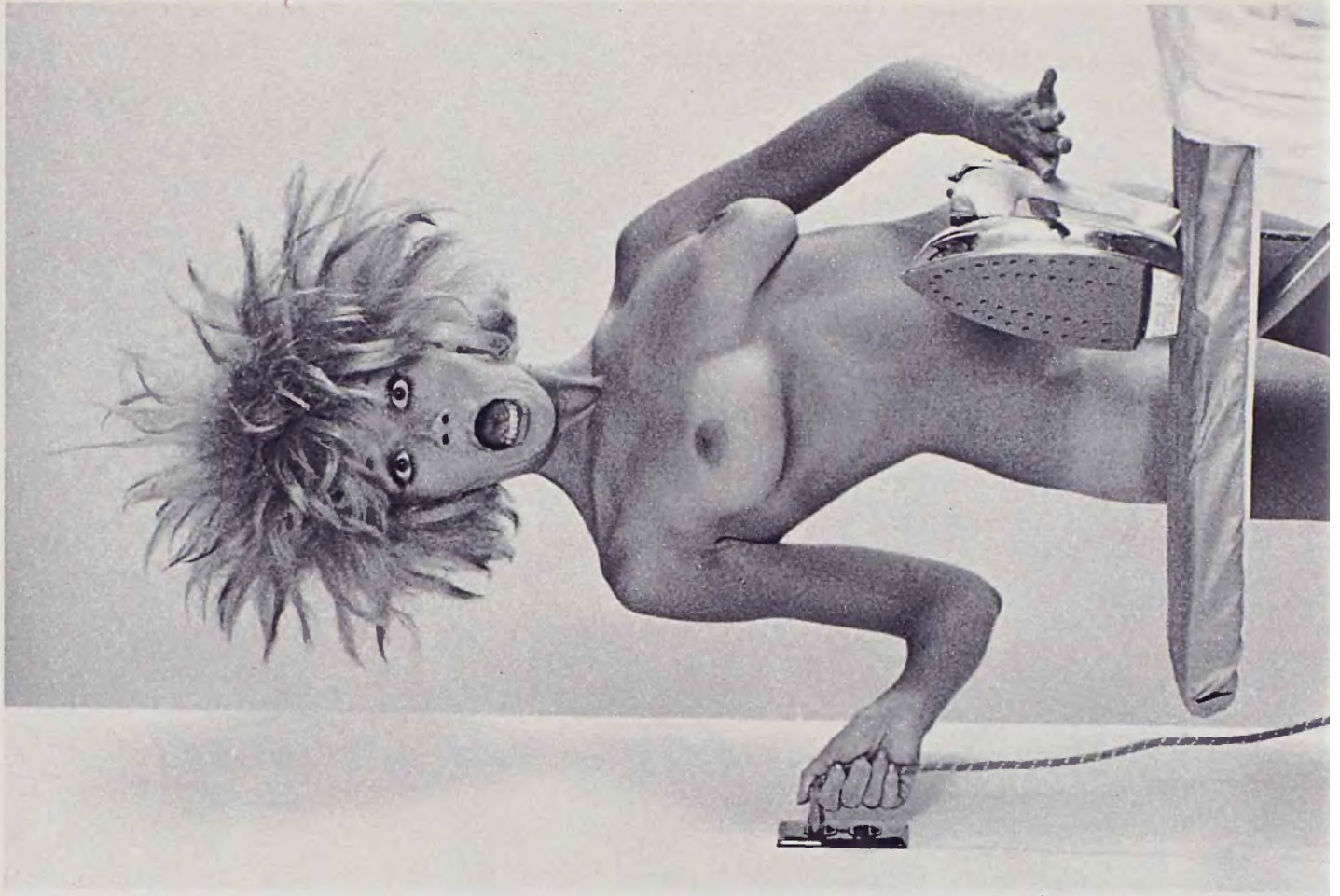
Family Circle

soil-resistant finish) to slip-cover the room by using the same material (vinyl-coated for practicality) on the walls and floor. "You can't have too much of a good thing," she says. "I want to make throw pillows for the sofa—if I can ever find it." Just chock full of ideas, our imaginative homemaker also rejuvenated her dull, drab vacuum cleaner (ETM pattern #572,081) and stitched up a ruffled apron and pert dusting cap (ETM patterns #1 and #2) to work in. And she did it *all* with cuticle scissors and Elmer's Glue! Never one to waste valuable time, she also plans to crochet a simple but elegant evening ensemble from ordinary dental floss. For further information on Mrs. February, send 25 cents to our Easy-to-Make editor.



TRUE

It goes without saying that any female foolish enough to invade such traditionally masculine preserves as the old camping grounds should be met with a firm but friendly slap on the fanny, sending her scampering back to what she fondly thinks of as civilization. But which of us guys hasn't wished for someone to do the more onerous chores of wilderness living, while we lie back, puff our pipes, sip some bourbon, sniff the piny air and maybe indulge in a little serious poker? Well, sir, this cute little number, Miss Ima Doormat, is the answer to every serious sportsman's prayer; she can pitch a tent, light a fire, clean a fish, dress a deer, keep the campsite neat and warm a sleeping bag. She responds beautifully, in tones of abject humility and heartfelt gratitude, to all orders delivered in a deep, masculine voice. As a gag, our ace outdoor photog Sweat Husky posed Ima amid some of his other valuable trophies, gleaned over many years of trekking the bushveld primeval. Actually, of course, Ima couldn't tell a turkey from a titmouse. Haw!

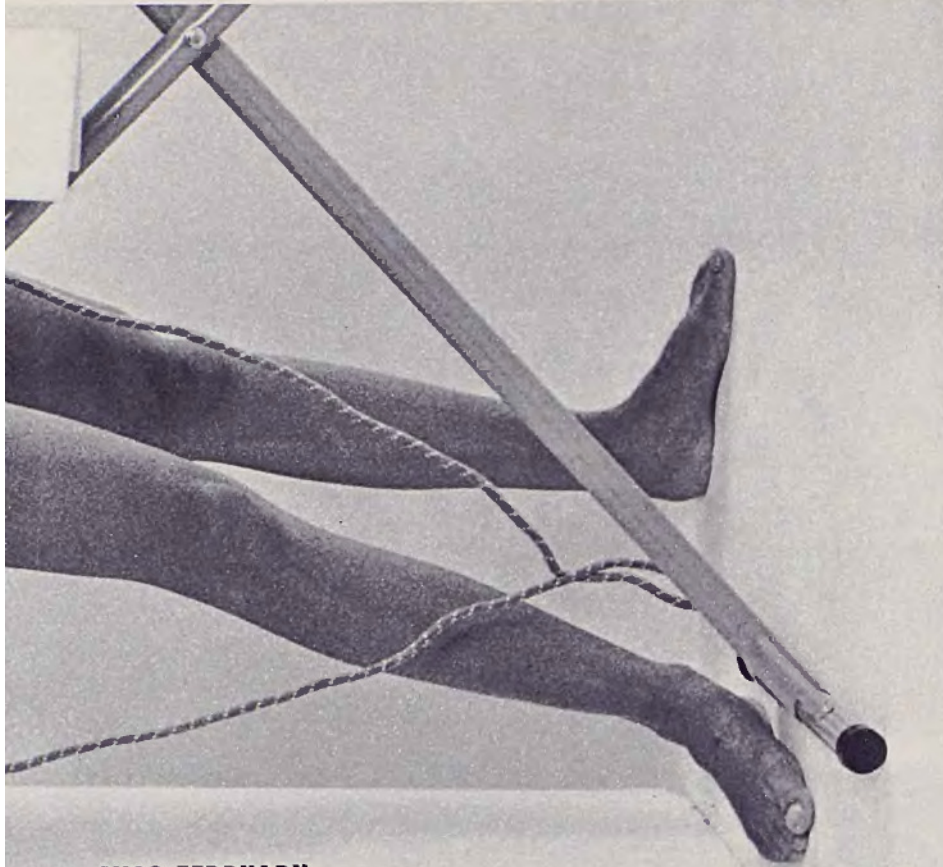


MISS FEBRUARY LIFE'S NEWSMAKER OF THE WEEK



LIFE

"Outer space is my bag," says Nell "Bust" Collins, the female astronaut who was chosen *Life's* Newsmaker of the Week after her remarkable accomplishments in America's historic Venus I mission and her signing of a contract with *Life* for the exclusive rights to any thoughts she might have in the future. The daring Miss Collins—who entered the space program on a bet with the other carhops at the Burgerama in Council Bluffs—is shown as she became the first nude woman in space. Had she let go of the umbilicals she grasps, the only connection she had during her 30-minute dangle outside Venus I, she would not now have an exclusive contract with *Life*. The main purpose of her mission was to measure reactions from the moon when exposed to an undressed female body. NASA scientists are closely studying the results at Houston computer control—and studying Miss Collins even more closely. Meanwhile, Miss Collins' memorable words as she stepped out into space say all there is to say about her mission: "One small step for womankind. One giant step toward an exclusive contract with *Life*."



MISS FEBRUARY CONSUMER REPORTS' CHECK-RATED MATE OF THE MONTH

CONSUMER REPORTS

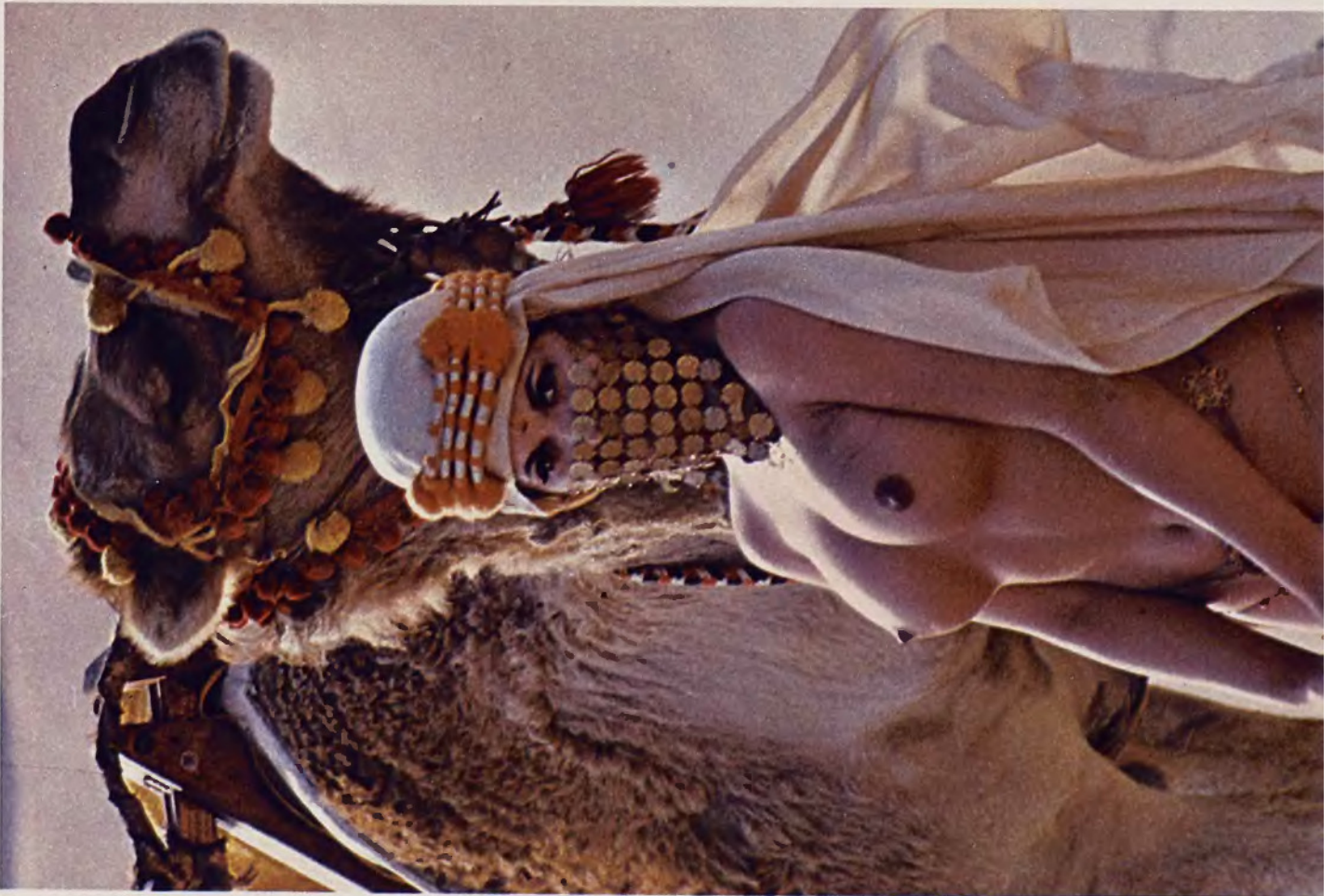
ACCEPTABLE

SUZI SUNBEAM, #35-23-34

(Manufacturer: Albert & Myrtle Sunbeam, Columbus, Ohio), 5 ft., 2 ins., 103 lbs. Popular double-breasted model judged superior in both design and performance by CR's Testing Committee, which reports: "After seven-day functioning test in CR laboratory, this model exceeded specifications by 80 percent and expectations by 100 percent. Heats rapidly, cools slowly, minimal recovery time." Convenient to operate with either left or right hand; stands vertically when not in use. Has features commonly found on the better models, plus the usual built-in accessories, but has been found exceptional in over-all construction and appearance. Due to simplicity of operation, low upkeep, excellent performance characteristics, light weight and compactness, the Suzi Sunbeam is especially suited to bachelor-style living. Since mounting operational problems have forced the manufacturers to discontinue production, replacement parts are unavailable. **NOT ACCEPTABLE: SCORCHER MODEL 6 STEAM IRON** (Heatco, Inc., New York, New York). Serious shock hazard.

MISS FEBRUARY

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S WINNER OF THE WEEK

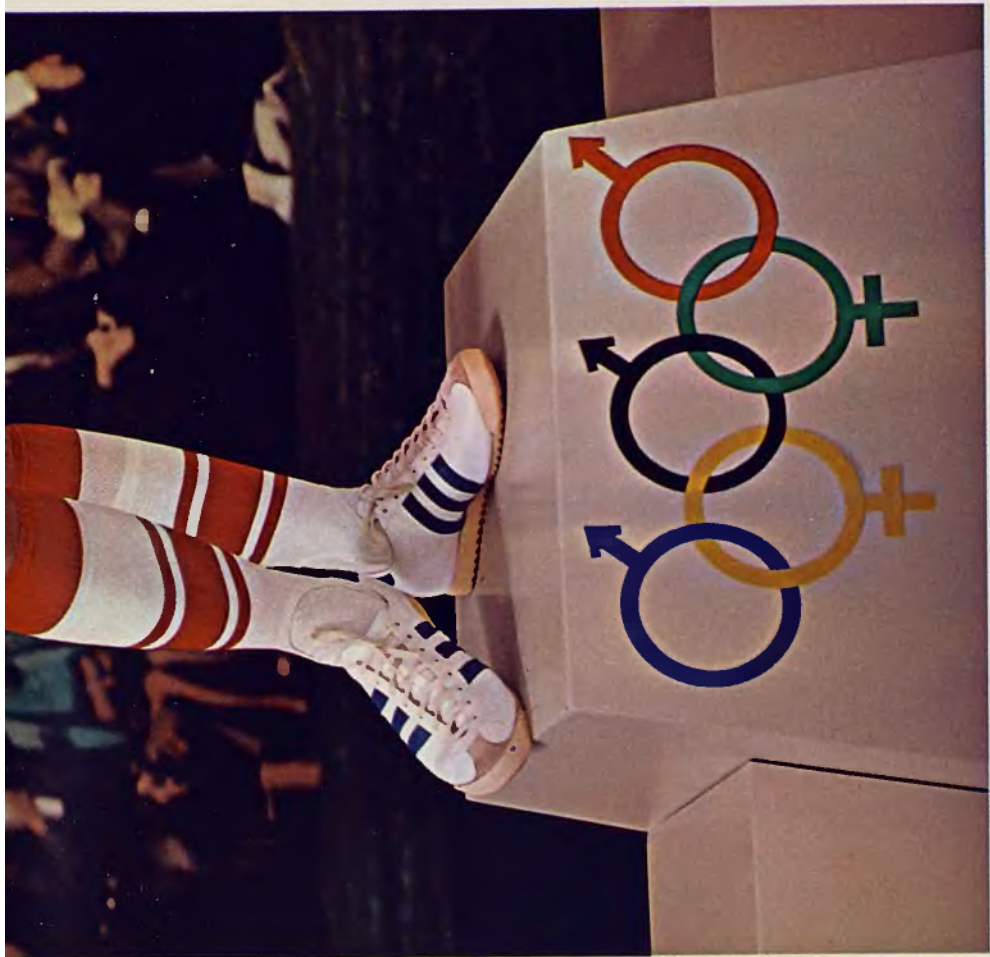




MISS FEBRUARY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC'S TOPOGRAPHIC FIND OF THE MONTH

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

For centuries, in the tiny Arabian kingdom of Bhang, natives of that arid land have known only the harsh existence afforded by the desert. In his recent journey through the still-uncharted reaches of this exotic country, *National Geographic's* famous explorer-photographer Sir Geoffrey Melville-Bell encountered this shy, veiled maiden carrying out an ancient custom of her people: To prove themselves worthy of the king's harem, the maidens of Bhang must wander the desert for an entire year garbed only in veil and native headdress. At the end of her ordeal, each maiden must demonstrate to her king that she is still intact. Sir Geoffrey was so taken with this young woman that he immediately elected her *National Geographic's* Topographic Find; she, in turn, showed her gratitude by offering to let Sir Geoffrey explore her uncharted hinterlands. Bhang on, Sir Geoffrey!



Sports Illustrated

In Salinas, California, through the hot summer and chill fall of 1956, Jacqueline Strap (our Winner of the Week and formerly second runner-up in the 1967 Miss Lettuce competition) spent seven months in a hospital bed, mostly watching her heroes, Bob Cousy and Bob Mathias, do their thing on TV. She was five then and suffering from what the doctors had called a "chronic weakling condition." Well, last week, Jacque (as she likes to be called) traveled to the U. S.-Russian track meet in Kiev to prove that it's a lot of years later and a long way from Lettuce Valley. She interrupted her N. B. A. rookie year just long enough to win the women's decathlon championship, beating, in the process, four Russian competitors, who were later exposed as men. (See *S. I.*, June 3, 1968, "The Girls Who Run Funny.") "Hell, I don't mind," said the powerful but pretty (6'6", 240 lbs.) Jacque, as she hand wrestled with reporters. "I've been competing with men since I was a kid. But they just don't have the staying power."

MISS FEBRUARY VOGUE'S MANNEQUIN OF THE MONTH





MISS FEBRUARY POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY'S OVEREXPOSURE OF THE MONTH

POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY

just the proper balance of color and diffusion, Aperture spurned the usual glass and gelatin filters, choosing, instead, the intricate, sensuous shadings obtainable only through overlapping layers of butterfly wings. (See "Working with Wings," *Pop Photo*, July—Ed.) Untold hours were spent in search of just the right strain of the rare fuchsia-colored monarch butterfly. The main light was a modest bank of 31,000 strobes fired in rapid sequence. The subtle character of the fill-in light was provided by setting fire to the north wall of Aperture's studio. The camera was a Linhof Technica; the lens, a 600mm Hyper-Extender. The film was Ektachrome S, shot at $f/0.793$; shutter speed, 21 minutes, 9 seconds. When shown the final photo, Miss February snapped, "I never realized I could look like that."

Photographer Ansel Aperture has achieved a near-perfect realization of the female form in this brilliant study of Miss February, *Pop Photo's* Overexposure of the Month. To get

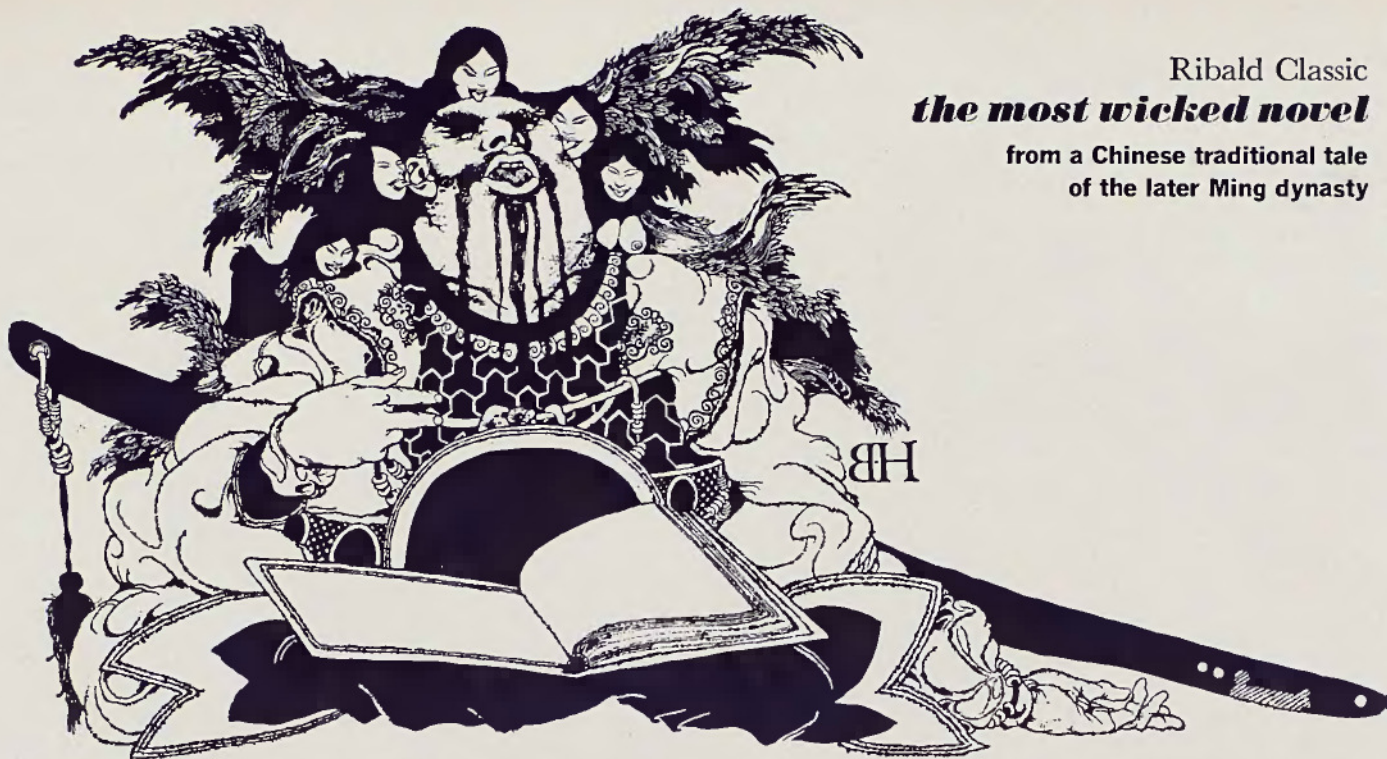


VOGUE

ing her breasts this season. Everywhere the Beautiful People throng, the Princessa is seen with this *thrilling* new shape—round round globes high on the torso—just a whisper of gleam-and-glow rouge for daytime, Kenneth J. Lang nipple rings and a heady heavy perfume for an evening at the opera or dallying over a quiet dinner with 60 *close* friends. Exciting, adventurous, totally "now," her breasts rise to any occasion: understated with a *smidgen* of shading for the literary *salon*—flamboyant, volcanic, glowing for those *special* events. To the same basic design, she occasionally adds long long legs for the country-girl look. La Principessa recently caused a furor in *haute couture* circles with her dramatic switch of emphasis to the buttocks at Truman Capote's *merveilleux* Bal des Mets in Shea Stadium. Who better to be *Vogue's* Mannequin of the Month?

People are talking about: La Principessa della Genitalia and the subtle simple nude way she's wear-





Ribald Classic
the most wicked novel

from a Chinese traditional tale
of the later Ming dynasty

THIS MALEVOLENT STORY begins with a serene and beautiful painting. It was called *Going Up River* and it was painted by Chang Tse-tuan of the Sun dynasty; in it, he portrayed the splendors of K'ai-feng-Fu, a city that had been destroyed by the Kin Tartars long ago, in 1127. But the very beauty of that picture produced not only avarice, treachery and murder but also one of the most lecherous books ever written.

In the beginning, Wang Yu, a minor official, owned the picture and Yen Sung, a powerful officer in the government, coveted it. Finally, Yen Sung, by means of terrible threats and pressure, forced the owner to give up the painting and, delighted with his victory, the great man prepared a splendid banquet, with the idea of showing off his treasure to his most highly placed friends. To his surprise and chagrin, however, the most distinguished of his guests—a writer-statesman who was also a connoisseur of art—refused to admire the painting. He was finally forced to confess his reason. "It is no more than a poor copy," he said. "The seller must have kept the original for himself."

Yen Sung was furious. He had not long to wait for his revenge, however. In 1550, the Tartars raided that part of the frontier whose defense was in Wang Yu's hands, and Yen Sung made certain that the poor man was disgraced and executed. A few years later, the great official himself died, but he left behind him a deadly feud between the two families.

Their two sons carried it on. Yen Shih-fan, the great man's son, was worse than his father—a young man of endless corruption, lust and treachery, a net for bribes and a bull among women. Wang Shih-cheng, the son of the executed man, in time became a famous author and Confucian scholar. A secret and most dangerous game went on between them. From among the criminals of the city, Wang hired assassins to destroy his enemy; Yen hired a corps of the toughest and most faithful guards he could find. Yen even invented a most ingenious protection in the form of a writing brush. When one held it near a lamp as if to trim it, the brush would shoot a deadly dart. In the end, all attempts on his life failed. The assassins were sometimes driven off; sometimes they were caught and strangled. The wicked man flourished like the crocodile and the vengeance of Wang glanced off his armor of luck.

One day, by odd coincidence, Yen Shih-fan and Wang Shih-cheng happened to meet at one of the court functions. Simply for the sake of polite conversation, Yen asked of the author, "What are you writing these days?"

Wang knew that his enemy cared nothing for serious studies

of the works of Confucius but, rather, was a great reader of love stories. Suddenly, he had a plan. Nearby, he saw a metal vase with a spray of plum blossoms in it, and so he replied, "I have just finished a novel titled *Chin P'ing Mei*"—which means *Metal Vase Plum Blossom*—"a rather scandalous tale, I must admit."

"Really?" said Yen. "It sounds charming. I should greatly enjoy reading it. Won't you lend me your copy?"


Now, Wang Shih-cheng was capable of any literary feat, though he had never in his life written a romance. He went home at once and called for his brushes and his inkstone and then set busily to work. In the course of a few weeks, he finished a novel of some 1600 pages. The story came to him easily—it was no less than a fictionalized account of the lurid sex life of Yen Shih-fan. The wit was pointed, the satire was ruthless and Yen was clearly recognizable as the protagonist under an old nickname of his own.

Wang, however, unlike many authors, was hardly content to pay off a blood feud with literary wit, no matter how sharp it might be. The books of that day were written on very thin rice paper and the pages tended to stick together. A reader would customarily wet a finger in his mouth, in order to turn the page rapidly without tearing it. On the corner of each page, Wang rubbed a grain of slow but deadly poison.

A day or so later, the volume arrived at the house of Yen, neatly wrapped in silk and bearing the elaborate compliments of the author. Yen carried it off eagerly to his chamber and sat down to read.

What sinner could resist such a colorful account of his own sins—and the scandalous behavior of all those around him, as well? There was the stealing of Gold Lotus from her wretched husband, known as "Three-Inch Mannikin," and the murder of this poor man. There was the deflowering of Cinnamon Bud. There were Lady Lin and the wife of young Wang and the wife of his business manager, Pen Se, and a hundred others. Ladies were overthrown and servant girls were tumbled wherever the character "Hsi Men" wandered. At last came his decline, when aphrodisiacs could no longer help, and the pale, exhausted lecher made one last effort with Gold Lotus and expired.

The poison worked slowly. It was calculated to permit the entranced Yen to read through all 1600 pages of his own debauchery. In the end, Yen Shih-fan was found with his head bowed against the book, quite dead.

—Retold by Robert Mahieu 

SKIING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ALPS (continued from page 136)

is now an expert (the area's racing trails, cut through forests below the glacier, still have too little snow to be used). He finds it enormously funny to read a sign announcing, in four languages, DO NOT FORGET THAT YOU ARE SKIING ON A GLACIER, THAT IS, ON A MASS OF ICE THAT IS ALIVE AND CRACKED. THE MOST DANGEROUS CREVASSES ARE THOSE THAT ARE STILL COVERED WITH SNOW. THE BRIDGES CAN BREAK AT ANY MOMENT. . . . He discovers a small cable car leading to nowhere in particular and a restaurant at the other end, where, on a drowsy day, he can sit, eating excellent trout *au bleu* and drinking white wine.

There is no possibility of drowsiness at night. From the soothingly expensive Zermatterhof Hotel and the stark, zany Bahnhof Hotel (one bath and cook your own in the cellar; mountaineers, students in beggary and lovely waifs in stretch knickers crammed under the eaves), everyone emerges to prowling the car-free main street, which is the town's meeting place. In the shops (middling to costly), the skier can wear the shine off his American Express card. In a dozen shirt-sleeve joints, he can get hamburger steak, onion rings and a great slosh of beer for a dollar or so. The Walliserkanne is splendid for cheese fondue and easy table hopping. The regulars are young, affluent and have wrinkles at the eye corners that tell of skiing seven months a year.

Outside—what the hell is going on? The Walliserkanne slowly empties. In the street, his back to the forming crowd, is a young, kilted, six-foot-five Scot, let loose from medical studies in Edinburgh. He wears no coat in the bitter cold. No matter, he warms himself, and loosens roof slates, with his bagpipes. From a nearby bar pops another Scot, this one also kilted but a foot shorter. He says, "Jock, lad, two minutes of *Bonnie Dundee*," and disappears into his bar, where, given the carrying power of bagpipes, he can hear with no difficulty. Zermatt goes this way, and a skier who remains solitary either likes it like that or has never really left Kankakee.

At last, there is a day when the weather breaks, and the skier spends an hour at the *Furggsattel*, looking toward Cervinia, Italy. A fine mist blows across the sun. A moment before, the watcher had a postcard view of mountains 100 miles away. Now it has faded; first to hazy incandescence, then to thick gray blowing in chunks past the skier's feet. Now the gray thins. In no more than five minutes, Cervinia appears again, hot with sun, and then the air itself becomes visible as mist forms once more and nothing with an edge or shape can be seen.

That afternoon, the skier joggles to St. Niklaus on the train, retrieves his car and drives down to the real world. Two days later, a friend still in Zermatt phones to say that three feet of snow have fallen and an avalanche has rumbled through the Zermatt train station, upsetting a freight car, hopelessly blocking the track and marooning everyone. His cheerfulness is in the worst possible taste.

. . .

After a couple of days of phoning to find out who has snow—and most of the Alps have less just now than the Chevy Chase golf course—the early-season *piste* crawl continues in France. The first view of La Plagne, a six-year-old ski resort in the French Savoy, is not inviting. The impression during the winding ascent by auto is of a vacation factory for middle-level Soviet technicians. A very tall apartment building, apparently, has been sawed in sections and the sections have been stuck here and there in the snow. All of the sections are faced with orange-varnished wood. One of them is 19 stories high. Everything is wrong, visually; wood nailed higher than any tree looks not warm but absurd, and high-rise shapes seen against the Alps are both puny and presumptuous.

There is no place to turn the car around, however. The skier persists and is rewarded. For a visitor within the walls, the feeling of La Plagne is exactly the opposite of the deadening distant view. The building complex does not become beautiful, but the sense of an inhabited place comes as much through the ears and the skin and the soles of the feet as through the eyes (which is why even a faithful architect's model tells nothing). The sense of La Plagne during a holiday season is a happy confusion of motion, color, clatter, beat. The pulse is strongest in an unlikely underground plaza, fed from several levels by corridors connecting the hotel and apartment blocks and leading by escalator to the main aerial ski lift.

The danger in such an arrangement is that it seems to be what it is—a valve system for shunting pedestrian traffic. La Plagne avoids sterility by being unreasonably French. A four-table restaurant is ridiculously inefficient in terms of *roggnons au beurre noir* produced per hour, but it is pleasing to eat in and satisfying even to those who happen not to eat there. The skier passes it several times a day, sniffs the air critically and nods to the proprietor and kitchen staff, a Frenchwoman. He may or may not stop in for an aperitif some evening, but he plans to do so. It is part of his neighborhood, and so are two or three delicatessens, a clutter of *boutiques*, a Whiskey-à-Go-Go

and any number of other tucked-away bars and restaurants, including one that serves nothing but crepes.

For some reason, only the French have found La Plagne, or perhaps only the French have found its jazziness not jarring. The result is that a wandering American is a curiosity. Perhaps half of the French at La Plagne want nothing to do with him, on principle, and half of the rest don't care one way or the other. But the youngest and brightest are fascinated by the U.S., and the skier is captured and led off for Scotch, brie and argument to a room for two that an impressive number of grad students and young university instructors have turned into a coeducational dorm.

La Plagne's owners say they want to open the resort to an international crowd, but it's hard to imagine it anything but French. The inhabitants now are a father and his 14-month-old son, both wearing sunglasses, sitting in adjoining deck chairs; a Sorbonne *Barbarella* in a plastic *après-ski-le-déluge* suit talking soberly with a sideburned student in cowhide vest and corduroys; a red-faced fat lady eating *pâté*, with a paper napkin on her head to ward off the sun. On the mountain, a cheerful, snow-mad young government *fonctionnaire* skis in a ferocious rush toward an overhang, jumps 60 feet and continues in a mad schuss, totally out of control, scattering beginning skiers with his whoops. Everyone cheers. Last year, a friend says, he broke his leg doing the same thing.

In the morning, the skier, shaken from his large hotel like a corn flake from its box, lands at the foot of a considerable lift system. La Plagne has the most beautiful ski lift in the world, a *télécabine* carrying six passengers at a time in elegant glass-sided steel cars. But *télécabines* are expensive and the mountain's other lifts are cheap disk-on-pole monstrosities (French-made and the curse of French ski areas) that grab the skier between the legs and haul him up the hill in a series of back-bending jerks. Unfortunately, it is these that the skier has decided to use, because a series of them serve the Emile Allais trail, the most difficult at La Plagne.

Allais, a small, tough, courteous man of 57, was the world ski champion in 1937 and 1938 and is now one of La Plagne's developers. Because he laid out the area to make average skiers feel like Olympians, the run named after him is only difficult, not impossible. But it is long—almost two and a half miles, with a drop of almost 3300 feet—and the skier had decided on a desperate therapy. Yesterday, a spell of incompetence led to recurrent snow in the ears and humiliation in the presence of a demure (continued on page 198)

JAZZ & POP '70



BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS instrumental combo

a look at the current music scene—plus the winners of the 14th annual playboy poll and readers' choices for the playboy jazz & pop hall of fame and records of the year

article By NAT HENTOFF

THE 1970 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

IT WAS A YEAR of coming together—in the music, through the music. The apex of good vibrations: the Woodstock Music and Art Fair in Bethel, New York, where more than 300,000 came for nearly four days in mid-August to groove to sounds and to just being together. Up front were Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, The Who, Joan Baez, Creedence Clearwater Revival,

5TH DIMENSION vocal group





DUKE ELLINGTON
leader, songwriter-composer



ELLA FITZGERALD
female vocalist

THE 1970 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead and many more. All around, in the mud, in the rain, with no place to sleep but on the ground or in cars, food coming from sharing, the largest group of young people ever gathered for a concert in the history of the country astounded their elders.

"We did not treat one single knife wound or a black eye or

a laceration that was inflicted by another human being," said a doctor at the fair. "Can you imagine," another added, "what would have happened if we had had 300,000 hard-drinking adults here?"

At the end of August, on the Isle of Wight, off the south coast of England, another 200,000 came together for a pop festival climaxed by the appearance of Bob Dylan and The Band. Once again, the mood was one of communal cele-

OSCAR PETERSON
piano



STAN GETZ
tenor sax





FRANK SINATRA
male vocalist



HERB ELLIS
guitar

bration. And at one point, as hundreds of the young were playing with balloons in a vast sea of foam provided as an extra environmental attraction by the management, a boy and a girl stripped, jumped into the foam and made love. That same day, at the Texas International Pop Festival in Lewisville, a baby was born. And in October, in the Berkshires in Massachusetts, Arlo Guthrie was married as two members of

a rock band blew on conch shells and Judy Collins sang *Susanne*.

In a year during which the killing continued in Vietnam and the frost of repression was in the air as America moved to the right politically, music was the primary bond of expression for millions of the young. It was a source of warmth in a world preoccupied with the cold logistics of nuclear armament, a reservoir of humor in a time of Nixon and Agnew,

GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax



DIZZY GILLESPIE
trumpet





J. J. JOHNSON
trombone



BUDDY DEFRANCO
clarinet

THE 1970 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

and also a witnessing to a deep yearning for a new kind of society. As Ted Lewis, political columnist for the bristlingly conservative New York *Daily News*, wrote of the 300,000 at Bethel: "It was a chance . . . to express their emotional outlook on life which society fails to understand. . . . If music makes them one, someday a 'cause' will do the same, as the

politicians well know as they face up to the elections in the next decade."

But there was as yet no clearly detailed cause, no blueprint for that new society. The music, therefore, was all the more vital because it was so pulsatingly present, so affirmatively *here*. And in the music, at least, the barriers that divided this society—barriers of race, class, background—had dissolved. Significantly, the most celebrated and influential album of the

ROLAND KIRK
flute, manzello, stritch



MILT JACKSON
vibes





CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
alto sax



RAY BROWN
bass

year was *The Band*, a fusion of country music, rock, bluegrass, Gospel and vintage jazz. The musicians who are *The Band*—four from Canada, one from Arkansas—cannot and will not be categorized. Ten years of traveling through rural America, and now playing the big cities as well, have made them a reservoir of all the musical streams that flow through this country.

Another sign of these musically liberating times was the nature of Elvis Presley's appearance as a performer before live

audiences for the first time in nine years. When he opened in midsummer at the International Hotel in Las Vegas, Presley was backed by a black Gospel-based group, the Sweet Inspirations, and a white country-rock band driven by a crackling young Texas drummer, Ronnie Tutt. And the songs Presley chose further reflected his own awareness of the end of musical divisions—*Hound Dog* from his past, Ray Charles rhythm-and-blues classics, Beatles tunes and the urgently

JIMMY SMITH
organ



BUDDY RICH
drums



THE 1970 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND



LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

GINGER BAKER
drums

BOOKER T.
organ

HERB ALPERT
first trumpet

AL HIRT
second trumpet

JIMI HENDRIX
guitar

J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone

SI ZENTNER
second trombone

PETE FOUNTAIN
clarinet

CANNONBALL
ADDERLEY
first alto sax

PAUL DESMOND
second alto sax

DAVE BRUBECK
piano

RAVI
SHANKAR
sitar

TOM JONES
male vocalist

JANIS JOPLIN
female vocalist

HENRY MANCINI
leader



DOC SEVERINSEN
third trumpet

MILES DAVIS
fourth trumpet

KAI WINDING
third trombone

BOB BROOKMEYER
fourth trombone

STAN GETZ
first tenor sax

BOOTS RANDOLPH
second tenor sax

GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS
instrumental combo

BEATLES
vocal group

PAUL McCARTNEY
electric bass,
songwriter/composer

JOHN LENNON
songwriter/composer

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME



Since 1966, our readers have annually selected a trio of musicians—vocalists or instrumentalists—for inclusion in the Playboy Hall of Fame, which has been expanded this year to embrace pop music as well as jazz. As 1970's balloting got under way, our pantheon included busts—by sculptor Jack Gregory—of such diversified musical titans as (left to right, from top) scholarly Dave Brubeck, whose forays into unusual rhythms broke the strangle hold of 4/4 time; Frank Sinatra, the ageless and peerless vocalist; Louis Armstrong, the Babe Ruth of jazz; Duke Ellington, jazzdom's premiere composer; Ella Fitzgerald, queen of scat singers; Count Basie, whose bands have made Kansas City synonymous with good sounds; Ray Charles, who turned soul into a household word; John Coltrane, who came out of the neo-bop ranks, discovered Afro-Asian music and helped create the New Thing; Benny Goodman, still revered as the King of Swing; plus last year's winners—entrepreneur-trumpeter Herb Alpert; Wes Montgomery, the most inventive guitarist of the past two decades; and trumpeter Miles Davis, who earned his musical wings with Charlie Parker and has been flying high ever since. This year, our readers selected three young giants from the pop-rock world; significantly, all are most famous for their skills as composers, and all have produced some of the most relevant songs of our time.

contemporary *In the Ghetto*. Later, he spoke of how the music had broadened and deepened in the past decade: "Young people today are wiser, smarter, better than they were ten years ago, and the music shows it."

Showing it, the music was in a continuous state of flux. Tony Williams, Miles Davis' prodigiously inventive jazz drummer, formed his own group, The Tony Williams Lifetime; and as an integral part of it, he chose a young British rock guitarist, Johnny McLaughlin. Williams, too, refuses to put a label on what he's creating, saying, instead, "To me, this is the best of everything, like a combination of the last 15 years, everything I've learned about Western harmony and Eastern harmony." Another new group, The Flock, from Chicago, spans rock, Coltranelike jazz, classical music, blues and radiations from the Beatles. And out of San Francisco, rising on the record charts and appearing increasingly on



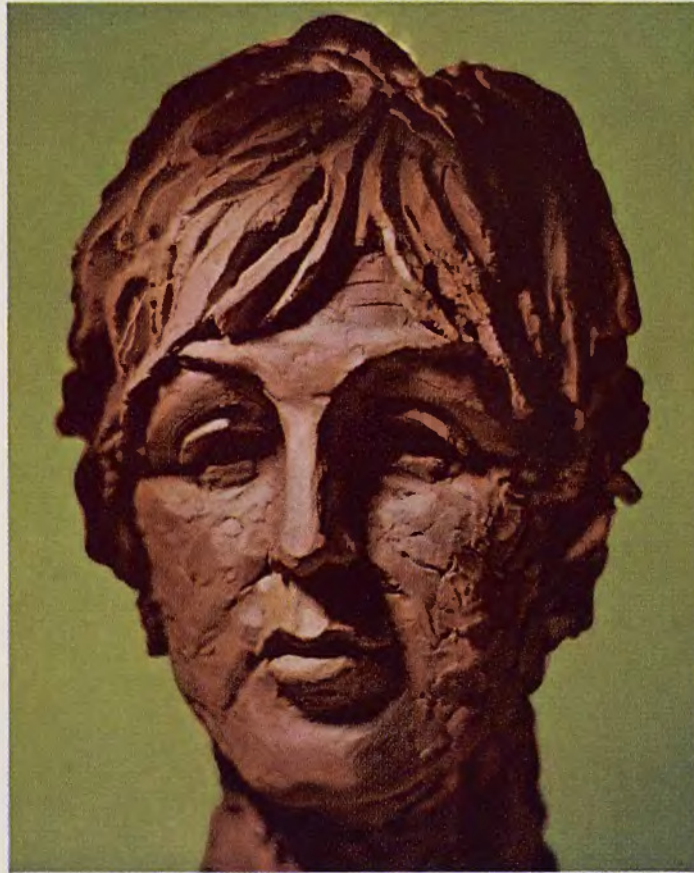
BOB DYLAN He changed his name in homage to the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas and has already influenced many more people than his idol. A migrant from Minnesota to New York, Dylan first made his mark on the folk-music world as a rough-voiced young singer who wrote protest songs and accompanied himself on the guitar and harmonica. But Dylan's capacity for growth has constantly surprised his admirers. His conversion to electric music and a more personal lyric style shocked his purist followers, set the entire folk-rock phenomenon in motion and made Dylan a most unwilling rock star. After a near-fatal motorcycle accident and a long recovery at his retreat in Woodstock, New York, Dylan came back with a better voice and a Nashville-accented sound. While his most recent songs are relatively simple and earthy, Dylan's greatest contribution to modern music has been to show that popular-song lyrics can be poetry of the highest order. His many pseudo-intellectual imitators frequently obscure that accomplishment, as do the scholars who write theses on his work; but the fact remains that Bob Dylan's songs, from "Blowin' in the Wind" to "Lay, Lady, Lay," are a living chronicle of his generation's collective trip.

television was Creedence Clearwater Revival—a distinctive distillation of country sounds, rock, blues and the Cajun style of Louisiana. There were many more examples of continuous cross-fertilization, all exemplifying the credo best expressed by Paul McCartney: "We're feeling for many things, and in many directions. We're looking into new sounds and not looking down on anything."

One of those directions was back. As they open themselves to all kinds of possibilities, many of these musical explorers also search for roots. The Bob Dylan album of the year was *Nashville Skyline*, a gently sensuous blend of Dylan imagery and country music. Joan Baez also went to Nashville for *David's Album*. Dedicated to her husband, serving a three-year sentence for draft resistance, the music itself consisted of flowing, unadulterated country sounds. And a new phenomenon appeared—groups of young players, attuned to the

ambiance of the present but also steeped in the country tradition. Among the best of those bringing fresh spirit and imagination to this lineage were The Blue Velvet Band and The Flying Burrito Bros. The latter was formed by Gram Parsons and Chris Hillman, former members of the Byrds. They were among many whose affections encompassed both rock and the new country sound.

The whole spectrum of country music flourished. From 81 radio stations playing country records in 1961, there are now 600 all-country outlets, with more than 1200 playing that music part of the time. To the young, Johnny Cash remains the pre-eminent force in the country-music movement. His album (*Johnny Cash at San Quentin*) and a single (Shel Silverstein's *A Boy Named Sue*) were among the year's most durable hits, while Cash also headlined his own ABC-TV series. But that program, with its diverse (continued on page 177)



JOHN LENNON *The Beatles, despite constant rumors that they are about to break up, apparently have no such intention; yet, while they continue to record and make films together, the individual members of the group get ever more involved in their own trips. For John Lennon—actor, author, guitarist and lyricist—the past year has been a fantastic voyage undertaken with his unconventional artist wife, Yoko Ono. Together, they held a weeklong bed-in in a Toronto hotel room, where—with a cluster of celebrities, including Tom Smothers and Tim Leary—they recorded "Give Peace a Chance"; the song was a best seller, as was "The Ballad of John and Yoko," which cast Lennon as a Christ figure. Making the surreal real, John and Yoko sent acorns to the world's heads of state to distract them from war. They recorded a series of unique albums chronicling their misadventures with unprecedented intimacy; their initial effort, "Two Virgins," bore a front-view photograph of the couple in all their undressed splendor. John's stature, however, is still due to his role in creating the Beatles' repertoire; and he made his credo clear when he told a revolution-minded critic that bombing buildings wasn't his shtick: "You destroy it [the establishment]; I'll build around it."*

PAUL McCARTNEY *He would have been the last to know, a tongue-in-cheek Paul McCartney assured the world, if he had really died. Yet it wasn't until a magazine reporter cornered him—and secured a statement to the effect that it was all "bloody stupid," he only wanted to be with his family, and if he had something to say, he would write a song—that the thousands of mourners were assured. The McCartney death flap had been sustained by a bizarre web of "evidence" that would have fascinated Edgar Allan Poe: mystic signs of demise discovered in the illustrations of Beatle albums; ominous messages in the lyrics of their songs; a montage that, when played backward, was shown to contain the sounds of an automobile accident; word that a McCartney look-alike had been sought, found and never revealed. It was all a dramatic illustration of the amazing degree to which the real or imagined events in the life of a Beatle—even a levelheaded, businesslike, retiring one like Paul—can affect the lives of young people around the world. The source of that power? As Paul implied, it's the good music that the Beatles continue to create—and there is no more vital element in the group's musical make-up than Paul's delicate, unpredictable melodies.*

A Million Elephants *(continued from page 86)*

watched it go and pointed it out to each other.

Stranger yet was the vision of the colonel crouched on the flat roof of the American mission house. He was in clear sight of all the townspeople.

A rumor began that the instrument the colonel was looking through could see into the center of the sun. A crowd gathered below the white-stucco walls. Someone said the colonel would be blind when he turned away from his task.

When the colonel was done, he straightened up very proudly and waved to what he assumed were his followers. They waved back and went on their way.

Then an expression of pain or dismay came across the colonel's face and he bent again to look.

The balloon was out of sight of the transit lens. And the entire theodolite had slipped from its sighting position and was pointing below level.

What the colonel was looking at this time was Wampoom, the king's mistress. By fate or accident, the transit lens had swung into line with her bedroom window. She was lying naked on her bed, her mosquito net pulled up and away. She was rubbing oil on her breasts. She was sprinkling grain on her legs. A peacock ate the grain.

The colonel considered this kind of behavior disgusting and un-American and it made him watch harder.

It also made him forget the message he was preparing. And that gave him all the more reason to set up his transit on the roof every morning and watch the balloon and then watch Wampoom.

Until the revolution, of course; but by then it didn't matter.

It was the colonel's conclusion after a season of tracking balloons that the winds of Chanda were shifting and variable, highly unpredictable (but still classified).

Together with Lieutenant Goodfellow, the colonel decided that a ground-zero nuclear burst would be much better.

• • •

Street scenes; midday:

By noon, the markets are empty, the morning shoppers gone. The smell of fish water and trampled mud.

The air is charged with quiet. The merchants nap on their forearms. No cries now. A time after trade and thinking.

A procession of bonzes passes. Their saffron robes drift like sails in the breeze. Their begging is over for the day and their boys carry the pickings proudly. They are going back to the temple for food and rest and contemplation.

Dry rice grows by the roads. During the monsoon season, the open sewage ditches overflow. In the dry months, one finds nothing but his own waste in them.

Pirogues head upriver again either to fish for the next day's sale or to haul

cargo to the river towns. By pole and sail, they go against the current. They hug the eastern bank once they pass the last warehouse. The boatmen sing to each other across steering oars.

Nothing moves on the streets.

• • •

Andreas carries a tray of drinks to the table on the patio of the Constellation Hotel. This is his night to wait on the Russian. Last night he drank with Colonel Gaillard, the French military attaché. Tomorrow he will prepare a curry for Major Poon, the Indian representative of the International Control Commission. But tonight he must pay favor to Nadolsky.

"Cold vodka in small thimbles for the commissar!"

Nadolsky only grunts.

"This humble Greek toasts his Russian friend," Andreas raises his shot glass as he speaks, "knowing that had the Turks not gotten in our way, Greece and Russia would be one."

They drink, bottoms up, and the homemade liquor burns their throats. Andreas made this batch only last week. He boils water and spirits together, adds lemon peel, even filters the mess if he has time.

Nadolsky, as usual, is thirsty and proposes his own toast. "To Andreas of Paleokastritsa and the beautiful island of Corfu! May it one day be free from corrupt monarchy and capitalistic influence, so you may go back to it a happy man."

Nadolsky still looks restless, so Andreas stands again. "To Alexander Nadolsky of Odessa, who has graced my poor hotel in Chanda with his presence ever since he came here on assignment from Istanbul—and who, as I understand it, was just reassigned here for another year, even though he had informally requested transfer."

This catches Nadolsky by surprise. He sits stunned for a minute. Andreas smiles indulgently, as if the conversation had reached a pleasant pause.

"You will tell me, of course, where you heard that," Nadolsky finally says.

Andreas raises his palms in futility. "Surely, it is enough that I, a poor hotel owner, have learned of this, and that in faithfulness and trust I pass it on to my Russian friend."

"Who will reward such friendship?"

"My life has been vacant of rewards, as you know; but were I to tell you my source, I am sure my life would be less valuable than a lobster's claw." To escape this interrogation, Andreas offers another toast. "To the adventurous Americans, who are now flying air-observation missions over the Plain of Elephants not far from our city. . . ." He gestures as if to drink, but Nadolsky

wants a little more. "And to the newest acquisition on their staff, a Marine master sergeant named Campo, who arrived this morning from Saigon."

Nadolsky drinks. It is enough. He rises and shakes hands. He is perspiring freely now, for he always wears wool suits. "I have asked my government to send some retsina on the next cargo plane. Unfortunately, all we can offer is from the Albanians, but I understand it is delightful."

Andreas smiles again. "A Greek drinks Albanian wine in the same spirit a Russian would drink Turkish vodka: It is a little less than gasoline, a little more than water."

"And an envelope with currency will be delivered to you later this evening."

"Ah, the question of currency is a delicate one, for from what country does the currency come? But I am not one to insult a friend and I will wait. And while I wait, I shall remember when the French were here in force and paid me in preroyal *phips*. Such a waste."

Slightly high on vodka, the two men walk arm in arm to the street, past Charley Dog, who is just sitting there, minding his own business, more or less.

• • •

Buon Kong's elephant is named Babu. Once both he and Buon Kong were members of the royal court, Babu as one of the royal stable of elephants, Buon Kong as his keeper.

At that time, not so many years ago, the ceremonies surrounding the court were gracious and unorganized. It was not an expensive place to be, for neither the court nor the king had any more money than the subjects. Indeed, the king had a monopoly on one thing only, and that was the right to keep elephants, as many elephants as he wanted. Since Chanda was known as the land of a million elephants, this was no problem.

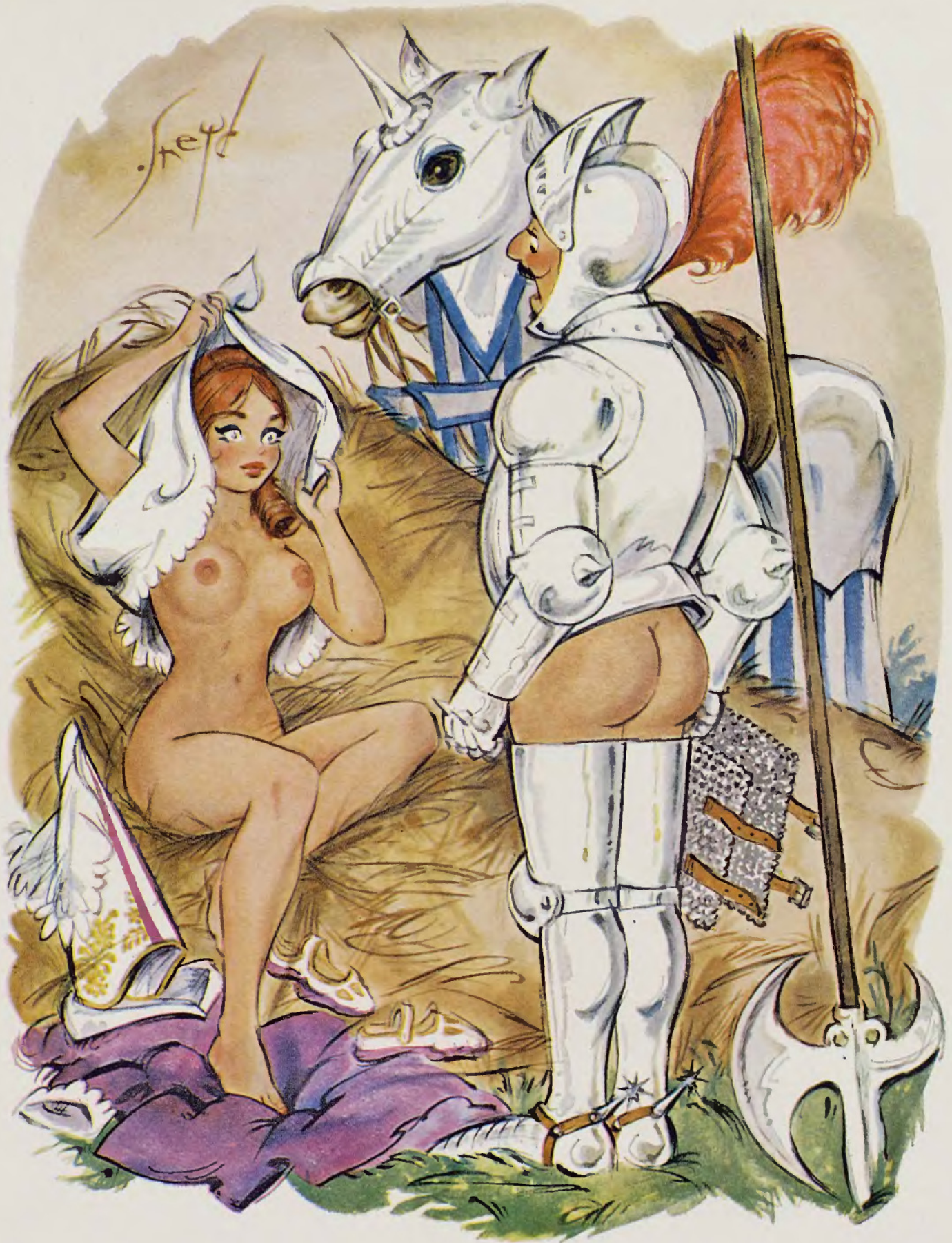
So one day, Babu was captured and led down from the great plain, where most of the elephants lived.

When he was first exposed to the noise of Royal City, Babu was terrified and broke from the caravan. Such was the power of this elephant, not yet grown to full stature, that he could break the rein upon him.

For an hour, Babu roamed the back streets. Once he knocked a small hut off its stilts. He stepped through vegetable gardens. He crushed a mortar-and-pestle rice mill. Girls screamed and children laughed to see the royal keeper running in fat waddling steps through a rice paddy in pursuit of the elephant.

Just as the chase had become a very serious one, with the keeper about to order rifles and nets, Babu took a turn through the river market. He was pelted with fruit and coconuts as he trampled produce and tables and canvas. He trumpeted while running at full speed.

Through the confusion came a short



"I've just got time for a quickie!"

sharp whistle. Babu stopped. The market quieted. Buon Kong walked slowly down the middle of the mud street.

As far as can be told, this is what happened next.

The royal keeper came puffing up to Buon Kong and said that he, the keeper, would take over. Buon Kong paid him no attention. He approached Babu and lifted one big elephant ear and whispered to the beast. Babu raised his trunk and kneeled on his front legs. Buon Kong swung aboard. Up and down the street they went, with the crowd cheering.

The focus of the town was now on two unknowns. Buon Kong had appeared in Chanda only a few years previously. No one knew where he had come from. He had tried to pass as a ballad singer and storyteller, and he did these things well, but most of his time was spent in the opium den by the fish market. It was said that if you wanted to hear Buon Kong tell a story, you first had to buy him a pipe. Yet here he was, critical in function to Royal City, calming a mad elephant.

"You must come down now," pleaded the keeper, as he trotted alongside the two. "He is meant for the royal court and I must take him there."

"If he is meant for the court, why, then, so must I be meant for the court," replied Buon Kong.

"That is not possible," said the keeper with a deferential grin.

"Goodbye," said Buon Kong as he guided the elephant toward the edge of the city.

"Wait, wait," cried the keeper. "I will let you join my stable on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That you don't take over my job," the keeper whispered with his hands clenched.

Buon Kong smiled. "My interests are few and your job is not one of them."

And that is how Buon Kong and Babu came to be in the royal court for a time.

But as to what Buon Kong said to the elephant ("or what the elephant said to him," some people have joked), no one knows. There was even a rumor circulated in the court the next morning that before Buon Kong was able to take advantage of his first pipe of the day, he could not remember what had happened.

There was another rumor, this of the market place, that Babu was a *phi* of one of Buon Kong's ancestors and that man and beast could be heard speaking at times in a strange language.

Which rumor is true, if either, no one can say.

• • •

Master Sergeant Danny Campo reported for duty in his dress blues. That was his first mistake. He left the hotel with

only Andreas staring after him, but by the time he had walked the few blocks to the American mission house, he had a crowd of children running behind him. They had never seen a man in such stiff plumage.

This is not to say that Danny Campo did not fill the bill in Marine Corps terms. Going on 30 years in that organization, he was a walking history book. Captured at Wake Island in World War Two, prisoner of war who had worked on the Manchurian Railroad, veteran of the Choson Reservoir in Korea, French interpreter for American advisors at Dien Bien Phu, he was, on paper, ideal.

And in life, he was truly brave, experienced, energetic. He tried hard to do things by the book. Thus, his red-faced dress-blued approach down the main street of Royal City.

But Danny Campo was a beefy, human fuck-up. There was always something canted and skewed about him; either a medal pinned on improperly or insignia reversed or instructions misunderstood. It was for this reason that he was shunted out of the infantry billets and led into intelligence assignments. There, it was thought, he would do less harm.

Campo faced Coakley, the mission's State Department clerk. Rigid at attention, his white cover under his arm, he handed his orders across the desk.

You've got a lot to live.

There's a new national pastime:
living, and making every second
count. Pepsi's part of it all, with
the energy to let you live big,
and a taste that's bigger than life.
Pepsi-Cola...it's got a lot to give.



Coakley took one look at the uniform and cringed. "We wear civilian clothes here. We're under the French."

"Under the French, sir?" asked Campo with some trembling. This was not a new scene in his life.

"Well, you know what I mean, for goodness' sakes. That's what we say. I have no idea what the French say. Don't you have some clothes here?"

"Just one set of civvies, sir."

"If you walk around like that, they'll watch us all the time. I suppose they do, anyway, but we can do something about it, can't we?" Coakley was, in secret, very proud that he was under almost constant surveillance. It gave him someone to dress for. Today, for example, he sported a black Italian silk suit, shiny as sealskin. He had been planning to go out for lunch, just to be seen.

"If you could tell me where the PX is, sir, I'll change."

"PX?" Coakley shrieked. "There isn't one in all of Chanda, dear boy. This is a hardship post, believe me."

Campo blushed in anger to hear this Ivy League whip call him "dear boy." He judged Coakley to be 30 at the most.

"I have a tailor and I can give you his name, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean," said Sergeant Campo. He had decided to drop all "sirs" to Coakley.

"Come along. I'll take you to him. His name is Sang Woo and he's from Hong Kong. He's a delightful little man." Coakley pinched Campo's biceps lightly. "He does marvels for all of us."

"I'd better report to my C. O. before that."

"You won't be able to see him for another hour," Coakley said with authority. "He's still on the roof."

"On the roof?"

"That's what I said. He pretends he's doing some kind of research, that colonel. But I know what he's up to. He's a Peeping Tom, that's what he is. Come on, let's get you out of that bellboy outfit."

It was Campo's second but not last mistake of the morning to let Coakley take him to the tailor. There he shed his uniform and donned a Cossack shirt of Irish linen, white pressed cotton slacks and sandals. As he looked at himself in the mirrors and sipped tea prepared by Sang Woo's wife, Campo came to a new realization. He decided then and there that uniforms disfigure. He had never thought of that before. "Christ," he said to himself, "I'm thinking like a civilian!"

• • •

Major Poon spent much of his time at the airport south of the city. It was there that he had his communications shack.

Technically, Major Poon was officer in charge of the airport. It did not work that way in reality, because he had no staff, no planes, no power unless it was lent to him by one of the great powers. He did have two white helicopters parked in the far corner of the field, but no one would give him the fuel necessary to run the birds, and he certainly couldn't buy it.

His job was frustrating in the extreme. He wrote reports for the UN and pleaded with all governments present in Chanda to inform him of their activities. What happened, of course, was that the attachés told him what their rivals were doing but never confessed to any specific action of their own.

The agony of putative peace keeping often reduced Major Poon to tears. "Why, oh, why did you do that?" he often cried. No answers were ever offered to this, except the usual laconic, "Why don't you ask *them* what they're doing?"

The Russians landed their Ilyushins and the Americans their C-47s. The French tried to bring in Caravelles. As the tempo of take-offs and landings increased during the months, Major Poon could only wring his hands and keep score.

One morning, he was forced to watch helplessly while a Russian cargo plane unloaded howitzers manned by North

Pepsi's got a lot to give.





XC-7000
GREAT BUSTARD

Carl B. Wilson

"Instrument failure. I had to bring her in by the seat of my pants."

Vietnamese gun crews. The major broke from his office and ran across the tarmac.

"No guns, no guns," he cried to Tay Vinh, who was standing under his white parasol and supervising the drill.

"Please, Major," said the North Vietnamese cultural attaché, "you are in the way." Major Poon jumped to the other side of Tay Vinh. "Aiming point, aiming posts, deflection two eight hundred," Tay Vinh read from an old American field manual. The gun crews scurried about, placing red-and-white stakes in the grass.

"I thought you were a writer and a poet," complained Major Poon. "Now you seem to be an artillery officer."

"The Democratic Republic of North Vietnam is no place for those who do not contribute to their society. You have, perhaps, read my *Ode to the Breach-block* written on the anniversary of the birth of our leader?"

"No, I have not," said Major Poon impatiently. "I object to the presence of these guns."

"Fuse VT, time one point five," Tay Vinh commanded. He turned to the major and smiled. "We are cutting the fuses rather short, but we want an airburst over the river to celebrate the arrival of our guns for freedom."

The major blushed darker brown, something akin to the color of a roasted chestnut. "I will report this to the I. C. C. immediately."

"Yes, do that, and in the meantime, we are protesting the American flights over the Plain of Elephants. That place, above all others, was to be demilitarized. Why are you protecting the Americans?"

"I am not protecting anyone," the major said.

The gunners called something to Tay Vinh and he answered. "Charge two seems right, don't you think, Major? And you do have a place where we might burn our extra powder bags?"

"You must not fire those guns!"

But Tay Vinh had already faced about. Sandbags on the trails, crews at the ready, he raised his parasol high in the air and lowered it dramatically. *Va-va-voom*, roared the guns. Birds scattered in the far tree line and almost immediately, four small clouds burst low over the water and then came the *pa-dow-pow* sound of the fragmentation.

Major Poon could see the townspeople running for cover, in fear that the city was under attack. "Aieeee," he cried. "Surely you know you must not do this."

"What I know," shouted Tay Vinh in a happy rage, "is that the armed might of the Democratic Republic has arrived in Chanda and we are now a force to be reckoned with." Tay Vinh led the gun crews in three cheers, hip, hip, hooray, the likes of which Major Poon had not heard since his school boating days on the Thames.

The trails were centered, muzzle covers attached, canvas over the breachblocks, and four trucks hitched the guns and pulled them away.

"Where are you taking them?" Major Poon demanded.

"Far from here. Do not worry."

They argued as they walked toward the main gate. They saw an air observation craft with no markings circle like a lazy crow above them. For a time, they continued their argument, only half noticing the plane, dark as an olive; but then it seemed to stall and dive, and it was Tay Vinh who hit the deck first, folding his parasol as he flopped, Major Poon after him and almost on top of him and, like a mosquito in heat, the OE plummeted down, down, whiningly down.

Only to pull up a few feet from earth and fly bottom up along the length of the runway, loop a loop and come back straight, wag its wings and dip its nose on each pass over the two prostrate debaters, who up and ran as soon as the Piper Cub-type craft was by them, and who were sent sprawling again when it had made its circle and was buzzing them again. "That must be the crazy Mennan," Major Poon yelled to Tay Vinh when the plane had landed.

Shaking the wing as he stepped onto the strut, Harry Mennan hopped to the ground. He took off his cowboy hat and waved it wildly at Major Poon. "Suuuucee," he hog-called, "you all haul ass over here and feed your eyes. Come on, old Poontang, I got something here even the UN will wait for. Drop your socks and grab your cocks!"

. . .

"Her name is Dawn," Mennan said reverently, holding his hat over his fly. "She don't talk, but, man. . . ."

Slowly, elegantly, she stepped onto the strut. The men stared. She smiled uncertainly and Mennan reached up to help her. In the morning sun, her skin seemed basted in butter. It held the color of oranges. Iridian and prismatic she was, the best of many races. Red heavy lips and eyes that could never be captured truly in a photograph. The slightest Mongol slant to her eyelids, a pug nose, the tall body of a child.

"You can't beat that with a stick," Mennan sighed. "She's all mutt and all cunt."

"Please," protested Major Poon in an attempt to pose as protective, "you must not talk like that."

"She's more hybrid than hash."

"Please!" and the major tried to put his arm around her shoulders, but he was a little short for that.

"It don't matter. She can't hear none of us and there ain't nobody heard her say word one."

"Then how do you know her name?" Tay Vinh interrupted suspiciously.

"I know her name, you little Commie rat, because they told me her name. Hah!"

"Who is 'they'?" Tay Vinh pursued.

"'They,' you revolutionary punk, is the generals who brought her over here with Special Services."

"I do not believe you. She is not an American."

"Who knows what she is, horsefly? I sure as hell don't. They say she just walked onto this plane loaded with show-business folks. Walked right in and sat down there in Los Angeles and everybody thought she was part of the show. When they get over the Pacific, somebody asks who the chick in the sari is and nobody knows. She hands them a card with her name on it, but she don't seem to talk or hear. So you got some embarrassed bigwigs who are flying one extra body into a combat zone in Saigon."

"So I got a priority-one call to fly my ass down and pick up a passenger. They want to get her out of their hands fast by flying her to a neutral zone. 'Neutral, shit!' I tell them, but it don't matter and here she is and look at that wiggle."

"'Neutral, shit,' you told them?" Major Poon cried. "In those words? Oh, no, there will be an inspection team from the UN up here now."

Tay Vinh spoke with a tight smile. "If this kingdom is not neutral, it is because of white-skinned imperialists such as this one we have had to deal with this morning."

"Keep that propaganda coming, folks," said Mennan. "But just remember that you're going to have to deal with me for a long time, Baby Tay, and one of these days, I'm going to take that parasol and shove it up your dialectical ass."

The girl sensed the conflict and headed for the gate in a graceful walk. The heat from the paving wrapped her figure in waves of color; and before the three men set out after her, it seemed to each of them that she was sending off vibrations meant for him alone.

. . .

Charley Dog was sort of spaced out when he met Roger Blake. First thing Charley Dog saw was a white hand holding a pamphlet. There in large letters was the title, "God Could Be Black!" Long arm followed long hand, long body followed long arm. Nervous and sweating in the heat, a tall blond ofay sat carefully down. Charley Dog took another puff and assumed he was meeting either Don Drysdale or Jerry West.

"What team you play for?" he asked.

"God's own best," came the eager reply, "and I want to talk to you about it." This was enough to shake Charley Dog a little. He blinked. "Have a drag."

The man jumped. "That's illegal!"

"Not in Chanda, Daddy. Only thing 165

illegal here is what your head makes illegal—and then it's illegal only for you. You take this joint here. I could light it in church if I wanted to." The man gasped. "Except there ain't no churches."

"Yes, and that bothers you, doesn't it?"

Charley Dog shook his head. "Don't bother me, man, it's just a fact." "It bothers me terribly," said the man. "That a country as backward, as primitive as this should have no church. A country with disease and pestilence, with superstitions, ignorant and unwashed."

"I ain't studying you, so just leave me be." I should have known, thought Charley Dog, I should have known. Another preacher in my life.

"Give me a few moments of your time. I know you're busy. I know you're troubled. But what is a minute in the life of a man?"

"Well, now——"

"I know! Believe me, I know. My name is Roger Blake and I know."

"Well, since you know——" "Shake my hand. Shake my hand in faith and brotherhood!"

Charley Dog stared carefully into his eyes. "You sure you're not tripping or something?"

"I'm on that trip that never ends. I'm fixed for life. I'm on the vision and blood of the lamb."

"Uh-huh," said Charley Dog as he clipped on a roach holder.

"And I'm looking for an assistant." This last not a ploy at all, for Roger Blake had brought three crates of Bibles with him and, unless he distributed them fairly rapidly, he feared mildew.

"No, thanks," puffed Charley Dog. "I'm sort of retired here, you see."

"Then at least read my pamphlet." This seemed a nice out. "Oh, I will, I will. Looks like you got some more."

Roger Blake hesitated, holding his briefcase on his lap. "Not really."

"What you got there?" asked Charley Dog.

"It's nothing." Roger Blake fidgeted. "Come on, let me see," said Charley Dog.

Embarrassed, Roger Blake put two more pamphlets in front of Charley Dog: "God Could Be Yellow" and "God Could Be Brown."

Charley Dog laughed. "You sure cover your bets, don't you?"

Roger Blake giggled a little. "Yes, sort of."

"Yes, sir, you got options, you do." Charley Dog frowned in his fog and tapped Roger Blake on the arm. "Only one thing, white knight. How'd you know whether to give me the "Black" or the "Brown" one? Huh?"

Slowly, as if he had a rat on a string, Roger Blake pulled out his light meter.

• • •

When Buon Kong travels into the countryside, he prepares himself for a long walk. In each village, he is offered rice and pickle juice. Sometimes one of the villagers will try to boast of his wealth by adding fish or meat to the sauce. But Buon Kong carries a small wooden fish in his robes and he slips that into his rice bowl before anyone can offer luxuries. That way, no one appears poor.

The fish soaks up the juice and is tasteful to lick as he walks.

• • •

Translated from the journal of a commercial traveler, Gerrit von Westhoff of the Netherlands, who found himself in Chanda in 1636:

It is not meet that these primitives should commit their horrible fornications in the streets. It must disgust the eyes of God and it embarrasses me.

Wrapping my cape about me last evening, I wished only to stroll by moonlight down to the river. The day had been extremely difficult on my constitution, as impatience causes blackness in my nature. These people are not meant for commerce or consultation of any kind. Their simplicity and conceit overwhelm one of my breeding. They sleep during business hours. And how can I, a mere trader in stick-lac and benzoin, how can I alert them to their iniquities? I see no way. It would profit me more to watch a spicebush grow.

But to the issue: public fornication!

Leaving Father Paul's study, I took the low path toward the village center. The bats went whizzing about my head and for a time, I used my cape as a shawl over my ears (I have heard that the bats of Chanda suck blood at a great rate; two of them can dry up the precious



"First of all, who gave you permission to start a glee club?"

fluids of a buffalo in a night's time).

Before I had traversed the length of six ships, I tripped upon what I assumed was a beast of many legs. Prepared as I am from travel in many lands, I fell to the side of the path and rolled under thick vines. I struck at the object with my walking stick. I did not plan to die without a struggle, jungle beast or no.

Hardly had my blows begun to land than the apparition divided itself, split apart as if in final agony; and in my fury, it took me some time to discern the outline of a distinctly human form. There, as I emerged from my wet thicket, lay a bloodied and moaning savage, his naked mate crying and shrieking over his breast.

My anger did not abate. But torches advanced up the path and prudence guided me back to the good Father Paul, where I demanded of him what kind of place this was in which the earth's floor was used as a brothel.

What I write now strikes me as impossible. Father Paul asked me in a most irreverent fashion if I had not ever used the fields near the Hook in similar manner.

It was then that I realized the corruption of that land had permeated even Father Paul's mighty Christian soul. There was nothing more to be said. I retired to my chamber for the evening and resolved to complete all transactions as rapidly as possible (although "rapid" is a concept unknown here even to the waters).

Since leaving that place of no port, the visions of many such occasions there return to me at strange moments and I find myself ready to fall on my knees and ask God to erase the scrolls of my memory.

The attitude of my own countrymen toward my adventures astounds me. I complained to De Groot, my physician and barber, of the images that will not leave me. His eyes brightened in what I first took to be sympathy and he asked me to describe my tortures. This I did, almost daily, until it occurred to me that he was enjoying the odious pictures I was painting with words.

I told him of the fantasies I had seen, naked girls dancing with peacock feathers, lewd fornications of all sorts in the public square, women wild on jungle roots, the young king parading with a train of elephants that had their tusks wrapped in gold, gold and silver decorations worn by both men and women, and other titillations too gross for me to



"Alice—would you please go tell Mrs. Starkweather that Miss Pennie is back from San Francisco State?"

relate even to this paper on which I scratch.

De Groot bleeds me. At times, I lose my senses. My humors are not in harmony and I fear the worst. For I have carried more cargo back from Chanda than I cared to, and neither my bowels nor my brain can forget.

Back at last in my true home, I shall sit on the canal walls and glory in the low clouds that bring us continuous cool, and I shall spread thick curls of butter and cheese on my bread and thank God that I was delivered alive from that hellish jungle time.

Buon Kong's last days at court were not easy ones. The king was unsure of him. This indecision passed down the ranks and it became the fashion to scoff at the pretensions, the quiet lessons and hazy pompous statements that had become synonymous with the name Buon Kong. Only Wampoom remained loyal to her little spiritual advisor, but this

did not make the king any happier or more trusting of him.

As the king's displeasure grew, the teasing of Buon Kong by the court became more open. Nothing too obvious for a time, then minor pranks of a *lycée* nature, the hotfoot, the vigorous slap on the back, rhetorical questions aimed at embarrassment, gestures mimicked and expressions matched (particularly the one of glazed eyes and half-smile).

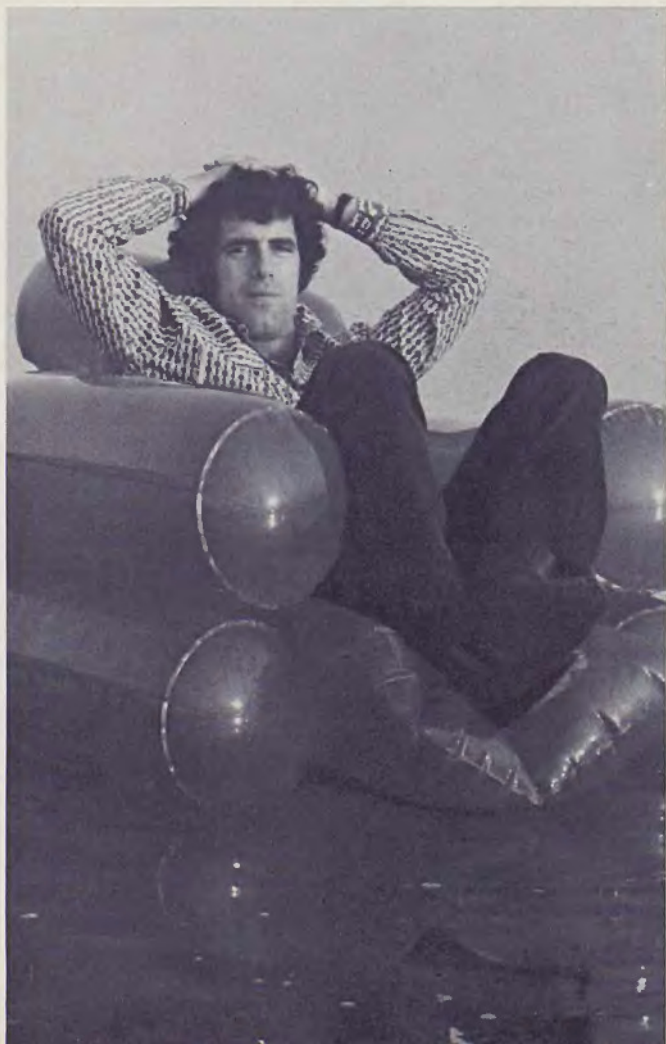
Buon Kong went on about his chores in the royal stables and continued his arguments with anyone who would listen. His focus was on policies and practices, deceptions and alignments. He acquired the back-room title of Foreign Secretary for the Elephants. In the midst of crises, the king would relieve tension by pretending to talk to Babu on the telephone, asking the elephant what advice his master was giving out that day.

One time, more out of boredom than anything else, the courtiers decided to ask Buon Kong to address them as a group. Provincial governors, department

(continued on page 170) 167

ELLIOT GOULD *getting straight*

FOR SIX YEARS, he was known not for his acting ability, which is large enough to match his six-foot, three-inch frame, but for his dubious distinction as the unsuccessful husband of singer Barbra Streisand. Happily, Elliot Gould has finally emerged at 31—in such candidly contemporary flicks as *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and *Getting Straight*—as one of the gifted young male stars who are launching a new era of creativity in Hollywood. It's been a while coming for Gould, who learned to tap-dance as a child in his native Brooklyn, spent much of his youth auditioning for stage roles, lasted one full week at Columbia University and worked as a chorus boy before he secured—at 23—the lead role in the Broadway show *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. His anemic salary for that production was balanced by the presence of a bit player with an unforgettable voice, who soon became his paramour and, in 1963, his wife; by last spring, when they separated, Streisand had become a superstar and Gould was still a promising unknown with a long list of credits: He had toured with Liza Minnelli in *The Fantasticks* and with Shelley Winters in *Luv*, co-starred with Carol Burnett in a TV special and made his screen debut in *The Night They Raided Minsky's*. His luck changed when Mike Frankovich offered him a part in *B & C & T & A*. By the end of the year, he had played a dovish Army surgeon in *M. A. S. H.* and a dirty-book writer in *Move*. In between, he filmed *Getting Straight*, in which he portrays a close-to-30, uptight academic whose affair with a student helps him discover himself personally and politically; the energetic and high-strung Gould, who visits a shrink and is admittedly still searching for his own identity, had no trouble assimilating the part. In the future, though, what with his acting and his new production company (on tap are film versions of Bernard Malamud's *The Assistant* and Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders*), it appears that Gould will have less time—and, we trust, less need—for such clinical soul-searching.



KIRK KERKORIAN *the veep of vegas*

"IT'S NONSENSE to compare me with Howard Hughes," insists energetic entrepreneur Kirk Kerkorian. "I'm a peashooter and he's a shotgun." Kerkorian's modesty is misplaced in some respects: it's becoming difficult to tell the difference between the two Las Vegas landlords. In 1969 alone, Kerkorian came up with the cash to open Nevada's largest hotel and gambling casino—the 1512-room International—as well as to acquire a plurality of the stock in both Western Airlines and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. His diversified business interests match his background: The son of Armenian immigrants, he was born in California's San Joaquin Valley in 1917. To aid his destitute family, he dropped out of school in the eighth grade and went to work in a logging camp for \$30 a month. During the variety of ventures he pursued over the next few years—from owning a gas station to installing heaters in suburban homes—Kerkorian discovered the glories of aviation. For some time thereafter, every extra cent he earned went for flying lessons. By World War Two, he was a civilian flight instructor with the Army Air Corps and—while the fighting raged—he ferried military aircraft across the Atlantic for Britain's Royal Air Force. At War's end, he sank his savings (about \$12,000) into a small airline firm, and military contracts during the Korean War greatly expanded his business. He sold the company to Studebaker in 1962, but bought it back soon thereafter for a fat net profit. He unloaded it again in 1968 for \$90,000,000 in stock, then sold the same shares for \$108,000,000 last year. Many similar speculations have boosted Kerkorian's assets to over \$275,000,000. He visualizes Vegas as the future entertainment center of the world and has built a \$500,000 home in the desert spa; Kerkorian also owns a 147-foot yacht, but he rarely has the leisure to enjoy either. Instead, to expedite his world-wide operations, Kerkorian has, like Hugh Hefner, acquired his own DC-9 jet liner. Without doubt, he's got a flying start on his second quarter billion.



ON THE SCENE

WILLIAM KUNSTLER *courtroom freedom fighter*

"ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT YET clearly in focus, the shadow of the swastika is visible in America today," says William Kunstler, 50, the nation's pre-eminent defense lawyer in civil liberties cases. "Our Government fears and hates radical college students, the poor and the black, because they make us question the validity of our economic and political systems," he says. "And the fact that Attorney General John Mitchell now wants the power to wire-tap anyone he defines as a threat to our national interest shows how far we've advanced toward fascism." Kunstler, attorney for Rennie Davis and David Dellinger—two of the original "Chicago eight" accused of conspiracy to incite mob violence during the 1968 Democratic Convention—was a late-comer to the role of public defender. After graduation from Yale University in 1941, the native New Yorker joined the Army as a private, won a Bronze Star during World War Two and emerged from the Service as a major in 1946. With his GI Bill funds and the income from approximately 500 book reviews for a variety of publications, Kunstler put himself through Columbia Law School. A year later, he joined his brother's law firm and practiced until he was 41. "In 1961," he says, "the American Civil Liberties Union asked me to go to Jackson, Mississippi, and help a local black lawyer defend freedom riders. When I got to Jackson, I saw five people hauled off an incoming Greyhound bus and thrown into jail. It changed my life." Since then, Kunstler has defended such controversial clients as the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jack Ruby, Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown. He plans to continue as a defense attorney in what he feels are essentially political trials. "I don't swallow all the rhetoric or tactics of my clients, but I feel that their objectives are a free and healthy society. I believe that by pursuing justice in these cases, I will have justified my existence." Those who agree with Kunstler would hasten to add that he may, by so doing, help justify our nation's existence as well.



A Million Elephants *(continued from page 167)*

counselors, secretaries and advisors all sat nudging each other as the doors opened and Buon Kong entered the throne room. He blinked to see such a crowd waiting to hear his words. He saw their smiles and watched their eyes. Here were men of power and property in the kingdom. Some wore simple robes, others Western business suits. Some wore military uniforms.

The appointment secretary made a brief introduction and stood aside. The silence that followed was broken by coughs and chuckles.

Finally, Buon Kong spoke. "O masters of our kingdom, do you know what I am going to tell you?"

Relieved that their ruse had succeeded, and amused that one of such simplicity could assume he was informed and intelligent enough to give them advice, the group answered as a whole: "No!"

Buon Kong turned on his heel. "Until you have some idea, I cannot teach you. You are too ignorant." And he walked from the room.

Stunned silence at first and then wild laughter at the pomposity of the declaration. The secretary was sent out to plead with Buon Kong for his return.

When Buon Kong entered the room again, he was greeted with mock applause. He neither acknowledged that nor spoke until there was silence.

"O mighty ones," he asked again, "do you know now what I am going to tell you?"

The ministers of state were not about to be fooled this time. "Yes!" they roared.

"In that case, you may go," said Buon Kong, and he started from the room again.

The appointment secretary tried to save the day. He pulled on the full sleeve of Buon Kong's robe, stopping him short, and he spoke in deferential tones: "Some of us know what you are going to say, Buon Kong, but others do not."

This remark was echoed by others in the room. "Yes, very true, some of us know, but, again, some of us do not."

Buon Kong stopped at the door. "O you potentates of power over all our lives, you who can levy taxes and send us to war and open our country to exploration and exploitation, surely you have more to do today than listen to the advice of a man who is essentially nothing more than a stableboy. Since some of you know what I was going to say and some do not, let those who know tell those who do not." There was a murmur in the room. "Let me go back to my elephants and you to your weightier questions of policy."

And Buon Kong walked away, leaving

the air filled with conflicting currents of anger and amusement.

It was not long before some of the more sincere members of that audience complained personally to the king of the treatment they had received from such a lowly and ignorant subject.

"Their complaints fell on two ears," Buon Kong likes to say now.

It was impossible for Colonel Kelly to take Kong Le seriously. The colonel saw the little Chanda army captain as a crotch-scratching, betel-chewing, phlegm-spitting case of Asian retardation. He could not decipher exactly what the captain thought of him, but he knew that the captain never took his orders seriously.

Their routine never changed. The captain reported each morning, saluting and breathing garlic over the tight face of the colonel. The surface of Kong Le's attitude was packed with enthusiasm for whatever training project the colonel scheduled.

"Thought we'd do a little chopper work today, Captain," the colonel might begin.

"Yes, sir, The Colonel," Kong Le always answered. He talked with a voice like a closed fist.

"Sort of like we did yesterday, remember?"

"Yes, sir, The Colonel, just like yesterday."

Colonel Kelly pulled his Hawaiian shirt tight across his belly. "Not *just* like yesterday, Kong Le good friend, because your boys were a little slow yesterday. A little slow. That's why we're doing it again. OK?"

Kong Le seemed to think this was very funny and he gave a great whee of laughter. "They piss me off, The Colonel. Slow asses! Today much better." He scratched his balls vigorously through his trouser pocket, looking steadily at the colonel, as if he could use a little help.

The colonel tried to study his wall maps during the spasm.

"Now, we're going to take the same fire teams and use the Echo One area, same place as yesterday. Good clearing for the landing zone, low grass." Kong Le thought this was terribly funny, too, but the colonel drove on. "Now, your boys have to learn to jump those three or four feet to the deck when the choppers hover. Roger? Will comply? Because those choppers can't sit down."

Kong Le spoke in believing fury. "Never sit down. Chopper must never sit down. No, sir."

"And today, Captain, we'll have to kick ass if they don't hop to it. We can't have any flight near the deck for more than ten seconds."

"I kick their asses," Kong Le said as he

shook with rage. "I kick and I kick and I kick." He banged his boot against the colonel's desk.

"OK, OK, easy on the property."

"And, The Colonel, if they no jump when I say, then I shoot their asses off." Kong Le pulled his .45 from his shoulder holster and waved it. "Much better today. Number one today."

Colonel Kelly sat down and held his head in his hands. The next item he wanted to bring up was delicate. "Captain—" he began, but he heard the inevitable deep and rumbling clearing of throat and lungs. Kong Le stood embarrassed, looking for a place to spit. The colonel pushed the wastebasket across the floor. He covered his ears with cupped hands until the hacking was over.

"Captain, today your men won't bring chickens along, OK? No pots, no mangoes, no nothing. We got C rations for noon chow. OK?"

"Maybe some bananas, OK?"

"Not OK. Nothing."

Kong Le smiled as if this was the best news he had heard that morning. "Maybe cut-up chicken and one pot?"

"Nothing!" The colonel slammed his palms to his temples. "No transistor radios, no goats or monkeys! Nothing! You can't run a defensive perimeter like a county farm, goddamn it."

"I fix," Kong Le said. "Never happen."

Colonel Kelly breathed deeply. "One last thing, Captain. Attitude. Attitude. I don't understand why you can't get your boys up for this, get them pissed off, you know? Ready to kill! Just like Quantico, remember? That's why we sent you there."

Kong Le tried to click his heels, but one trouser leg had become unbloused and covered the boot. "My boys very pissed off today, The Colonel. They going to kill Communists and protect happy homes. My boys good and pissed today. We fight like tigers who smell flood."

"Blood," said the colonel. Kong Le smiled and saluted, did an about-face and left the room. His canteen was big as a coconut on his hip and the colonel wondered what kind of wine the captain was carrying today.

Colonel Kelly drank from a mug of coffee and read *The Army Times*. The air conditioner rattled on its chassis and occasionally the colonel watched the slow seepage that ran down the wall. These mornings were the busiest and worst times for him. Heartburn, stomach-aches, a caffeine high that was not quite high enough, another training schedule to fake up and file ("0900 hours—the L ambush; 1000 hours—tropical medicine,"



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 111

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SPECIAL EDITION

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FEB. 1970

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etc., etc.), and always the vague premonition that another expert or politician or general from the States would drop in, *deus ex*, out of the skies, full of advice and suspicions.

Today the colonel had special reason to avoid inspection. With Kong Le out of his office and presumably working, the colonel opened Campo's Service record book. He skimmed the mug shot, the statistics, the lists of Service schools and medals and marksmanship scores, checked the page seven and found it lily-white, no courts or infractions.

So where was Campo?

Colonel Kelly knew the sergeant was in town. Coakley had told him that. This kind of incident was all the colonel needed to make his career a bust, a nice long case of unauthorized absence. "That comes to about one quarter of your command," General Grider would say. "That's like losing a company out of a

battalion. How do you like it now?"

Oh, yes, his carefully honed ass would be grass, it would. And if Campo did not show up today, the report had to go in. It was not impossible that the stupid bastard had gotten himself ambushed or kidnaped or something. Probably fell headfirst into the benjo ditch, the colonel thought.

Nothing left to do but keep Lieutenant Goodfellow out scouting around in the quarter-ton. And file the absence in the unit diary, if Campo did not show himself soon.

How, Kelly asked himself, how do you lose a pink and bald American master sergeant in a pissant town like this?

This is the first of three installments of "The Land of a Million Elephants." Part II of the novel will appear in our March issue.



DISTAFF SEX QUIZ

(continued from page 123)

SCORING THE TESTS

Each section of the test measures a different dimension of your fair lady's sexuality and each is scored differently. Methods of scoring and the meaning of the results are discussed below.

SECTION ONE: THE MEN IN HER LIFE

The 24 statements in section one are divided into classes A, B and C. These three groups represent three distinct patterns in relating to men; your girl's score depends on how many of the 11 statements she checked were in each class. In the three lists below, count the number of items she marked.

Class A: 1, 3, 5, 8, 14, 17, 21, 24.

Class B: 2, 4, 9, 10, 13, 15, 19, 22.

Class C: 6, 7, 11, 12, 16, 18, 20, 23.

Her totals: A ____ B ____ C ____.

The A statements indicate an open acceptance of sex and sensuality. If she checked six or more of these, she is easily aroused and men will find her open and receptive. This doesn't mean she is promiscuous or a pushover; she might be quite selective; but, if so, her selections are not influenced by a fear of sex or of men.

Class-B statements show a receptivity to and a need for male companionship. If she scored very high (over six) on this, and also very low on A, she is somewhat sexually inhibited and is using friendship as a shield against erotic involvement. Since she is not actively antagonistic to the masculine sex, however, more experience (or the right man) will eventually ignite the fires that are presently somewhat banked. If she scored almost as high on B as on A, she is an ideal partner.

The C category reflects a fear of men and pessimism about the possibility of ever achieving a happy female-male relationship. If she checked more than three of these, she's decidedly prone to poor sexual relationships; more than six, she probably frowns even on friendship with a male. If she checked eight, her father (brother, first lover or *somebody*) probably soured her completely on sex. The sooner she forgets the lemons and considers each new man in her life a potential plum, the happier she'll be.

SECTION TWO: THE CULTURE OF SEX

The correct answers are A-7, B-8, C-16, D-26, E-24, F-22, G-12, H-27, I-1, J-4, K-20, L-21, M-19, N-2, O-23, P-3, Q-25, R-18, S-6, T-9, U-13. Score one point for each correct answer.

Her score: ____ Maximum score: 21.
If she scored:

0-5: Assuming she's at least an average reader, she has rigidly avoided novels and movies with predominantly sexual themes



"They're not supposed to be able to do that."

and she's stayed away from scientific and academic studies of the subject. We'll hazard the guess that she never would have taken this quiz on her own and you had to persuade her to try it.

6-10: She has explored the more easily available erotic novels and movies and perhaps the more popular scientific studies, but hasn't gone out of her way to find such material.

11-15: She's acquainted with a wide range of sexual literature and films and probably enjoyed them considerably.

16-21: A connoisseur's score: she's made a major effort to delve into erotica and has gleaned a degree of knowledge that few young women in our culture possess. If she has a high score both here and on class-A statements in section one, she is sexually a free soul. However, if she had a high class-C score in section one, she may well be a looker, not a doer, and may have more hang-ups than the uninformed girl who scored five or less in this section.

SECTION THREE: DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

Do not score item 13, which is discussed below.

On items 1 through 12, each A answer scores one point, each B scores two, each C is three, each D is four and each E earns five.

Her score: _____. Maximum score: 43. If she scored:

12-19: Her approach to sex is conservative, conventional and timid. (We'll wager at least one—probably both—of her parents were even more uptight.) If she's under 20, however, this score is comparatively meaningless. Unless hang-ups are revealed in other sections of the test, chalk this one up to inexperience.

20-29: She is friendly, open, understanding and probably sexually responsive.

30-43: Either she is one of the sexually freest spirits of the century or she may be planning to make a living at it. The answer to item 13 and her results on section eight should determine which of these is closer to the truth.

Item 13 is the heart of the matter. Whatever she has or hasn't done in the past, if she rated her current sex life as fabulous or quite satisfying, she is a happy person. If she picked any of the three other answers, her love life can stand some improvement—or possibly a major overhaul. Whether the condition is temporary (due to lack of skilled manpower in her immediate environment) or chronic (due to her own hang-ups, lack of information or plain bad luck) only she can tell, with the help of the other information in this quiz.

SECTION FOUR: WHEN SEX REARS ITS LOVELY HEAD

For all questions *except* numbers 3, 7, 8, 12, 14 and 17, score her as follows:

Strongly agrees—five points

Agrees only somewhat—four points

Undecided—three points

Disagrees somewhat—two points

Strongly disagrees—one point

For questions 3, 7, 8, 12, 14 and 17, reverse the procedure.

Her score: _____. Maximum score: 85.

The purpose of this section is to discover how free she is in her mental attitudes (section three tested her behavior). If she scored high here and low in section three, she probably spends a lot of time thinking about the things she doesn't dare do (but would like to) or hasn't had the chance to do and, therefore, doesn't fully enjoy those things she does do. If this correlation is reversed, then she's carrying around a lot of guilt about her behavior. Most likely, however, her scores in both sections were in the same range. If so, the following is probably true. If she scored:

0-44: She takes a rather dim view of sex and isn't very comfortable with her

own erotic feelings nor with those she arouses in men.

45-59: She has severe conflicts about admitting and displaying her sensuality and she wishes she could be more daring. She should take heart: Talking this over with you (if you're patient, understanding and compassionate) could be a first step to her becoming the woman she wants to be.

60-69: Her parents were unusually liberal for their generation—and so is she for hers. She readily recognizes sex in the books she reads, the movies she sees, the clothes she wears, her private thoughts and daydreams and wherever else it manifests itself.

70-85: She's the Bernadette Devlin of the sexual revolution.

SECTION FIVE: A MATTER OF GENDER

This section is not scored in points. The women listed represent an enormous range of social positions, historical times, life styles and occupations. Some of them have led magnificently full lives and are among the few people of either sex who have successfully integrated both pleasure and achievement. Ideally, most



"You've had your little fling in suburbia, Norma. Isn't it time you came back to the East Village and lived like a normal, decent human being?"



"My God! My husband!"

of them intrigue your girl one way or another, for their lives are models of accomplishment and challenge.

The more of these women she has an interest in, the more likely her identification with them affirms her own femininity. She has confidence in her potential as a woman and probably attracts the brightest and the most talented of men.

If your girl checks fewer than half the names, it means she doesn't identify with high-achieving members of her gender. A low score here might be accompanied by high scores elsewhere. This would mean that while your lady fair has a good grasp of her sexual identity and is at ease with her body, she is less sure of her gender identity and prefers not to use her capacity to develop her mind and meet challenges. She probably thinks men prefer women to be a shade less bright than they are and avoids doing anything that might cause her to shine. Unfortunately, she may have to pay a high price if the man she really digs finds her a bit boring.

Here are brief identifications of the women in this section:

Cleopatra—Queen of Egypt, lover of Caesar and Antony

Janis Joplin—Rock singer

Isadora Duncan—Originator of the modern interpretive dance

George Eliot—English novelist

Miriam Makeba—South African singer and wife of Stokely Carmichael

Simone de Beauvoir—French author

Bernadette Devlin—Leader of Catholic civil rights movement in Northern Ireland

Mae West—Actress

Eleanor Roosevelt—Wife of F. D. R., ambassador to United Nations

Gertrude Stein—Poet, dramatist

Ingrid Bergman—Actress

Harriet Tubman—Escaped 19th Century American slave who rescued 300 others

Victoria Woodhull—19th Century American radical

Madame Curie—Nobel Prize-winning physicist; discovered radium

Coretta King—Widow of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Susan Sontag—Literary critic; author, movie producer

Margaret Chase Smith—U. S. Senator

Joan Baez—Folk singer, social activist

Fanny Hill—Heroine of John Cleland's novel *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*

Emily Dickinson—American poet

Susan B. Anthony—Leader of women's suffrage movement

Colette—French writer

Margaret Mead—Cultural anthropologist

Indira Gandhi—Premier of India

Mary Magdalene—Biblical; reformed prostitute, devoted to Jesus

Eartha Kitt—Actress and singer

Marilyn Monroe—Actress

Elizabeth Taylor—Actress

Helen of Troy—The cause of the Trojan War and owner of "the face that launched a thousand ships"

Raquel Welch—Actress

Messalina—Sexually adventurous Roman empress

Joan of Arc—French heroine

Bernadine Dohrn—Leader of Women's Liberation Front

Golda Meir—President of Israel

Florence Nightingale—Nurse and hospital reformer

SECTION SIX: A TRIP TO THE LAND OF DREAMS

Many psychological tests are based on the theory that individuals reveal something of their own personality—their wishes, interests, conflicts—when they interpret a picture or an ink blot. This section is a limited example of that idea: Brief interpretations of these pictures may reflect, to some degree, certain aspects of your girlfriend's personality. Each of her stories is to be scored in two ways: First: in terms of how much it is oriented toward a relationship between the people in the picture, as contrasted with their being engaged in independent activities. Then, if the people are relating to each other, she may regard their activity together as pleasant and positive, or she may see it as tending toward the negative and destructive. Second: her readiness to describe a sexual theme. Almost all of these pictures show men and women together and a few of them are openly flirtatious or directly sexual. The question is whether she responds in her interpretations to the sexuality of each of the scenes.

Relationship scoring for each picture:

0: If the characters are not openly relating to each other at all.

1: If they are looking at each other, thinking about each other but not openly interacting.

2: If they are openly interacting—talking or engaging in some action together—or have recently finished an action together.

Subtract one point if the action turns out badly for one or more characters. Next, total her relationship scores for each of the six stories she invented.

Sex scoring:

0: If there is neither sex nor flirtation in the story.

1: If one character is flirtatious toward another.

2: If the characters in her story are about to make love or have done so.

Subtract one point if one character turns the other down. Next, total her sex score for the six stories.

Scores on either relationship or sex for

all six pictures range from a low of minus 6 to a high of plus 12. Since some of these pictures are not overwhelmingly happy or lyrically sensual, your girl would have to be a determined optimist and an outspoken sexualist to achieve the maximum score on either the relationship or the sex scoring. On the other hand, a minus score on either suggests she's feeling a bit misanthropic at the moment and isn't about to greet the man of her choice with a resounding yes the next time he invites himself to spend the night.

If she scored:

0-5 on the relationship scale, she may be saying: I live alone and like it that way.

0-5 on the sex scale, she may be conveying: I'm not much concerned with sex as a passionate part of life.

6-12 on either scale indicates that she forms positive attachments to people and she isn't afraid to indulge in a few fantasies; in fact, she probably enjoys them.

SECTION SEVEN: THE MATING CALL

There are no right or wrong answers to any of these statements, for there are no right or wrong ways to enjoy the many facets of lovemaking. What gives her pleasure is what matters. An aspect of this section is to help her take a closer look at who she is and what she likes—to find out what she really wants when it comes to sex, rather than what she thinks she *ought* to want. (Tell her this and then have her look back at the statements over which she hesitated and ask her if she would now like to change any answers.)

The first seven items concern her general attitude toward her body and sex; items 8 through 12 are about the preliminaries of lovemaking; the rest of the items center on the act itself. As we said in the beginning, the decision whether or not to share these answers with you is hers to make; but if you are intensely involved in a relationship, this section, along with section three, might be very helpful in illuminating some of the difficulties that may have appeared at times.

While rough correlations can be made between the different groups of items, don't jump to conclusions. A girl who is shy about displaying her body or who thinks swearing is vulgar may, nevertheless, be quite enthusiastic once you have taken her to bed. The reverse may also be true—a girl who is willing to display her personal endowments with little or no encouragement may display a wide variety of hang-ups when it comes to actual lovemaking. On the surface of it, this section may seem simple and straightforward, but your girl and you have now

been informed. It is no more nor less important than the other sections of the test and should be interpreted in conjunction with them.

SECTION EIGHT: TELL IT LIKE IT IS

These 36 statements are divided into three groups—classes A, B and C. The three classes represent three distinct attitudes toward life. Your girl's score depends on how many she agreed with in each category. From the lists below, count the number of items in each group with which she agreed:

Class A: 3, 5, 7, 8, 12, 15, 21, 23, 31, 32, 33, 36.

Class B: 2, 4, 10, 16, 19, 20, 22, 25, 26, 30, 34, 35.

Class C: 1, 6, 9, 11, 13, 14, 17, 18, 24, 27, 28, 29.

Her totals: A ____ B ____ C ____.

The class-A statements typify optimism, self-direction, assertiveness and openness to communication with others. If she scored highest in this category, she

is very probably a self-starter, a woman who is basically sure of herself and unafraid of life. She may have some hang-ups, but she doesn't let them cripple her. She is as tolerant of her own failings as she is of others'. If she makes a mistake, she doesn't brood over it but merely avoids repeating it. If she has a problem, she solves it without wasting time on self-pity. We'll also wager that she's as assertive and inventive in bed as you are.

The class-B statements typify pessimism, submissiveness, a tendency to withdraw from life and a definite streak of masochism. If she scored highest in this category, her outgoing impulses are often blocked by timidity; the world seems a gloomy and frightening place to her, and when she is mistreated by someone, she prefers to suffer in silence, rather than assert her rights. By and large, her life strategy is to "win by losing," to seek pity and sympathy, rather than admiration and respect, from others. Her best side comes out, however, when she en-

counters suffering in others, for she sympathizes with them immediately and her help is genuine and warm.

The class-C statements are characteristic of a woman who probably regards herself as the self-directed class-A type but is actually compulsively driven to prove something. If she scored highest here, she tends to be less independent than the class-A woman, but she thinks more about independence. She is often engaged in proving to herself and others that she can stand on her own two feet, that she knows her duty and does it and that she isn't lax in her morals. She probably has a career of her own and men tend to say of her, some admiringly and some with hostility, that she thinks like a man. Actually, she has a mind that is typical of compulsive persons of both sexes, and it's probable that she is very active politically and either belongs to or would like to join a feminist organization.

SOME FINAL WORDS

Sexuality is not something that possesses a woman once she goes to bed. Each woman's eroticism reflects her outlook on life and her over-all personality. Timid women who feel that life is always cheating them can hardly be expected to emerge, in the boudoir, as fully satisfying or satisfied partners. The last section of the test, which explores your girlfriend's basic life style, is also the psychological scenario of her amours, whatever her behavior may be. Thus, it should prove valuable to analyze her answers on the earlier parts of the quiz in the light of the last section. For example, if she scored high on sexual experience but the concluding section shows a strong masochistic streak in her, her behavior was obviously not the expression of a liberated spirit but of a submissive and docile one. If, on the other hand, her experience has been comparatively limited yet her life style expressed self-actualization, assertiveness and basic optimism, her practice of refusing men may indicate inner freedom rather than lingering Victorian hang-ups.

A third possibility is that she might score high on experience but show a rejection of involvement in the projection test and a tendency toward compulsive self-justification in the final section. In this case, she is probably over-self-directed: Although free of social taboos, she is still imprisoned by her own fear of being vulnerable. She tends to use men in the careless way a Don Juan type of male uses women.

Most likely, if she scored high on experience, she also scored high on self-appreciation, optimism, openness and other desirable qualities. In that case, the world needs more people like her—of both sexes.



Graham
Wilson

*"My God—I've forgotten the number
of my Swiss bank account!"*

(continued from page 159)

roster of guests—from Joni Mitchell to Charley Pride, a black man singing white country—reinforced Cash's own insistence that he, too, could not be easily pigeonholed. "I don't see trying to put something in a bag and keeping it there. My music—I just call it Johnny Cash-type music. I don't imitate anybody." And when Cash recorded 15 songs with his friend Bob Dylan in Nashville, they were, indeed, two unmistakable individualists who had nonetheless found a common bond.

This drive to find their own way while being nurtured by the past also characterized a growing number of those white players and singers immersed in the undiminished blues revival. There were still many white imitators of black bluesmen; but groups such as Pacific Gas and Electric, feeling the need for "our own interpretations of the blues," began to rely increasingly on original material created by the whole band in collaboration. And John Mayall, the continuously developing British blues player and singer, emphasizes: "The whole point of the blues is that it is supposed to be a man's personal expression. The blues has to be really part of you, the influences you've had, plus the fact of learning how to use them in *your* way."

Meanwhile, the huge size of audiences for all kinds of blues was attested to by Columbia Records' investing a \$300,000 advance for a five-year contract with Johnny Winter, an albino from Texas whose blues trip to fame was the quickest of the year. On the other hand, basic black bluesmen also benefited from the revival. Their rewards were not as handsome as those enjoyed by Winter, but new territories kept opening up for Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, B. B. King, Albert King and such rediscovered blues bards of the past as Bukka White, Son House and Big Boy Crudup (a key influence on the early Elvis Presley). And in the blues, too, there was a unique coming together during the year—a meeting on record in Chicago of *Fathers and Sons*, Muddy Waters and his white spiritual descendants, Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield.

Not only the blues was being revived. In a surge of nostalgia for the rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues of the 1950s, relatively new combos, such as NRBQ and Cat Mother & the All Night Newsboys, focused on the good-time feeling and uncomplicated patterns of the near past. Symbolic of this was an autumn event, 1950's Rock & Roll Revival, with the Coasters, the Platters, the Shirelles and—rescued from years of limbo in Europe—Bill Haley, rocking around the clock. Also on the bill, and on the



way to national popularity, was Sha Na Na, 12 college students who look and sing as if time had stopped in the Fifties. Three wear gold-lamé jackets and pants, and the others come on like the prototypical "greaser" from the initial Elvis Presley days—dressed in tight black pants, T-shirts, pointed boots and sweat shirts, while chewing gum and applying grease to their hair. Their first album is logically titled *Rock & Roll Is Here to Stay!*; and Buddah Records has sufficient confidence in that prophecy to have guaranteed Sha Na Na \$183,000 for the first three years of its contract.

But other groups were far from content to stay sequestered in the sounds of their own childhood. The Who, for example, was responsible for the first rock opera, *Tommy*, a challenging, resourceful odyssey of a deaf, dumb and blind boy who is finally cured in more ways than one. And the Jefferson Airplane, as evidenced by *Bless Its Pointed Little Head* and *Volunteers*, kept moving ahead as perhaps the most integrally unified group in all of rock. Its flights spiral into stunning, long-reverberating fusions of daring musicianship and multilayered lyrics that are powered—both literally and figuratively—by electricity. Simultaneously, as authentic rock figures of stature increased in number, they found their peers by forming new combinations—David Crosby, Stephen Stills, Graham Nash and Neil Young, as well as Blind Faith (Eric Clapton, Jim Capaldi, Steve Winwood and Rick Grech).

With higher levels of musicianship and the ceaseless searching endemic to the new music, there was also a growth in the interaction between jazz and rock. These elements surged in varying combinations through the work of Ten Years After; Blood, Sweat & Tears; Colosseum; and Jethro Tull. Ars Nova included

three highly inventive jazzmen—Flügelhornist Jimmy Owens, drummer Joe Hunt and guitarist Sam Brown. And Randy Brecker, a young trumpet player who has been with both Blood, Sweat & Tears and Horace Silver, speaks of what will surely continue to evolve in the years ahead: "Although the two forms are still pretty separate for many musicians, the cross-influences are growing. More jazz guys are getting with the rock feeling and are listening to more of rock. At the same time, rock bands are becoming looser in their improvising."

An example of the former is Miles Davis, one of the first jazzmen to pay serious attention to such performers as Jimi Hendrix and Sly and the Family Stone. Miles's most far-reaching album of the year, *In a Silent Way*, indicated that he had transmuted these and many other influences into his own utterly singular style, while changing his accompaniment to include electric guitar, electric piano and organ. From the other side, Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead looks beyond the intermingling of jazz and rock to even wider horizons: "Communication is getting so good, so much music is available on records and it's so easy to hear anything you want to hear that in another 20 years, every musician in the world will be able to play with every other musician in the world with no problems at all."

But that's 20—or more—years away. Meanwhile, although there has been growing intermingling of jazz and rock, there also remains a clear, independent jazz stream in current music. Not surprisingly, the year's most notable jazz figure was the redoubtable Duke Ellington. At 70, he showed no signs of reduced creativity or energy. And in that respect—his unflinching belief in possibility—he, too,

shared a bond with the young at Bethel and at other gathering places of musical communion. "I'm always doing something new," Duke observed. "Every morning you wake up, it's a new day, isn't it? Is there any reason why a human being shouldn't be influenced by a new day?" Or by a new, giant leap into space by man. It seemed entirely natural when ABC-TV commissioned Duke to write a piece marking the ascent of Apollo 11 for man's first landing on the moon. The composition, *Moon Maiden*, was broadcast while the astronauts were on the moon's surface. There was also a special terrestrial honor for Ellington as he celebrated his 70th birthday in April as the guest of honor at a White House party where President Nixon presented Duke with the Presidential Medal of Freedom—the highest civilian medal the Government can grant.

In September, at the University of California at Berkeley, Ellington was the subject of the first full-scale academic symposium devoted to the work of an American jazzman. The lecturers included music critics, a sociologist, John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet and composer-musicologist Gunther Schuller, president of the New England Conservatory of Music, who declared that Ellington was "certainly the greatest American composer." The climax of the two-day event was a concert by the Ellington orchestra.

Although the Ellington symposium was the year's most prestigious academic event in jazz, another development in the colleges and universities underlined the rising importance of jazz and jazz musicians as vital elements in black-studies departments proliferating on the nation's campuses. Archie Shepp, after having been appointed assistant director of the Experimental Program for Independent Study at the State University of New York at Buffalo, headed a jazz program involving more than 100 students. His operating credo was that "jazz is an art form with relevance not only to every other aspect of black experience but also to much of the larger American experience as well." Among the faculty Shepp selected for the program were established jazzmen Jackie McLean, Joe Chambers, Ron Carter and Grachan Moncur III.

Another jazz musician, Ken McIntyre, was appointed assistant professor of music at Wesleyan University where he is conducting a course on black music history, as well as directing a laboratory band. And Cannonball Adderley's group spent an increasing amount of time as a traveling faculty, appearing at colleges and universities in a two-day program called *Jazz: An Experience in Black Music*. The most peripatetic of all those engaged in the vanguard of bringing jazz into the academy is Donald Byrd. The

trumpeter-composer taught courses and conducted seminars at Columbia, North Carolina College, Howard, Hampton and Rutgers. He also gave a pioneering course for music educators at New York University in African and Afro-American music. Announcing the seminal event, Dr. Jerrold Ross, head of NYU's division of music education, noted: "Almost nothing is known in the schools about African and Afro-American music—except to say that this is the kind of music to which almost all teenagers listen when they are responding to rock 'n' roll and other jazz-influenced forms. Consequently, there is a great gap between music educators and their students."

Byrd and others predicted that this gap was going to close in the years to come. "I'm encouraged," he said, "by the growing number of young black and white jazz-oriented musicians who are going into education along these lines. And another of my own projects is the inauguration of the first jazz music camp to be run by young musicians of stature. We'll do a lot of ethnomusicology and, of course, a lot of playing. And it will be structured so that it will be low-cost."

Central to the growing role of jazz as an educational instrument is the intention of these musician-teachers to involve black communities in their work. At Buffalo, Archie Shepp announced that music workshops would be held in various community centers. And at NYU, an 18-man band was attached to the school as part of such an academic project. Many of its members were recruited from black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods, and the ensemble itself has devoted part of its time to performing in junior and senior high schools in New York City ghetto areas.

A precedent-setting start at creating a community-centered base for jazz is the Harlem Jazz Music Center, which has begun to take shape with the support of the Architectural League of New York and the city's mayor. Of particular significance is its inclusion in the official Harlem Model Cities Plan submitted to the U. S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. The center, initiated by Herbie Hancock, Milford Graves and other musicians, is intended "as a direct response to the need for creating a pilot project to provide a range of housing, commercial and cultural facilities that would stimulate the social, economic, physical and cultural development of the Harlem community." With Harlem in the lead, the expectation is that similar jazz music centers will be formed in communities around the country.

Jazz, then, was in a newly transitional state throughout 1969. There was no question that audiences for jazz were small. Proportionately fewer jazz releases

were issued than was the case five or ten years ago, and work opportunities for such persistent innovators as Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman and Pharoah Sanders were intermittent. But the future—as jazz took root in black-studies courses and community centers—was hopeful, because the unstemmable tide of black cultural consciousness was likely to produce new, long-term audiences for jazz. The base would be black, but, as always before in the history of the music, there would also be a corollary nucleus of white players and listeners. And eventually, with the larger young white audience now being raised on rock and blues, there may yet be a more substantial coming together of audiences and musicians than has ever existed. As Nat Adderley says, "All the young white cats play the blues, and this in time is going to lead to a great meeting ground of the races—a jazz in which there will be a total equality." And it may well not be called jazz by then. As rhythm-and-blues guru Chuck Berry, looking far ahead, puts it: "Call it rock, call it jazz, call it what you may. If it makes you move, or moves you or grooves you, it'll be here!"

Expansion—in music and in consciousness through music—is the propulsive force that dominates all the sounds of now. And this music has inevitably moved beyond recordings and concerts into other expressions of this time. One of the year's most evocative movies, *Easy Rider*, for example, is unimaginable without the essential rhythms and colors woven into its texture by the Byrds, Steppenwolf, the Holy Modal Rounders, the Jimi Hendrix Experience, the Electric Prunes and the Fraternity of Man. And *Alice's Restaurant*, another breakthrough into film of new life styles and values, is, of course, an extension of the inseparability of Arlo Guthrie and his music. And of what that music says. "The world is changing, man," Arlo points out, invoking the spirit of Bethel. "Kids are getting groovy all over the world. They're smiling in the streets and adults are getting worried."

The music is releasing, and those involved in it—as players and as listeners—are letting go of many kinds of restraints. Clive Barnes of *The New York Times*, reviewing the rock musical *Salvation*, one of the theatrical hits of the year, marveled: "The show accepts hardcore sex and what might be called soft-core drugs as easily as a Gershwin or a Cole Porter musical accepted flirtation and cocktails." And the authors of that musical, C. C. Courtney and Peter Link, responding to charges that the show mocks religion, avow: "When we sing *There Ain't No Flies on Jesus*, that

means Jesus moves! If Jesus were here today, he would have been at Bethel—with an electric guitar."

And in the theater itself, *Salvation* is a further sign of how the new music keeps expanding *those* frontiers. Courtney and Link are now working on a rock opera with no spoken dialog, using talking blues and other devices, instead. Rip Torn was preparing an acid-rock production of *Richard III*, while, at the Yale School of Drama, Kenneth Haigh was planning a *Hamlet* with rock music and a light show. And Joseph Papp, founder and producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, is collaborating with Galt MacDermot, composer of *Hair*, on a rock revitalization of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Steve Winwood sums up the music year—and its auguries beyond music as well: "I feel that we're taking part in a great blend of music and everything. Things have got to be blended together more." And the music of the present is performing exactly that function, because, as Winwood adds, "Music is all one thing."

It was not hyperbole when Donal Henahan, a classical-music critic for *The New York Times*, wrote during the year that rock had become "the most pervasive and perhaps most historically significant musical idiom of the century to date." Its pervasiveness is attested to not only by its enormous audiences but also by the fact that there are at least 300,000 rock bands in the country's junior and senior high schools. And its historical significance is shown by all the barriers of the past it has transcended; for in it is blended so much of the past—country, blues, Gospel, jazz—with the future entirely open-ended. What the music keeps saying in essence is, as in the Beatles' *Revolution*, "Free your mind."

In the spring of the year, Catholic Archbishop Don Helder Camara of Brazil used the Beatles as his text in speaking to 1300 students from 32 countries at a meeting in Manchester, England. "You must complete the message of the Beatles," he said. "You must eliminate racism and neocolonialism and promote the development of all mankind."

One of the Beatles, John Lennon, spent much of the year with his wife, Yoko, in bed-ins for peace in various cities. "We're all responsible for war," he said. "We all must do something, no matter what—by growing our hair long, standing on one leg, having bed-ins—to change the attitudes. The people must be made aware that it's up to them."

Will they be made aware? By the mid-1970s, the majority of the people will be those who last year grooved to the music at Bethel, on the Isle of Wight and wherever else they were. Then it will be seen whether their values will still be those of this music that is so

life-affirming and so convinced of the perfectibility of man.

ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

Following our usual procedure, we asked our incumbent All-Stars to select their own All-Star Band. Eligible to vote were the medal winners of 1969: Cannonball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, the Beatles, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, the 5th Dimension, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Aretha Franklin, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Jim Hall, Jimi Hendrix, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Henry Mancini, Charles Mingus, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Ravi Shankar, Frank Sinatra, Kai Winding and Si Zentner. Here are the results.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: The Duke and the Count stayed on top, but Don Ellis and Buddy Rich slipped out of sight as Thad Jones-Mel Lewis moved up a couple of notches from last year and effective comebacks were staged by Woody Herman and Stan Kenton. **1. Duke Ellington; 2. Count Basie; 3. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis; 4. Woody Herman; 5. Stan Kenton.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: The only

activity among the trumpet men was by Clark Terry and Freddie Hubbard, who exchanged places. **1. Dizzy Gillespie; 2. Miles Davis; 3. Clark Terry; 4. Freddie Hubbard; 5. Doc Severinsen.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: Stability was the word for the bone men, as last year's top five all made it back. **1. J. J. Johnson; 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Kai Winding; 4. Carl Fontana; 5. Urbie Green.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: Cannonball again led the way, as Phil Woods and Johnny Hodges traded spots and Sonny Stitt replaced Ornette Coleman. **1. Cannonball Adderley; 2. Paul Desmond; 3. Phil Woods; 4. Johnny Hodges; 5. Sonny Stitt.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: Getz again, as Paul Gonsalves dropped from the charmed circle, and upward mobility was shown by Sonny Rollins, Zoot Sims and Wayne Shorter. **1. Stan Getz; 2. Sonny Rollins; 3. Zoot Sims; 4. Wayne Shorter; 5. Boots Randolph, Ben Webster.**

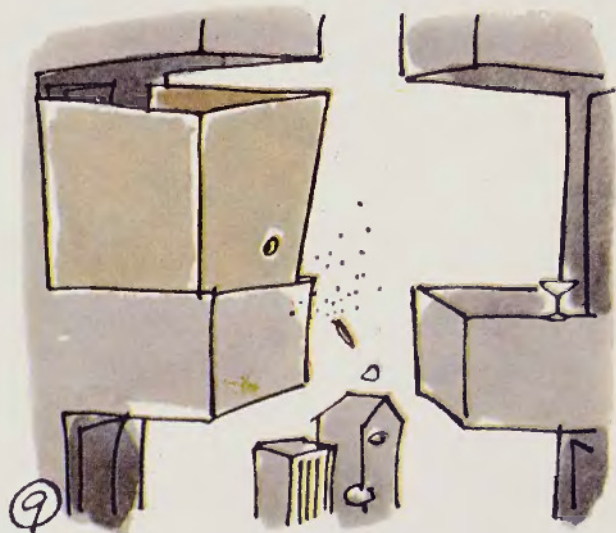
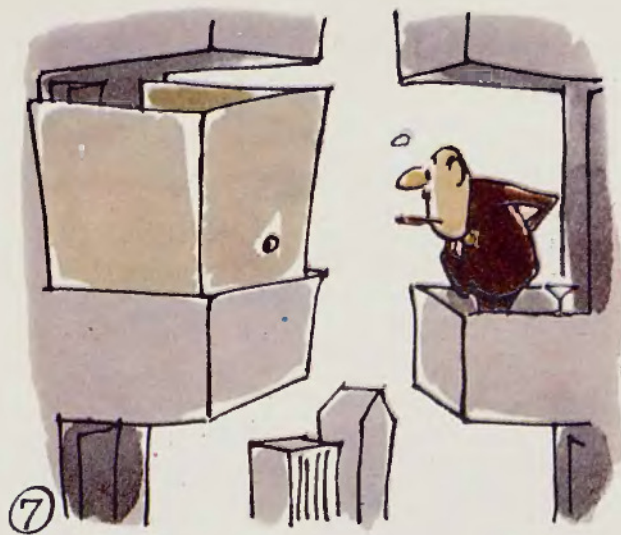
ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: Only in the fifth spot was there change, as Bud Shank ousted Charles Davis. **1. Gerry Mulligan; 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Cecil Payne; 5. Bud Shank.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Buddy DeFranco retained his laurels, but Jimmy Giuffre and Pete Fountain swapped chairs and Alvin Batiste replaced Tony



"In a place called Chicago . . . there's a man who lives in a mansion full of beautiful women and wears pajamas all the time. Sit at his feet and learn from him, for he has found the secret of true happiness."





Scott. 1. **Buddy DeFranco**; 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Jimmy Giuffre; 4. Pete Fountain; 5. Alvin Batiste.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: There was ferment below the top as Roland Hanna and Chick Corea jumped into prominence, replacing Erroll Garner and Hank Jones. 1. **Oscar Peterson**; 2. Bill Evans; 3. Herbie Hancock; 4. Roland Hanna, Chick Corea.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: Herb Ellis, last year's runner-up, took top honors away from Jim Hall, and Larry Coryell was passed by Joe Pass. 1. **Herb Ellis**; 2. Jim Hall; 3. Tal Farlow; 4. Kenny Burrell; 5. Joe Pass.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: Here, too, the fluctuation was in the ranks as Ron Carter and Richard Davis exchanged spots and Jack Six jumped into the top five. 1. **Roy Brown**; 2. Ron Carter; 3. Richard Davis; 4. Jack Six; 5. Charles Mingus.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: Elvin Jones dropped from the list this year as Louis Bellson came from nowhere to place second and Alan Dawson made his first appearance. 1. **Buddy Rich**; 2. Louis Bellson; 3. Tony Williams; 4. Alan Dawson; 5. Roy Haynes, Mel Lewis, Grady Tate.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: Reed man Roland Kirk, fifth last year, went all the way this time as Milt Jackson, Gary Burton and Jimmy Smith competed in new categories. Other beneficiaries of the fresh alignment were Jean Thielemans, Herbie Mann and Jean-Luc Ponty. 1. **Roland Kirk**, *flute, mazzello, strich*; 2. Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*; 3. Herbie Mann, *flute*; 4. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*; 5. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Tony Bennett, Mel Tormé and Joe Williams all faded from earshot; they were replaced by a resurgent Billy Eckstine, João Gilberto and Tom Jones. 1. **Frank Sinatra**; 2. Ray Charles, Billy Eckstine; 4. João Gilberto; 5. Tom Jones.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: Dionne Warwick moved from fifth place to a third-place tie with "newcomer" Nancy Wilson; missing was Peggy Lee. 1. **Ella Fitzgerald**; 2. Carmen McRae; 3. Dionne Warwick, Nancy Wilson; 5. Sarah Vaughan.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: The Adderley group, tops last year, slipped to third as the jazz-rock outfit Blood, Sweat & Tears came out of limbo to take the number-one spot, with the rock-oriented Miles Davis Quintet coming in second. Dave Brubeck returned to contention, at Gary Burton's expense. 1. **Blood, Sweat & Tears**; 2. Miles Davis Quintet; 3. Cannonball Adderley Quintet; 4. Dave Brubeck Quartet; 5. Modern Jazz Quartet.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: The 5th Dimension copped first again, but there was much jostling elsewhere as the

Association, the Beatles, the Hi-Lo's and the now-parted Diana Ross & the Supremes all moved upward. 1. **5th Dimension**; 2. Four Freshmen; 3. Hi-Lo's; 4. Association; 5. Beatles, Double Six of Paris, Simon and Garfunkel, Diana Ross & the Supremes.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR SONGWRITER-COMPOSER: To nobody's surprise, the Duke was the winner in this new category. 1. **Duke Ellington**; 2. Jim Webb; 3. Gil Evans; 4. Dave Grusin; 5. Burt Bacharach, Quincy Jones.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ORGAN: Here, too, the results were predictable, as Jimmy Smith outran the opposition. 1. **Jimmy Smith**; 2. Warren Bernhardt, Joe Mooney; 4. Jimmy McGriff; 5. Lennie Dee, Walter Wanderley.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VIBES: Again, no surprise, as this new category turned out to be Bags's groove all the way. 1. **Milt Jackson**; 2. Gary Burton; 3. Red Norvo; 4. Lionel Hampton, Bobby Hutcherson.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

Readers were asked—as in past years—to vote for any LP they considered to be the best by a big band, the best by a small combo (fewer than eight pieces) and the best by a singer or vocal group.

BEST BIG BAND LP: **Blood, Sweat & Tears (Columbia)**. Blues, ballads and rock tunes such as *Spinning Wheel* proved suitable vehicles for the ample sound of the jazz-rock nonet as they and singer David Clayton-Thomas really put it all together.

BEST SMALL COMBO LP: **Memphis Underground / Herbie Mann (Atlantic)**. The nonpareil flutist—with Larry Coryell, Roy Ayers and Sonny Sharrock—tripped down to Tennessee to jam with a funky rhythm section on soul tunes such as *Hold On, I'm Comin'*.

BEST VOCAL LP: **The Beatles (Apple)**. This four-sided, profusely illustrated venture by the M. B. E.s contained plenty of merrie melodies and loony tunes, plus such hits as *Revolution* and *Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da*.

BEST BIG BAND LP

- Blood, Sweat & Tears (Columbia)**
- A Warm Shade of Ivory* / Henry Mancini (RCA)
- Mercy, Mercy* / Buddy Rich (Pacific Jazz)
- 2001: A Space Odyssey—Sound Track* (MGM)
- Uncle Meat* / *The Mothers of Invention* (Reprise)
- Romeo & Juliet—Sound Track* (Capitol)
- Buddy & Soul* / Buddy Rich (Pacific Jazz)
- Light My Fire* / Woody Herman (Cadet)
- Autumn* / Don Ellis Orchestra (Columbia)
- Lighthouse* (RCA)

- California Soul* / Gerald Wilson Orchestra (Pacific Jazz)
- Electric Bath* / Don Ellis Orchestra (Columbia)
- Doing My Thing* / Paul Mauriat (Philips)
- The Keating Sound* / Johnny Keating (London)
- The New Don Ellis Band Goes Underground* (Columbia)
- The New One!* / Buddy Rich (Pacific Jazz)
- The Popcorn* / James Brown Band (King)
- Think* / Pat Williams (Verve)
- Standing Ovation* / Count Basie (Dot)
- Monday Night* / Thad Jones and Mel Lewis (Solid State)
- Midnight Cowboy—Sound Track* (United Artists)
- Music from The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* / Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
- The Winter Consort* (A & M)
- What the World Needs Now* / Stan Getz (Verve)
- Lumpy Gravy* / Frank Zappa (Verve)

BEST SMALL COMBO LP

- Memphis Underground / Herbie Mann (Atlantic)**
- Hawaii Five-O* / The Ventures (Liberty)
- Warm* / Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass (A & M)
- In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* / Iron Butterfly (Atco)
- The Beatles* (Apple)
- Led Zeppelin* (Atlantic)
- Switched-On Bach* / Walter Carlos (Columbia)
- Chicago Transit Authority* (Columbia)
- The Booker T. Set* / Booker T. & the MG's (Stax)
- Green River* / Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy)
- Super Session* / Al Kooper, with Mike Bloomfield and Steve Stills (Columbia)
- Goodbye* / Cream (Atco)
- Filles de Kilimanjaro* / Miles Davis (Columbia)
- Mother Nature's Son* / Ramsey Lewis (Cadet)
- Santana* (Columbia)
- Soulful Strut* / The Young-Holt Unlimited (Brunswick)
- Happy Trails* / Quicksilver Messenger Service (Capitol)
- Electric Ladyland* / The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Reprise)
- Wonderwall Music* / George Harrison (Apple)
- Bayou Country* / Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy)
- Further Adventures of Jimmy and Wes* / Jimmy Smith and Wes Montgomery (Verve)
- In a Silent Way* / Miles Davis (Columbia)

- 23. *Moog* / Dick Hyman (Command)
- 23. *The Turning Point* / John Mayall (Polydor)
- 25. *The Soft Parade* / The Doors (Elektra)

BEST VOCAL LP

- 1. **The Beatles** (Apple)
- 2. *Nashville Skyline* / Bob Dylan (Columbia)
- 3. *Crosby, Stills & Nash* (Atlantic)
- 4. *Blood, Sweat & Tears* (Columbia)
- 5. *Tommy* / The Who (Decca)
- 6. *Hair—Original Cast* (RCA)
- 7. *The Age of Aquarius* / 5th Dimension (Soul City)
- 8. *Bayou Country* / Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy)
- 9. *Blind Faith* (Atco)
- 10. *Cheap Thrills* / Big Brother and the Holding Company (Columbia)
- 11. *Led Zeppelin* (Atlantic)
- 12. *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison* (Columbia)
- 13. *Beggars' Banquet* / Rolling Stones (London)
- 14. *This Is Tom Jones* (Parrot)
- 15. *My Way* / Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
- 16. *Green River* / Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy)
- 17. *What About Today?* / Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
- 18. *The Soft Parade* / The Doors (Elektra)
- 19. *Hot Buttered Soul* / Isaac Hayes (Enterprise)
- 19. *Johnny Cash at San Quentin* (Columbia)
- 21. *Feliciano* / 10 to 23 / José Feliciano (RCA)
- 22. *Cloud Nine* / Temptations (Gordy)
- 23. *A Man Alone* / Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
- 24. *Soul '69* / Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
- 25. *Love of a Gentle Woman* / John Gary (RCA)
- 25. *Stand!* / Sly and the Family Stone (Epic)
- 25. *Three Dog Night* (Dunhill)

JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

A year ago, only three new contenders broke into the first 25 finishers in our Hall of Fame poll; this time, however, the gates swung wide open, as 13 of the top 25 vote getters are newcomers to the list: Janis Joplin, Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Jimi Hendrix, the Beatles (as a group), Donovan, José Feliciano, Ginger Baker, Glen Campbell, Tom Jones, James Brown, Dionne Warwick and Mick Jagger. The pop-rock complex—officially included in the poll for the first time this year—clearly dominated the proceedings, what with Dylan, Lennon and McCartney winning, and Buddy Rich being the only straight jazzman who came close to being elected. Previous winners—Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Dave Brubeck, Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Ray



“As your physician, I must advise you against holding out for a Republican heart.”

Charles, John Coltrane, Benny Goodman, Wes Montgomery, Herb Alpert and Miles Davis—were ineligible. Following are this year's top 25:

- 1. **Bob Dylan**
- 2. **John Lennon**
- 3. **Paul McCartney**
- 4. Buddy Rich
- 5. Janis Joplin
- 6. Eric Clapton
- 7. Elvis Presley
- 8. Johnny Cash
- 8. Jimi Hendrix
- 10. Beatles
- 11. Donovan
- 12. Otis Redding
- 13. José Feliciano
- 14. Ginger Baker
- 15. Herbie Mann
- 16. Barbra Streisand
- 17. Aretha Franklin
- 18. Henry Mancini
- 19. Glen Campbell
- 20. Stan Getz
- 21. Tom Jones
- 22. James Brown
- 23. Dionne Warwick
- 24. Mick Jagger
- 24. Dean Martin

ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

Following last year's pattern, pop-rock struck some fresh chords in the more volatile categories—male vocalist, female vocalist, instrumental combo, vocal group, drums, bass and two of the new groupings, organ and songwriter-composer. The most noteworthy event, perhaps,

was the end of Frank Sinatra's tenure as the readers' favorite male vocalist. The Chairman was toppled at long last by the strong-voiced Welshman, Tom Jones; 20th in last year's poll, Jones achieved new popularity with his ocean-spanning TV series. Video exposure also helped Johnny Cash, who leaped from obscurity to place eighth; he was followed by José Feliciano, who had lit no fires by this time last year. Other singers showing upward mobility were Bob Dylan, Donovan, Mick Jagger, Richie Havens, David Clayton-Thomas and O. C. Smith; prominent backsliders included Lou Rawls and Ray Charles.

Change was also rampant among the female vocalists, and “blue-eyed soul” again took the top spot in the robust person of Janis Joplin, who was third a year ago; last year's winner, Aretha Franklin, slipped to sixth after a year marked by a series of unfortunate events. Dionne Warwick maintained her runner-up position, followed by Grace Slick; significant upward progress was made by Judy Collins, who went from 22nd to 4th, and by Joni Mitchell, Laura Nyro, Jackie De Shannon, Dusty Springfield, Nina Simone and Nancy Ames.

The rhythm section swung to a different drummer this year, as Ginger Baker—formerly with Cream, then with Blind Faith—topped Buddy Rich; and Beatle Paul McCartney, transferred from the other-instruments category (where, as an electrified performer, he had previously been listed), took the first bass man's

chair from Charles Mingus. The percussionists were fairly stable below the top, as Ringo Starr, Gene Krupa, Joe Morello, Sandy Nelson and Charlie Watts all repeated in the top ten; advances were made by Art Blakey, Bobby Rosengarden and Joe Chambers, while Shelly Manne took the most noticeable dip. Following McCartney into the upper bracket among the bass players were electrified rocksters Jack Bruce, Noel Redding and Donald "Duck" Dunn.

In limbo a year ago, Blood, Sweat & Tears came on strong to become the top instrumental combo, displacing Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass (B.S.&T. sidemen placed high in several categories and the combo also did well as a vocal group); except for their ascent—and that of Pentangle, which wasn't on last year's list—this division was relatively calm. The vocal-group category proved much more mercurial; while the Beatles retained first place, no fewer than 11 groups jumped onto the list: among them were

Creedence Clearwater Revival; Blind Faith; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Sly and the Family Stone; The Who; and The Mothers of Invention. Left by the wayside were the Rascals, the Union Gap, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Vanilla Fudge, Spanky & Our Gang and the Mills Brothers.

The Beatles also showed strength in the new songwriter-composer competition, as the John Lennon-Paul McCartney team sprinted away from a formidable pack; the top ten also included Burt Bacharach-Hal David, Bob Dylan, Jim Webb, Rod McKuen, Henry Mancini, Mick Jagger-Keith Richard, Frank Zappa, Johnny Cash and Donovan—a lineup that emphasizes both the dominance of the pop-rock world and the rich variety of styles it encompasses.

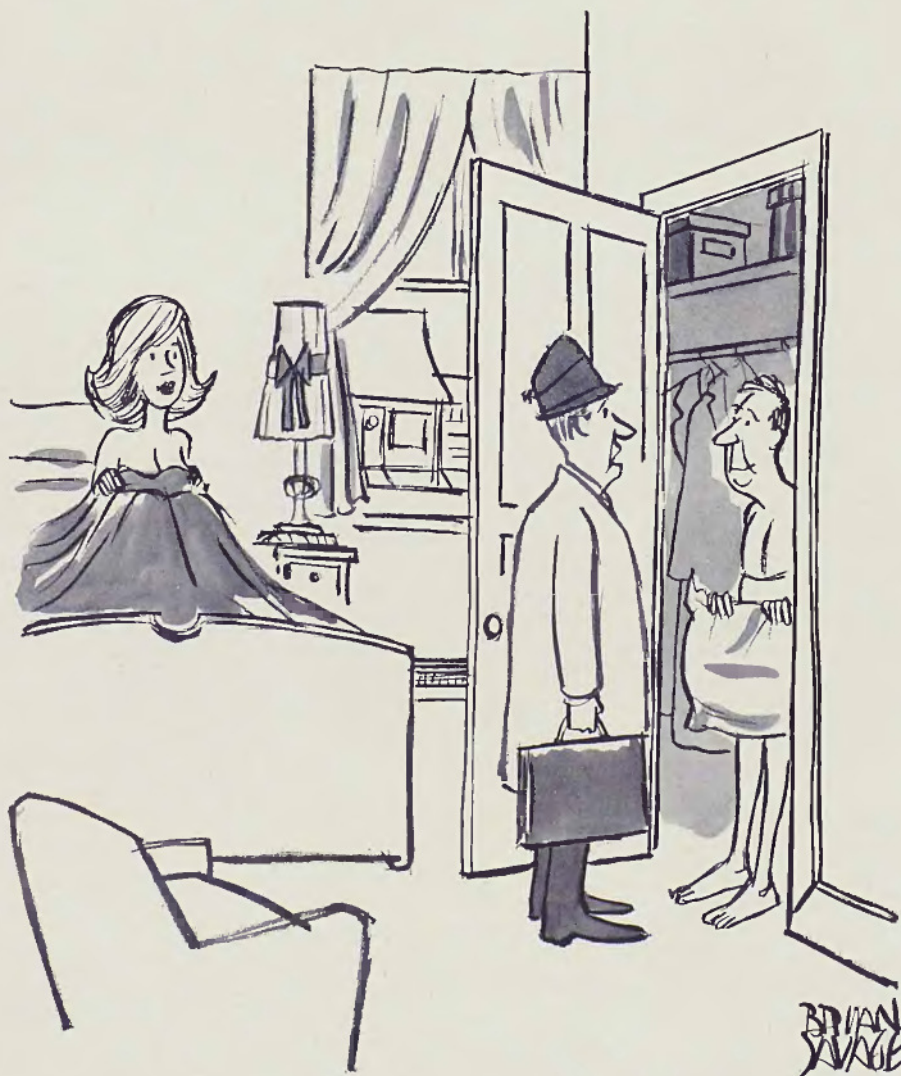
The old guard and the youth movement split the other new categories, as ageless Lionel Hampton outdistanced an assortment of vibists that included such up-and-coming modernists as Gary Burton,

Bobby Hutcherson and Roy Ayers (veterans Cal Tjader, Milt Jackson and Terry Gibbs finished in the first five), and young Booker T. of the MG's beat out Al Kooper for the top spot among the organists; Jimmy Smith rated a surprisingly low third, trailed by Earl Grant, Ray Manzarek of the Doors and electronically inclined Dick Hyman.

The other category dominated by rock was Fretsville, as Jimi Hendrix retained his position as number-one guitarist, followed by Eric Clapton and José Feliciano, 17th a year ago. Newcomers included Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin, Johnny Winter, and Alvin Lee of Ten Years After. The other-instruments category, depleted by the creation of the organ and vibes departments, was again headed by sitarist Ravi Shankar, followed by flutist Herbie Mann; a pair of harmonica players, Bob Dylan and Paul Butterfield; another sitarist, George Harrison; and the surprisingly popular Dick Hyman, for his work with the Moog.

The remaining categories showed relatively little change—due, perhaps, to the fact that more young people are attracted to the guitar and the electric bass than to the saxophone or trombone. Henry Mancini, Doc Severinsen and Duke Ellington remained the top three bandleaders; Herb Alpert and Al Hirt again led the trumpeters, with Miles Davis, Doc Severinsen and Louis Armstrong again dominating; the trombonists, paced by J. J. Johnson, showed no change through the top six slots; the altoists were again led by Cannonball Adderley, Paul Desmond and Bud Shank, with Zoot Sims and Johnny Hodges slipping past Ornette Coleman; Stan Getz, Boots Randolph, King Curtis and Charles Lloyd repeated as the four main tenor men; Gerry Mulligan kept his baritone laurels, while the names below him shifted positions a bit but stayed the same; and clarinetists Pete Fountain, Herbie Mann and Benny Goodman facsimiled their one-two-three finish of last year. Dave Brubeck, Ramsey Lewis, Sergio Mendes and Ray Charles also made it back atop the piano division, although there was some fluctuation below, as Skitch Henderson, Otis Spann, Floyd Cramer, Keith Jarrett and Les McCann dropped off the list (Roger Williams clung to the bottom rung) and such competitors as Nicky Hopkins, Dick Hyman, Sun Ra, Barbara Carroll and the resurgent Horace Silver climbed aboard.

Following are the top vote getters in each category. Those who earned a spot on our All-Star Band are listed in boldface type; they will receive silver medals, as will the Hall of Fame electees and those artists whose efforts were chosen by our readers as the best recordings of the year.



"My God, Ned, couldn't you wait until the Friday-night party?"

BIG-BAND LEADER

1. Henry Mancini
2. Doc Severinsen
3. Duke Ellington
4. Buddy Rich
5. James Brown
5. Ray Charles
7. Count Basie
8. Stan Kenton
9. Don Ellis
10. Les Brown
11. Sun Ra
12. Woody Herman
13. Lionel Hampton
14. Si Zentner
15. Thad Jones/
Mel Lewis
16. Gerald Wilson
17. Oliver Nelson
18. Les and Larry Elgart
19. Louis Bellson
20. Harry James
21. Clark Terry
22. Frank Zappa
23. Buddy DeFranco
24. Pat Williams
25. Duke Pearson

TRUMPET

1. Herb Alpert
2. Al Hirt
3. Doc Severinsen
4. Miles Davis
5. Louis Armstrong
6. Dizzy Gillespie
7. Hugh Masekela
8. Clark Terry
9. Nat Adderley
10. Maynard Ferguson
11. Harry James
12. Don Ellis
13. Billy Butterfield
14. Bobby Hackett
15. Jonah Jones
16. Chet Baker
17. Lee Morgan
18. Art Farmer
19. Donald Byrd
20. Freddie Hubbard
21. Pete Candoli
22. Roy Eldridge
23. Thad Jones
24. Don Cherry
25. Wild Bill Davison

TRUMPET

1. J. J. Johnson
2. Si Zentner
3. Kai Winding
4. Bob Brookmeyer
5. Slide Hampton
6. J. C. Higginbotham
7. Urbie Green
8. Jimmy Cleveland
9. Dick Halligan
10. Carl Fontana
11. Bennie Green
12. Turk Murphy
13. Curtis Fuller
14. Frank Rosolino
15. Buster Cooper
15. Quentin Jackson
17. Bill Harris
18. Harold Betters
19. Wayne Henderson
20. Al Grey
21. Milt Bernhart
22. Lawrence Brown
23. Grachan Moncur III
24. Dickie Wells
25. Benny Powell

ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Paul Desmond
3. Bud Shank
4. Zoot Sims
5. Johnny Hodges
6. Ornette Coleman
7. Paul Horn
8. Art Pepper
9. John Handy
10. Sonny Stitt
11. Lou Donaldson
12. Fred Lipsius
13. Benny Carter
14. Bunky Green
15. Sonny Criss
16. Paul Winter
17. Hank Crawford
17. Phil Woods
19. Jimmy Woods
20. James Moody
21. Eric Kloss
22. Oliver Nelson
23. Charlie Mariano
24. Charles McPherson
25. Robin Kenyatta

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz
2. Boots Randolph
3. King Curtis
4. Charles Lloyd
5. Yusef Lateef
6. Eddie Harris
7. "Fathead" Newman
8. Roland Kirk
9. Sonny Rollins
10. Sam Butera
11. Zoot Sims
12. Al Cohn
13. Illinois Jacquet
14. Bud Freeman
14. Joe Henderson
16. Stanley Turrentine
17. Art Pepper
18. Bob Cooper
19. Sonny Stitt
20. Pharoah Sanders
21. Eddie Davis
22. Corky Corcoran
23. Buddy Tate
24. Buddy Collette
25. Paul Gonsalves
25. Steve Marcus

BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan
2. Sahib Shihab
3. Chuck Gentry
4. Pepper Adams
5. Charles Davis
6. Jimmy Giuffre
7. Jerome Richardson
8. Lonnie Shaw
9. Harry Carney
10. Bill Hood
11. Jay Cameron
11. Frank Hittner
13. Cecil Payne
14. Pat Patrick
15. Clifford Scott
16. Ronnie Ross
17. Ernie Caceres
18. Ronnie Cuber
19. Danny Bank

CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain
2. Herbie Mann
3. Benny Goodman
4. Woody Herman
5. Acker Bilk
6. Buddy DeFranco
7. Roland Kirk
8. Jimmy Giuffre
9. Pee Wee Spitzler
10. Peanuts Hucko
11. Buddy Collette
12. Phil Woods
13. Jimmy Hamilton
14. Tony Scott
15. Joe Darensbourg
16. Prince Lasha
17. Alvin Batiste
17. Barney Bigard
17. Matty Matlock
20. Rolf Kuhn
21. Russell Procope
22. Joe Muranyi
23. Kenny Davern
24. Bob Wilber

PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck
2. Ramsey Lewis
3. Sergio Mendes
4. Ray Charles
5. Peter Nero
6. Oscar Peterson
7. Thelonious Monk
8. André Previn
9. Count Basie
10. Duke Ellington
11. Erroll Garner
12. Ahmad Jamal
13. Vince Guaraldi
14. Herbie Hancock
15. George Shearing
16. Bill Evans
17. Nicky Hopkins
18. Earl "Fatha" Hines
19. Dick Hyman
20. Mose Allison
21. Joe Zawinul
22. Sun Ra
23. Barbara Carroll
24. Horace Silver
24. Roger Williams

ORGAN

1. Booker T.
2. Al Kooper
3. Jimmy Smith
4. Earl Grant
5. Ray Manzarek

6. Dick Hyman
7. Groove Holmes
8. Walter Wanderley
9. Billy Preston
10. Bill Doggett
11. Wild Bill Davis
12. Shirley Scott
13. Brother Jack McDuff
14. Steve Winwood
15. Jimmy McGriff
16. Sun Ra
17. Barry Goldberg
18. Johnny "Hammond" Smith
19. Doug Ingle
19. Larry Young
21. Odell Brown
22. Keith Emerson
23. Lonnie Smith
24. Don Patterson
25. Freddie Roach

VIBES

1. Lionel Hampton
2. Cal Tjader
3. Gary Burton
4. Milt Jackson
5. Terry Gibbs
6. Gary McFarland
7. Bud Montgomery
8. Bobby Hutcherson
9. Don Elliott
10. Red Norvo
11. Roy Ayers
12. Johnny Lytle
13. Larry Bunker
14. Victor Feldman
15. Dave Pike
16. Tommy Vig
17. Mike Mainieri
18. Emil Richards
19. Teddy Charles

GUITAR

1. Jimi Hendrix
2. Eric Clapton
3. José Feliciano
4. Mason Williams
5. Chet Atkins
6. George Harrison
7. Charlie Byrd
8. Mike Bloomfield
9. Jimmy Page
10. Kenny Burrell
11. B. B. King
12. Laurindo Almeida
12. Tony Mottola
14. Gabor Szabo
15. Johnny Winter
16. João Gilberto
17. Larry Coryell
18. Duane Eddy
19. Howard Roberts
20. Luiz Bonfá
21. Herb Ellis
22. Alvin Lee
23. George Benson
24. Johnny Smith
25. Bola Sete

BASS/ELECTRIC BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. Jack Bruce
3. Charles Mingus
4. Ray Brown
5. Noel Redding
6. Monk Montgomery
7. El Dee Young
8. Donald "Duck" Dunn
9. Buddy Clark
10. Joe Byrd
11. Gene Wright
12. Bob Haggart
13. Jim Fiedler
14. Ron Carter
15. Art Davis
16. Chubby Jackson
17. Richard Davis
18. Chuck Berghofer
19. Percy Heath
20. Sam Jones
21. Bob Cranshaw
22. Ron McClure
23. Leroy Vinnegar
24. Eddie Gomez
25. Jack Casady
25. Jimmy Garrison

DRUMS

1. Ginger Baker
2. Buddy Rich
3. Ringo Starr
4. Gene Krupa
5. Joe Morello
6. Sandy Nelson
7. Art Blakey
8. Charlie Watts
9. Mitch Mitchell

10. Louis Bellson
11. Bobby Rosengarden
12. Elvin Jones
13. Shelly Manne
14. Joe Cusatis
15. Cozy Cole
16. Chico Hamilton
17. Max Roach
18. Red Holt
19. Joe Chambers
20. Grady Tate
21. Tony Williams
22. Hal Blaine
23. Al Jackson, Jr.
24. Mel Lewis
25. Billy Higgins
25. Rufus Jones

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

1. Ravi Shankar, sitar
2. Herbie Mann, flute
3. Bob Dylan, harmonica
4. Paul Butterfield, harmonica
5. George Harrison, sitar
6. Dick Hyman, Moog
7. Mongo Santamaria, congas
8. Ian Anderson, flute
9. Yusef Lateef, flute, oboe
10. Pete Drake, steel guitar
11. Charles Lloyd, flute
12. Rufus Harley, bagpipes
13. Roland Kirk, flute, mazzello, stritch
14. Bud Shank, flute
15. Buddy DeFranco, bass clarinet
16. Paul Horn, flute
17. James Cotton, harmonica
18. Art Van Damme, accordion
19. Ray Brown, cello
19. Sun Ra, Moog
21. Dorothy Ashby, harp
22. Candido, bongos
22. Joe Venuti, violin
24. James Moody, flute
25. Ali Akbar Khan, sarod

MALE VOCALIST

1. Tom Jones
2. Frank Sinatra
3. Bob Dylan
4. Donovan
5. Glen Campbell
6. Jim Morrison
7. Mick Jagger
8. Johnny Cash
9. José Feliciano
10. Lou Rawls
11. Andy Williams
12. Elvis Presley
13. Ray Charles
14. Jimi Hendrix
15. Richie Havens
15. Dean Martin
17. Sammy Davis Jr.
18. Tony Bennett
19. David Clayton-Thomas
20. Johnny Mathis
21. Paul McCartney
21. Johnny Rivers
21. Mel Tormé
24. James Brown
25. O. C. Smith

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Janis Joplin
2. Dionne Warwick
3. Grace Slick
4. Judy Collins
5. Barbra Streisand
6. Aretha Franklin
7. Ella Fitzgerald
8. Joan Baez
9. Petula Clark
10. Vikki Carr
11. Joni Mitchell
12. Cass Elliott
13. Claudine Longet
14. Laura Nyro
15. Bobbie Gentry
16. Jackie De Shannon
17. Carmen McRae
18. Peggy Lee
19. Dusty Springfield
20. Chér
21. Lana Cantrell
22. Nancy Sinatra

23. Nina Simone
24. Eydie Gormé
25. Nancy Ames

VOCAL GROUP

1. Beatles
2. 5th Dimension
3. Creedence Clearwater Revival
4. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66
5. Simon and Garfunkel
6. Blind Faith
7. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
8. Rolling Stones
9. Lettermen
10. Diana Ross & the Supremes
11. Association
12. Doors
13. Jimi Hendrix Experience
14. Jefferson Airplane
14. Temptations
16. Three Dog Night
17. Peter, Paul & Mary
18. Bee Gees
18. Blood, Sweat & Tears
20. Sly & the Family Stone
21. Iron Butterfly
22. Four Freshmen
23. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
24. Steppenwolf
25. Beach Boys
25. Mothers of Invention
25. Who

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

1. John Lennon-Paul McCartney
2. Burt Bacharach-Hal David
3. Bob Dylan
4. Jim Webb
5. Rod McKuen
6. Henry Mancini
7. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
8. Frank Zappa
9. Johnny Cash
10. Donovan
11. Duke Ellington
12. John Hartford
13. Stephen Stills
14. Leonard Cohen
15. Quincy Jones
16. Laura Nyro
17. Smokey Robinson
18. Lalo Schifrin
19. Dave Aschrod
20. Antonio Carlos Jobim
21. Galt MacDermot
21. Nilsson
23. Hoagy Carmichael
23. Steve Winwood
25. Bobbie Gentry

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. Blood, Sweat & Tears
2. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass
3. Booker T. and the MG's
4. Ramsey Lewis Trio
5. Ventures
6. Herbie Mann Quintet
7. Cannonball Adderley Quintet
8. Young-Holt, Ultid.
9. Miles Davis Quintet
10. Jr. Walker and the All-Stars
11. Modern Jazz Quartet
12. Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
13. Charles Lloyd Quartet
14. Oscar Peterson Trio
15. Stan Getz Quartet
16. Jimmy Smith Trio
17. Pentangle
18. Louis Armstrong All-Stars
19. Charlie Byrd Quintet
20. George Shearing Quintet
21. Hugh Masekela Quintet
22. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
23. Cal Tjader Quintet
24. Ahmad Jamal Trio
25. Peter Nero Trio



EXPENSE ACCOUNT *(continued from page 82)*

not till we had contrived to meet again; if she keeps the Appointment I shall relish a week's longer stay—I give you now and then some of these adventures to amuse you, and unbend your mind from the Cares of War.

Right-thinking historians insist the letter was a forgery—British-army propaganda designed to weaken the nation's moral fiber by revealing that Washington the monument was also Washington the man. Thoughts of other historians are furtively muttered at cocktail parties but are as yet unpublished. Whatever the truth of the matter, the expense account shows that Washington charged the Government thousands of dollars for washing. I like to think that either he had a compelling obsession for cleanliness or he was engaged in a small laundry business on the side.

This is not to say that Washington could not have buried the costs of being the *de facto*, as well as the *de jure*, Father of his Country elsewhere in his expense account. Any of these items might have been his military code for *liaisons dangereuses*:

24 July 75: To ditto paid a French cook . . . \$62

— Jan 76: To the relief of the distressed Wives & children of the soldiers from Marblehead . . . \$532

15 April 76: To Exp's of a party of Oneida Ind'n's on a visit to me—& for Prest's to them . . . \$412

Like any executive who has to move around a lot, Washington no doubt occasionally felt the need for a little warmth and understanding while on the road; but, unlike some executives, he wasn't loath to take his wife along once in a while. And all of us should be proud of the way he handled it. He wrestled long and hard with his conscience, and lost:

At first view it seemed to have the complexion of a private charge. I had my doubts therefore of the propriety of making it. Consequent of my self-denial, as of right I think I ought upon due consideration adjudged the charge as just, with respect to myself. And I make it with less reluctance as I find upon the final adjustment of these acc. . . . that I am a considerable loser [*sic*] . . . thro' hurry, I suppose, & the perplexity of business (for I know

not how else to acct. for the deficiency) I have omitted to charge—whilst every debit against me is here credited.

I asked my tax accountant what an Internal Revenue Service agent today would say about Washington's decision to throw in a \$27,890 item for the expenses of having the founding mother, Martha Washington, visit him at the Valley Forge Holiday Inn or other battlefield motels. "They would want to hear more details about the soul-searching," he explained. "If he were my client, I would have advised him to attach a transcript of the debate he had with himself."

Although these inspired interpretations of what is just and right are impressive, they don't hold a candle to Washington's master stroke of charging the Government for looking for the enemy.

To a Reconnoiter of the East River & Along the Sound as far as Maranec . . . \$411

he wrote of charging to find the whites of British eyes in the New York metropolitan area on July 8, 1776. And on July 23, he recorded this blow for liberty:

To the Expence of Reconng the Country as far as Perth Amboy . . . \$754

Since the general had already charged for all of his living costs for the period, an IRS agent might have wondered what remained in the way of expenses to write off on a patrol to Perth Amboy, which even in the 1770s wasn't exactly the Paris of New Jersey. Freeway tolls? Leasing canoes from the Indians? Every time he stopped to ask a farmer whether the British were coming, he may have had to tip him. Our ancestors were a lot like civil servants today: They ride with both parties during a transition in Government, waiting to see who will win.

The reasons for expenses incurred during these aggressive forays will remain forever shrouded in the general's magnificently cryptic prose, but we do know that he was a just man—he also charged the country for *fleeing* the enemy. Since his strategy for winning the War seemed to include losing all the battles but the last one, it was necessary for him to do a lot of traveling around the countryside, all of which excursions were duly itemized:

To sundry Exp's paid by myself at different times & places in passing from the White plains, by way of King's ferry to Fort Lee—and afterward on the Retreat of the Army thro' the Jerseys into Pennsylvania & while there . . . \$3776

At first, I thought some of these travel items were for the whole Army. But this



"Group A, which is on the pill, seems definitely better adjusted than Group B, which is still on condoms."

couldn't be true. While the Army was resting comfortably in Valley Forge one winter, Washington made a quick business trip to Rhode Island for a conference with the French army commander, for which he charged the country "\$19,848½."

Some people who have been in the Army may have thought patrolling and forced marches were part of a soldier's rotten job, not usually considered a deductible expense. The genius of Washington in making these charges for seeking the enemy and then running away from him has never been fully appreciated by the military. If Washington's leadership in bookkeeping tactics had been followed, with the added democratic touch of allowing privates as well as generals to hand in chits to the paymaster after every patrol, we wouldn't be in Vietnam today. The cost of running an Army would be so prohibitive that not even a country with our resources could wage war without bankrupting itself.

If General Washington had gone on the payroll, like the other soldiers caught up in the Spirit of '76, his take-home pay for the eight years of the War would have amounted to \$48,000. As it turned out, the expense account he turned in for the same period totaled \$449,261.51.

All of this, of course, wasn't for actual

expenses. It included the interest (at six percent per annum) he charged the Government for the money he laid out from his private purse to cover his expenses for the first two years of the War. He also threw in a surcharge for the depreciation, which was caused to some degree by a loss of confidence in his military leadership.

General Washington, it is important to remember, was taking a risk by not being paid as he went. If the War was lost, he would have been out quite a lot of expense money. In that case, however, he would have been hanged as a traitor, anyway. So I guess that isn't too strong a point in his favor.

By deferring payment until the end of the War, rather than accepting the Continental paper dollars the other soldiers were getting, General Washington at least had a fighting chance of getting paid in specie. It was shrewd thinking like this that makes Washington's portrait on the one-dollar bill such a fitting monument.

There is a moral in all of this for young people. It is not to refuse to stay home from school next Washington's Birthday as a protest against the military-industrial complex. It is that Washington wasn't any less a hero because of his highly imaginative expense account. That just proves he was human.

He didn't have to go into the Army. Some of the finest men of his day were slackers; John Hancock, the Cabots and the Lodges of Boston, the majority of the other founding fathers found excuses not to bear arms. The few extra shaky dollars Washington may have profited by letting the Government pick up his tab at Fraunces Tavern was penny-ante stuff compared with what the noted smuggler and insurance man, John Hancock, made out of the War.

Washington may have tried to live like a king during the War, but this was his normal standard of living. It wasn't until President Kennedy, anyway, that men were supposed to ask not what your country can do for you but what you can do for your country.

General Washington's expenses, admirers of great expense-account writing will be pleased to learn, were paid without question by Congress in July 1783. When he offered the country the same deal after his election as the first President—no salary, only expenses—Congress turned him down flat. Instead, they humbly begged him to accept a salary of \$25,000 a year (at a time when the salary of the Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, was fixed at \$3500). It was the country's first economy drive.



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"I'm worried about Doodle, sir. He keeps sticking a feather in his hat and calling it 'Macaroni.'"

HOUSEYACHT PARTY (continued from page 108)

aboard. Just back of the pilothouse is a full galley—either gas or electric (for reasons given below, we recommend the latter) and an electric head and shower. The stereo tape system, an option, as on the other houseyachts, really booms through the smaller Drift-R-Cruz, making the closer quarters a sonic plus.

An important contribution to the easy atmosphere of today's new breed of houseyachts, all-electric galleys have revolutionized the art of dining and drinking afloat. Until fairly recently, a houseyacht host found himself imprisoned three times a day in a solitary galley with an antiquated icebox and fiery-tempered gas stove. Now meal preparation can be as simple and fast as popping a casserole into the oven. Or when more elaborate fare is in the offing, you'll find preparing a seven-course dinner as easy and convenient as you would in your kitchen at home.

But the job of provisioning a weekend party on a houseyacht must still be carefully planned, in order to assure an uninterrupted flow of fun and games. Assuming your galley is normally fitted with standard cooking and bar equipment, plus a reasonable assortment of food staples, herbs and spices, the victualing follows two simple blueprints. The first is a set of menus for the meals you'll have to serve. The second is a set of recipes with a check list of the ingredients and implements you'll need. You won't have to consult the latter to know that you need eggs for an omelet or gin for martinis, but you'll want to be reminded of such easily forgotten things as shallots for pompano or mint leaves for port cobblers. You'll feel infinitely more relaxed if you put your food-and-drink program down on paper before shopping, rather than picking up the first cut of meat or the first jar of tropical fruit you run into at the harbor supply store. And if you're planning a blowout on a lovely uninhabited island, you won't want the haunting beauty of the secluded beach disrupted when you discover you've forgotten to bring a knife and carving board along for the charcoal-broiled fillets of beef.

A note of advice about those king-size food lockers on the new houseyachts: Because they're so capacious, they can quickly become a clutter of bottled seasonings, stocks, spices and other oddments taken aboard for specific menus and perhaps not needed thereafter. A simple solution is to carry aboard the offbeat items for each trip in a small plastic tote bag and then return them to your town-house pantry at trip's end.

And while we doubt that you'd forget an ample supply of Scotch, bourbon, gin, vodka, vermouth and beer, don't head for a tropical or subtropical rendezvous

such as the Florida Keys without a goodly supply of both light and dark rum—it's a great thirst slaker at any time, but especially so in warm waters. The skippers of the three houseyachts on the PLAYBOY weekend also remembered to stock a sufficient supply of liqueurs and wines for both drinking and cooking, adding measurably to the weekend's pleasure.

In all other areas of pleasurable endeavor, our three-day, three-houseyacht cruise in the Keys was just as complete a success. The first contingent arrived in Miami on Thursday in time to spend much of the night toasting their imminent departure, dancing on all three pleasure domes docked at the Sheraton Four Ambassadors Hotel and midnight-dipping in the moonlight.

Morning found the full complement of young salts piped aboard their respective ships, which promptly pulled away in formation from the hotel dock and out into Biscayne Bay. Stirring up unusually calm waters with heavy wakes, the formation made its way past President Nixon's Key Biscayne home and out beyond an abandoned lighthouse just a few hundred yards from the Presidential retreat at the tip of the key.

The captain of the Drift-R-Cruz swung his craft away on a heading that would take it to Carysfort Lighthouse on the edge of the Gulf Stream. The 117-year-old beacon marks Carysfort reef, the greatest offshore living coral reef on the East Coast and one of the best places in the Keys for scuba diving and snorkeling. The underwater enthusiasts on the Drift-R-Cruz spent several hours there, indulging themselves in the spectacular sights of vast schools of vividly colored fish, exotic coral formations and, for one crew member, an unexpected face-to-face confrontation with a six-foot barracuda, which quickly sent everyone back to the boat. Discretion being the better part of underwater valor, the crew decided to continue its journey, putting into Whale Harbor to fuel the houseyacht. While an attendant topped off the tanks, the hungry band headed for the famous Chesapeake Restaurant—one of the state's more famous seafood eateries—and treated itself to a few dozen oysters on the half shell, washed down with cold beer.

With the sun about to set, the captain piloted the Drift-R-Cruz a few miles farther south and found a suitably protected nighttime anchorage on the north side of Bahía Honda Key. Saturday morning, the skipper broke out a couple of deep-sea tackle outfits and let his craft continue south toward Key West at trolling speed through Hawks Channel, where some of the season's first sailfish had been reported coming in. But the crew got all the way to Key West with nary the sight of a sail breaking water.

Arriving there about noon, the crew debarked for a land-bound couple of hours, touring the dozens of fascinating shops that abound in historic Key West and sampling a few well-seasoned bloody marys at Ernest Hemingway's favorite bar—Sloppy Joe's. By midafternoon, it was time to make for the anticipated rendezvous at Spottswood's Munson Key for a gala beach bash with the remaining two thirds of the weekend houseyacht contingent.

The three couples on board the Carri-Craft had put into Key West Friday night after a daylong cruise marked by a good catch of red snapper that was transformed into a perfect luncheon by the skipper, with the help of some volunteer galley slaves. When the Aqua Home docked at Key West in early evening, the crew was ready for pick-me-up cocktails in the skipper's favorite bar—the Chart Room of the Pier House. After dinner at one of the many nearby seafood restaurants, the three couples spent the night hopping between Sloppy Joe's and Captain Tony's, where they danced to a limbo band far into the early hours.

Next morning, the captain and crew decided to head for an anchorage just off nearby Ballast Key. One of the crew inflated the Hutchinson Nautisport rubber boat, rigged with an Evinrude outboard, and shuttled the partygoers back and forth between the mother ship and the secluded stretch of coral beach, where sun-bathing and snorkeling were the order of the day. At midafternoon, Captain Paul collected his crew in plenty of time to make the cruise to Munson Key and the beach-bash rendezvous a leisurely, relaxing voyage.

After leaving Miami, the big catamaran cruiser cut its way through the blue water of the Gulf Stream nonstop to Key West, where it was refueled. Then it headed out again for a Friday-night anchorage off Woman Key, a stone's throw from Ballast Key, where some of the Carri-Craft crew sneaked off Saturday morning for an early dip with the Carri-Craft crowd. Those who stayed with the Carri-Craft at Woman Key, however, had just as much fun swimming and diving off the high-standing cruiser, between sessions of dancing on the huge sun deck to music from the ship's sizable library of stereo tapes.

In the early afternoon, after a buffet of cold fried chicken and white wine, the Carri-Craft revelers retired to the main *salon* for guitar music supplied by two of the crew and a no-quarter-asked game of charades—a fitting warm-up for the marathon eating, drinking and dancing that was to take place later that night.

As the day waned, the late-afternoon sky turned brilliant hues of orange and purple and a magnificent sun set over

the far horizon. The Drift-R-Cruz was first on the scene at Munson Key, a spit of coral beach ideally suited for a beach party, and its crew quickly collected an ample supply of driftwood for a bonfire. The Carri-Crafters then unloaded fresh shrimps and tender beef fillets for a delicious barbecue, along with the makings for cocktails and a well-chilled supply of brew that suitably complemented the vicinals. With the stereo system on board the Drift-R-Cruz coming in loud and clear across the water, the partygoers danced on the beach and bathed in the red glow from the roaring bonfire. In the quieter moments, guitars accompanied the group in rounds of favorite folk songs.

Sunday's sunrise was the signal for all hands to climb back aboard the waiting houseyachts, up anchors and start the cruise back to Miami, where hopes were voiced that the fun of another weekend on the water would not be far off.

To glorify your own galley and beach balls, we recommend the following recipes, prepared by PLAYBOY'S Food and Drink Editor, Thomas Mario, for our houseyacht weekend.

MACARONI-AND-AVOCADO SALAD (Serves six to eight)

½ lb. elbow macaroni, cooked and drained
2 medium-size ripe avocados
Lime or lemon juice
1 medium-size cucumber
¼ lb. prosciutto ham, sliced paper-thin
1 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons finely minced fresh chives
2 tablespoons finely minced fresh parsley
2 tablespoons white-wine vinegar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
¼ teaspoon oregano
Salt, pepper

Peel avocados and cut into small dice. Sprinkle with lime juice and toss well, to keep avocado from discoloring. Peel cucumber, cut in half lengthwise and remove seeds with spoon. Cut into small dice. Cut prosciutto ham into ¼-in. squares. In mixing bowl, combine prosciutto ham, mayonnaise, chives, parsley, vinegar, mustard and oregano, mixing very well. Add macaroni, avocado and cucumber, tossing well. Add salt and pepper to taste.

BEEF STEW WITH VERMOUTH (Serves six)

3 lbs. top sirloin of beef, 1-in. cubes
4 thick slices bacon, ¼-in. squares
3 tablespoons butter
Salt, pepper
½ cup very finely minced onion
1 tablespoon very finely minced garlic
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups stock or chicken broth
¾ cup dry vermouth
¼ cup sweet vermouth
8-oz. can tomatoes
1 piece orange peel, ½ in. wide, 2 ins. long

Place bacon in stewpot or Dutch oven and heat until crisp. Remove from pot and set aside, discarding fat in pot. Wipe pot clean; add butter and melt over low flame. Add beef; season with salt and pepper and sauté until it loses raw color. Sprinkle onion and garlic over meat and sauté a few minutes longer. Stir in flour, mixing well. Add stock and both kinds of vermouth. Drain tomato juice from can into pot. Chop tomatoes coarsely and add to pot. Add bacon and simmer slowly about 1 hour. Add orange peel and simmer until meat is very tender—about 1 hour longer. Add salt and pepper to taste. Remove orange peel and serve.

HAM-AND-TURKEY CASSEROLE (Serves six)

1 lb. Virginia-style baked ham, thinly sliced
1 lb. cooked turkey or turkey roll, thinly sliced
Salt, pepper
1 small bay leaf
1 cup long-grain rice
1½ cups leeks, sliced as below
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups chicken broth
1 cup light cream
1 lb. fresh peas, shelled, cooked and drained; or 10-oz. package frozen peas, cooked
¼ lb. Swiss emmentaler cheese, finely shredded
Grated parmesan cheese
Paprika

Cut ham and turkey into ¼-in. squares. In saucepan, bring 2 cups water to a boil. Add 1 teaspoon salt and bay leaf. Add rice and stir well. Reduce heat as much as possible and cook rice covered, without stirring, until tender—15 to 20 minutes. Cut off rough ends and green parts of leeks. Wash well. Cut leeks in half lengthwise, then cut each half into ¼-in. strips, then crosswise into thin slivers. Melt butter in another saucepan. Add leeks and sauté until yellow and tender. Stir in flour, blending well. Gradually add chicken broth, stirring with wire whip. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in cream



"We just adore animals, too."

and simmer a few minutes longer. Add salt and pepper to taste. Combine ham, turkey, rice, sauce and peas, blending well. Correct seasoning, if necessary. Turn into lightly greased casserole and sprinkle with Swiss cheese, then with parmesan cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake 30 minutes in oven preheated at 375°.

RED SNAPPER, SPANISH SAUCE
(Serves six)

- 6 red-snapper steaks, 6 to 8 ozs. each
- 28-oz. can tomatoes
- Salad oil
- 1 medium-size onion, finely minced
- 1 medium-size clove garlic, very finely minced
- 1 sweet red pepper, finely minced
- 1 bay leaf
- ¼ teaspoon basil
- 6-oz. can tomato paste
- ½ cup dry white wine
- ⅛ teaspoon saffron
- Salt, pepper, celery salt
- Flour

Drain tomatoes, reserving juice; chop them coarsely and set aside. In saucepan, heat 2 tablespoons oil. Add onion, garlic, sweet pepper, bay leaf and basil and sauté until onions are tender but not brown. Add tomatoes, tomato juice, tomato paste and white wine. Crumble saffron slightly and add to saucepan. Simmer slowly, stirring occasionally, about

½ hour. Add salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle fish with salt, pepper and celery salt. Dip in flour and shake off excess. Heat oil to a depth of ¼ in. in large skillet. Sauté fish until medium brown on both sides. Pour hot sauce over fish on serving platter or plates.

POMPANO POLONAISE
(Serves six)

- 2 lbs. pompano fillets
- Butter
- 2 tablespoons very finely minced shallots or scallions
- Flour
- 1 cup clam broth or coquina broth
- ½ cup heavy cream
- Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper, celery salt
- 3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped extremely fine
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 3 tablespoons very finely minced parsley
- Salad oil
- 2 tablespoons lemon or lime juice

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in small saucepan. Add shallots and sauté a minute or less, just until they are tender. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour, mixing well. Slowly stir in clam broth and heavy cream, mixing with wire whip. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer about 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne pepper. Keep covered until needed. In

small bowl, combine eggs, bread crumbs and parsley, mixing thoroughly. Set aside. Sprinkle pompano with salt, pepper and celery salt. Dip in flour. Sauté in oil over brisk flame until light brown; use just enough oil to keep fillets from sticking to pan (too much will prevent browning); wipe pan clean from time to time and add fresh oil as needed. Preheat oven at 450°. Place fillets in single layer on a large heatproof platter, shallow pan or casserole. Spread sauce on fillets and sprinkle with bread-crumbs mixture. Heat fillets in oven about 5 minutes. Melt ¼ lb. butter in skillet and heat until it turns light brown. Add lemon juice and pour over fillets. Serve at once.

BARBECUED FILLET OF BEEF
(Serves six to eight)

- 6-to-7-lb. fillet of beef
- Salad oil or melted butter
- Salt, pepper

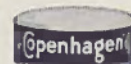
Have butcher remove fat and outside connective tissue from fillet and tie meat as for roasting, tucking small end under, in order to make meat uniform in size. Remove fillet from refrigerator at least an hour before placing on fire. Brush meat generously with oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Build charcoal fire with double layer of coals. When coals are white, place fillet on grill about 6

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ins. above fire. Broil for about 30 minutes, turning meat every 5 minutes and basting occasionally with oil. (Meat can be broiled on rotisserie, if there's an electric plug available, or it can be turned on a hand rotisserie; otherwise, turning at 5-minute intervals will provide rich, uniform browning.) Let meat rest from 5 to 10 minutes after removing from fire. With very sharp knife, cut into 1/4-in.-thick slices. Place slices on split French bread or on split buns toasted over coals and then generously buttered. Serve with ice-cold beer and macaroni-and-avocado salad.

BARBECUED SHRIMP

(Six to eight appetizer portions)

2 lbs. fresh shrimps, peeled and deveined

1/2 cup salad oil

1 large onion, sliced

2 large cloves garlic, smashed

2 tablespoons lime juice

1 teaspoon dry mustard

1/4 teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon celery salt

1/4 teaspoon freshly ground pepper

Combine all ingredients in mixing bowl, tossing well. Marinate for 1 hour. Remove shrimps from marinade and place in single layer on piece of heavy aluminum foil on grill over white coals of barbecue fire. Cover shrimps with another piece of foil, forming hood. Cook 6 to 8 minutes. Serve with dips below.

SOUR-CREAM-AND-TOMATO DIP

(About two cups)

1 1/2 cups sour cream

1/4 cup light cream

6-oz. can tomato paste

3 tablespoons lemon or lime juice

1 medium-size onion, grated

Salt, cayenne pepper

Combine sour cream, light cream, tomato paste, lemon juice and onion and mix well. Season to taste with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Serve ice-cold.

EGG-AND-WHITE-WINE DIP

(About two cups)

3 hard-boiled eggs

1 1/2 cups mayonnaise

3 tablespoons dry white wine

1 1/2 teaspoons anchovy paste

1/8 teaspoon Tabasco sauce

Force eggs through fine wire strainer. Combine with all other ingredients, mixing well. Serve ice-cold.

PONCE DE LEÓN

1 1/2 ozs. light rum

1/2 oz. grapefruit juice

1/2 oz. mango nectar

1 teaspoon lemon juice

Combine all ingredients and shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass.

BOLO

1 1/2 ozs. light rum

1/2 oz. lemon juice

1/2 oz. orange juice

1 teaspoon sugar

1/2 slice lemon

1 teaspoon 151-proof rum

Combine light rum, lemon juice, orange juice and sugar and shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled large cocktail glass or prechilled whiskey-sour glass. Garnish with lemon slice; float 151-proof rum on top. For a more tart drink, use 1/2 teaspoon sugar.

CREOLE ON THE ROCKS

1 1/2 ozs. light rum

Dash Tabasco

2 teaspoons lime juice

Iced beef bouillon or consommé (undiluted)

Salt, pepper

Put 3 ice cubes in prechilled 9-oz. old fashioned glass. Add rum, Tabasco and lime juice; stir well. Fill glass with bouillon. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and stir again. A cocktail "soup" that is a pleasant pick-me-up in the morning or a pre-brunch or pre-dinner drink.

FROZEN MANGO-AND-LIME DAIQUIRI

1 1/2 ozs. light rum

1 oz. mango nectar

1/2 oz. Cayo Verde lime liqueur

1/2 oz. lime juice

1/2 cup crushed ice

Slice mango, fresh, if possible

Put rum, mango nectar, lime liqueur, lime juice and ice in blender. Blend at low speed 10-15 seconds. Pour into prechilled deep-saucer champagne glass or old fashioned glass and garnish with mango slice. A delightful drink in or out of the mango season for yachtsmen with blenders aboard.

SNIFTER

3/4 oz. Galliano

3/4 oz. brandy

1 teaspoon white crème de menthe

Pour all ingredients into prechilled brandy snifter. Add 1/3 cup finely crushed ice and stir. May be served with or without straw. A cool switch from the warm-brandy school, this is a specialty of the Miami Playboy Club.

PORT COBBLER

4 ozs. tawny port

3/4 oz. California brandy

1/2 teaspoon sugar

Lemon peel

Orange peel

2 large mint leaves

Fill 14-oz. tall glass with ice cubes or cracked ice. Add port, brandy and sugar and stir well. Add ice to fill glass to rim and stir. Twist lemon and orange peels above drink and drop into glass. Tear mint leaves partially and drop into glass. A tall cooler to sip on a lazy afternoon on the sun deck.


KIRSCH CUBA LIBRE

1 1/2 ozs. kirschwasser

1/2 lime

Iced cola drink

Put 3 large ice cubes in 14-oz. tall glass. Add kirschwasser. Squeeze lime above drink and drop lime shell into glass. Fill with cola and stir slightly. Imbibe joyfully.

For further information on house-yachts, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. 

THE BOSS'S SON

(continued from page 109)

a buddy of mine. Can't you make an exception?" Dave had asked.

"What am I running, a fraternity house or a business?"

Dave had grinned sheepishly. "I sort of promised the order to him on the lower terms. You're going to make me look bad, Dad, Milt doesn't get it."

"Well, then, that'll be a good lesson for you," his father had said. "I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times—don't promise any son of a bitch a special price without asking me first."

Dave had made one last try. "Maybe we give him these goods at a lower price, it'll encourage him to give us a larger volume of business."

"Listen," his father had said, growing impatient. "I wrote the rulebook on who to give specials to and why. Do us both a favor, *pisher*. Learn how to read before you write."

Dave glanced at his friend's letter. Naturally, first thing, Milt reminded him of the promise Dave had made about the lower price; wrote that he was counting on it; wrote that if he didn't get it, this would put him in a terrible money bind.

"Can I help it," Dave sighed, "the old man doesn't listen to reason?" And feeling like a bastard, he shredded Milt's letter. Then he made a mental note to tell Miss Switchboard that, should buddy Milt call during the next year and a half, she was to say Dave was out on the road.

Rubbing one eye, he saw Kitty standing in the doorway of his office. He wondered how long she'd been giving him the pleasure of her company and whether she saw him dumping Milt's letter into his trusty wastebasket. "Yeah, Kitty?" he said.

She sounded like the voice of doom: "Your father wants to see you."

"What about?" he snapped. He hoped his abruptness didn't betray jumpy nerves.

Kitty shrugged, but he suspected that she recognized his anxiety and enjoyed watching him squirm. Everyone squirmed when L. B. beckoned.

He hated asking her but couldn't help himself: "Is my father in a good mood?"

Kitty smiled maliciously. "He growled at me three times already, and that's one more than par for the course this early in the morning."

Groaning, Dave dismissed her with a wave of his hand. "I'll be in in a sec," he said.

As soon as Kitty left, he began to think of all the things his father might be angry about. But the truth was, his father was so unpredictable, Dave knew he was wasting his time trying to anticipate.

"Maybe the grouch just wants to pass the time of day with his sonny boy," Dave tried to tell himself. "Sure, sure,

and some sweet morning, airplanes'll fly flapping their wings."

Trying to look extra-relaxed, he walked down the hall to his father's office. He took it for a good sign when he saw that the old man was dressed for golf. L. B. wore white loafers, robin's-egg-blue trousers and a pink cotton shirt with a soft collar open at the throat. He was almost 60 and had a paunch, but the flesh around his face was taut and when he wanted to turn on the charm, he seemed a much younger man.

Arthur Goldfarb, his administrative right hand, was sitting in the old man's office.

"Come on in, Dave," his father said softly, making himself comfortable behind the large mahogany desk.

Dave expected Arthur to excuse himself and leave father and son alone. But Arthur remained where he was sitting, though he looked as if he wished he were elsewhere.

"Did you want to see me for something, Dad?" Dave asked brightly.

"All right, Arthur, tell big shot here what you just told me," Louis Birnbaum said, gritting his teeth.

Arthur grimaced. A drop of sweat had popped off his forehead. "Louis, please—"

"Tell him!" Louis ordered.

Arthur took a deep breath. "Well, we have this buyer from Houston," he began. "He's flying to New York today and

I wanted to set him up with a girl for tonight."

"That goddamn callgirl!" flashed through Dave's mind.

"Anyway," Arthur continued, "I just spoke to this girl we usually use for out-of-town buyers and she refused to have any part of the deal. And when I asked her why, she said the guy I sent her last week wouldn't give her the hundred she asked for but left only a fifty-dollar bill."

Though he was still on his feet, Dave felt as if he'd just had his legs knocked out from under him.

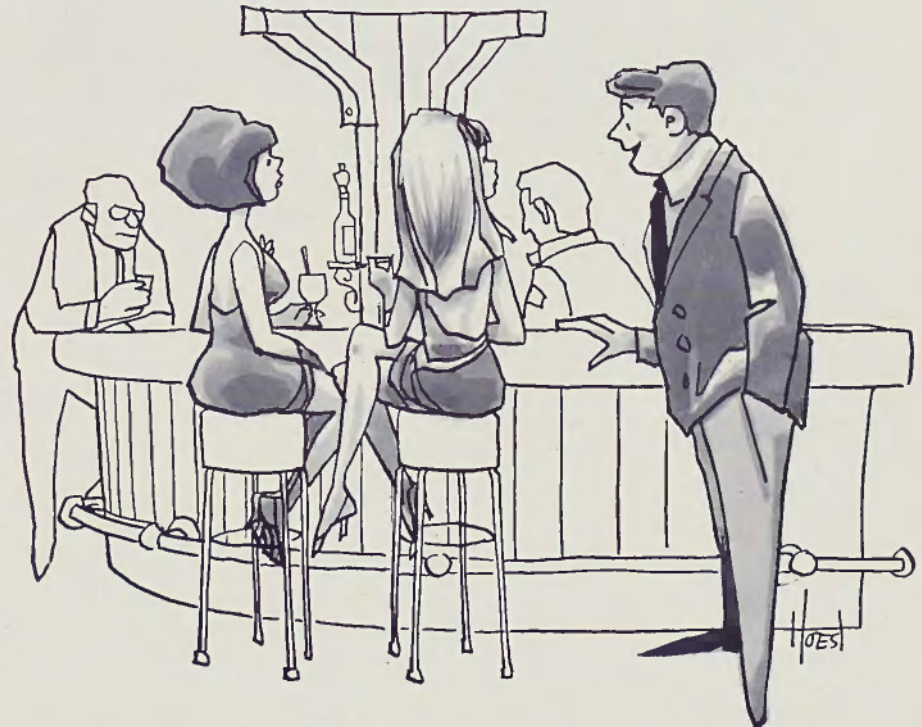
He heard Arthur saying, "I never sent her any guy last week, so I didn't have the faintest idea who she was talking about. 'Describe him,' I said to her. 'He's young, less than thirty,' she said, 'only he looks older, 'cause he's almost bald and has a paunch.'"

"Could I speak to you alone, Dad?" Dave said barely above a whisper.

"Well, Artie, my flesh and blood wants to speak to me alone," Louis said with a tight smile.

Arthur gave L. B. his best there-was-nothing-else-I-could-do-but-tell-you expression. Then he stood up and started for the door.

"But remember what I told you," Louis called out after him. "I want you to put a lock on your desk drawer where you keep the black book. And I don't want just any son-of-a-bitch *pisher* to have a key to that lock, just you and me." He nodded. "Close the door after you, Arthur. Didn't you hear, sonny boy



"Pardon me, I'm looking for a consenting adult."

wants a private chat with his poppa." Sitting down, Dave heard the door close softly behind him. "That tramp," he thought. "Fifty was more than enough for what she had to give away." When the girl had asked for \$100, Dave thought sure she was trying to take him for double her usual price. How the hell was he to figure she was telling the truth?

Trying to look sincere, Dave said, "I didn't want to have to tell you this, Dad, but I've been having bad bedroom troubles with Ruthie."

"You're a liar, and that's bad enough!" his father shouted. "But what's worse is, you're not even a good liar!"

"No matter what I did, you didn't have to tell Arthur to pull the switch on me!" Dave shouted back. "You sure could have done it yourself, damn it!"

"You had it coming to you, sneaking into his office and getting caught going through his drawer."

"All right, so I cheated a little on Ruthie," Dave admitted. "What's so terrible?"

"I don't care you cheated on your wife!" the old man exploded again.

Dave was confused. "So what are you mad about, then?"

"I'm mad that you got caught sneaking into Arthur's drawer simply because you wouldn't pay what the girl asked."

"I thought she was trying to con me out of an extra fifty."

"So what, even if she was?" Louis answered. "You didn't want it to get back to Arthur or me you sneaked into his drawer, but by antagonizing the girl, you practically begged her to blow the whistle on you. Jesus Christ, is that so hard to figure out?"

"She wasn't worth a hundred," Dave insisted.

"You want to play and get away with it, you pay, you pay," Louis said. "What the hell makes you think you're so different you don't have to pay?"

What made him think he was different? A good question.

Looking for it, Dave spotted the photograph of his brother, Leo, on his father's desk. Leo was a physicist who lived on the West Coast, or as far away as he could get from Louis, yet the old man loved and respected Leo more than anyone else in the world.

"All right, so I can't figure out everything in advance," Dave said after a while. "All right, so I don't have a big brain like Leo."

"Leo? Leo?" Louis repeated. And it was obvious that he resented Dave's even daring to compare himself with his older brother.

Stung by his father's tone, Dave couldn't contain himself. "What the hell does Leo ever do for you? Does he write you? Call you? Does he know you're living, for God's sake?"

"And what do you do for me?" Louis asked with a sigh.

"I at least try to please you; only, the harder I try, the more you seem to resent me."

The old man winced, and Dave felt good knowing he'd struck a sore spot.

"Look," Louis said, after glancing at his watch, "we'll talk more about this tomorrow. But I'm supposed to meet Freddy Plesser over at the club this afternoon and, if I'm to get there on time, I have to dictate some letters to Kitty now."

It was his father's habit to cut conversations short whenever the going got a little rough—for Louis. In this way, L. B. won all the arguments, or, rather, never lost any. It was, Dave recognized, a sweet ploy; and he looked forward to the day he could pull that same stunt on his hired help.

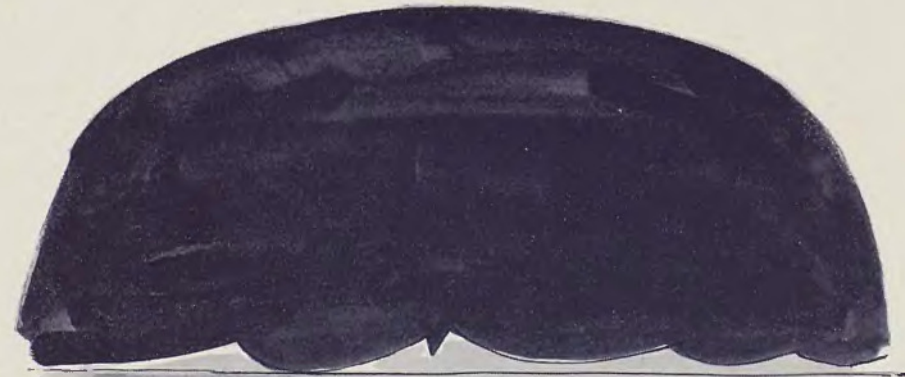
Dave stood up. He figured he was lucky that his father had a golfing date that afternoon. "Just let the old bastard have a good round," Dave thought, "and life tomorrow'll be easier on both of us."

"I'll see you in the morning, then, Dad," Dave said, grateful he was getting off this cheap.

But his old man just nodded, as if saying goodbye to Dave now was asking a bit much.

Walking out of his father's office, Dave saw Kitty watching him from her desk. He wondered if she'd heard them and prayed that his father's voice didn't carry through the walls separating their offices. It was bad enough that Arthur Goldfarb knew all the dirty details. Would Artie keep them to himself? "He'd better," Dave thought. There was, however, the possibility Artie no longer knew how to protect his interests. What was the sense, when you came down to it, in his reporting Dave's misadventures to the old man? Didn't Artie realize that one day soon Dave would, in fact, take over the business? "And come that day, Artie, baby," Dave decided, "come that day, you get the ax even before I fire Kitty."

The prospect of bouncing Kitty and Artie Goldfarb cheered Dave up immeasurably; but still, when he reached his own office, he found that his legs were quivering, and he had to sit down quickly or risk falling to the floor. Two salesmen walked past his door, sharing a



Smilby

"Buckminster who?"

joke. Their pleasure seemed so genuine and innocent, Dave almost envied them. Almost.

The rest of the morning dragged. Dave kept to his office. Above all, he wanted to avoid bumping into Arthur Goldfarb. He thought about calling his wife and/or his mother, but nothing they could tell him would make him feel as good as knowing that one day he'd be able to fire any son of a bitch he felt like getting rid of.

After a while, he heard some of the help leaving for lunch. Though he didn't have much of an appetite, Dave ordered up some coffee and a sandwich from a delicatessen around the corner.

Putting the phone down, he spotted Rose, the bookkeeper, passing his office. She was carrying a box from Altman's. Dave guessed she was returning a dress that was either too expensive or didn't fit well. Gee, for as long as he could remember, Rose had been working for his father.

Suddenly, Dave's phone rang. It was Milt Zeigler, his buddy from Miami. "Damn it," Dave thought, after saying hello. He'd forgotten to tell Miss Switchboard he wasn't in to Milt for the duration.

"Did you get my letter?" Milt was asking.

"Sure, it's sitting in front of me right now."

"I'm sorry to bother you, Dave, but I'm really desperate for those goods at the price you promised. I'm counting on you."

"Milt, I don't forget a promise to a friend," Dave said soothingly. "Of course, the old man is being a little rough about granting special prices these last few days, but I'll keep after him. And he'll come around, don't worry. Now, listen, old buddy, I'll get back to you on this either at the end of the week or, very latest, beginning of next week."

"Dave, I got a last chance to get these goods at a slightly higher price from someone else," Milt said. "You sure I can count on you to swing it with your father?"

"Absolutely, Milt," Dave said. He was goddamned if he was going to let himself get conned into admitting he couldn't deliver on a promise. "Don't give the other guy's price a second thought."

As soon as he hung up, Dave hustled out to the switchboard. "Sally," he told the redhead wearing the earphone, "Sally, don't ever put that bastard Zeigler through to me again. Ever. I'm always out to him. Always. You screw up on this, Sally, love, it's your neck. And I mean that. You better make a note to the girls who fill in for you during lunchtime, too, 'cause if anyone connects me to him, I'm holding you responsible."

Sally started to say how much she liked and needed her job, but Dave, spotting Arthur Goldfarb at the other

end of the hall, broke away from the switchboard and hustled back to the privileged sanctuary of his office.

His sandwich and coffee arrived ten minutes later. He ate, looking out the second-story window and watching the pretty girls in their miniskirts. A blonde with long hair, who seemed as if she were carrying a pair of frightened mice inside her blouse, crossed the street, and Dave licked his lips. He even began to eat with an appetite; and though the coffee tasted like iodine, he savored every last drop.

After lunch, he finished going through his mail. He made a couple of unimportant business calls. More than an hour passed. Knowing that the odds were that Arthur Goldfarb was out to lunch, he risked going into the hall for a drink of water. That's when he spotted Rose, carrying a shopping bag from Altman's, on her way back to bookkeeping.

Frowning, he said, "You got a sec, Rose? I'd like to talk to you in my office."

Rose had curly hair that was dyed blonde. Though she couldn't have been more than in her early 30s, she was already beginning to put on some weight. She wore a wedding ring. Did she have children? Dave didn't know.

"Listen, Rose," he said, facing her in his office. "We give our people an hour for lunch. We don't ask you to sign any time sheet or punch any timecard. Which means we trust you. Don't abuse that trust, Rose."

"I'm sorry, Dave," she said. "It won't happen again." She looked as if she'd just eaten something disagreeable.

"It's painful for me to tell you something like this. But, Rose, one hour, that's it."

"It's just that I had to return something at Altman's and the lines were exceptionally long."

"OK, OK," he said. "Just wanted you to know how my father and I feel about it, Rose."

"Fine, Dave," Rose said, backing out of his office. "I can assure you, it won't happen again."

Chewing Rose out picked up Dave's spirits even more than seeing the pretty girls on the street. And contented with himself, he stayed behind his desk for the rest of the afternoon. He tried to keep busy. At three o'clock, he called his wife. At four o'clock, he called his mother. He would have slipped out and headed for home early, except there was always the possibility the old man would call and ask to speak to him.

Five o'clock took its own sweet time showing up. Even then, Dave couldn't make a fast getaway. He still didn't want to bang into Arthur Goldfarb, so he pressed his nose against his office window and waited till he saw Arthur leaving the building. Behind him, he could hear



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some of the help rushing for the door, as if they were escaping from the hot coals of hell.

Some surprise he had when he spotted Goldfarb on the street, walking next to Kitty. "The sneaky bastard," Dave muttered. Wide-eyed, he watched them cross the avenue together and then disappear inside the bar on the opposite corner.

"Louis takes an afternoon off. Artie goes after the old man's girl," flashed through Dave's mind. He tried to remember how long Goldfarb had been employed by his father; he knew it was more than 20 years, closer to 25. "That's loyalty for you," he said to himself. "Some gratitude."

Dave wondered how the old man would react if he ratted on Arthur. Probably, L. B. would figure Dave was just getting back at Goldfarb for blowing the whistle on him earlier that day. Rattating wasn't the answer, then. Doing something was the answer. Doing something! What?

He knew Goldfarb had the upper hand between them and was in good enough with the old man to risk humiliating Dave if he either wanted or had to; yet Dave also knew that Artie was stepping way out of line by entertaining Kitty, for it was common knowledge in the office that Louis was having an affair with her. The question still was, what could Dave do about it? What would his father do in his shoes?

Ten minutes later, Dave left the office. He crossed the avenue and stood in front of the bar on the corner. Dave

didn't relish the prospect of being humiliated, but blood is thicker than water, and the possibility that his old man was getting shafted infuriated him. If the old man could take a knife in the back, no one was safe. It was scary to think about.

Taking a deep breath, Dave walked into the bar. He spotted the table where Kitty and Goldfarb were sitting and headed over in their direction.

"Looking for someone, Dave?" Goldfarb asked when he stood not a foot away from their table. Artie, who had a crewcut and red cheeks, liked his liquor and women. But he seemed neither guilty nor nervous that Dave had caught him with Kitty. Well, Artie Goldfarb hadn't managed to stick it out with the old man for close to 25 years without knowing how to handle himself when the going got a little tight.

"Actually, I was looking for Kitty," Dave said.

The girl stared at him. She had huge brown eyes and, though she liked to come on cool and tough, right now she looked frightened and vulnerable.

Dave said to her, "I need to buy a present for my wife tonight and could use a little feminine advice. So when I saw you and Artie dropping into the bar from my window, I thought I might impose and ask you to hop over to Altman's with me."

Kitty looked over at Goldfarb. Obviously, she wanted him to tell her what to do.

Dave kept watching the girl while Goldfarb weighed the alternatives. It

amazed Dave that he hadn't noticed Kitty's extraordinary eyes before this afternoon.

Though it seemed much longer, it didn't take ten seconds before Goldfarb said, with an easy laugh, "We were just having a quick one, and Dave does look like he needs a little help, Kitty. Why not go with him now? We'll have another drink some other time."

Kitty smiled. She seemed relieved at the clever way Goldfarb had made their having a drink together seem so casual.

"You're a good guy, Artie," Dave said. "Maybe sometime when you forget your wife's birthday, I'll be able to return the favor." He winked.

"It's been a hell of an interesting day," Artie grinned, reminding Dave, if he needed any reminding, that Artie knew all about the callgirl.

"Well, so long, Artie," Kitty said, getting up from the table.

"Peace, children," Artie said, reaching for his glass.

"It's swell of you to help me out like this," Dave told the girl.

"Glad to be of service," she said.

But when they arrived at Altman's, it turned out that that afternoon, the store had closed at 5:30, so the doors were already locked.

"I must have gotten the goddamn days confused," Dave said, apologizing for dragging Kitty away from the bar.

"Maybe Artie's still in the bar. Why don't we go back?" Kitty said.

Despite his father's high opinion of Kitty's intelligence, Dave never did think she was very bright. Or maybe by suggesting they return to the bar, she was saying, "I wouldn't dare tell you I want to go back there if Artie and me were really fooling around."

Not taking any chances, Dave said, "Let me treat you to a cab home, instead."

"That's not necessary," Kitty said.

"My pleasure."

Dave headed for the curb. There, he raised his right hand, flagging down a taxi that was about to swing up Fifth Avenue.

"Thanks for the help, anyway," he told Kitty. Then he closed the cab door behind her and slipped the driver a five-dollar bill.

"See you tomorrow," she said. Was she worried he'd tell his father he'd caught her having a drink with Artie? Dave couldn't tell.

Watching the cab drive away, Dave grinned. He felt pretty good about ending an almost disastrous working day on a positive note.

"Louis, baby. Louis, baby," he mused. "You think your precious Leo would have turned pimp for you like I just did?"



"You will meet a tall, dark chest man."

together within that fraction of an inch. To get around this difficulty, the spectrum must be split up into smaller segments. Many of the new sets spread each of the several major short-wave bands across the entire width of the dial. This greatly simplifies tuning but also increases the cost.

Sensitivity to weak signals has to do with the power and complexity of a set's electronic innards. Any well-functioning short-wave radio will be able to pick up programs beamed to North America from Europe's superpower transmitters. It's when one attempts to tune in programs directed to other parts of the world or to catch less potent stations in Asia, Africa and South America that the greatest sensitivity is needed. A pertinent parallel can be found in the difference between a pair of good field glasses and a really top-notch telescope. Just as the telescope will reveal stars that the glasses won't see at all, so a highly sensitive receiver will bring in distant stations that the ordinary radio won't even detect.

Portables offer the widest range of options in the short-wave field, and they're particularly useful on vacations and weekend trips, when long-distance listening is often most appreciated. At the low end of the scale, you'll find an abundance of all-wave portables that include one or more short-wave bands in addition to medium-wave (standard-broadcast AM) and FM bands. Typical of the breed is the Sony TFM-1000WA (\$79.95), which operates on four D batteries and has two short-wave bands (2.3-6.2 and 7-18 megacycles), plus local AM and FM. As you move up in price, the number of bands increases. RCA's Landloper 77 (\$99.95) and Zenith's Royal 3000-1 (\$199.95), for example, split the short-wave spectrum into three and six bands, respectively, and include long wave (for FAA weather reports) in addition to AM and FM. Panasonic's World-Wide (\$299.95) puts a total of 11 bands on a rotating drum dial, while Nordmende's Globetraveler III (\$159.95) raises the ante to 15. At the top of the heap stands the Sony Model CRF-230 (\$695), a 23-band instrument that features the kind of power, selectivity and controls normally associated only with professional communications gear. Incidentally, all of these portables come equipped with built-in antennas and are ready to go into operation at a moment's notice.

If portability isn't essential, you might want to investigate the professional sets specifically designed for short-wave reception. These receivers are so accurately calibrated that you can dial a station's assigned frequency and be certain of finding it—an important consideration,

when you realize that short-wave signals are separated from one another by only five kilocycles and that as many as 60 transmitters may be operating simultaneously on one narrow band. The *ne plus ultra* in this league is undoubtedly the Squires-Sanders International Broadcast Receiver (\$1255), whose motor-driven tuning mechanism provides digital read-out to the nearest kilocycle on nine major short-wave bands. If you want to tune in Deutsche Welle's African relay station at Kigali in the late afternoon, just dial the SS-IBS to 15380 kilocycles and you'll pull it in. Less affluent radio globe-trotters should investigate the Hammarlund HQ-215 (\$529.50), the Drake SW-4A (\$299) and the Heathkit SB-310 (\$259, in kit form only)—all of them feature crystal-controlled calibration as well as highly sensitive circuitry.

In between the portable and the professional sets, there's a new breed of

all-wave receivers designed for installation in a component stereo setup. Most of these come from Europe, where short-wave listening is *de rigueur* for the well-informed citizen. Grundig's RTV 320 (\$259.95) and Normende's 8001-ST (\$429.95) are typical examples. Both receivers include short wave as well as the expectable AM and stereo FM, and both are notable for handsome Continental styling.

Nobody this side of Easter Island would want to depend solely on short wave for his listening pleasure. But even the man with 30 or 40 local stations at his beck will appreciate the sense of exhilaration in being able to travel across the ocean from time to time whenever domestic fare begins to pall. Whether it's a Shakespearean festival at London's Old Vic, a performance of *Hair* by the Parisian cast or streetside coverage of the Grand Prix of Monaco, it's all there at the twist of a dial.



"Ah! It's good to be home, surrounded by those who love you."

rebirth of yost

(continued from page 90)

part of this moment, to watch, and Yost felt both a familiar pride and, as the garage doors locked, relief. He got out of the limousine and followed the Armours into a waiting elevator, which rose rapidly and opened. He was on the top floor of the Armours' town house and his head was bulging with fuzzy pressure. He could hear the awful chanting of the kids, now four stories below.

"Come," Thea said. Following, Yost felt his body's compactness, as if he were standing on his own shoulders. Thea, her eyes distinctly moist, was showing him into a small, unlit bedroom. There was an uncovered bed in the middle of the room and a TV set in one corner. The other furniture had been cleared. Yost poured himself onto the bed, feeling the mattress become a mold for his body. His shoulder swelled with pain.

"Now?" said Thea. "So quickly?" She and Joseph were standing at the door.

Yost nodded.

"I'll tell the cops to chase the kids," Joseph said.

"Don't bother," Yost said hoarsely, smiling.

"Goodbye!" Thea flung herself next to the bed and was kissing his face. Yost could feel the tears sinking into his pores. Joseph had Yost's hand between his and was pressing it tightly. He shook his head again and the Armours were gone. He heard the click of the door catch. It was now dark in the room, except for blue refractions from the cop lights. The shouts of the faithful collided in his skull. They would never know. Smiling, he could not tell if his eyes were open or closed, whether he was lying across the bed or head to foot; and for a moment, he thought he was outside in

the living room with the Armours, and then he felt his head pressing into the pillow and his feet on the floor, and he was both places, trembling with delight. He lay as still as possible, letting the blood throb a last time in his hands and feet, and his heart was a tiny sphere of flesh hanging in the cave of his chest. Pain burst from his shoulder and down his arm, real beyond fear. Now was when others grabbed at pills, the phone, madness.

"Yost!"

Looking up through failing eyes, he saw the faces of the Armours. The door was open behind them and they were leaning over the bed, calling desperately to him, gesturing toward the window, the street below, and toward the TV set in the corner. He could barely make out the Armours but saw the TV flicker and the sweep of cop lights across the wall, broken by blinds. His heart hung in his chest and laughter was wedged in his throat.

"They're doing it!"

"Down there. Mothers! Pregnant kids! Saying their babies are you!"

"How will we ever know?"

"It'll look like a hoax!"

"Yost!"

On the TV screen, he saw the late news, the cops around the Armours' town house, lights in the rain, reporters, and young girls clutching their bellies or thrusting their infants at the cameras and screaming. He saw the bellies, the babies. So many former Yosts. He grinned. His soul sprang, his lungs were scalded, the laughter in his throat escaped and became a desperate meow. Hot bubbles filled his furry nose. He saw his apartment door open, his kitchen, Magdalena, kids. One of them had him by the scruff of the neck and was drowning him in the sink.



SKIING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ALPS

(continued from page 150)

lady press agent; and now some interior yeti mocks him with a vision of balance and speed. He intends to recover his carved turn and his self-respect with a no-fall, nonstop run of the Allais trail.

A good downhill racer, hitting 70 mph or more on the schusses, would clock something like three minutes for the Allais trail and he would be tired at the end. A good recreational skier (he can describe himself this way if he blots spells of incompetence from his mind) will take four times as long, expend more energy from a smaller supply and finish a good deal tireder. The virtue of the therapy is not merely self-punishment, although that is part of it. The point is that the skier, whose faults are stiffness and a tendency to clutch at shrub roots, lacks the energy to scrape for two and a half miles. There is nothing to do but let the skis run, use what ergs he has hoarded to keep speed somewhere near reason and ride loose. He reaches the lift terminal at the bottom, fluttery in the thighs but on better terms with himself, in just under ten minutes. There is no prize for this sort of performance, but the skiing has become more workmanlike, and as the skier rides up a long series of lifts, he begins to think the unthinkable.

He does it all again. The trail is dark and empty and the snow tends toward ice on the lower pitches. What develops, nevertheless, is a day nearly as good as the bright morning of powder at Zermatt. By nightfall, with time out for steak, salad and red wine, the skier has run the Allais nonstop four times.

That evening, after a long, curative dinner, he notices that the *télécabine* is running. Unwarily, he asks why. Night skiing, a friend tells him.

"I don't see the lights."

"Ah, no need for lights. There is the moon."

It would be fascinating to know what sort of policy discussion the La Plagne managers had before they decided to allow moonlight skiing. It must have gone something like, "You're mad; they'll fall off the mountain and the survivors will sue!" followed by, "It is true, but what fun. . . ." It is characteristic of this mad place that the decision was in favor of what fun.

Whatever the case, the skier is too weary to prevent himself from getting back into his clammy boots and riding up the mountain. The descent is a mixed pleasure; the moonlight is peaceful and still, but the trail is hard and bumpy and vision is too poor to ski with appropriate grace. The skier finds himself thinking of what moonlight skiing might be on the soft snow fields of the



"Damn it, how long does the grass have to be?"

Theodul glacier. Of course, he will never get the chance. "They'll sue, but what fun" does not constitute an argument in Switzerland. During the skier's second descent, the same young government *fonctionnaire* jumps 60 feet off an overhang and schusses out of sight, as before, totally out of control. Everyone cheers.

The next morning, on the way to the airport at Geneva, the skier meets Emile Allais, the great racer, who says it is too bad the skier must leave without trying La Plagne's specially prepared speed run.

"You are kind, but I am not a racer, only an ordinary skier," says the skier.

"But this is for ordinary!" says Allais with a happy smile. "The record is more than 87 miles in the hour."

On to Arlberg, and just in time. It is very Austrian, which is to say maddening, amusing and, in the end, oh-for-God's-sake enjoyable that the ski lifts at Lech am Arlberg shut for an hour at noon. A great many schillings are lost by the ski-lift corporation in this precious hour, but shutting for lunch is very important in Austria. Banks shut, stores shut, offices shut. Restaurants and police stations stay open only because of the geniality of their proprietors.

The daily transition from the active to the contemplative life is especially pleasant in Oberlech, a small salting of farm buildings and *Gasthofs* set 1000 feet up the Kriegerhorn from Lech itself. All morning, the skier has practiced large, lazy turns in the undemanding pastures of Oberlech, reassured to notice that while nearly every building is a barn at its dark end, each one evolves toward the west into a dwelling in the normal Austrian fashion and then makes one further change, so that at its sunny end, it is a hotel. When the lifts stop, the skier picks a hotel whose location will not require him to climb and aims himself toward it. He spears his skis in a snowdrift, walks to the terrace, sits facing the sun and orders goulash soup, hard rolls called *Semmeln* and beer. If he happens to have roots in New Hampshire, he may reflect, as he admires the décolletage of his waitress' dirndl, that he is sitting, in early January, at almost exactly the altitude of the weather station on Mount Washington.

All of Lech is lazy, and not only at lunch hour. This is unusual. The valley town is the center of one of the most elaborate ski circuses, or lift systems, in the world; and ordinarily, the skier would spend his day running from the Rufkopf cable-car terminus down to the Trittm lift, riding that once or twice, then descending to take the Trittmopf cable car, skiing down for lunch to Zürs, a ski town two and a half miles from



"All right, young man, you want to marry our daughter because you 'dig her bod.' Now, can you give us any other reason?"

Lech, crossing the road to the Zürsersee-lift, skiing across the Zürsersee to the Mahdlochlift, riding that to the top of the Mahdlochjoch, taking the long run to Zug, another ski town, then riding by taxi to the Kriegerhorn, ascending it by a two-lift chain and skiing down through Oberlech in time for a five-o'clock *Imbiss*, or snack. But snow continues to be scarce in the Alps and what snow has fallen already has burned or blown off the exposed south faces. The Lech-Zürs-Zug tour can be made, and so can an even more ambitious one to St. Anton, nine miles away, but it is too rocky to be a pleasure. If the foreign visitor has the Austrian knack of admiring the virtues of the situation at hand, he skis the easy runs in the sun at Oberlech, takes lunches even longer than he is obliged to and invites his soul.

After several days of this lotus-eating, however, the skier's technique begins to fuzz at the edges. The powder cure of Zermatt is unavailable at the moment and the no-fall, nonstop nonsense of La Plagne strikes the skier's now-reflective mood as arduous. Fortunately, Lech offers a magnificent cure of its own. This is to ski to town and, weight well forward to balance a pocketful of traveler's checks, begin negotiations with Martin Strolz, Lech's custom bootmaker. Strolz and Haderer of Kitzbühel produce the

best handmade ski boots in the world, and it is a moment comparable with the taking of holy orders when the barefooted skier stands first on an ink pad and then on an order blank, as Strolz himself notes any peculiarities of fetlock formation. "Are you a good skier?" asks Strolz, who won the silver medal in downhill at the world championship races in 1954. This is the winter's severest test, but the skier meets it. "Yes," he says, ignoring the giggles of the girl he has been skiing with. Strolz, impressed, suggests a synthetic boot of medium stiffness and arrangements are made for the delivery of a pair some weeks later in a heavily guarded train.

The next morning, there is time for two runs and an end to it. Time and money are used up. Mockingly, it has begun to snow. As skier and friends head back home to Salzburg, the view of the mountains is blurred. There is, perhaps, a sense of something not quite penetrated; and for a long time, no one says anything. The windshield wipers tick; the spiked tires ride quietly. The snow keeps coming. Then someone has an idea, one of the enchanted kind that enter the head perfectly formed and leave the tongue the same instant.

"Hey," he says, "how about Cortina in March?"



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PLAYBOY PANEL

(continued from page 74)

course, it did drive the traffic into Detroit and Chicago, but those cities are in states that haven't enacted strong enough laws in this area.

OTERI: I still say that marijuana is relatively harmless and should be legal—period. As for heroin—addiction is a sickness and should be treated that way, by medical men, not policemen. We should lean heavily on the heroin dealer, but we shouldn't punish the user.

ANSLINGER: Do you know what the consequence of legalizing marijuana would be? Right now, we have 30,000 deaths every year caused by drunken drivers. Make marijuana as easily available as booze and I predict that we'd see at least three times that number, around 100,000, additional deaths on our highways every year.

FORT: I'm not at all sure of that. So far, the only investigation of the effect of marijuana on driving ability, conducted by the Washington State Bureau of Motor Vehicles, indicated that, while inexperienced users are somewhat inept behind the wheel, habitual users drive safely, in marked contrast to alcohol. But as preventive medicine, one should avoid both booze and grass while driving, I'd say.

ANSLINGER: That test is very unconvincing. All the experiments were done in a laboratory with simulated driving conditions and they didn't actually take any of the subjects out on the road. Police chiefs in Africa have repeatedly told me that the hashish-smoking driver is the worst possible risk behind the wheel, because of the distortion of distance and time associated with Cannabis drugs. I'm convinced that legalizing pot will produce carnage on our highways even worse than a second Vietnam.

OTERI: I hope you'll permit me to trust the laboratory test more than the opinions of your police-chief friends. I also want to say how pleased I am that even you, a few moments ago, agreed that penalties for possession should be lowered. That statement and the Nixon program, unsatisfactory as both are, represent real victories for our side. When I first got involved in this fight, back in 1967, Dr. Fort was virtually the only professional in the country attacking this law, and many of my colleagues thought I had gone crazy. Now everybody—from Margaret Mead to Government officials such as Mr. Finlator and Dr. Stanley Yolles of the National Institute of Mental Health—is speaking out against the harshness of our present pot laws. Nixon's proposals merely register the fact that this change of opinion is being felt in Washington. I stick to my prediction: When the dust settles, Congress will give up entirely on trying to prosecute people for simple possession. I also think, even-

tually, that small dealers will be left alone. The average sale doesn't involve some big-time mafioso dealing in 100-pound loads; it's just some college kid selling half an ounce to a friend. I find it absurd to set the penalty in such a case at the same level as the penalty for a gangster who smuggles heroin across the border.

WATTS: Possession of any drug shouldn't be a crime, and I hope Congress will realize this. The effect of making simple possession into a felony is that I can get rid of any business rival or any neighbor I dislike merely by planting something on him and then making an anonymous phone call to the police. That is Kafkaesque. The law should state clearly that nobody can be prosecuted for what is found on his person or in his home, unless there is clear-cut evidence that he was about to sell it. Speaking pragmatically, I also think that legalization of possession is in the wind because the cigarette companies are sure to recognize the commercial possibilities and put their lobbyists to work. As for other drugs, I'm sure the Government will continue severe restrictions on heroin, amphetamines and LSD. But as far as LSD is concerned, such laws will do no good, since acid is completely odorless, colorless, tasteless and generally undetectable. The laws will merely escalate black-market operations, putting more bad acid into circulation and creating more bad trips. Young people will go on taking it, anyway, despite these risks. What I personally would advise is allowing Sandoz Laboratories, where LSD was created, to sell it to psychedelic institutes, where it would be researched and administered by properly trained physicians.

COBURN: I don't even know whether LSD should be in the hands of doctors. But maybe that would be an intermediate step. Eventually, the policies for psychedelics should be controlled by a panel of educated citizens, including artists as well as lawyers and scientists.

FORT: I'm much more pessimistic than the rest of the panel. I think the new pattern of drug laws will give the appearance of greater rationality than those we now have on the books, but this will be illusory. Specifically, I think the penalties for use of marijuana will decrease, but then, later in the Seventies, perhaps increase again. This will be because marijuana will be incorrectly reclassified as a hallucinogen rather than a narcotic, and, due to the sensationalism of certain politicians and the press, the word hallucinogen is going to become as loaded with demonological connotations as narcotic ever was. But use will increase, leading to an informal policy like our present practice toward illegal booze in the hands of teenagers: selective and hypocritical partial nonenforcement of the law. Meanwhile, and most distressing

of all, the two drugs most widely abused and most harmful to the American people as a whole—alcohol and tobacco—will continue to be ignored.

RAM DASS: Whatever Congress says, people will use what they want—but I think LSD is making itself obsolete. All acid does is show you the possibility of another type of consciousness and give you hope. But your own impurities keep bringing you down. It's a yo-yo phenomenon—getting high and coming down. After a while, you dig that if you want to *stay* high, you have to work on yourself. Also, the LSD values are coming to us now through rock music and TV; a 13-year-old can get high and see through the illusions of space and time without even taking acid. LSD isn't necessary anymore.

BURROUGHS: If society really wants to curtail drug use, it must alter the conditions that give rise to it. The plain fact is that modern urban life is virtually intolerable. But Ram Dass is pointing up what I suggested earlier: that anything that can be done chemically can be done in other ways. You don't need drugs to get high. Academies should be established for young people—academies teaching Zen, yoga, karate and nonchemical turn-ons such as sensory withdrawal, control of brain waves and stroboscopic lights. I would also urge the use of tape recorders to make people aware of their verbal-association lines, to break free of word magic. Techniques now being used for control of thought could be used, instead, for liberation. Insight could be obtained into the nature of human speech and words turned again into usable tools, instead of instruments of opinion control, once labels and objects are no longer confused with each other. Students would be conditioned to look at the facts before formulating any verbal pattern. This program is essentially a disintoxication from inner fear and inner control, a liberation of thought and energy to prepare a new generation for the adventure of space. With such possibilities open to them, I doubt if many young people would want dangerous drugs like cocaine, amphetamines, opiates and barbiturates.

COBURN: They won't reject psychedelics, though. Man will always want to explore inner space as well as outer space.

BURROUGHS: To explore inner space, I think, is to explore outer space.

COBURN: Exactly. Psychedelics bring to consciousness something that is real. The societal changes that have taken place in recent years—such as the popular uprising against the Vietnam war, for example—were astounding and beautiful and related in some way to psychedelics. If the Government started practicing what it preached, it would eliminate a lot of the negative vibrations being felt by the young people who now want to drop out. They feel it is necessary to form a



"How's this? 'Two young bachelors marooned on tropical island, longitude and latitude approximately one hundred fifty-two degrees west by sixteen degrees south, desire company of two young women. Swingers only need reply. Photos not necessary.'"

new union, maybe a religiously inspired tribe of some kind aimed at some sort of self-evolving school that will teach us how to be more human and less animal. The drug revolution, like the social revolution, isn't over.

FORT: I admit we must expect an ever-increasing spiral of greater drug use, including newly synthesized drugs. This will be true as long as the many social and psychological reasons for drug usage remain unchanged. The widespread use of marijuana by Peace Corps volunteers and GIs, both in this country and abroad, is even more symptomatic than use by the civilian public. Most Americans beyond childhood are alienated from their work, their family and society; are underemployed or unemployed; find school, jobs or even leisure-time pursuits boring and meaningless; and many of our institutions and official leaders are outmoded and incapable of responding to the modern world. The increasing use of pot by our soldiers in Vietnam is a measure of their disillusionment with our leaders. Ronald Lee Ridenhour, the soldier who exposed the Pinkville massacre, has revealed that use of Benzedrine and even morphine is also on the rise among our troops there. Other reports indicate that

heavy alcohol abuse is also occurring, and home-brew booze can be found in most platoons. The same feeling of being betrayed—and the same resort to any drug in sight—will continue, in the Army and out, as long as we have a crisis of mediocrity and senility pervading our bureaucratic-political process. The only question is: Will we become a civilized nation with rational and humane priorities or will we continue the punitive approach that has failed so miserably in the past? The choice is ours; and the decision is an urgent one.

PLAYBOY: If it were possible to summarize a consensus of the views expressed during this discussion, it might be possible to draw some conclusions and make some predictions; but the clear-cut absence of such a convergence suggests that the issues are as clouded as the future of drugs and of drug legislation. But even if agreement has not been reached, you have all performed a public service by taking the time to debate the problems and prospects confronting us, as you see them. This, in itself, must be a step toward clarification and toward wiser public policies. Thank you, gentlemen.



FUTURE SHOCK *(continued from page 98)*

the 1939-1959 period—including the electric frying pan, television and the washer-dryer combination—the span was only eight years. The lag had shrunk by more than 76 percent.

The stepped-up pace of invention, exploitation and diffusion, in turn, accelerates the whole cycle even further. For new machines or techniques are not merely a product, but a source, of fresh creative ideas. Each new machine or technique, in a sense, changes all existing machines and techniques, by permitting us to put them together into new combinations. The number of possible combinations rises exponentially as the number of new machines or techniques rises arithmetically. Indeed, each new combination may, itself, be regarded as a new super-machine. The computer, for example, made possible a sophisticated space effort. Linked with sensing devices, communications equipment and power sources, the computer became part of a configuration that, in aggregate, forms a single new super-machine—a machine for reaching into and probing outer space. But for

machines or techniques to be combined in new ways, they have to be altered, adapted, refined or otherwise changed. So that the very effort to integrate machines into supermachines compels us to make still further technological innovations.

It is vital to understand, moreover, that technological innovation does not merely combine and recombine machines and techniques. Important new machines do more than suggest or compel changes in other machines—they suggest novel solutions to social, philosophical, even personal problems. They alter man's total intellectual environment, the way he thinks and looks at the world. We all learn from our environment, scanning it constantly—though perhaps unconsciously—for models to emulate. These models are not only other people. They are, increasingly, machines. By their presence, we are subtly conditioned to think along certain lines. It has been observed, for example, that the clock came along before the Newtonian image of the world as a great clocklike mechanism, a philosoph-

ical notion that has had the utmost impact on man's intellectual development. Implied in this image of the cosmos as a great clock were ideas about cause and effect and about the importance of external, as against internal, stimuli that shape the everyday behavior of all of us today. The clock also affected our conception of time, so that the idea that a day is divided into 24 equal segments of 60 minutes each has become almost literally a part of us.

Recently, the computer has touched off a storm of fresh ideas about man as an interacting part of larger systems, about his physiology, the way he learns, the way he remembers, the way he makes decisions. Virtually every intellectual discipline, from political science to family psychology, has been hit by a wave of imaginative hypotheses triggered by the invention and diffusion of the computer—and its full impact has not yet struck. And so the innovative cycle, feeding on itself, speeds up.

If technology, however, is to be regarded as a great engine, a mighty accelerator, then knowledge must be regarded as its fuel. And we thus come to the crux of the accelerative process in society. For the engine is being fed a richer and richer fuel every day.

The rate at which man has been storing up useful knowledge about himself and the universe has been spiraling upward for 10,000 years. That rate took a sharp leap with the invention of writing; but even so, it remained painfully slow over centuries of time. The next great leap in knowledge acquisition did not occur until the invention of movable type in the 15th Century by Gutenberg and others. Prior to 1500, by the most optimistic estimates, Europe was producing books at a rate of 1000 titles per year. This means that it would take a full century to produce a library of 100,000 titles. By 1950, four and a half centuries later, the rate had accelerated so sharply that Europe was producing 120,000 titles a year. What once took a century now took only ten months. By 1960, a single decade later, that awesome rate of publication had made another significant jump, so that a century's work could be completed in seven and a half months. And by the mid-Sixties, the output of books on a world scale approached the prodigious figure of 1000 titles per day.

One can hardly argue that every book is a net gain for the advancement of knowledge, but we find that the accelerative curve in book publication does, in fact, roughly parallel the rate at which man has discovered new knowledge. Prior to Gutenberg, for example, only 11 chemical elements were known. Antimony, the 12th, was discovered about the time he was working on the printing press. It had been fully 200 years since the 11th, arsenic, had been discovered. Had the same rate of discovery continued, we



"A girl like you shouldn't be hustling in a joint like this. You ought to become a callgirl."

would by now have added only two or three additional elements to the periodic table since Gutenberg. Instead, in the 500 years after his time, 73 additional elements were discovered. And since 1900, we have been isolating the remaining elements at a rate not of one every two centuries but of one every three years.

Furthermore, there is reason to believe that the rate is still rising sharply. The number of scientific journals and articles and the number of known chemical compounds are both doubling about every 15 years, like industrial production in the advanced countries. The doubling time for the number of asteroids known, the literature on non-Euclidean geometry, on experimental psychology and on the theory of determinants is only ten years. According to biochemist Philip Siekevitz, "What has been learned in the last three decades about the nature of living beings dwarfs in extent of knowledge any comparable period of scientific discovery in the history of mankind." The U. S. Government alone generates over 300,000 reports each year, plus 450,000 articles, books and papers. On a world-wide basis, scientific and technical literature mounts at a rate of some 60,000,000 pages a year.

The computer burst upon the scene around 1950. With its unprecedented power for analysis and dissemination of extremely varied kinds of data in unbelievable quantities and at mind-staggering speeds, it has become a major force behind the latest acceleration in knowledge acquisition. Combined with other increasingly powerful analytical tools for observing the invisible universe around us, it has raised the rate of knowledge acquisition to dumfounding speeds.

Francis Bacon told us that knowledge is power. This can now be translated into contemporary terms. In our social setting, knowledge is change—and accelerating knowledge acquisition, fueling the great engine of technology, means accelerating change.

Discovery. Application. Impact. Discovery. We see here a chain reaction of change, a long, sharply rising curve of acceleration in human social development. This accelerative thrust has now reached a level at which it can no longer, by any stretch of the imagination, be regarded as "normal." The established institutions of industrial society can no longer contain it, and its impact is shaking up all our social institutions. Acceleration is one of the most important and least understood of all social forces.

This, however, is only half the story. For the speed-up of change is more than a social force. It is a *psychological* force as well. Although it has been almost totally ignored by psychologists and psychiatrists, the rising rate of change in the world around us disturbs our inner equilibrium, alters the very way in which we



"They allow me violence, but they won't allow me sex."

experience life. The pace of life is speeding up.

Most of us, without stopping to think too deeply about it, sense this quickening of the pace of events. For it is not just a matter of explosive headlines, world crises and distant technological triumphs. The new pace of change penetrates our personal lives as well. No matter where we are, even the *sounds* of change are there. Cranes and concrete mixers keep up an angry clatter on the Champs Elysées and on Connecticut Avenue. I happen to live in mid-Manhattan, where the noise level created by traffic and the incessant jackhammering is virtually intolerable. Recently, to escape the frenetic pace of New York and do some writing, I flew to a remote beach in Venezuela. At the crack of dawn on the first morning after arrival, I was awakened by the familiar sound of a jackhammer: The hotel was building an addition.

Other symptoms of change abound. In a 17th Century convent in a suburb of Paris, I walked through a long, sun-dappled cloister, up several flights of rickety wooden stairs, in a mood of silent reverie—until I turned a corner and found the man I had come to see: a Berkeley-trained operations researcher with a desktop computer, busy studying long-range change in the French education system and economy. In Amsterdam and Rotterdam, streets built only five years ago are already ridiculously narrow; no one anticipated the rapidity with which automobiles would proliferate. As I can attest from unpleasant personal experience, change is also present in the form of bumper-to-boot traffic hang-ups on Stockholm's once-peaceful Strandvägen. And in Japan, the pace is so swift that an

American economist says wryly: "Stepping off a plane in San Francisco after arriving from Tokyo gives one the feeling of having returned to the 'unchanging West.'"

In Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter-Point*, Lucy Tantamount declared that "Living modernly is living quickly." She should have been here now. Eating, once a leisurely semisocial affair, has become for millions a gulp-and-go proposition, and an enormous "fast-food" industry has arisen to purvey doughnuts, hamburgers, French fries, milk shakes, *tacos* and hot dogs, not to mention machine-vended hot soup, sandwiches, packaged pies and a variety of other quasi-edibles intended to be downed in a hurry. The critic Russell Lynes once attended a convention of fast-food executives. "I am not quite sure," he wrote, "whether the fast-food industry gets its name from the speed with which the food is prepared, served and eaten, or, on the other hand, from the fact that it is consumed by feeders of all ages on the run and, quite literally, on the wing." It was significant, he observed, that the convention was jointly held with a group of motelkeepers, whose prime passion in life is to keep the rest of us moving around.

As the pace accelerates, we seem to be always en route, never at our destination. The search for a place to stop, at least temporarily, is unwittingly symbolized by our increasingly hectic pursuit of that vanishing commodity—a parking place. As the number of autos grows and the number of places diminishes, so, too, does the allowable parking time. In New York and other major cities, what used to be one-hour meters have been converted to half-hour or 15-minute meters. The world awaits that crowning innovation: the

30-second parking slot. On the other hand, we may be bypassing that stage altogether by simply multiplying those disquieting signs that say NO STANDING.

Unconsciously, through exposure to a thousand such situations, we are conditioned to move faster, to interact more rapidly with other people, to expect things to happen sooner. When they don't, we are upset. Thus, economist W. Allan Beckett of Toronto recently testified before the Canadian Transport Commission that the country needed faster telephone service. Sophisticated young people, he declared, would not be willing to wait six seconds for a dial tone if it were technically possible to provide it in three.

. . .

Much of this might sound like subjective grousing based on impressionistic evidence—except that such facts fall into a rigorously definable, scientifically verifiable and historically significant pattern. They add up to a powerful trend toward transience in the culture; and unless this is understood, we cannot make sense of the contemporary world. Indeed, trying to comprehend the politics, economics, art or psychology of the present—let alone of the future—without the concept of transience is as futile as trying to write the history of the Middle Ages without mentioning religion.

If acceleration has become a primal social force in our time, transience, its cultural concomitant, has become a pri-

mal psychological force. The speed-up of change introduces a shaky sense of impermanence into our lives, a quality of transience that will grow more and more intense in the years ahead. Change is now occurring so rapidly that things, places, people, organizations, ideas all pass through our lives at a faster clip than ever before. Each individual's relationships with the world outside himself become foreshortened, compressed. They become transient. The throwaway product, the nonreturnable bottle, the paper dress, the modular building, the temporary structure, the portable playground, the inflatable command post are all examples of *things* designed for short-term, transient purposes, and they require a whole new set of psychological responses from man. In slower-moving societies, man's relationships were more durable. The farmer bought a mule or a horse, worked it for years, then put it out to pasture. The relationship between man and beast spanned a great many years. Industrial-era man bought a car, instead, and kept it for several years. Superindustrial man, living at the new accelerated pace, generally keeps his car a shorter period before turning it in for a new one, and some never buy a car at all, preferring the even shorter-term relationships made possible by leases and rentals.

Our links with *place* are also growing more transient. It is not simply that more of us travel more than ever before, by car, by jet and by boat, but more of us

actually change our place of residence as well. In the United States each year, some 36,000,000 people change homes. This migration dwarfs all historical precedent, including the surge of the Mongol hordes across the Asian steppes. It also detonates a host of "micro-changes" in the society, contributing to the sense of transience and uncertainty. Example: Of the 885,000 listings in the Washington, D. C., telephone book in 1969, over half were different from the year before. Under the impact of this highly accelerated nomadism, all sorts of once-durable ties are cut short. Nothing stays put—especially us.

Most of us today meet more people in the course of a few months than a feudal serf did in his lifetime. This implies a faster *turnover* of people in our lives and, correspondingly, shorter-term relationships. We make and break ties with people at a pace that would have astonished our ancestors. This raises all kinds of profound questions about personal commitment and involvement, the quality of friendship, the ability of humans to communicate with one another, the function of education, even of sex, in the future. Yet this extremely significant shift from longer to shorter interpersonal ties is only part of the larger, more encompassing movement toward high-transience society.

This movement can also be illustrated by changes in our great corporations and bureaucracies. Just as we have begun to make temporary products, we are also creating temporary *organizations*. This explains the incredible proliferation of *ad hoc* committees, task forces and project teams. Every large bureaucracy today is increasingly honeycombed with such transient organizational cells that require, among other things, that people migrate from department to department, and from task to task, at ever faster rates. We see, in most large organizations, a frenetic, restless shuffling of people. The rise of temporary organizations may spell the death of traditional bureaucracy. It points toward a new type of organization in the future—one I call Ad-Hocracy. At the same time, it intensifies, or hastens, the foreshortening of human ties.

Finally, the powerful push toward a society based on transience can be seen in the impermanence of knowledge—the accelerating pace at which scientific notions, political ideologies, values and life-organizing concepts are turning over. This is, in part, based on the heavier loads of information transmitted to us by the communications media. In the U.S. today, the median time spent by adults reading newspapers is 52 minutes per day. The same person who commits nearly an hour to the newspaper also spends some time reading other things as well—magazines, books, signs, billboards, recipes, instructions, etc. Surrounded by



"Thank you again, sir. . . . Now, will you go on with your order!"

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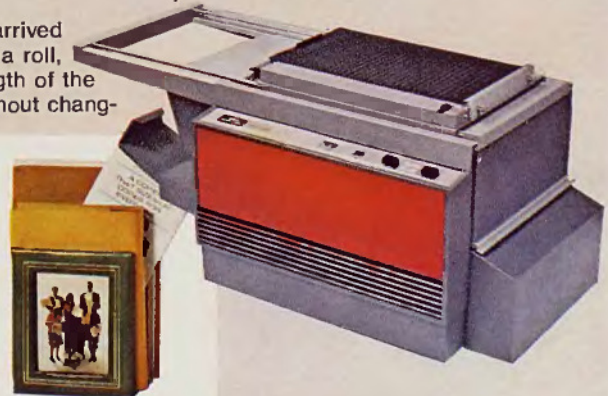
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print, he "ingests" between 10,000 and 20,000 edited words per day of the several times that many to which he is exposed. The same person also probably spends an hour and a quarter per day listening to the radio—more if he owns an FM set. If he listens to news, commercials, commentary or other such programs, he will, during this period, hear about 11,000 preprocessed words. He also spends several hours watching television—add another 10,000 words or so, plus a sequence of carefully arranged, highly purposive visuals.

Nothing, indeed, is quite so purposive as advertising, and the average American adult today is assaulted by a minimum of 560 advertising messages each day. The verbal and visual bombardment of advertising is so great that of the 560 to which he is exposed, he notices only 76. In effect, he blocks out 484 advertising messages a day to preserve his attention for other matters. All this represents the press of engineered messages against his nervous system, and the pressure is rising, for there is evidence that we are today tampering with our communications machinery in an effort to transmit even richer image-producing messages at an even faster rate. Communications people, artists and others are consciously working to make each instant of exposure to the mass media carry a heavier informational and emotional freight.

In this maelstrom of information, the certainties of last night become the ludicrous nonsense of this morning and the individual is forced to learn and relearn, to organize and reorganize the images that help him comprehend reality and function in it. The trend toward telescoped ties with things, places, people and organizations is matched by an accelerated turnover of information.

What emerges, therefore, are two interlinked trends, two driving forces of history: first, the acceleration of change itself; and, second, its cultural and psychological concomitant, transience. Together, they create a new ephemeralized environment for man—a high-transience society. Fascinating, febrile but, above all, fast, this society is racing toward future shock.

One of the astonishing, as-yet-unpublished findings of medical research, for example, bears directly on the link-up between change and illness. Research conducted at the University of Washington Medical School, at the U. S. Navy Neuropsychiatric Unit at San Diego, as well as in Japan, Europe and elsewhere, documents the disturbing fact that individuals who experience a great deal of change in their lives are more prone to illness—and the more radical and swift the changes, the more serious the illness. These studies suggest strongly that we cannot increase the rate at which we make and break our relationships with the environment without producing

marked physiological changes in the human animal.

This is, of course, no argument against change. "There are worse things than illness," Dr. Thomas Holmes, a leader in life-change research, reminds us, dryly. Yet the notion that change can be endlessly accelerated without harm to the individual is sharply challenged by the work of Holmes and many others. There are distinct limits to the speed with which man can respond to environmental change.

These limits, moreover, are psychological as well as physiological. The neural and hormonal responses touched off in the human body when it is forced to adapt to change may well be accompanied by a deterioration of mental functioning as well. Research findings in experimental psychology, in communications theory, in management science, in human-factors engineering and in space biology all point to the conclusion that man's ability to make sound decisions—to adapt—collapses when the rate at which he must make them is too fast. Whether driving a car, steering a space capsule or solving intellectual problems, we operate most efficiently within a certain range of response speeds. When we are insufficiently stimulated by change, we grow bored and our performance deteriorates. But, by the same token, when the rate of responses demanded of us becomes too high, we also break down.

Thus we see people who, living in the midst of the most turbulent change, blindly deny its existence. We meet the world-weary executive who smiles patronizingly at his son and mouths nonsense to the effect that nothing ever really changes. Such people derive comfort from the misleading notions that history repeats itself or that young people were always rebellious. Focusing attention exclusively on the continuities in experience, they desperately attempt to block out evidence of discontinuities, in the unconscious hope that they will therefore not have to deal with them. Yet change, roaring through the social order, inevitably overtakes even those who blind themselves to it. Censoring reality, blocking out important warning signals from the environment, the deniers set themselves up for massive maladaptation, virtually guaranteeing that when change catches up with them, it will come not in small and manageable steps but in the form of a single overwhelming crisis.

Others respond to future shock by burrowing into a specialty—a job, a hobby, a social role—and ignoring everything else. We find the electronics engineer who tries manfully to keep in touch with the latest work in his field. But the more world strife there is, the more outbreaks there are in the ghetto, the more campuses erupt into violence, the more compulsively he focuses on servomechanisms and integrated circuits. Suffering from tunnel vision, monitoring an extremely narrow slice of reality, he becomes masterful at coping with a tightly limited range of life situations—but hopeless at everything else. Any sudden shift of the external environment poses for him the threat of total disorientation.

Yet another response to future shock is reversion to previously successful behavioral programs that are now irrelevant. The reversionist clicks back into an old routine and clings to it with dogmatic desperation. The more change whirls around him, the more blindly he attempts to apply the old action patterns and ideologies. The Barry Goldwaters and George Wallaces of the world appeal to his quivering gut through the politics of nostalgia. Police maintained order in the past; hence, to maintain order, we need only supply more police. Authoritarian treatment of children worked in the past; hence, the troubles of the present spring from permissiveness. The middle-aged, right-wing reversionist yearns for the simple, ordered society of the small town—the slow-paced social environment in which his old routines were appropriate. Instead of adapting to the new, he continues automatically to apply the old solutions, growing more and more divorced from reality as he does so.

If the older reversionist dreams of reinstating a small-town past, the youthful, left-wing reversionist dreams of reviving an even older social system. This accounts for some of the fascination with rural communes, the bucolic romanticism that fills the posters and poetry of the hippie and post-hippie subcultures, the deification of Ché Guevara (identified with mountains and jungles, not with urban or post-urban environments), the exaggerated veneration of pretechnological societies and the exaggerated contempt for science and technology. The left reversionist hands out anachronistic Marxist and Freudian clichés as knee-jerk answers for the problems of tomorrow.

Finally, there is the future-shock victim who attempts to cope with the explosion of information, the pulsing waves of data, the novelty and change in the environment, by reducing everything to a single neat equation. Complexity terrifies him. The world slips from control when it is too complex. This helps explain the intellectual faddism that seizes on a McLuhan or a Marcuse or a Maharishi to explain all the problems of past, present and future. Upset by the untidiness of reality, the supersimplifier attempts to force it into an overneat set of dogmas. He then invests these with tremendous emotional force and clings to them with total conviction—until the next new world-explaining concept is merchandised by the media.

In the field of action and activism, the passionate pursuit of the supersimple

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



LUNCHEON ON THE GRASS By *Jim Beaman*

leads to supersimple solutions—such as violence. For the older generation and the political establishment, police truncheons and military bayonets loom as attractive remedies, a way to end dissent once and for all. The vigilantes of the right and the brick-throwing cults of the left, overwhelmed by the onrushing complexities of change, employ violence to narrow their options and clarify their lives. Terrorism substitutes for thought.

These all-too-familiar forms of behavior can be seen as modes of response to future shock. They are the ways used by the future-shock victim to get through the thickening tangle of personal and social problems that seem to hit him with ever-increasing force and velocity. To the information scientist, these four responses—blocking-out, overspecialization, reversion and supersimplification—are instantly recognizable, for they are classical ways of coping with overload. But classical or not, these tactics, pushed beyond a reasonable point, flower into full-blown pathology, endangering not merely the individual who employs them but the people around him as well.

Asked to adapt too rapidly, increasing numbers of us grow confused, bewildered, irritable and irrational. Sometimes we throw a tantrum, lashing out against friends or family or committing acts of senseless violence. Pressured too hard, we fall into profound lethargy—the same lethargy exhibited by battle-shocked soldiers or by change-hassled young people who, even without the dubious aid of drugs, all too often seem stoned and apathetic. This is the hidden meaning of the dropout syndrome, the stop-the-world-

I-want-to-get-off attitude, the search for tranquility or nirvana in a host of moldy mystical ideas. Such philosophies are dredged up to provide intellectual justification for an apathy that is essentially unhealthy and anti-adaptive, and that is often a symptom not of intellectual profundity but of future shock.

For future shock is what happens to men when they are pushed beyond their adaptive tolerances. It is the inevitable and crushing consequence of a society that is running too fast for its own good—without even having a clear picture of where it wants to go.

Change is good. Change is life itself. The justifications for radical changes in world society are more than ample. The ghetto, the campus, the deepening misery in the Third World all cry out for rapid change. But every time we accelerate a change, we need to take into account the effect it has on human capability. Just as we need to accelerate some changes, we need to decelerate others. We need to design "future-shock absorbers" into the very fabric of the emergent society. If we don't, if we simply assume that man's capacity for change is infinite, we are likely to suffer a rude awakening in the form of massive adaptive breakdown. We shall become the world's first future-shocked society.

Next month, in the concluding article of this series, Mr. Toffler discusses the kinds of future-shock absorbers that we can build into our personal lives and into the social structure to enhance our ability to cope with high-speed change.



PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 49)

sex is probably the only realm of behavior in which people in most countries seem to feel that ignorance is the best preparation for intelligent action.

Sex education has been given in Swedish schools for 20 years, and was made obligatory in 1956. No other country in the world has obligatory sex education. The handbook of instructions for teachers states that instruction is to begin in first grade.

A revised version of this handbook, last reprinted in 1964, is now being written, since sex educators have criticized it; for while the book recognizes sexual life as a vital factor both for the individual and society, it "takes a moralizing attitude, does not recognize premarital sex, and supplies inadequate information about where to turn for advice on contraceptive techniques and problems."

Greater financial independence for women, and the widely used pill, have led to greater psychological and sexual independence. But the international cliché that Swedish girls are dumb blonde pushovers is, of course, a grave mistake, and has proven a costly one for many a bitter tourist.

Swedish girls on the whole are highly intelligent and exceedingly aware of what they want and do not want out of life. They are neither more nor less sexually active here than anywhere else, they are simply less furtive about it. The American system of dating, of "playing the field," and of trying to be "popular" seems foreign and slightly immoral to them. They prefer to find a boy they like and stick with him, perhaps sleep with him, as long as the relationship is good, and, as several surveys have shown, they put faithfulness before formalities. Both Swedish boys and girls tend to marry at a later age than in Anglo-Saxon countries—the mid-20s.

Sex educators in Sweden do not condemn pornography, but see it as a safety valve, an outlet for a backlog of suppressed feelings that have been dammed up for generations. The best customers for pornographic magazines, which are sold on newsstands, are mainly men and women over 40.

While sex educators are not wholly positive to more commercial enterprises that exploit the public interest in eroticism—and particularly those that exploit women as mere objects—they are unanimously against censorship. They believe that though this sort of interest will



"You're a nice man to visit, Brian, but I wouldn't want to live with you."

gradually fade, there will always be a certain need for pornography, just as there always has in the past, for very young or old or isolated members of society, and for the physically or psychologically handicapped, who find it difficult for one reason or another to find a partner for other forms of outlet.

Some young people go so far as to claim that the more people's feelings find sensual release, the less will be their need to express them in sublimated acts like violence and war.

Ruth Link, Assistant Editor
Sweden Now
Stockholm, Sweden

SEXUAL IDENTITY AND PATHOLOGY

The Yolngu are an aboriginal people inhabiting Arnhem Land, an isolated region in the Northern Territory of Australia. Because they condone occasional free sexual play among their small children, I recently conducted a study of a group of Yolngu to investigate the possible effects of this culture's permissive child-rearing practices on the adult sense of gender identification. This would be reflected in the incidence of homosexuality and other sexual deviations. By way of thanking the Playboy Foundation for its assistance in this project, I include a brief narrative summary of the more im-

portant findings, which may be of interest to your readers.

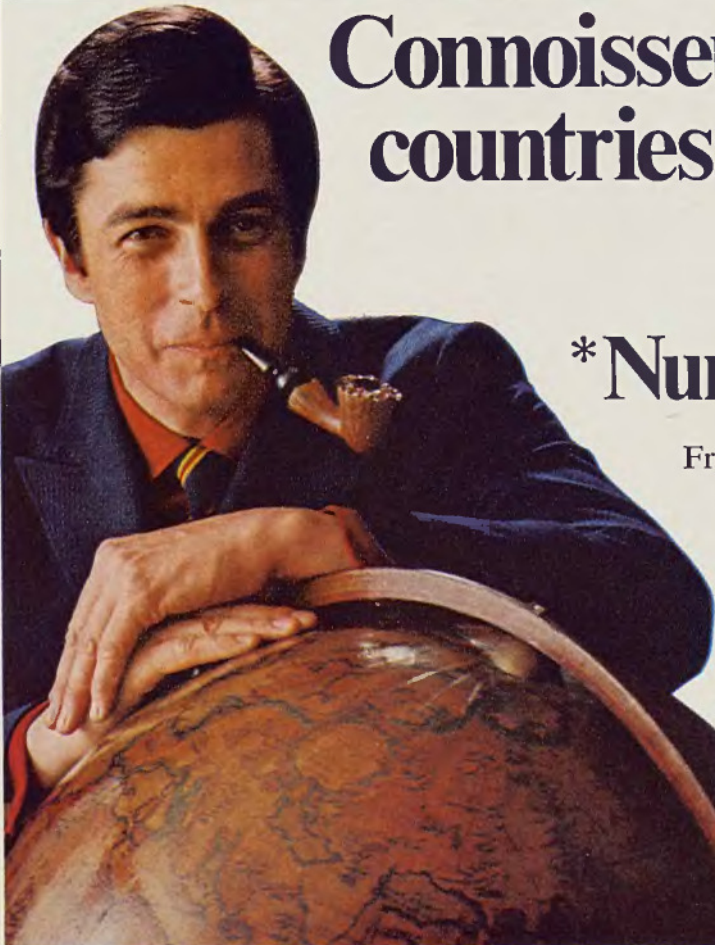
Young Yolngu children may casually play at sex and incorporate it into their other play activities. In the Yolngu version of "playing house," for example, the acting out of the roles of father and mother may include simulated copulation. If the playmates are both girls, the child playing the father simulates the coital motions of a male, sometimes using a finger or a stick as a penis. This form of play appears less common, however, when both playmates are boys, as they are less inclined to assume the female role.

Small Yolngu children receive no formal sexual training from parents, who, moreover, confine their own sexual relations to occasions of privacy. The Yolngu child's knowledge of sex roles and motions is apparently acquired in the manner of traditional childhood lore—from slightly older children, by example, or by observing (either inadvertently or surreptitiously) sexual relations between parents or other older couples. In any case, such sexual play among small children is regarded as natural and normal until age eight or nine, when male children are approaching the time of their ritual circumcision and girls are being taught the social roles they will assume when they reach puberty and adulthood. It is by this point—middle or late childhood—that public and casual sexplay have become restricted and young-


sters must conform to Yolngu codes pertaining to serious courtship, marriage and the avoidance of members of certain other totemic groups. Yolngu marriage involves a complicated system of totemic relationships that dictate the choice of partners, sometimes committing a female child to a much older man who may already have several wives, and sometimes denying a young man a wife due to prior commitments of those girls who would otherwise be eligible to him.

Because this system and its polygamy no longer serve their original function of tribal survival under harsh, nomadic conditions, the aboriginal marriage system today is a common source of unhappiness, particularly among Yolngu women. Where a marriage is determined by tribal fiat, the result may be a perfunctory and emotionally unfulfilling relationship that leads to problems of frigidity, despair at continually bearing children, or self-imposed celibacy.

Despite the personal, emotional, sexual and social problems prevalent in the changing Yolngu culture, neither the male nor female Yolngu appeared to exhibit any of the more conspicuous sexual pathologies or deviations common in our culture. Homosexuality, Lesbianism, transvestism, fetishism and preferences for other unusual sex practices were undetectable and apparently nonexistent. This, considered in the context of other



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observations, suggests that the absence of sexual restraints and inhibitions during their formative years permits the Yolngu to develop a sense of gender identity—a sense of maleness or femaleness—strong enough to withstand the sometimes severe emotional and social conflicts encountered in adult life and caused by rigid but increasingly obsolescent tribal customs pertaining to courtship and marriage.

John Money, Ph.D.

Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Maryland

Dr. Money is associate professor of medical psychology and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. One of this country's foremost authorities on the psychology of sex, he has written numerous books and papers on human sexual development and related topics.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

The lady from Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania, who believes that if her husband swings, she should swing, too (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969), makes her marriage sound like a playground sandbox fight. Her contention that after six years of "a fine marriage," her husband "suddenly became a so-called swinger" is absurd. No one can make me believe that a man who is happy with his wife one day will suddenly find her uninteresting the next. There was probably plenty happening—or not happening—during those six years that would have tipped off any alert, sensitive woman to the fact that her marriage was headed for trouble.

To make matters worse, having failed to recognize the problem until it became obvious and disastrous, this lady decided to solve it by becoming a problem herself. Now that both husband and wife are having outside affairs—and heaven only knows what is happening emotionally to the children—she smugly declares, "Our marriage has matured." Simpletons such as this make me ill.

Mrs. Judy Poole

Lafayette, Louisiana

LOVE AND PROMISCUITY

I find it regrettable that many commentators on modern sexual morality tend to set up a dichotomy between love and promiscuity, with one being good and the other bad. In *The Harvard Experiment*, author Robert Rimmer says that love is not exclusive, meaning that it is entirely possible (and not unnatural) for one human being to sincerely love two or more human beings simultaneously on a basis as intimate as that on which enduring relationships and marriages are built. This love can be expressed physically. If this is true, then going to bed with a number of people need not imply total irresponsibility, as latter-day moralists suggest.

Andrew C. Higgins

Andros Island, Bahamas

READY TO SWAP

In the November 1969 *Playboy Forum*, a Wichita wife asked PLAYBOY readers what they thought of mate swapping. I feel that if she is enjoying herself, she should disregard others' opinions.

My wife and I have frequently discussed swapping; sometimes, she is emphatically opposed, yet, at other times, she says she could conceive of doing it under the right circumstances—for instance, if she had a few drinks at a party and could swap spontaneously, rather than by preplanned arrangement.

We are a lively couple and we've enjoyed the parties we've attended. On such occasions, I have engaged in sexplay with some of the women present and my wife has similarly indulged with various men. We've danced in the nude with other men and women, taken pictures of an erotic nature with other couples and have otherwise gotten our feet wet, as it were. As yet, however, no one has asked us to jump into the pool.

If mate swapping is as common as the press makes it appear to be, I can't understand why we haven't been approached at some of these parties. I would enjoy doing it and I suspect that my wife could also take to it. And I say to the lady in Wichita, "Right on!"

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

MONOGAMY AND TABOO

The woman from Wichita, whose letter in the November 1969 *Playboy Forum* asked for reader reaction to mate swapping, posed the question, "When both partners consent, is adultery immoral?"

In my book *Sex Is for Giving*, published by Elysium, I state that questions of sexual morality are clearly relative. While swinging (the term preferred by married couples who participate in social sexual activities) may be contrary to Christian morality, such behavior is obviously in keeping with the swinger's morality. Moreover, a person who considers swinging to be wholly ethical may conceivably consider celibacy to be immoral—based upon the belief that celibacy is potentially destructive to the individual. Secret sexual liaisons, practiced by countless American husbands and wives, also might be thought unethical by some swingers, inasmuch as clandestine affairs tend to destroy marital trust.

The sexual code promoted by organized religion has created more than a few problems. Aside from trying to prevent extramarital relationships per se, the system of morality even attempts to preclude our *desire* for extramarital sex. We are told, in the New Testament, that if we so much as think about having adulterous adventures, we are, in fact, adulterers. If so, we are all adulterers. The desire for sexual variety is normal, natural and

human. It is human to wish for new experiences of all kinds. Nearly everyone enjoys going to new places, tasting new foods, discussing new ideas and meeting new people. To think we should be different about sexual matters is unreasonable.

In most marriages, paradoxically, there are barriers to friendship. There may be activities that can't be mentioned, feelings that must be hidden, desires that can't be shared. Many nonswingers feel entrapped in their marriages by a fear of the spouse's disapproval. Frequently, there are jealousies that preclude even the most casual, nonsexual relationships that one might wish to have with members of the opposite sex. Often, there is the persistent feeling that one's mate "doesn't understand me." And how, indeed, can a man and wife understand each other when they continually wall off parts of themselves from the other's experience?

Swinging tears down the walls people build between each other in marriage. Many married persons' best-hidden secrets concern their desire for a variety of sexual experiences. Once the barrier is smashed, once it is no longer necessary to conceal one's true sexual feelings, no taboo subject can remain. When there are finally no barriers, no secrets, no unmentionable subjects, no jealousies, no sense of ownership or feeling of enslavement, no fear of censure, there can be real understanding. Where there is understanding, there can be friendship; and where there is friendship, there can be a deep sense of loving and of being loved.

John Webster

Los Angeles, California

A FEMININE REVOLUTION

James Baldwin said that to be a Negro in this country and be relatively conscious is to be in a rage almost all the time. This statement also describes any thinking woman in the United States.

I am tired of being thought of as less intelligent or less competent simply because I am a woman. I resent being discriminated against because of my sex when seeking employment. I am an individual with the same feelings, intelligence and sense of moral justice as any other human being. All I ask is that men treat me with the same respect that they show members of their own sex. I am proud of being a woman, but I am also proud of being an individual. As far as I'm concerned, the feminine revolution has already started.

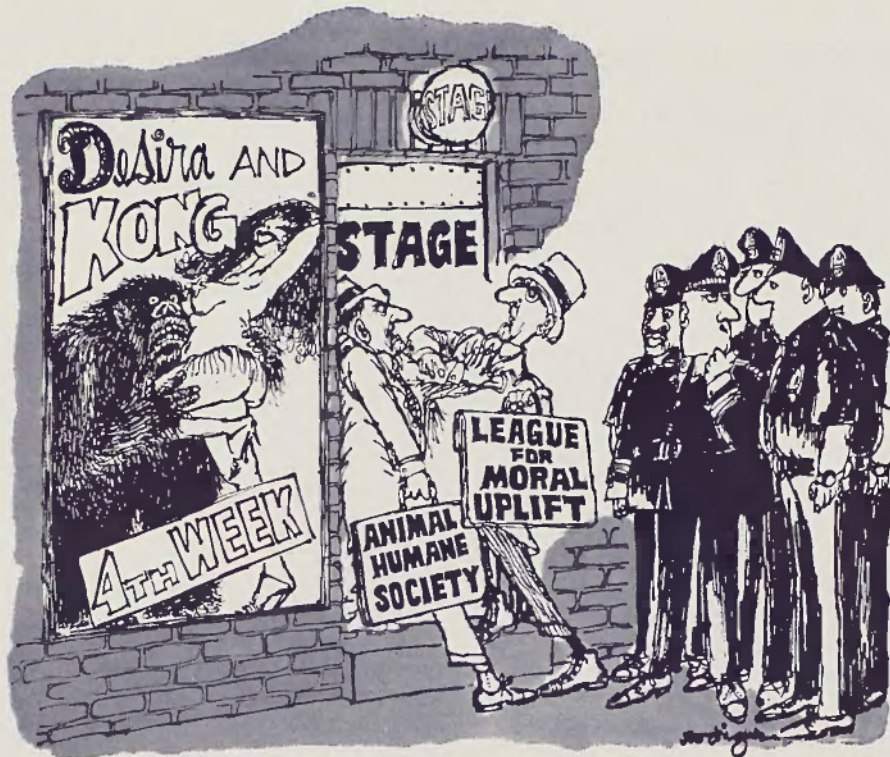
Mrs. J. Robertson

Seattle, Washington

Mrs. Judith A. Banna (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969) should realize that women, not men, are mainly responsible for the female sex's inferior position in this society. Women have good reasons



"Marie, go to the front door and see if that damned light's gone out."



"Regan, call headquarters and tell them we've got a jurisdictional dispute here. . . ."

for wanting to stay that way: If men accepted women as equals, the girls would be held responsible for their mistakes, be expected to support themselves and be required to take an interest in their jobs. They'd have to be resourceful, persistent and clearheaded.

The alternative to meeting these demands is that a woman preen herself to attract a man who can provide a meal ticket. Any observant woman realizes that making a man aware that she has breasts and a vagina is the easy way to get through life. Calling attention to her brains would only mean added work and responsibility. If we made life more interesting for women like Mrs. Banna, we'd make it tougher for the majority of women who are happy in their inertia.

G. Stanley Brown
Austin, Texas

Mrs. Judith A. Banna warns of a possible feminine revolution provoked by the predominant male attitude toward women. Unfortunately for Mrs. Banna and those women who share her feelings, the male attitude toward women is an unalterable biological fact.

In a *New York* magazine article titled "Male Bonding and the Exclusion of Females," Professor Lionel Tiger of Rutgers University presents his theory of a male-to-male bond that originated at an early stage of human evolution, concurrently with the male-female bond that forms the basis for our marital tradition.

Male bonding is not related to sex; it developed in order to facilitate the killing of large game animals, which was man's basic food-supplying method for millions of years. In Professor Tiger's words, male bonding ensures that "men will hunt together, defend together, maintain social order together and form efficient hierarchies to act as the 'spinal cord' of human communities."

The hunt was necessarily for men alone. Since women were physically weaker and more awkward than men (being structurally adapted to childbearing), they would only hamper men's activity. Also, women on the hunt might distract men with their sexual allure, provoke jealousy and discord among the hunters and neglect their own functions of reproduction and child rearing. Thus, human tribes that allowed women into the hunting groups would tend to die out, while those that favored men-only hunting would survive and be prolific. As T. Dobzhansky writes in *Heredity and the Nature of Man*, "Human genes and human culture are connected by what is known as a circular feedback relationship; in other words, human genes stimulate the development of culture and the development of culture stimulates genetic changes that facilitate further developments of culture."

The deep-rooted men-only instinct still controls male attitudes and actions toward women. For example, when women work, they are often assigned to jobs

where they are isolated from men, either on segregated assembly lines or as salesgirls, etc. This instinct is the reason why men feel that, as Mrs. Banna says, "Women are for screwing, making babies and keeping house."

Another typically male statement Mrs. Banna disapprovingly quotes is, "She's a ball breaker—never lets her husband forget she's got a college degree." It is in the nature of primate sexual behavior for the male to be the aggressor and to dominate the female. Humans have intelligence as well as instinct; and when a woman happens to be intellectually superior to a man, she presents an insurmountable obstacle to his attempts to dominate her, causing the mating process to bog down. A man who cannot best a woman intellectually may never feel securely dominant, even though the woman permits him the physical act. The intelligent woman hurts a less intelligent man in a way that neither, perhaps, can articulate precisely, though Mrs. Banna's hypothetical male intuitively expressed it in the term ball breaker.

Mrs. Banna also says, "Even in my premarital days, I looked at each man as a person, not as a body equipped with a penis. Many men refuse to return the favor." She implies that men see women primarily as sexual objects. Granted. Women wear brassieres to accentuate their breasts in order to attract the male; figure-hugging clothing also serves this purpose, as do make-up and perfume. Women thus instinctively present themselves as sexual objects.

As for looking at each man as a person, Mrs. Banna was again obeying her instincts, which prompted her to seek characteristics in a man that attested to his ability to provide, to be a father and to treat a woman kindly.

If this point of view is valid, then clearly, Mrs. Banna's demand that "this widespread masculine attitude . . . undergo some constructive changes" is unacceptable. Human intelligence evolved to its present level after certain behavior patterns became inherent in our species and little can be done to alter these deeply inbred attitudes.

Neil E. Webb
Montreal, Quebec

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JUSTICE, MILITARY STYLE

came to work high, he apparently wasn't the only one. The prisoners say the guards were frequent users of LSD, pot or liquor. They say Sergeant Morales had his own special technique for instilling fear in new prisoners; he would tell the newcomers, "I'm so tough I shot a Vietnamese woman in the belly, just like that, pow!" (In court, he said that this killing "was just a lot of b.s.") The armed guards who went out on work details with the prisoners—all of whom were minimum-security prisoners and, according to regulations, should not have been guarded with guns—were untrained in the use of shotguns, but they loved to play with them and point them at the prisoners and threaten to "blow your fucking heads off." Not long before the sit-down, one of the guards had accidentally discharged a shotgun and had blown a hole in the roof of a wooden building next to the stockade just as the prisoners were falling in for work. Army regulations require that stockade guards be specially trained for confinement work, but only one guard at the Presidio had had instruction. One guard had reportedly been transferred to the Presidio from another base when his commanding officer became uneasy after the lad, a Jew, began dreaming that he was a Nazi.

Every stockade has its isolation cells (although some of the stockades are so crowded these days that two or three men will share "isolation"). Even at the main Army prison in Leavenworth, which military men present as the model prison, the isolation cell is called a hole—for good reason. It is a room 5 feet wide by 10 feet long by 15 feet high, illuminated by one low-watt light bulb. The sanitary facility is a hole in the floor. The Presidio has five such cells, two painted black until just before the press was given a tour of the stockade in 1969 (at which time they were painted gray and Presidio officials pretended they had never been black) and three painted white. Estimates of the dimensions of these boxes—as they are called—vary somewhat, the prisoners claiming that they are 4½ feet wide, 8 feet high and 5½ feet (black boxes) or 6 feet (white boxes) long. The Army claims that the boxes are 5 feet wide, 8 feet high and 6 feet long. But even if the Army's measurements are accurate, they fall below the minimum dimensions required by the Army's own regulations (6 feet wide, 8 feet high and 8 feet long).

The isolation cells have no toilets; to relieve oneself, one must persuade a guard to give escort, and frequently the guards prefer to ignore these requests. The white cells have no furniture but a bunk; the black cells have no furniture at all. The tops of the five cells are covered with a wire screen. One light

(continued from page 122)

above this screen throws a feeble communal glow over the five cells, inadequate for reading the Bible, which is the only reading material permitted.

The isolation cells are frequently used to store psychotic prisoners; prisoners who attempt suicide are always sent to the box. One of the crazy inmates best remembered by former guards was a young man nicknamed Penis because he sat around in his isolation cell all day, moaning, "I want my penis; I want my penis." He played with himself, urinated on the floor and rolled in it, defecated on the floor and then smeared the excrement in his hair and over his face. He also used feces for writing and finger painting on the walls and floor. Some of the guards would tease him by climbing onto the mesh roof over his cell while he was sleeping and jumping up and down and screaming to awaken him. He spent two weeks in solitary this way before they carried him off to the psycho ward at the hospital. The self-applied business with feces and urine is quite common among mentally unbalanced prisoners who are forced to spend any length of time in solitary; prisoners tell of several others who did the same thing, including one boy who tried to hang himself, was cut down and sent briefly to the hospital and then returned to the box, where he doused himself in excrement for a week before the doctor thought it was time to send him to the psycho ward.

Stephen Rowland, one of the protesters, perhaps one of the best educated of the lot, since he had done some premed work at the University of Missouri before getting into the Army, added this information to the history of the stockade:

A man went into an epileptic fit and the guards kicked him. On at least three occasions, men cut their wrists and were put in the box overnight without treatment. I was inducing vomiting in a suicidal prisoner who had ingested poison one night when the sergeant, apparently drunk, came up and forcibly interfered with my work. On two other occasions, I found guards trying their best to help a poison-ingestion case but doing the wrong things—they don't know what to do, even when they intend no harm. In one of these instances, the turnkey delayed calling the ambulance for at least ten minutes after being informed that the prisoner had ingested chrome polish. The prisoner was in a semicomatose state and in obvious need of immediate medical attention. A suicidal prisoner, after attempting to take his life, is usually taken to the hospital, revived, stitched or bandaged and immediately

returned to the stockade and put in the box—definitely not the place for a mentally disturbed person.

On February 26, 1968, a soldier named Herman L. Jones was taken to solitary confinement. He was (witnesses say) hysterical, screaming that he was supposed to go to the hospital. Jones had kidney and prostate trouble. In his words, "My testes hurt and I dripped." But the guards had grown tired of releasing him from the barracks prison room to go to the toilet; so they put him in solitary and gave him a can and a roll of toilet paper. In his hysteria and anger, Jones threw the can and toilet paper outside, tore his clothes and urinated on the floor several times. Guards hosed out the cell, hosed Jones down also, opened the windows (February can be very chilly on the San Francisco waterfront) and he was left without clothes and without bedding.

On February 27, the stockade doctor came and, without asking Jones how he was, wrote OK on Jones's clipboard and left. A soldier confined in the solitary box next to Jones picks up the account:

Later on that day, the guards came in and took all of us except Jones out of segregation to the TV room. On the way out, Sergeant Porter came in [to Jones's box] with three husky men. We were permitted to smoke, talk and watch TV. In general, the guards were surprisingly and unusually nice to us. We could hear Jones yelling and screaming. When we were put back in our boxes, Jones was sitting in a strait jacket in a different box. His lip was puffed up and his forehead and eyes were bruised. Jones later told me that the guards had rubbed his face in his own excrement. We were then made to clean up Jones's mess.

What happened after the other segregated prisoners were taken from their boxes to watch television is told by Jones:

Several of the guards spit in my face. Other guards grabbed me by the leg, tripped me. A guard got a rag off the floor, dipped it in urine and feces and rubbed it in my face and hair. I was so mad I was crying. I told Sergeant Porter he should have killed me, and he said he could arrange that, too. Then I was taken out of the box and put back on the other side. Sergeant Porter said something was going to happen to me and nobody would know. I was scared and wanted to commit suicide, so I ate paint off the wall. A guard saw me eating the paint. Then I was put in a strait jacket and taken to Letterman General Hospital. I saw a woman doctor there. While in the hospital, I was



"Professor Zlata! You're just in time to be the planet Neptune!"

in irons. At the hospital, while my stomach was being pumped, a big guard was twisting my leg irons and laughing.

After the "mutiny," prisoners (especially those involved in the sit-down) were treated even more harshly. Attorneys for the defendants sent five affidavits to Sixth Army Commanding Lieutenant General Stanley R. Larson, relating the new harassments, including beatings and slappings, but they got no response. Apparently, the treatment given some of the defendants lodged at the Marine-run prison on Treasure Island was worse. Private Lawrence Zaino, 20, of Toledo, Ohio, cracked under it. At the end of one trial day, when he saw the MPs approaching to return him to Treasure Island, he began shaking and mumbling, "It's true what I said about the brig, but they don't believe me. I'm sorry for what I did, but they don't believe me, but it's true." And just as the guards got to him, he tried to lift a chair to hit them.

but he was shaking so hard he couldn't. It was so obvious he had flipped that the military judge ordered him immediately to the psychiatric ward at Letterman; and that's the last anybody heard of him for three months, after which he emerged just long enough for a trial at which his lawyer, to protect him from further mental strain, offered no defense, so that the trial could be ended immediately.

The worst postprotest beating at the Presidio was sworn to by Roy Pulley, who said that Sergeant Woodring (weight about 210) ordered him (weight about 145) into a back room. Pulley's affidavit reads:

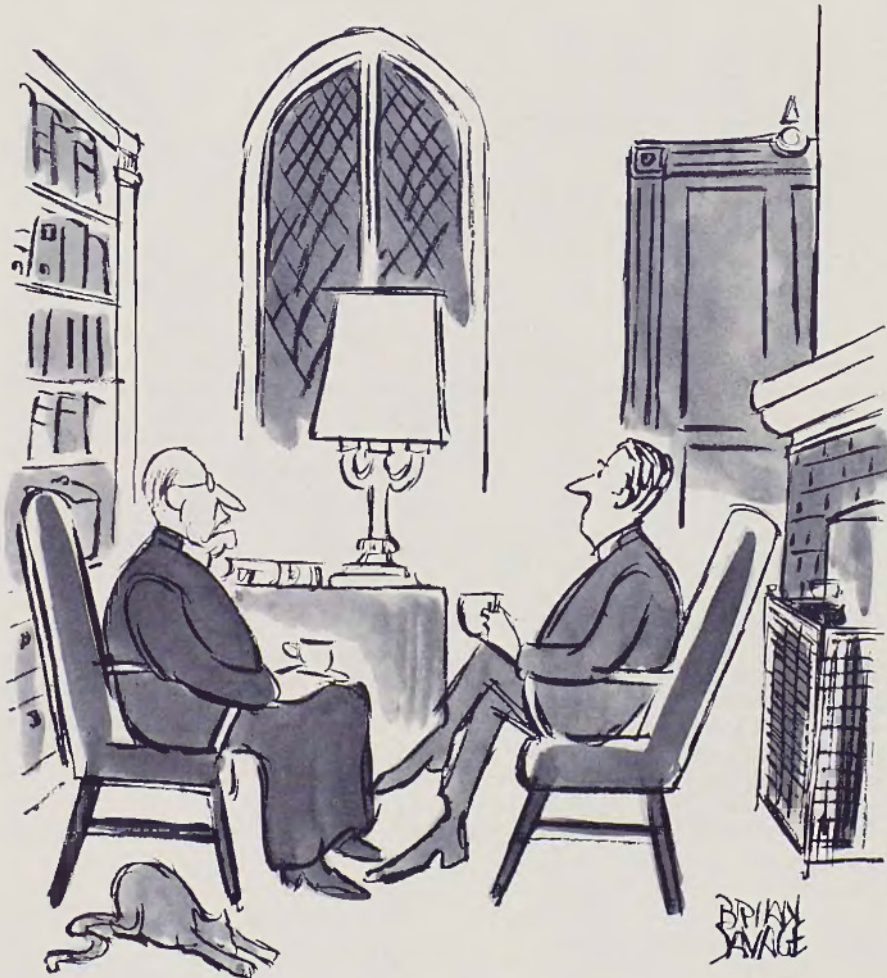
He followed me in and closed the door. Then Sergeant Brown stood outside, blocking the door and peeking in, while Sergeant Woodring proceeded to push me around the room. I grabbed him by the tie and shoulder and tried to hold him off. Sergeant Woodring was pushing and swearing at me all the time, attempting to

provoke me into fighting back. Eventually, he knocked me down and sat on my stomach, pinning my right arm with his knee. He grabbed my fingers and slowly and methodically, he twisted my fingers until one of them was broken. He twisted for at least a full minute while raving at me. In the meantime, I was crying and screaming for help and asking him to stop. . . . This afternoon, after my return from the hospital, I was shoved in the black box. While there, Captain Lamont, the C. O., told me that if I thought they had used force today, I had not seen anything yet.

Later, Pulley was transferred to solitary confinement on Treasure Island. Doubtless these prisoners sometimes exaggerate, but there's no denying that Pulley's hand still shows the mangling of some fight.

Again, this kind of treatment is not limited to the Presidio. Daryl Amthor, 21, of Rockport, Missouri (who, when I interviewed him, was hiding out in the Peace House in Pasadena, California), had been A. W. O. L. 31 times, had been put in five stockades—at Fort Leonard Wood, Fort Riley, Fort Sill, Fort Ord and the Presidio—and had escaped a total of seven times from three of these places; he came away with these memories of his two months in the Fort Ord prison (where more than 500 prisoners are kept in quarters intended to hold 200):

I was thrown in the box for having contraband—a cigarette lighter. The first day I was there, five guards came into my cell and started beating me and trying to get me to swing back, but if I would have swung back, I would have been killed. So I hung onto my belt and just let them do their thing. The next day, one of the guards brought me a pair of boots, size seven, and ordered me to wear them and break them in for him. I couldn't even get them on. I wear a size-nine boot. When I told him this, he came in the cell with two other guards and proceeded to beat me up again, so I let them. I was in the box for 14 days and was beat up five days straight, three times a day. After five days, another prisoner was brought in. He had refused to do physical training, because of his heart. He had a profile [a medical record showing heart trouble], but this didn't really seem to matter to the guards. After doing some exercises, he wouldn't do any more and he told the guards to beat on him if they wanted to, and they did the same thing to him a few days they



"We're living in a sick society where the traditional values have become practically worthless . . . the pound, the franc, the dollar. . . ."

had done to me, until he finally wound up in the hospital. One time, this other fellow was beat up by a civilian that used to be a guard at the stockade but got discharged and just happened to be on hand because he was there to visit and take another look at the stockade. I really do believe these guards are insane. They actually try to find a reason to beat people up and, of course, they only pick on the ones they know won't strike back—prisoners that are the nonviolent type, such as me. I once saw a prisoner sitting down, reading a Bible, when in walks a guard, takes the Bible out of the prisoner's hand and throws it down and then asks, "Do you believe in this shit?" The prisoner says yes, he does, and the guard beat him up. These things go on all the time. The prisoners go to the C. O. and the C. O. laughs. One prisoner who was beaten wrote to his Congressman and his Congressman wrote back, saying he was going to do something about it. The prisoner took this letter to his court-martial and he was discharged right then, I guess because the Army didn't want any publicity about it.

In the spring of 1969, about 300 prisoners at the Fort Ord, California, stockade went on a sit-down protest against the brutalities of the guards, the bad living conditions and short rations—and they made the protest despite the fact that they knew they could be charged with mutiny; in fact, they made their protest while the mutiny trials of 14 men from the Presidio were being held at Fort Ord.

A minor rebellion occurred at the Fort Dix stockade in June 1969, during which the prisoners burned mattresses and broke up furniture to call attention to conditions. Word came out through the soldier grapevine that the explosion was touched off when the inmates were made to stand in formation three hours through the sweltering part of the day, after which they stood in line three hours for dinner, only to find that there weren't enough water bowls for half of the men. (One of the many reasons inmates call the Fort Dix prison the Pound is that they drink from bowls.) The grapevine later reported that, as a result of the violence, 19 prisoners had been kept in solitary confinement for three weeks; one man was reportedly held without food for three days.

There have also been riotous protests against conditions at the Marine brig at Da Nang, South Vietnam, and at the Army stockade in Long Binh, 12 miles north of Saigon. At Da Nang, prisoners burned down a cell block; but at Long Binh, they went further—burning down buildings covering an area the size of a



"But, baby—what could be more natural than cowboys and Indians?"

city block. The infamous Long Binh Jail (dubbed L. B. J. by Vietnam veterans) seems to have had a riot at just about every turn of the moon, the most famous uprising occurring in 1968, when several hundred black GIs took over a section of the stockade area; a month later, a handful of them reportedly were still holding out against MPs in one part of the prison.

Like most stockades, L. B. J. is usually packed 75 percent above its regulation maximum capacity. I discussed conditions with several men who had spent time in L. B. J., and most of their stories jibe with that of a black private, first class (who cannot be identified, since he is still in the Army), who told me:

We got one meal a day, usually, and that was canned rations. They would punch a hole in the cans about a week before they gave us the food, so it would be dried up. That was part of the punishment. I got beat about twice a day for a month. Everyone knew why I was there [he refused to fight anymore after taking part in a sortie in which, he says, about 3000 of the enemy were killed]. I was in minimum security for two weeks, and then they stuck me in maximum security for three months, because they heard me telling the other fellows why I wouldn't pick up a rifle and why they shouldn't. They have about 30 maximum-security holes. You sleep on dirt floors. You can't see out, but they have a hole where they can see in on you. It's total

dark, day and night. If you were lucky enough to have a guard who had a heart, he'd take you out for a crap. Otherwise, you crapped in the hole. The room was about five by eight. One black GI, who raised a fist salute, was accused of trying to incite a riot and about ten guys jumped on him, stomped him, kicked him. About 60 percent of the prisoners are black. Racial tension couldn't have been higher. Fights every day. The blacks had one barracks and the whites couldn't go in there. If they did, we'd beat them. The Vietnamese people would give us marijuana and all kinds of stuff. If you had a stockade arm band on, they'd do anything for you. We'd go to the fence and they would throw us over bundles of grass. It was really great. The guards used the drugs, too. I'd smoke with some of the guards, but they'd turn right around and beat me the next day, anyway.

One experiences the peculiar flavor of life at the Long Binh stockade from the moment he steps through its gates. One young ex-sergeant, Robert Lucas, better known in recent months as the GI coordinator of the Vietnam Moratorium, recalls having to escort a black soldier to L. B. J.; the prisoner had *not* been convicted of any crime; he had only been charged with having been A. W. O. L. This, says Lucas, was the way they processed his prisoner:

When we got there, they put the black fellow inside a large cage just

inside the gate. They took his belt, cap and shoelaces. He was then taken from the cage to the incoming building. I explained that he was a pre-trial prisoner, that he wasn't hostile. But they treated him just as though he had committed first-degree murder. They stripped him, made him bend over, so they could inspect his butt to see if he was hiding anything; they checked his groin, looked in his mouth for contraband. This was just done to humiliate him; they knew any serious smuggling around a prison is done by the Vietnamese workers. There were three clerks watching. One of the clerks grins at him and says, "Sit down and I'll give you my first haircut." So he shaved him bald. Then they led the prisoner to a military shipping box—a steel box about six feet high, about seven feet deep, about five feet across—it's usually used for shipping heavy things like typewriters or ammunition. That's where he stayed his first night in L. B. J. He had a bucket to piss in and some water to drink. He was in that steel crate from four o'clock that afternoon to seven the next morning. That's standard procedure.

Garret Gianninoto, of New York City, an ex-GI who spent three months in the Da Nang brig, gives this report on its solitary-confinement cells (in which he spent eight days):

The cells were six by eight feet. The only furniture was a square box covering one half of a 25-gallon drum—this was your toilet. The drum was taken out once a day and the stuff was burned. Some fellows who have been in other prisons' solitary-confinement cells complain because they didn't have any place to go to the toilet, but I would rather not have had. Those toilets got pretty awful when the temperature inside the cells got up to 130 degrees. And you had to sit on the toilet all day. That was an order. You couldn't sit or lie on the floor. One bulb hung over the wire mesh that was the ceiling, and this was what you had to read by, but the only things you were permitted to read were the Bible and the brig rules. We didn't have a Bible, so I read the brig rules several dozen times. The food was lettuce and rice and, in the morning, two boxes of Kellogg's corn flakes and water. Stuff like that, and in the food it was commonplace to find slugs and flies and weevils.

Gianninoto said he had seen no physical brutality.

Most of the men in the Da Nang and

Long Binh prisons, as is true of most military jails, are guilty of being A. W. O. L. only. But many GIs in Vietnam look upon A. W. O. L. not as a crime but as a way of life. Some GIs claim that there are 10,000 to 12,000 A. W. O. L. Servicemen in the Saigon area on any given day or night. Since the military insists on treating them as criminals, it is the A. W. O. L.s who crowd the stockades to explosive capacity.

The military's disciplinary style is evident everywhere from Da Nang to Fort Bragg, North Carolina; and although details are often suppressed for a while, eventually they get out. More than three months after a riot took place at Fort Bragg, when 238 inmates seized the stockade in the summer of 1968 and held it for three days, Andy Stapp, head of the American Servicemen's Union, was able to learn details of the incident that provoked the riot and printed them in the A. S. U.'s newspaper, *The Bond*. Stapp tells it like this:

A certain Private Johnson, a black prisoner, was beginning his 78th day in solitary confinement on that morning of July 23. Johnson faced almost 20 years' imprisonment, because he had dared to fight back when the commandant of the prison, a major, had spit in his face and taunted him. For this he was charged with assault on a superior officer and put in solitary for close to three months. And three months is a hell of a long time to sit in a room 7 feet by 11 feet.

Well, it seems that on this particular day, Johnson had just about had it with that little room; and after he had been taken to use the latrine, he asked permission to stay out in the hallway for a while to get some exercise. When the guards tried to hustle him back into the rathole, he physically resisted, knocking the MPs down and climbing to the top of the prison bars. The major, a real sadist, ordered him blasted off by a fire hose. The impact from these hoses will rip the bark off a tree at 100 yards; and when they turned it on the desperate prisoner, he was immediately knocked to the ground, the force of the water breaking his fingers.

The guards then rushed in and spread-eagled Johnson on the floor. After they had got him securely pinned down (which wasn't hard for them to do, considering his dazed condition), a lifer E-6 [a career enlisted man], his fist wrapped in a pistol belt, began to methodically beat in Johnson's teeth.

And that's where their little game ended. Because about six other prisoners who had been watching this

horror from behind a fence on the other side of the compound went right over that fence and rushed the bastards who were mauling Johnson. And behind them came several dozen other prisoners, for by now the fence had been completely torn down.

After that, one thing led to another.

James Niles, who worked six months as a processing clerk at the Fort Hood, Texas, stockade, says that right after riots at Hood in 1968, "they segregated the black prisoners in the old mental ward, which is now a jail annex, and piped it for CS [pepper] gas, and a guard told me they turned it on a couple of times just for the heck of it."

The Army is quite genteel in these matters, however, compared with the Marine Corps, which supplied more horror tales than any other Service. An ex-Marine, who is now studying to enter the Episcopal ministry, said he had witnessed Marines forced to strip to the waist and roll in fresh feces. In fact, the threat of Marine Corps treatment is sometimes used to keep Army dissidents in line; sometimes, Marine guards from Treasure Island go over to the Presidio to show the Army guards how to do it. Marine guards have special techniques. One day, a Presidio prisoner called an Army guard Uncle Tom; a few hours later, three Marine guards showed up and took over for the occasion. As another prisoner related in a sworn statement: "You could hear screams from the man all over the stockade. Later he said he had been held by two Marines while the other grabbed and twisted his testicles and then hit him several times in the stomach." He told also of the occasion when six guards went into the box to get Private Richard Gentile, a veteran of 12 months in Vietnam, who was in the stockade because he had marched in a peace parade: "A guard held up leg irons and said, 'If you don't come out, I'll beat your head in with these.' The door to solitary was open and five guards jumped Gentile and after he was handcuffed and put into leg irons, he was beaten until he was bloody and almost unconscious. Then four of the guards carried him to a truck and sent him to Treasure Island. After this happened, a sergeant said, 'I'm not a violent person, but if your name comes up to go to Treasure Island and you resist and it takes ten of us to one of you, we'll beat the shit out of you and then send you to Treasure Island, where the Marines can really take care of you.' (It was treatment of this sort that prompted Gentile to make two "gestures": He drank a can of chrome polish and he slit his arm from the wrist to the elbow, which required 44 stitches to close.) One U.S. Senator received information from a sailor who had spent time at Treasure Island



"Hold it! You didn't find the napkin you dropped—you found my dress!"

that he had witnessed guards pick up another prisoner in battering-ram style and run him headfirst into a heavy wooden door.

Father Alban Rosen, a Catholic priest at Mission San Luis Rey near Oceanside, California, who has done volunteer chaplain work on Marine bases, said that Camp Pendleton nearly had a Presidio-type mutiny in April 1969, when a group of about 40 prisoners in the brig came out of the building and saw a prisoner hanging from the Cyclone fence, spread-eagled. His feet were off the ground. A guard had made him stand on a stool while he was handcuffed to the fence; then the stool was kicked away. He was screaming. The men sat down and said they would stay there until something was done for the man. A cooler-headed officer than was at the Presidio during its "mutiny" persuaded them to move along. The guard was found to have a long history of psychological troubles; but, as Father Alban said, "Nobody wants to work at the brig, so they get that kind of guard."

The Pendleton brig is a converted World War Two prisoner-of-war camp, with a capacity of 400 men; there are reportedly 900 in the brig now.

Father Alban said that the official brig chaplain told him of seeing men forced to run in a circle until they fell from exhaustion, at which point "the guard would just go over and kick them until they got up and started trotting again. This stuff goes on all day. The guards

get pleasure from it." The brig physician told Father Alban of sick men whom the guards would not allow to sleep. "The guard will come along and throw cold water in on the guy if he catches him sleeping."

One of the episodes related by the priest was about a kid in maximum security, who apparently had psychotic problems, "and the kid was screaming all the time and driving the guards crazy, so they taped up his whole face except for his nose. They left a hole for his nose. The only problem was, the kid had sinus and bronchial trouble. That night, he had a real bad attack; but since he was taped up, he couldn't say anything. All he could do was keep banging his head against the door. They had to hospitalize the kid."

The handcuffed crucifixion of the prisoner was verified by Dr. Larry McNamee, who was the brig physician for a year at Pendleton until he left the Service in July 1969. He said he had heard of several prisoners' being manacled to the fence, feet off the ground, but he could vouch personally for only the one prisoner, whose wrists he had treated. It was from Dr. McNamee that Father Alban learned of the boy with the taped face. In fact, Dr. McNamee had an encyclopedia of horrors to tell: about the time a guard had kicked and smashed the cast on a prisoner's broken arm; about a dozen or so prisoners who had come to him from time to time for treatment of broken

noses, black-and-blue scrota (having been kicked in the groin by guards) and back pains from being kicked or stomped by guards. Dr. McNamee related:

One day I saw two or three guys who said they were clubbed—the guards had some kind of wooden thing with tape around it and the men were banged with this club. They had bruises all over their chests and backs. I brought this up to the C. O., who had an investigation, like always. The guards denied everything, of course, but we found their club, exactly the way these prisoners described it. One of the guys who was responsible for this was seen by a psychiatrist and deemed to be sadistic and should not be working in a correctional facility. But he continued to work there until he was discharged from the Service. None of the guards are screened.

Dr. McNamee told about the "icebox," a special punishment facility of six cages set on a concrete slab in the open. The cages were outfitted with canvas flaps that were closed during the sunny days to parboil the prisoners and raised at night so they would freeze. He said that 53 percent of the prisoners who needed treatment in special clinics or surgery at the base hospital were never taken, because there were no guards to escort them, "although there always seemed to be enough guards to escort prisoners to cut the commandant's lawn." Of the drugs he prescribed for prisoners, only 15 percent ever reached them. Sometimes, prisoners would be held for up to eight hours in the "bull pen," which had neither toilets nor water fountains. Many times, prisoners with 102-degree and 103-degree temperatures whom he had ordered to bed rest would be kept at work, instead.

A former guard at Camp Pendleton told of how some of his colleagues, who felt that one prisoner wasn't clean enough, scrubbed the inmate's back with a street-cleaning brush until he was bleeding so much he had to be taken to the hospital.

When these conditions were revealed by Dr. McNamee, the Marine Corps hurriedly decided that the icebox and the bull pen were no longer in use; at least that's what they told inquiring reporters. But the inmates still felt that something was oppressive, apparently, because within hours after Pendleton officials announced that they had put an end to the more brutal aspects of their penal care, about 200 enraged prisoners drove their guards into a hut and pelted it with stones. One thing the officials do not pretend has been closed is the maximum-security building. It still thrives—all 48 dungeons. The interior of this building is in virtual darkness, so few are



"Speaking of old wives' 'tails.' . . ."

the bulbs. Prisoners are required to sit on the cement floor up to 20 hours each day. Exercise is limited to ten minutes. There are two toilets and two washbasins for the 48 men.

Recalcitrant prisoners—and these are average prisoners, not those in maximum security—are sometimes taken to a room of mirrors and made to stand naked, looking at themselves, while different-colored lights are spun through the room (the longest period heard of for this was a 21-day stretch). This is supposed to make the prisoner crack. If he refuses to stand up and look at himself, he is spread-eagled on the floor, naked, and guards drop bullet casings onto the floor next to his ears—ping, ping, ping, ping—all day.

Jack Eugene Lunsford, 20, who was a guard in a correctional-custody platoon at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego until he couldn't take it any longer and deserted, described one of the techniques: "They have this hook on the wall, seven feet or so off the floor. The hook sticks out about four inches and is as big around as your thumb. If a prisoner doesn't cooperate, they'll put him in a strait jacket that has a ring in the back and they'll hang this ring on the hook in the wall. It's painful and a lot of the cats pass out." Another trick, he said, was to "put a cat in a strait jacket and alternately throw hot and cold water in his face. Puts you in a state of shock." Terry Chambers, 19, a former Marine, who is now a deserter and was interviewed in a Whittier, California, church sanctuary, said that when he was a prisoner in the Marine correctional-custody platoon, "They hung me between two bunk beds, hung me by my thumbs and toes to the top posts of the beds. I still don't have feeling in my thumbs."

It would be a mistake, however, to concentrate on the stockades and brigs and assume that they are an accident or an aberration of military justice. They are, in fact, a very logical extension of the Uniform Code of Military Justice and the legal process that constitutes trial in the Armed Forces. One must understand the purpose of military justice. It is not related to protecting the innocent. The comforting old saw "Better a hundred guilty escape than one innocent man be punished unjustly" has no place in the military, not even as a myth. The most accurate and honest description of its single purpose was given by Major General Reginald C. Harmon, for 12 years Judge Advocate General of the Air Force, until his retirement in 1960, who told the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights that "the principal asset of the military justice system" is "the swift and certain punishment of the guilty man."

Depending on the measure of guilt, military courts are for debasing a man or



"For the record, just make it five ayes and one nay."

for destroying part of his life and reputation. As Senator Sam Ervin, chairman of the Constitutional Rights subcommittee, put it, "The primary purpose of the administration of justice in the military Services is to enforce discipline, plus getting rid of people who think they are not capable of contributing to the defense of the country as they should." Unlike civilian courts—to which one can go to seek protection of property or protection of civil rights and civil liberties—military courts have no constructive or positive purpose. One may enter them only as a defendant, never as a plaintiff. One can emerge from them only in a poorer position; even to win is to lose, for the procedure goes on one's record and, to the military mind, to have been charged at all makes one forever suspect.

The more heavy-handed and arbitrary the action of the military court, the more convinced is the Army that it will instill fear in the minds of its personnel and thereby lay the foundation for a stronger discipline. Illogical and cruel punishment may be offensive constitutionally, but the Army considers it extremely valuable in spooking the troops into line. As long as a soldier can assure himself, "I have the right to act within constitutional limits," he is a potential troublemaker. The less assurance a soldier has of any practical rights, the more likely will he be to shrink from action beyond that authorized by command.

Although the trials arising from the Presidio demonstration were disastrous from a public-relations viewpoint, many in the Army looked upon them as highly successful (though it is impossible to measure unborn troubles) in promoting servility; all the ingredients for illogical and inhumane punishment were there.

Three of the Presidio defendants have I. Q.s in the 60s, which is just above the level of a moron. Nearly half the defendants have less than a normal I. Q. Though in the Army two years, two hadn't the talent to finish basic training. One of the defendants is insane and was known to be insane before he joined the Army. Fifteen of the 27 were appraised as unfit for service by the Army's own psychiatrists.

The civilian backgrounds of the defendants tell a great deal about whom the Army considers best to make disciplinary examples of. Alan Rupert, for example. Before he was 16 years old, his mother had been married and divorced 12 times and had had many men friends during her career as an alcoholic barmaid. In an exchange during the court-martial, the Army illustrated how it tries to dehumanize defendants. Although the psychiatrist on the witness stand tried repeatedly to avoid saying it in front of Alan, he was finally forced by the prosecuting attorney to spell out what was quite apparent from the evidence and need not have been said—that the boy's mother was a whore. The men passed through the house so rapidly that Alan never knew who his father was. Always looked upon as excess baggage, at the age of 13, Alan was—without a word of explanation from his mother or from his temporary stepfather—dropped off at a ranch to work for a year. He joined the Army to escape and immediately found that the Army was not the best refuge. Within two weeks, he had been accused of having been A. W. O. L. (a matter of mistaken identity) and manhandled by a sergeant for leaving his trousers on the floor (again, mistaken identity). That was all of the Army he wanted. Before

he got into the Presidio mess, he had been A. W. O. L. four times and had escaped from stockades twice; and just a month before the "mutiny," an Army psychiatrist had said he was unfit for service and should be discharged. Only because the Army failed to act on this recommendation did Alan wind up charged with mutiny.

Even more outlandish is the treatment of Larry Lee Sales. He was burglarizing homes before he was out of the first grade; he dropped out in the ninth grade on the advice of the school psychologist, who told him he was hopeless. He shot up a home with a 12-gauge shotgun when he was 16, by which age he was thoroughly familiar with every available narcotic and with every use of his body, including posing for homosexual photographers. Sharp instruments had also played a part in his development, as when he attempted to stab his father with a knife, tried to stab a friend with a pair of scissors and tried to kill himself by cutting his wrists. All of this before he joined the Army. He didn't join out of patriotism. He joined because he had just got out of the Modesto State Hospital; he went into the Army as an alternative to being committed to an insane asylum, talking the doctor into the idea that if he couldn't make it in the Army, the Army could care for him better than the state asylum.

Of course, he couldn't make it. After *one day* of basic training—"My nerves were about to blow," he says—he went A. W. O. L. and awakened a couple of weeks later in a hospital after such an overdose of codeine that the nurse couldn't find his pulse. Civilian officials tried to have him put back in Modesto State Hospital, but Larry Lee's father talked them into letting him contact the Army again, because "the Army could take better care of him." So he phoned Fort Lewis, Fort Lewis phoned the Presidio and the Presidio sent an ambulance to fetch Larry Lee. The Presidio psychiatrist looked him over and said, "My God, you're insane—what are you doing in the Army?"

The Army personnel in San Francisco told him they were going to send him back to Fort Lewis for his discharge, because the Presidio just wasn't giving discharges. So they packed him off to the Presidio's Special Processing Department, which is a sort of loose holding company, to wait for his convoy the next day to Fort Lewis. When he got to S. P. D., it was late in the afternoon and the specialist there, who didn't want to be bothered making out the papers, told Larry Lee, "I'm going to stick you in the stockade overnight and you'll get picked up in the morning. Then I won't have to make out the papers. They can do it up there."

Well, it was October one when Larry Lee entered the Presidio stockade. He

waited around. He kept telling everyone he was getting out the next day. The other prisoners told him, "Don't count on it; some of us have been here three or four months, waiting to get out."

Two weeks later, because the commanding officer was so incompetent that he couldn't get an insane man out of the stockade, Larry Lee was facing mutiny charges. Unfair, of course, but it showed the ranks that the Army wouldn't excuse back talk from *anybody*, not even a madman.

Almost as useful, but in a different way, was the participation of Nesrey Sood, who was a good soldier when he was sober, but wasn't sober often enough, being addicted to cheap wine. When he was drunk, he had the habit of telling noncoms and officers, "I ought to push your face in," and sometimes trying it. After sentencing him to a couple of long terms in an Alaskan stockade, the Army decided that it and Sood were incompatible. He was given traveling orders to pick up his discharge at Fort Lewis.

Part of Sood's troubles, however, were domestic. His wife was too gregarious and he was worried about his children. So instead of pausing at Fort Lewis to pick up his discharge, which was waiting, he went straight on to Oakland, to see if his children were being treated right. He was picked up for being A. W. O. L. and put into the Presidio stockade and, though practically speaking no longer a soldier, wound up sentenced to 15 years for mutiny, which was later reduced to two years. And, just to rub it in, a letter from the Oakland juvenile department, telling Sood of a hearing on the custody of his children, was withheld from him by stockade officials for eight days—two days past the date of the hearing.

Why would the Army go out of its way to destroy these pathetic wails? The victory seems so slight and the overkill so enormous. The answer is a fairly human one, not a bureaucratic one. The Soods and Sales of the Army are not the direct victims of an inflexible list of regulations handed down by Big Army, by the Pentagon Army, but of the very arbitrary emotions of Outpost Army—the hairy, aging human beings who run things in the field and whose insecurities in a civilian-dominated world are hidden beneath the uniforms of colonels and generals.

The chaos and the often ridiculous inconsistencies of military justice are largely the fault of a tradition by which a commandant is allowed to run his own outfit with all the autonomy of a medieval fiefdom. Face and pride, so precious to the military, would otherwise be damaged. Pentagon officials said that they will go to almost any lengths to avoid interfering with the generals who run the bases and will reverse their injustices only when adverse public opinion mounts

to dangerous levels. As a result, one finds a general's trivial jealousies, grudges and personal political biases often dictating the conduct of courts under his command, as well as dictating, of course, who appears before them as defendants.

Captain Howard Levy is a New Yorker who, long before he refused to teach medicine to Vietnam-bound Green Berets, offended the military-tuned citizenry near his South Carolina base by helping Negroes in voter-registration drives and who offended his fellow officers on the base by refusing to join the officers' club. Given an indiscreet tongue, which he had, it was almost inevitable that he wound up defending himself against serious charges. It was just as inevitable that Lance Corporal William Harvey and Private George Daniels were packed off to military prison to serve terms of six and ten years, respectively, for no crime greater than asking to talk with their commanding officer about the justice of black men being sent to Vietnam: they had made the mistake of irritating the Marine brass at a time when their base, Pendleton, was described by a Pentagon official as an "extraordinarily dangerous" place, because of the unrest of the troops. The commandant was irritated by Black Muslims, and Harvey and Daniels happened to be of that religion.

And one need not be surprised that Private, First Class Bruce Petersen was sentenced to eight years in prison for possessing marijuana (enough, the cops said, to mildly taint the lint in his pocket), when the ordinary sentence for possession is six months. Petersen was editor of the underground newspaper at Fort Hood, Texas, that had embarrassed and enraged the commandant for months, printing news of disturbances on the base that the brass wanted to keep quiet and that the local civilian newspaper did, indeed, suppress. Petersen had to go.

The same injustice descended on the Presidio through a confluence of persons and activities that irritated the hell out of the local brass—the most irritating influences being: the peacenik and hippie community of San Francisco, which, the Army believed, was ruining many of its soldiers; the San Francisco press; and Terence Kayo Hallinan, attorney.

The Presidio brass hated the peaceniks and the hippies so much, in fact, that there were secret discussions of moving the confinement facilities away from San Francisco. The suggestion was put to the Sixth Army commanding general by Colonel Robert McMahon, infantry commander, in a memo last year in which he wrote:

The primary reason for this request is to prevent further unfavorable criticism of the Army caused by indifferent, irresponsible, ineffective soldiers awaiting disposition at Presidio of San Francisco. This problem



"Even if you weren't such a great stud, Mr. Glutz, I'd still regard you as a wonderful human being."

is acute because the Presidio is located in the San Francisco area, where the press is particularly inclined to give headline attention to sensational stories involving the Army. . . . The easy access from the city of San Francisco . . . not only permits but encourages the two-way contact of troublemaker elements in the Service with the press and other organizations that thrive on sensationalism. . . . The Haight-Ashbury District acts as a magnet for fugitives and contributes to the general problem. . . . A contributing cause to the recent adverse publicity has been the group of attorneys to whom many S. P. D. personnel have turned for representation. These lawyers have employed techniques bordering on the unethical in order to achieve discharges for their clients. Soldiers have been advised to go A. W. O. L. or remain out of military control until they are dropped from the rolls of their organizations, and then surrender at the Presidio, so they will be processed here in the atmosphere hostile to the Army.

From Colonel McMahon's tone, it is plain that the Presidio commanding cadre felt at war with these outside influences. And of the attorneys who specialized in helping GIs, none was so hated as Terence Hallinan, one of five sons of the attorney Vincent Hallinan, who was the Presidential candidate of the Progressive Party in 1952 and who is equally well known for his court fights on behalf of Harry Bridges, the West Coast longshoremen's czar. To say that the Hallinans are left-wingers is putting it mildly. One of the Hallinan boys is working for the Communist Party in New York. Terence has recruited and organized for such groups as the DuBois Clubs. And to say that they are tough is also an understatement. Each of the five brothers was an intramural boxing champ at the University of California; Terence was the best, making national runner-up as a college light heavy. But his forte was street fighting. By the time he received his law degree, he had beaten up so many people out of the ring that the state bar association didn't want to license him and only after losing a two-year court battle did it do so. No sooner

had Terence become a lawyer than he was fighting the Army, and he won one case by actually climbing aboard an Army bus that was taking his client to a Vietnam-bound plane, pulling him off the bus and shoving some MPs around en route to freedom. Some Army brass claim that Terence Hallinan once sneaked into the stockade disguised as a priest, in order to give advice to some of the prisoners. I asked Hallinan if he had done this and he sort of side-stepped the question. In any event, Terence Hallinan was hated by the Presidio hierarchy.

Thus, when the 27 Presidio prisoners sat down on the grass to vent their unhappiness, the generals and colonels did not view this as an action potentially destructive to the Army; they viewed it as a convenient problem they could respond to in such a way as to get back at peacenik civilians, the press and Hallinan. Two days before the sit-down, there had been a GIs and veterans' march for peace in San Francisco; and although everybody at the Presidio was restricted on that day, so that they could not participate, nevertheless, many GIs were in the march and Outpost Army was furious. In the 48 hours before the sit-down, it was rumored around the base that the prisoners were about to pull something "to attract the press," which also infuriated the officers; and when, at the sit-down itself, the prisoners began screaming, "We want Hallinan! We want Hallinan! We want the press! We want the press!" the sit-downers became secondary antagonists. The colonels and generals were out to get those other forces that, by beguiling their GIs, had fouled the disciplinary nest.

Is this just speculation? I don't think so. Sergeant Steven Craig Black, who took video films of the demonstration, just as he had taken video films of the GIs and veterans' march two days earlier, revealed that when he showed both films to a group of eight top officers from the base, "someone at the meeting said that the reason for the demonstration was to support the GIs and vets' march and someone else said that it was to protest the killing of a prisoner. I didn't hear anyone say that one reason for the demonstration was to avoid doing something they were going to be ordered to do."

So much for the notion that the Army honestly looked upon it as a mutiny. It was a minor part of a much bigger grudge.

For months, the morale of the Presidio stockade had been in a tail spin. As Private Patrick Wright recalls those early autumn days of 1968, "It was a crazy house—people cutting on themselves—everybody yelling—being jumped on all the time—guards telling me, 'I'm going to break your arm'—human excrement all over the latrine floor—guards shoving us on food."



"You've been avoiding me lately, Harold. . . . Is it my breath?"

Among the prisoners was Private Richard Bunch, 19, a little fellow (five feet, four inches, 120 pounds) who was enough to give any barracks the heebie jeebies. He talked to himself all day, and every night was riddled with his screams and moans and his mindless jabber about being a warlock and being able to walk through walls and kill people with a glance. Sometimes, he tried his powers by walking into a wall. He shouldn't have been in the prison, of course; he had gone A. W. O. L. and, after blowing his mind for months on LSD, had returned to his home in Ohio. His mother saw at once that Richard had flipped, but the Army told her in writing that it would give him treatment. Instead, he was sent to the stockade.

On October 11, 1968, Bunch committed suicide by teasing the shotgun guard, standing about five paces away, into shooting him. "What would you do if I ran?" Bunch had asked.

"You'll have to run to find out," the guard had replied.

"Well, be sure to shoot me in the head," Bunch begged, as he went walking, then skipping, then trotting down the Presidio road. The guard fired. Bunch was hit with what one California Congressman described as "not number-seven shot, which we use for pheasant, or number-six shot, which we use for duck, but number-four shot, which can down a 30-pound goose, a Canadian honker, with one pellet"; and although Army regulations require that a guard fire only as a last resort and then aim for the legs, this blast hit Bunch in the heart, lungs, spleen and kidney and left a hole in his back the size of a grapefruit. The Army later explained that something was wrong with the gun and that it discharged higher than aimed. After shooting Bunch, the guard whirled around and pointed the gun at another prisoner and yelled, "Hit the ground, hit the ground, or I'll shoot you, too."

Another guard nearby was reported to have told the killer guard, "I wish I'd done it, so I could have got a transfer closer to home." (Army practice is to transfer a killer guard immediately.)

The guard was not court-martialed and the slaying was ruled justified.

Bunch's death threw the stockade into bedlam, with people weeping, shaking things, refusing to eat and periodically exploding with shouts. Windows were broken. There was talk of murdering a guard in retaliation, or burning down the stockade.

The day after Bunch's slaying, the stockade commandant, Captain Lamont, summoned the prisoners and read to them the mutiny article from the Uniform Code of Military Justice. It wasn't really his idea; he did not have that much knowledge of the U. C. M. J. Lieutenant Colonel Ford, his commanding officer, knowing Lamont had begun to lose con-

trol of his stockade, had asked, "Have you ever considered reading the mutiny article?" And to Lamont, a suggestion from a superior was equivalent to an order.

Having read the article, he did nothing else to quiet the men. The Bunch memorial service didn't impress the prisoners, one of whom later recalled, "The officers just sat around, laughing." Two prisoners who showed up with black arm bands (homemade with shoe polish) were ordered to remove them.

On Sunday night (October 13), a few of the prisoners—nobody can now remember how many were at the planning session—decided that the next morning, at the 7:30 formation, they would pull a sit-down demonstration and, when Lamont showed up, read their list of grievances. Heading the list were demands that there would be no more shotgun guards and that all guards would have to take psychiatric examinations.

Lamont knew what was up. At 5:30 A.M., a guard had phoned to tell him the men had planned a demonstration for two hours hence. And then what did he do to cool tempers? "I went back to sleep," he testified. "I considered that standard procedure."

At the 7:30 sick call, the prisoners broke ranks and sat down: 28 of them, then 27, as one wandered away. There had been talk of 90 or 100 joining, but in the showdown, most stayed in ranks.

When Captain Lamont approached the sit-downers, however, the grievance plan began to fall apart. He would not listen to their list of demands but, instead, began reading from the U. C. M. J. manual. Frustrated, they began singing and shrieking to drown him out, so Lamont retired to a loud-speaker in an M. P. sedan outside the stockade yard and again began to read the mutiny article. Now he also ordered them to get up and return to their barracks.

Later, under oath, he admitted that when he first approached the group, he had not ordered them to return to their barracks. Up to that point, then, they had not disobeyed an order, much less mutinied. Mutiny, the Army says, is conspiracy with "the intent to override authority." Unless orders are given, authority cannot be overridden. And if they could not hear the order when it was finally given, could it be said that they intended to override authority? Captain Lamont also admitted under oath that the loud-speaker he was using was troubled by feedback. Other witnesses testified to both static and feedback. And Dr. Vincent Salmon, a senior research scientist at the Stanford University Research Institute, who is one of the nation's foremost experts on sound, as well as a noted inventor of loud-speaker systems, testified that if the men were singing with just average volume, they could not have understood the order,

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even if they had heard the captain. Were they singing that loud? Lamont testified that the pitch of their voices was "screaming. They got very, very loud."

And now we come to perhaps the most Dostoevskyan justice of the day. One of the men in the protesting circle was Private Edward Yost, holder of the Purple Heart and the Combat Infantryman's badge for service in Vietnam, where he had performed with exemplary courage on 19 forays into the Mekong Delta before being put out of the war by a booby-trap explosion that cost him *much of the hearing in one ear and some of the hearing in the other*. If the 26 other soldiers were unable to make out the words of Captain Lamont's order, Yost was having trouble even making out the words of the songs and shouts of the men right by his side. He couldn't have been sure Captain Lamont was making a sound, even if he had been facing him—and he was sitting with his back to the captain.

What was Yost doing in the circle? Not protesting the war, as the prosecution later implied. In fact, few of the men were protesting the war. Especially not Yost. He was happy to have served in Vietnam and said he would serve there again. He was in the stockade not because he had gone A. W. O. L. from disagreement with the Army as an organiza-

tion but because when he had returned from Vietnam with his injuries, his pay records had not followed; and his former wife was threatening him for lack of support—no trivial matter in California. So, just because he felt it wasn't helping to lie around the hospital, he had gone A. W. O. L. and got a job to make some money while waiting for the Army to clear up his pay records. He disliked peaceniks. He disliked people who tried to undercut the Army. He had joined the group simply because a buddy he had known from civilian days broke ranks, said to him, "Come on, let's go," and in his almost-deaf and puzzled way, he had gone.

All this came out in his trial, of course. And after he had been sentenced to nine months in prison and a bad-conduct discharge, his military attorney asked several members of the jury if they had not believed what the acoustical experts had said about the noise and about Yost's hearing. Oh, sure, they said, they believed them—but Yost was guilty, that's all.

. . .

Viewed from the Army's side, its system of justice works beautifully. More than 95 percent of all courts-martial result in convictions, and convictions are rather final. There were 89,649 courts-martial of all kinds in 1968 and only

121 cases were accepted by the Court of Military Appeals—which means that .13 percent of the men convicted got a full review.

The military has worked out the routine in such a way that some of the constitutional safeguards seem to be in force and yet actually aren't. The Army gives the defendant an attorney and then won't let him work. In some cases, the defendant may have both a military attorney and a civilian attorney. But civilian attorneys who do their work too vigorously may find themselves threatened. David Lowe, a civilian attorney in the Presidio cases, was warned that if he didn't stay in line, the military authorities were prepared to have him reprimanded by his state bar. ("I encouraged them to go right ahead," Lowe recalls. "I said swell, because then we'd have some hearings they'd *really* be interested in.") To use another case, that of Captain Levy, the Brooklyn dermatologist who went to prison for refusing to teach medicine to Green Berets: His attorney, Charles Morgan, Jr., of the A. C. L. U., one of the best lawyers in the South, was ridiculed by the military judge, who in open court suggested that Morgan might be too incompetent to complete the case. Hallinan, the most flamboyant and aggressive of the civilian attorneys in the Presidio affair, was told that the Army was gathering evidence in an effort to have him charged with fomenting the mutiny.

Military defense attorneys who do their jobs with gusto have even more trouble. One of them, Captain Emmit Yearly, was twice threatened with court-martial, once for "speaking to the press" and once for spending too much time on the case. Captain Brandon Sullivan, another of the outstanding defense attorneys, ended his courtroom fights with an immediate assignment to Vietnam, which was rescinded as a "mistake" only when press denunciations of the assignment apparently caused too much embarrassment for the Army.

As for the rules by which military trials are conducted, they would be very entertaining if they did not result in nearly 90,000 cases of dubious justice every year. There is no bail, no indictment by grand jury, no trial by peers, no impartial judge; in short, no due process—all supposedly guaranteed by the Constitution. The defense attorneys have no subpoena power, little freedom of cross-examination, no power to call military witnesses. In the trial of Captain Levy, the colonel who pressed charges against him admitted under oath that he had no intention of doing so originally but had changed his mind and had decided to try to send Levy to prison "after reading what they had on him in a G-2 investigation." The investigation by the Army's intelligence unit was the heart of the entire case—



"I'll have to say goodbye, Marge. Frank will be home any second and he likes to unwind immediately."

but the Army refused to allow Levy's lawyers to read it.

Defense attorneys must make their requests for witnesses *through the prosecution*, and if the prosecution doesn't think the witnesses should be called, they aren't. The attorney for Private Yost wanted to call two noted psychologists at his own expense, but the prosecution turned him down. The Army also refused to take verbatim transcripts of the preliminary hearings, saying it could not afford to hire secretaries and that the base had no available tape recorders. The press gets even shorter shrift. The Pentagon refused to make any of its trial records available to me, but I was able to obtain them elsewhere.

In a civilian court, a juror will be knocked off the jury if the defense attorney can show that he is biased against his client. Not so in a military court. The military judge has nothing to say about it; the question of a prospective juror's bias is left up to a vote of the other members of the jury.

A stunning example of what this can mean emerged at the trial of the first of the Presidio defendants. The military defense counsel, Captain Sullivan, was subjecting one of the prospective jurors, an Army colonel, to what Sullivan considered to be some routine questions:

SULLIVAN: Colonel, do you believe in the right to demonstrate?

COLONEL: No.

SULLIVAN: Maybe you didn't understand my question. Let's forget about the Army for a moment. Do you believe that civilians have the right to express their views in peaceful demonstrations in support of or in opposition to an official policy?

COLONEL: No.

MILITARY JUDGE (*interrupting*): Colonel, you know the Constitution provides that right.

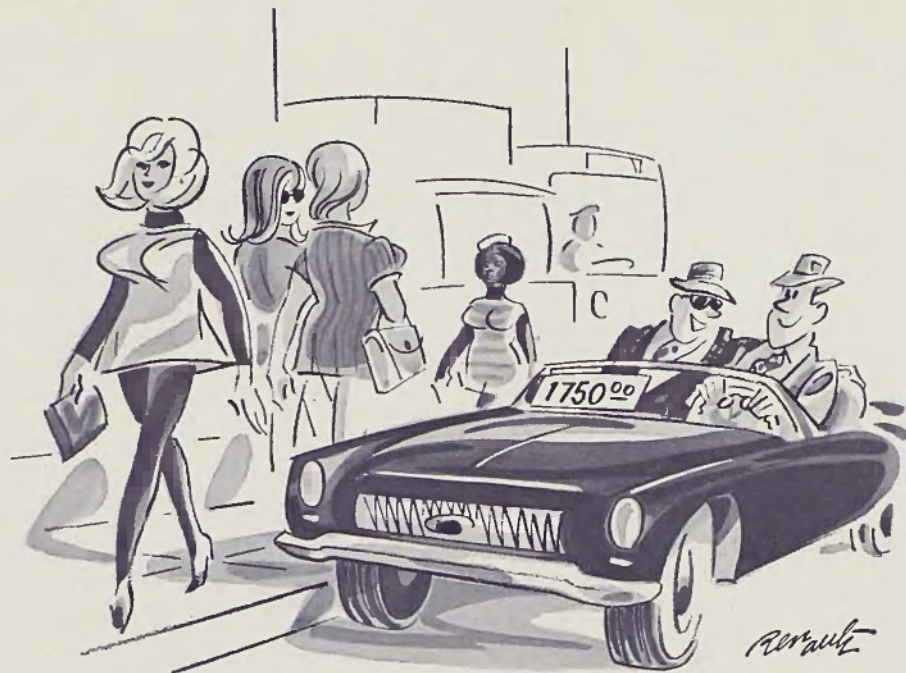
COLONEL: I don't care.

SULLIVAN: OK, we'll challenge him for bias.

The jury of colonels voted down Sullivan's challenge and accepted their brother colonel as unbiased and fit to serve.

There was really nothing unusual in this experience. The Army makes no pretense of supplying objective jurors. In another of the Presidio trials, these were the notable responses from three representative members of the jury as they were being selected:

Lieutenant Colonel Frank C. Marshall said that parades and demonstrations against the war in Vietnam "annoyed" him, but he wouldn't let that prevent him from giving a fair decision to somebody charged with anti-war demonstrating. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas H. Brennan said he felt the reports in the press that called it a mutiny were accurate—but he hadn't formed any opinion about the case. Colonel Harold E. Curry,



"Now try it for pickup."

who is in the R. O. T. C. Division of the Sixth Army, complained that there are "incidents that occur on campuses throughout this Army area almost on a daily basis" with "an adverse effect" on his R. O. T. C., but he didn't feel it prejudiced him against sit-downers and protesters. And he said he didn't have anything against the A. C. L. U., although he had found in his experience with them that A. C. L. U. attorneys are "misinformed, in a frequency of the cases I got involved in."

Lieutenant Colonel Everett F. Whitney gave the most incredible response. Although the mutiny arrests brought about the most explosive publicity in the Presidio's history, he said he had read only the headlines mentioning the mutiny and that these had not interested him enough to make him read further. And—so he claimed—nobody who worked in his office at the base was much interested, either.

Q.: You say you heard it [discussed] perhaps in office talk. Can you recall what you heard in the office talk, if you recall?

WHITNEY: Yes. "Have you seen the morning paper?" "Yes, I seen [*sic*] the morning paper." And some person would mention, "Well, I seen [*sic*] they had trouble up in the stockade"—but not anything in detail.

Whitney also had a low opinion of demonstrations, although he stopped short of calling them criminal.

Q.: How do you feel about demonstration and protest?

WHITNEY: I'm wondering who's paying these people who can afford this time to go out and do it. . . .

Q.: Do you feel that a protest is ever a legal means of expressing a grievance?

WHITNEY: I can only presume it is. I would have to say that I feel that a protest is *not necessarily an illegal* [*italics mine*] means of expressing a grievance. That would be the best answer I could give you on that one.

Much of the defense's argument would, of course, rest on the fact that the stockade was run in an oppressive, sloppy, perverse way and that, therefore, the group of protesters had valid complaints to make, even if they chose the wrong way to make them. But the defense could hope for little attention from Whitney, who had been an inspector general from 1964 to 1966, visiting prisoners in stockades and listening to thousands of similar complaints.

Q.: During this two-year period, did you have the opportunity to check on the complaints or grievances of people who were residing in the stockades as prisoners?

WHITNEY: Yes.

Q.: Did you find that any of those complaints were justified?

WHITNEY: Yes, I'm sure there must have been some. In fact, I know—I recall one.

Why didn't defense attorney Paul Halvonik challenge these colonels and try to have them tossed off the jury? "I didn't make any challenges for cause," he explains, "because it's insane to do it. I 227

never challenge for cause in a military trial. All it does is set the other jurors against you. They take it as an insult to a fellow officer."

In any court-martial where the pride of the brass is at stake, or where the brass feels the need to make an example of the defendant, the defense attorney is always dead. There were grotesque examples of this in the trial of Captain Howard Levy, perhaps the most headlined victim of military injustice, who went to prison after being convicted of saying things that fomented "disloyalty and disaffection" and for refusing to train Special Forces troops who were going to Vietnam, he was convinced, to commit war crimes.

Several quite revealing rulings were made by Colonel Earl V. Brown, the trial judge in that case, who was also, at that time, the chief legal officer of the Army (he has since found what may be better use of his talents, as a professor of engineering). In the first place, he ruled that the truth of Captain Levy's statements about the war was irrelevant. Secondly, he refused to let Captain Levy's counsel ask witnesses to define disloyalty and disaffection. "All right," Morgan said to the judge, "would you please define disloyalty for us?" "Later," said the judge. Morgan pressed on: "Could I have a meaning from the court what disaffection is?" Again, the judge said he would provide a definition later. When the later time arrived, the judge did give definitions, but he added, "I am not satisfied with them myself."

Now, it may seem odd that Levy was convicted of saying things that may have been true but whose truth was irrelevant and of saying things that fomented reactions that the judge himself could not define; but the character of that trial took on even weirder shapes than these. For Levy was also accused and convicted of "conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman," under Article 133 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice; and one will better understand military justice if he analyzes the judge's explanation to the jury of what constitutes a violation: "Any officer who is convicted of conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman violates this article."

In the face of the verbatim transcript of the trial itself, the Army would be hard put to dispute attorney Morgan's historical summation of the case: "The problem with Levy was, he was tried and convicted of crimes that don't exist. Like witchcraft and heresy. That's exactly what he was tried for. We went through a lot of years in this country with everybody thinking witchcraft and heresy were not things to be tried for, but that's what he was tried for, that's what he was convicted of and that's what he's serving a sentence for."

Corruption cannot be removed from military jurisprudence until sycophancy

is removed from the military system—which means that corruption is permanent. The commanding officer hand-picks the jury from members of his command who are subject to his promotion and control and who, naturally, want to please him. Usually, they are career officers or career enlisted men (who make the toughest jurors), who know that the general wouldn't have called the court-martial in the first place unless he thought the defendant was guilty; this was especially true in the Presidio case, where the investigating officer had ruled that the mutiny charge, "an offense which has its roots in the harsh admiralty laws of previous centuries, is an over-reaction by the Army," but was overruled by the commanding general. The general's lawyer (the staff judge advocate) appoints both the prosecuting attorney and the military defense; the general's attorney draws up the charges and he reviews the verdict; and, finally, the general decides whether or not to approve what the court-martial has done.

Not even the American Legion, usually looked upon as an apologist for the military, can stomach the inequities that are pressed down upon military justice at the whim of the generals and colonels and admirals. A special Legion committee that studied the Uniform Code of Military Justice concluded bleakly that "many of the evils and irregularities which have arisen in the American system—both past and present—probably have their origin in the system itself, and no amount of patching and mending of the present system can entirely eliminate command control and influence." Meaning that the Legion sees no way to keep the generals from rigging their own courts. And why, asks the Legion, should every court be convened *ad hoc*, for every individual case? Why not a permanent military court—unlinked to any particular command—as was found "even in Germany before the coming of Hitler"?

Some, agreeing with the Legion on the probable futility of trying to correct the military-court procedure from inside, would take away most of the military's jurisdiction. Those who have come to this conclusion range from responsible public advocates such as Charles Morgan to U.S. Senators such as George McGovern.

Says Morgan:

There's just no point of having any sort of trials conducted within the military. The military is incapable of understanding the Constitution. Several things are going to have to happen if we're going to have a decent Army in the future. First of all, there's absolutely no need to have Army physicians. You can get physicians for the Army who don't have to run around in khaki

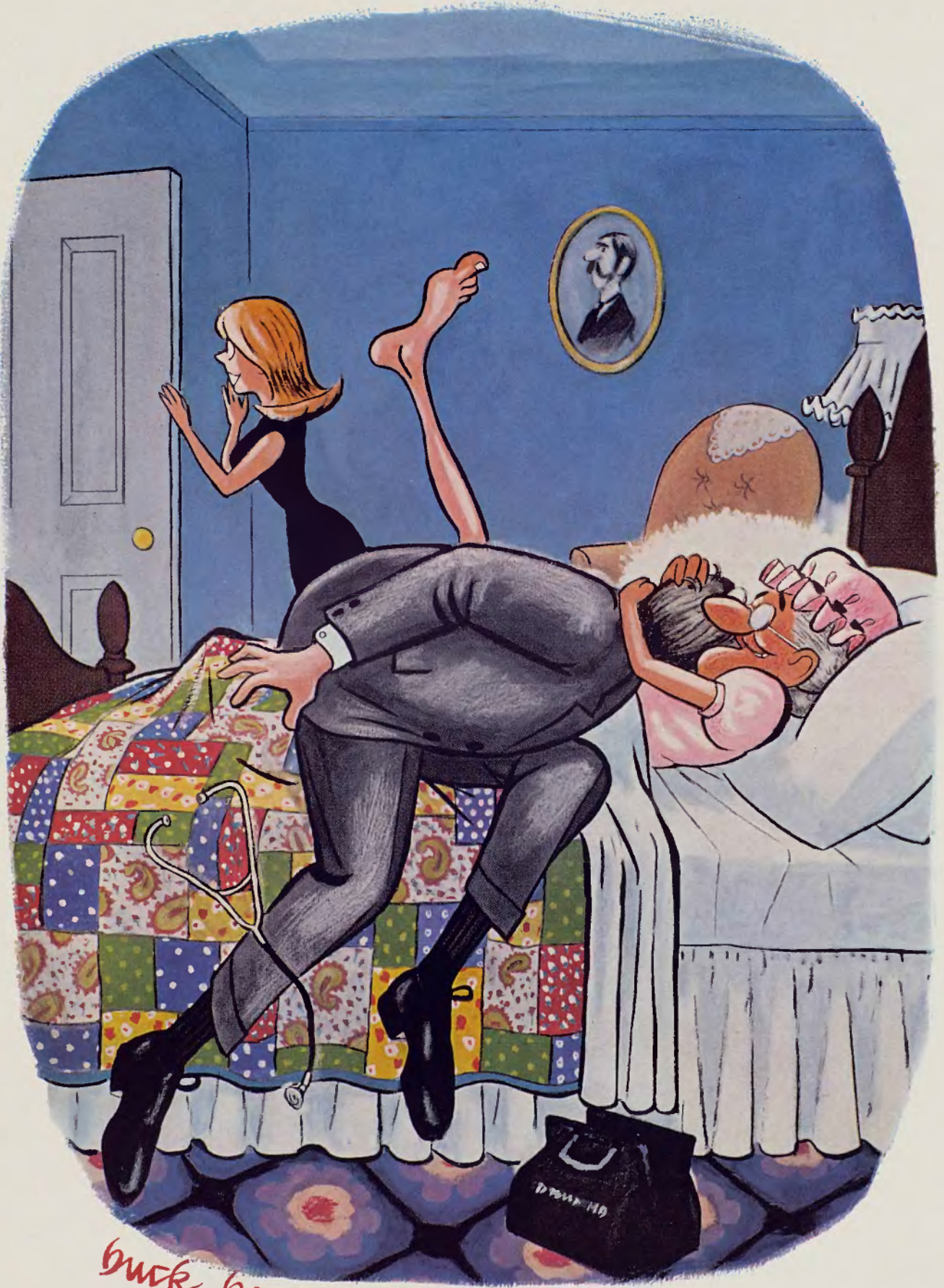
green, saluting. Let the Army hire civilian doctors. Secondly, you don't need chaplains in the Army. Let the various churches pay for them and send them to accompany the Army, if they want to. And the third thing is, the Army should be made to give up its lawyers and its courts. The handling of folks who've got good sense is a great problem, and the Army doesn't know how. People with good sense expect to be covered by the Bill of Rights, and the Army justice doesn't permit this. There's absolutely no argument against giving Army personnel the protection of civilian juries.

Senator McGovern agrees, with only a slight qualification:

I think it would be a good idea to put the *serious* legal and criminal questions in the hands of the civilians. It seems to me that the civilian supremacy over the military would be protected by having serious charges handled in civilian courts. The processes of justice are more dependable when handled on the civilian side. The right to freedom of speech is poorly protected by the military. Much as it galls me that they have the wrong ideas, I do not believe generals should be muzzled. But I also believe privates who want to meet in groups on the base and denounce the Vietnam war should be able to speak their minds under the same protection. Either on or off the base, they should have the right to march in peace parades. They should not find themselves confronting courts-martial for these activities. The Bill of Rights should extend to the military.

Perhaps the very best argument for taking the process of justice away from the military is that the officers are often so obtuse that they really don't know what their critics are getting at when they talk about constitutional rights. For instance, when they prepared to fly Captain Levy from Fort Jackson to begin his three-year term at Leavenworth, it was one of those early, chilly, odd Army hours that provoke strange conversations. Levy was standing by the plane as it warmed up, and some of his friends were there to see him off and a colonel who had escorted him to the plane was there; suddenly, the colonel interrupted the others' goodbyes to say quite earnestly, "Captain, I want you to know I'm in the Army really to defend the rights of all, and while I disagree with what you said, I'll defend to my death your right to speak." It was hopeless, and Levy, knowing this better than anyone, responded amiably, "Well, goddamn."





Buck Brown

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