

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

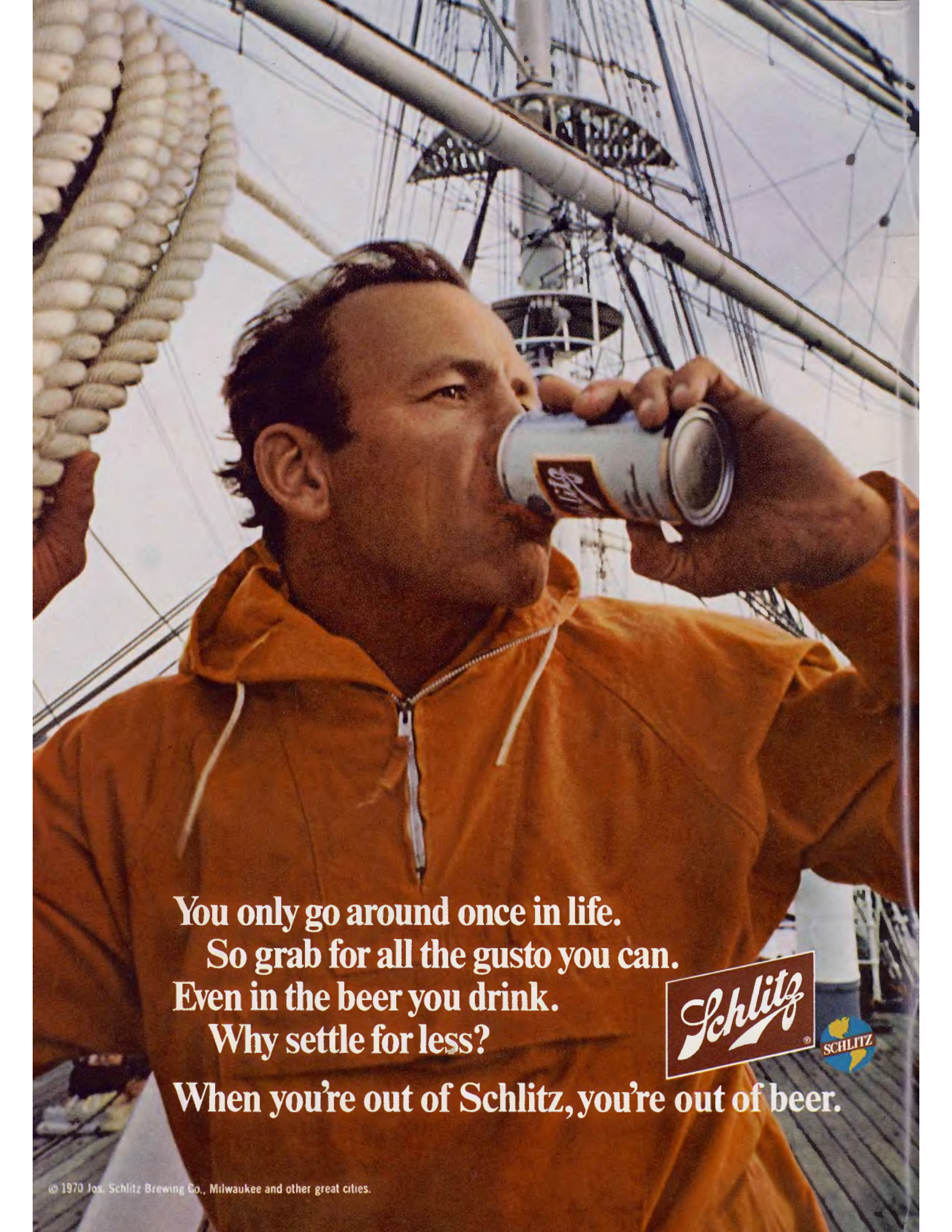
APRIL 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

\*\*\*  
\*\*\*  
\*\*\*  
**PLAYBOY**

THE GIRLS OF ISRAEL  
CAMPUS MANHUNTS  
PLAYBOY'S MISS ENGLAND  
FASHION FORECAST





A man with a mustache, wearing a brown zip-up jacket, is shown in profile drinking from a Schlitz beer can. He is on the deck of a large sailing ship, with the complex rigging and masts visible in the background. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

**You only go around once in life.  
So grab for all the gusto you can.  
Even in the beer you drink.  
Why settle for less?**



**When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer.**





# Hang-ups. For people who don't have any.

We made a stereo system with speakers so versatile, you may



get a little hung-up over where to put them. Because they not only can attach to your ceiling. Or to your walls. But they can stand on their own two feet.

And when we made the

speakers versatile, we didn't forget about the rest of the system. Like the 4-track cassette unit that plays pre-recorded cassettes. Or lets you record your own. In stereo.

Like the FM/AM and FM stereo tuner. With sliding controls. The kind the pros use.

We put other things into this system. An AFC control that keeps the FM from drifting. And FET to pull in distant stations — one at a time.

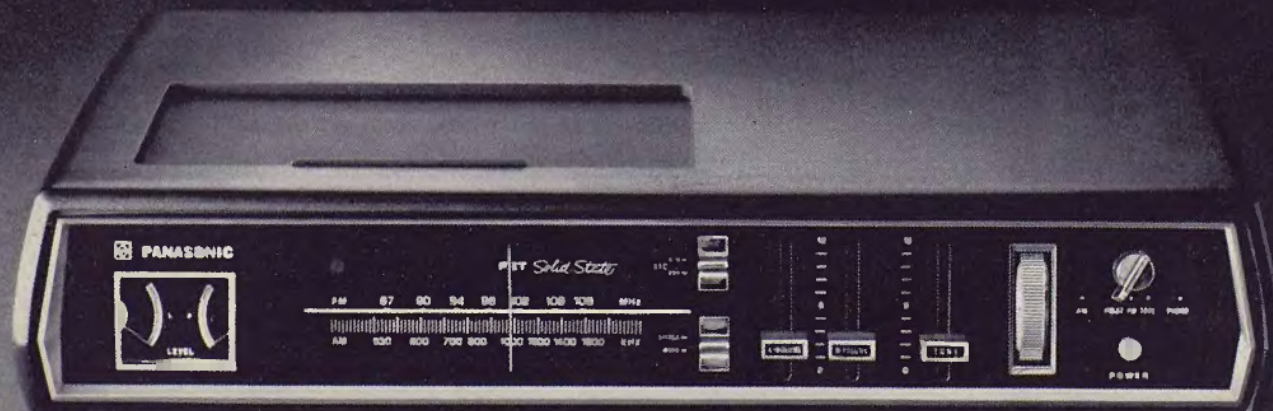
We built in a Stereo Eye that lights up to let you know when you're listening to stereo. And a

sound monitoring system with two professional VU meters so you can hear what you're recording, while you're recording it.

And you'll be hearing it all through those chrome-faced globes that not only look slightly ahead of their time, but sound that way.


The RS-252S is all Solid State. And comes with a microphone, mike stand and pre-recorded cassette. Also jacks for a phono and headset.

There's only one place to get hung-up on it. At a dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line.



**PANASONIC®**  
just slightly ahead of our time.



A close-up photograph of a woman with long, dark hair and heavy eye makeup, looking slightly to the right. She has a cigarette in her mouth. Behind her, a man's face is partially visible, looking in the same direction. The background is a warm, brownish-orange color.

# Give her your Tipalet<sup>®</sup> and watch her smoke.

Go ahead. Give it to her. A rich, grape-y Tipalet Burgundy. Or tangy Tipalet Cherry. Or luscious Tipalet Blueberry. That's right, Blueberry. It's wild! Tipalet. No inhaling. Delicious taste and aroma both of you can live with... happily, ever after.

**Smokers of America, do yourself a flavor.  
Make your next cigarette a Tipalet.**



**New from Muriel.**

**About 5 for 25¢**



# PLAYBILL

MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT—the Ripon Society, a 2000-member progressive-Republican research and policy group, has President Nixon's seal of approval. Indeed, the highlight of the association's recent seventh-anniversary dinner was a telegram from the Chief, hailing Ripon's impatience with the "tired approaches of the past and its readiness to explore ideas whose time is coming." Just such an exploration is presented in this issue by Josiah Lee Auspitz, the organization's 29-year-old president. In *For a Moderate Majority*, he foresees the emergence of a young elite whose political involvement will lead the nation toward reconciliation, reform and social progress. After serving on the White House staff as research director of the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization, Auspitz is now back at Harvard, teaching courses in government while completing work for his Ph.D. Another hopeful note is sounded in *The Great Campus Manhunt*, in which Max Gunther reveals how corporate college recruiters are hiring more postgraduate talent than ever before, despite increased student sales resistance and growing numbers of anti-business activists. While researching *Manhunt* on various campuses, Gunther spent a day talking to the students at Hofstra University's placement office. "After a while," he says, "it became apparent that many of them had a mistaken notion of my mission—they thought I was recruiting new employees for PLAYBOY and were disappointed to learn that I was working on a story assignment. When I asked why they wanted to work for a magazine, they gave answers such as 'chance to influence people,' 'chance to make some kind of footprint in history.' The only thing that scared them was the possibility of becoming anonymous. Money was one of the last things on their minds, which seems to be symptomatic among a growing campus group."

The old saw that truth is stranger than fiction is entertainingly reaffirmed in *Dr. Otto Matic, I Presume*, PLAYBOY Associate Editor Craig Vetter's wry account of his psychoanalytic encounter with a California computer. After it was over, he almost got a complex trying to convince fellow staff members that the bizarre narrative wasn't a figment of his imagination; but he had the actual tape print-out to prove it. In *The Sports Hustlers*, his first contribution to PLAYBOY, Barry Rosenberg chronicles those con artists who make a tidy living at the expense of their all-too-willing victims. Also making his debut in our pages this month is Stanley Booth, who recounts for us his nostalgic visit with Furry Lewis, a nearly forgotten Memphis blues man. Booth's poignant memoir, *Furry's Blues*, will appear in volume two of *The Age of Rock*, an anthology soon to be published by Random House. "Since my meeting with Lewis," Booth tells us, "many young people have begun to rediscover the blues, and their interest has created a new market for recordings and performances by Furry and his few remaining contemporaries in the Mississippi Delta. I'm sorry to report that Furry recently suffered a heart attack; but, fortunately, he has recovered sufficiently to play at weddings, *bar mitzvahs* and other engagements." Music authority Booth is currently living in England, writing a book tentatively titled *The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones Outlaw Band*.

In an exclusive *Playboy Interview* conducted by Senior Editor Nat Lehrman, Dr. Mary Calderone, executive director of SIECUS, airs her forthright views on female sexuality, modern approaches to marriage and the right-wing assault on sex education in the schools. Appropriately, Lehrman is also in charge of *The Playboy Forum*, *The Playboy Advisor* and articles dealing with human behavior. *Our Mortgaged Future*, by James Clayton, demonstrates how the crippling aftereffects of war sap a nation's human and financial resources for decades—and even centuries—after the hostilities have ended. Director of the University of Utah's honors program and an associate professor of history, Clayton testified on this subject last year before Senator William Proxmire's Subcommittee on Economy in Government and is presently planning a leave of absence to finish writing a book about the economic consequences of the Cold War, part of which will be based on this article.

An exclusive prep school in New York provides the setting for a dramatic confrontation between father and son in *Black Shylock*, a Louis Auchincloss story that heads up April's fiction. Although *Shylock* marks his first appearance in PLAYBOY, Auchincloss is the author of many books, among them *The Great World and Timothy Colt*, *Portrait in Brownstone*, *The Rector of Justin*, *The Embezzler* and *A World of Profit*. His most recent work was *Motiveless Malignity*, a book of essays on Shakespeare. John D. MacDonald has written more than 600 short stories and over 50 books during his 23-year writing career. In *Dear Old Friend*, he weaves an ironic tale about the disintegration of a long-standing friendship on the shoals of business avarice. Master of the macabre Richard Matheson wrote his voodooistic yarn *By Appointment Only* in one sitting, after a visit to his local barbershop. Matheson's last spellbinder for PLAYBOY, *Prey* (April 1969), is included in his forthcoming collection of stories, *Shock IV*.

Other treats to welcome April: *The Bilingual Pleasures of Montreal*, which outlines (and encapsulates in an accompanying action chart) the post-Expo attractions of Canada's stylish cosmopolis; *Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*, Fashion Director Robert L. Green's preview of sartorial trends for the upcoming sunny seasons (Green ought to know—along with such notables as Bill Blass, Hubert de Givenchy and Luis Estevez, he was named one of 1969's best-dressed men in the fashion world); *The Grooming Boom*, an array of new notions for the perfect finishing touch; and *Class with Glass*, a quartet of cars for those in search of individuality and style in vehicular body design. Beauty also abounds in *The Girls of Israel*, a pictures-and-text essay devoted to the spirited and sensuous women who grace the embattled land of milk and honey; nomadic Playmate of the Month Barbara Hillary, with whom our cameras caught up on a visit to Alaska; and *Bunny Myra: She's Entitled*, a photographic tribute to the British cottontail who, after winning the Miss England crown, competed in the last Miss Universe contest. So read on—April won't rain on our parade.



AUCHINCLOSS



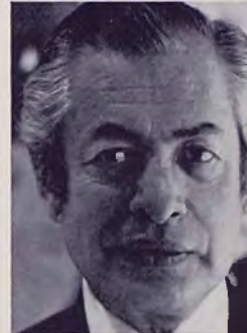
MAC DONALD



MATHESON



GUNTHER



GREEN



AUSPITZ



CLAYTON



BOOTH



LEHRMAN



ROSENBERG



VETTER



# PLAYBOY



## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	23
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	49
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	53
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DR. MARY CALDERONE— <i>candid conversation</i> .....	63
BLACK SHYLOCK— <i>fiction</i> ..... LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS	80
OUR MORTGAGED FUTURE— <i>article</i> ..... JAMES CLAYTON	86
FOR A MODERATE MAJORITY— <i>article</i> ..... JOSIAH LEE AUSPITZ	89
BUNNY MYRA: SHE'S ENTITLED— <i>pictorial</i> .....	91
THE GROOMING BOOM— <i>accouterments</i> .....	96
DEAR OLD FRIEND— <i>fiction</i> ..... JOHN D. MAC DONALD	99
FURRY'S BLUES— <i>memoir</i> ..... STANLEY BOOTH	100
PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST— <i>attire</i> ..... ROBERT L. GREEN	105
NORTH TO ALASKA— <i>playboy's playmate of the month</i> .....	116
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES— <i>humor</i> .....	124
THE BILINGUAL PLEASURES OF MONTREAL— <i>travel</i> .....	126
SPORTS HUSTLERS— <i>article</i> ..... BARRY ROSENBERG	133
THE LAND OF A MILLION ELEPHANTS— <i>fiction</i> ..... ASA BABER	134
GIRLS OF ISRAEL— <i>pictorial essay</i> .....	138
DR. OTTO MATIC, I PRESUME— <i>article</i> ..... CRAIG VETTER	151
CHECKMATE— <i>ribald classic</i> ..... MARGARET OF NAVARRE	153
CLASS WITH GLASS— <i>modern living</i> .....	155
BY APPOINTMENT ONLY— <i>fiction</i> ..... RICHARD MATHESON	159
THE GREAT CAMPUS MANHUNT— <i>article</i> ..... MAX GUNTHER	161
WORD PLAY— <i>satire</i> ..... ROBERT CAROLA	163
MAN AND THE IDEA— <i>humor</i> ..... ALPHONSE NORMANDIA	164
ON THE SCENE— <i>personalities</i> .....	182



Fashion Forecast P. 105



Otto Matic P. 151



Israel's Girls P. 138



Sports Hustlers P. 133

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

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

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 319 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1970 BY HMM PUBLISHING CO. INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY® AND RABBIT HEAD DESIGN® REGISTERED TRADEMARK, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL PAMELA NYSTUL, PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 124-125, 161; SID BENNETT, P. 92; MARIO CASILLI, P. 3; DAVID CHAM, P. 3, 91-93 (4); JEFF COHEN P. 63; AVI KALIAN, P. 182; FLETCHER MANLEY, P. 3; GERALD NIEBERG, P. 3; DICK HORTON, P. 3; DON ORRITZ, P. 155-157 (5); J. DARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3; BILL PIERCE, P. 3; POMPEO POSAR, P. 3 (2), 32; SAM SHAW, P. 183; VERNOR SMITH, P. 3; ALEXAS URBA, P. 128, 153 (3); KEN WILLIAMS, P. 92; BARON WOLMAN, P. 183; JERRY YULSHAN, P. 3.

PLAYBOY, APRIL, 1970, VOL. 17, NO. 4. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO. INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 319 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.

SHELDON WAX *assistant managing editor*; MURRAY FISHER, MICHAEL LAURENCE, NAT LEHRMAN *senior editors*; ROBIE MACAULEY *fiction editor*; JAMES GOODE *articles editor*; ARTHUR KRETCHMER *associate articles editor*; TOM OWEN *modern living editor*; DAVID BUTLER, HENRY FENWICK, WILLIAM J. HELMIER, LAWRENCE LINDERMAN, ROBERT J. SHEA, DAVID STEVENS, JULIA TRELEASE, CRAIG VETTER, ROBERT ANTON WILSON *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *fashion editor*; REGINALD POTTERTON *travel reporter*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *contributing editor, business & finance*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy chief*; KEN W. PURDY, KENNETH TYNAN *contributing editors*; RICHARD KOFF *administrative editor*; STEVEN M. L. ARONSON, GEOFFREY NORMAN, STANLEY PALEY, BILL QUINN, CARL SNYDER, JAMES SPURLOCK, ROGER WIDENER, RAY WILLIAMS *assistant editors*; BEV CHAMBERLAIN, MARILYN GRABOWSKI *associate picture editors*; BILL ARSENAULT, DAVID CHAN, DWIGHT HOOKER, POMPEO POSAR, ALEXAS URBA *staff photographers*; MIKE COTHARD *photo lab chief*; RONALD BLUME *associate art director*; BOB POST, GEORGE KENTON, KERIG POPE, TOM STAEBLER, ROY MOODY, LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors*; WALTER KRADENYCH, VICTOR HUBBARD, KAREN YOPS *art assistants*; MICHELLE ALTMAN *associate cartoon editor*; JOHN MASTRO *production manager*; ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager*; PAT PAPPAS *rights and permissions* • HOWARD W. LEFERER *advertising director*; JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER *associate advertising managers*; SHERMAN KEATS *chicago advertising manager*; ROBERT A. MC KENZIE *detroit advertising manager*; NELSON FUTCH *promotion director*; HELMUT LORSCH *publicity manager*; BENNY DUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *public affairs manager*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*; ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and circulation director*.



**Dodge**  **CHRYSLER**  
MOTORS CORPORATION



We were talking about Charger, and your name came up.



There's a Harley-Davidson out-performer for every style of cycle excitement. Sun-and-summer-fun 65cc Leggero. 125cc Rapido for windblown freedom, street or trail. Sprint SS, race-bred 350cc middleweight that sets new performance standards. And the wildest big-inch stormers that ever hustled down the pike. 900cc Sportsters, brothers to the record book re-writers at Bonneville,

Daytona, Atco Dragway. Or Electra Glide. Classic 1200cc touring out-performer with elegant options to make yours one of a kind.

Take your choice. You can ride them, buy them, finance and insure them in a single stop at your Harley-Davidson dealer. After that there'll be no stopping you. Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

Left to right: Sportster XLCH, Electra Glide, Sportster XLH, Sprint SS350, Rapido, Sprint ERS, Leggero.

# the Harley-Davidson Out-Performers for 1970.





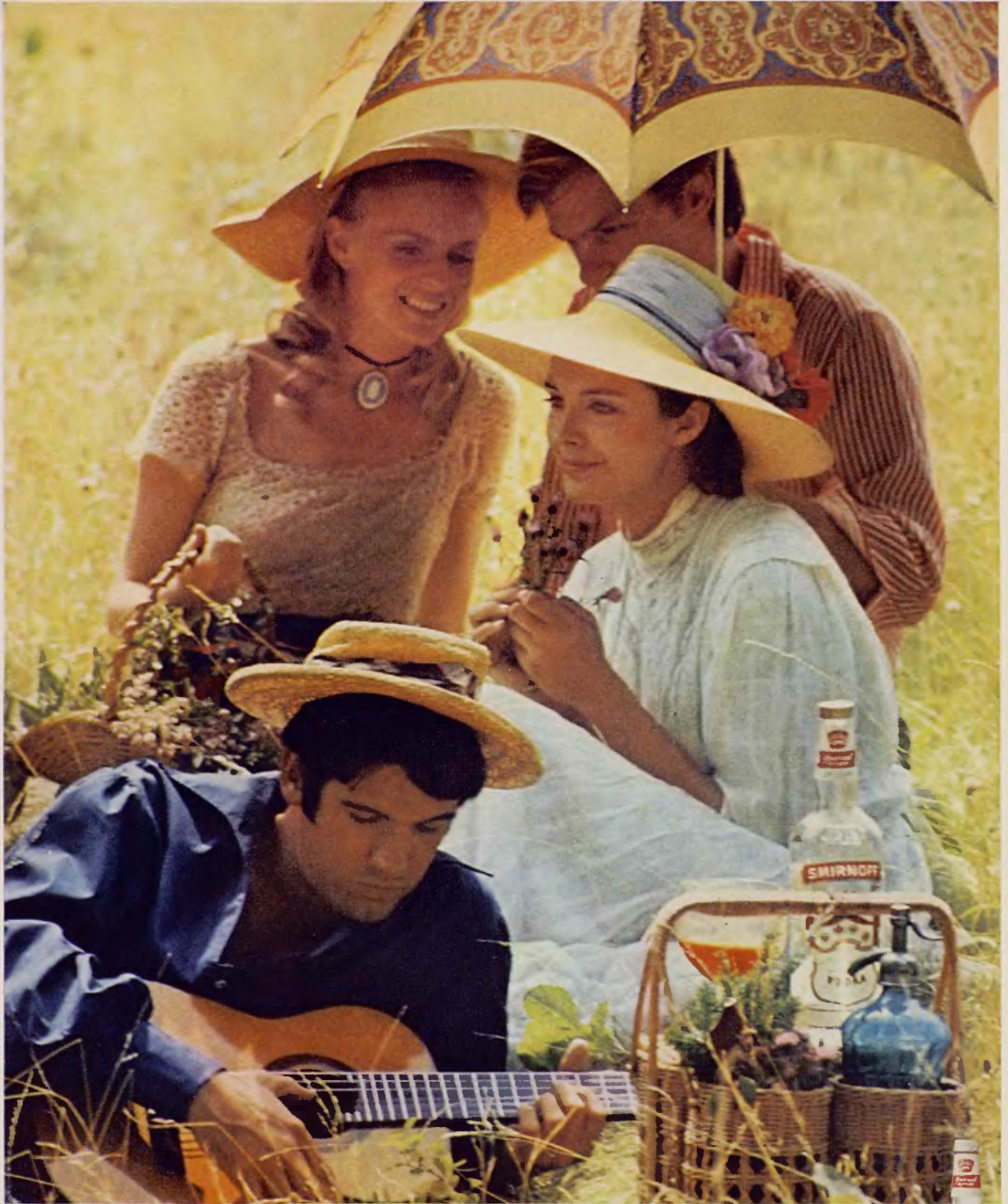


## The all-new Baja 100!

Harley-Davidson's 100cc  
off-road champion.  
The hot desert scrambler  
that's as tough as its  
name. Baja!







## Springtime and Smirnoff: light, fresh and alive

When the world comes alive on a fresh spring breeze, Smirnoff people celebrate. With the lightest of liquors for drinks with a flair. Like the Smirnoff Bloody Mary: cool company for a spring fever. This is the Smirnoff life style: fanciful clothes and extravagant dreams. All it costs is the Smirnoff—and the capacity for joy.

*Smirnoff* leaves you breathless®





## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### GETTING IT TOGETHER

The January issue of PLAYBOY should be required reading for every American who is concerned about what is happening to our country. How hollow-sounding is President Nixon's year-old pledge to "Bring us together" when the very fabric of our society is being torn apart by war abroad and strife at home.

The several articles certainly were addressed to the major sources of division in our country. Of special interest was Senator George McGovern's article on reconciling the generations. He presented a cogent and accurate appraisal of the problem and how it can be solved if we are willing to take the necessary steps. California has a lot to learn from the Senator from South Dakota.

March K. Fong  
California State Assembly  
Sacramento, California

For those who came in late, "Bring Us Together" was a four-part feature in the January PLAYBOY proposing procedures for resolving the polarities that plague the nation. The four parts included "Reconciling the Generations," by U.S. Senator George McGovern, "Sharing the Wealth," by Cesar Chavez, "Uniting the Races," by Julian Bond, and "Forging a Left-Right Coalition," by Tom Wicker.

In *Bring Us Together*, U.S. Senator George McGovern's contribution, *Reconciling the Generations*, is a masterpiece. It should be read by every individual who has lost faith in America's youth; it might help them adjust to a new generation of citizens fed up with the hypocrisies of this "Christian" land.

It has been my pleasure to have been a friend and sometime confidant to Senator McGovern over the past 16 years. I know him to be a man as thoroughly dedicated to building a better country and a better world as were his friends John F. and Robert F. Kennedy. Such "bad politics" as telling it like it is, and how it should be, may not sit so well with some of the home folks, but the real believers in truth, justice and a peaceful world cannot but urge him on.

Bruce M. Stoner, Executive Editor  
*The Daily Republic*  
Mitchell, South Dakota

I would like to thank both PLAYBOY and Cesar Chavez for voicing, in *Sharing the Wealth*, the plight that confronts the Mexican-American farm workers. In Toledo, Ohio, as in other cities, many of the health agencies responsible for the living conditions of the migrants are controlled by the growers or their friends or relatives. In this environment, the complaints of sanitarians who check the living conditions of the migrants and the complaints of the migrants themselves fall on deaf ears.

Hector Guzman  
Chicago, Illinois

You have contributed to the fulminating nonsense in this country with the articles by McGovern, Chavez, Bond and Wicker. McGovern says we should adore those "fools who rush in where angels fear to tread," because they are young. Chavez, representing only a small percentage of the grape pickers, says that our system should not reward talent or hard work but, rather, should spread the wealth somehow. Bond ignores the fact that this country was built by whites who neither owned slaves nor oppressed anyone and who prospered by taming nature, not one another. And Wicker should be told of the rise and fall of the Third Reich, during which Communists helped finance Nazi activities and forged a left-right coalition for tyranny.

We of the silent majority (I speak for only one of us) feel that stridency will solve none of our many problems. Nevertheless, I enjoy your magazine; keep me stirred up.

William J. Ramsey  
Livermore, California

### A FACT OF LIFE

David Halberstam's *The Americanization of Vietnam* in your January issue gives an accurate account of the conditions there, but it blames Americans too much for the graft and corruption that now exist. I spent two years in Turkey as an engineer and one year in Thailand as a teacher and found graft and corruption from the South China Sea to the Bosphorus. Graft has been accepted as a fact of life as long as my wife (a Thai girl) can remember; it's present even in

# For the man with a lot of living to do.



Pub cologne and after-shave.  
Created for men by Revlon.



**IF YOU  
DON'T KNOW  
BEANS ABOUT  
CARATS  
BETTER KNOW  
A GOOD RING  
NAME.**



Athena  
A Love Ring mood. One of many.  
At the best jewelers.

**ARTCARVED®**  
THE LOVE RING PEOPLE

FOR WHERE TO SEE LOVE RINGS  
PHONE TOLL FREE: 800-243-6000  
(CONNECTICUT: 800-942-0655)

small villages, where Occidentals are rarely seen. So ingrained is it that my wife was incredulous that I didn't have to slip a tip to the immigration officer who processed her visa when we entered the United States. Graft is not something that was taught by the Americans—though we did up the ante.

Don Wilson  
Troy, Alabama

David Halberstam's *The Americanization of Vietnam* is undoubtedly one of the best articles written on the situation in Vietnam. It should be reprinted in history books as the gospel on our involvement in Southeast Asia.

T. L. Thompson  
FPO San Francisco, California

The article on Vietnam is a fine piece of journalism, but this is not surprising—for two reasons: One, David Halberstam is one of the best craftsmen I know in our trade and his writing at times comes dangerously close to being an art form. Two, the article is the latest addition to the still-growing acreage of exhibits to prove—if Vice-President Agnew will forgive my instant analysis—that the journalists in Vietnam have consistently presented a clearer picture of that tragedy and the direction it was taking than any of the diplomatic, military or political brass have ever expressed.

However, one of Halberstam's statements troubles me: "We have learned, I think, more about ourselves than about the Vietnamese." What we have learned about the Vietnamese certainly has been little, but I also fear the experience has taught us too little—as yet—about ourselves. It appears, for instance, that the country isn't particularly interested in learning about My Lai, or so the polls indicate. More pieces like Halberstam's would help rectify that awful educational deficiency.

Edward P. Morgan  
ABC News  
Washington, D. C.

#### BEHIND THE BARRICADES

I am wholeheartedly in favor of the statements made by the Honorable Arthur J. Goldberg in *Our Besieged Bill of Rights* (PLAYBOY, January). To alter our Bill of Rights would put us back into the Stone Age. Forty-three years ago, my instructor in criminal law stated that a fence should never be removed unless we first know why it was erected. It is my honest belief that we have too many laws that are not enforced and that if these laws were enforced, we would not have individuals screaming to change our Bill of Rights.

George R. Bieber  
Attorney at Law  
Chicago, Illinois

Like Arthur Goldberg in *Our Besieged Bill of Rights*, I am a bleeding heart. But my heart bleeds for the victims of crime, for the tens of thousands of Washington, D. C., citizens, mostly blacks, who barricade themselves in their apartments every night because of rampant crime.

Would Mr. Goldberg, who reportedly feared the "brutality" of a New York political campaign, be willing to serve as a policeman in Harlem, in South Chicago or in Anacostia here in D. C.? If he tried it, even he might think differently about the hurdles to effective law enforcement that have been built up so recently by the courts. The victims and those who live in daily fear of crime have some constitutional rights, too.

J. Edward Day  
Attorney at Law  
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Day was Postmaster General during the Kennedy Administration.

#### MAKING POINTS

Justice William O. Douglas' article *Points of Rebellion* (PLAYBOY, January) is one of the most eloquent statements I have ever read. The lesson of history is clear: Those things not done by civilized men through intelligence will be done by primitive men through violence. We must restore a Government that is responsive to its citizens and we must have an economy that is responsible toward its consumers. The question at hand is: Are we sophisticated enough to enact the legislation to do this, or are the vested interests so entrenched that the violence and counterviolence of the Sixties will continue?

Capt. R. L. Thomas  
APO New York, New York

#### A SOUND DOLLAR

I've just seen Harvey Kurtzman's *The Good, the Bad and the Garlic* in the January PLAYBOY and found this spoof of the "Dollar" films hilarious, as did almost everyone I've talked to about it.

If I decide to do a sequel to the series, I may use Kurtzman's great story idea.

Clint Eastwood  
Pebble Beach, California

#### THE JOYOUS REVOLUTIONARIES

*For Christ's Sake*, by Harvey Cox (PLAYBOY, January) says with verve many things that I have been saying in my preaching and counseling. The picture of Christ as a great celebrator is one that I draw for couples in premarital counseling as we discuss the language of the marriage service: "Which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence in Cana of Galilee." Behind the stately language is a boisterous and human spirit of celebration. Jesus did not want the party to poop; and so, as Cox wrote, Jesus supplied the booze.

In my counseling, particularly with



# 'They' would never understand

why you would rather button your fly than zip it.

Why should your bottom button be your belly-button? The five buttons on our slim-fitting Swabby Jeans are right where the zipper ought to be. They look good and they work, too. Flare bottoms, high waistband and patch pockets provide extra zip. Available in an armada of smashing solids and patterns. From \$7. Slightly higher in the West. For names of retailers, write h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Also available in Canada. Boys' sizes, too.

**We make Swabby Jeans for you, not for 'they!'**

**h.i.s**





Enter ROBERTS "Win A Trip To Japan-Expo '70" Sweepstakes



The Pro Line

**ROBERTS**

Div. of Rheem Manufacturing Co.  
Los Angeles, California 90016

Christian students troubled by sexual guilt, I remind these young men that Jesus, being fully human, undoubtedly went through adolescence and the process of psychosexual development, including masturbation and possibly relationships with women, details of which are simply absent from the Gospels. I think Cox would agree that the silence results not from an attempt to censor Jesus' sexuality but because the Gospels are not biographies and therefore do not concern themselves with the sexual aspect of his development.

F. Peter Sabey, Chaplain  
LaFayette College Church  
Easton, Pennsylvania

My compliments to you for publishing *For Christ's Sake*. In all my studies of religion and mysticism, I have never read anything so to the point about Jesus. The only theologian I've read who would have agreed with Harvey Cox about Jesus is Thomas Merton, who once wrote (in *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*): "After all, it was the righteous, the holy, 'the believers in God' who crucified Christ, and they did so in the name of righteousness, holiness and even of God. . . . When will we learn that 'being good' may easily mean having the mentality of a Christ-killer?"

To find this kind of agreement and kinship of spirit with Merton, the Trappist monk, in a PLAYBOY article is, in itself, proof that the church establishment is, indeed, losing "a monopoly on the portrayal of Christ and his significance."

Two years before Merton died, I asked him, during a visit to his hermitage, "What is love?" Without hesitation, he answered, "That, each of us has to find out for himself—but for me, all I can say is that love is somehow life-affirming." A definition with which both Harvey Cox and PLAYBOY might agree.

Stephen J. Smith  
San Francisco, California

Although I agree with Harvey Cox that the Christian Church has often painted a distorted picture of Jesus by ignoring those aspects of his personality and ministry that appeared revolutionary to his contemporaries, I feel moved to point out that the sketch Cox furnishes is not entirely accurate, either.

True, Jesus was rejected by some of his enemies "because he had no interest in fasting and was (in their opinion, at least) 'a glutton and a winebibber.'" Unlike John the Baptist, he came "eating and drinking" (*Matthew 11:18, 19*). Yet this same Jesus warned his hearers that people who ate and drank without watching for the coming kingdom of God would suffer the fate of those not fortunate enough to board Noah's ark when the rains began (*Matthew 24:37-39*). Cox may be right that Jesus "fre-

quented parties," but the episode of the wedding festival at Cana during which he is supposed to have "supplied some booze when an embarrassed . . . host found he was running low" (*John 2:1-11*) is of doubtful historical value; and one may question whether his dinners for "the outs, the riffraff and the misfits" of society were altogether partylike for the guests, whom Jesus seems to have regarded as sinners in need of repentance (*Mark 2:15-17; Luke 5:30-32*).

As for Jesus' relationship with women, the most one can conclude from the Biblical record is that several of them were among his friends and/or followers. Not even the extra-Biblical sources hostile to him charge him with fornication or adultery. Indeed, the only thing tradition reveals is that he was single, though this was remarkable enough in a culture that expected all its sons and daughters (except the ascetics) to pair off in their teens or early 20s.

Cox is right that Jesus scandalized many in his society by "breaking . . . taboos—violating the Sabbath, rapping with 'impure' men and women, wandering around with no visible means of support, sharply ridiculing the righteous prudes of the day." But Cox goes too far if he means to suggest that the 20th Century would recognize Jesus as a "joyous revolutionary" rather than a "melancholy ascetic." Albert Schweitzer's great book, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, should have taught us long ago to beware of re-creating the man from Nazareth in our own image.

John Koenig  
Union Theological Seminary  
New York, New York

It has been a long time since I have read such a superb article as *For Christ's Sake* on the sacred and profane aspects of Christmas in the 20th Century. You are to be congratulated for asking such a "now" theologian as Harvey Cox to write a long-overdue evaluation of such an important feast as Christmas.

As expected from previous writings, Cox again makes many valid observations on Christianity from the inside. There isn't any doubt that clerical Christianity, as it now exists, will not be the religion of the future. It will find its place in the religious future of mankind only if it undergoes a reformation. It will have to be able to withstand the test of both believing and supporting the teachings of a man who fought ethnic hatred, religious snobbery and intellectual pretense; a man who announced that his mission was one of liberating the captives and who cast his lot with "the outs, the riffraff and the misfits"—the Palestinian equivalent of hippies.

The Rev. Warren DeFilippis  
Franciscan Fathers, Serra Friary  
McKeesport, Pennsylvania



# 'They' would never understand

why you'd wear a suit that looks like it's from a 1930 movie.



"They" don't matter to us. As long as you know that our double-breasted suit is as up-to-date as an underground movie. Our shaped jacket looks great with either matching or contrasting Stovepipe slacks. Talon zipper. About \$65 for all three pieces. Higher in the West. For retailers, write h.i.s, 16 E. 34 Street, New York 10016. Available in Canada. Boys' sizes, too.

**We make the Dover Trio for you, not for 'they!'**

**h.i.s.**



For the one face  
you can never forget.  
Yours.



Canoe After Shave by Dana.  
Made in France for men who make it everywhere.

COLOGNE • AFTER SHAVE • SOAP • TALC • DEODORANT • SHAVING FOAM • AND OTHER FINE GROOMING PRODUCTS.

## Boston's scholars give N.Y. playboys their comeuppance:



**"Ingenuity, not tradition,  
is the key to a great  
Bacardi party."**

"Experiment! Experiment!" is the cry heard 'round the banks of the Charles.

So besides traditional mixers, Bean City hosts provide a few way-out ones. Like fruit punch wine. Hawaiian punch. Papaya juice. Anything goes with Bacardi rum.

Try it. Have a Bacardi party. Just remember that the host supplies the mixers; the guests bring the Bacardi.

For help, send for a free Bacardi Party Kit.

© 1970 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., DEPT. P,  
BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FLA. 33137,  
RUM 80 & 151 PROOF.

"BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED  
TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.



**BACARDI** rum—the mixable one

### FICTION FOUR-BAGGER

From Shaw to Williams to Greene to Friedman—how do you do it? The lineup of fiction writers in your January issue is one of the best I've ever seen—and all with top-flight material. In this era of declining fiction in the slicks, PLAYBOY keeps up the grand tradition and proves in the process that while truth may be stranger than fiction, fiction has its own reality and does far more than a "fact" article to illuminate both the lighter and the darker sides of human nature. My congratulations again on your holiday fiction.

Malcolm Rubinsky  
Kansas City, Missouri

### FAIRY TALE

Although I thoroughly enjoyed Art Buchwald's *The Most Unforgettable Swordsman I Ever Met* in your January issue, let me sorrowfully state that his hero's I-am-a-fag-so-honey-convert-me ploy proved a total disaster for me when I attempted it years ago in Bound Brook, New Jersey.

At the time, I was running with a cat named Moishe Levitsky, even more gross and unprepossessing than I am, which is why I buddied with him in the first place. Somehow, we latched onto a pair of secretaries named Elin and Sandy at a Young Judea dance and, around two A.M., ended up at the former's apartment. Following my ill-conceived stratagem, I backed off from Elin's amorous advances as Moishe began his unoriginal, banal but highly effective assault on Sandy.

"Don't you find me—uh—attractive?" queried a somewhat annoyed Elin.

"It's not that at all. It's just that . . . well, I can't function with girls." I looked down ruefully at the tips of my Florsheim cordovans. "I'm—uh—queer."

"Why didn't you say so, you goddamn fag!" snarled Elin. She slapped my face and threw me out. My last glance showed me Moishe being catered to ecstatically by *both* of the girls. To top it off, the janitor of the building, one Diego, tried to kiss me in the elevator. "You're just my type," he lisped.

Sol Weinstein  
Levittown, Pennsylvania

### CHARMER AND THE CHARMED

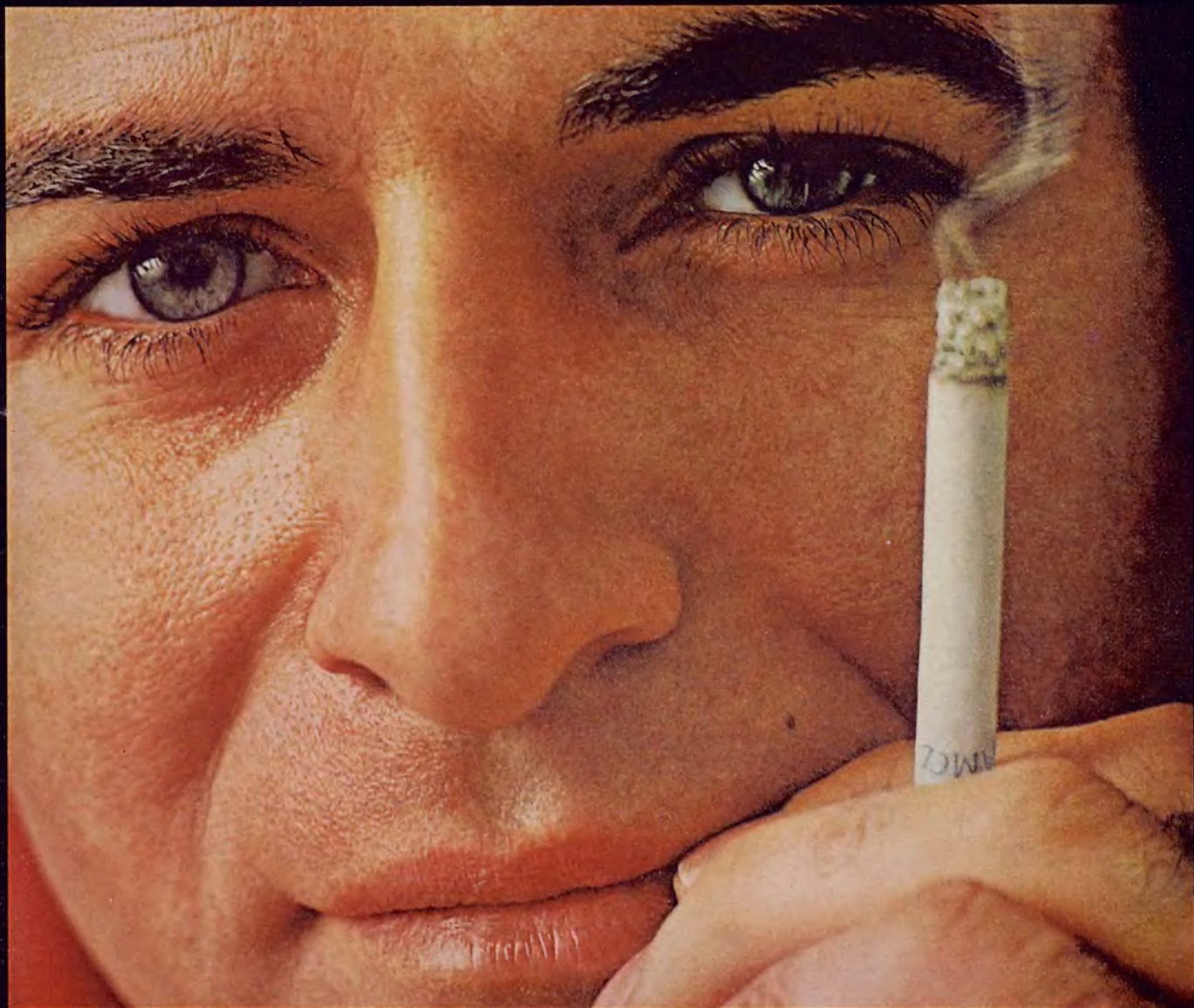
I have just finished reading Mort Sahl's *Charmed by a Snake* in your January issue and found it to be one of the funniest articles I've ever had the pleasure of reading in your fine magazine. Being an owner of sports cars, both past and present, I thoroughly enjoyed the satire on the Cobra; Mort did a fine job of bringing to light a seldom remembered ideal, the pure hybrid sports car.

Mark R. Stover, AQB3 U. S. N.  
Naval Air Station  
Lemoore, California



**A touch of Turkish  
smooths out taste  
in a cigarette.**

**Who's got it? Camel.  
Start walking.**



**"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."**

© 1970 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.





*Flemish Cabinet*—a stunning taste of the far-flung flavors in *Et Cetera* . . . of the flair found in all the great Drexel Collections. Send \$1 for complete booklet set to Drexel-42, Drexel, N.C. 28619.

MOST TRUSTED NAME IN FURNITURE



## Bardstown separates the guys from the girls

—tailored for men who like being male. Guys who lead and are looked to for leadership. They dig the natural shoulder look and line. Purist or more upbeat models in tough colors and patterns. In Bardstown, you don't have to run in a pack to lead one.

**BARDSTOWN CLOTHES**  
A Division of Merit Clothing Co.  
Mayfield, Kentucky 42066



## BASE HUMOR

Having long enjoyed the humor of Jean Shepherd, I am very happy that he again received the writing award in that category. His newest contribution, *Zinsmeister and the Treacherous Eighter from Decatur* in the January issue, was superb. I completed my basic training at Fort Leonard Wood a short time ago and I'd like to assure Mr. Shepherd that his memory is faultless. The driving desire to find entertainment on a weekend pass is just the same and so is the town. I hope you continue to honor him and the many other fine writers who appear monthly in the pages of PLAYBOY.

James B. Cooke  
Northbrook, Illinois

I want to take this auspicious occasion to thank all the little people who made it possible for your great organization to present me with the 1969 humor award for last June's *Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories*: the postman who so selflessly struggled through hail and sleet to deliver my manuscript; the typewriter repairman who replaced my ribbon; the beautiful human being who sold me my carbon paper and the envelopes that I used, without which I could never have done it; the janitor who kept my apartment warm while I struggled through rewriting; Art Buchwald's agent, who, although Buchwald was runner-up, refrained from poisoning my bourbon. So it is with deep humility that I accept this award and acknowledge my deep and continuing debt to the little people, those unsung heroes who made it possible.

Jean Shepherd  
New York, New York

## BONUS BABY

I seldom write fan letters, but the January issue of PLAYBOY is an exceptionally good one and I want to thank you for it. The first piece that got me was Bruce Jay Friedman's story, *The Mourner*, a beautifully celebrative work that ties in well with the theme of Cox's article, *For Christ's Sake*. Then the *Bring Us Together* essays, along with the Goldberg and Douglas articles, plus the Greene and Williams fiction, rounded out a bonus issue worth far more than \$1.50.

Larry G. Dutenhaver  
Church of the Three Crosses  
Chicago, Illinois

## A TESTAMENT TO KING

This acknowledges receipt of the \$1000 PLAYBOY editorial award for *A Testament of Hope* (January 1969) written by my husband. It pleases me that his essay received the award. I shall be more pleased when we have moved nearer the realization





**MILLER MAKES IT RIGHT!** Miller High Life  
is brewed hearty, robust, deep-down good.  
It's the Champagne of Beers.





## \$260. If your mind says "no," listen to your heart.

Sure, \$260 is a lot of money. But if you have your heart set on a really fine 35mm reflex, the Minolta SR-T 101 is a lot of camera.

The big, bright viewfinder shows exactly what you'll get on film. And it shows you how to make all the correct settings for perfect exposures.

A thru-the-lens metering system automatically compensates for uneven light, so none of your

picture gets lost in shadow.

Whether you use your head or listen to your heart...you can't go wrong with the Minolta SR-T 101.

Starting under \$260, plus case, with an MC Rokkor f/1.7 lens. Also available with f/1.2 or f/1.4 normal lens at higher cost.

See your dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N. Y., N. Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., Montreal 376.

**Minolta** makes fine photography easier

of the dream for which my husband gave his life. My appreciation to the editors for the award.

Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr.  
Atlanta, Georgia

### THE CANDID RAQUEL

Since a good percentage of your readers are women who are not particularly interested in reading about other women who combine attractiveness with brains, I want to congratulate you on the interview with Raquel Welch in your January issue. Listening to Raquel explain that what she really was a lady who did not fuck around, hump or ball to get ahead was a near mystical experience. I was also thrilled to see that you included Jeanne Rejaunier (*"Beauty Trap" Beauty*) in the same issue, not necessarily because she was a writer but because she was naked. Now, boys. And girls, too. There are plenty of us women writers around who may not hold a candle to her stylistically but who can certainly match her tit for tat.

It may be time, along with your fight for abortion reforms, an end to censorship and other liberal breakthroughs, to start overcoming your prejudice against bright, groovy ladies. If you prick us, do we not bleed? Or is that what bothers you?

Gwen Davis  
Beverly Hills, California

*Gwen Davis' latest best seller is "The Pretenders."*

I read the interview with Raquel Welch and enjoyed it very much. It was illuminating in many ways. Her insight, articulateness and honesty declare her a pretty solid girl—inside as well.

Richard Conte  
Beverly Hills, California

We all know it isn't very often you interview a woman, but in Raquel you picked a fabulous subject. She's smart and she's going to make it.

Helen Gurley Brown, Editor  
*Cosmopolitan*  
New York, New York

*We've interviewed yet another woman, Helen. See the "Playboy Interview" with Dr. Mary Calderone, page 63.*

Imagine my unpleasant surprise when I discovered in the January issue, amid the brilliant likes of Tennessee Williams, Irwin Shaw, Graham Greene, Art Buchwald, David Halberstam, et al., that the *Playboy Interview* had been set aside exclusively for the fiddle-faddle and flappedoodle of sex symbol Raquel. Can we really hope that beneath those magnificent mammaries beats the heart of an unaffected, homespun, single-minded, sincere woman—a seductive Helen Hayes?



## bound to please

A welcome addition to any library. Protect and preserve six issues of your prized PLAYBOY magazines in this handsome binder. PLAYBOY and the Rabbit emblem stamped in gold leaf on antique tan leatherette. \$3.95 each, or \$7.50 in sets of two.

Playboy Products, Dept. BB19901, Playboy Building,  
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

Send 1 for \$3.95. Send \_\_\_\_\_ sets of two at \$7.50.  
number

Please add 50¢ per shipment for handling and postage. Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

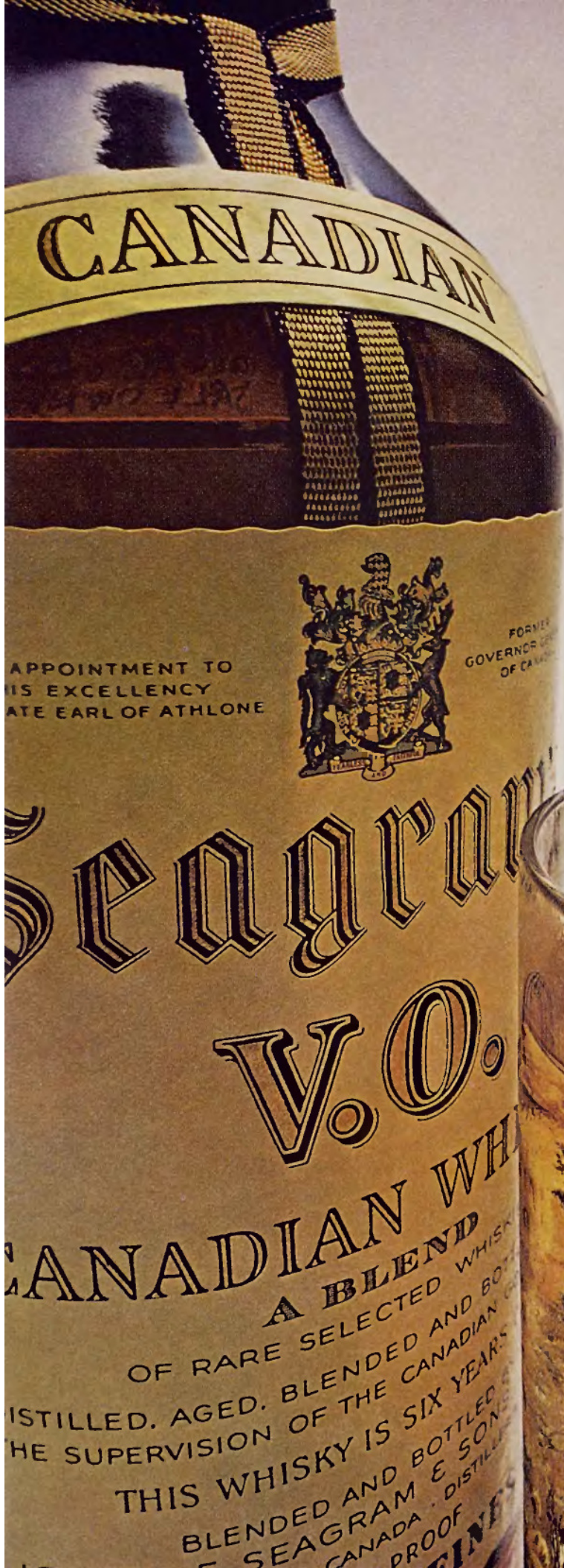
my name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

address \_\_\_\_\_ city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zip \_\_\_\_\_

- Payment enclosed. (Make check payable to Playboy Products.)  
 Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.          
 Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please attach recipient's address.

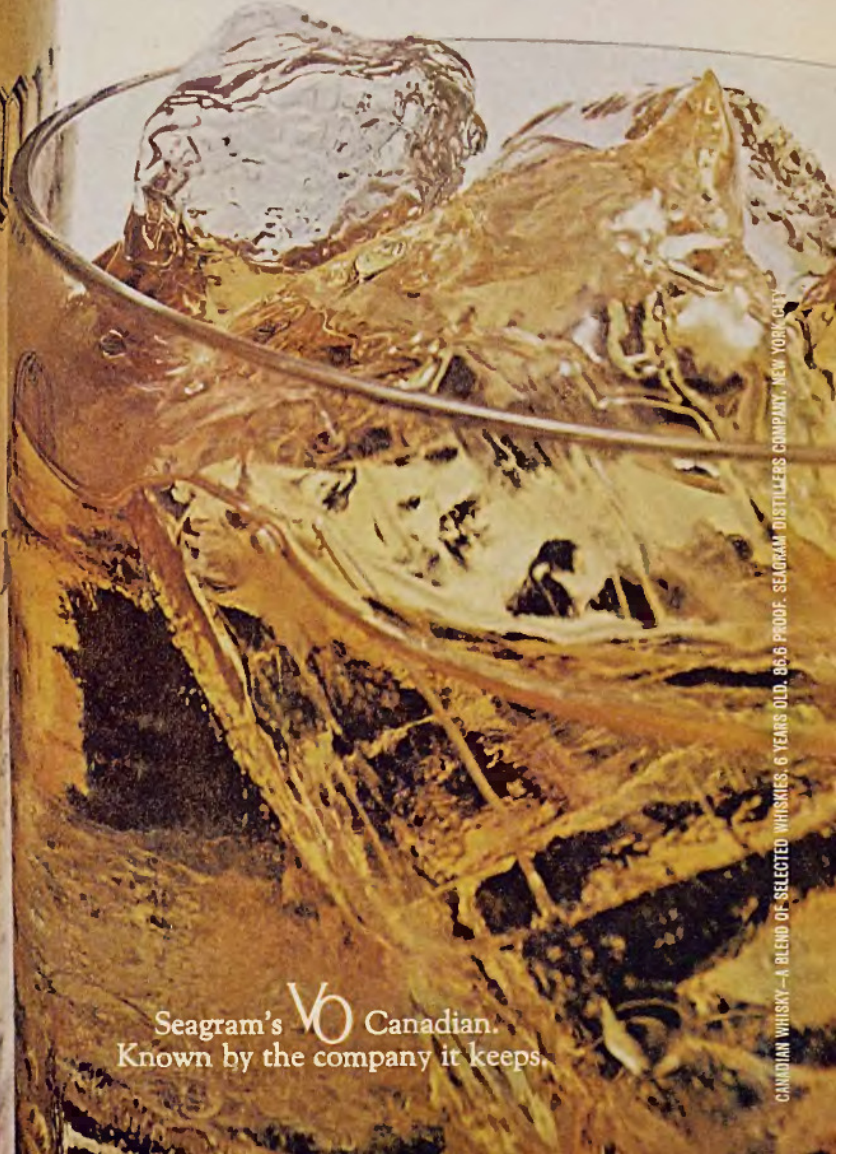






If you're having them in for a nightcap, you better have the Smooth Canadian, too.

Since Seagram's V.O. is the best liked brand of all imports, chances are it's their favorite, too. The one they've enjoyed earlier in the evening. Because it's smooth. And because it's light. For these very reasons, shouldn't you have V.O. in, as long as you're having them in?



Seagram's  Canadian.  
Known by the company it keeps.

CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, 6 YEARS OLD, 86.6 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY




## The Tender Touch

**KENWOOD KR-7070**  
300-Watt, FM/AM Stereo Receiver

with  
*Automatic/Remote Tuning!*

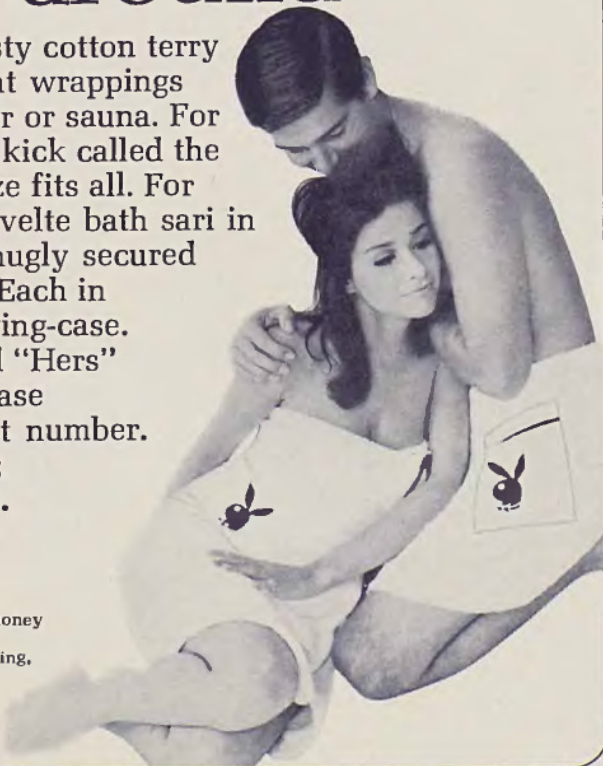


 **KENWOOD**, 15711 S. Broadway, Gardena, California 90247

## the great wrap-around

Soak it up! Thirsty cotton terry cloth makes great wrappings post pool, shower or sauna. For playboys: a new kick called the bath kilt. One size fits all. For playmates: our svelte bath sari in S, M, L sizes. Snugly secured by side buttons. Each in convenient carrying-case. Clever "His" and "Hers" gift thinking: Please order by product number. Kilt, MM326, \$5; Sari, MM327, \$6. Please add 50¢ for handling.

Shall we send a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: **Playboy Products**, Dept. MB072 Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge



That this purveyor of four-letter words is, of all things, under 30 and prudish? For those who thrill to such gossipy, meaningless drivel: You have had your month. Now may I, as a pursuer of PLAYBOY's revered principles, ardently request that you reverse this unholy trend?

George A. Miller  
Oregon City, Oregon

### ASTROLOGICALLY SPEAKING

The noblest prize in journalism should go to PLAYBOY for its monthly interview—the first harmonious blending of the expressive medium of the future, the time-binding, real-life electronic tape, with the last great psychological invention of the pre-Aquarian age, the Freudian, verbal, self-revelatory encounter.

Every other mass-media publication (the underground press excluded) still imposes pre-Freudian, pre-McLuhan interpretive critique. We, the readers, read only what the smart-ass, exploitive, linear-minded editors decide should reach us. Spiro Agnew is right. The aim of the media game is to exploit the subject and subject matter to demonstrate the wisdom and cleverness of the media managers.

But the *Playboy Interview* regularly selects for self-portrait the most charismatic, controversial, influential people of our time, who are granted almost limitless time and space to lay out their hip, intimate self, society and God. The interviewer acts not as a Gutenberg-fixed-type Jehovah, judging and selecting, but, rather, as a psychoanalytic midwife, probing with gentle questions for deeper expression, humorously inquiring into those crucial, Zen-personal areas that plastic-image-conscious journalism avoids:

Joe Namath nominating himself for the bedroom hall of fame. Norman Mailer's sincere devotion to booze as the sacrament of atman puja (self-worship). Allen Ginsberg's poetic, clinically precise, movingly honest description of the homosexual hip. The innocent hunger for simple familiar peace and neighborhood acceptance underlying Eldridge Cleaver's righteous militancy.

Future historians seeking to contact the spirit and reality of our era will certainly rely on the *Playboy Interview*. There is, however, one glaring flaw in the current format. If your interviewers would obtain the space-time coordinates of the subject's birth—the hour, date and place—you would provide invaluable sequence points for the amateur and professional students of human nature. You would also inevitably invite comment by your subject about the essence issues of the future—spiritual philosophy, evolution, consciousness and its expansion, the meaning and program of life. Upward and onward!

Timothy Leary  
Mountain Center, California





The striped strawberry, a sportcoat with an elegantly fresh point of view by Clubman and definitely in season for spring/summer activities. It wears well after the races or to a Saturday garden party or on any occasion that demands a subtly spirited demeanor. An original statement of the tailored idea in Dacron\* and worsted. About seventy dollars.



1250 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019



\*DU PONT TM FOR POLYESTER FIBER



Menthol-chilled...  
remarkably  
refreshing taste



# Newport

Chilled with just the right amount of refreshing menthol. Like the sea, Newport keeps inviting you back.



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Just a beer-can's throw across the great highway from a stretch of unswimmable surf, the pinball and tilt-a-whirl world of Playland-at-the-Beach plays incurious host to a famous San Francisco rock dance hall, The Family Dog. The Dog is slightly inaccessible from downtown, but at this hospitable site, the neighbors are not the kind to be offended by hippie high jinks, and it's a prime choice for an evening of heavy rock. Not long ago, on a Tuesday night, we dropped in not for a dance but for the opening ceremonies of a three-night Holy Man Jam, a sort of summit meeting for hip-community religious figures from East and West. Threading our way through the crowd of 2000, past clusters of stretched-out hippie ascetics, we found a vantage point near the stage—just in time, it turned out, to see a fire-eater and his backup band embraced one by one by a huge, bearlike chap in a bathing suit. "Stoned on barbiturates and Ripple wine," assayed a 14-year-old groupie, who was painted up as a lady of the evening.

Hippie religious gatherings have an atmosphere all their own—an air of apocalypse, stirred by whirlpools of free-floating fear, sexuality, hostility, ecstasy—especially when someone has been passing out psychedelic Holy Man Punch. "It's like the love-ins," we heard a hairy form sigh, silhouetted against the dazzling light-show screen. "It's like a fucking roller coaster," whispered another voice confidentially to no one in particular. And it was—complete with the feeling of moment-to-moment unpredictability that can make the blood rush to one's head and stay there. The entire experience seemed inseparable from the closeness of thousands of bodies, the smell of sweat, incense and musty fabric, mingled with an occasional whiff of pot. As people passed one another much-handled slices of apple, jumpy little braless teenyboppers flashed erotic glances in every direction. A girl with gold stars pasted on her bosom was dancing, awkwardly, as if on a tightrope. We decided to return for all three nights of the jam.

The holy men themselves were an oddity assorted group. On Wednesday, Tim

Leary gave his standard talk on matters spiritual and hedonistic; and occasionally, when the jam's organizer thought Leary was interjecting politics into the religious sphere (Leary is running for governor of California), they engaged in what looked like a struggle for the microphone. The next night, Alan Watts came onstage in Zen robes (accompanied by an entourage of conch-shell trumpeters), seemingly imbued with a sense of obligation to play—though with evident discomfort—the role of teen prophet that Leary had pioneered. After Watts came a "world messiah," who launched into a long and tiresome rap about his mission on earth and invited everyone to leave their bodies and join him in an "astral trip." Predictably, most of the audience remained in their bodies, and our attention wandered to a heart-breakingly pretty girl who sat on the lip of the stage, sifting the audience with her eyes. On her face, a brave hint of a smile wrestled with an expression of near despair and sorrow for the world. When the audience began to laugh at the messiah's message—about an imminent landing of flying saucers—she smiled with them, sadly.

That same night, a mountain-climbing yogi exhorted the crowd to get out into the mountains, where purity was to be found. He commanded a hearty round of applause. The gurus who gave the audience something to do—whether to stand up, sing or engage in meditation—were received more warmly than those who didn't. But those who played music, electrified or otherwise, were the only ones who really turned on and tuned in the crowd—perhaps because, as a young devotee of the sitar said, "Music is religion." They included a superb sitarist from the Ali Akbar College of Music, a band of wild-looking ecstasies from Bengal, several solid rock groups and a guitarist identified only as Malachi, who played some eerily stirring ragas and chanted passages from *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

Holy men commonly seize every occasion to make impassioned pitches for their own particular churches, and this

one was no exception. Yet despite their various bags—diet, drugs, physical discipline, ecology, erotica, massage, meditation, self-abnegation or self-transcendence—they seemed to agree that the human race is living in a state of unawareness and imbalance. As the evening wore on, the literal intoxication of the atmosphere and the reinforcement of the common sentiments occasionally built to something approaching exaltation. We heard someone whisper, "If only we can keep this; if only we can show this to everyone."

As we followed the crowds out of The Family Dog and into the Bull Pupp enchilada stand next door for a snack after the final invocation, we were left with a strange feeling. The spiritual fervor had been there, but no one seemed concerned about, or even aware of, the sizable obstacles that confound their commendable ideal of universal harmony through yogurt, meditation and brotherly love. The holy men in attendance were no less divided by dogma than the overground clergy and, like their followers, tend to forget that theirs is not necessarily the one true faith. It's sad but symptomatic, we think, that the unity they preached was shattered even before the jam ended, when Chief Rolling Thunder and his band of Indian dancers opted for self-interest on the last night. They did very little dancing but a lot of militant speechmaking; and when the hostility escalated into red power *vs.* Whitey, quite a few acidheads suddenly stopped thinking about their minds and started worrying about their scalps.

Many happy returns and condolences to ex-University of California student Jack Weinberg, of Berkeley, who, a few years ago, coined the young-radical slogan, "Never trust anyone over 30." Mr. Weinberg turns 30 this month.

Sign of the times handwritten on the wall of a Chicago gas station: FOR THAT RUN-DOWN FEELING, TRY JAYWALKING.

*Incidental Erotic Intelligence:* A UPI release informs us that "the smallest



tubing made, pure nickel, lengths less than half the diameter of a human hair, is used for the artificial insemination of mosquitoes."

We hereby grant a C-minus to the Columbia University physics department for its commendable but unsuccessful attempt to boost class attendance by titling a seminar on experimental optical techniques: "I Am Curious (Infrared)."

*Support Your Local Team Department:* Now that the baseball season is here, we're reminded of the Christmas card sent out by the Chicago White Sox, who suffered a dismal drop in attendance last year. The message prayed, "'O come, all ye faithful.'"

Before a recent formal bash, the Maryland Federation of Art advertised in Annapolis' *Evening Capital* that "for ten bucks, you can ball all night."

London's *Daily Mirror* quotes a sign posted near a power station in Ireland that warns: TO TOUCH THESE OVERHEAD CABLES MEANS INSTANT DEATH. OFFENDERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

A burglary in a Sydney, Australia, chemist's shop cleaned out everything but 48 bottles of hair cream and a supply of birth-control pills, causing the *Australian Security Journal* to comment, "Police, it's understood, are looking for a bald-headed Roman Catholic."

Apparently, it doesn't pay to start at the top. The *San Francisco Chronicle* ran two ads in its classified section, the first calling for "Dancers—Topless, \$44.15 a day," the second seeking "Dancers—bottomless, \$500 wk."

In an age when everyone seems to be playing the name game of glorifying job titles, we applaud the man in charge of the meat department at the Little Silver, New Jersey, A&P store: On his weekly timecard, he describes his position as "Meat head."

Something new has been added to the three Rs, to judge from an item in the Lexington, Massachusetts, *Minute-man*: "New courses in drugs, smoking and alcohol will be taught in the town's schools, the assistant superintendent has announced. Smoking will be taught in grades six and seven, alcohol in grades eight and eleven, and drugs in grades nine and twelve."

You've got to admire the peerless logic in the *American Medical News* report of an I.Q.-longevity study made by the Philadelphia Geriatric Center that showed

"those still alive at the age of 80 are more intelligent than those who died."

Hotel literature is finally catching up with the times. During a recent visit to the Beverly Hilton in Los Angeles, one of our editors says he found the following book in his room: *A Pictorial Guide to a Happy Sex Life*.

## BOOKS

Robert Townsend, chief executive of Avis Rent A Car during its try-harder days, has written a very funny manual—*Up the Organization* (Knopf)—with the serious purpose of dismantling the senseless hierarchies and useless institutions that characterize American business. Unfortunately, his reforms would cause mass unemployment: "Fire the whole personnel department. Records can be kept in the payroll section of the accounting department and your one-girl people department (she answers her own phone and does her own typing) acts as personnel (sorry—people) assistant to anybody who is recruiting." What about public relations? "Yes, fire this whole department, too. If you have an outside PR firm, fire them, too." And purchasing? "Yes, fire the whole purchasing department." As for management consultants, they are "people who borrow your watch to tell you what time it is and then walk off with it." *Up the Organization* is even harsher on that oddest of all business institutions, the board of directors. "I've never heard a single suggestion from a director (made at a board meeting) that produced any result at all." As for board meetings themselves: "Be sure to serve cocktails and a heavy lunch before the meeting. At least one of the older directors will fall asleep (literally) at the meeting and the consequent embarrassment will make everyone eager to get the whole mess over as soon as possible." Most books about business are poorly written, humorless and pointless. Let us hope that the encouraging trend begun by *The Peter Principle* and carried forward by *Up the Organization* will continue. A final quote from the quotable Townsend: "If you can't do it excellently, don't do it at all. Because if it's not excellent, it won't be profitable or fun. And if you're not in business for fun or profit, what the hell are you doing here?"

Knowing that Ira Levin is not only a clever writer but an intelligent one, we came to his first effort at science fiction, *This Perfect Day* (Random House), with a feeling of confidence bred of his earlier novels—*A Kiss Before Dying*, a masterly murder-mystery debut, and *Rosemary's Baby*, that more recent chiller-diller of the supernatural. His new book is set

in the future, about 150 years after UniComp has taken over the world. "Members" are conditioned for nonaggressiveness by means of weekly chemical infusions, while the labs keep working on some form of biochemical engineering that will breed the desired docility and efficiency right into the genes. Meanwhile, one has one's "advisor" to turn to if one senses troubling thoughts. Members watch compulsory TV and are allowed ten minutes of mechanical sexual activity every Saturday night. Though not an unfamiliar sci-fi scheme of things, the expository first half still holds one's attention compellingly. It's the second half—which relates the attempt of a few misfits to escape Uni and then return to overthrow it—that misfires. It all dwindles into the tale of a guerrilla expedition with a *Dr. No*-like ending, in which dissident hero and master manipulator fight it out hand to hand and UniComp's headquarters is blown sky-high. It will make a marvelous movie, but it doesn't quite make it as a novel, because, in the end, the ideas are obscured by the derring-do.

Richard Harris is a diligent staff writer for *The New Yorker*. He is not a "personal journalist." The writing is low key and nothing about Harris himself emerges except his commitment to constitutional rights and liberties. Last year, in *The Fear of Crime*, he examined the ways in which the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 was steered through a Congress largely ignorant of its chilling implications. (The bill reversed three key Warren Court decisions protecting the rights of prisoners in criminal cases and also gave national, state and local government officials unprecedented power to use wire-tapping and bugging devices.) Harris' new book, *Justice: The Crisis of Law, Order and Freedom in America* (Dutton), is an even more ominous report. In part an examination of the nature and functions of the Department of Justice, the book explores the contrasts between the direction of the department under Ramsey Clark and his hard-line successor, John Mitchell. Clark kept the department independent of politics, Lyndon Johnson included. He was as committed to the civil liberties and rights of individual citizens as he was to a real, not rhetorical, fight against organized crime. In Clark's view, electronic surveillance is "incompatible with a free society." Clark would not prosecute the Chicago eight (later seven) on charges of conspiracy to incite a riot at the 1968 Democratic Convention. "If the new Administration does prosecute them," he said toward the end of his term, "that will be a clear signal that a crackdown is on the way." The new Attorney General



*Do something a little wild.*



*Surprise  
people*

**Serve**

**MICHELOB<sup>®</sup>**

BY ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI • SINCE 1896



# HOUBIGANT

There is enough Chantilly in this bottle  
to shake your world. (And his.)



did prosecute. And in many other ways detailed by Harris, Mitchell has moved toward repression of dissent. *Justice* offers a stage-by-stage account of the politicization of the Department of Justice under Mitchell and analyses of the department's current approach to school desegregation, voting rights and criminal justice. (Mitchell not only has firmly advocated preventive detention, thereby ignoring the presumption of innocence central to American law, but was also engaged during his first year in office in a secret study to determine whether the Fifth Amendment could be changed to make prosecutions easier.) Harris' view of the future is bleak: "When the people finally awaken, they may find their freedoms gone, because the abandonment of the rule of law must bring on tyranny."

Lawrence Sanders' first novel, *The Anderson Tapes* (Putnam), is a new kind of book: an electronic novel, told almost entirely in official transcripts of tapes made by various investigative agencies using bugging devices. The participants in a major New York City crime are thus pinioned by their own words, and the reader is the fly on the ceiling as John Duke Anderson recruits a gang for his big-think job. They include a whore, a homosexual, a Harlem black, a "professor" and a homicidal maniac assigned by the Mafia to protect its interests. The crime: the attempted robbery of an entire East Side apartment building on Labor Day weekend. The leader, Duke, steals most of the scenes. A hard ex-con with a quietly commanding personality, proud in the way of a Kentucky mountaineer, he is a classic American hero gone wrong. Author Sanders gives him a new dimension—which seems somehow sadly right in context: Duke is sexually bent. In a casual shack-up with one of the target building's wealthy tenants, he tells her she has a body like mush and proceeds to mash the mush around. Later, across town, he must beg his humorless German girlfriend to torture him, for that is his only way of turning on. Sanders doesn't dwell on the details, but such as he provides convey with some poignance the tragedy of the criminal life. The robbery itself seems almost too easy, until Anderson overlooks a short-wave set in a bright youngster's bedroom. Straining credulity now and again (as when a Central Park picnic is electronically bugged), the story is tense enough in the Warner Bros. manner so that only the most crabby critical will find it hard to suspend disbelief.

*King: A Critical Biography* (Praeger), by young black historian David L. Lewis, is a richly documented, cleanly written book that will bring tears to the eyes of a reader whose capacity for tears is all

but exhausted. Lewis is seeking truth, not glorification. King was attacked by many black militants for his *hubris*, his seeking of publicity, his "pork chop preacher" rhetoric, his heralded entrances into jail and his quiet departures on bail soon after, his eagerness to compromise, his ignorance of Northern ghettos, the surrealistic disorganization of his Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Much of this criticism, and more, was justified; and Lewis has it all down, to the likely anger of King's admirers. But if King was floundering as a civil rights leader in the months before his murder, he was also beginning a struggle more important than that which led to his early successes in Montgomery and Birmingham. King was the first great national leader to attack the Vietnam war. He saw that civil rights could not be achieved by a civil rights movement alone but only by a broad and sustained assault on the political, economic and social structures of the United States. Lewis has told his story in a work of major importance and lasting value.

The excesses of "a sensibility cult" are put down hard in *Underground Film* (Grove), by Parker Tyler, a literate critic who argues that underground film—though not quite in its infancy—is "a great big toddler," partly spoiled by critical permissiveness and "the unabashed lyricism of self-praise." Tyler's unfriendly remarks about Jonas Mekas, underground guru of *The Village Voice*, or his view of the kitsch Hitchcock films that François Truffaut mistakes for serious art in no way peg the author as a foe of the avant-garde. On the contrary, he is an enthusiast who traces the role of Dadaism and Surrealism in the evolution of underground film, pays appropriate tribute to *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919) and Andy Warhol's *The Chelsea Girls*, and plainly recognizes the "human interest" of an explicit display of fellatio in Stan Brakhage's 1969 sex film, *Love Making*. In discursive but perceptive prose, Tyler deplores what he calls drug attitudes ("A thing may well be groovy, and yet far from great") and the glorification of amateurism ("Technical polish in the filmic sense is almost an affront to beat and hip morality"). He offers a persuasive analysis of why underground films are swarming to the surface recently—the horror and tragedy of early avant-garde films having slowly given way to voyeurism, real or imagined sexual innocence and "the benignity of Flower Power." *Underground Film* probably should be required reading for cultists, in-groupers and super-revolutionaries; serious observers of the contemporary movie scene will certainly find it an invaluable guide, with an appended filmography that follows trends



# The 100 Pipers Legend.

Our legend claims  
if you sip a perfect Scotch  
you'll hear 100 pipers play.

That's a lot of Pipers.  
But then 100 Pipers  
is a lot of Scotch.



**100 Pipers Scotch.  
From Seagram, Scotland.**

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 Proof. Blended Scotch Whisky. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.





Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—  
you get a lot to like.



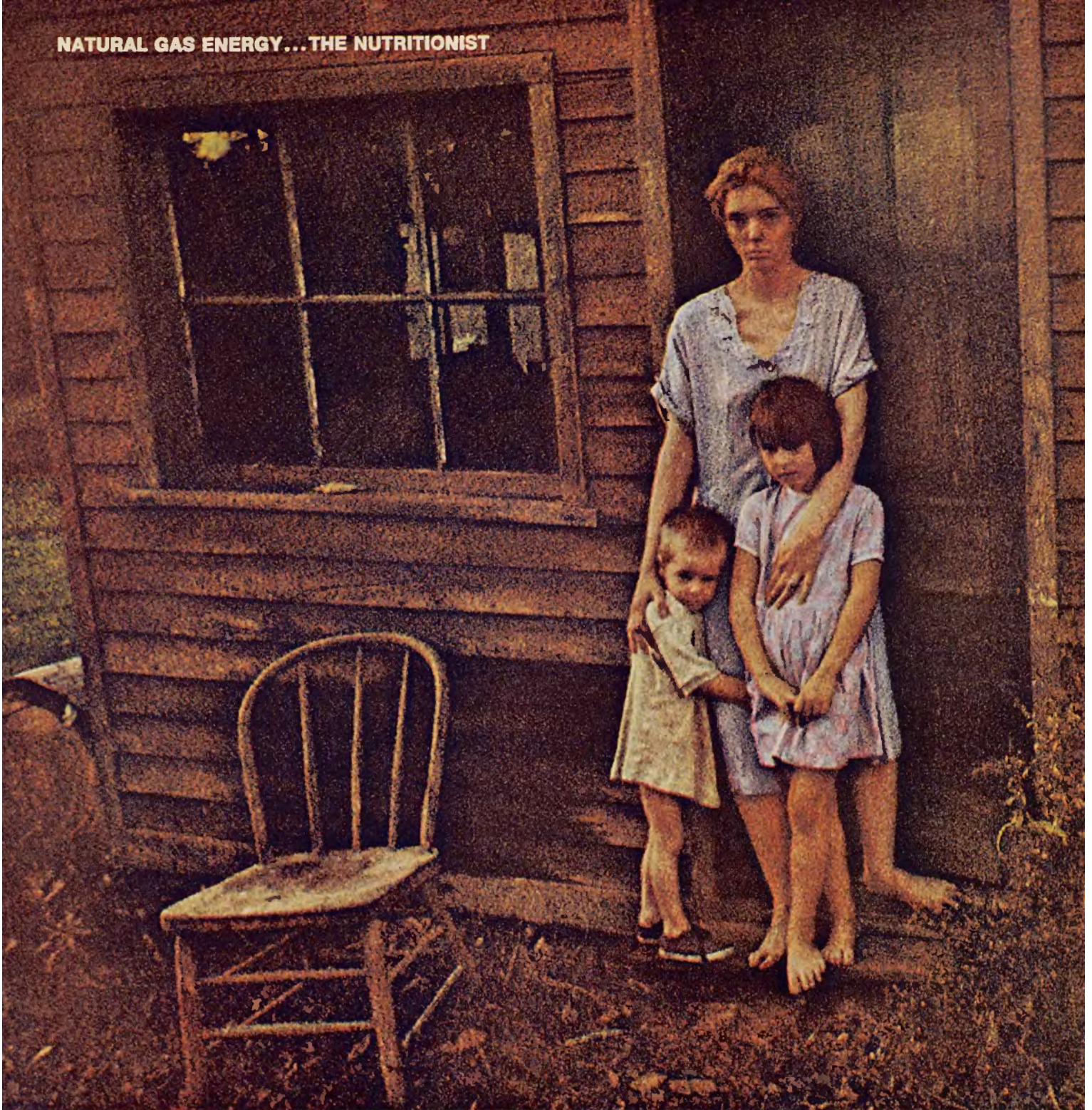
**Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.**





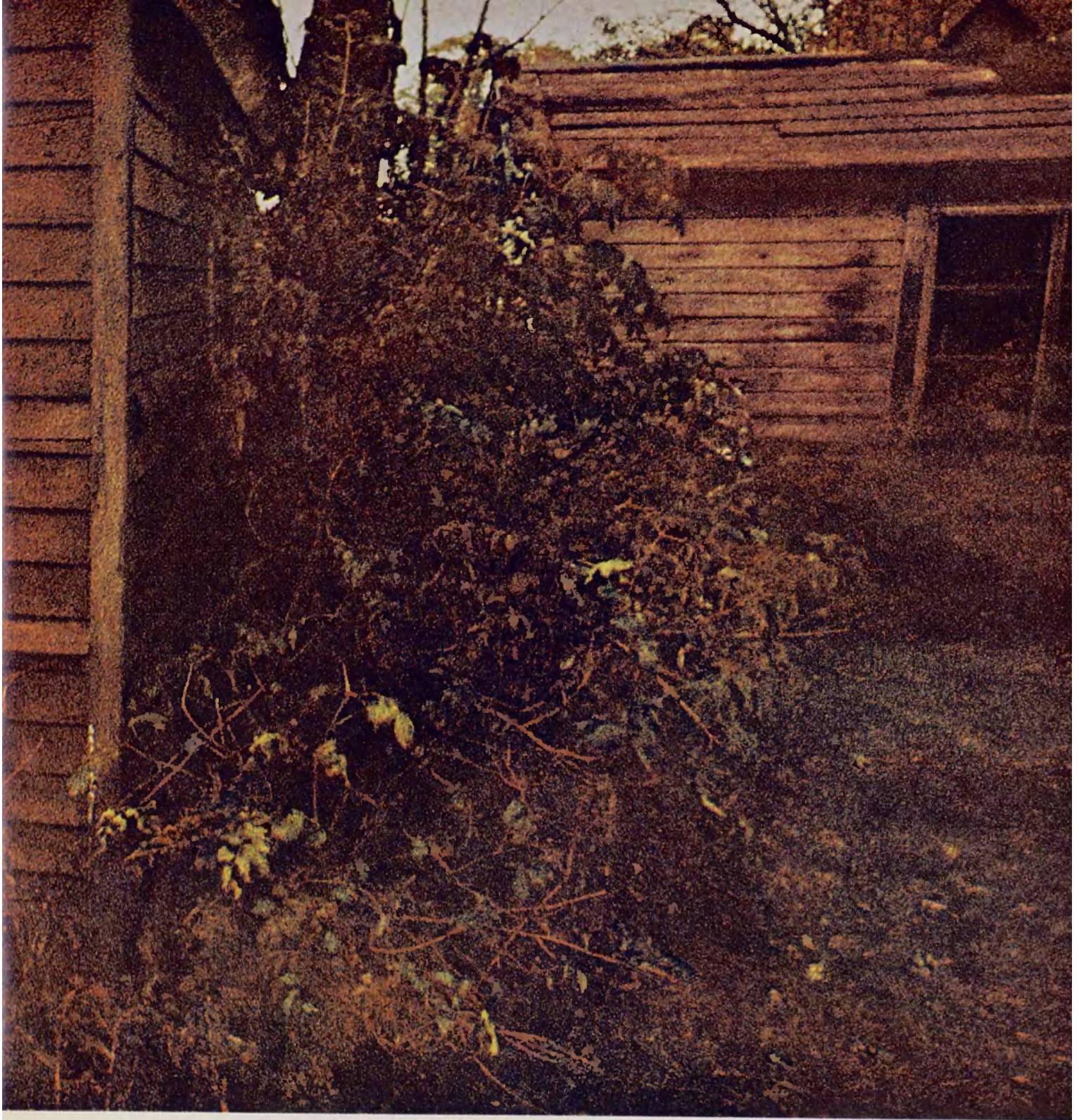
Waldech is not generally available. But, if you appreciate beer, it's worth looking for.





**Before long,  
starving people may be  
able to "eat" natural gas to  
get their protein.**





Last night, more than 1½ billion people went to bed hungry enough to eat a horse. Literally. Because they had little or no meat, fish, eggs or any other adequate source of protein... the nutritional ingredient that's necessary to keep body and soul together.

What the world needs is a faster, easier, less expensive way to produce protein.

And maybe the world has it... in natural gas. The same gas that warms and cools your home, cooks your food and dries your clothes. It may be the richest, lowest cost source of protein ever discovered.

Research, backed by Northern Illinois Gas Company, has uncovered a process which changes gas into a powder that's

almost pure protein. At a cost much lower than the lowest cost protein available today. What's more, this gas protein is naturally rich in Vitamin B<sub>12</sub>, another vital ingredient that's missing in many diets.

Soon, people in underdeveloped areas may be able to get all the protein and B<sub>12</sub> vitamins they need by simply adding a little white powder to whatever food is available.

Better nutrition for a hungry world... just one of the exciting things to come from natural gas energy.

**There's a lot more coming  
from natural gas energy.**

**Northern Illinois  
Gas Company**



Is yours as good  
as Grant's?



If your Scotch isn't aged  
for eight full years...if it  
doesn't have a rich, smooth,  
honest Scotch flavor...  
then try Grant's 8.  
Since 1887, we've made  
Grant's 8 in the same  
dedicated way...because,  
for us, that's the only  
way. So, if you've been  
settling for just Scotch...  
taste the difference...



**Grant's 8 Scotch... as long as you're up.**

BLENDING AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND  
HOLDING AGRICULTURE AND FORESTRY ACTS 1947  
©AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y. IMPORTERS, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.



## FOCUS...THE NEW FASHION ALTERNATIVE

Want to get out of your fashion rut without going way-out? Now you can get into Focus, the new fashion alternative.

Like this with-it blazer suit that dines out in style, then does double duty for week-end wanderings.

From our new collection of comfortably "in" suits, sportcoats, blazers, slacks and all-weather coats, all sensibly priced. Get a new fashion image. Get into Focus, at stores with a new fashion perspective.

# FOCUS

by the makers of Middishade Clothes  
16th and Calowhill Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101





# With BankAmericard, all you need is a little imagination.


Imagine you on a safari! It could be you, because BankAmericard is honored just about everywhere. But you don't have to travel around the world to enjoy your BankAmericard. At home, you can turn the ordinary into the extraordinary. Going for a ride in the country? Rent a bicycle for two instead of a car. A steak dinner at the usual place? Why not go Continental instead? With BankAmericard, all you need is a little imagination.

One application, one card and you have an instant charge account in hundreds of thousands of stores across the country and throughout the world. You can charge both goods and services. You can even charge cash.

Send in the coupon today, or get an application at The First National Bank of Chicago, or any participating bank or merchant displaying the BankAmericard sign.



**The only charge card  
you really need- anywhere.**

**The First National Bank of Chicago**   
BANKAMERICARD  
One First National Plaza  
Chicago, Illinois 60690 P1

Gentlemen:  
I can see why BankAmericard is "The only charge card I really need - anywhere." Please send me an application.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



from the 1915 French serial *Les Vampires* to Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys*.

In *Sister Bear* (Simon & Schuster), Herbert Burkholz has, in his first novel, created a memorable pair of star-crossed contemporary lovers: Steve and Anna Mathias—not husband and wife but brother and sister. Burkholz' tale of tortured incestuous romance is set on the ski trails of New England and the Bernese Alps; the author knows his schussing, and the book's ski passages are excitingly and excellently executed. But the real lure of the book is *Sister Bear* herself—Anna, a beautiful, haunted heroine whose sexual frustration, incest-taboo hang-ups and general unhappiness lead her to become a ski bum in both senses of the word: Her reputation on the slopes pales in contrast to her reputation between the sheets. Orphaned when they were eight and three years old, respectively, Steve and Anna grow up under the protection of a young Quaker, who contracts cancer and weds Anna shortly before his death. Anna's marriage, however, proves to be a futile attempt to forget the single sexual episode she ever enjoyed—with her brother when she was a teenager. The book's title refers to a bear mask with which, as a child, she amused herself. Later, it became, in a way, her security blanket, a childhood possession behind which she could hide, presenting a false face—a defiant, inscrutable animal face—to a hostile world. Anna pursues an existence of aimless skiing and sexing, and her brother does the same until he gets hooked on photography and a former championship female skier. A year after his wedding, Steve's incestuous secret is revealed; a divorce follows, after which he and Anna play house until an accident on the slopes nearly kills him. After leaving the hospital, Steve searches through Europe and New England until he finally finds his guilt-ridden sister—involved in a climactic sex scene worthy of *The Story of O*. It's all told in a brisk narrative style that grows more effective as the story unfolds.

The provocative starting point of Richard L. Rubenstein's *Morality and Eros* (McGraw-Hill) is that "moral nihilism is not the appropriate response to the death of God." Although authority has collapsed and individuals have freedom of action, ethical and moral limits still exist. Now, however, Rabbi Rubenstein holds, "they are not an expression of the arbitrary will of an alien God; they are inherent in the very structure of possibilities available to man as a social and biological organism." We hope that someday Rubenstein will write the book that his striking statement heralds, for *Morality and Eros* is not it. Here, in the first eight chapters, the reader will

look better,  
feel younger,  
whatever shape  
you're in!

**Mandate!**  
support underwear that slims

Mandate supports and slims you up to 2", yet it's as comfortable and free as any other underwear. In brief, boxer, hi-rise or swimtrunk, from \$5.95. At fine stores everywhere or, write: Mandate, 385 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

## meet the party host's handy helper



She's on hand to make certain your party's a success when you hold it at The Playboy Club\*. And a success it will be—whether it's to celebrate the season, sell your product, cocktail your conventioners, honor a birthday or bridegroom-to-be. Superb food, drinks, entertainment if you like, and, above all, fun in the glamorous atmosphere of The Playboy Club are yours. Learn why firms like RCA Victor, Clairol Corporation, Chrysler Corporation, Eastman Kodak and others return again and again to host Playboy Club parties. (The cost is less than you'd think.)

Contact your Club's Catering Manager or use attached coupon.

Miss Marilyn Smith, Catering Director  
Playboy Clubs International  
The Playboy Building  
919 North Michigan Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois 60611  
I am planning a party for \_\_\_\_\_

persons on \_\_\_\_\_  
Please send me more information on parties at  
The Playboy Club.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

Playboy Club Credit Key No.

Playboy Clubs are located in the following cities: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, Detroit, Kansas City, London, Los Angeles, Miami, Montreal, New Orleans, New York City, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Jamaica and Lake Geneva, Wisc.

\*In Massachusetts, it's Playboy of Boston.

9319



# THE BEST WAY TO SEE EUROPE IS ON A GUIDED TOUR.

The nicest thing about a TWA guided tour of Europe is that practically everything is planned for you. It's based on the idea that having a schedule and sticking to it is the most efficient way of seeing Europe.

That way, you won't remember a place you wanted to see when you're on the plane going home.

## See Europe With A European.

The person who arranges your sightseeing is a local host. Since he's a European, he understands what makes the local people tick. And he speaks the local language. Fortunately, he also speaks your language. The first time you'll see him is when he meets you at the airport and takes you to your hotel.

## Meet An American In Paris.

Incidentally, the ride to the hotel gives you an opportunity to meet the other people on the tour. One of the things people remember about our guided tours is how they got to know people from back home.

## A Day In The Life Of A Guided Tour.

A typical day on a guided tour of Paris could be something like this. First, you have breakfast at the hotel from 9 to 10. At 10, a tour guide takes you to the Eiffel Tower.

## A Walking Encyclopedia.

You soon discover that the tour guide is a walking encyclopedia. "The Eiffel Tower, built in 1889, is 1,000 feet high, and weighs 15,000,000 pounds."

Then he might recommend a restaurant for lunch. Like Fouquet's, and make your mouth water by describing their *langouste*.

Rest for a while on the ride back to the hotel. Because you'll be taken to the Louvre in the afternoon. And the Theatre National Populaire at night.

## Champagne Taste On A Beer Budget.

A two-week TWA Bonus Adventure Tour like this would take you to Lisbon, Madrid, Paris and London. Prices start at \$429\* Which includes air fare to Europe and

between cities, hotels, private bath, breakfast, and basic sightseeing.

After you shop around, you'll realize that TWA tours give you a lot of extras without making you pay extra for them. (Maybe that's why our scheduled flights flew more people to Europe last year than any other airline's.)

Of course, this isn't the only guided tour we have. In fact, TWA has a Bonus Adventure Tour for you no matter where you want to go, what you want to see, and how much or how little you want to spend. To have someone take care of the details for you, see your travel agent or TWA.

By now, it should be obvious that a TWA guided tour is the best way to see Europe.

After all, people who are on vacation shouldn't have to be bothered with details.



\*Includes 14/21 day Group Inclusive Tour economy air fare from New York. Price effective March 15, 1970.



# THE BEST WAY TO SEE EUROPE IS BY YOURSELF.

The nicest thing about a TWA un-guided tour of Europe is that practically nothing is planned for you. Besides plane reservations, hotels, and transportation between cities.

## You Don't Play "Beat The Clock."

A TWA un-guided tour is based on the idea that a person whose life runs by the clock all year long doesn't want a vacation run by the clock.

So we let you make your own schedule, with nobody telling you what to do.

## Alone, But Not Lonely.

On such a tour, you'd be alone without being lonely. Because we've arranged for people to give you advice in every city. They can give you directions, tell you where to get a good meal, or help you rent a car.



## The Law Of The Bus.

One of the things people remember about our un-guided tours is how they discovered places on their own. For instance, you might get on a bus and stay on until the end of the line. This is a perfect opportunity to meet the local people and practice the sentences from your phrase book. To get back, use the *law of the bus*: if you stay on long enough, it goes back to where you started.

## A Typical Un-typical Day.

If you were in Rome you could take the CD bus (at the Piazzale Flaminio) to the Flea Market in Trastevere.

After you work up an appetite from bargaining, you could eat at La Cisterna, Alfredo's (their Fettuccine Al Burro is a knock-out), or Corsetti's.

Later on, you might like an evening of dancing at Cabala, if your feet hold out.

## Cheaper Than You Think.

You can see these fancy places without paying fancy prices. A typical two-week TWA Bonus Adventure to Lisbon, Madrid, Rome, and Paris starts at \$499\* Which includes air fare to Europe and between cities, hotels, private bath, breakfast, and the advice of a local host.

Of course, TWA has other tours that go all over the world. Your travel agent can help you decide which one suits you best.

By now, it should be obvious that a TWA un-guided tour is the best way to see Europe.

After all, people on vacation should have the freedom to see what they want to see, whenever they want to see it.

TWA, Dept. 520, P.O. Box 25  
Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y., 10017

Please send me your Tour literature. And how to charge my trip with TWA's Getaway Credit Card.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

My travel agent is \_\_\_\_\_

## SOMEHOW, I FEEL MORE IMPORTANT ON TWA.



# If she's old enough to smoke, give her a shot of Red Label.

Even a car that's had loving care is going to start burning oil sometime. Which is why we put loving care into the formula for CD-2 Red Label.

It's designed specifically to cushion worn parts and hold back further wear.

Use it regularly and one of these days you'll have a "Classic" on your hands.

And you'll have saved a lot of money on oil and repairs in the meantime.




**No all purpose additive can do either job as well.**

find interesting, if not entirely unfamiliar, essays on such subjects as work and its reward, ethics and altruism, marriage and divorce, and love and aggression. Rubenstein, no stranger to these pages, takes his stand alongside Freud: First love yourself, he advises, and then see about loving thy neighbor. He is in favor of premarital sex but suggests that those who raise the issue of casual sex show ignorance of human nature: "In most circumstances, if it's good sex, it doesn't remain casual very long." He believes that "only marriage permits the full flowering of life," and yet he recognizes divorce as the most desirable choice of action in some cases and respects the motives of those who choose it. In the three final chapters, Rubenstein the psychological rabbi is abruptly replaced by Rubenstein the theologian. Instead of grappling with such here-and-now issues as passion, commitment and morality, the author writes of "God after the death of God," suggesting that He be called Holy Nothingness. We found ourselves more illuminated by the rabbi's speculations about man, otherwise known as that unholy something or other.

As he proved in *Division Street: America*, Studs Terkel is an extraordinarily skillful orchestrator of interviews. Again working with a tape recorder and a finely tuned sense of the diversity of life styles in this country, Terkel has now produced *Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression* (Pantheon). We hear from people of nearly all races and classes, those who stayed in the cities and on the farms and those who took to the road. Some of the chroniclers kept and even increased their wealth, but most became expert in the techniques of survival. The cast includes figures prominent then or later (Cesar Chavez, Saul Alinsky, William Benton, Raymond Moley, Gerald L. K. Smith, James Farley), as well as scores of Americans whose only appearance in a book will be here. One of them sums up the feelings of many: "I don't see the Depression as an ennobling experience. Survivors are still ridin' with the ghost—the ghost of those days when things came hard." The shattering experience forced people to confront themselves and to test their innermost resources. In this book, they look back—laborers, psychiatrists, hoods, musicians, politicians, financiers, intellectuals, labor organizers. In the process, they may give young readers a better awareness of why their parents are as they are.

Spurning "the war on crime" and other law-and-order nostrums, two distinguished criminologists have thrown away the rule book in a witty, highly readable and acutely intelligent volume called, optimistically enough, *The Honest Politician's*






## Knowing what a man wants...

... makes PLAYBOY the one magazine every man wants.

• Fact, fiction and foldout • Fashion, travel, winning and dining • Views and reviews • Cartoons and comely lasses • PLUS much, much more.  
**12 great issues for just \$10. Subscribe today!**

**PLAYBOY**, Playboy Building  
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611 

- I know what I want—a subscription to PLAYBOY for
- 1 year at \$10 (save \$3.00 off \$13 single-copy price)
  - 2 years at \$18 (save \$8.00 off \$26 single-copy price)
  - 3 years at \$24 (save \$15.00 off \$39 single-copy price)

- bill me later
- payment enclosed
- new subscription
- renewal

my name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zip \_\_\_\_\_

N532



# FASHION ON THE RUN!



The look to keep up with the tempo of today!  
Fashions on the go for men going places.

**Dexter's designing the 70's.**

Styles shown: Left: #A902-7 Brown and Vicuna

Right: #A903-7 Brown and Vicuna

Most Dexter Styles from \$14.95 - 22.95



Distributed in Scandinavia exclusively by Prah International, Stockholm.

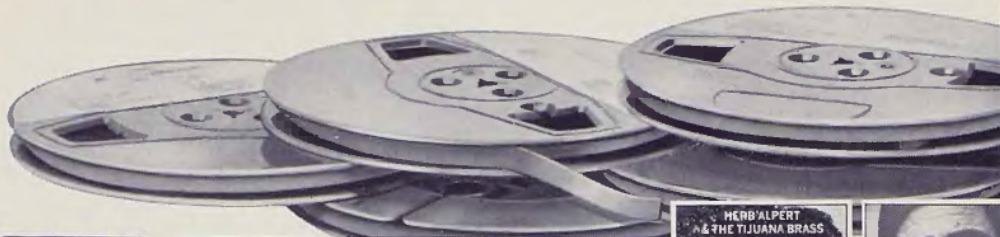
**Guide to Crime Control** (University of Chicago Press). Co-authors Norval Morris and Gordon Hawkins first put the problem in perspective, showing statistically that the most serious threat to the average American householder is the chance of shooting himself while cleaning the gun he bought for protection after reading the FBI's blood-chilling crime reports. Second, the authors abandon the historic search for the "causes" of crime and propose, instead, a pragmatic program for detecting it, deterring it, reducing it and minimizing its real costs in terms of personal injury and public fear. Working from the proposition that "Man has the inalienable right to go to hell in his own fashion," Morris and Hawkins argue persuasively that present criminal law far overreaches its only legitimate function—the protection of lives and property—and is commonly employed as an extremely inefficient instrument for enforcing community moral standards. Not until lawmakers learn to distinguish between crime and sin, the authors write, can law enforcers truly serve the public interest. Outlining new tactics for the police, new roles for psychiatrists and sociologists, new approaches to punishment and rehabilitation and new policies for legislators, Morris and Hawkins may well antagonize some of their hidebound colleagues who persist in viewing criminal behavior as abnormal, dysfunctional and pathologic—to be diagnosed, treated and ultimately cured. Instead, the *Politician's Guide* proposes imaginative therapy for a regrettably "normal" human condition for which there will never be a panacea.

## DINING-DRINKING

The decor of **Sam's** (Second Avenue and 64th Street) in Manhattan is a totally unself-conscious trip into the beloved past of restaurants. The potted palms in high-ceilinged Sam's (it's named after the piano player in *Casablanca*) are as lush as any in a *fin de siècle* Boston dowager's Beacon Hill winter garden—and, as most of us have forgotten, they are the perfect concealment for an assassination. The bentwood chairs are genuine, pre-World War One Café Europa style; the ceiling fans revolve silently with the same appetizing ennui of the well-oiled originals that once spun in the most depraved of Surabaya gin mills; and the floor! The floor is to faint from *déjà vu!* The floor takes you back to the pre-Formica sweet used-to-be, when "class" watering places had bare floors of white hexagonal marble tiles, pristine and polished. Sam's is a steakhouse in the best American tradition, and it's the place to go for tender *filet mignon* if you're tired of garden-variety steakhouses



# COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB now offers you



# ANY 5

## 7" REEL-TO-REEL STEREO TAPES

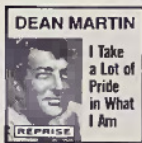
# \$1.00 EACH

FOR ONLY

plus mailing and handling  
if you join now, and agree to buy five additional tapes during the coming year, from the hundreds to be offered



181909



181875



184507



181222



184796



186270



182246



181156



180661



170357



**FREE**—if you join now  
REVOLUTIONARY SELF-  
THREADING TAKE-UP REEL

Just drop the end of the tape over this reel, start your recorder, and watch it thread itself! Unique Scotch® process automatically threads up tape of any thickness, releases freely on rewind.



181230



176776



185017



181677



184804



180166



180323



172411



185868



171504



180349



172254



180281



183202



183137



173674



185850



155093



183103



180968



182469



183707



181685



183178



160994



176891



143024



184499

**JUST LOOK AT THE FABULOUS SELECTION** of best-sellers the Columbia Stereo Tape Club is now offering new members! The greatest stars... the biggest hits... and all available in the incomparable stereo fidelity of 4-track reel-to-reel tape! To introduce you to the Club, you may select any 5 of the stereo tapes shown here, and we'll send them to you for only one dollar each! That's right... 5 STEREO TAPES for only \$5.00, and all you need to do is agree to purchase as few as five more tapes during the coming year.

**AS A MEMBER** you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's entertaining and informative music magazine. Each issue describes the regular selections for each musical interest... hits from every field of music, from scores of different labels.

If you do not want a tape in any month — just tell us so by returning the selection card by the date specified... or you may use the card to order any of the other tapes offered. If you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically. And from time to time, the Club will offer some special tapes which you may reject by returning

the special dated form provided... or accept by doing nothing.

**YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT!** Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your tapes only after you've received them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$7.98 (occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

**FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN!** Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, for every tape you purchase you will be entitled to an additional stereo tape of your choice for only \$2.00... or you may choose one FREE tape for every two tapes you buy.

**SEND NO MONEY NOW!** Just fill in and mail the coupon today!

Note: All tapes offered by the Club must be played back on 4-track reel-to-reel stereo equipment.

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

**COLUMBIA STEREO  
TAPE CLUB**  
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

### SEND NO MONEY — JUST MAIL COUPON

**COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808**

Please enroll me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the 5 tapes I wish to receive for only \$1.00 each, plus postage and handling. Include the self-threading takeup reel FREE.

**SEND ME THESE 5 TAPES (fill in numbers)**

--	--	--	--	--

My main musical interest is (check one):

CLASSICAL       POPULAR

I agree to purchase five selections during the coming year, under the terms outlined in this advertisement... and I may cancel membership at any time thereafter. If I continue, for every tape I purchase I will get an additional stereo tape of my choice for only \$2.00... or I may choose a FREE tape for every two tapes I buy.

Name (Please Print)      First Name      Initial      Last Name

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

463-5/11





A 400 year old  
English tradition that  
became the first name  
for the martini.



FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

where you have to rub shoulders with New Jersey *mafiosi* under phony Colonial coach lamps and flocked-paper ceilings. The clientele is strictly bippy (i.e., B. P., or Beautiful People). Bippies, by the way, are a demanding lot who insist that their salads contain not only avocados and artichoke hearts and mixed romaine and Bibb lettuce but also such edible exotica as hearts of palm. Sam's Special Salad has hearts of palm in it, wouldn't you know? The menu at Sam's is not large, but there is enough of a variety of steaks and seafood on it to please the finickiest diners. Prices vary from moderate to high. The bar at Sam's once stood in Sherry's on the grand tier at the old Met Opera House. Belly up and be assured that you are warming a spot that might once have been warmed by Grace Vanderbilt's own diamond stomacher. Upstairs above Sam's is what is probably at this moment Manhattan's most beautiful and popular *discothèque*, C'est Moi. It's not just another *disco* with hash-head decor. The place has gentle white archways for dancing in and around, more potted palms, rattan furniture, soft, nonpsychedelic lighting, very danceable rock and plenty of bippy customers. The tariff is four dollars per person on weekdays, six dollars per person on weekends. You may have to wait in line on Saturday nights, but think of the Beautiful People you'll meet.

#### MOVIES

Federico Fellini, whose flair for cinematic fantasy has produced such landmarks as *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*, pays homage to ancient Rome (circa A.D. 66) in his epochal *Fellini Satyricon*, loosely drawn from the fragmented classic of Gaius Petronius Arbiter, Rome's official "master of excess" during the reign of Nero. The work still describes the adventures of three exquisite bisexual boys: the blond student-hero, Encolpius, his lover, Giton, and former love and sexual rival, Ascyltus. But Fellini's Rome gives short shrift to individual actors. His episodic tale, with no straight beginning or end, is a fabulous trip into a totally decadent civilization that often bears striking resemblances to the world of today. Fellini is so circumspect about pressing his message home, however, that a viewer who is so inclined may just settle back and enjoy the spectacle as outright voyeurism—a gaudy theatrical side show peopled by whores, pimps, freaks, voluptuaries, rich vulgarians, conniving poets and pederasts. The boys do, indeed, encounter some bizarre types as they proceed from a vast brothel to an orgiastic banquet at the house of the wealthy Trimalchio, then on to a series of kinky escapades, which include Encolpius' brief marriage to a nobleman in





### CASSETTE

Looking for the convenience of a cassette? The solid-state Sony Model 124-CS Stereo Cassette-Corder® offers all the ease you could ever want. The cassette just snaps-in and pops-out again at the touch of a button. You never have to thread the tape!



### PORTABLE

Looking for a portable? The solid-state Sony Model 124-CS operates on any power. Household current. Car battery. Rechargeable Sony battery pack. Or four flashlight batteries. Take it anywhere. It even travels in its own vinyl tote bag and shoulder-strap carry case!



### STEREO

Looking for a stereo? The solid-state Sony Model 124-CS lets you enjoy your own musical favorites—recorded live or from the sound source of your choice. Its two full-range external speakers can be separated up to 12 feet for brilliant stereo sound. Or listen privately with the built-in stereo headphone jack!



### FUNCTIONAL

Looking for a compact unit for school or office? The solid-state Sony Model 124-CS is perfect for dictation, business meetings, or class lectures. Exclusive Sonymatic recording control, built-in speaker, and push-button controls help you cut through work quickly and easily!

# SONY 4-IN-1 SALE



LESS THAN  
**\$199<sup>50</sup>**

**SONY** SUPERSCOPE

You never heard it so good.



# MacGregor Jack Nicklaus 3 woods 8 irons



# \$99<sup>95</sup>

Quality MacGregor clubs. Available for a limited time only at participating MacGregor dealers. For your nearest MacGregor dealer, call this special number free:

800-243-6000

(In Connecticut call 800-942-0655)

## MacGregor

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF  
CONSUMER DIV. • BRUNSWICK CORP. • DEPT. P-4  
1-75 AT JIMSON ROAD • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45215

charge of a slave ship; a meeting with an insatiable nymphomaniac; the kidnaping of a hermaphroditic oracle; and an encounter with a Minotaur in a maze, followed by a case of impotence so severe that Encolpius has to placate the god Priapus by bedding a sorceress whose mount of Venus emits fire. Because Fellini's particular talent, as evidenced in earlier epics, creates a modern mythology around the creatures of our cool contemporary society, a kind of aesthetic overkill results when he uses his genius to embellish the already extravagant blend of myth and profligacy that Petronius knew as Rome. Yet what Fellini means to say, in his matchless and self-indulgent way, is something about the eternal promise of youth in a time of violence and political upheaval. His venturesome, amoral young heroes would rather make love than make money or war. In the film's compelling climax, it is only the young who sail away to discover a new mode of life, while their greedy elders stay behind and honor the bequest of a scheming old poet whose heirs must devour his corpse.

*Patton: A Salute to a Rebel* is a superb example of a blood-'n'-guts epic dedicated to the kind of militarist who ruefully tells his aides, during the waning days of World War Two, "All good things come to an end." Filmed all over the European map in locations representing the North African, Sicilian and French campaigns conducted by scrappy General George S. Patton, Jr., who died in 1945, *Patton* boasts an old-line but intelligent script (by Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund H. North) based on Ladislas Farago's Patton biography and the memoirs of General Omar N. Bradley (portrayed in the film with endless amiability by Karl Malden). The movie subtly glorifies Patton, even while painting him as a fanatic war lover who gambled with men's lives to achieve his own dreams of glory in battle, who believed firmly in reincarnation and apparently saw himself as the natural successor to every great conqueror since Julius Caesar and who was relieved of his Sicilian command for angrily slapping a young soldier paralyzed by fear. Director Franklin J. Schaffner manages to make his toughness funny and somehow necessary. Patton may have been a potential fascist, but didn't he defy the establishment's top brass, after all? Didn't he tell off the Russians, create headlines every time he opened his mouth and save Bastogne from Hitler's Panzer divisions? If the film had nothing else—and it has a number of splendidly staged battle scenes—it could claim distinction for George C. Scott's brilliant performance in the title role. *Patton* as a whole may give comfort to that silent majority who endorse the American way of violence, but Scott is something to see—for behind the con-

ventional heroics gleams a lick of utter madness left over from the bomb-happy general he played in *Dr. Strangelove*. Put him in front of a wall-sized American flag, exhorting his troops to die fighting, so "you won't have to say 'I shoveled shit in Louisiana,'" and *Patton's* message can be read between the lines. This may not be great moviemaking, but it's great Scott.

Male and female nudity are shown with complete frankness—but without a hint of exploitation—in the course of *Women in Love*, producer-adaptor Larry Kramer's literate treatment of the 50-year-old novel by D. H. Lawrence. Wearing a beard and mouthing the author's prophetic beliefs about men, women, marriage and sex, Alan Bates could pass for Lawrence himself. *Women in Love* has little to do with conventional ideas about romance; yet director Ken Russell deserves credit for the fact that Bates and his gifted co-stars appear to know precisely what they are talking about at all times. As four English gentlemen bedded for matched doubles during the early 1900s, they talk with Lawrence's own passionate intensity about the nature of love and friendship—between man and wife, man and mistress, man and man. That the discussions never become bookish is surprising, since the movie dotes on words and more words. Bates manages his brilliantly as Rupert, the articulate hero who achieves sexual fulfillment with the pretty schoolteacher he marries (Jennie Linden) yet craves the satisfaction of another deep, but unperverted, love relationship with his best friend (played with deliberate stolidity by Oliver Reed). His wife doesn't understand, and neither does the friend, who dies a very novelish death after an unhappy affair with Rupert's sister-in-law teaches him that he probably can't love anyone. Playing the sister-in-law, Glenda Jackson (of London's Royal Shakespeare company) delivers a strikingly offbeat performance as one of those brainy New Women who tended to express themselves in impulsive bursts of interpretive dancing. The compromises people make and the complex emotional drives that force them to choose one way or another are the issues here. In a film created with keen intelligence, integrity and meticulous period flavor, Lawrence's ideas about life and love retain remarkable potency.

Breathes there a male with soul so dead that he cannot imagine subbing for the sleep-over guest in *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, a nearly perfect set of variations on a seduction theme by director-scenarist Eric Rohmer, editor in chief of the cultish *Cahiers du Cinéma*? Fortunately, France's personable Jean-Louis Trintignant plays the square hero in a manner that makes





**Five years ago we brought you a camera  
that takes the guesswork out of fine photography.  
*You made Honeywell Pentax a classic.***

Only continuing acceptance by discriminating users can make a product a classic.

Most products—even those in the higher price range—depend on “cosmetic” changes to maintain appeal. How many fine watches, automobiles—or cameras—can you name that are so inherently superior they maintain leadership with essentially their original design?

The Honeywell Spotmatic that “took the guesswork out of fine photography” when it was introduced five years ago, is still the world’s best-selling fine camera.

And this classic hasn’t rested on its laurels. Inside, the Spotmatic has been improved and refined. A total of more than 140 modifications have been made since its introduction. These subtle, but significant, changes provide even greater perfection and satisfaction in use.

**The “classics” have one thing in common: Simplicity.**

Operating the Spotmatic is simplicity itself. There is so much professional know-how built into the Spotmatic that it has been called

the computer camera. This means you’re free to concentrate on subject matter and composition. Whether you’re an advanced hobbyist or a beginner, Spotmatic makes you a better photographer than you thought you were.

**Perfect exposure every time.**

Unlike other built-in metering systems, the Spotmatic meter measures the light through the taking aperture of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. With Spotmatic, you see what you get... and you get what you see. Perfect exposures, every time.

**You can feel—even hear—the difference!**

Visit your Honeywell photo dealer and get the feel of a Pentax. So classically functional, it feels as if it were made just for your hands. Aim it. You’ll see how easy it is to control the diaphragm ring and center the exposure meter needle without removing your eye from the viewfinder. Cock it. Snap it. Listen to the shutter. Compare the sound to other cameras—the pro-

fessionals instinctively judge camera quality this way.

**Honeywell Pentax isn’t just a fine camera—it’s a system of fine photography.**

Your precision Spotmatic will take a lifetime of fine photos. And there are 27 superb, matched Takumar lenses to help you keep growing, photographically.

And see these other fine products at your Honeywell Photo Dealer: Strobolar Flash. Rollei—another camera classic. Elmo—quality movie cameras. And new Preview Projectors.

Honeywell Photographic  
P.O. Box 22083  
Denver, Colorado 80222  
Please send free Honeywell  
Pentax\* literature to: 563

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

\*Honeywell Pentax in the U.S. and Mexico; Asahi Pentax elsewhere.

**Honeywell**



## perfect mixer

When there's just the two of you, entertain with the sleek Playboy Cocktails-for-Two Set. Fine for predinner cocktails or a late-date nightcap, the Set is a toast to your good taste . . . a liquid asset for your well-stocked bar. Complete with 16-oz. mixer, stirrer and two glasses, marked with the sign of the Rabbit. Please order by product number MY30201. \$6. Add 50c for handling.



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

## rabbits on deck

All 52 cards are wild when you deal Playboy Cards. Get several decks for your card room, or send two decks to fellow card buffs; your favorite table-top playmates. Durable, plastic-coated, these cards are marked for great gaming. Backed up by distinctive Rabbit pattern with fanciful Femlins stacking the 4 aces and jokers. Two decks, boxed. Use order no. MY31601. \$3.50.

Please add 50¢ for handling.



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

him credibly human. He is a dullish engineer working for the Michelin company in a boring provincial town. One wintry evening, he bumps into a former schoolmate, who takes him up to meet Maud (played with immense charm and womanly wisdom by Françoise Fabian), a lovely divorcée who invites him to stay the night in her guest room. Because it's snowing, you see. Later, tucked into her snug double bed and wearing a sailor shirt, she admits that she doesn't happen to have a guest room. The engineer hems and haws, begins to discuss Pascal's wager, Jansenism and casuistry; he explains that his Catholic moral hang-ups prevent him from sleeping with a woman unless he intends to marry her. "You are ashamed of being a Christian and ashamed of being a Don Juan," the Protestant Maud observes wryly. So they talk—and talk and talk. Millions of would-be wooers have had similar exchanges, and Rohmer knows the dialog backward, but he also discerns the elusive impulses that glisten beneath the cool surface. With warmth and wit, *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* treats the love game as *le sport*, until Rohmer's rueful denouement reveals the penalties for a fumbled play.

Playing the first black sheriff of a small but virulent Southern town, ex-football great Jim Brown has a fine team of pros lined up against him. Fredric March, full of delightful crotchets as a venerable town father, George Kennedy as the former sheriff and Lynn Carlin (of *Faces*) as the deposed sheriff's fidgety wife, badger Brown in and out of some tight spots that make *tick . . . tick . . . tick . . .* a topical melodrama well worth watching. Co-produced by director Ralph Nelson and scenarist James Lee Barrett, the movie has point and pace and a sense of humor but suffers from the kind of pat fictionalizing that fills prime-time television. Of course, Brown jails a young white rakehell who is the son of a rich, powerful bigot in a neighboring county. So what happens when the rich man's hired thugs drive over one night to take the law into their own hands? Will the embittered Kennedy persuade some local red-necks to back their newly elected sheriff, or won't he? At best, *tick . . .* inspires nostalgia for those vintage Saturday-afternoon Westerns in which the hero fights alone until the cavalry comes charging over the hill. Fans will have no trouble identifying with Brown, whose powerful screen presence transcends credibility gaps and makes it almost irrelevant to ask whether he can really act.

The plot of *The Kremlin Letter*, Noel Behn's novel of espionage as retold by director John Huston, will remain an unsolved mystery to moviegoers who have not read the book. It has something to do with getting U. S. agents into Rus-

sia to buy back a stolen letter in which the U. S. more or less declares war on Red China. The adaptation never really explains why the letter is vitally important (and it turns out not to be), so we are left with another luridly illustrated lecture on the amorality of spying. This caper looks like Hell Week in Moscow, with Patrick O'Neal, Richard Boone, Barbara Parkins (who co-starred with Bibi Andersson in *Bibi & Barbara*, PLAYBOY, February), Nigel Green and George Sanders as the Western agents who can apparently pass for native Muscovites by donning fur hats. Miss Andersson, Orson Welles, Lila Kedrova and Max Von Sydow portray friends and enemies on the opposing side and are colorful as can be. But, then, everyone is colorful—Sanders as a female impersonator checking the Moscow homosexual scene; Bibi smoking hashish and hiring O'Neal as a male whore; Barbara shyly asking O'Neal (in one of the least likely seduction scenes ever to tarnish the silver screen) if he would mind showing her the ropes before they reach Moscow, since she understands that balling will be all in a day's work. *Letter* is never for a moment convincing or even semisuspenseful, nor is its *Fu Manchu* exoticism quite bad enough to be funny. We find it hard to believe that Huston, famous nowadays for getting bored with his own works in progress, showed up at any time while the movie was being made.

Some genuine talent partially redeems *The Honeymoon Killers*, written and directed by Leonard Kastle as if he meant to dare comparison with *Bonnie and Clyde* and *In Cold Blood*. Like its memorable predecessors, *Killers* recaps the career of a murderous real-life team, Martha Beck and Ray Fernandez, the so-called Lonely Hearts duo who were electrocuted at Sing Sing in 1951 for slaying a number of love-starved widows. While Kastle's grainy, low-budget thriller is pretty flat-footed much of the time, he knows how to prolong suspense: His murder scenes are harrowing, to say the least, and his predators and victims chillingly believable. As Martha, the 200-pound head nurse who leaves her hospital post in Mobile, Alabama, to join forces with an oily Eastern gigolo, hefty Shirley Stoler reveals almost more than one wants to know about a fat girl's desperate and potentially dangerous thirst for high adventure. Not quite equal to her, but smoothly effective under his brilliantine, is Tony LoBianco as Ray, the kiss-and-run Lothario who needed a strong woman behind him to become a murderer. Together, they begin dabbling in the chemistry of violence with a feral energy that's neither important to remember nor easy to forget.

Anybody who still doubts the legendary genius of Charlie Chaplin would do



A man with dark hair and a serious expression is sitting in a highly ornate, dark-colored chair. He is wearing a bright red, long-sleeved button-down shirt with a patterned scarf, and light-colored, vertically striped trousers. He is leaning back in the chair with his legs crossed at the ankles. The background is dark, and the floor is a reddish-brown color. The overall mood is sophisticated and stylish.

# GET A LEG UP WITH LEE

**Lee Leens®.** You're into a whole new thing. Projecting a super-smooth image in fitted to the knee, straight-leg, pin-striped slacks. Cool. Confident. In a polyester/cotton blend that's Lee-Prēst® for no-iron neatness. Making the scene in mellowed Yellow, Blue, Natural or Coffee, too, all spiked with black fine-line stripes. Get a leg up with Leens® by Lee. Available at better stores everywhere. \$8.

**Lee®**  
One up in style.

H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Dept. A, P.O. Box 440, Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66201. Also available in Canada.



# The Ballantine's Loyalists:

"I take my Scotch seriously.  
So does Ballantine."

Bill Welter  
Chicago

"Ballantine's square bottle  
doesn't roll over on its side.  
Its flavor doesn't either."

Jim Field  
San Francisco

"The taste makes it."

Dick Howell  
New York City

*The more you know about Scotch,  
the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.*

Be a Ballantine's  
  
Loyalist



BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.  
86 PRDF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.



well to catch a revival of *The Circus*, produced, written and directed by Chaplin in 1928, as the golden age of the silents drew to a close. Now dressed up with a new musical score of the master's own composition, the film is a classic in every sense of the word. *The Circus*, in fact, looks younger than springtime, as well as funnier by half than any contemporary comedy that comes to mind. Here is quintessential Chaplin—nuggets of comic gold glistening within a simple-minded fable about the tramp who stumbles into a circus full of inept clowns and accidentally becomes the star of the show while loving and losing a beautiful bareback rider, daughter of the cruel circus proprietor. In scene after hilarious scene, Chaplin shows himself to be a master of mime, a scientist in the realm of precise comic timing and an artist whose singular poetry makes virtually every pratfall a summary of the human condition.

The river is rising to inundate an antebellum mansion on the banks of Ole Miss. Inside the house, a world-weary Southern aristocrat (James Coburn, one of the least world-weary actors around) prepares to die of cancer, while the addlebrained go-go girl (Lynn Redgrave) he married for prize money on a TV game show is being seduced by his half-caste brother (Robert Hooks). In other words, the relics of a corrupt civilization are about to be swept away, leaving the vital black man to inherit what's left of home, land and milady. That about sums up *Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots*, a prize lemon based on Tennessee Williams' *The Seven Descents of Myrtle*, a forgettable Broadway flop that was bad, all right, but not quite as bad as this overwrought adaptation by Gore Vidal. Having miscast the actors initially, director Sidney Lumet drowns out much of their dialog in Quincy Jones's nonstop musical score. Saddest to behold is England's Lynn Redgrave, a Dixie belle straight from Dover, giving a summer-stock characterization that seems to originate at the hips but works upward to infect her vocal cords with the fastest drawl in the West.

"What we don't know is whether we really hate one another or not," says the male star of *A Married Couple*, who happens to be a 42-year-old Canadian advertising man named Billy Edwards, cast opposite his wife, Antoinette, their young son, Bogart, and the family dog, Merton, in an extraordinary "living drama" by producer-director Allan King, maker of the estimable documentary *Warrendale*. Already a runaway success in Canada, *Married Couple* was assembled from ten weeks of filming by Richard Leiterman and sound man Christian Wangler, who moved into the Edwards home in Toronto to record the spectacle

**CLASS**

WORLD WIDE FIRST CLASS

and quality to boot

**Tony Lama**  
CO., INC.

1137 TONY LAMA ST., EL PASO, TEXAS 79915

## Your new Mercedes-Benz in Europe:

**Easy to arrange here. Easiest way to travel there.**

Enjoy your European holiday in the convenience of your own Mercedes-Benz. See what you want to see. Forget the crowds. And the schedules. And save money too!

How? Just mail the coupon and find out. Or visit the "European Delivery Center" at your nearest Mercedes-Benz dealer. They'll handle all the details.



Mr. Peter Grassl, European Delivery Manager  
Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Dept. PB-A1  
158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024

Please send me your free guide to European Delivery.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

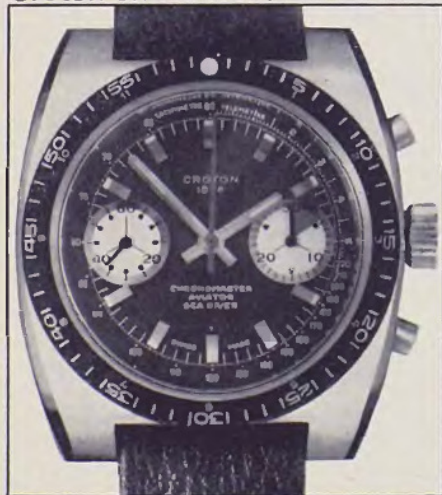


# If you're about to buy a watch, why not make sure it's a

- 1 stop watch
- 2 time out stop watch
- 3 doctor's watch
- 4 yachting timer
- 5 tachometer
- 6 aviator's watch
- 7 time zone watch
- 8 skin diver's watch
- 9 regular watch

Why not make sure it's the Super-C 1878 Chronomaster by Croton, \$120.

Write for free fact book:  
Dept. P-72, Croton Watch Co.,  
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520



**CROTON**  
**SUPER-C 1878**  
**CHRONOMASTER**

of a man and a woman—bound together in unholy matrimony and seemingly trying to sever the knot with four-letter words. Where the techniques of *cinéma vérité* can go from here would be difficult to predict; but righteous critics who decry *Married Couple* as an invasion of privacy may be simply stuck for words to describe the impact of King's inquisitive camera, which stops just short of creeping into bed with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. They are clearly conscious of the camera but unable to alter the delicate balance of love and hate, hurt and humor that keeps their union afloat despite faultfinding, boredom, jealousy, recriminations and frequent arguments about money, sex, the family car, antique harpsichords and wall ovens. The segment of society they represent is middle class and materialistic at the core, but altogether human as well. *A Married Couple* touches upon painful truths that make more conventional films seem silly.

## RECORDINGS

Rock 'n' roll—like most musical idioms—is best performed by the men who created it. So it didn't surprise us to find that *Carl Perkins on Top* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) is a stone gas. Backed by a hard-driving combo, the original *Blue Suede Shoes* man is togetherness itself as he wails on *Superfool*, *Power of My Soul* and eight other items. Continuing his comeback, meanwhile, is Elvis Presley, whose latest is a twin release, *Elvis in Person* (etched in Las Vegas) and *Back in Memphis* (both RCA; also available on stereo tape). In excellent voice and with stellar support (The Sweet Inspirations were present at the Vegas gig), Elvis brings it all back home on 23 tunes, ranging from *All Shook Up* to his recent number-one hit, *Suspicious Minds*.

The invitation to *Get Together with Andy Williams* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) should not go unheeded. It's an attractive blend of the romantic and the upbeat. When in the latter bag, Andy is assisted by the Osmond Brothers, Loadstone and, according to the billing, Friends and Girls, as he wends his way through a sunny side that includes two *Hair* songs. The high point of his balladic endeavors is reached on the love theme from *Romeo and Juliet*. No matter what the melody, however, Andy is dandy.

*The Lord's Prayer* (Vortex) is the latest sardonic offering from Steve Marcus, who can play some pretty good jazz on his tenor sax, as he shows on Miroslav Vitous' *Hope* and Bob Moses' *Amy*. The most entertaining parts of the LP, however, are Marcus' nihilistic rendition

of the despairingly abstract title track and Larry Clark's frantic vocal on *Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues*. For those who still have faith, we recommend *Jesus Is a Soul Man* (Warner Bros.; also available on stereo tape), wherein young Lawrence Reynolds sings his hit title tune, plus a companion piece—*If God Is Dead*—and ten articulate country-and-western odes of a more secular nature.

*Basket of Light* (Reprise; also available on stereo tape) is the latest from The Pentangle, and the nine highly polished performances fully illuminate the instrumental and vocal virtuosity of the British folk-jazz quintet. Whether the material is American r&b (*Sally Go Round the Roses*), of ancient English origin (*Lyke-Wake Dirge*) or the group's own (*Light Flight*), Messrs. Jansch, Renbourn & Co. have all the corners covered.

One of the best offerings in a long while from Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 is *Ye-Me-Le* (A&M), a beautiful blend of bossa nova, funk, pop, rock, et al. The principal ingredients in this sonic stew are *Wichita Lineman*, *Norwegian Wood*, Bobby Timmons' still-splendid *Moanin'*, the outstanding *Hair* piece *Easy to Be Hard* and the Bacharach-David neo-classic *What the World Needs Now*. Mendes and his troops obviously have a good thing going.

Any day we can, we'll gladly take *Time Out for Smokey Robinson and the Miracles* (Tamla; also available on stereo tape). The archromantic of rock (but funky, too), Smokey is one of the cats who has made the music the respected art form it is today—and he's at his satin-smooth best here, as he delineates his own classically perfect compositions (*Doggone Right*, *The Composer*, *Here I Go Again*), plus a few contemporary stalwarts including *Abraham, Martin and John*.

Igor Stravinsky once cracked that Antonio Vivaldi was the only composer in the history of music who wrote the same piece 454 times. Whether or not because of that barb, the vogue for Vivaldi's innumerable sound-alike concertos has fallen precipitously in recent years. Nevertheless, a few venturesome Vivaldians still ply their trade, one of them being conductor Angelo Ephrikian, who leads a pair of Europe's top string ensembles—Les Solistes de Bruxelles and I Solisti di Milano—in *Four Concertos for Two Orchestras* (Seraphim). These works were probably composed for the facing music lofts of San Marco in Venice, and there is considerable back-and-forthing between the two orchestras. Needless to say, the stuff is made for stereo, and all of it





03648



03415



03292



03605



13359



03477



03500



10523



10278



03266



10084



03478



03480



12141



03346



00267



03419



03498



03534



00046



03313



03408



10235



03508



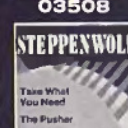
03578



00369



00202



03652



02318



03572



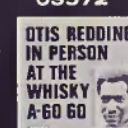
03655



03316



10113



03461



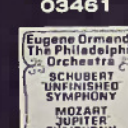
10882



00363



11349



03528



03395



03671



00752

# RCA STEREO 8 TAPE CLUB

Fabulous Savings!

Spectacular Get-Acquainted Offer!



## Take Any 5 STEREO 8 TAPE CARTRIDGES

# for only \$6.95

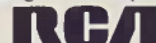
Worth up to \$49.75 at regular Club prices!

You merely agree to buy as few as six more cartridges within a year from hundreds to be offered.

### Now Enjoy Great Tapes — at Great Savings!

NOW . . . start a library of today's greatest Stereo 8 hits by today's biggest stars . . . at top savings! Choose from such renowned labels as RCA, Warner Bros.-7 Arts, Reprise, London, Atlantic, Atco, Mercury—in every music category. Just look at these exclusive membership benefits:

- Start savings RIGHT NOW! Choose FIVE tapes for only \$6.95 (worth up to \$49.75 based on suggested manufacturers' list prices . . . optional with dealers). After trial membership, receive one tape of equivalent value FREE for every two you buy at regular Club price (usually \$6.95)—a 33 1/3% average saving!
- All tapes guaranteed. The Club's own Warranty unconditionally guarantees you perfect tapes for one year after purchase, regardless of label.
- Enjoy a charge account! We'll open a "pay later" account in your name; pay after you receive tapes and are enjoying them.
- Keep posted! Monthly SOUND TRACK brings news of almost 200 Stereo 8 releases, featuring a Selection of the Month. If you want this tape, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want other tapes, or no tapes, indicate your choice on the coupon provided, and return it by the date specified.
- Send no money! Just choose 5 of the 50 top-label hits shown here; we'll bill you \$6.95 plus small shipping-service charge later. You can cancel membership after accepting six more tapes . . . or keep enjoying savings of one-third for years to come with no obligation to buy.



TRADEMARKS USED IN THIS ADVT. ARE PROPERTY OF THE VARIOUS TRADEMARK OWNERS  
TMKES1 © RCA CORPORATION.

### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

MAIL TO: THE RCA STEREO 8 TAPE CLUB, P.O. Box 26888, Lawrence, Indiana 46226  
Yes, please accept my application for trial membership in The RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club, and send me the 5 cartridges I have selected for only \$6.95 plus small shipping-service charge. I understand I need buy as few as six more cartridges within a year to fulfill my trial membership, after which I will get one tape of equivalent value FREE for every two I buy at regular Club prices.

MAIL ME THESE 5 CARTRIDGES (indicate by number)

\_\_\_\_\_

I am most interested in the following type of music: (check one only)

- Popular (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)  
 Country & Western  Today's Sound (Rock/Soul/Folk)

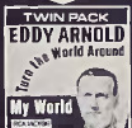
Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City & State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone \_\_\_\_\_ (Area Code) **3-3K M5**  
 One Membership Per Family. APO/FPO addresses write for special offer.



10280

### TWIN PACKS

Each has double the music—but counts as one selection!



03558



03412



10319



00311



03474



00953



## sheer fancy


A cute little above-the-knee warmer for the playmate in your life. The Playmate garter comes in sleek satin with frilly French lace and capricious Rabbit stitched in white. In black and white lace.

Use order no. MY200 \$2.50.  
Please add 50¢ for handling.



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

## bottoms up!

One for ale, one for coffee . . . cheers to the good life! The Playboy-designed mugs set spirits soaring. With our frolicking Femlin in white kicking up her heels on black ceramic. Please order by product number. 22-oz. Playboy Beer Mug, MM319, \$6; 10-oz. Playboy Coffee Mug, MM320, \$3. Please add 50¢ for handling. 



Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products, Department MY0623, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.** Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Keys.

is unfailingly melodious. If, in the end, the music begins to sound redundantly repetitious, don't say you weren't warned.

**Master Jazz Piano: Volume 1** (MJR) is sheer joy. Five veteran pianists—Sonny White, Earl Hines, Jay McShann, Cliff Jackson and Claude Hopkins—were asked to contribute two tracks apiece to this LP: the result provides a superb compendium of blues-oriented classic jazz that does nothing but pleasure the ears. We were familiar with the work of Hines, McShann and Hopkins, but Jackson and White—and especially the latter, with his wonderfully controlled rendition of *I Want a Little Girl*—were delightful discoveries. The recording can be obtained by mailing five dollars to Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.

The house of rock might as well be a church, the way the Chambers Brothers take care of business on **Live at Bill Graham's Fillmore East** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape). The former Gospel quartet—who really *are* brothers—and drummer Brian Keenan use *Wade in the Water* to open the proceedings with a splash and wind up the concert by giving a solid demonstration of unaccompanied r&b-Gospel group singing on their medley of *Undecided* and *Love! Love! Love!* Half of a double release, the LP is paired with the studio-etched *Love, Peace and Happiness* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), a collection of five soulful tunes plus the side-long title opus. All are well done, but it's on the live set that the Brothers really cook.

**This Is Jeremy Steig** (Solid State; also available on stereo tape) finds one of today's most refreshingly inventive young flutists stretching out in formidable fashion. He wields a variety of axes—flute, alto flute, alto piccolo, Indian flute and electric flute—and all are honed to razor sharpness. Steig's supporting cast is made up of Warren Bernhardt on electric alto flute, alto piccolo, Indian flute and Glen Moore on bass and electric bass. The tunes are, with one exception, by Jeremy and Tim Hardin; and while many of the instruments are of the plugged-in variety, most of the electricity is supplied by the performances.

In the past three years, while B. B. King's popularity has been soaring, his music has been deepening. **Completely Well** (Blues-Way; also available on stereo tape) finds him fronting a sure-fingered combo on nine out-of-sight items, including *Cryin' Won't Help You Now*, which leads directly into *You're Mean*,

an extended and apparently impromptu jam; the musicians don't want to quit, and one can't blame them. A relaxed blues session by artists who are really where it's at is Earl Hooker's **Don't Have to Worry** (Blues-Way; also available on stereo tape), on which the quicksilver guitarist is joined by vocalist Little Andrew "Blues Boy" Odom and pianist-singer Johnny "Big Moose" Walker.

If supermimic David Frye's **I Am the President** (Elektra; also available on stereo tape) creates something less than the impact of Frye in the flesh, it still delivers a generous supply of laughs. All of the Goliaths that David has laid low via video are on board—Nixon, Johnson (our favorite), Buckley, Humphrey (and we're pleased as punch Frye included him), Rockefeller, etc. The gags aren't as good as they could be, but Frye is better than anyone has a right to be.

## THEATER

**Last of the Red Hot Lovers** is Neil Simon's first all-out effort to write not just another hit comedy but a serio-comic play. It isn't quite serio enough to score in that double-edged genre, but it's amply comic to make it one of the delights of the season. Simon's hero is a fat, 40ish fish restaurateur—most admirably played by James Coco—who is happily but humdrumly married. He decides to have one dashing affair to give some dazzle to his ennui-filled life. In each of the three acts, red-hot comic Coco tries, desperately and ineptly, to vault into adultery. His first flop is with an oversexed, under-satisfied matron (Linda Lavin). Her face atwilt with impatience, she awaits his pass; but he is full of misgivings. For one thing, he's mortally afraid that they will leave some sign of disarray in his mother's apartment—the scene of all three trysts. The first scene is very funny and oddly touching, as the author reveals the nerve ends beneath the buffoonery. As if afraid of emotion, he quickly undercuts the moving moment with wisecracks. In the next two acts, the would-be seducer tries to make it with a paranoid post-teeny-bopper and with his wife's best friend. The actresses, Marcia Rodd and Doris Roberts, are adept, but the characters are less distinctive than the first. Their scenes are not really developments of a dramatic line, just two more amusing set pieces illustrating the restaurateur's complaint. Even with its faults, however, this is the prodigiously successful playwright's most adventurous work so far; a sign, perhaps, of less simple Simons to come. At the Eugene O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street.





# DON'T WORRY. YOU WON'T GET FIRED IF YOUR LAPELS ARE A BIT WIDE.

Suit of 55% Dacron\* polyester, 45% Wool. About \$80. \*DUPONT'S REG. T. M.

Not long ago, wearing anything to the office but a traditional, "sincere" business suit was asking for trouble.

Business was a fortress of conservative fashions. And to succeed, you had to look like you belonged.

Well, the fortress is finally beginning to crumble.

Guys who don't conform to regimented styles of doing business or regimented styles of dress are making it to the top.

They vary their wardrobes. Mix Shape with Madison Ave. Wear cuffed trousers on Tuesday, plain bottoms on Wednesday.

We're for the new freedom in business fashions.

And we're supporting it the only way we know how. By making a soft-shoulder suit with wide lapels, high center vent and deep pocket flaps.

But tastefully. Very tastefully.

For you. A guy who couldn't care less about what the guys in the office are wearing.

## CRICKETEER®

1290 Avenue of The Americas, N. Y. 10019

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.,

A DIVISION OF PHILLIPS VAN HEUSEN CORP.





# What's new Pussycat?



We hereby declare 1970 The Year of the Pussycat. Our national prize-winning drink has become a great success. No wonder. This sunny, orange-sweet sour makes you want to purr. And mixes up quick as a cat. Just combine a packet of "Instant Pussycat Mix," water and Early Times. Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store.

To get a set of 4—10½ oz. Pussycat glasses and 4 packets of Instant Pussycat Mix,\* send \$2.95 to: Early Times Pussycat Glasses, P.O. Box 378, Maple Plain, Minn. 55395

\*Offer valid only where legal—limited time only.



## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm about to become engaged to the girl I've been dating for two years. Her father is an officer in the Navy and that's what she thinks she is, too. If I make a mistake, she's upset. If she's inconvenienced, she's upset. When we disagree, I have to do the making up. But I love her, despite the fact that she thinks she's the admiral and I'm the swabby. I'd like to be master of my own ship but don't know what to do about it. What's your advice?—W. A., Newport News, Virginia.

*It looks like you're going to re-enlist, regardless of what we say. But since you ask, we say you be the skipper—or else skip her.*

Next month, I'm leaving for Japan and plan to purchase a new camera, three lenses and miscellaneous accessories. A friend wants me to do the same for him, which means I'll be returning with two cameras, six lenses, etc. My friend says he'll pay excess-baggage charges, if any, plus the duty. However, another friend warns me that I may run into difficulties with Customs for bringing back too much equipment. What are the difficulties?—E. P., Portland, Maine.

Once importers register trademarks of foreign-made equipment with the Treasury Department (Bureau of Customs), they have exclusive use of those trademarks within the U.S. Some of the importers—but not all—have consented to individuals' bringing into the country a limited number of trademarked items for their own use. In most cases, this means you can bring back one camera and two lenses of a particular foreign make. If you wish to bring more, you will have to file off the brand names, bearing in mind that such defaced gear will be more difficult to sell or trade in at a later date. Beyond your \$100 allowance, you will have to pay duty—12 percent of the fair-trade price on cameras costing more than ten dollars each and 20 percent on lenses. The Bureau of Customs can supply you with a list of trademarked equipment for most countries and the quantity of each brand you're allowed to bring back.

My girl is a Catholic and she uses the rhythm method of contraception when we make our beautiful music together. I asked several well-informed people if a girl using this method can become pregnant and their answers varied greatly. Can you tell me if the rhythm method is a sure-fire means of birth control?—O. R., Kansas City, Kansas.

Sadly, the rhythm method is too often followed by the blues followed by soft rock, as in rock-a-by baby. There are other, surer means of birth control. A

recent survey by the Planned Parenthood Federation rated the pill more than 99 percent effective, I.U.D. (the coil) 95 to 98 percent, while the rhythm method, which is dependent on menstrual regularity, rated only 65 to 80 percent.

Last week, my date and I were dining at a rather expensive Italian restaurant when the owner (whom I vaguely know) came to our table with a small bottle of chianti, which he virtually insisted we accept to enhance the meal. We politely declined. However, when the man persisted, we agreed to drink the wine if he would join us in a toast, which he did. When I received the check, I was amazed to see that it included a charge for the chianti. I decided not to make an issue out of it, but now I'm wondering if I should have spoken up. What do I do the next time something like this occurs?—R. F., New York, New York.

*Take the owner aside and explain that the waiter must have made a mistake in adding the complimentary wine to the bill. If the owner insists that the charge is legitimate, drop the matter, at the same time letting him know that you don't generally patronize restaurants where the owners con their customers.*

As a liberated young woman, I am distinctly annoyed by men who resort to psychoanalytical ploys when I decline an invitation to their boudoir. The most common tactic consists of sad headshaking, sympathetic comments on my presumed hang-ups, reflections on how puritanical my parents must have been and a kind offer to help me get over my alleged problem. This gimmick is supposed to make a gal jump between the sheets right away to prove that she doesn't have complexes. The only counter-gambit is the blunt truth: "I have no hang-ups at all; it's just that I find you unattractive." However, this seems unnecessarily cruel. Does PLAYBOY have any advice for my problem?—Miss R. W., Chicago, Illinois.

*Yes. Ask your friend to define freedom—and then counter with George Orwell's definition: "Freedom is the right to say no." He'll get the point.*

I'm a newcomer to tape recording and would appreciate an explanation of the difference between sound over sound, sound with sound and sound on sound.—M. L., San Francisco, California.

*In sound over sound, you disconnect the erase head of your recorder and record right over a previously recorded track. This is not generally recommended,*



# The Lazy Pipe Tobacco

When you have some relaxing to do, here's the pipe tobacco to do it with. Bond Street's never in a hurry. It's a rich-tasting combination

of plugs and flakes, brought together to smoke slow and easy. Look at it this way: one pipeful will last long enough to give the little woman a good workout and you one of the best rides you've had since you were a kid. We know you'll like the Bond Street taste. And if anyone gets within sniffing distance, be prepared for some compliments about the aroma.

Lights easy—  
takes its own good  
time about burning.





because of distortion, but it is the only one of the three techniques that you can employ with a monophonic recorder. In sound with sound (using a stereo recorder), you record one track and then listen to it through headphones while you record your accompaniment on the second track. In sound on sound, you record one track as before, but this time, both the sound on the first track and your accompaniment are recorded together on the second track. If you wish, you can then listen to the sound on the second track and accompany yourself again, the results being recorded back onto the first track (the previous solo recording on the first track, of course, will have been erased), and so on. Usually, five dubbings of this sort are considered the limit on home equipment.

For the past six months my husband has been in Vietnam. I saw him recently on leave for rest and recreation and he told me he is not having sex while overseas. I know he is my husband, but I don't think normal men can go without sex for that period of time. Can they?—Mrs. T. N., Denver, Colorado.

Sexual abstinence is frequently made bearable by a strong sense of fidelity to a partner, as well as by a lack of stimulus. Assuming your husband is in the boon-docks of Vietnam or—if not—doesn't find the urban honky-tonk girls attractive, either or both factors might be operative.

I've frequently heard reference made to a Mrs. Grundy as the arbiter of what's right and what's wrong in a moral sense. Did she ever really exist and, if so, when?—L. N., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Mrs. Grundy was first mentioned in the play "Speed the Plough," by English playwright Thomas Morton, produced in 1798. She never appears onstage, but one of the play's characters is a neighbor worried about Mrs. Grundy's opinions on matters of morals and respectability who makes constant reference to her with the line "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Mrs. Grundy was further immortalized by English poet Frederick Locker-Lampson in the verse:

*They eat, and drink, and scheme,  
and plod,  
They go to church on Sunday;  
And many are afraid of God,  
And more of Mrs. Grundy.*

A young lady and I have been dating for several years and it has been a wonderful relationship in every respect. However, this year she began attending college in another city and, although she won't admit it, I feel that our bond is weakening. I have been told by several

reliable friends that she has had sexual intercourse a number of times since our separation. When I mention this, she denies it. I had been thinking seriously of marrying her after I graduate this June. Now I wonder if I should keep on dating her or just drop her.—L. R., Miami, Florida.

It's up to you—you can believe your friends or you can trust your girl, depending on which means more to you. A Roman named Publius Syrus had a few well-chosen words for you: "Trust, like the soul, never returns, once it is gone."

I'm in the market for a sports car. A great many of these vehicles have 100 hp but vary greatly in the maximum torque. What is engine torque and its relation to horsepower and performance? The maximum torque is usually at a lower rpm than the maximum horsepower. Where is the correct rpm to shift for the greatest possible acceleration?—P. S., San Jose, California.

Torque is twisting force, usually measured in foot-pounds: A lever one foot long with a weight of one pound on the end of it develops one foot-pound of torque. Horsepower is a measure of the rate at which work is done, measured in a straight line: to lift 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute, or to move 550 pounds one foot in one second. Torque is important for starting—in overcoming inertia—and in acceleration. Horsepower is more important in top speed. For practical purposes, shifting should be done at the time the engine is exerting maximum torque—presuming, of course, that you're in a hurry. This point will vary from one engine to another.

My girl is beautiful, affectionate and, by most standards, sexy; but, nonetheless, she doesn't turn me on. Our affair grew largely out of her strong feelings for me and my weakness for comfort and inability to reject her. My conscience is beginning to bother me and I want to terminate our affair to minimize the pain to her, as she is investing her emotions in a future that I know will never come to pass. Can one cut off something like this without causing pain?—K. E., Marietta, Georgia.

It's not likely. But the best part of honesty is that it justifies the pain it sometimes causes. Take your girl to a restaurant where the atmosphere is as little charged as possible, tell her honestly why you are unwilling to continue the relationship, then take her home without lingering and don't call her again. In time, she'll understand that the pain you saved her was greater than the pain you caused her. She'll also realize that she was the beneficiary of a policy of honesty without having had to pay a premium.

I've gotten into an argument with my girlfriend, who insists that family films are the hottest draw at the box office, while I maintain that family flicks are boring and films such as *I Am Curious (Yellow)* and *Midnight Cowboy* are running away with the honors. At any rate, whenever I try to see one of them, the line stretches around the block. Who's right on what flicks draw the most customers?—B. H., Birmingham, Alabama.

For 1969, at least, your girlfriend was right. Biggest grosser was Disney's "The Love Bug" (\$17,000,000), closely followed by "Funny Girl" (\$16,000,000 plus) and the borderline family film "Bullitt" (ditto). But "Midnight Cowboy" chalked up a very respectable \$11,000,000 and "I Am Curious (Yellow)" turned some moviemakers green with a tidy \$6,600,000. Incidentally, among movies for today's generation, "Easy Rider" rolled up \$7,200,000—a small fortune for the talented Messrs. Hopper and Fonda—and "Alice's Restaurant," a relatively low-budget affair, did a hot \$3,500,000. All-time box-office champ is "The Sound of Music" (\$72,000,000), with "Gone with the Wind" (\$71,000,000) and "The Graduate" (\$43,000,000) in second and third places. With the exception of "G.W.T.W.," few films 20 or more years old hit the mammoth grosses because of their lower ticket prices. Some classics, such as "King Kong," failed to make the list of box-office greats, and others—"The Wizard of Oz," for example—just barely made it.

Before my wife became pregnant, she frequently experienced orgasm during intercourse. She is now in the seventh month and has not had an orgasm in all that time. We would like to know whether changes take place during pregnancy that interfere with orgasm.—F. M., Scottsdale, Arizona.

According to Masters and Johnson, many women lose interest in sex during the first three months of pregnancy; but during the second three months, the pendulum swings to a peak of sexual demand that may be higher than any prior to pregnancy. In your wife's case, the trouble may be that her initial decline in sexual desire caused her to worry, and this anxiety could delay her return to normal sexual response.

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.







**With our new stereo, if you get tired of Beethoven,  
you can listen to Berkowitz.**

The Sony HP-199 lets you listen to all your favorites including your most favorite of all: yourself.

Because along with an already terrific stereo unit, we have thrown in a cassette tape recorder.

For listening, you get a 4-speed automatic/manual turntable, an all-silicon transistorized amplifier, and

an FM stereo/FM-AM tuner.

For recording, you get a 4-track cassette-corder that lets you record (in stereo, no less) directly off the tuner or the turntable. Or, with an optional microphone, directly off your own mouth. And a little doohickey called Sonymatic<sup>®</sup> which automatically adjusts the volume level to opti-

mum and balances the volume of the left and right channels.

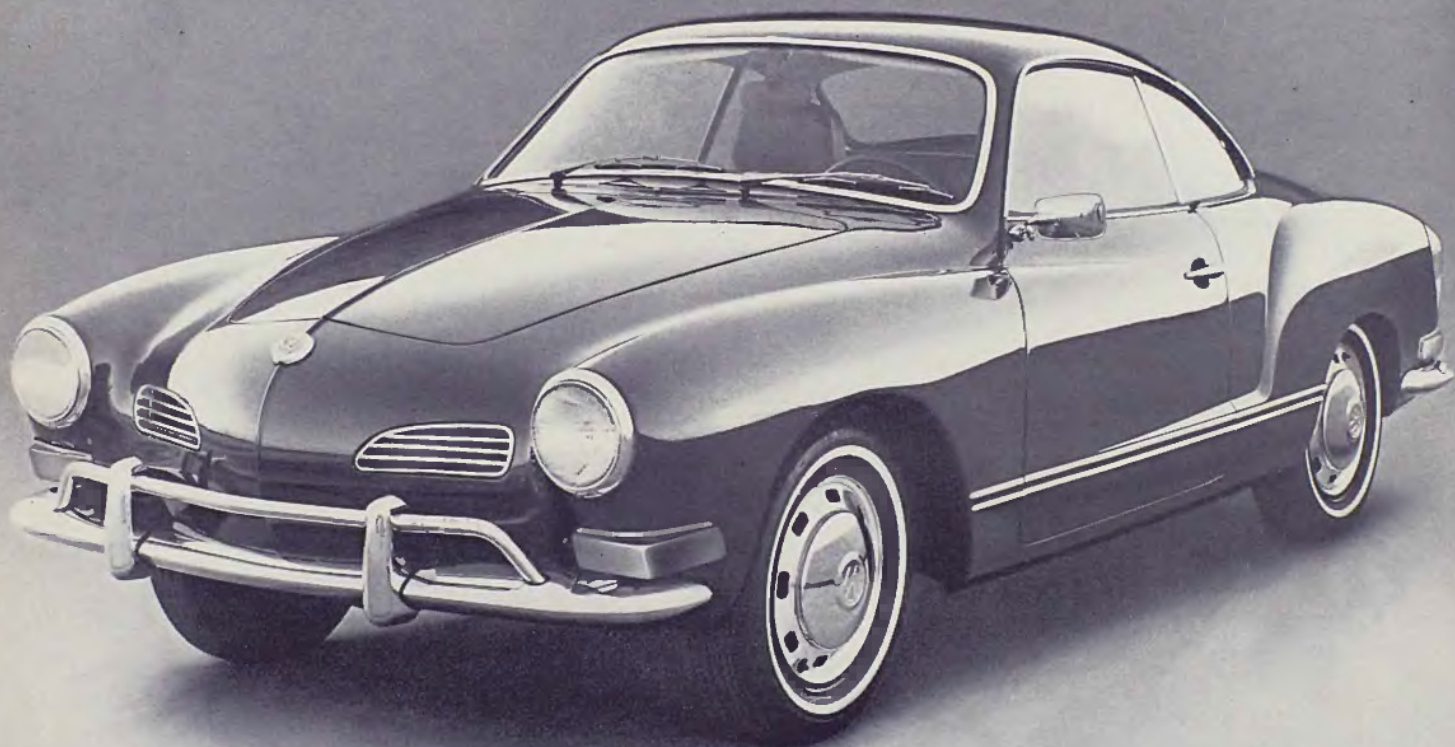
And for listening to what you recorded, a 6½" woofered and 2" tweetered pair of airtight enclosed speakers.

Which is just about everything you need to listen to Ludwig van.

Or Abie W.

**The Sony HP-199. A stereo phono/receiver and cassette-corder in one.**





©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC. ■ SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O. E. \$12,503. WEST COAST P.O. E. LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY. ADDITIONAL WHITEWALLS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

## 1,500,000 Lire.

That's a lot of lire for a car.

But that's a lot of car for the lire.

It's one of the most meticulously built sports cars in the world.

The classic body was designed where many great sports cars are designed:

Turin, Italy. By the famous Ghia Studios.

It's built by one of Europe's oldest custom coachmakers: Karmann of Osnabrück.

Only a limited number are made each day. Mainly because it takes interminably

long to shape the body.

So intricate are some of Ghia's lines that machines can't form them. So Karmann employs sculptors to finish the body. By hand.

It's welded, burnished, smoothed, painted, sanded and rubbed. By hand.

And only when it passes hundreds of inspections does it get together with the chassis. Which is a beauty in itself:

Torsion-bar suspension. Double-jointed rear axles. Four-speed sync box. Front

disc brakes. Rear-mounted magnesium engine. Air-cooled. Utterly dependable. Economical. (About 26 mpg.)

All that will cost you a good 1,500,000 lire.

Or 2,399 American dollars.\*

For a Volkswagen Karmann Ghia.



That's not a lot of dollars for a car.

But that's a lot of car for the dollars.



## THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### FRIEND IN NEED

Traditionally, a soldier with a gripe is advised by friends to tell it to the chaplain, take it to the Inspector General or write to his Congressman, depending on the gravity of the situation and the difficulty of getting a hearing. Now, probably because of letters about military injustice in *The Playboy Forum*, another court of last resort has been added to the list.

A foreign-born GI serving in Vietnam had earned U. S. citizenship, but two non-commissioned officers who were processing him noticed he was wearing a peace medallion and refused to sign his naturalization papers. *The New York Times* quoted a buddy of the shafted soldier as saying, "I told him he should write to his Congressman or PLAYBOY or something."

John Benson  
New York, New York

### AIDING THE ENEMY

Some people in the U. S. are giving us GIs in Vietnam a terrific pain, because there is, in case they haven't noticed, a strong link between the level of Communist aggression here and that of anti-war activism in the States. I'm a recon Marine; and our mission is to find enemy camps, supply routes and other facilities. Thus, we're among the first to know when Communist activity increases. Since the Moratorium demonstrations in Washington, this is exactly what's happened. Charley is on the prowl again and his attacks on Americans are more frequent and ferocious.

One would think that Americans at home would do everything they can to aid GIs in Vietnam to stay alive; but instead, the anti-war demonstrators are contributing to our possible defeat. Dissent at home prolongs the war and renders negotiation useless. As peace-faction demonstrations at home get larger, the Reds become more convinced that, if they wait long enough, President Nixon will eventually be forced to order total withdrawal of American troops. Every indication that our will to fight is weakening intensifies our enemy's belligerence.

But I'm really not surprised that this simple common-sense analysis isn't apparent to anti-war protesters, because much of what they do reveals their disordered minds. They march with coffins containing the names of dead Servicemen: How is this a protest against the

war? Many of those men, I'm sure, died believing in the war. To recall their deaths is to recall that we must not waste their sacrifice by accepting defeat now. If those dead men whose names were used to protest the war could rise up, I believe their wrath would be terrible.

Speaking as a fighting man in Vietnam, I say that our will to carry on is unshakable. We know why we're here and we believe in what we're doing. We mean to ensure that the freedom that prevails in America shall also prevail in Vietnam. And we're determined that the American lives lost so far will not have been wasted, which is what will happen if, after all this bloodshed, we simply pull out and let the Reds take over.

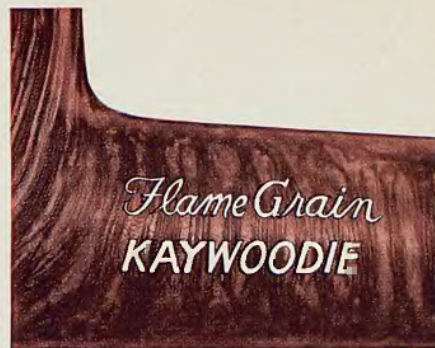
I myself am willing to die for the eventual victory of the American and South Vietnamese cause. We United States Marines are well-trained killers; this is our job and we do it for freedom and the Corps. I know the majority of Americans is behind us and it's time for that majority to speak out and the pacifistic minority to be silent. The essence of manhood is willingness to fight. Let's get on with the job.

Cpl. T. N. Dicks  
FPO San Francisco, California

### BIAS IN THE MEDIA

Since certain high Government officials charge that the American press and broadcasting are slanted and selective, let's see what kind of reporting GIs get in Southeast Asia, where the media are, more or less, under the Government's influence. Aside from PLAYBOY and the Southeast Asia editions of *Time* and *Newsweek*, the only sources of news in Vietnam are Armed Forces Radio and TV and *Pacific Stars and Stripes*, which calls itself "an authorized unofficial publication for U. S. Armed Forces assigned to the Pacific Command."

Here is how the latter sources covered the November 1969 Peace Moratorium: The November 13 Moratorium-eve issue of *Stars and Stripes* detailed all Veterans Day activities in support of present war policies. It reported the protest-linked bombings in New York, the Army's ban on wearing uniforms at demonstrations, plans to send paratroops to Washington, D. C., and two other trivial instances of support for the war. The following day's coverage consisted of front- and back-page stories on the airlift of 9000 "riot troops"




You already know  
our name...

now get to know  
our pipes.



Kaywoodie. A century old name. You won't find it on just any pipe. But when you do, you know it's special. Like the Kaywoodie Flame Grain treasured almost as a collectors' item. Because only one in 1,000 briar blocks has this natural flame-graining. And only Kaywoodie takes the time to select them.

But that's Kaywoodie, the rare one. Cut from the oldest and finest briar, then painstakingly shaped, hand-worked and hand-rubbed. The permanent, built-in filter is added to condense moisture, trap tars and irritants. Whether it's a Kaywoodie Flame Grain at \$20 or any other Kaywoodie from \$6.95 to \$100, the result is a thing of beauty. A smoother, milder, more flavorful smoke. All you have to choose is the style. We've already done a lot of choosing for you. 

**KAYWOODIE®**  
The hand-made pipe

Send 25¢ for complete catalog. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows pipes from \$6.95 to \$250; other products: write Kaywoodie, N. Y. 10022, Dept. D27.



to Washington. The next issue of *Stars and Stripes* screamed, "SENATE, HOUSE CHEER NIXON." Senators Kennedy, Goodell and McGovern went unmentioned. The stars of that day were Bob Hope, Tricia Nixon, a World War Two vet and the telephone company, all of whom criticized or hampered protest activities. Sunday's *Stars and Stripes*, with unconscious irony, headlined a story: "SPIRO SOCKS IT TO TV 'ELITE': NEWS BIASED."

On Monday, November 17, *Stars and Stripes* covered Friday's and Saturday's peace activities, leading off with an instance of violence and mentioning "Yippies," "ultra-extremists," and the "Chicago Eight" before naming any of the dignitaries who supported the Moratorium. Statements by Senators McGovern, McCarthy and Goodell got a total of six lines, the first time any words uttered by Moratorium speakers was reported. These were balanced by stories of 12 instances of violence and nine cases of police intervention. Other than a short article and a photo on the San Francisco peace parade, all of page two was anti-protest, including a story on Baltimore strip joints that closed down for the day in support of the war.

Armed Forces Radio and TV did give priority coverage to the Moratorium and candidly admitted that Friday's protest crowds were the largest in history, but stressed episodes of violence. TV pointedly presented an interview with an officer in Washington's Veterans' Administration Hospital who criticized the demonstrators.

As a commissioned officer in the U.S. Army, I am not permitted to express opinions on political or controversial matters, and I do not intend to do so here. I merely report these facts and ask PLAYBOY's readers these questions:

(1) Is the coverage I've described an example of what some of our national leaders mean by unbiased reporting?

(2) Is it the peace demonstrations that may weaken the morale of our GIs or is it the emphasis, in Government-influenced media, on instances of violence and extremism?

(3) Can the opinion of a soldier in Vietnam—whose information comes from these media—be used as valid evidence that peace protests demoralize the troops?

(4) Can one say that it is for freedom that over 40,000 American men have died in Vietnam when 500,000 more soldiers are being held in political ignorance?

Capt. Irvin S. Roger  
APO San Francisco, California

#### BLOOD BATHS

Much has been said and written by hawkish commentators about the blood bath that will presumably take place if we, as we should and must, leave Vietnam. Yet there was no talk from this crowd about a blood bath when the French, with money and weapons supplied

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### APHRODITE'S POTIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Old men suddenly lusting after nurses, a bedridden female vamping her doctor, rats and rabbits engaging in sex orgies—such incidents are leading scientists to think they are on the brink of discovering that elusive elixir, the true aphrodisiac.

Two phenylalanine compounds have produced these outbreaks of venery among humans and rodents. The first, levodihydroxyphenylalanine (L-dopa), has been used with some success in the treatment of Parkinson's disease; and in about two percent of the cases, an unexpected side effect has been hypersexuality. Dr. William E. O'Malley, neurologist at Georgetown University, reported that some men in their 60s and 70s suddenly showed more sexual vigor than the average 20-year-old; one became so excited that nurses refused to enter his room except in pairs, and then he started chasing both. At least 20 other investigators have reported erotic rejuvenation among their L-dopa patients.

Meanwhile, Dr. Gian L. Gessa and his colleagues at the National Heart Institute became curious when a drug used in tumor treatment seemed to cause female patients to blush—and one of them started "chasing everybody," according to *The Wall Street Journal*. The drug, p-chlorophenylalanine (PCPA), was then administered to experimental rats, resulting in a rodent version of "La Dolce Vita," which "lasted for several hours and usually reached a climax with all the animals in one cage attempting to mount each other at the same time." Similar results were obtained with rabbits and even greater stimulation was obtained by combining PCPA with another drug, pargyline.

With a view to treating frigidity and impotence, scientists are hoping that further studies of the drugs may yield a true, safe aphrodisiac. Meanwhile, the drugs are available only to certified medical researchers, some of whom have expressed concern over the possibility of black-market sales to the adventurous or the desperate. Early tests have revealed that the drugs sometimes cause serious side effects, including lowered blood pressure, depression, confusion and severe nausea.

#### DANISH SEX CRIMES

COPENHAGEN—During 1969, the year Denmark legalized pornography, total reported sex offenses dropped by 31 percent in Copenhagen and by 50 percent in Aarhus, the country's second largest city. Police noted, however, that the

sharpest declines occurred in such offenses as voyeurism and public indecency, while rape and sexual assault remained at previous levels. At the request of various authorities, including the U.S. Congress, Danish criminologists are studying the sex-crime data to determine whether or not the lower offense rates can be attributed to the country's liberalized laws on pornography and obscenity.

#### TOPLESS THERAPY

REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA—Dr. John N. Marquis, a clinical psychologist appearing as an expert witness in the "lewdness" trial of a local bar operator, explained to the court why he considered erotic entertainment not only harmless but beneficial to a substantial minority of Americans. According to Dr. Marquis, quoted in *The Palo Alto Times*, many persons experience anxiety in their personal sexual lives, partly because they are woefully uninformed about sex matters or are afraid of nudity or things having to do with attractive people of the opposite sex approximately their own age. For these people, he said, the nonthreatening, undemanding climate of an erotic show permits "systematic desensitization" to sexual stimuli. He also compared such entertainment with the therapeutic technique called "implosion," in which patients are "bombarded with stimuli associated with the things of which they are afraid, until the anxiety response is no longer present."

#### GREAT GUNS!

The Government has withdrawn a movie promoting Federal gun controls after several Congressmen complained it was too violent, too sexy and failed to explain the laws.

#### CALIFORNIA FOLLIES

LOS ANGELES—Like certain movies, California libraries may soon be off limits to minors if the state's new anti-smut law is carried to its illogical extreme—which seems to be happening. Under the law, no one may distribute harmful matter to a youngster even with parental permission; and librarians have been warned to exercise caution in dispensing adult books to children under any circumstances. One instance, recounted by *Los Angeles Times* columnist Art Seidenbaum, involved an eighth-grade girl who tried to check out a not very spicy volume titled "Quarrels That Have Shaped the Constitution," which she needed for a school paper on historic Supreme Court decisions. Because the book was in the adult section, the librarian refused, apol-



ogizing to the student's mother that while she didn't want to be a censor, she didn't want to be arrested, either.

#### LIBERAL OF THE MONTH

CHICAGO—Youth found an unexpected defender when Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley announced on a television interview with TV newscaster Fahey Flynn, "I'm for youth and everything it embraces." More explicitly, the mayor stated: "[People] think the younger generation is going to pot because they might wear long hair or a mustache. Well, if you look at the pictures of Christ, [you'll] see he wore long hair and a mustache." Daley also urged older people to show patience and compassion in dealing with the young and said fervently, "I hope to God we never see [another] 1968."

#### WHO'S WATCHING THE STORE?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The controversial Federal loyalty oath of the Joe McCarthy era has died a quiet death—so quiet, indeed, that many Government agencies did not learn of its demise until three or four months later. Although the oath was officially abolished by the Civil Service Commission in September 1969, early this year The New York Times found that many top-level officials were unaware of this development; some expressed astonishment and admitted that "tens of thousands" of new employees were required to sign it in the interim.

This bizarre chain of events began when a Federal court ruled the oath unconstitutional last June. Most departments assumed that the Government would appeal the decision, but when no appeal was filed in 90 days, the Civil Service Commission sent out a letter on September 29 revoking the oath. Asked why the letter had been ignored for so long, Anthony Mondello, general counsel for the Commission, could only reply, "Nobody seemed to pay any attention to it."

#### MORE PANTHER PROBLEMS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—After more than two years of persecution, prosecution and costly gun battles with the police—often invited by their own violent rhetoric—the Black Panther Party now faces trouble from the Internal Revenue Service. An IRS spokesman declined to comment on reports that the party was under investigation for tax evasion, but he confirmed that the IRS had no record of the Panthers either filing any returns or applying for tax-exempt status.

#### PATTERNS OF SUICIDE

ATHENS, GEORGIA—Participants in the University of Georgia's Conference on Crisis Intervention made the following observations on the nature of suicide:

- Suicide ranks as the tenth leading cause of death in the United States; and if accurately reported, it might rank as high as fifth.

- High-risk segments of the population include professional people, the elderly and college students.

- Among professional people, dentists have the highest suicide rate, nearly eight to one over the national average.

- College men who commit suicide tend to be unusually bright and to have had an unsatisfactory relationship with a professionally successful father.

- Most coed suicides result from the girl's belief, often mistaken, that she is pregnant; many have also had poor relationships with their fathers and make strong psychological demands, which lead a young boyfriend to break off the relationship.

- A sharp increase in the suicide rate among rural Southerners reflects their inability to adjust to rapid social and economic changes and the rising fear that the individual has lost control of his destiny.

#### FEMINISM

Skirmish reports from the women's liberation movement:

- To press their demands for acceptance in the University of California's all-male karate classes, militant feminists invaded a men's locker room and chanted to its nude occupants, "Self-defense for women now!"; the school promised to establish a separate karate class for women.

- Two dozen "Women Against Ma Bell" picketed a telephone-company office in San Francisco, demanding that women be hired as telephone linemen and installers. The company explained that its policies were based on tradition and on state laws against women doing heavy, dangerous work, but it agreed to consider another of the group's demands—that the company hire male operators.

- New York attorney general Louis Lefkowitz, responding to feminist pressure, has introduced state legislation that would give women equal access to all bars, night clubs and similar businesses that have men-only rules or require that women be escorted by a male.

Opposing feminist tactics, Jeannie Sakol, New York writer and founder of the Pussycat League, thinks the traditional womanly wiles are a more effective means of attaining both love and independence. Recalling one encounter with a militant feminist: "She shouted [at me]: 'Do you want to be like a slave on a plantation—to be at the sex whims of your master?' I thought, 'That sounds pretty damn good'—so many men don't have these whims anymore."

by the U. S., were killing 800,000 people in Algeria. There was no blood-bath talk from them about Biafra, where some 2,000,000 people died in a war that we could have stopped, or that the UN could have stopped had we chosen to let it. There was no talk of a blood bath when 400,000 people were murdered in Indonesia not long ago on the pretext that they were all Communists; indeed, some of our leading blood-bath weepers publicly boasted and rejoiced about our part in bringing about that particular massacre. There has been no regretful or contrite talk about the nearly 600,000 people we have already killed in Vietnam, nor any suggestion that we are not prepared to go on killing indefinitely to get what we want. Finally, oddly enough, there has been no suggestion that our friends Ky and Thieu, who do not hesitate to jail, torture and murder those who oppose their policies, might, if they had the power, conduct quite an impressive little blood bath of their own.

There will certainly be killing if and when we leave Vietnam. We can perhaps mitigate it by offering refuge—as we have done elsewhere—to all who want to leave. But there will almost certainly be less killing if we leave than if we stay; and our opponents in this war are almost certain to be more just and merciful than the gang of thugs and murderers we are supporting.

John Holt

Boston, Massachusetts

John Holt is the author of two well-received books on education, "How Children Fail" and "How Children Learn."

#### JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG

People who condemn the draft-resistance movement little realize that this form of dissent is based on principles of international law formulated by the United States and its allies during the Nuremberg trials. The Nazi officials who were tried there and punished claimed they had no responsibility for their crimes, since they were acting "under orders" from their government. Opening for the prosecution, Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson pointed out that, in rejecting that plea, the Allies were committing themselves to a history-making precedent: "We must never forget," he said, "that the record on which we judge these defendants today is the record on which history will judge us tomorrow." Sir Hartley Shawcross, representing Great Britain, also stated, "Political loyalty and military obedience are excellent things, but they neither require nor do they justify the commission of patently wicked acts. There comes a point where a man must refuse to answer his leader if he is also to answer his conscience."

The silent majority that President Nixon calls upon to support his crimes against the Vietnamese people is like



Germany's silent majority, who did nothing to stop Hitler's atrocities. The issues remain the same as those at Nuremberg: totalitarian conformity vs. individual conscience. Only the names have been changed to save American pride.

Fred Yale Joseph  
Brooklyn, New York

#### BLACK ARM BANDS

I am a GI at the Arctic Test Center in Alaska. Some weeks ago, a close friend of mine was imprisoned for disobeying a direct order to remove his black arm band on the day of the second national Moratorium.

I think General Abrams once remarked, about the troops in Vietnam who wore black arm bands, "I don't care what they wear as long as they do their job." And at Fort Lewis, Washington, thousands of men wore these arm bands; I'm sure the same is true at many posts. But in a place as remote as this, the brass make their own rules and to display a peace sign is to be charged with being a Commie. We've also been told that wearing a peace medallion is considered carrying a concealed weapon and that the MPs would act accordingly. That may sound like a joke back in civilization, but up here, we know we'd better comply with the system if we want to go home at the end of our tour of duty.

Our commanding officer puts his war sentiment on his car's back bumper: WIN IN VIETNAM—but he can do that, because if you got the might, you got the right.

I have a girl back home, whom I love very much, so please don't print my name. It's hard to make love through a wire fence.

(Name withheld by request)  
APO Seattle, Washington

#### ANTI-FLOWER POWER

It seems people are becoming more conscious of petty military injustices lately and are willing to speak out against them. One such injustice is requiring military personnel to obey unreasonable rules for civilian dress. The officers who make these rules have outmoded notions of what constitutes acceptable civilian attire; and, at some posts, they forbid bell bottom trousers, ruffled shirts, beads and other expressions of personal choice and taste. In fact, many of the turned-on "now look" fashions shown in PLAYBOY would be unacceptable under these regulations. An infraction of these dress rules results in possible restriction to the base and suspension of liberty.

When will they ever learn?

PO/3 Mitchell S. Tubman  
PO/3 Ray Weisgerber  
FPO Seattle, Washington

#### HONORABLE OFFICERS

I just got back from Vietnam, so I was very interested in several letters in the December 1969 *Playboy Forum* on military

life in that unlucky corner of Southeast Asia. One officer quoted an August 1969 *Forum* letter from a GI, who had said, "We busily go about our daily liberation of this tragic country by blowing away entire villages, by butchering prisoners and by annihilating enemy hospitals, while our leaders mouth pious platitudes and resounding lies about freedom." Then, the officer attempted a bit of doubt casting by innuendo: "I wonder if this person has seen combat firsthand."

Well, the whole world now knows what happened at My Lai. I'd like to add that I was in the field and that description of combat is exactly the way I saw it. Of course, I'm only a GI and our officers are all honorable men.

Another officer wrote that in his battalion there was over 40 percent extension of duty, demonstrating that the troops were true believers who wanted to stay there and get the job done. Now, it happens that if you extend your tour of duty in the Nam, you can get out of the Army earlier. But our officers are all honorable men.

Then, there was a whole mess of officers who wrote about the dangers of pot smoking while in the field and praised soldiers who crippled and hospitalized their pothead buddies to get them out of the way. I wonder if these officers have firsthand experience with marijuana smoking; I also wonder how they feel about soldiers who drink in the field. But I'm sure they're all honorable men, too.

Sp/4 Terry B. Ward  
Fort Ord, California

#### REFORMING THE ARMY

I would like to criticize Captain James W. Ryan's letter in the January *Playboy Forum*. Captain Ryan says, "It is specific people within the Army, not the Army itself, who should come under verbal fire." But the Army is nothing but an organization of "specific people," although these people (the lifers, not the draftees) are united by common interests. There is no place for dissent or diversity; uniformity is the law of the military (*Uniform Code of Military Justice*, dig?). Merely to be known for such inconsequential things as liking Lenny Bruce or reading the "wrong" literature can get the staff sergeant on your back.

The captain states, "I have never known the Army to be reluctant to enlist a man because he is too enlightened, too intelligent or too judicious." That's why a man with three years of college is given a rifle and taught to kill. I suppose. Actually, intelligence is wasted because there is no place for rational thinking in the Army. Soldiers are put through basic training to numb their higher mental faculties (abstract creative thought) and to teach them to react by conditioned reflex, like Pavlov's dogs.

And Captain Ryan says that the way

to improve the Army is to join it and make it better. The only people who could possibly make the Army better are precisely those individuals who would never willingly enter that inhuman organization.

James S. Johnson  
Camino, California

#### THE PEACE SYMBOL

I'm in the Navy, stationed on board the U. S. S. Oklahoma City, presently located near Da Nang, Vietnam. A while ago, a display was made for the crew's galley and it included the upside-down trident, which is widely used as a peace symbol. This led to a long discussion about the appropriateness of displaying this sign on a U. S. Navy vessel. Our senior supervisor is under the impression that beatniks or hippies originated the symbol, but we suspect it has some other origin. We'd like to know how the symbol originated and if its significance has changed since it was first used.

BM/3 Terry D. Stair

FPO San Francisco, California

As we said in the January 1967 "Playboy Advisor," the peace symbol was first used by English ban-the-bomb protesters in the mid-Fifties. It is the combined semaphore symbol for the letters ND, standing for nuclear disarmament. It is now being used as a symbol for peace in the abstract and is worn or displayed by clergymen, middle-class citizens and students, as well as hippies and New Leftists. Its meaning has become so general that it can't be identified with any particular brand of politics.

#### LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

The following resolution has been passed by the Progressive Student Association of the University of Southern Mississippi:

WHEREAS: Dr. M. M. Roberts, president of the Mississippi Board of Trustees of Institutions of Higher Learning, has said, in effect, that if one does not like the conservative-racist environment of Mississippi, he should leave;

WHEREAS: Mississippi is part of the United States;

WHEREAS: The sentiments of Dr. M. M. Roberts are against the sentiments of the majority of citizens of the United States;

AND WHEREAS: The Progressive Student Association has raised \$281.01 to help purchase Dr. Roberts a one-way airplane ticket to the Union of South Africa;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI PROGRESSIVE STUDENT ASSOCIATION: That Dr. Roberts, not being in agreement with the majority sentiments in the United States, accept our offer of \$281.01 to help purchase him a one-way airplane ticket to the





# Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 113

©1970, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC.  
DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY  
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

APRIL 1970

## PLAYBOY INVITES YOU TO A WEEK IN THE SUN WITH JAMAICA SWINGATHON '70

JAMAICA (Special)—Get the jump on summer at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel.

During Swingathon '70, you can spend one glorious week (seven sun-filled days, six romantic nights) for as little as \$145.\*

Live like a king in a seaside air-conditioned room. Feast on bounteous breakfasts and gourmet dinners in the elegant VIP Room. And spend your sun time cooling off in our Olympic-size pool or strolling the magnificent 800-foot white sand beach.

You'll be our guest at a Rum Swizzle Welcome Party, the Manager's Cocktail Party in the Penthouse and a Farewell Champagne Breakfast. And included in the Swingathon package are

an excursion to the marine gardens by glass-bottom boat and an entire day at the spectacular Dunn's River Falls.

Arrive in Jamaica on any Saturday from May 2 to October 24, and leave for home the following Friday. For more information, write Jackie Eldred, Reservations Manager, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Follow the sun to Jamaica. Follow the fun to Playboy! If you're not already a keyholder, simply complete and mail the coupon on this page today.

\*\$145 (U.S. currency) per person is based on double occupancy, \$199 for single occupancy and \$95 for third person in a room. All rates are exclusive of transportation.



A week of excitement awaits you at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel.

## Find Your Brand of Fun at a Playboy Club or Club-Hotel

CHICAGO (Special)—Sample a slice of the good life at The Playboy Club!

If relaxation is your goal, you'll welcome the comfort of the sofa seats for two in the Living Room. And you can please your palate with a selection from the sumptuous buffet. Or, in some Clubs, you can dine in the quiet elegance of the VIP Room, choosing from a list of gourmet delights.

In many of the Clubs, you can groove to the rock beat in the disco, where a gleaming stainless-steel dance floor and mirrored walls reflect the wildly pulsating colored lights.

Or come in to the Penthouse. You can unwind with a Playboy-size cocktail served by a beautiful Bunny, enjoy tender *filet mignon*, then see a show.

But there's even more to The Playboy Club. You can come for lunch, hold a business meeting or host that special party. And as a keyholder, you have your choice of two luxurious Club-Hotels. Take in perpetual summer at our Jamaica inn or sample the seasons at the Club-Hotel in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Share in the excitement of Playboy—all it takes is your Key. To apply, mail the coupon on this page.

## Entertainment? Make It Playboy!

CHICAGO (Special)—When you're looking for entertainment, check out the Penthouse at any Playboy Club or Club-Hotel.

The shows in the Penthouse feature talent drawn from the largest roster of new and name performers in the country!

You'll enjoy musical revues like the hilarious *Bottoms Up!*, novelty acts like Pat Collins (the Hip Hypnotist), top vocal groups like The Four Freshmen and comedy presented by masters like Professor Irwin Corey.

And at Playboy's Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, you'll be entertained by some of the finest in the business, such as Liza Minnelli, Anthony Newley,

Flip Wilson, Sammy Davis Jr. and Diahann Carroll.

For good times, it's Playboy. Apply for your Key today.

### YOU'LL FIND PLAYBOY IN THESE LOCATIONS

Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston  
Chicago • Cincinnati • Denver  
• Detroit • Jamaica (Club-Hotel) • Kansas City  
Lake Geneva, Wis. (Club-Hotel) • London • Los Angeles  
• Miami • Montreal  
New Orleans • New York  
Phoenix • St. Louis • San Francisco

SET—Great Gorge, N. J.  
Puerto Rico

PROPOSED—Cleveland

### New Keyholders Enjoy 12 Issues of PLAYBOY at No Extra Charge

By applying now, you will receive certificates personally redeemable at most North American Clubs for 12 consecutive issues of PLAYBOY. Certificates must be redeemed at Playboy Clubs, the magazine cannot be mailed. For legal reasons, these certificates cannot be redeemed in the California or Michigan Clubs.



Playboy's lovely Bunnies add a special touch to any occasion.

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC.  
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:  
Please send me an application for my personal Playboy Club Key.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

U. S. Initial Key Fee is \$30. Canadian Initial Key Fee is \$30 Canadian. Initial Key Fee includes \$1 for year's subscription to VIP, the Club magazine. You will be billed for the Annual Key Fee (currently \$6 U.S.; \$6 Canadian) at the close of your first year as a keyholder. For information regarding European fees, write the Membership Secretary, The Playboy Club, 45 Park Lane, London, W.1, England.

Enclosed find check or money order for \$30 payable to Playboy Clubs International, Inc.  Bill me for \$30.

I prefer a credit Key.  I prefer a cash Key.

I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

9531



Union of South Africa, with the only stipulation being that he agree never to return to any part of the U. S.

William J. Young, President  
Progressive Student Association  
University of Southern Mississippi  
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

*This resolution was passed in response to a speech given by Dr. Roberts at the winter-quarter meeting of the University of Southern Mississippi chapter of the American Association of University Professors. Dr. Roberts was quoted as follows by the campus newspaper, The Student Printz:*

*"I have been on the board for nine and a half years now and some of them haven't been so pleasant," Dr. Roberts stated.*

*"The first real task I had for myself was to try to decide what to do with [James] Meredith going to the University of Mississippi; and I said, 'No, he won't go.' I felt like he would go over my dead body.*

*"But as I've gone along through the years and looked back, I've said to myself really that I am a racist. Every time I read a definition, I say, 'Well, that's me.'*

*"I have no apologies for it, though," he continued. "It's me."*

*Dr. Roberts urged the professors to "say kindly things about your fellows, about your institutions and about the administrative heads, and be very kindly disposed in a Christian manner." He contended that the creation of such an atmosphere would cause the legislature to "be eager to do more than they have ever done" in appropriations for higher education.*

*"It really ought to be a rule on the campus of every institution that if one wants to talk about the other, they ought to leave. If they don't like their environment, they ought to leave; and that applies to presidents, vice-presidents and all the rest.*

*"I can't keep from being proud of Agnew that he would go out and say . . . why in the hell doesn't those that are getting protection under the First Amendment be worthy of the protection the First Amendment sought to give them?"*

#### TECHNOLOGY VS. ECOLOGY

Having spent two years as a Peace Corps volunteer in the primitive, underdeveloped environment of a small mountain village in southern Ethiopia, I am appalled at the ecological contrast between this area and that of "developed" Europe. Though my village had its share of flies, dirt and disease, at least the air was clean. You could see and smell natural greenery.

When I subsequently traveled in Eu-

rope, I saw heavy, noxious fume clouds hanging over every large town, and garbage floating and gathering everywhere. It was especially bad in the canals of Venice; and every beach from Greece to the Canary Islands was covered nearly half the time with a black, sticky residue of washed-up tar, plastic bags and the ubiquitous, indestructible plastic squeeze bottles.

Is the sad state of Europe (and the industrialized parts of America) the inevitable consequence of technological advancement? Is this the price for eliminating disease and poverty? For the sake of the world's future, I hope not.

Stephen R. Smith  
Las Palmas de Gran Canaria,  
Canary Islands

In 1968, 78 coal miners in Farmington, West Virginia, were trapped and killed in a mine disaster. The soft-coal industry maintains a powerful lobby in Washington, and proposed safety laws that possibly threaten to interfere with coal production fail in Congress. One miner who was lucky enough to get out of the Farmington disaster said, "All they worry about is getting that coal out of there fast. They don't spend the money to clear that coal dust and methane gas fast enough."

The same coal dust and methane gas present a threat to all of us, above or below the ground. Below the ground, it's a problem of mine safety; above the ground, it's air pollution. The coal lobby keeps up a running fight with Congress and with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, hampering the control of smog. In May 1967, according to *The New York Times*, the director of the National Center for Air Pollution Control assured the coal industry that "the Federal Government [would not] set national standards regarding sulphur emission . . . until researchers find economically feasible methods of preventing such pollution." The truth is that such methods were developed many years ago in St. Louis, Missouri.

I urge everyone to write to his Congressman, calling for an end to collusion and sellouts between the Government and the smog producers.

George H. Fisher  
South Gate, California

#### CONSERVATISM AND YOUTH

As a longtime PLAYBOY reader and an interested observer and sometime participant in this nation's social and political scenes, I have watched the parallel revolutions on campus and in the ghettos since the earliest stages, when even a nonviolent sit-in by a handful of activists was viewed with alarm and indignation. At the risk of being branded an aging Maoist, I would like to register one older (31-year-old) conservative's com-

plete sympathy with, and approval of, the struggle being waged by these young people for ideals that the older generation itself instilled in them. I find it completely admirable that our spoiled, overindulged youth have the guts to suffer Mace, jail, expulsion and denunciation in their attempt to bring about changes that are right, timely and necessary. While I don't always like their methods or agree with their political conclusions, I am gratified that they at least give a damn about what direction this country takes in an age of nuclear impasse. I find hope in the sheer energy and dynamism of their movements—hope that the American dream and the continuing American revolution will not die of paralysis caused by the fears and prejudices of an older generation in love with the *status quo*.

Richard L. Coats  
Tacoma, Washington

#### WOMEN'S LIBERATION

I'd like to comment on the idea of a feminine revolution. American men are not terrified of women who have good minds; they are distressed to see women lose their femininity, which is what happens when women compete daily with men.

Many college coeds and some working women have forgotten the art of being feminine. No one can convince me that women in pullovers, blue jeans and boots are trying to compete with their minds; they're throwing their whole bodies into the act. They have virtually forgotten how to be women. Since they do not act as such, they cannot complain when men also forget to treat them with deference and courtesy. Having lost their own self-respect, they will have to fight for the respect of men.

One final point: This so-called feminine revolution, which is childish nonsense, should not be compared with the black revolution, a great and good cause.

Gary Kasten  
San Pierre, Indiana

May I suggest an important step forward for the women's liberation movement? The time has come to take to the streets and demonstrate against segregated rest rooms in public places. The signs MEN and WOMEN must come down and the rest rooms must be integrated. Separate but equal has failed: Women are being denied the chance to use facilities supplied without question to men. All power to the peepee!

Eugene Austin  
University City, Missouri

I heartily agree with Michael Sharwood-Smith, whose letter appeared in the January *Playboy Forum*, and would like to see PLAYBOY take an active part in the crusade for women's rights as you have in so many other good causes.





**There is  
beer.  
And there is  
Heineken.**

**Six beautiful hand-blown  
Heineken Beer glasses from Holland  
\$4.50 per set**

Duty and postage included. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.  
Send check or money order to S. M. D. Company, Dept. TT, B,  
P.O. Box 1580, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.



**Heineken  
tastes  
tremendous.**

Also available in dark or on draft.



Women are now beginning to make a vigorous effort to enter the mainstream of American life, where hitherto their potential has been largely wasted. Their protests and the exposure of their resentments and grievances are proving a shock to most men and many women.

Although it is true that PLAYBOY states frankly that it is a magazine for men, and by its choice of stories, articles and illustrations carries out this theme, I would like to see the editors take a good look at what is happening with women and how it will affect the quality of national life and, in particular, the relationship between the sexes. I feel the liberation of women will benefit men perhaps even more than women, and that only men who are unsure of their value as men, and as human beings, are likely to fear improvements in the status of women.

Indeed, I would like to see PLAYBOY not only discuss this subject, as have so many of the other national magazines in recent months, but also include articles by and about prominent women. PLAYBOY's readers should be informed and prepared regarding the change in women's activities and personalities that will take place during their lifetimes.

Myra A. Josephs, Ph.D.  
New York, New York

PLAYBOY has published several interviews with women, including Dr. Mary Calderone, in this issue; and Helen Gurley Brown, Virginia Johnson, Princess Grace, Madalyn Murray O'Hair, Ayn Rand and Raquel Welch in past issues. Women's by-lines appear in PLAYBOY from time to time, but, as you point out, it is desirable to retain our male orientation, which interests and benefits not only our male readers but also our numerous female readers.

Though we are opposed to the destructive radicalism and the anti-sexuality of the extremist fringe of militant feminism, our position on women's rights, we feel, is as consistently liberal as our position on all human rights. We've been crusading for a long time for universal availability of contraceptives and birth-control information, as well as for the repeal of restrictive abortion laws; we believe a woman's right to control her own body, in sexuality and in reproduction, is an essential step toward greater personal freedom. Likewise, we reject the Victorian double standard, which applauds sexual experience in men and condemns it in women; indeed, the sexual revolution, in which we have played a significant role, has helped women achieve greater sexual parity with men than they have ever enjoyed in previous Western history. We think one of the main causes of women's subjugation has been a religion-based misogyny, dating back to the Middle Ages, which asserts that women are corrupters of men and ought to be subservient to them; we have

repeatedly condemned this. We are also opposed to the traditional stereotype that relegates women to domestic drudgery. We certainly believe that any woman who wants to shun the homemaker's role for a career, or who wants to combine both, should have the opportunity to implement that decision—recognizing, without inflexibility, that some occupations are better suited to most members of one sex than the other. It should be needless to add that we believe women ought to be given equal pay for work of equal value. Although we clearly recognize that there are certain inequities in these areas, which are in obvious need of reform, we feel, nonetheless, that American women have never had more freedom of choice than they have today.

However, despite our wholehearted sympathy with those elements in the feminist movement that crusade against these inequities, we cannot go along with the radical "liberationists," who maintain that sexual differences are insignificant (some say "nonexistent"). In our view, these "weatherwomen" are more anti-masculine than genuinely pro-feminine. We believe that many distinctions, apart from the purely physical, do and should exist and whether they are primarily cultural or innate (or a combination of both), we rejoice in them—as do most men and women—because they help form the very basis for heterosexual attraction. This leads us to conclude that there should be distinct social roles for men and women in a society in which they complement one another rather than compete with one another.

A discussion of feminism and how it relates to the shifting roles of male and female will appear in the May issue. The article's author, PLAYBOY contributor Morton Hunt, has written several books on the relationship of the sexes, including "Her Infinite Variety," "The Natural History of Love" and, most recently, "The Affair."

#### ABORTION WITHOUT GUILT

Five years ago, I was fortunate enough to obtain a successful but illegal abortion. I was 20, engaged and inexperienced. Since my fiancé was in graduate school and I was in college, having the baby would have eclipsed our futures. A friend referred me to a doctor, who performed the abortion. As a result, my fiancé and I were able to finish our education and then get married. We now have a daughter whom we want and love. I don't feel I have sinned or murdered; I'm grateful and relieved when I think how lucky I was to have had the abortion.

(Name withheld by request)  
New York, New York

#### ABORTION LAWS CHALLENGED

In the January *Forum Newsfront*, reference was made to a case brought by the

American Civil Liberties Union to have the New York abortion law declared unconstitutional. The case was, in fact, brought by a number of individual plaintiff doctors, namely Drs. Robert E. Hall, Louis M. Hellman, Alan F. Guttmacher and Seymour L. Romney. Planned Parenthood of New York City has also become a party plaintiff.

The lead counsel in this case is Roy Lucas, general counsel to the James Madison Constitutional Law Institute. As a member of the firm of Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst, general counsel to Planned Parenthood of New York City and the Association for the Study of Abortion, I and one of our associates, Jane Zuckerman, are working closely with Lucas. Other lawyers cooperating on behalf of the plaintiffs are Melvin L. Wulf of the American Civil Liberties Union, Alan H. Levine of the New York Civil Liberties Union and Professor Norman Dorsen of New York University Law School.

Shortly after the institution of this case, three other cases were brought, likewise asking for the invalidation of the New York law. These three suits were instituted on behalf of a variety of plaintiffs, including a clergyman, a married couple, a number of women who had children after being unable to obtain abortions, a pregnant woman, women in general, health professionals and persons and organizations from whom advice concerning the termination of unwanted pregnancies is sought. All four cases have been consolidated for hearing before a Federal three-judge statutory court; and we hope a decision will be rendered by this court late this spring.

Congratulations on your excellent reportage in *The Playboy Forum* of this whole vital area of marriage, sex and human reproduction.

Harriet F. Pilpel  
Vice-Chairman and Member of the  
National Board of Directors  
American Civil Liberties Union  
New York, New York

#### WITH THE REACTIONARIES

If I must take sides in the ridiculous sex-education controversy, it will be with the reactionaries. I don't care if sex education would eliminate the perversions from the next generation's sexual repertory; what I'm afraid of is a race of Orwellian or Huxleian automatons, who procreate in a "tab A into slot B" fashion and enjoy orgasm by the numbers. I'd rather keep sex a mystery to be explored behind the barn than an everyday subject, like geography or long division, to be explained in the classroom. You can have your planned puberty, but I want my kids to lose their innocence in their own way and in their own time.

Tom Coffey  
APO San Francisco, California  
(continued on page 179)



## What makes it really beautiful is what you can't see.



Anyone can make a stereo beautiful. All you have to do is combine aluminum columns, glass panels, and elegant walnut veneers into a clean, bold, contemporary look.

That's the easy part.

But there's more to beautiful stereo than meets the eye. After all, it's what you hear that counts. And what you hear depends on the what's inside.

Like our new AM/FM tuner with "Field Effect Transistors" that eliminate unwanted signals and pull in weak stations more clearly.

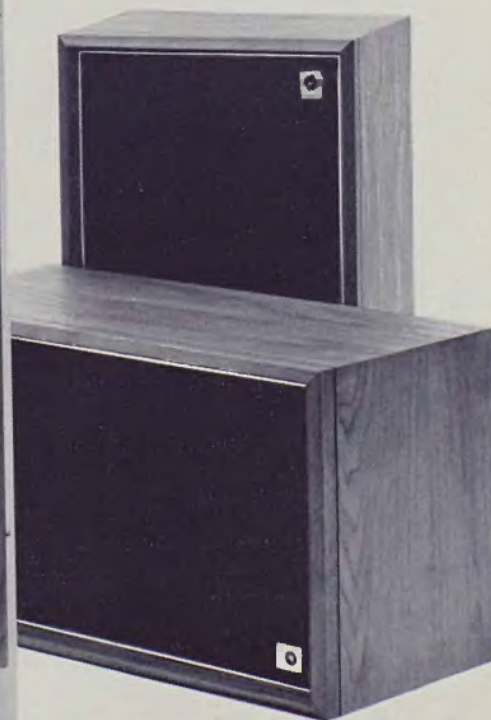
And our new solid-state amplifier with 240 watts of peak music power that lets you hear all the music at any level.

And our air suspension speakers with wide-angle sound that are as good as standard speakers two sizes larger.

And the Garrard Custom IV automatic turntable with magnetic cartridge that gives you smooth, distortion-free sound.

We put all these good things in because we think a great stereo should sound even better than it looks.

After all, beauty is in the ears of the beholder.



**SYLVANIA**  
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



100's  
20 CIGARETTES

# PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



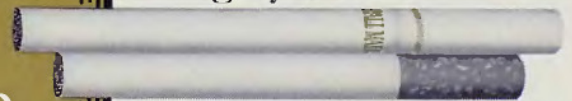
FILTER TIPPED

U.S. Government  
figures  
show

PALL MALL GOLD 100's

**lower in  
'tar'  
than the  
best-selling  
filter king**

...longer yet milder



"Tar"  
PALL MALL GOLD 100's 19mg.  
Best-selling filter king 21mg.



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DR. MARY CALDERONE

*a candid conversation with the outspoken and embattled first lady of sex education*

When Mary Steichen Calderone, a public-health physician and grandmother of two, became director of the newly formed Sex Information and Education Council of the United States in May of 1964, she scarcely anticipated that within four years she would be accused of corrupting children and countenancing communism. For Dr. Calderone and the other founders of SIECUS, their aim had been nothing more sinister than "to establish man's sexuality as a health entity." According to their statement of purpose, this means: "to identify the special characteristics that distinguish [human sexuality] from, yet relate it to, human reproduction; to dignify it by openness of approach, study and scientific research designed to lead toward its understanding and its freedom from exploitation; to give leadership to professionals and to society, to the end that human beings may be aided toward responsible . . . assimilation of sex into their individual life patterns as a creative and re-creative force."

To Dr. Gordon V. Drake, an obscure educator who wrote a pair of explosive pamphlets in 1968 for the Reverend Billy James Hargis' right-wing Christian Crusade, SIECUS' motives were far less lofty. Drake's booklets and subsequent public statements not only questioned the propriety of sex education but linked it to political subversion, pornography and atheism. Sex educators were compared with Karl Marx, who, according to Drake's interpretation, believed

that "religion had to be destroyed before communism could hope to maintain control of a nation by reducing it to slavery and dumb obedience." Having smeared the sex educators Red, Drake added other hues to his spectrum of denunciations: "[They] are in league with sexologists—who represent every shade of muddy gray morality, ministers colored atheistic pink and camp followers of every persuasion—offbeat psychiatrists to ruthless publishers of pornography." Drake later added toilet training to his list of sex-education sins, declaring, "Cats know that sort of thing without having to be toilet trained." And he excoriated nudism, explaining that if God had meant us to be nudists, He would have created us with fur—or at least feathers.

Drake's fulminations would have provided little more than Sunday-sermon fodder for the Oklahoma-based Christian Crusade were it not for the fact that the John Birch Society leaders, still chafing over their failure to keep America's precious body fluids free of fluoride, recognized sex education as an issue with enough demagogic potential to restore vitality to their moribund organization. Some six months after Drake's initial diatribes (and almost five years after SIECUS allegedly began corrupting America's youth), Birch Society founder Robert Welch—best known for his assertion that President Eisenhower was a "conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy"—issued a call for an "organized, nationwide, intensive, angry and determined

opposition to the now mushrooming program of so-called sex education in the public schools." He termed the program a "subversive monstrosity" and declared that the great (and apparently silent) majority of Americans was "not yet even aware of this filthy Communist plot."

Following Welch's alarm, a Birch front called MOTOREDE (Movement to Restore Decency) was organized to conduct a campaign on the community level; almost simultaneously, disquieted parents throughout the country raided the alphabet for similar action groups, acronymically named POSSE (Parents Opposed to Sex and Sensitivity Education); MOMS (Mothers Organized for Moral Stability); POSE (Parents Opposed to Sex Education); PAUSE (Parents Against Universal Sex Education); PAMS (Parents Advocating Morality Standards); and SOS (Sanity on Sex). To varying degrees, these organizations followed MOTOREDE's master strategy of inviting parents with legitimate concerns about their children's education to join hands with right-wing extremists and to combine traditional criticisms of sex education with hard-core smear tactics. The Birchites, for example, frequently link psychiatry with communism, yet they ardently advocate the fusty Freudian theory that preteenagers may be damaged by exposure to sexual thoughts.

Because of the anxiety and ambivalence with which many Americans regard sex—especially when children are involved—the seeds of doubt cast by the



"Instead of debating an issue, our opponents will march into a board-of-education meeting and stampede it; they'll shout personal attacks and refuse to allow any proposals to be heard."



"The pill carries with it some statistical-proved dangers. But the risks involved don't begin to approach those associated with pregnancy itself, which the pill prevents with virtual certainty."



"I think some of the feminist organizations are shrill and anti-female, and I am not a crusader for women's rights. Women don't have rights—as women only. They have human rights."



Christian Crusaders, the Birchers and their allies fell on fertile ground. By last fall, 19 state legislatures and the U.S. Congress had before them measures to prohibit, control or curtail sex education in the schools—this despite the facts that 71 percent of adult Americans polled by Gallup in 1969 approved of sex education in one form or another and that sex education is supported by such prestigious organizations as the American Medical Association, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the National Council of Churches, the U.S. Catholic Conference, the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A.

Dr. Calderone and SIECUS' other leaders, the focal points of the controversy, have responded for the most part with silence—on the assumption, they feel, that fighting in the mud would only soil their own hands—and with an apparent determination to continue their work. This has consisted primarily of making available information to private individuals, professionals and the press through a newsletter and study guides on such subjects as premarital sex, masturbation, homosexuality and sexual moral values. SIECUS also provides speakers, organizes conferences and contributes to the sex-education training of clergymen, doctors, psychiatrists and other counselors. SIECUS had not originally planned to become actively involved in school sex education but was soon swept into it by a prodigious demand from school officials, who had no other place to turn for guidance. Although frequently accused of furnishing elementary school children with pornographic educational aids—to its critics, this appears to mean virtually anything dealing with sex—SIECUS, in fact, provides these students with no materials at all; it does write reviews in its newsletter of publications and films prepared by other sources.

SIECUS' response to undocumented accusations of communism among its leadership is to point out that its 50 board members—each of whom serves for three years—include eminent businessmen, clergymen, educators, physicians, scientists, Government officials, journalists and authors. A brief sampling of recent board members: Dr. George Packer Berry, retired dean of the medical school at Harvard; Mary Bunting, president of Radcliffe College; the Reverend John Thomas, a Catholic family sociologist; and Clark Blackburn, general director of the Family Service Association of America. Dr. Harold Lief, director of the division of family study at the University of Pennsylvania, is president.

But the task of making SIECUS functional and relevant falls mainly on its salaried director, Dr. Calderone, who is described in a forthcoming book by Dr. David Mace, a well-known sociologist

and past president of SIECUS, as an "obvious choice" for the job. In addition to her experience as medical director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America and her qualities as a physician, grandmother and Quaker, she is, says Mace, "a remarkable person. . . . Daughter of Edward Steichen, the world-famous photographer [who created the celebrated "The Family of Man"], niece to [the late] Carl Sandburg, the distinguished poet . . . she is in every sense a cultured person . . . remarkably knowledgeable in a great variety of fields. Add to this the fact that she has charismatic gifts of no mean order, and is a powerful and persuasive public speaker."

Dr. Calderone, who was born on July 1, 1904, in New York City, may have developed some of these traits through her pursuit of dramatics with Richard Boleslavsky and Maria Ouspenskaya. She studied the Thespian art for three years, following her graduation from Vassar in 1925, where she majored in chemistry. Her career ambitions were temporarily abandoned in 1926, however, when she was married—a relationship that ended in divorce seven years later. Not long after, one of her two daughters died of pneumonia, plunging Dr. Calderone into an emotional crisis that was resolved with the help of psychoanalysis and the determination to pursue a career in medicine. She received her M.D. in 1939 from the University of Rochester Medical School and worked intermittently in public health until she joined Planned Parenthood in 1953. During this period, she met her present husband, Frank Calderone, also a physician, who at one time served as chief administrative officer of the World Health Organization and director of health services with the United Nations Secretariat; they have two children.

Although Mary Calderone achieved wide recognition for her birth-control work with Planned Parenthood, she began to feel a deep sense of frustration with organization policies that didn't allow her to develop programs of aid for people suffering from such sexual problems as impotence, frigidity and homosexuality. This led her, with five fellow participants in a conference on family and religion, to form SIECUS.

A skilled and versatile writer, Dr. Calderone is also the author of two photography books (under her first married name, Martin) in collaboration with her father: "The First Picture Book" and "The Second Picture Book." Current Biography describes these as "pioneering examples of the successful use of photographs in children's books." She has edited "Abortion in the United States" and the "Manual of Contraceptive Practice"; and an original book, "Release from

Sexual Tensions," was widely acclaimed by medical, psychiatric and religious publications. An independent Republican, a gourmet cook, an adept horticulturist and an accomplished sailor, she spends her vacations with her husband aboard a 60-foot schooner in the Caribbean. Their home is a 175-year-old farmhouse on Long Island's north shore, where Dr. Calderone met with PLAYBOY Senior Editor Nat Lehrman for the first of their recorded conversations.

"I had known Dr. Calderone casually for several years," says Lehrman, "and I'd always considered her witty, gracious, charming and disarmingly outspoken; but it took six lengthy taping sessions and additional discussions—in her home and in her Manhattan office—for me to begin to appreciate the depth, spirit and open-mindedness of this woman. She believes the extensive knowledge she has accumulated in a wide variety of areas by approaching questions with the freshness and enthusiasm of an 18-year-old. I was constantly conscious during the interview that she was rethinking opinions that she must have begun formulating in early adulthood.

"Her youthfulness shows up as well in her physical appearance. At 65, she carries her height—5'6"—erectly and walks with vigor and bounce. Her conversation is punctuated with abundant physical animation; and her blue eyes, deeply set in those dark shadows that characterize her face, sparkle with the curiosity and candor of a college debating captain. I was also impressed by her unwavering courage. Dr. Calderone is a moderately well-to-do woman who could be spending her days at home or in the serenity of a 'safe' job; instead, she has chosen to stand up against an organized and abrasive campaign of vilification—not only of her ideas and principles but of her family and her personal integrity. On this note, I began the interview with a question about the nature of the extremists who have singled her out as a target for their anti-sex-education crusade."

**PLAYBOY:** Sex education in the schools has been under vociferous attack this past year and a half from a large number of pressure groups. Supporters of sex education claim that virtually all these organizations are fronts for the John Birch Society. Are they?

**CALDERONE:** Not all of them. Many are unquestionably inspired and encouraged by the John Birch Society, but just as certainly, they include a great number of well-intentioned individuals who ask serious questions about sex education—just as SIECUS does.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain the sudden formation of these groups? Sex education has been around quite a while.

**CALDERONE:** The information we've been



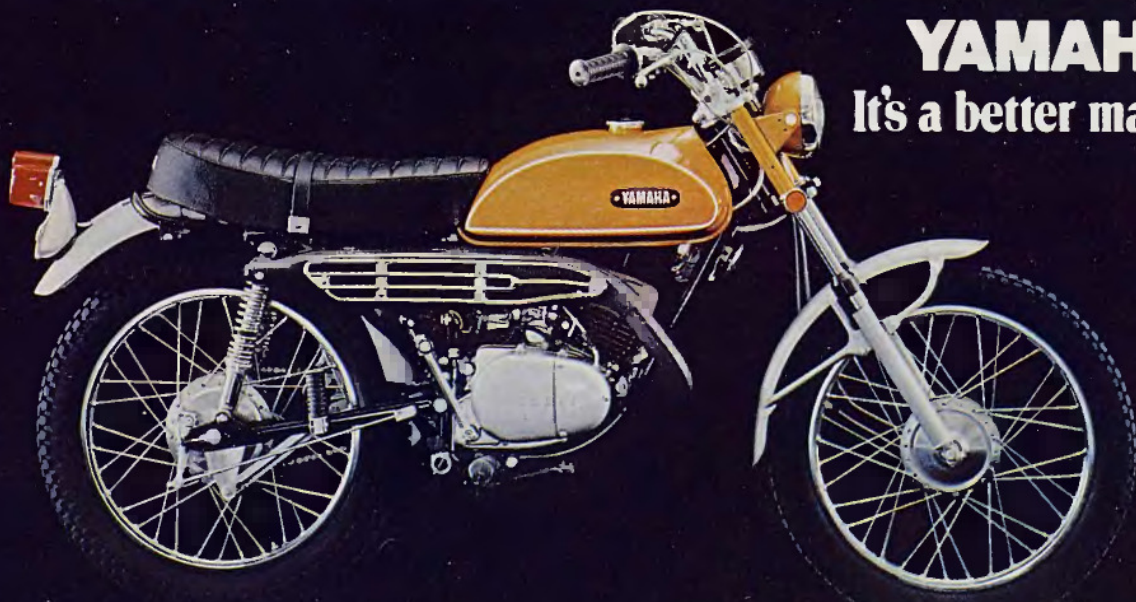


*Last time it took you two days  
to get to the river...  
this time you'll make it by sundown.*

The 90 Enduro HT-1 is the newest of a new kind of motorcycle: the superlight dirt bike. It's a tough little machine that weighs in at 187 pounds and comes with special Enduro front forks, Autolube oil injection and a wide-ratio 5-speed gearbox with a lower low to get through the rough going, cut down on shifting. Try an

HT-1 like the one below and on the right, above. Or the 100 Trailmaster L5-TA, also shown above, with Trailmatic drive for two sets of speeds with the flip of a switch. They're two of the best ways to get there from here.

Yamaha International Corporation  
P.O. Box 54540, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054  
In Canada: Fred Deeley, Ltd., Vancouver, B.C.



**YAMAHA**  
It's a better machine



## WRIGHT SLACKS ARE FOR LOOKING GOOD



With Wright you get new fashion fabrics in the season's great shapes and colors. So the next time you think slacks, think Wright. Wright Slacks . . . try them on for size at any good store.



## pillow talk

Behind your back or off the top of your head, Playboy's Pillow boasts at-home fashion sense. Made of 100% cotton poplin, cord edged and kapok filled, the Rabbit-crested throw pillow adds a decorative touch to an "in" pad. Also a kinky accent for dorm or deck. In black with permanently flocked white Rabbit head. Please order by product number MY32923 \$6, and add 50¢ for handling.

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

given—by such bodies as the Institute for American Democracy and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith—is that organizations like the Birch Society and the Christian Crusade are constantly looking for causes on which to pin a recruitment program, recruitment of membership and of money. Actually, the drive was initiated in the summer of 1968 by the Christian Crusade, which is run by the Reverend Billy James Hargis. He's an ultraconservative preacher of fundamentalist persuasion. He is, of course, rabidly anti-Communist. If I can judge by a TV news story I saw, one of his major activities is to shepherd groups of elderly tourists to Rhodesia, where he introduces them to Prime Minister Ian Smith. Most of the right-wing allegations about sex education stem from a Christian Crusade booklet titled "Is the Schoolhouse the Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?"

**PLAYBOY:** Many of the charges in this booklet have been widely disseminated. A large number of them were read into the *Congressional Record* by Representative John Rarick of Louisiana, and some have appeared in newspapers throughout the nation. One of the most widespread accusations concerns a teacher who supposedly became so carried away while conducting a course in sex education that she completely disrobed in front of her class. Is there any basis of truth for this story?

**CALDERONE:** No. One of our board members tracked it down and found that, in a health class at a Flint, Michigan, school, a teacher demonstrated how different ways of dressing expressed different personalities, mores and manners. She modeled a number of dresses to illustrate these points and changed behind a screen. She was never without her slip. And bear in mind that this was an all-girl class. So you can see, these simple facts have been grossly distorted. A number of other untrue stories have been making the rounds; for example, it's alleged that in some schools, kids are herded together in closets so that they can feel each other, and that kindergarten children are taught to model genital organs out of clay. These tales are utter nonsense and are never substantiated by name, place or date. I look upon them as blatant insults to the integrity and intelligence of the teachers in our nation's schools.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of your own words have been given wide publicity through the efforts of Gordon Drake, author of the Christian Crusade booklet. He's made you sound like a libertine by associating your name with the following lines: "What is sex for? It's for fun . . . for wonderful sensations. Sex is not some-

thing you turn off like a faucet. . . . We need new values to establish when and how we should have sexual experiences." Did you say that?

**CALDERONE:** Yes, but those words were surrounded by many others during a speech at Blair Academy that was reported in *Look*. Here's the original quote, with the words that were deliberately omitted by Drake italicized: "What is sex for? It's for fun, *that I know*, for wonderful sensations. *It's also for reproduction, sedation, reward, punishment. It's a status symbol, a commercial come-on, proof of independence, a form of emotional blackmail. Many of these are negative ways of using sex. What we are trying to feel our way toward are the positive ways. Sex is not something to be feared or degraded or kicked around or used. Sex is not something you turn off like a faucet. If you do, it's unhealthy. We are sexual beings, legitimately so, at every age. Don't think that sex stops at the age of 50. It doesn't.* We need new values to establish when and how we should have sexual experiences." This is a typical Christian Crusade distortion.

**PLAYBOY:** Drake also quotes you as saying to the Blair Academy boys, "I don't believe the old thou-shalt-nots apply anymore." Was this extracted from the same *Look* article?

**CALDERONE:** Yes, but it's from a totally different speech—to the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. I said, "I am a religious person, but I don't believe the old thou-shalt-nots apply anymore." *Look* senior editor Leonard Gross, who wrote the piece, carefully added an important qualifying phrase, which Drake chose to ignore: "Hers is not a moral judgment but a description of our society." Moreover, Drake deliberately transposed that quote to make it appear I'd said it at Blair Academy.

**PLAYBOY:** You've also been criticized by H. L. Hunt's *Life Line*, which describes your organization as a "frenetic flock of scholars and Communists—a good combination!"

**CALDERONE:** Well, scholars they are; but frenetic and Communist they are not.

**PLAYBOY:** *Life Line* adds, "SIECUS has tainted itself with Moscow-oriented thinking, and Moscow has not been noted for its tender mercies toward the American way of life." Are there any facts to support these allegations of communism in SIECUS?

**CALDERONE:** No facts at all. One person on the board of SIECUS once had an *accusation* before an official body made against him, and that was all. During the McCarthy period, his name—among many—was read off by a police spy before a meeting of the House Un-American Activities Committee. He was accused,





## Our Classic.

## Our New Run-About.

Now Heublein delivers the tastiest line of drinks that ever went portable in cans. Because the same fine liquor you enjoy in our bottles now comes inside our snappy new run-about models. Each holds three perfect full-strength cocktails.

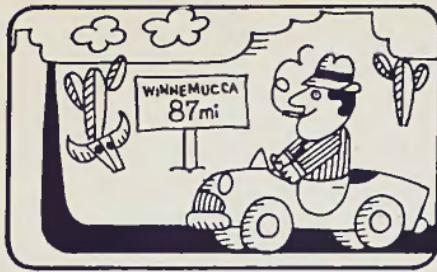
The Manhattans, Margaritas, Whiskey Sours, Martinis, Gimlets, Daiquiris are all revved up to the same standards that make Heublein the world's largest selling prepared cocktails.

So now—wherever you are—you can enjoy a real cocktail in a can. If they tasted any kickier, they'd pop their own tops.

**HEUBLEIN<sup>®</sup>**  
Full-strength Cocktails also in cans.

Available in most states.

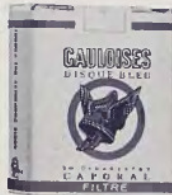




## Somewhere west of Laramie there's a Gauloises smoker.

He's a rare breed, this man. But he isn't lonely. He has flavor for company—the lustiest taste and most pungent aroma to be found anywhere. You may well ask where our hero finds his Gauloises. That's a legitimate concern.

He makes a trip to San Francisco every year to stock up. Because asking for Gauloises in the ranch country can sometimes be downright dangerous. Last time he asked for a pack, the fella drew on him and said, "Smile when you say that, partner," and sent him off into the red horizon of the Wyoming twilight.



Avec filtre/Sans filtre

## gift that girl!

Surprise your lady fair with one or all from this trio. Jewelry finished in lustrous black on rhodium. Rabbit adorns Necklace, JY205, \$5; Ankle Bracelet, JY200, \$3.50; Pin, JY204, \$3.50. Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling.



Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: Playboy Products, Department JY0901, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Key-Cards.

along with several others, of having attended a Communist Party meeting in the Forties. He was not even present at the committee hearing to confirm or deny the accusation. Prior to that, he had been asked by the counsel for another Congressional committee whether he was or ever had been a member of the Communist Party. Our board member answered in the negative, under oath; and apparently the committee was satisfied, because no official charges of perjury or disloyalty have ever been made against him. We are convinced that this man is completely loyal to his country and we deeply resent these stale witch-hunting charges. In fact, we have just re-elected this man to our board. If our opponents are genuinely interested in sex education, let them stick to the issues. **PLAYBOY:** A bit closer to the issues, they have charged you with shocking your audiences by using four-letter words. Do you?

**CALDERONE:** I have used a specific four-letter word in a public setting about six times in my entire professional life. On a typical occasion, I used such a word in response to a written question from a high school girl. She wanted to know why boys "talk dirty" in front of girls. I said, "It really depends on what you mean by talking dirty. Some good words can be used in dirty ways, yet we know that the verb 'to fuck' is used by very nice husbands and wives in their relationships with each other. It's the attitude with which the word is used that counts." There were no ill effects in that school. Not a kid blinked or giggled or whispered—and I think they got the point I was trying to make.

**PLAYBOY:** Another right-wing criticism pertains to sensitivity training, which is anathema to the Birchers and their cohorts, because it is linked—in their minds, at least—to brainwashing, which, in turn, they link to communism. Does SIECUS advocate the use of sensitivity training?

**CALDERONE:** SIECUS has taken no position on sensitivity training. I've personally written that we need to know a great deal more about this technique before we allow it to proceed indiscriminately. The A.M.A. has expressed the same opinion. It's one thing to have a highly skilled leader who can control the length and the depth to which a sensitivity session goes, and quite another to open up topics among strangers that can be threatening and disturbing. I think sensitivity training will find its place, if it's handled in the right way by people who are skilled at it. In any case, it should be for professionals, not for young people in school situations.

**PLAYBOY:** Have these charges against SIECUS and other supporters had any effect on the course of sex education?

**CALDERONE:** It's hard to assess at this moment. The right-wingers have certainly won some victories, but I think that since so many of their false and sensationalized accusations have been exposed—particularly in the nation's press and in church publications—the tide is beginning to turn. They did succeed, however, in watering down the excellent sex-education program in Anaheim, California. Although 95 percent of the parents in that area were polled as approving the program, only 14 percent of the people went out to vote during a school-board election. As a result, two rightist members were elected and there have been changes there.

But that's only one case. Generally, there are many communities in which a sound, slowly developing, carefully thought-out curriculum has been scurrilously attacked by the right wing and perhaps prevented from ever coming into being. What happens when screaming, hysterical men and women attack local school boards is that the educators simply lay aside their plans for sex education, because they don't want to jeopardize their other programs.

**PLAYBOY:** Have any of these attacks touched you or your family?

**CALDERONE:** No tactic has been too low for our critics. My husband, Frank, was at one time chief administrative officer for the World Health Organization. Its distinguished director, Brock Chisholm, was a psychiatrist—and therefore, to these benighted souls, a brainwasher—and his agnosticism was well-known. Thus, he, by implication, and my husband, by association, are Communists. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. But that's not all. My husband inherited a small chain of theaters on Long Island from his father—who, incidentally, like mine, came to this country as a poor immigrant. Along with many well-reviewed post-Broadway productions, Frank also showed the popular Minsky's burlesque at one of his theaters; as a result, he's been described by some of our critics as a pornographer. This, in spite of the fact that he willingly made cuts in the show at the suggestion of the local district attorney.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you receive any hate mail?

**CALDERONE:** Yes, a few letters, usually written neatly on pink note paper with cute little rosebuds on top. They're signed "Anonymous" and they express the sincere Christian wish and expectation that I'll roundly roast in hell.

**PLAYBOY:** As unpleasant and irrational as your critics may be, they appear to have marshaled support throughout this country far in excess of their own numerical strength. Doesn't this indicate that a great many moderate citizens—people



# Nobody cares for Freeman shoes of Aztran.<sup>®</sup>

## And that's great.

Shoes of Aztran practically take care of themselves. Because Aztran is a miracle material that never needs polishing. A wipe with a damp cloth and these Freeman shoes come up shining.

Care about comfort? Relax. Aztran gives you *instnt* comfort. Because Aztran yields to your foot . . . never needs breaking in.

And shoes of Aztran keep their good fit as long as you own them.

Comfort and easy care. That's why Freeman chose Aztran for its new "import look."

Take your choice of three new Freeman styles: The Chadwick, in two tone brown action finish with black, all-over brown action finish, or white.



# AZTRAN<sup>®</sup>

B.F. Goodrich

\*The Registered Trademark for B.F. Goodrich Man-made Poromeric Material.



who wouldn't dream of indulging in smear tactics—are following the lead of these extremists because they, too, disapprove of sex education for children?

**CALDERONE:** That's very possible; and, if so, they've missed the point of what SIECUS is trying to do. My personal belief is that a society gets what it wants. If society doesn't want sex education for children, then no one should impose it on society. That's why we've never adopted an aggressive program of disseminating sex education in the schools—a fact our critics conveniently ignore. SIECUS has simply responded and will continue to respond to requests for information. That's been our policy all along. In fact, we are far more interested in educating the adult segment of society. Obviously, if the attitudes of adults about sex and sexuality were other than they are, the kids wouldn't be in so much trouble. They wouldn't have the hang-ups, the difficulties, the ignorance. They wouldn't be confused by an excess of criticism on the one hand and an excess of repression on the other; this would work toward eliminating all the pathetic overacting that we see in kids. Returning to your question, I think the extremists have touched upon the public's *fear* of sex and sex education. But there are also large numbers of courageous and clear-sighted parents and school-board members who nonetheless will persist in supporting programs.

**PLAYBOY:** What can these concerned parents and educators do to establish and preserve sex education in their communities in spite of the opposition?

**CALDERONE:** Educators, clergymen, physicians and other influential individuals must be enlisted to stand up and be counted. These people, who are respected in the community and cannot easily be smeared Red by the hate merchants, must use whatever platform is available to tell the truth about sex education and to expose the opposition's lies about their own community's programs. They should organize a committee that names itself, that announces its membership and purpose—something the opposition rarely does. For some reason, the extremists usually operate in the shadows and are difficult to identify. The committee should state its program through newspaper publicity and advertisements. Then it should continue to act by attending and speaking before school-board meetings, so that the educators aren't left without support in the face of criticism. The National Education Association in Washington has prepared an excellent information kit on how to proceed on the local level.

**PLAYBOY:** The opposition isn't unfamiliar with the techniques of organization. One

of your California critics offered the following tips on how to head off a local sex-education program: "If you're not already a member of an organization, start one—and don't hesitate to join more. Go to school-board meetings in your town and in other towns—applaud and groan at the right times and, if necessary, stomp your feet and scream. . . . The more brazen you are, the more attention you'll get." Has this kind of tactic been effective?

**CALDERONE:** On the contrary. As a matter of fact, the extremists tend to expose themselves, as they did in this instance. At one state legislative committee meeting, for example, there were so many hysterical women screaming that the legislature simply got disgusted and tabled their anti-sex-education resolutions for two years. Supporting citizens, on the other hand, have been by and large sober, intelligent, quiet and strong, and they bring documented evidence that is presented by leading professionals in an orderly way. The contrast between the two groups is usually very apparent. The opposition's methods are totally undemocratic; in fact, to use terms I generally employ sparingly, they're typically Communist or fascist methods. Instead of debating or discussing the merits of an issue, they'll march into a board-of-education meeting and stampede it; they'll scream and shout personal attacks and yell obscenities and blasphemies; they'll boo and hiss and refuse to allow any proposals to be heard.

I think, frankly, that they're killing themselves. They're destroying their own cause. This saddens me, in a way, because I don't like to think in terms of winning, losing or fighting battles. As a Quaker, I prefer to work toward consensus through dialog, with everyone having a chance to express his carefully considered viewpoint and all parts of a discussion contributing to agreement. The irrationality of anti-sex-education extremists sometimes gains immediate victories, but, ultimately, it alienates the moderates in any community in which the subject has come up. In the face of name-calling and hysteria, they begin to feel that their best bet lies with the honest, solid citizens who really attempt to examine the evidence.

**PLAYBOY:** There has also been serious criticism of sex education by people with no apparent political ax to grind. Child psychologist Rhoda Lorand, for example, has said that "presentation of sexual material overwhelms, embarrasses, upsets and excites the children, forcing them in turn to then repress all of these troublesome feelings, and this may lead to many difficulties. It would very likely lead to sexual difficulties later in life." Is she correct?

**CALDERONE:** The concept of the latency period, which is what Dr. Lorand is referring to, and which describes a period in the child's development—from five or six to ten or twelve—when he theoretically has no interest in sex, is not accepted by most psychiatrists and psychologists today. The general feeling is that the postulation of a latency period as one of the five stages in the sexual evolution of a child may have been applicable in Freud's time but is no longer valid, because we live in a different society. In Freud's day, sex wasn't so ubiquitous and intrusive in the life of the child; he was insulated from it. This is no longer so. Also, I believe Dr. Lorand may have been speaking from the point of view of the disturbed young people she has treated as a child psychologist. The observations of teachers and physicians who have had an opportunity to deal with normal children indicate that these kids get a tremendous sense of relief when they find an adult ready to level with them about sex—and this is true at any age. Dr. Carlfred Broderick, who has done the best studies so far of pre-adolescent sexuality, has said that children develop a very clear-cut and continuing interest in sex as early as five years old.

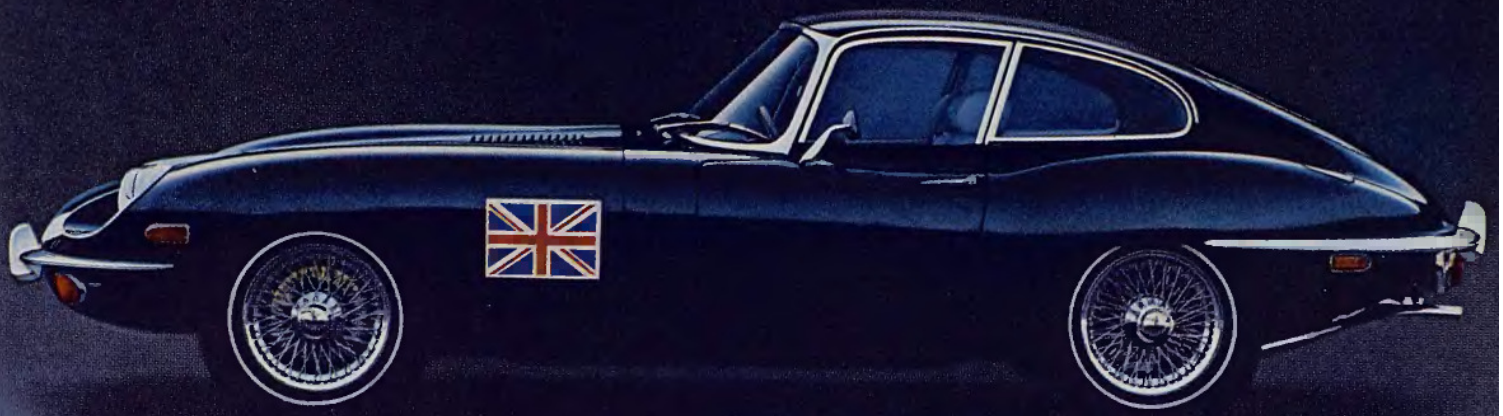
**PLAYBOY:** Dr. Lorand also claims that child analysts have accumulated "incontrovertible evidence" that the "major portion of sexual energy and curiosity" in the young child is "normally redirected into learning academic subjects and physical skills." She feels that this leaves him "free to learn in school and to behave in a reasonably sedate and controlled manner" and that to interfere with this can be harmful.

**CALDERONE:** Dr. Lorand doesn't state what her incontrovertible evidence is nor which child analysts have accumulated it. Her theories certainly don't seem to be borne out by the authorities I've consulted. These experts do, indeed, agree that the pre-adolescent has a strong interest in academic learning. But that's exactly why they believe it's an ideal time to provide young people with objective and factual knowledge about sex and reproduction, before the *Sturm und Drang* of puberty begins; when it does, they'll have a good basis for understanding what's happening to them.





**PLAYBOY:** How do you go about teaching them what's happening to them? What is taught in sex-education courses?

**CALDERONE:** There are an incredible number of variations. Basically, an adequate sex-education program is one in which the parents, the school, the community and the church have all participated at appropriate times in the child's life, with the aim of producing mature, aware





# JAGUAR: THE CAR THAT MAKES GREAT BRITAIN A GREAT SPORTS CAR POWER

Jaguar XKE Coupe (Great Britain) Statistical Source: Road & Track, June, 1969	0-60 mph	0-100 mph	Standing 1/4 mile	Speed 1/4 mile	Horsepower	Twin Overhead Camshafts	Rack & Pinion (Steering preferred in today's Grand Prix racing)
	8.0 sec.	21.7 sec.	15.7 sec.	86 mph	245 bhp	Yes	Yes
Maserati Ghibli (Italy) Statistical Source: Car & Driver, Sept., 1968							
	7.7 sec.	19.8 sec.	15.8 sec.	90 mph	330 bhp	Si	No
Mercedes-Benz 280 SL (Germany) Statistical Source: Road & Track, June, 1969							
	9.9 sec.	30.5 sec.	17.1 sec.	80 mph	180 bhp	Nein	Nein
Porsche 911E (Germany) Statistical Source: Road & Track, January, 1969							
	8.4 sec.	22.5 sec.	16.0 sec.	83 mph	160 bhp	Nein	Ja



**WITH COMPARABLE EQUIPMENT, THE JAGUAR COSTS LESS THAN ANY OTHER GREAT SPORTS CAR POWER ON THIS PAGE. FOR EXACT PRICE COMPARISONS, SEE YOUR JAGUAR DEALER.**

For overseas delivery information, write: Jaguar Cars, 600 Willow Tree Road, Leonia, New Jersey 07605



# smart set


Playboy's Cuff Links and Tie Tack—handsome accessories in black on gleaming rhodium with debonair Rabbit. The set, JY100, \$9; Cuff Links, JY102, \$6; Tie Tack, JY101, \$3.50. Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling.



Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products**, Department JY010 Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Key-Cards.



## guys and dolls

Show your playmate you think she's a living doll. Surprise her with Playboy's hip hip hooray cheerleader. Modeled after Playboy's Rabbit, this plushy cheerleader doll sports a black and white letter-crested warm-up shirt, white wide-wale corduroy slacks covering flexible wire limbs. A Playboy pennant waves high. Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling. MY3302 \$12.50 

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

adults, capable of understanding themselves and others and of behaving responsibly as sexual people.

As for scope, a good program begins in kindergarten and continues throughout school in an integrated way. In the primary years, the study of the nature of the family, the relationships and responsibilities of husbands and wives, of mothers and fathers, of brothers and sisters, of the role of the family in society is paramount; and a good program should certainly attempt to impart an understanding of the changes that occur in boys and girls—and it should do so just prior to the occurrence of these changes. Thus, the fifth-grade girl will know what to expect of menstruation; and the boy will know what to expect of nocturnal emissions and he will understand the growth of his sexual organs; both sexes will know about pubic hair and be prepared for it. They'll also acquire knowledge of reproduction, of sexual physiology and of the similarities and differences between male and female sexual response.

**PLAYBOY:** You said that sex education should begin in kindergarten. Isn't that a bit early?

**CALDERONE:** Not really, when you consider that it actually begins at birth, in the home, by the way parents demonstrate, or fail to demonstrate, a loving relationship to each other, by the way they talk, or refuse to talk, about how a neighbor had a new baby, by the way they educate the child about its body. This is very important: Is the child's body something beautiful? Is it good to get pleasure from one's body, whether in dancing, swimming, eating—yes, even in masturbation? Positive attitudes are needed here. This, and the way parents answer a child's questions, is part of sex education. And, of course, they should be open and honest, yet not overwhelming with a whole lot of details—a difficult balance to achieve. If what I'm saying is true, then kindergarten is certainly not too early to make it clear to children that reproduction and sex are areas of life that merit the same dignified imparting of information as any other area.

**PLAYBOY:** Are school children ever taught the techniques of intercourse as a part of this program?

**CALDERONE:** Not to my knowledge. I don't think this should be taught in the schools. I'm even against its being taught in marriage manuals.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**CALDERONE:** It's not necessary. In one week, I received letters from two young husbands that bear this out. "We've been married nine months and we have great sex," one of them wrote. "My wife has an orgasm every time, but we want to be sure we're not missing anything. Isn't there a book that teaches tech-

niques?" I wrote back and said, "For heaven's sake, let your imagination be your guide. Don't go to a book; explore with each other various ways of making love. Discover them as you go and not all at once. Leave something for the future."

**PLAYBOY:** Yet marriage counselors and other authorities point out that sexual intercourse, though not as complicated as playing a musical instrument, does need to be learned and that "doing what comes naturally" can lead to humiliation as often as to success.

**CALDERONE:** Not really. Failure shouldn't lead to humiliation as long as the couple's attitude is free and joyful.

**PLAYBOY:** How is this achieved?

**CALDERONE:** That's the sex educator's job. The attitude to be conveyed is that sex is an exalted, wonderful, exciting gift from God and that it is probably most rewarding within an enduring relationship such as marriage. Sex is a human attribute and exists in us from earliest childhood. Young people need to develop a positive attitude about this that will help them fulfill themselves in a sexual relationship when they come to it. That's very different from the old guilts that stem from the grudging concession that sex may be good—but only in relation to reproduction.

**PLAYBOY:** Would this attitude help alleviate the guilt that many people feel about noncoital sex?

**CALDERONE:** Yes. Children and even adults ask if the different noncoital means of sexual stimulation are perverted. A good sex-education program should make it clear, for example, that oral-genital contact is *not* perverse. I think the consensus in society is that any act two people find gratifying is definitely not abnormal and should not be subject to supervision by the state. The churches have been very helpful in this area, many of them having removed the moral stigma that noncoital sex used to have.

**PLAYBOY:** Does SIECUS recommend that sexual morality be taught in the classroom?

**CALDERONE:** I don't see how worthwhile education about *any* subject can avoid moral issues. The teacher usually makes his own personal beliefs clear; but at the same time, he should be careful not to take such a moralistic, authoritarian stand that he throttles free discussion among the youngsters. If he does, there won't be any exchange of views and they won't teach one another, which is the best way to learn. If you really want to hear a conversation on ethics and morals that would warm the cockles of a minister's heart, listen to a bunch of adolescent boys and girls talking about sexual morality. The great thing about all our young people today is the way they challenge the adult world for its false and





# El Toro Bravo





hypocritical values—not about sex alone but about all of life's great issues.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned boys and girls. Are sex-education classes coed?

**CALDERONE:** For the most part, yes. The students generally want it that way. There comes a time in early junior high when they occasionally prefer to be separated. But very shortly thereafter, they want to be back together again, not only because they've developed an interest in the opposite sex but so they can answer one another's questions. I've never seen any embarrassment in these situations.

**PLAYBOY:** Many parents who don't oppose sex education per se are more concerned about the embarrassment of the teachers than the students. They feel that the task is too often turned over to frustrated o'd maids or uptight gym instructors. How are teachers picked for the job?

**CALDERONE:** This is a point of great concern to SIECUS. First, let me say that there are disqualifications other than those you mention. Some teachers go into this field with unhealthy motivations. A few are unconsciously seductive; others may seek to work out their own sexual hang-ups by teaching the subject, and still others have such closed minds that they can't help but foist their own moralistic biases on the children. These teachers simply have to be screened out by the principal, who presumably knows his staff. Or, failing this, the person in charge of the training program can usually assay which teachers are fit and which aren't. Many teacher-training programs are under way, and there will be more.

**PLAYBOY:** Do the people responsible for screening concern themselves with the potential teacher's sex experience or lack of it?

**CALDERONE:** They shouldn't, because the fact of having had or not having had intercourse isn't what makes a good teacher of sex education. Remember, it isn't technique that's taught in the classroom. Rather, it is, or should be, the dynamics of becoming a man or a woman and of understanding one's own sexual nature and that of others. Even an elective celibate, such as a priest or a nun, has had sexual urges and has had to learn how to deal with them within his or her particular framework. Obviously, a celibate who has dealt with such urges in a repressive way—in other words, denied to himself that these urges exist or are a valid part of himself—isn't qualified to teach sex education. But this could also apply to an unmarried, noncelibate, nonreligious teacher as well. It could even apply to the married. We don't find grim attitudes about sex only in the celibate. Many nuns and priests, particularly if they're warm people

who understand the sexual drive, have demonstrated their capacity to teach children how to become fulfilled men and women.

**PLAYBOY:** Your sympathetic explanation notwithstanding, celibates teaching sex would appear to be the ultimate of what many liberal critics consider an antiseptic and antisexual schoolroom approach to sex. John Gagnon and William Simon, both sociologists with impressive credentials in sex research, have, in fact, written that children learn more, and more effectively, about sex from their peers—the kids on the street—than at home or in school.

**CALDERONE:** The children themselves tell us that. Of course, what they learn may not always be correct and it surely isn't what most of their parents would like them to learn. But we're not going to stop that kind of education and we shouldn't try to. Rather, we need to provide additional sound information conveyed by respected authority figures, to rectify the misinformation exchanged among peers. You know, there's a lot of harmful mythology passed on from generation to generation. In certain cultural groups, for instance, there is a fiction that a male's brain will explode if he doesn't ejaculate regularly. On the other hand, there's also a myth that the oftener a male ejaculates, the more he weakens his future sex life—exactly the opposite of the truth. Certainly, communication among the kids is better than no communication, but communication based on facts is best of all.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you concerned that all this communication will lead to just what most parents fear—an increase in experimentation among children?

**CALDERONE:** On the contrary: It's *ignorance* that most often leads to experimentation. Kids have known the hazards all along—in fact, that's practically all they've known; and it hasn't deterred them in the past. I think teaching the truth about sex—the hazards, the pleasures and the responsibilities—allays many of the children's anxieties, which are another impetus for experimentation. Additional causes of juvenile sexual activity, in my opinion, are the stimulus now widely given in the media and the freedom given to children by their parents. When intercourse or advanced sex-play takes place among adolescents, it's almost always in the home of one of the two. This is proved by studies of unwed pregnancies.

**PLAYBOY:** In the home? Are you suggesting this is done with the knowledge and approval of the parents?

**CALDERONE:** No, behind their backs. And this is because overpermissive parents try to have it both ways. They give children almost total freedom, and then expect

the kids to restrict their own behavior. In my day, it was very difficult to get pregnant. It was *made* difficult for us, because everyone always knew where we were.

**PLAYBOY:** The automobile changed that, didn't it?

**CALDERONE:** There were plenty of cars then, only we weren't given the keys or the freedom.

**PLAYBOY:** How old do you think a child should be before he's trusted by his parents to be on his own?

**CALDERONE:** Ideally, by the time youngsters are 16, we've done whatever we can to help them develop standards of behavior. If we can't trust them from then on to make fairly sensible decisions about most important things, we're not going to influence them. These days, they're pretty independent.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps with good reason: because the more educated they become, the better equipped they are to make decisions. But if they know about birth control and V.D. prevention and if they're taught to respect one another as people—and these are the qualities society defines as sexual maturity—then what reason is there to discourage them from premarital sexual experimentation?

**CALDERONE:** The implication of your question is that the decision to engage in premarital sex is not only a moral one but also one of appropriateness to the maturity level of the person.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it?

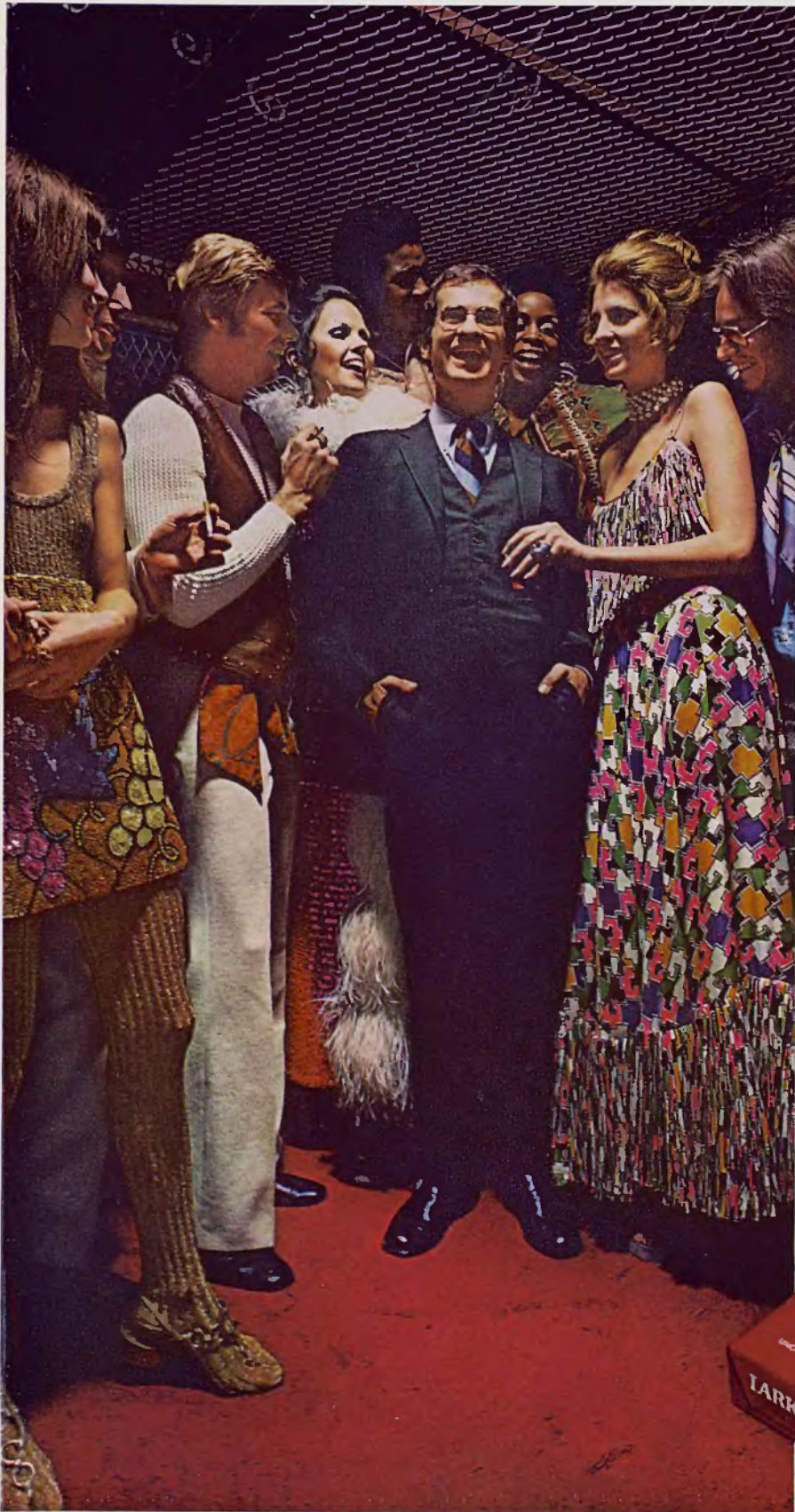
**CALDERONE:** Probably. And, you know, the mature young person may very well choose *not* to have premarital sex. There are a number of young people who have decided against it until they're sure their relationship has meaning, whether or not it will be permanent. However, I do think the younger generation is definitely accepting premarital sex—that is, sex in anticipation of marriage. In many cases, they accept it regardless of whether or not the engagement is officially announced. Now, will the next step be acceptance of premarital sex that *isn't* in anticipation of marriage—that is, as part of a relationship that's acknowledged to be temporary? Society is probably already moving into that stage.

**PLAYBOY:** In both cases, you're talking about what sociologist Ira Reiss classifies as permissiveness with affection, or committed sex. But how far are we from acceptance of permissiveness *without* affection, that is, casual sex?

**CALDERONE:** It seems that adult society is now becoming so openly involved with casual sex that I don't know what's going to stop the younger generation from following suit. After all, they tend to imitate us—although perhaps they do things with a sounder basis of honesty than we do. But I'm not looking forward happily



You'll stand out in a crowd  
when you tell someone you like  
about Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter.



They'll look at you in a whole new light when you tell them about Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter. It not only reduces "tar" and nicotine but certain harsh gases in cigarette smoke, as well.

In fact, the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute reported Lark's Gas-Trap filter best for gas reduction among all of the ordinary filter brands tested.

So, tell as many people as you can about Lark's unique gas reduction and Lark's uniquely smooth and easy taste.

They may do something nice for you.





# BLOW YOUR OWN WITHOUT BLOWING YOUR BANKROLL



Most chairs are hardware. Pieces of dead wood and cold steel. Rigid, cumbersome and uncomfortable. Very square.

We offer a substantial alternative. The ultimate in European soft-core design. Smooth as a rolling stone. Comfortable as a natural woman. Made of the finest quality, specially treated, heavy-duty vinyl, in brilliant Coney Island colors. Inflatable, of course.

Chairs like these were advertised in The New York Times for \$25. Our price for this incredible inflatable "wet look" chair is only \$9.95 plus postage. The same high quality and design of the most expensive inflatable furniture at a fraction of the cost. Your money refunded if not completely satisfied.

**Fulmon  
Enterprises**

507 FIFTH AVE.  
NEW YORK 10017

Gentlemen: Check or money-order enclosed for \_\_\_\_\_ chair(s) @ \$9.95 plus 85¢ for postage and handling each (Total \$10.80). Money back guaranteed if not completely satisfied.

Color choice:  RED  
 BLACK  YELLOW  ORANGE  
 CRYSTAL  BLUE  WHITE

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

N.Y. residents add sales tax.

© 1970

Fulmon Enterprises

PB-1

to a widespread acceptance of casual sex. My puritan conscience prevents me from liking it; I don't like casualness in anything. I'm particularly concerned about those who aren't old enough to engage in casual sex without being hurt.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you use the old pejorative promiscuity to describe casual sex?

**CALDERONE:** I look upon casual sex as being purely for pleasure, with no regard for the relationship of the partners. It can be promiscuous but not necessarily so. To me, there are two kinds of promiscuous behavior. One is compulsive promiscuity, which is a way of expressing neurotic difficulties. Some people show compulsiveness in alcoholism, or in drug addiction, or in excessive eating. But others express it sexually. Studies show that compulsively promiscuous girls rarely experience sexual pleasure, rarely attain orgasm. Their sexual activity is motivated by very deep-seated needs that result from emotional deprivations of various kinds in early childhood. And some studies on males indicate that while the promiscuous male—the Don Juan, the Alfie—achieves ejaculation, he doesn't thereby experience full satisfaction. There's another kind of promiscuity that I call environmental promiscuity. Here, children grow up seeing casual sex all around them. They don't learn that there is any other way to behave sexually. This is frequently true in the ghetto. In neither case can you blame nor judge the youngster for responding in a way he can't consciously control.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see any increase in these forms of promiscuity?

**CALDERONE:** I'm not sure. I imagine the incidence of compulsive promiscuity might reflect the incidence of neurosis in a population group. Environmental promiscuity has probably increased, because the urban environment has become more vicious and more damaging, in terms of overcrowding.

**PLAYBOY:** Casual or committed, do you think premarital sex has a beneficial or a harmful effect on marriage?

**CALDERONE:** As a scientist, I have to report that studies show very little correlation between premarital sex and success or lack of it in marriage. On the one hand, we know that a girl who has achieved orgasm in any way whatsoever before marriage will have a more rapid sexual adjustment in marriage. But this doesn't guarantee that the marriage itself will be successful. On the other hand, a girl who has had no sexual experience until marriage may turn out to be a very responsive person. As for my personal view, I don't believe in premarital sex. But my feeling about this may be due to a generational hang-up, which I don't try to impose on others. I certainly know from experience that you can't reach the

younger generation with narrow, authoritarian, moralistic beliefs. They won't accept them, because this is a rational generation, a generation that wants the facts and wants to make its own decisions. Many of the churches themselves have recognized this.

**PLAYBOY:** When you say you disapprove of premarital sex, what age are you talking about? Would you disapprove of it for a 30-year-old man or woman?

**CALDERONE:** No. I'm talking about the teenager. And I'm not even talking about 19-year-olds. I just don't think that 14- or 15-year-old youngsters are mature enough to have this kind of experience.

**PLAYBOY:** But young people mature faster physically than emotionally. Some educators, in recognition of this, have suggested compromises, such as that teenagers be encouraged to pet to climax until they're mature enough to engage in intercourse. Do you advocate this solution?

**CALDERONE:** I advocate discussion of it, so that young people know they have choices, beginning with masturbation, of course, and petting to climax and mutual orgasm, before moving on to intercourse. But I don't take a position on any of these choices, because I think it would be silly to do so. The kids simply don't pay attention to adult didacticism.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that parents should advise their children about masturbation at a particular age?

**CALDERONE:** No, they should simply accept it at any age. If the question comes up, parents should be sure to make clear that there is not only no harm in masturbation but that it serves a very useful function at many times in the life cycle and is accepted by most psychiatrists as an expected part of the growing-up process. For a parent to bring it up, however, is a mistake.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**CALDERONE:** Because it makes too big a thing of what should be a purely private matter for the child. But I should add that there are some people who feel that girls ought to be given instruction about masturbation, so that they'll have a more rapid sexual adjustment later on. It isn't a problem for boys, because without instruction, they all ejaculate and have orgasms by their late teens. But by the age of 18, 60 percent of the girls still haven't had a comparable experience.

**PLAYBOY:** Though mental-health practitioners approve of masturbation as a normal practice, some say that it can be harmful in excess. Do you agree?

**CALDERONE:** Physically, there's no such thing as excess; masturbation is self-regulating. Emotionally, it could be the visible symptom of an inner conflict, but then, so could sexual intercourse. What needs to be dealt with are the conflict



# These are expensive shirts. They cost \$4.99

Every little detail in a Fruit of the Loom shirt is expensive.

Take the matched pockets on our striped shirts. They line up perfectly—a little detail you'll find in \$15 designer shirts.

Check the matching buttons on many of our shirts, too. That's another expensive designer-shirt feature.

And of course, expensive means style. Like the latest collars. Wide spread, long point, we have them all.

And we make our shirts in luxury fabrics that are permanent press. To keep your shirt looking expensive all day.

Fruit of the Loom shirts. Expensive in everything but price.



Fruit of the Loom, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 187.



and its sources, not the masturbation itself. What is there in the child's life that's driving him to seek this outlet? Some children seek refuge in masturbation because of poor grades or feeling unloved in the home or overcompetitiveness with a sibling.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think this sensitive subject should be factually incorporated into school curriculums?

**CALDERONE:** Yes, if it's done calmly and objectively, with the teacher simply pointing out that masturbation is almost universal, doesn't hurt anyone and is useful as a release from tension. It serves a purpose not only in youth but in later life. It can help adjust a difference in sexual drive between two partners and it can provide an adequate substitute if one partner is sick or if they are separated. And, of course, masturbation also plays a valuable role in the child's psychosexual development.

**PLAYBOY:** How so?

**CALDERONE:** It can help a person come to know his most intimate self. He is experiencing himself in a very intense way. He's learning that his body is a source of great pleasure, that his body is good. In this sense, it lays the groundwork for experiencing oneself with another person. As I've indicated, this can be a positive factor in a sexually well-adjusted marriage.

**PLAYBOY:** Well-adjusted marriages, if we are to judge by staggering divorce statistics, aren't terribly common these days. Do you have any ideas how the trend might be reversed?

**CALDERONE:** I'm not competent to comment on that question, but I do think that if some of our notions about child rearing were changed, we'd have better family adjustments. I think this is one of our most important sex-education needs today—better family planning.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean a wider dissemination of birth-control information.

**CALDERONE:** It's much more than that. It's not just saying that couples shouldn't have children until they can afford them or that they should space them properly when they can—important as this may be. Rather, one of the most important parts of preparation for marriage is a real understanding of the dynamics of child development and nurture. This would help people—particularly males—know when they're ready to play the heavy role they ought to be playing in the raising of their own children. I frequently tell boys it's going to take more than a sperm from them to make a baby, a child, a person; they've got to invest *themselves*. Now, obviously, a boy and a girl of 17 or 18 aren't ready for this investment. They can produce a baby, but they simply don't have the capacity

to nurture that child, to have the comprehension that there ought to be a mutual commitment to the child until it is at least 18.

If we're ever going to interrupt the chain of irresponsible sexuality that leads to irresponsible procreation, then the dynamics of child development must be introduced into sex-education courses when the kids are 13 or 14. Just handing them contraceptives and saying, "Be sure you don't get pregnant," is to me a very shallow approach to this problem. Teenagers have got to understand what it means to have a child—not a doll, not a toy, not a status symbol—placed in their care. I don't think they can fully achieve this understanding unless they delay their childbearing.

**PLAYBOY:** Then would you recommend later marriages than are now common?

**CALDERONE:** Not necessarily, especially in view of the open erotic stimuli all around us today. There are possible solutions to the problem that don't necessitate delaying marriage. Margaret Mead has suggested breaking marriage into three phases, which can be called preparental, parental and postparental. This would mean that the couple might marry young—even as young as 18 to 20, which I think are marvelous years for mating. It would be a contract marriage that would be entered into in good faith but would not be binding until the couple elected to make it so by having children. Now, that doesn't mean you could just say goodbye and walk out. But there wouldn't be the drawn-out and emotionally damaging process of legal divorce proceedings if there's a split-up. And, because of the elective nature of this preparental marriage, there wouldn't be the terrible stigma of failure that accompanies so many divorces today. Once they chose to have children, of course, they would be as legally committed to raising them as they are in present marriage. But the most important commitment would be the moral one of staying together as mother and father to the children, until they reach adulthood, when the partners would then move into the postparental phase. Then, the dissolution of the marriage—if desired—would once again be less complicated.

**PLAYBOY:** Those are dramatic reforms, and they may take a long time to go into effect—if ever. Meanwhile, a number of sex counselors and clergymen have suggested that extramarital sex can be an effective safety valve for the pressures of marriage as now instituted. What do you think?

**CALDERONE:** Generally speaking, no one really knows how effective extramarital sex is in helping or hurting a marriage. I think that requires sound scientific study, not guesswork based on a few cases. But

I can certainly conceive of situations in which it might be helpful in stabilizing a marriage during the parental phase. For instance, a man and a woman are devoted to each other and have a family. Then one of them becomes sexually disabled—from disease or an accident or something of that nature. What are they supposed to do? Is the healthy mate to live with sexual drives and no outlet for the rest of his or her life? Or should they break up their family? I would think in cases like this, an extramarital affair that's really solid might have very good results.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think communal marriages can be a solution to society's marital ills?

**CALDERONE:** It's too early to tell. Personally, however, I can't imagine myself and my husband in such an arrangement. I think it would be difficult to pick people not only one would want to have sex with but with whom one would want to have breakfast every morning and who shared one's ideas about bringing up children. If you've ever been on shipboard or in a resort hotel, where you're thrown together with the same individuals all the time, you've become aware how very few people you can be compatible with on a day-to-day basis. At the same time, I think there's much to be learned from the fact that younger people are experimenting with this communal type of mating. For one thing, I believe it's more of a social than a sexual phenomenon. One of the messages to be gotten from these patterns, as well as from the popularity of sensitivity groups, is that there is great hunger among people to relate to one another in groups. This is something we had in the old days, with the family and its many branches coming together for celebrations, or during periods of stress, or just to socialize with one another. Everybody knew everybody else well in those relationships and there was a great deal of interpersonal give and take. People today lack these family patterns and, presumably, they are seeking warmer, more intimate contact with people other than their mates. They are rebelling against the loneliness of the urban nuclear family, in which a mother, a father and a few children have only one another for emotional support. Perhaps society is trying to reorganize itself to satisfy these yearnings.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the emotional support provided by group patterns would eliminate some of the gender-identity problems that are common today—homosexuality, for example?

**CALDERONE:** That's difficult to say—although the early childhood period, when this emotional support is most needed, is

(continued on page 154)





## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A man with a penchant for picking a winner—who lives life enthusiastically. A new independent psychographic study, the science of measuring life style, provides the first totally objective statistical explanation for PLAYBOY's unparalleled success: namely, PLAYBOY's ability to single out readers who aspire to, and actively participate in, the good life like the readers of no other magazine. Fact: "PLAYBOY has by far the strongest psychographic image. PLAYBOY readers exhibit a zest for life and a strong liberal outlook on the world." PLAYBOY is the odds-on favorite with 16,000,000 readers. (Source: Professor D. J. Tigert, *A Psychographic Profile of Magazine Audiences.*)

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



FRANCIS DOWS did not go along with the generally accepted principle of our century that a teacher has a moral obligation to like his pupils. Affection was not necessary to the training of tigers, seals nor even of dogs, so why should it be to the instruction of such brutes as made up the eighth grade English class at St. Christopher's? Of course, he had to be careful to avoid being caught, by parents or even by the boys themselves, in any open display of animosity. It was a kind of parlor game and one that the latter, God bless them, thoroughly enjoyed. They were always doing their exuberant, whooping best to drive him into open country.

The boys of St. Christopher's exuded the peculiar confidence of Manhattan's upper middle class, rejoicing belligerently in being thoroughly abreast of all modern currents. They were up on everything, from the destruction of the ecology to the building of anti-ballistic-missile sites, and their ideas of integration, urban renewal and world disarmament were fashionably liberal. Sometimes Francis felt that he was being answered by 30 shrill voices from *The New York Times* editorial page. It was a world that he had known only too well through his ex-wife's family. Indeed, his own son was in the eighth grade, a situation that the boy, considering his abominable grades, owed more to his maternal grandsire's position as chairman of St. Christopher's trustees than to his father's being a poor pedagogue.

Standing, on a November morning, by the door to his classroom in the five-minute break between classes, Francis assumed the pose of storklike immobility that he felt suited his tall, polelike, darkly tweeded figure and pretended to be oblivious of the din of the corridor. The eighth grade poured by him into the classroom, shouting, laughing, whistling. Francis ignored them, even when they greeted him loudly by name, as a long-incarcerated creature in a zoo might ignore the hustling crowd beyond its bars. His aloofness was not resented. He even enjoyed a certain bleak popularity with the older boys as a character, whose reputation for sardonic sarcasm gave a mild status to those whom he deigned to notice. It was a mark of sophistication to be singled out as a target by Mr. Dows.

As the second bell sounded, and as Francis turned to enter his classroom, he spotted, peering up over the landing of the stairway and apparently waiting for him to disappear, the pale, round countenance of Mr. Tomkins, the headmaster, and the redder one, under red-gray hair and over a blue collar, of his former wife's father, Leo Wright. The headmaster was taking his chairman on the monthly tour and obviously hoped to avoid a confrontation with the detested

"ex." Chuckling, Francis strode over to them.

"Good morning, Headmaster. Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I trust you are well? I trust Mrs. Wright is well? I trust all your family are well?"

"Just fine, thank you, Dows," Leo Wright grumbled. "Just fine."

"Would you do me the honor of visiting my class? I think you might find a bit of amusement in it. We shall be discussing *The Merchant of Venice*, which the eighth grade is presenting for Christmas. I had so hoped that your grandson, Daniel, might play Old Gobbo, but Mr. Tomkins seems to feel that it would be difficult for him to be directed by his own father. Do you agree, sir?"

Mr. Wright gave a glance of appeal to the headmaster. Mr. Tomkins, normally a gentle, preoccupied man, could be surprisingly forceful under direct attack.

"It is hardly the time, Dows, to go into family matters," Mr. Tomkins reproved him. "Nor is Mr. Wright here this morning for his amusement. May I remind you that your class is waiting for you?"

"Thank you, Headmaster." It was another of Francis' little needling habits to address Mr. Tomkins in the English

---

*fiction*

By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

## BLACK SHYLOCK

---

style. "I shall be with them anon. Good day, Mr. Wright. Please give my best wishes to Mrs. Wright. And to Mrs. Wright Dows."

And with a simpering smile as a final insult, he returned to his classroom, noting with satisfaction, as he closed the door, that the little encounter had been overheard and enjoyed by all.

"I was so hoping," he announced to the class, "that my former father-in-law, the august chairman of St. Christopher's board, would be able to visit us for a few minutes; but, alas, he is too busy. His time is precious. Your classmate's grandfather has a great name in the paperback industry. He brings Shakespeare to the unwashed multitudes. To the poor and lowly. To the slums and ghettos." Here Francis paused, as if lost in admiration. "In due time, he will no doubt bring Shakespeare to the moon!"

He directed a smile at his son, Daniel, seated in the back row, but the boy did not return it. This did not have to mean

any resentment on Daniel's part. He was very saving in his responses. He seemed to accept the situation, the reverse of his classmates', that he should see his father at school and not at home. He was a fat, moonfaced boy with small distrustful eyes. He did badly in his studies only because he was lazy. One could tell by the sharpness of the wisecracking with which he dominated his more successful contemporaries that he had a store of unused intelligence. He liked to loiter on corners, in playgrounds, in drugstores and impress other boys with his knowledge of sex. For adults, as for schoolwork, he had no use, barely even contempt. It was as if he were simply waiting for the inevitable enfranchisement of time.

Francis pulled out his pocket watch and held it down to his navel as he examined it. "I shall ask you to write a theme this morning. Do you consider that Jessica was morally justified in stealing her father's ducats when she eloped with Lorenzo? Ten minutes."

Ignoring the groan that always went up at the announcement of a theme, he took his seat as they turned to their pads. He needed a moment to savor the little scene in the corridor. For six years now, ever since Arabella had flown to Juárez for their divorce, his keenest satisfaction had been in *not* resigning from St. Christopher's faculty. Word had been privately conveyed to him that if he would give up the position, originally obtained only through the grace of his ex-father-in-law, the latter could be counted on to secure him a better one, at a larger salary, at Buckley or St. Bernard's. But Francis had retorted that St. Christopher's suited him down to the ground and that he liked being able to see his son Danny on weekdays as well as on the meager Saturday-afternoon visits stipulated in the separation agreement drawn up by Mr. Wright's expensive counsel. Oh, he had them! They could never remove poor Danny from a school where his bad record was covered by his grandfather's favor, and they could never remove *him*, the wretched father, without seeming to act for the most invidious of reasons.

"Hand in your papers," he told the class, precisely at the expiration of the given time, "and let us proceed to the day's topic. We will not discuss Jessica until I have read what you have to say. Personally, I think she was a bitch." He paused for a moment, as the room tittered. "I see that expression of 'Good. I guessed right!' on some of your faces. But most of you must surely know by now that your grades are not advanced by the coincidence—if it is a coincidence—of your happening to agree with me."

The tittering ceased and Francis turned to the subject of the morning.











"We do not know how Shylock was portrayed in Shakespeare's day, but it seems probable, by comparison with Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, that he was depicted as the blackest kind of villain. Certainly, this interpretation prevailed in the next two centuries. It was not until the 19th that great actors, particularly Sir Henry Irving, began to enjoy playing him as a sympathetic, even a noble character. Today, in some quarters, there has been a reaction against this so-called sentimentalization of Shylock. How about you, Burrows? How would you play him?"

"Well, I think, sir, you could do it both ways. Shylock is certainly a villain to plot against Antonio; but then, Antonio shouldn't have spat on his gabardine."

"I've always found it a bit difficult to picture Antonio doing that," Francis observed judiciously. "It doesn't seem quite like him."

"But Shylock says he does."

"Perhaps he was speaking metaphorically. Anyway, Antonio certainly sneers at him, which may be just as bad. How would you do Shylock, Gates?"

"I think I'd make him pathetic, sir. After all, he loved his daughter and she betrayed him."

"Did he love Jessica? In what line of the text does he reveal that to you?"

"Well, I can't point to the exact line, sir, but the general impression—"

"I'll have nothing to do with your general impressions, Gates. How about you, Pitney?"

"Well, sir, I think I agree with Burrows."

Francis was disappointed as he went through the class. After all, at least a fifth of them were Jewish, though none came of orthodox families. He found it difficult to believe that the question of persecution would not, sooner or later, find its way into the discussion. But after ten minutes of chatter, he had to give up indirection.

"What about playing Shylock as the hero and spokesman of a persecuted race?" he demanded. "What would you say to that, Levy?"

"He wasn't persecuted, sir. He was disliked. I asked my father about it. He said we Jews were all right as long as we were only disliked. We can rule the world as long as we're only disliked."

"But Jews were more than just disliked in Shakespeare's time," Francis protested. "They were actively persecuted in many places. I wonder if their plight is not comparable with that of the Negro in our own time. Mightn't that be the way to play *The Merchant* today? With Shylock a Negro?"

The class murmured in surprise.

"But the text doesn't justify that!"

Levy pointed out, shocked. "Everyone would think you had mixed it up with *Othello*."

"Works of art are like constitutions," Francis retorted. "They need to be constantly reinterpreted. We don't have to be confined to what Shakespeare subjectively intended. Burrows, you're going to be Shylock. How about doing it in black-face?"

"Oh, Mr. Dows, you're kidding!"

"I'm not, truly. I suggest it's the only way to make him the hero."

"The hero! But, sir, he wants to *kill* Antonio. He wants to cut his heart out with a knife. He wants to do it himself, too!"

"Yes, but *why* does he want to do it?"

"Because Antonio has been snooty to him."

"Exactly. Because he has spat upon him! Metaphorically or not."

"But, sir, you don't cut a man's heart out for that."

"It's just what you *do* do!"

The last comment came from the back bench and was uttered in a kind of bark. To everyone's surprise, the utterer was Daniel Dows. Daniel had never before voluntarily contributed to a class discussion, which had been set down to his natural embarrassment at having his father in charge. Similarly, he had refused any part in the class plays and could be used only to paint scenery. But now he seemed involved. He glared about the room as if his own integrity had been called in question.

"Thank you, Daniel," Francis replied. "I'm glad that the Dows think alike. Nobody is going to spit on *our* gabardines, are they?"

Daniel, at this, immediately lost interest. He shrugged and drew a large circle on the pad before him.

"Seriously, boys," Francis continued, "I suggest that Daniel and I are the only ones here in tune with the times. The greatest crime in the world we live in—perhaps the only one that young people still take seriously—is to insult a man because of his race. Now, what does Antonio do but just that? He struts about the Rialto in his languid way, sneering at Jews and expectorating on their gabardines. For this, he has deserved the humiliating death from which he is spared only by the tricky casuistry of Portia, a typical establishment lawyer. But the fact that Shylock goes down to defeat before white power cannot lessen the splendor of his ideal!"

The room looked at him doubtfully. They never knew whether he was joking or not, but like good bourgeois, they also knew that it did not much matter.

"It would be an awfully funny *Merchant*," Burrows observed.

"It would be an awfully novel one," Francis returned, "and I can assure you that it would not be soon forgotten. What do you say we try it?"

This was followed by an outburst of questions.

"Would we change the text to make Shylock really black?"

"Would a Negro be apt to be a moneylender?"

"How about Jessica? What color would she be?"

"And Tubal?"

Francis held up his hands for silence as the questions proliferated. "We would not change a word of the text. The Jews in Venice would be black, that's all. Tubal would certainly be black. Jessica could be very light, for in the play, she abandons her Jewish faith. But the real change would be in the Venetians. In the trial scene, they would become a howling, lynching mob, out for Shylock's blood!"

The boys who were cast as Gratiano and Bassanio began to see possibilities in this and enthusiasm gradually permeated the class. As Francis had foreseen, it was the idea of secrecy that most appealed to them, the prospect of confounding the yuletide audience of their unwary parents with a shocking interpretation of the Bard. By the end of the hour, they were so excited that they were talking among themselves, threatening corporal chastisement on any member who leaked the plan.

Afterward, as he neatly erased from the blackboard the suggested chronology of Shakespeare's plays that he had as neatly chalked there for his own diversion, Francis considered with gratification the continuing frustration of Messrs. Tomkins and Wright. For how could they possibly object to his black Shylock? Was it not "relevant," as the young people said? Was it not just about as relevant as a production could be? Was it not precisely the kind of thing that his ex-father-in-law *pretended* to believe in?

He had met his wife while he had been working for this brisk, bustling, jovial, red-faced, red-tied, blue-shirted reissuer of classics and smut. Arabella and her brothers had been bigger, paler, milder reproductions of the busy sire whom they had wholly admired and almost invariably obeyed. Indeed, as far as Francis could make out, the only expression of filial independence in the life of his bland, blonde spouse had been her surprising and bitterly contested election of himself. For Leo Wright, however strong a partisan of the struggling writer, had no desire for one in his own family. A writer, to marry a Wright, had first to make his mark, had first to qualify with



a signed photograph in the gallery of celebrities that constituted the great man's office. It had been Arabella's single error to have believed that she had out-guessed her progenitor in respect to Francis' capacity to join this gallery.

Oh, the Wrights had all tried, yes, but it had been worse than if they hadn't. Stuck with Francis Dows, they had attempted to make something of him and, in so doing, they had revealed the full horror of their Philistinism. They had got hold of his poor, pale manuscripts and had belabored him with suggestions; that he should put in more sex or more violence, that he should use more images or more literary conundrums, that he should be obscurer or simpler, more lucid or more problematical. The only short story that he had published after his marriage, a brief sylvan fantasy of childhood memories of the Adirondacks, had been greeted with snorts of derision. "Writing for yourself in this way," his ex-father-in-law had reproached him, "is a form of masturbation." Francis had retorted that publishing as the Wrights did it was a form of rape. This crack had resulted in his transfer to St. Christopher's.

Standing up to the assembled Wrights would have been all very well, might, indeed, have provided the justification of a lifetime—or part of one, anyway—had Arabella only learned her proper role. She belonged with her family—what could have been more blatantly obvious? Yet she had had the poor taste to cling tenaciously to her conjugal duties, to try with a foolish pathos to reconcile her family and husband, to quench the scorn of one and to deflect the irritability of the other. It exasperated Francis that, even agreeing with the Wright estimate of his incapacity, as she could never quite help herself from doing, his wife should still want him. Arabella's husband might not be much, her blurry gaze seemed to concede to her impatient father, but might she not for that very reason be allowed to keep him for her own? There were moments when Francis, trying to prove to her what her mistake had been, was made to feel as if he were pounding with an oar on the desperate fingers that clutched the gunwale of a lifeboat. God, what a position to be in! There was no end to the malefactions of the Wrights. Even when he was most their victim, they went on as if he were the monster!

Arabella had given in at last. She had returned to her family with their son; she had gone to Mexico under the orders of her father's attorney. Back in the Wright camp, she had resumed her filial, pre-Dows submissiveness. Nothing now interfered with the bristling wall of Philistia by which Francis felt himself encircled. The war would be open and clean and without quarter. He could represent the soul of man against the spirit incarnate

of vulgarity. He could fight the enemy from within its own citadel.

. . .

The rehearsals of *The Merchant of Venice* were almost as exciting as Francis had hoped. The boys developed an unprecedented enthusiasm. It exhilarated their director to observe with what high spirits and facility they converted themselves, under his interpretation, into a wolf pack. The boy who played Antonio, in his first scene with Shylock, was quite marvelously mocking. When he said, "The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind," he did it in a pretended aside to Bassanio, but raised his voice as if to call after the departing Shylock. Then he and Bassanio burst into wild shrieks of insanely insulting laughter. Later, Salanio and Salarino continued the baiting in the same spirit, and Francis was almost ready to wager that by the time of the trial scene, the audience would be antagonized to the point of wanting a pound of Portia's flesh.

And then, only three days before the Christmas performance, Burrows, who played Shylock, came down with the mumps. For 48 hours, Francis worked desperately with one and then another substitute, but it was hopeless. They simply could not learn the part in the time left. Francis locked himself in his classroom for 15 minutes of contemplation. Was it, as his pounding heart told him, the chance of his lifetime? Then he walked down the corridor to the headmaster's office and announced that he would have to act Shylock himself or cancel the play.

"But *can* you?" Mr. Tomkins asked in astonishment. "Can you learn the part overnight?"

"I know it already," Francis replied with a touch of superiority. "I shall simply have to run over it by myself and rent my costume. But for that, I shall need all tomorrow morning off. Can you get someone to take my classes?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow. I'll take them myself!"

"Then I shall be here at two. The curtain's at two-thirty. Everything else is ready."

Francis made himself up the following afternoon in a closet off the stage. He allowed nobody to see him until the curtains had actually parted, and he could hear Antonio, in the opening line, wondering why he was so sad. Then he walked to the wings and awaited his cue.

There was a gasp from the dark void beyond the footlights as the tall black figure in flowing robes of sky blue strode out upon the stage, followed by a gesticulating Bassanio. Folding his arms, towering ominously and silently over Antonio's friend, the Shylock of Francis Dows gazed contemptuously about at a white man's Venice. He allowed the would-be borrower to saw the air for a minute before he responded, with a rich low gravity of

tone: "Three thousand ducats—well." He maintained this air of aloofness right up to his first aside, and then, stepping to the footlights and removing himself abruptly from the world of Bassanio and Antonio, he shouted in a fit of fury, directly into that section of the audience where he knew Leo Wright was sitting: "I hate him for he is a Christian!"

In the negotiation of the contract, he never fawned hypocritically, never whined and bowed, as he had seen so many Shylocks do. He pointed out, in measured tones, with haughty demeanor, the wrongs that Jews habitually received of Venetians and contrasted these with the good that he ostensibly offered to Antonio, throwing off the implied question, with a magnificent shrug of his shoulders, of which, under the circumstances, was the superior race.

As the audience recovered from the first shock of his costume and black face, it became silent as a school audience hardly ever was. When Shylock went off stage, the applause was tumultuous.

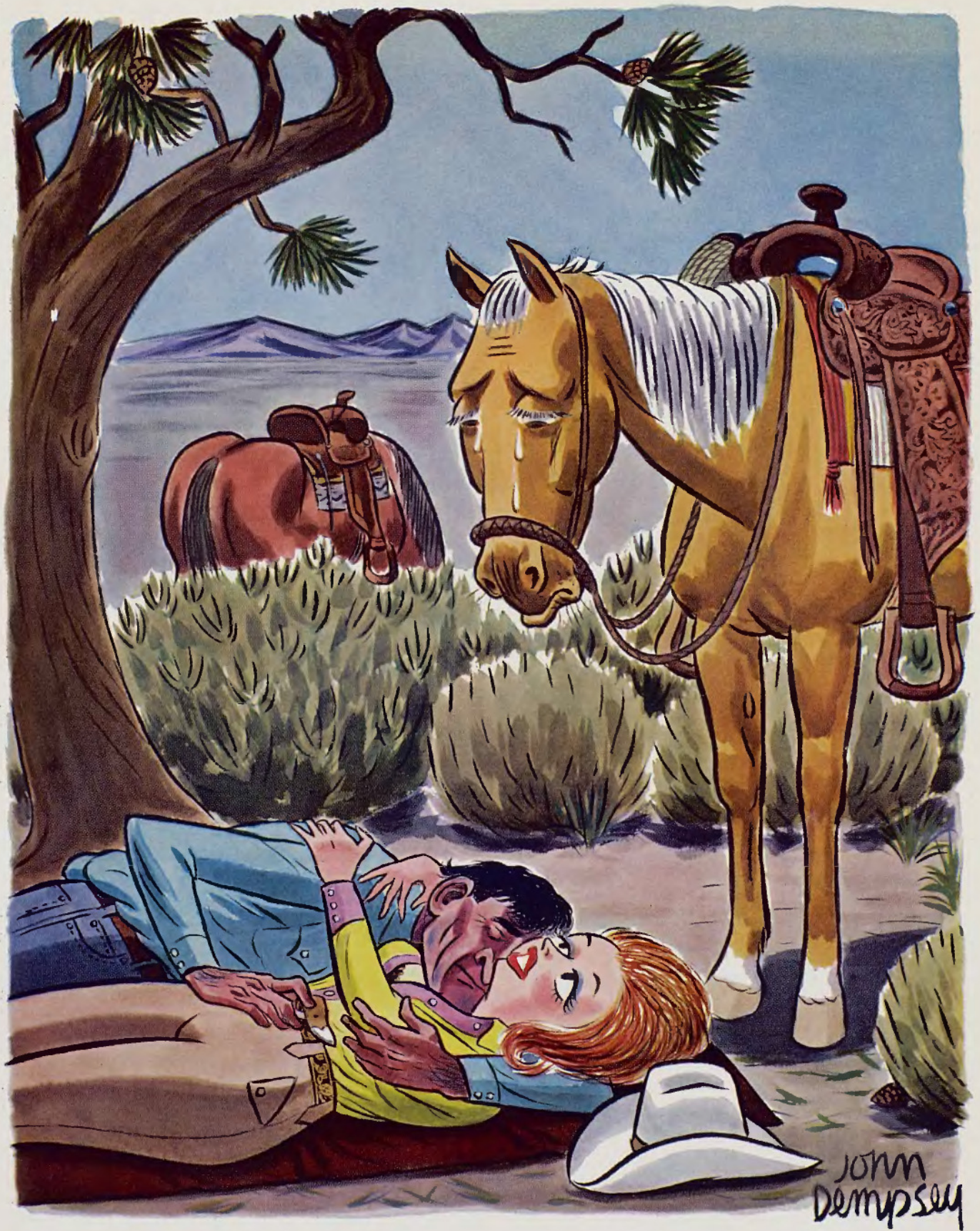
Francis, exulting in the wings, thinking with feverish rapidity, decided on a new version of the scene with Tubal. This had posed the biggest problem for his heroic interpretation; for in it, Shylock seems irretrievably avaricious. But he would play it now as if the stolen ducats represented to Shylock the indispensable weapon of a persecuted race. When he came on stage, he was bent over, groaning, clapping his hand to his side, as if in despair at the thought of an empty scabbard. And his contempt for Jessica was total, monumental. She had written herself out of the tribe; she had ceased to exist for him. The money that he was spending in her pursuit was only to recover the ducats, ducats that would be vital to his war against the hated Christian.

The trial scene was the perfect climax to his interpretation. Never had he dreamed that the eighth grade could rise to such histrionics. As he stood in the center of the court, drawing himself up to his gauntest, his grimmest, running his finger gently over the bared blade of his knife, the boys who played the Venetian riffraff howled about him, screaming anti-Semitic insults, and were pushed back by supposed marshals of the court. Francis, aware of the tenseness of his audience, wondered if he had not become the incarnation of the spirit of old Africa, demanding the flesh of Simon Legree!

The boy who played Portia almost stole the scene from him. He was cute, giggling, tricky. It was as if all the principal characters were in on the plot, drawing it out only to intensify the ultimate humiliation of the Jew. But Francis had everyone's attention back at the end. When he broke, he broke rapidly, bending over as if stricken by a hideous

(concluded on page 198)



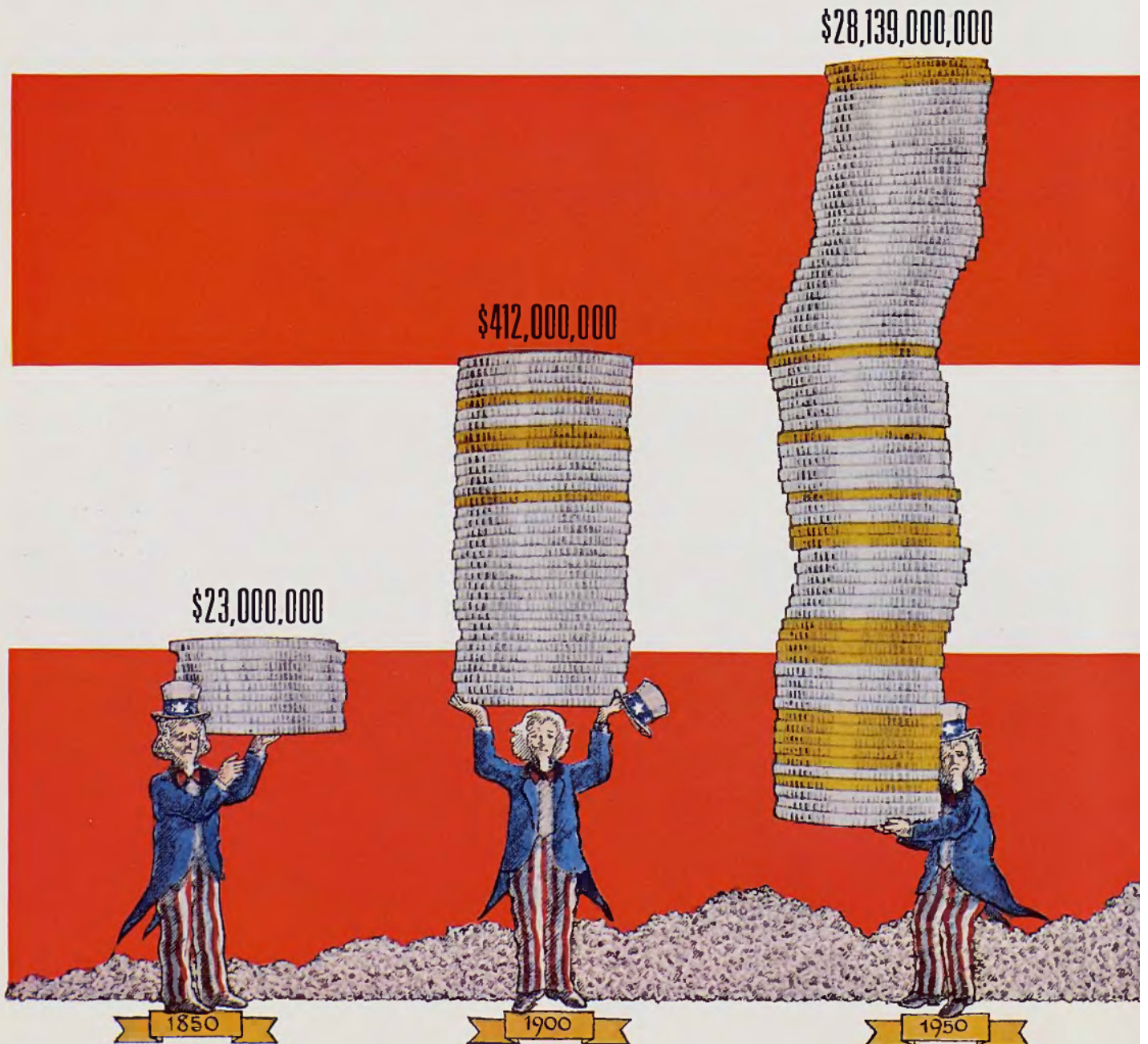


*"Er, look, Slim—I don't want to break up a really important relationship..."*



# OUR MORTGAGED FUTURE

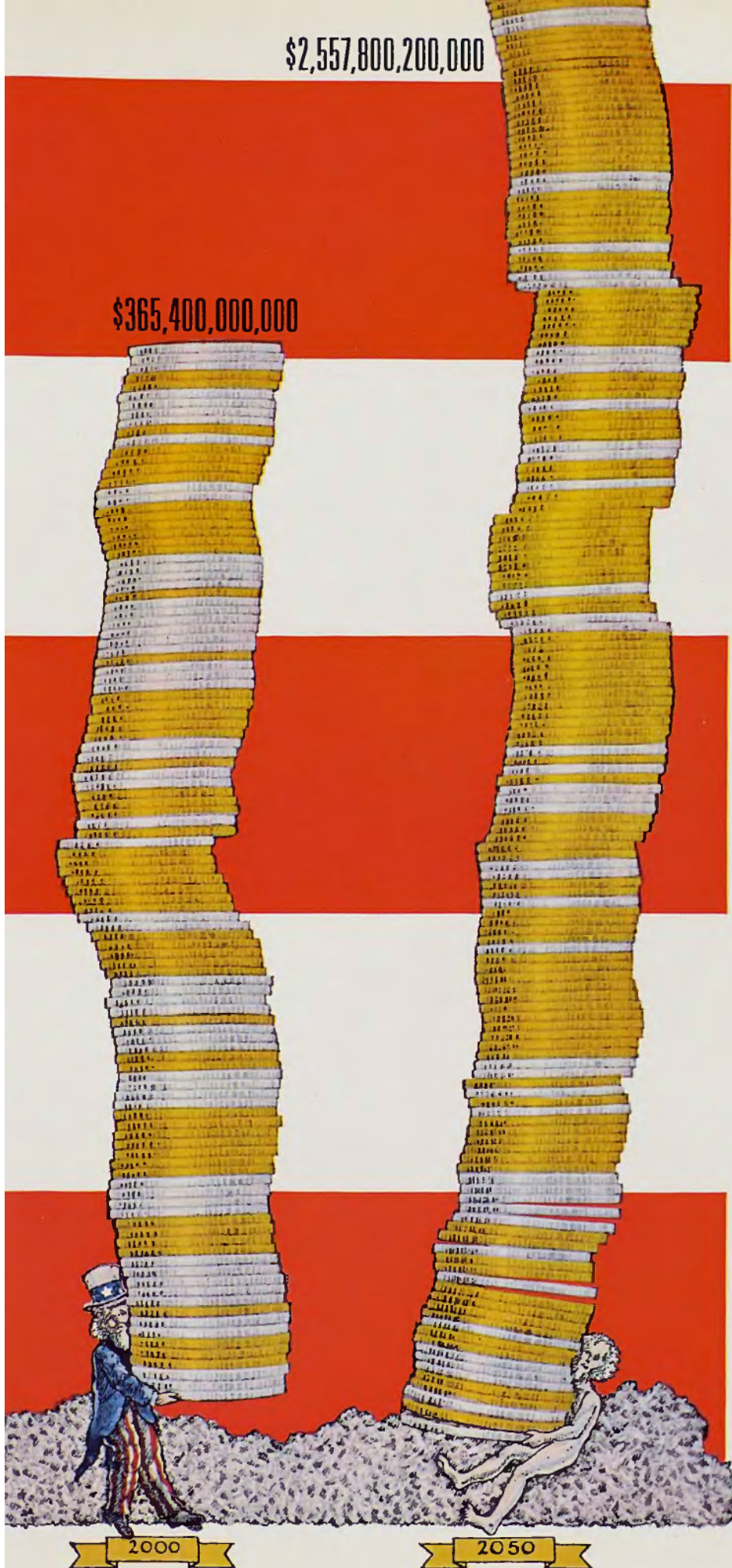
article By JAMES CLAYTON





\$2,557,800,200,000

\$365,400,000,000



*the enormous cost of actual warfare distracts us from the far greater postwar burden—win or lose—bequeathed to generations yet unborn*

IN THE SECOND HALF of 1968, a new mood of realism about the financial impact of the Vietnam war began to emerge in high-level Government conferences and in the national press. The most notable example was a report delivered by Daniel Patrick Moynihan that said the budgetary savings from the war's end would be totally consumed through the early 1970s by current and proposed military and domestic programs, given projected population growth. Little money would be left over for social reform. The effect of the report was to dash the hopes of many socially conscious Americans that the billions of dollars being spent in Vietnam could be turned to urgent and exciting new projects as soon as the war is over.

This new mood of financial realism may be the signal that the United States is now fully into phase two of the Vietnam war. Historically, phase one in almost any modern war is typified by a widespread mood of optimism, of viewing the war as a venture of honor or high moral purpose. Virtually no thought is given to costs or casualties. But as time passes and casualty lists grow longer, false hopes of a brief war and complete victory fade. If the war is indecisive, phase two's disillusionment and lassitude set in. The war is seen as either a monumental error or an unavoidable calamity due to the allegedly inherent evil in man.

Phase three—the aftermath of war—is rarely discussed. It is time we had such a discussion about the Vietnam war, as more discerning observers realize that the greatest anguish—and the greatest financial burdens—are yet to come. Like Yahweh, the gods of war visit the sins of the fathers upon the

The sums on the pictograph represent annual war-related Federal expenditures, past, present and future, borne by the American taxpayer, assuming the Vietnam war ends in 1970 and the United States substantially decreases its military activities—and engages in no global war—through the year 2050. The totals were derived and projected by Dr. Clayton from reports made by the U.S. Treasury Department.



children unto the third and fourth generation—and beyond.

The most enduring consequence of the Vietnam war, of course, is to be found in the casualty lists, for nothing is more permanent than death. As of January 24, 1970, the number of American battle deaths stood at 40,301, the number of wounded at 265,254. Only World Wars One and Two and the Civil War have produced more dead. If the present rate of conflict continues until the Congressional elections next autumn, American Vietnam-war dead may surpass the battle deaths from World War One. The number wounded in Vietnam has already exceeded those wounded in World War One. In short, the Vietnam war will go down in American history as our fourth and possibly our third major war. It is already our longest war.

The Vietnam civil war will also be recorded as one of the major wars in world history. From its inception in 1945 until the French withdrawal in 1954, the French suffered 172,000 casualties and the Vietnamese an estimated 500,000. Since 1954, according to the Defense Department, approximately 750,000 persons have been killed in South Vietnam, including an estimated 595,000 enemy dead. If those wounded since 1954 are included and both the South and North Vietnam wounded are estimated at only twice the number of our own—an admittedly conservative calculation, since enemy dead are officially counted at 1/2 times our dead—the total military casualties in the Vietnam war to date are over 2,000,000. If we also count North and South Vietnamese civilians who have been killed or wounded, especially by our bombs (the total tonnage of which now amounts to almost one third more than that of all the bombs dropped by the U. S. during World War Two), this figure would be well over 3,000,000. This is also a conservative estimate, because in virtually every war during this century, there have been more civilian casualties than military casualties.

Historically, 3,000,000 casualties is a staggering number. According to comparative figures gathered by historian Quincy Wright and the late economist Lewis Richardson, the best authorities on this issue, the total killed or injured in all European wars from the 11th through the 16th centuries was 1,421,000. The Vietnam-war casualties to date have already doubled that number. Viewed another way, the Vietnam war has produced more casualties than all British casualties in all the wars Great Britain has waged since William I conquered England in 1066.

The long-range effect of the Vietnam casualties will not be substantial insofar as the genetic make-up of the race or the birth rate in Vietnam or America is

concerned. More young men are killed in this country in automobile accidents each year than are killed in Vietnam. Even major wars—such as World Wars One and Two, in which 40,000,000 and 60,000,000 people were killed, respectively—have little measurable permanent effect. What is lost, and lost forever, is the possibility that these dead and their children could have been employed in worthy activities and could have contributed to the progress of civilization. Who can say whether one might not have been another Michelangelo, or another might not have found a cure for cancer? Greatness aside, any death in a mistaken cause is a tragedy of immeasurable proportions.

*Distribution* of the war dead also is worth noting. For the first time in American history, we may soon know who in our society actually pays the ultimate price of war. To emphasize the unpopularity of the Vietnam conflict, Congressman Paul Findley recently read into the *Congressional Record* the names of all the American Vietnam-war dead, state by state. *Newsday* magazine for August 2, 1969, analyzed the war dead of Long Island. With the assistance of a graduate student, Jerry Smith, I made a similar study for the state of Utah. Both studies agree in their essentials; and if these two areas are typical, when the casualty data are analyzed fully, it seems probable that the following patterns will emerge: (1) Most of the survivors of the dead (interviewed in Long Island) believe that the sacrifice of our fighting men has been in vain. (2) The great majority of those who died (again, according to the Long Island study) either believed in the war or believed it was not their business to question the war aims of the Government. (3) The overwhelming majority of the dead were from blue-collar families or families of clerical workers. (4) Those who died were typically white, aged 20, athletically inclined and had never attended college. (5) The dead tended to be Catholic, rather than Protestant, and Low Protestant rather than High Protestant.

The consequences of these facts, once they become widely known, are difficult to measure; but one suspects that future generations—and especially working-class families—will abominate the memory of Vietnam, though the working class will also receive more aid from pensions and educational benefits than other classes.

Next to the loss of life, the most permanent consequence of war in our history has been the veteran's pension. Although some economists would not include these pensions as a war cost, because over the years they have become more like welfare payments, nothing in the history of U. S. public expenditures has been more costly than veterans' benefits. The original direct cost—major national-security

expenditures—of all of America's wars prior to Vietnam was approximately 372 billion dollars. This figure is about *ten times* higher than our second most expensive purchase—public education. Veterans' benefits for these same wars—when finally paid—will amount to nearly 500 billion dollars, even if the rates and extent of coverage were frozen as of today, which, of course, they won't be.

Veterans' benefits for our first five major wars are now virtually paid out. They have increased the cost of those wars an average of almost four times the original cost, primarily because it takes such a long time to pay out funds to veterans and their dependents. In the case of the War of 1812, veterans' benefits rose for 68 years after the war was over and were not fully paid out until 1946, 131 years after the fighting stopped. In no case have veterans' benefits from past wars lasted less than 113 years.

The main reason these benefits are so long-lived is that most are paid out to dependents, rather than to ex-soldiers, and most have nothing to do with a Service-connected injury but, rather, are a form of welfare assistance. Moreover, benefit rolls tend to become more inclusive and payments tend to increase with time. More than 90 percent of Spanish-American War and 50 percent of World War One veterans are now receiving some kind of compensation. Also rising rapidly is the percentage of those using their GI Bill education benefits. In 1964, 34,000 men were using their GI benefits; today, more than 500,000.

If veterans' benefits for the Vietnam war are anything like those for previous wars, we may expect them to increase annually (after a small initial spurt and decline immediately following the war) until about the year 2020. Then they will fall gradually until near the end of the 21st Century, when they will cease altogether. Assuming no change in present laws, the total cost of Vietnam veterans' pensions will be about 220 billion dollars. Since costs always increase with time, the final bill will undoubtedly be much higher.

After veterans' benefits, the interest on war loans is probably the most significant long-range financial cost of war. It is difficult to measure interest costs, because the interest on war loans is not separated from other interest costs in the national accounts. Interest costs for war debts prior to the Civil War were probably less than 20 percent of original war costs. During the Civil War era, however, interest on the public debt jumped from less than \$4,000,000 in 1861 to \$144,000,000 in 1867. For the next 25 years, interest payments gradually fell, until they finally leveled off at about \$30,000,000. These payments, which are

(continued on page 98)



# FOR A MODERATE MAJORITY



*the president of the progressive-republican ripon society foresees the emergence of a young elite whose political involvement will lead the nation toward a new pragmatic policy for the seventies and beyond*

**article By JOSIAH LEE AUSPITZ**  
IF THE COMING AGE is to call forth the best energies in the country, those who are engaged in politics must adopt a position that fits reality. Unfortunately, such a stance is not to be found in any existing doctrine—liberal, radical or

conservative—and I would like to describe a politics that will be more suited to the realities of the new decade than those outmoded ideologies. My position is engaged, moderate, progressive—and Republican. And since my reasons for adopting it are neither autobiographical

nor mystical, I expect that they can be shared by a large number of people.

Because dropping out has been predicted as the wave of the future, let me begin by defending engagement. Political engagement will become more popular in the future, for an increasing



number of citizens will realize that what is at stake in American politics is the future of American culture. They will see that the political coalition on which a government is founded shapes not only the distribution of patronage and income but also the rhetoric that moves people to action, the kinds of arguments that seem binding and the life styles that are encouraged and imitated. They will begin to notice that much of the national income (36 percent in 1968) is disbursed through government; that legislation and administrative decisions at all levels of government greatly influence the direction of the economy and can elevate certain groups and regions to positions of dominance. They will see that in times of rapid social change, even the exercise of police and judicial power is not above politics.

All this has always been true, but it has not always been obvious. In this decade, the importance of political engagement will become clearer as a result of several irreversible historical developments.

The most far-reaching of these is the rise of a new political class that behaves in a way the ancient Greeks considered aristocratic. Its members are not aristocratic by virtue of inherited wealth, high birth or social status. Many, in fact, are of humble origin and proud of it. Their political behavior is aristocratic because they seek a meaningful public role that is not directly related to their own pecuniary interest. They have a strong notion of service, of political participation and of public—as opposed to private—good. They prefer to work in organizations in which they can feel themselves colleagues rather than subordinates. They have a strong distaste for hierarchal structures and when subjected to them—in the church, the university, the Army or in government or corporate bureaucracy—they begin to press for reforms. They have a well-developed sense of privacy, of tolerance for dissent and of individual freedom and responsibility. They are willing to devote portions of their lives to voluntary work and may even plan their careers in such a way as to give prominence to social concerns. They tend to choose as leaders not men with an authoritarian style but those who are able to enlist them in a spirit of partnership around projects that have immediate practical consequences while serving a higher and well-articulated vision. They tend to conceive of their lives as a process not of material accumulation nor even of bureaucratic advancement but of learning, adventure and service.

America has always had aristocrats of this sort. Indeed, the republic was founded by such men, and the success of its

democratic system has depended on them. But they have usually been confined to one class. Now a whole generation has grown up under conditions conducive to the growth of public-spiritedness. They have not known the cataclysm of a depression or a world war, so they think of social problems as manageable. They have not known want, so they are not preoccupied with material security. They have been well and freely educated, so they demand convincing reasons for the rules they must obey. And they have had political models that convince them that politics need not be narrowly manipulative. From Eisenhower they saw that it could be decent; from Kennedy, that it could appear noble and exciting; from Martin Luther King, that it could be infused with religious commitment. And even from Richard Nixon they may have learned a vital lesson—the importance of tenacity. Their standards are high and they will not compromise them for short-term advantage.

This description is often said to fit only a small, vocal group at a few elite universities. But those who so dismiss it are well behind the times. The new class is, in fact, a mass aristocracy. Its members can be found at schools in all regions of the country, and also among young labor-union members and white-collar workers. They are in the U.S. Army and in the slums. There are some working in police departments and in businesses. They tend to predominate in the professions, but independence of spirit and public concern, rather than occupational or educational status, are the hallmarks of the new aristocrats. Political engagement will assume new importance in American life, because they will insist on it.

Already, the impact of their concerns is evident, not only in pressures for reform in old institutions but in the invention of new institutional forms. The public-interest lawyer, the Peace Corps volunteer, the community organizer, the environmental planner—these are a few of the roles that the new class has already created for itself. More innovation is bound to come—new kinds of communities and economic enterprises, new techniques for expanding the democratic process itself. These changes—like all innovations—will be pioneered on a small scale, by local and private groups. Yet their chances of spreading will depend on the climate of national politics. It will then be clear that the reasons for engagement on the national level go far beyond a mere desire for participation. National politics will decide whether the mass aristocracy can exist on the terms it has set for itself.

Though the rise of a mass aristocracy is in many ways a fulfillment of American ideals, it also threatens established

procedures of government. The tendency of the new class will be to decentralize major decisions, so as to enable more people to influence them in meaningful ways. Yet, for a generation, truly momentous decisions have been concentrated in a very few hands. In domestic affairs, the New Deal inaugurated an era of emphasis on Federal programs; these have greatly increased the importance of the Federal bureaucracy vis-à-vis state and local governments. Even within state and local governments, the initiative has moved from elected governors and mayors to career civil servants who can extract grants from their opposite numbers in Washington. In foreign affairs, World War Two and the Cold War left us with gigantic military and intelligence-gathering agencies that operate in secrecy and follow hierarchal chains of command. They have shifted initiative from the many to the few—from Congress to the President and, even within the Presidency, to a small group of experts who are immune from Congressional inquiry.

The press and the nation's most prominent intellectuals speak in an idiom that makes these developments seem logical and inevitable. They invoke international crises that justify new increments in the powers of the foreign-policy establishment. To justify a reliance on Federal domestic programs they contrast the high intentions of the President with the backwardness of state and local governments. A crisis mentality abroad and statist liberalism at home have been used to legitimate secrecy, bureaucracy and an overcentralization of policy making.

A continuation of these doctrines will make it impossible for the aspirations of the mass aristocracy to be fulfilled. If the country insists on perceiving as problems only those that require centralized control in Washington, it will be unable to accommodate demands for new political roles; there are simply not enough niches in Washington to go around. To get decisions out of Washington, however, requires that a decentralizing coalition take control of the Federal Government, and this can be achieved only by replacing the New Deal alliance that has been the majority group in this country for nearly 40 years.

Since 1948, there have been clear signs of the decline of the New Deal coalition—and, indeed, its death has been proclaimed quadrennially. Yet the fact remains that nothing has taken its place. Though unpopular wars under Presidents Truman and Johnson have twice shifted the Presidency away from this coalition, the calcified New Dealers remain the Congressional majority, and their ideology of statist liberalism continues to dominate national discourse. All this despite the fact that the coalition and its doctrines

*(continued on page 94)*



# BUNNY MYRA: SHE'S ENTITLED

*the sterling assets that  
made this croupier  
cottontail miss england  
in the miss universe  
contest add up to a  
visual reward for  
lucky london  
hutchgoers*







MYRA VAN HECK is involved in the world of gambling, by nature as well as by profession. Occupationally, the 23-year-old British beauty is a roulette croupier at the London Playboy Club. But contests of all kinds are her forte, because her clearly stated ambition is to be rich and famous and to retire early. Since beauty contests have a way of bringing their winners precisely those rewards that Myra professes to seek, she entered the Miss England Contest. "I went for a giggle with all the other girls," she said. But the blue-eyed brunette was soon smiling brightly in all her Britannic majesty as the queen of the event. "I never dreamed of entering a beauty competition before that," said the regal Bunny. "Though it started as a lark, it turned out to be a serious thing—and hard work when the competition actually began." As a result of her victory, there was more work in store for Myra. She became one of the 62 girls representing their respective homelands in the 18th annual Miss Universe Pageant at Miami Beach. Though she didn't carry the crown away after that event, Myra did emerge as the most candid contestant of the hour. When asked about the tight schedule of activities the entrants were required to attend, Myra snapped: "They don't even give us time to go to the bloody bathroom." But when one of the pageant's chaperones told a television reporter that the girls had no time to watch TV, Myra reversed field. "She's fibbing," Myra said of the chaperone. "We watch the telly every night to see if we're on." Upbraided for her bluntness, the lovely Myra said, "I'm not going to change the way I talk for any beauty pageant." After the contest, Myra returned to Bunnydom and her gig at the gaming tables. "It's as interesting as any job can be," she says. "And it takes a certain amount of intelligence to control all the action at the board. You have to watch the spinning wheel, the ivory ball, the stack of chips and the bettors—all at the same time. It's really a challenge." After becoming one of the crowned heads of the Commonwealth, there followed an inevitable increase in Myra's responsibilities around the Bunny hutch. In addition to other new duties, she began working days as a teaching assistant for the director and general manager of the London Playboy Club, Peter Ryan, who lectures on business management at a nearby polytechnical school. The subject of his course is a matter for close scrutiny to the many British businessmen who attend: It's a study of the growth of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's Playboy empire. Though Ryan does most of the talking, Myra is a capital asset in keeping the class attentive. Queen Myra may not be wealthy or famous enough to retire just yet, but when she does take her turn at the leisurely life, we'll be the first to agree that she's entitled to rest on her royalties.







## MODERATE MAJORITY

*(continued from page 90)*

are obsolete. The rise of a mass aristocracy is not the only development making the New Deal alliance stagnant.

Modern communications have outdated the New Deal habit of satisfying demands of particular voting blocs and regions. A generation ago, this was the essence of politics. Franklin D. Roosevelt, let us remember, succeeded in getting Senate approval for his Clement Haynsworth—Justice Hugo Black, a former Ku Klux Klan member from Alabama, who seemed to be a sop to the Deep South. Roosevelt was able to bargain through intermediaries for the support of diverse blocs; the courthouses were his gateway to the pre-industrial South, the labor unions and big-city bosses his gateway to working-class and ethnic groups, prominent New Deal bureaucrats his gateway to university intellectuals. He was able to split the business community with policies that saved capitalism, hidden by rhetoric that baited businessmen.

All these techniques are more difficult now, because instant communication makes it virtually impossible to isolate one constituency from another. Any political utterance or action can immediately become known nationally. And though in some ways this draws the country together, it is as likely to divide it. The national news media have not diminished the fundamental cleavages in American society; indeed, they can make them more visible by assuring that statements that appear to favor one group will instantly arouse their antagonists. This makes it harder to slip through programs that favor any one interest group without justifying them in terms of the public interest. Old politicians will, of course, continue to push such programs, but these have become unsatisfactory as the major means for building coalitions. The mass media make it not only possible but necessary to appeal to citizens directly, instead of buying them off through intermediaries. The old groupings are, in any case, losing their importance to those within them. There is a growing constituency that can be appealed to only as citizens.

Affluence has had an even more shattering effect than the news media on the Roosevelt alliance. The New Deal was, after all, a response to the Depression; its major political achievement was to submerge religious, sectional and ethnic differences in economic and class issues. It pitted the have-nots against the haves and posed directly the question "Who gets what?" as the central one for politics. But now that the majority of Americans no longer consider themselves

have-nots, politics has moved to other questions. Instead of debating how economic classes shall be rewarded, we are increasingly asking which sectors of the economy and what styles of life deserve favored treatment by Government. Should we invest more in military spending? In housing? In transportation? Should we aim at increasing consumer spending, at generating full employment or at maintaining a stable currency? How should Government, with its laws on divorce, drug taking, Bible reading and sexual deviance, attempt to shape the activities of the individual? These questions certainly influence who gets what, but they really address a broader concern: "What is the good life?" They inaugurate an era of politics in which issues of life style, conscience, national priorities and goals will assume an important place.

Finally, Government's role in the economy has changed in ways that could not have been anticipated 30 years ago. In those days of economic stagnation, any Government activity at least helped get things going. Today, in an economy that is closely integrated, every Government policy has unintended consequences elsewhere. Farm supports in the Deep South can set migrations in motion that cause a rise in crime and a lowering of the tax base in the urban Northeast. Moreover, the New Deal relationship of Government to business does not provide for the growth of new industries based on technological breakthroughs. In the past, Government has regulated or protected industries; now it should concentrate on creating them. New technologies and demands for new services will make possible the growth of a whole range of activities. The rise of computer, electronic and nursing-home industries is an example. Government should grease the wheels for new economic activity and not just prop up inefficient industries and police corrupt ones.

These changes have produced a fluid period in American politics. An old coalition is in decline and it is not clear what will take its place. A new class is entering politics, new constituencies are being mobilized and new questions are asked of Government. These developments and the struggle to shape a new ruling combination will assure an unprecedented level of political engagement.

Yet engagement in itself is nothing to be applauded. Pre-Hitler Germany and pre-Revolution Russia had an intense degree of political activity just before they collapsed. What counts is not the fervor but the *quality* of involvement

in politics. In America today, none of the prevailing political doctrines fits the new realities. I have said that statist liberalism, with its emphasis on bureaucratic solutions, is unsuited to the rise of a mass aristocracy. To those who recognize this, conservatism, with its sharp critique of New Deal programs, may have an initial appeal. But it, too, discusses realities that are behind us. One can be enlightened by debates between liberals and conservatives, but one should expect no reliable guides to action from either side. On any given issue, one is better advised to consult the facts rather than the ideologies. What is needed is a radical's analysis of the forces at work in society, a liberal's sense of tolerance and his generous impulses toward the disadvantaged, and a conservative's respect for traditional values and his skepticism about bureaucracy. In general, those who can make such a synthesis will be moderates, not because they are moderate in the intensity of their commitment but because they have a sense of balance about social institutions.

It is both the strength and the weakness of the moderate that he can hold in his head more than one idea at a time. He can speak of decentralizing Government programs and still provide for a proper degree of central guidance. He can see that trade-offs must exist between social equality and economic efficiency, between participation and decisiveness, between liberty and order. Above all, he can distinguish between the facts and what he would like the facts to be. Because his position never falls unambiguously under any banner, he lacks a certain chivalric simplicity. Because he tries to preserve a balance, he often seems inconsistent: The moderate may oppose military spending this year and fight to increase it five years from now, because circumstances have changed. Because he deals with complexities and conflict, he prefers rational discussion to confrontation and mediation to violence. Because he recognizes that glorious ends are seldom achieved, he puts a great emphasis on means: He judges policies by their immediate human consequences more than by their presumed effects a generation hence. If his position sounds unglamorous, then we had better start glamorizing it, for our institutions will not survive without the moderate's quiet pragmatism. His skills are needed most now, when American institutions are going out of kilter.

Yet moderation by itself is no longer enough. The great attraction of the moderate has been his ability to preserve stability without undue repression or corruption. It is this ability that has

*(continued on page 186)*





JOKOH

*"Stop worrying, honey. My wife always spends the day with her mother when she thinks I'm out of town."*



Back row, left to right: Hot Comb hair dryer comes with styling brush and fine- and coarse-tooth comb attachments, by Remington, \$19.95, stands in a foldable leather toiletries kit with strap and vinyl lining, made in England, by Alfred Dunhill, \$20. Brut Fresh-Up face cleanser and refresher lotion, 4¼ ozs., by Fabergé, \$3. Kit'n Koboodle double-zippered carryall of brushed suede easily tucks into corners of suitcase, car's glove compartment, by Arnold Palmer/Enger Kress, \$17.50. Louis Vuitton vinyl carryall with LV initials in cover pattern, from Saks, \$60. Cowhide Dopp-Kit that folds flat, opens wide and stays open, features zipper closure and stitchless vinyl lining, by Charles Doppelt,

\$12.50, holds a sideburn, mustache and beard brush and comb, from Kent of London, \$5. For A Man's Trek cowhide case with brass fittings comes with 2 ozs. each of eau de toilette and after-shave lotion and one cake of soap; when empty, case can be used for field glasses or camera equipment, by Givenchy, \$35. Linen and cowhide carryall with snap-strap, made in England, from Marshall Field & Co., \$13.50. Front row, left to right: Body Oil Xpresso contains a combination

of aromatic and emollient oils, comes in 3-oz. Plexiglas globe, by Xonadu, \$15. Nine Flags Thermo Shaving Foam that's self-heating comes in polished-aluminum container, 6¼ ozs., by Colton, \$5. Private Deodorant Spray for all-over protection, helps control perspiration, 4¼ ozs., by Braggi, \$5. Pantene for Men Conditioner, a cream that makes hair healthy-looking and more manageable, 4 ozs., \$7.50, and Forming de Pantene #1 lotion, a Swiss grooming aid especially designed for men with oily hair, also available in formulas for dry and fine hair, 8 ozs., \$5, both by Pantene. Jetstar hair dryer can be set to 110-120 volts or to overseas 220-240 volts at the flip of a switch, by Ronson, \$19.95.





# THE GROOMING BOOM

*a host of new notions to help you improve on a good thing*

Back row, left to right: Marble ball of French-milled soap, by Xonodu, \$8.50 for three, including Plexiglas holder, is atop a fluorescent-lighted shaving mirror with compartment for gear in back, by Bercy Industries, \$20. Standard-sized English Box Kit of podded cowhide that features vinyl lining and pocket, \$16, is atop a king-sized English Box Kit, \$19, both by Charles Doppelt. Electric massager with cushioned cylindrical head, by Norelco, \$25, stands on electric heated-lather

dispenser, by Sunbeam, \$25. Front row, left to right: Daily Shampoo, 6-oz. bottle, and aerosol Dry Face Moisturizing Foam, 5 ozs., \$5 each, both by Aramis. Chrome cantina holds concentrated men's essence, by Xanadu, \$15. The Image Maker, an ultra-magnification grooming lens, presses onto any mirror, by Stimulant Products, \$10. JRP Both and Shower Gel, a scented shower soap-shampoo in gelatin form, by John Robert Powers, \$5. Instant Bronzing Stick, by Aramis, \$6.

Lektro Blade 9 rechargeable shaver operates on batteries or A.C., comes with disposable blades, comfort dial adjusts shaving heads to four positions, by Remington, \$35.





## OUR MORTGAGED FUTURE (continued from page 88)

attributable to the Civil War, raised the cost of that conflict by about one third.

The rate of interest costs of recent wars is comparable. The noted economist John M. Clark, using Treasury Department data, once calculated the interest costs of World War One to 1929 at 9.5 billion dollars, or about 37 percent of the original cost of that war to that date. Henry C. Murphy, in his book *National Debt in War and Transition*, has shown that the Government borrowed 215 billion dollars to finance World War Two. That debt is still on the books and has cost us about 200 billion dollars in interest to date. This interest cost is now 70 percent of the original cost of World War Two.

Although we have reduced our debt after every war prior to 1945, no serious effort has ever been made to reduce the debt from World War Two or from subsequent wars. The Korean War probably added an additional ten billion dollars to the already swollen war-debt ledger. If the principal for the Korean War is not paid off any faster than that for World War Two, the additional interest by 1978 will be about 20 percent of the original cost. If interest costs continue to climb and attitudes toward public debt do not change substantially, it is conceivable that interest costs for World War Two and the Korean War eventually may actually exceed the original cost of those wars.

The amount of indebtedness for the Vietnam war is unknown. Since the war escalation of 1965, however, the public debt has risen almost 70 billion dollars. If this debt is treated like the Korean War debt—i.e., if no more than half of it is attributed directly to the war in Vietnam—then, by 1990, the interest costs on the Vietnam-war debt will be 35 billion dollars (at four percent per annum—a conservative estimated rate), with the entire principal still outstanding.

Increased taxes have been an enduring consequence of war because of increased Federal borrowing. Income taxes began in this country as emergency war taxes. The Civil War made them a permanent feature of our Governmental system. By 1911, the high costs of financing the Spanish-American War, which required doubling tax receipts, pushed income from internal revenue above receipts from Customs duties. World War One increased internal-revenue receipts more than *fourteenfold*, from \$380,000,000 in 1914 to 5.4 billion dollars in 1920. Per-capita taxes increased *nine* times during that war. World War Two increased per-capita taxes an additional *seven* times. If neither of these wars had occurred, our per-capita tax rate would have been about one tenth of what it actually was in 1946, assuming no inflation—which is primarily caused by war, as we shall see.

For this reason, it is misleading to view the present surtax either as temporary (as former President Johnson promised and as President Nixon still promises) or as the ultimate tax cost of the Vietnam war. From 1965 to 1967, the most recent date of available data, our per-capita taxes increased 27 percent. This is partly the result of an increase in military-retirement pay, which is now increasing \$200,000,000 per year independently of other Department of Defense activities. Obviously, our taxes must go higher yet. The long-range taxation consequences of the Vietnam war are more likely to be an additional and permanent burden on top of an already large tax structure (itself mostly the result of past wars) rather than anything unique or presently unforeseen.

Traditionally, much of the cost of war has been met through inflation. We have had four periods of extreme inflation and deflation since 1800—all produced by war. The Civil War and World War One each doubled prices. World War Two increased prices by 50 percent. The Korean War further increased the cost of living by about ten percent.

Following the Napoleonic Wars, the previous upward surge of inflation tapered off during the 19th Century—a century of relative peace in Europe. Prices generally fell for 100 years. But the 20th Century has been a century of war and the price trend is sharply up. Prices are now five times higher than they were in 1900. If wars continue in the coming decades, the upward trend will continue and prices could be four times higher in the year 2000 than they are now.

Despite the extreme steps being taken by the Nixon Administration, the inflationary effect of Vietnam will probably result ultimately in a ten percent reduction in the standard of living of the average American. Since 1964, the consumer price index has increased 16 percent. If only half of that increase is attributable to the Vietnam war—a conservative estimate—then the inflationary cost of the Vietnam war to our G. N. P. to the first quarter of 1969 has been about 17 billion dollars in only four years. In the past, it has taken 10 to 20 years of peace to erase this war-caused inflation. If peace were to come this year, therefore, we could expect the inflationary effects of the Vietnam war to last at least until 1980 and cost a minimum of 30 billion dollars.

Rapid price fluctuations in time of war have historically created a crop of newly rich, which has aroused widespread contemporary condemnation. Politicians and merchants—or, more recently, industrialists—have been the targets of this condemnation since the beginning of time. The widespread criticism of our present-day military-industrial complex is simply

history repeating itself on schedule. This complex is the source of our newly rich. Although the lower income brackets gained most from the full employment accompanying World War Two, the major increases in income from the Vietnam war have clearly gone to the upper-income occupations. Within those income classes, the most noticeable benefits have gone to management and scientists in the ordnance, aircraft and electronics industries. These industries are concentrated in California, Texas, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey and Missouri. Moreover, the war has strengthened already existing trends of large corporations toward conglomeration and already existing tendencies in science toward applied rather than basic research. In the long run, we may expect the Vietnam war to further widen the economic gulf between classes.

The newly created poor caused by war are often overlooked. Who today mourns the Tories of the American Revolution, the slaveholding planters of the Civil War or the farmers who, at the request of the Government, overexpanded during World War One? It is too soon to say who the newly poor of the Vietnam conflict will be, but those who have been left out of the war-generated prosperity are clearly recognized. By state, they are found chiefly in Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, Montana, North and South Dakota, Kentucky, West Virginia, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Individuals on fixed salaries and pensioners with fixed incomes have been hurt by war-generated inflation and the unskilled have been left out of the 1,000,000 new but sophisticated jobs that have been generated by the war in Vietnam.

The major research universities of this country also have paid a price by surrendering some of their independence and by neglecting teaching. Most others have suffered financially as funds that might have been used for education have gone for war.

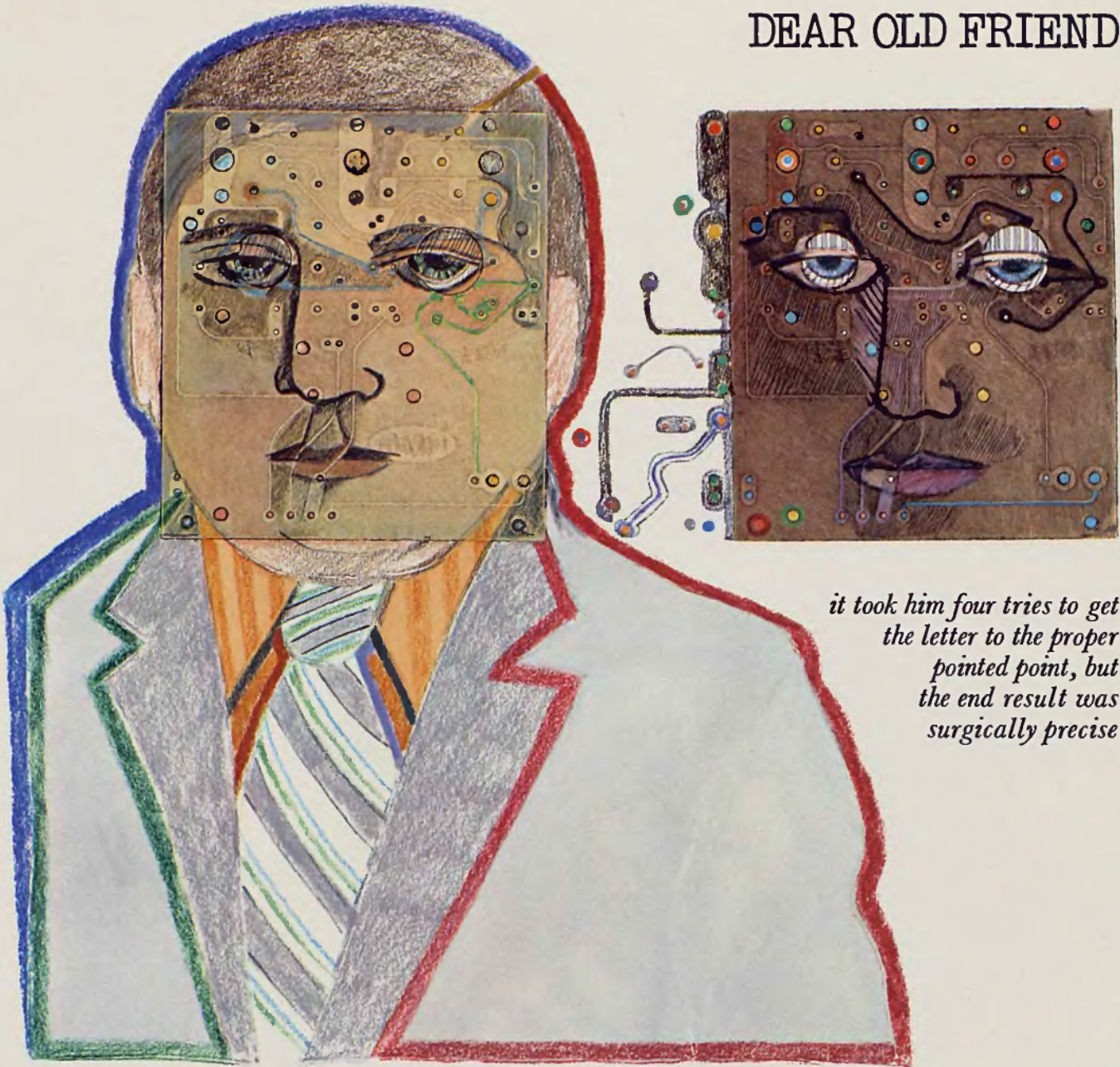
The more enduring political and social consequences of the Vietnam conflict are the most difficult to define and the worst served by the evidence of past wars. There are no landmark studies on the social or psychological consequences of war. Indeed, there is an absence of objective standards of measurement. Observers are, therefore, largely left to impressionistic insights full of paradox and ambiguity. Yet informed judgments—even if imperfect—are better than wholly objective silence.

Over the centuries, war has tended to centralize Government; and during all major American wars, the power of the Federal Government has markedly increased. As economist Herman Krooss has shown, each of our three major wars has cost ten and a half times more than

*(concluded on page 197)*



## DEAR OLD FRIEND



*it took him four tries to get  
the letter to the proper  
pointed point, but  
the end result was  
surgically precise*

### *fiction* By JOHN D. MAC DONALD

LUCY, please save this whole tape. This is a tough letter to write and I may not get it right the first time. But I want to save any false starts, just for the record. No need to transcribe the false starts, if any. Just file the tape, after you type up the final version. The letter goes to Howard J. Faxton, at that Holiday Inn north of town. You can check the proper address. I'll want hand delivery on it.

If I don't get it right the first time, I'll leave a note on the machine with the index number of the final version.

Dear Howie. You might be able to guess that after you left the house the

other night, Ruthie and I stayed up a long time and talked. It was quite a shock, having you come out of the blue after seven long years.

And, naturally, we were very upset to hear that Annabelle passed away over a year ago. Ruthie was quite hurt about your not letting us know. Remember, she gave up writing when Annabelle wouldn't write back. After all, the gals were the best of friends. But I suppose there comes a time when a woman has to be loyal to her husband. And it was pretty obvious at the time you and I split up that Annabelle had the strange idea that I'd given you a raw deal. You know that is not so, and I know it, and so does Ruthie.

All three of us had a little too much to drink the other night, and we finally started saying things that none of us really meant. The evening shouldn't have ended on that note.

After you left, Ruthie and I did some reminiscing, and she remembered a lot of things I'd completely forgotten. I'd forgotten how scared and edgy and insecure you and I felt back there in 1956, when we cut ourselves loose from Win-Tech and all that nice job security and set up as Ray-Fax, Incorporated.

One crummy little cinder-block building out on Route 181, eight grand working capital, two employees—four, if you count Ruthie (continued on page 220)



memoir By STANLEY BOOTH

WHEN WE CAME into the alley, the children stopped playing. They stood poised, watching us. There were two-story brick buildings on both sides, with wooden stairways that shut out all but a thin blue strip of sky. Filthy rags and broken bottles lay on the concrete pavement. There were women sitting on the doorsteps, some of them together, talking, but most of them alone, sitting still, ignoring the heat and the buzzing flies.

"How are you?" Charley Brown spoke to one of them.

"I ain't doin' no good," she said. She did not

look up. The children's gaze followed us as we walked on. The women talking would stop as we came near and then, as we went past, would start again.

Close by, a fat woman was holding a small brown-and-white dog to her bosom. "What you got there?" Charley asked her.

"Little spitz," she said. "Look how dirty he is. He pretty when he clean."

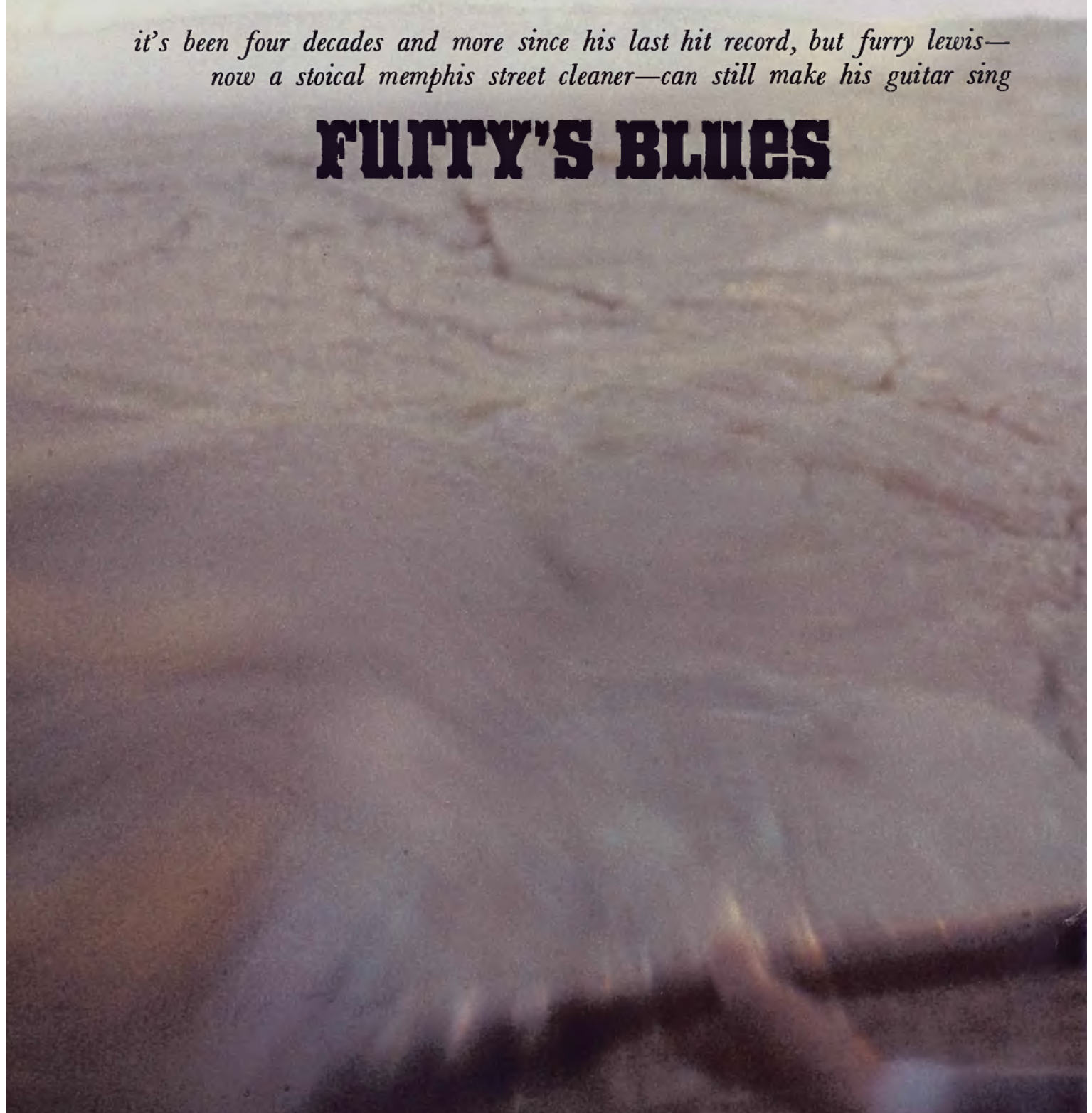
"Nice dog," he said. "Is Furry home?"

"Dey up deah. Dey ain't been long gone up."

We climbed the back stairs of the building on

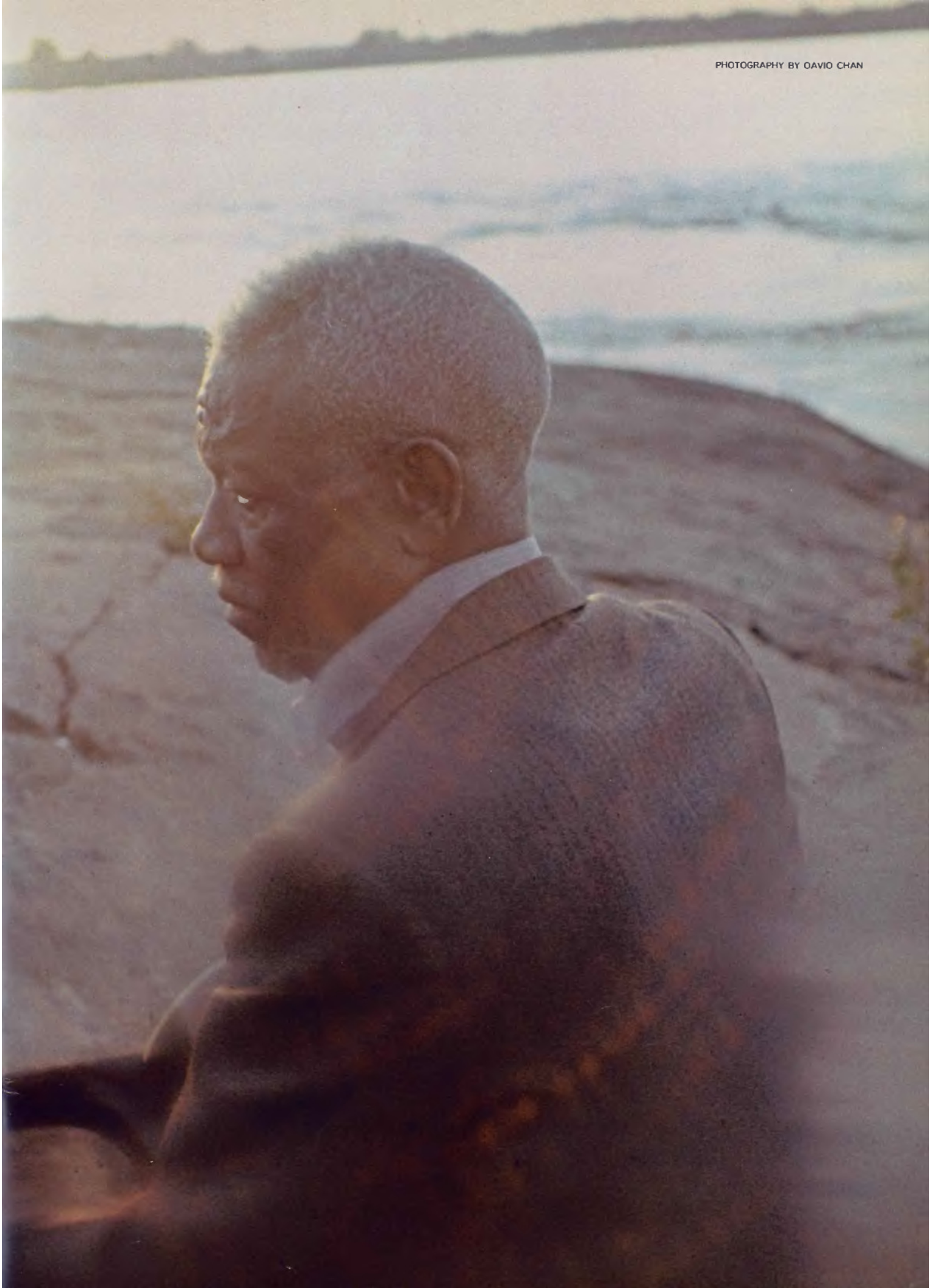
*it's been four decades and more since his last hit record, but furry lewis—  
now a stoical memphis street cleaner—can still make his guitar sing*

## FURRY'S BLUES





PHOTOGRAPHY BY OAVIO CHAN





our left and went down a bare, dusty hall to a door with a metal number three over the cloth-patched screen. Charley started to knock, and then we heard the music and he waited. " 'Got a new way of spellin' ;' " a quiet, musing voice sang, " 'Memphis, Tennessee.' " A run of guitar chords followed, skeptical, brief; " 'Double M, double E, great God, A Y Z.' " Then two closing chords, like a low shout of laughter, and Charley knocked.

The door swung open. There, sitting next to a double bed, holding a guitar, was Furry Lewis. During the heyday of Beale Street, when the great Negro blues artists played and sang in the crowded, evil blocks between Fourth and Main, Furry, a protégé of W. C. Handy, was one of the most highly respected musicians. He was also one of the most popular, not only in the saloons and gambling dives of Memphis but in the medicine shows and on the riverboats all along the Mississippi. In Chicago, at the old Vocalion studios on Wabash Avenue, he made the first of many recordings he was to make, both for Vocalion and for RCA Victor's Bluebird label. But Beale Street's great era ended at the close of the 1920s; since then, Furry has had only one album of his own—a 1959 Folkways LP.



Furry makes most of his music these days in a Memphis boardinghouse room similar to this. When he does perform publicly, it's at the Bitter Lemon coffeehouse, a local gathering place for moneyed teens. But it's all rock 'n' roll there; the kids don't know much about the blues.

He slipped the cylinder over the little finger of his left hand and started to play, his short leg crossed over the longer one, his bare narrow foot patting softly the plain brown boards as he sang. " 'Well, I'm goin' to Brownsville, I'm goin' take that right-hand road' "; the cylinder slid, whining, over the treble strings.

"I was in Brownsville, Tennessee," Furry said, "working on a doctor show, and I met a little girl I liked; but her parents wouldn't let me come around to see her, 'cause I was showfolks, and they was respectable. So I wrote this: 'And the woman I love's got great long curly hair.'" The guitar repeated the line, added a delicate, punctuating bass figure, and then, as if it were another voice, sang the next line with Furry, staying just behind or slightly ahead of the beat: " 'But her mother and father do not allow me there.' "

As he played, I looked around the room. The brown-spotted wallpaper was covered with decorations: Over the bed were a few sprigs of artificial holly, an American flag, hanging with the stripes vertical and the stars at the bottom left, three brightly colored picture postcards and an ink sketch of Furry. On the wall behind the couch, there was a child's crayon drawing in which Jesus, dressed in handsome red-and-blue robes, held out his arms to an enormous white rabbit. Furry's right hand swooped and glided over the guitar, striking notes and chords in what

Nor, since the Depression, has he performed regularly, even in his home town. He makes his living as a street sweeper. When he does play, it is usually at the Bitter Lemon, a coffeehouse that caters mainly to the affluent East Memphis teenaged set, but whose manager, Charley Brown, is a blues enthusiast and occasionally hires Furry between rock-'n'-roll groups.

Charley, a tall, blond young man, bent to shake hands with Furry. Furry did not stand. One leg of his green pajamas hung limp, empty below the knee.

The boy wearing gold-rimmed spectacles who had got up from a chair to let us in said, "I'm Jerry Finberg. Furry's been giving me a little guitar lesson." We shook his hand, then Charley introduced me to Furry and we all sat down. The room held a sizable amount of old, worn furniture: the bed, a studio couch, three stuffed chairs, a chiffonade and a dresser. Beside the bed, there was a table made from a small wooden crate.

"It's good to see you, Furry," Charley said.

"You, too," said Furry. "You hadn't been here in so long, I thought you had just about thrown me down."

Charley said that he could never do that and asked Furry if he would come out to the coffeehouse for a couple of nights in the coming week. Furry picked up a pair of glasses from the bedside table, put them on, then took them off again. He would like to, he said, but his guitar was at Nathan's. "This here one belongs to this boy, Jerry." He put the glasses back on the table. It held aspirin, Sal Hepatica, cigarette papers and a Mason jar full of tobacco. Charley said not to worry, he'd get the guitar.

"Will you, sure 'nough?" Furry asked, looking at Charley with serious, businesslike gray eyes.

"I'll get it tomorrow. What's the ticket on it?"

"Sixteen dollars."

"I'll get it tomorrow."

"All right," Furry said, "and I'll come play for you." He reached out and shook hands solemnly with Charley.

"Could you play something now, or don't you feel like it?" Charley asked.

Furry smiled. "I may be weak, but I'm willing," he said. He took a small metal cylinder from his pajama pocket and picked up the guitar. "I believe I'll take you to Brownsville."





*"Is this all I am to you, Arnold—a medium for social protest?"*



looked but did not sound like complete random. At times, he slapped the guitar box with two fingers or the heel of his hand as, in the same motion, he brushed the strings. "Call that spank the baby," he said. The guitar was both an echo of his voice and a source of complex and subtle accents. He sang, " 'Don't you wish your woman was long and tall like mine?' " then repeated the line, leaving out, or letting the guitar speak, half the words. " 'Well, she ain't good-lookin', but I 'clare, she takes her time.' " The bass figure followed, then one amused final chord. Furry laid the guitar down.

"You play beautiful guitar," Charley said.

"Yes, it is," Furry said, holding up the instrument. "Believe I'll be buried in this one."

"Was that Spanish tuning?" asked Jerry, who had been leaning forward, elbows on his knees, listening intently.

"They some beer in the icebox," Furry said.

Jerry sighed and stood up. "Come on," he said to me. "Help bring the glasses." We went into the kitchen. It was almost as large as the front room, with a stove, a refrigerator, a good-sized table and, in one corner, another double bed. A cabinet held gallon jars of flour, sugar, lima beans and an assortment of canned goods: Pride of Illinois white sweet corn, School Day June peas, Showboat pork and beans, Lyke's beef tripe, Pride of Virginia herring, Bush's Best black-eyed peas and turnip greens.

Jerry took a quart of Pfeiffer's beer out of the refrigerator. I found four glasses on a newspaper-lined shelf, rinsed them at the square metal sink ("They clean," Furry called, "but no tellin' what's been runnin' over 'em") and we went back into the other room. We had just finished pouring when there was a knock at the door.

"That's my wife," Furry said, sliding the latch open. "Come in, Versie." She came in, a compact, handsome woman. I introduced myself and the others said hello. Versie, in a pleasantly hoarse voice, told us that only that morning, she had been asking Furry what he had done to make his boyfriends stay away so long.

"They all throwed me down," Furry said, then laughed and told Versie he was going out to play at the Bitter Lemon. She smiled and asked if she could get us anything to eat. We all said no, thank you, and she sat down.

"My wife loves to see after folks," Furry said. "Do anything in the world for people. Feed 'em, give 'em something to drink; if they get too drunk to go home, got a bed in there to put you to sleep on. And I'm the same way. But you know, there's one old boy, I see him every day at work, and every time I see him, he bum a cigarette from me. Now,

it ain't much, but it come so *regular*. So the other day, I told him, 'Boy, ain't but one difference 'tween you and a blind man.' And he said, 'What's that?' And I told him, 'Blind man beg from everybody he hear, you beg from everybody you see.'"

"Well," Versie said, from her chair on the other side of the room, "it's a pleasure to do things for people who are so nice to us. We tried and tried to find out Furry's age, so he could get this Medicare, and Jerry went out to Furry's old school and made them look through the records and find out when he was born. He spent several days, just to help us."

"Found out I was born 1893," Furry said. "March the sixth, in Greenwood, Mississippi. But I moved to Memphis, with my mother and two sisters, when I was six. My mother and father were sharecroppers and they separated before I was born. I never saw my father, never even knew what he looked like." He took a drink of beer.

"Where did you live when you came here?" I asked.

"My mother had a sister lived on Brinkley Avenue," he said. "Call it Decatur now. We stayed with her. They a housing project there now, but I could still show you the spot." He took another drink, looked at the glass, then emptied it. "I was raised right there and walked a few blocks to the Carnes Avenue School. Went to the fifth and that's as far as I got. Started going about, place to place, catching the freights. That's how I lost my leg. Goin' down a grade outside Du Quoin, Illinois, I caught my foot in a coupling. They took me to a hospital in Carbondale. I could look right out my window and see the ice-cream factory."

He took a cigarette from a pack of Pall Malls on the bedside table. "That was 1916," he said. "I had two or three hundred dollars in my pocket when that happened, too; I had just caught a freight 'cause I didn't feel like spending the money for a ticket." He struck a match, but the breeze from the window fan blew it out. Charley took the cigarette, lit it and handed it back. "Love you," Furry said. "Goin' put you in the Bible."

He stuck the cigarette in the corner of his mouth, picked up the guitar and played a succession of slow, blues-drenched chords that seemed to fill the room. "I'm doing all right," he said. "What you want to hear?"

"Do you remember *Stagolee*?" I asked.

"What song?"

"One you recorded a long time ago, called *Stagolee*."

"Long time ago—I wasn't born then, was I?" He quickly changed tunings and started to sing the song. He did one chorus, but it went off after the second, which began, "'When you lose your money, learn to lose.'"

"What was that last?" Charley asked.

Furry repeated the line. "That means, don't be no *hard* loser. That's what this song is about." He began again, but after a few bars, he lost the tune. He was tired.

Charley stood up. "We've got to go, Furry."

"No," Furry said. "You just got here."

"Got to go to work. I'll pick you up Tuesday night."

"I'm so glad you came by," Versie told Charley, in the hall. "Sometimes Furry thinks everybody has forgotten him."

It had rained while we were inside and the air in the alley smelled almost fresh. The women were gone now and only a few of the children were still out. It was nearly dark. We walked back to the car and drove down Beale Street, past the faded blocks of pawnshops, liquor stores and poolrooms. The lights were coming on for the evening.

• • •

The Beale Street that Furry Lewis knew as a boy had its beginnings when, after the Battle of Memphis in 1862, the Federal Army made its headquarters in the area. The Negro population of the city consisted mainly of former slaves, who felt they had good reason to fear the local citizenry and, therefore, stayed as close to Federal headquarters as possible. After the War, many Negroes came in from the country, trying to find their families. There were only about 4000 Negroes in Memphis in 1860, but by 1870, there were 15,000. Beale Street drew them, it has been said, "like a lodestone."

The music the country Negroes brought, with its thumping rhythms, unorthodox harmonies and earthy lyrics, combined with the city musicians' more polished techniques and regular forms to produce, as all the world knows, the Beale Street blues. Furry cannot remember when he first heard the blues, nor is he certain when he started trying to play them.

"I was eight or nine, I believe," he said, "when I got the idea I wanted to have me a guitar." We were at the Bitter Lemon now, Furry, Versie, Charley and I, waiting for the crowd to arrive. The waitresses, pretty girls with long, straight hair, were lighting candles on the small, round tables. We sat in the shadows, drinking bourbon brought from the liquor store on the corner, listening to Furry talk about the old days.

He was coatless, wearing a white shirt with a dark-blue tie, and he was smoking a wood-tipped cigar. "I taken a cigar box, cut a hole in the top and nailed a piece of two-by-four on there for a neck. Then I got some screen wire for the strings and I tacked them to the box and twisted them around some bent nails on the end of the two-by-four. I could turn

(continued on page 114)



## PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

*the definitive statement on coming trends in warm-weather wearwithal*



The comely bird alighting from the Rolls-Royce has been delightfully driven to distraction by her date's good-looking threads: a linen and Terylene patent-leather-belted suit, \$225, with matching body shirt, \$25, both by Pierre Cardin.

**attire By ROBERT L. GREEN** NOW THAT the sun season is almost upon us, it's time we again cast ourselves in the role of fashion seer and predict what we believe will be stylishly wise investments for the months to come. As readers of PLAYBOY know, the word suit is no longer limited to a matching jacket

and trousers. Shirt suits in various fabrics, including satin, synthetic blends and shiny knits, will continue to be worn in place of conventional models when the occasion is relatively casual. (The shirt can be worn open to the waist, if you've the build for it.) During working hours, of *(text concluded on page 111)*









Above: Mustachioed mysterious stranger prefers a Dacron and cotton longer-length raincoat, by Michael Maiello for Weathercraft, \$85, and wide-brimmed fur felt hat, by Le Dernier Cri, \$35. Opposite page: Stylishly shipshape boat-swains down beside the sheside favor, left to right, striped knit shirt, \$18, and single-pleated slacks, \$30, both by Viceroy; acetate body shirt, by Peter Golding for Van Heusen, \$15, tucked into corduroy slacks, by Paul Ressler, \$14; in the fore, snakeskin-print pullover, by Mike Weber for Boutique Sportswear, \$15, and polyurethane slacks, by Viceroy, \$26.50; finally, knit body shirt, by Ken Scott for Kandahar, \$30, worn with straight-legged slacks, by Glen Oaks, \$11.





Top: Beachniks dig, left to right, a striped cotton vest, by Himalaya, \$10, and denim jeans with contrasting side stripe, by Male, \$9; a fringed leather vest, \$75, worn with suede jeans, \$62, both by Siddhartho. Above: Gentleman is eminently embraceable in a python-skin short jacket with zip closure, by Sebastian, \$260, and crushed-velvet slacks with flared leg bottoms, by Viceroy, \$28.50.







White-hatted good guy establishes his sartorial bench mark with a linen-and-cotton-blend linen-weave shirt suit, \$70, and a linen belt, \$5, both by Larry Kane for Raffles Wear; buffalo-leather demiboats, by Verde, \$30; and a Panama straw broad-brimmed hat, by Rafael, \$25.









Above: Our guy comes on in a linen and Terylene shopped suit, by Cricketeer, \$85, twill cotton shirt, by Hathaway, \$12, Aztec print tie, by Bert Pulitzer, \$6.50, and two-toned shoes, by Verde, \$26. Opposite page: Two gentlemen find that the well-suited life isn't a lonely one. The chap up front likes a silk and wool suit, by Jackie Rogers for Joseph H. Cohen, \$135, Aztec print shirt, by Creighton, \$15, silk twill wide tie, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, \$12.50, and kidskin boots, by Verde, \$38. Man behind him favors a striped wool twill suit, by Linett, \$120, geometric print silk shirt, by Giovonnelli, \$30, silk sotin tie, by Bill Miller for The Village Squire, \$7.50, and two-toned bols, by Renegodes, \$29.

course, you'll want to play it fashionably safe and wear a more conservative look—perhaps a two-button shaped suit, classic white, oyster and gray being the most popular shades. (We also foresee that light-colored linen suits will return in wide-lapelled single-breasteds that feature bellowed patch pockets, wide straight-legged trousers—some with pleats—and deep cuffs.)

The aforementioned white, oyster and gray will give your suit and sports-jacket wardrobes increased versatility, provided you supplement your garb with the appropriate accessories. At the office, for example, a white suit can be coordinated with a solid-color shirt and a neatly patterned wide tie (five inches is the maximum). Then, if you're going to an informal warm-weather party straight from your desk, you can change your shirt and your look simply by donning a printed satin shirt worn unbuttoned at the neck.

Although a white suit will help you keep your cool on a sultry afternoon—and show off a deep midsummer tan—also take notice of white's attractive opposite. A belted black suit, such as the one pictured on page 105, combined with a black shirt is elegantly correct for both day and evening.

Topping off the white belted shirt suit and longer-length raincoat shown in our *Fashion Forecast* are two wide-brimmed Thirties-style hats of Panama straw and fur felt. Both hats are excellent examples of what to

expect in menswear during spring and summer 1970, a period when male-fashion designers will continue to update old flamboyant looks in terms of the new decade.

Browsing through the racks of slacks in your favorite men's store or *boutique*, you'll see that leg widths are still running the gamut from tapered and trim to floppy and flared. Naturally, you'll want to pick the cut that's most flattering to your physique. Tie-dye jeans (denims that have been tied in knots and dipped into dye, in order to create a splotchy pattern that resembles a Rorschach test) will be a top-drawer choice among the wilder offerings, along with polyurethane wet-look styles to be held up with a wide belt. (The broad belt, incidentally, is a cinch to remain popular for at least another six months.)

Proceeding from the city to the strand, you'll find that beachwear has kept pace with urban gear; there will be a multiplicity of styles available. Expect to see briefs in fisherman's knits and printed shiny fabrics, as well as trunks that reach mid-thigh. Striped knit beach pants and sleeveless matching tops worn *après-sea* will make the scene, as will swinging beaded and fringed leather vests. Tank tops in a variety of weaves, including open knits, and one-piece belted tank suits in stretch fabrics that hug the body will also be favored. All in all, the warm months ahead should be a fun time to pick and choose from the abundant array of wearables, both dressy and casual.






Above: Able-bodied seamen at top sport, left to right, a pair of stretch-nylon trunks, by Incentra, \$20; and a cotton crochet-knit tank top, by Jantzen, \$9, worn over terrycloth beach pants with an elasticized waist, by Sebastian, \$17. Reclining gent, center, goes for a pair of long-legged stretch-nylon trunks, by Sabre, \$22. Attentive lad just above wears a linen crochet-knit vest, \$18, and a pair of matching trunks, \$12, both by Sabre.







Chap creates  
new fashion waves in his long-legged  
Lederhasen-style knit trunks,  
patterned in the colors of the West German flag,  
by Sea Mark, \$15.



## FURRY'S BLUES (continued from page 104)

the nails and tune the strings like that, you see. I fooled around with it, got so I could make notes, but just on one string. Couldn't make no chords. The first real guitar I had, Mr. Cham Fields, who owned a roadhouse, gambling house, and W. C. Handy gave it to me. They brought it out to my mother's and I was so proud to get it, I cried for a week. Them days, children wasn't like they are now." His cigar had gone out; he relit it from the candle on our table, puffing great gray clouds of smoke. "It was a Martin and I kept it twenty years."

"What happened to it?" Charley asked. "It died."

Furry put the candle down and leaned back in his chair. "When I was eighteen, nineteen years old," he said, "I was good. And when I was twenty, I had my own band, and we could all play. Had a boy named Ham, played jug. Willie Polk played the fiddle and another boy, call him Shoefus, played the guitar, like I did. All of us North Memphis boys. We'd meet at my house and walk down Brinkley to Poplar and go up Poplar to Dunlap or maybe all the way down to Main. People would stop us on the street and say, 'Do you know so-and-so?' And we'd play it and they'd give us a little something. Sometimes we'd pick up fifteen or twenty dollars before we got to Beale. Wouldn't take no streetcar. Long as you walked, you's making money; but if you took the streetcar, you didn't make nothing and you'd be out the nickel for the ride."

"That was Furry's wild days," Versie said. "Drinking, staying out all night. He'd still do that way, if I let him."

Furry smiled. "We used to leave maybe noon Saturday and not get back home till Monday night. All the places we played—Pee Wee's, Big Grundy's, Cham Fields's, B. B. Anderson's—when they opened up, they took the keys and tied them to a rabbit's neck, told him to run off to the woods, 'cause they never meant to close."

I asked Furry whether he had done much traveling.

"A right smart," he said. "But that was later on, when I was working with Gus Cannon, the banjo player, and Will Shade. Beale Street was commencing to change then. Had to go looking for work." He rolled his cigar's ash off against the side of an ashtray. "In the good times, though, you could find anything you could name on Beale. Gambling, girls; you could buy a pint of moonshine for a dime, store-bought whiskey for a quarter. We'd go from place to place, making music, and everywhere we'd go, they'd be glad to see us. We'd play awhile and then somebody would pass the hat. We didn't make too much, but we didn't need much back then. In them

days, you could get two loaves of bread for a nickel. And some nights, when the people from down on the river came up, we'd make a batch of money. The roustabouts from the steamboats, the Kate Adams, the Idlewild, the Viney Swing—I've taken trips on all them boats, played up the river to St. Louis, down to New Orleans—white and colored, they'd all come to Beale. Got along fine, too, just like we doing now. 'Course, folks had they squabbles, like they will, you know. I saw two or three get killed."

There were enough squabbles to make Memphis the murder capital of the country. In the first decade of the century, 556 homicides occurred, most of them involving Negroes. Appeals for reform were taken seriously only by those who made them. When E. H. Crump ran for mayor on a reform ticket, W. C. Handy recorded the Beale Streeters' reaction: "We don't care what Mr. Crump don't allow, we goin' barrel-house anyhow."

But as the righteous Crump machine gained power, the street slowly began to change. Each year, the red-light district grew smaller; each year, there were fewer gambling houses, fewer saloons, fewer places for musicians to play.

Then came the Depression. Local newspapers carried accounts of starving Negroes swarming over garbage dumps, even eating the clay from the river bluffs. Many people left town, but Furry stayed. "Nothing else to do," he said. "The Depression wasn't just in Memphis, it was all over the country. A lot of my friends left, didn't know what they was goin' to. The boy we called Ham, from our band, he left, and nobody ever knew what became of him. I did have a little job with the city and I stuck with that. I had been working with them off and on, when there wasn't anyplace to play. They didn't even have no trucks at that time. Just had mules to pull the garbage carts. Didn't have no incinerator; used to take the garbage down to the end of High Street, across the railroad tracks, and burn it."

Before Beale Street could recover from the Depression, World War Two brought hundreds of boys in uniform into Memphis; and, for their protection, Boss Crump closed the last of the saloons and whorehouses. It was the final blow.

Furry sat staring at the end of his cigar. "Beale Street really went down," he said after a moment. "You know, old folks say, it's a long lane don't have no end and a bad wind don't never change. But one day, back when Hoover was President, I was driving my cart down Beale Street and I seen a rat, sitting on top of a garbage can, eating a onion, crying."

Furry has been working for the city of Memphis, sanitation department, since

1923. Shortly after two o'clock each weekday morning, he gets out of bed, straps on his artificial leg, dresses and makes a fresh pot of coffee, which he drinks while reading the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*. The newspaper arrives in the afternoon, but Furry does not open it until morning. Versie is still asleep and the paper is company for him as he sits in the kitchen under the harsh light of the ceiling bulb, drinking the hot, sweet coffee. He does not eat breakfast; when the coffee is gone, he leaves for work.

The sky is black. The alley is quiet, the apartments dark. A morning-glory vine hanging from a guy wire stirs, like a heavy curtain, in the cool morning breeze. Cars in the cross alley are covered with a silver glaze of dew. A cat flashes between shadows.

Linden Avenue is bright and empty in the blue glare of the street lamps. Down the street, St. Patrick's looms, a sign, 100 YEARS WITH CHRIST, over its wide red doors. Furry, turning right, walks past the faded, green-glowing bay windows of an apartment house to the corner. A moving van rolls past. There is no other traffic. When the light changes, Furry crosses, heading down Hernando. The clock at Carodine's Fruit Stand and Auto Service reads 2:49.

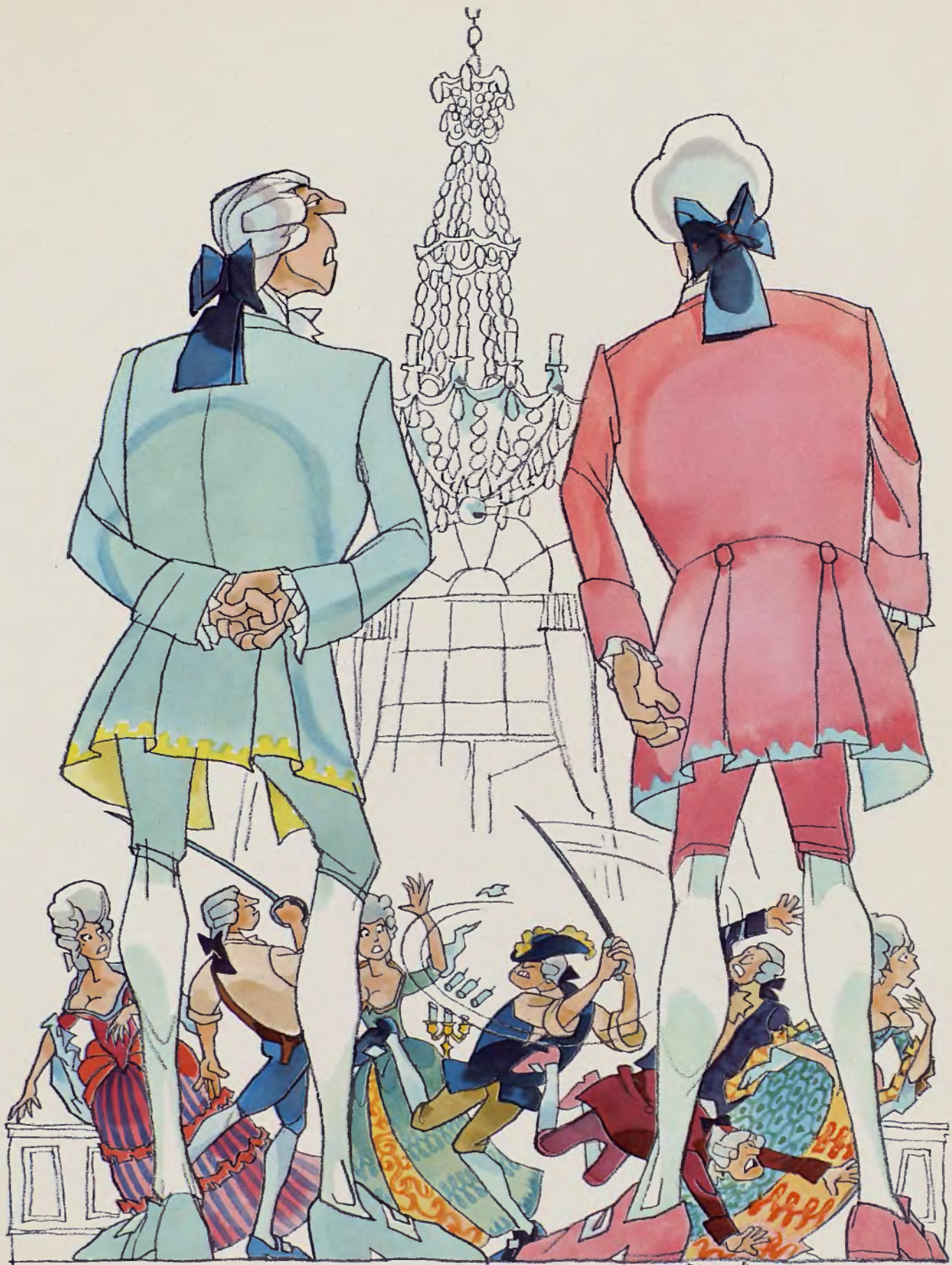
The cafés, taverns, laundries, shoe-repair shops and liquor stores are all closed. The houses, under shading trees, seem drawn into themselves. At the Clayborn Temple African Methodist Episcopal Church, the stained-glass windows gleam, jewellike against the mass of blackened stone. A woman wearing a maid's uniform passes on the other side of the street. Furry says good morning and she says good morning, their voices patiently weary. Beside the Scola Brothers Grocery is a sycamore, its branches silhouetted against the white wall. Furry walks slowly, hunched forward, as if sleep were a weight on his shoulders. Hand-printed posters at the Vance Avenue Market: CHICKEN BACKS, 12½¢ LB.; HOG MAWS, 15¢; RUMPS, 19¢.

Behind Bertha's Beauty Nook, under a large, pale-leaved elm, there are 12 garbage cans and two carts. Furry lifts one of the cans onto a cart, rolls the cart out into the street and, taking the wide broom from its slot, begins to sweep the gutter. A large woman with her head tied in a kerchief, wearing a purple wrapper and gold house slippers, passes by on the sidewalk. Furry tells her good morning and she nods hello.

When he has swept back to Vance, Furry leaves the trash in a pile at the corner and pushes the cart, with its empty can, to Beale Street. The sky is gray. The stiff brass figure of W. C. Handy stands, one foot slightly forward, the bell of his horn pointing down, under the

(continued on page 193)





Rowland B. Wilson

*"He's the most dangerous sword in France."*





north  
to  
alaska

*april playmate  
barbara hillary  
stakes her claim in the  
forty-ninth state*





After arriving in Juneau for a visit with her sister, Barbara catches up on the latest activities of nephews Eddie and Danny: "I like seeing the boys and finding out what they're doing."

"I GET STALE if I stay too long in one place," says Playmate Barbara Hillary. "In fact, it really doesn't do me any good to just go from city to city; I need to keep changing the total character of my surroundings to feel challenged." Milwaukee-born Barbara has followed her nomadic impulses far and frequently in her 21 years, sampling everything from the urban sophistication of Manhattan to the frontier rigors of Alaska. "I don't feel the split between country and city the way some people do," says Miss April. "I find something I like in just about every environment." Part of the lure of New York was her job as a Bunny at our hutch there. "I loved it. It's great experience for a young girl; I got to know all kinds of people—girls I worked with and customers I served—and I learned a lot from them." Like many of the Club



Dinner—an Alaska king crab of modest proportions—is provided by Barbara's brother-in-law, Gerri, who, like many Juneau residents, catches the crustaceans in a trap in his back yard, the Gastineau Channel. After enduring some teasing about her squeamishness, Miss April helps to prepare the feast, dipping each spidery leg in boiling water. "You use only the legs of the crabs, but that's still a big order."







Miss April and her young nephews enjoy an early-morning romp in the brisk Alaskan air.



Above: The icy surface of Mendenhall Glacier tests the balance of Barbara and her sister, Sherri. Below: The girls run home for lunch.





Bunnies, Barbara also did some free-lance modeling and acting, appearing in a number of television commercials and one full-length A. T. & T. documentary film. After nine months, she left for Florida and a more leisurely life style. Our sunny Miss April found her destination—St. Petersburg—warm and relaxed, full of all those diversions eulogized in the airline ads. "I love the sea. I guess I love it the way poets do, for its mystery. That's what I dug about Florida, the beauty of the sea, the solitude of a quiet beach." After the Midwest, New York and St. Pete, our pioneer Playmate decided to investigate the last frontier—Alaska. "I first went up there to visit my sister and her husband, who live in Juneau—right on the Gastineau Channel—and I liked it so much I stayed and worked for a few months as a camp counselor. I've been back a couple of times since then. I'm like the natives, who have a difficult time explaining why they love the place to skeptical outsiders. It may be cold, remote and primitive, but I think it's great. It's clean and wild; you really feel like you're on the edge of civilization, where things are a little dangerous. I was chased by a bear once at camp; that's really more excitement than I need, but it makes a good story." Back in the more prosaic confines of Milwaukee, Barbara intends to return to Alaska. Readers will certainly agree that she would make a bounteous addition to the already abundant resources of the 49th state.



Barbara wants to prospect, so she and Gerri leave for an afternoon of panning for gold in appropriately named Gold Creek.



Our intrepid Playmate arrives—with an assist from Gerri—at a river bed just below an abandoned mine and begins the panning operation. "It's not as simple as it looks," she says. "You have to be patient and extra careful when you're looking for nuggets fine enough to be suspended in silt." Her labor is rewarded when she discovers a small sample of gold ore: "It's no bonanza, but very exciting, anyway."







MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Down for the night but by no means out, the boys make Aunt Borboro read to them, then insist she try their bunks for size.



Right: Borboro's two charges stove off bedtime as she grants them a momentary reprieve so they can do some stargazing.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I hope you're not planning to be alone in that bachelor's apartment tonight," the worried mother cautioned her daughter.

"Don't be silly," the young thing answered. "He'll be there with me."

We know a cinema buff who's very excited by current trends in films—the hero still gets the girl in the end, but he's never sure which end it will be.



The lanky Texas ranch hand was still a virgin at 21, so, on his first trip to the big city, he decided to visit a brothel and find out what he'd been missing. Upon securing the address of a rather exclusive establishment, he soon found himself lying in bed with an attractive partner. Sensing the lad was somewhat inexperienced, the professional gently took his hand and placed it on the source of her income. "Is this what you're looking for?" she whispered seductively.

"Well, I don't rightly know, ma'am," the cowboy shyly murmured. "I'm a stranger to these parts."

And of course you've heard about the pessimistic historian whose latest book has chapter headings that read "World War One," "World War Two" and "Watch This Space."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *suburb* as a community in which a man will lend you his wife but not his golf clubs.

A union official stomped over to an open lot where an excavator was being used. "A hundred men with shovels could be doing that job," he complained to the contractor.

"I agree," the builder retorted, "but why not a thousand men with teaspoons?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *unicorn* as a horse with a horn on.

The shapely topless dancer went to Mass dressed in her working clothes, but was stopped at the door by the priest. "Miss," he said, "you can't go in like that."

"But, Father," protested the churchgoer, "I have a divine right."

"And your left isn't bad, either," the man of the cloth responded, "but you still can't enter the church without covering your head."

On their wedding night, the honeymoon couple checked into an expensive Miami Beach hotel. Next morning, the groom telephoned room service and ordered a breakfast of bacon and eggs for himself and a plate of lettuce for his bride. "Would the lady care for anything else?" the puzzled clerk asked.

"Not right now," replied the chap. "I just want to see if she eats like a rabbit, too."

Then there was the basketball player who was so tall that his girlfriend had to go up on him.

"I'm perpetually exhausted," Joe told the psychiatrist. "Every night, I dream I'm driving a truck from Galveston to Chicago and in the morning, I wake up dead tired."

"Beginning tonight," advised the analyst, "you stop at Tulsa and I'll take it on to Chicago."

Later, at a bar, the relieved patient listened to a friend's problem. "Each night," related his buddy, "I dream that I'm being forced to satisfy four beautiful women. It's killing me."

Joe recommended his psychiatrist; but the next time the acquaintance came around, he was in worse shape than ever.

"What happened?" Joe asked him. "Didn't my shrink do anything about your problem?"

"Oh, he took away the chicks, all right," moaned the guy, "but now every night, I dream I've picked up a damn truck in Tulsa and I have to drive it all the way to Chicago."



When the shrew learned that her husband had taken a mistress, she demanded, "Does this mean that you've had enough of me?"

"No, my dear," he coolly replied. "It means that I haven't had enough of you."

A young major was apprehended, completely nude, while chasing a woman through the lobby of a large hotel. However, his lawyer soon had him freed on a technicality. The Army manual specifically states that an officer need not be in uniform, provided he is properly attired for the sport in which he is engaged.

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.





*"Can't you set that damn thing down?"*



The fountains at Place du Conoda are a popular rendezvous for young Montrealers.



IF MONTREAL were located in Europe instead of in North America, it would probably be as popular with Americans as London and Paris, for Canada's biggest city is also one of the Western world's most beautiful and stylish metropolises. For some reason, however, proximity has bred relative indifference and neglect and, with the exception of the Northeastern states, America knows and cares little about Montreal. But that's changing fast, thanks to such disparate developments as Expo 67, the Quebec separatist movement, last fall's police strike and resulting mass riot, baseball's National League expansion and John and Yoko's Bed-in for peace.

Montreal has evolved radically in the past decade. A nation whose favorite Sixties politician was John F. Kennedy, Canada now has its own cool head of state, Pierre Trudeau, who probably wishes that Sergeant Preston could come in from the cold to occasionally deal with Montreal's rambunctious and revolutionary new generation—unisexers, English and Australian modsters, U.S. hippies and straights dodging the draft, leftist college students and a huge influx of Canadian kids from the farms of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba. Long the New World's bastion of Gallic grace, quiet and contemplative joys, Montreal has become a citadel of and for youth.

If the city begins the Seventies not quite certain what to make of its young people—or of itself, for that matter—perhaps it's because Montreal's transformations have occurred in so short a time. As recently as 1966, less than a third of Montreal's 2,500,000 population was under the age of 34; the percentage has shot up considerably since then, as the next census will undoubtedly show. Montreal during the (text continued on page 130)

## The Bilingual Pleasures of Montreal





*canada's stylish cosmopolis  
celebrates youth,  
entertainment and  
the arts with urbane  
joie de vivre*



*travel*

Le Vieux Montréal, the city's scenic old quarter, is a place for lovers. Above, a pair of sight-seers ends a leisurely calèche ride; left, two Sunday strollers discover flower power, Montreal style.



Montreal offers almost as much action in the afternoons as it does evenings. Above, a yacht-borne au naturel sun basker glides by La Rande, a huge amusement park. The city's proud Gallic tradition is reflected in military drills staged at Fort St. Hélène, below.





# Playboy's Capsule Guide to Montreal

## WHERE TO STAY

**HOTEL BONAVENTURE:** a beautifully planned, excellently administered 400-room hostelry. You'll like the all-weather outdoor pool.

**LE CHATEAU CHAMPLAIN:** a \$35,000,000 edifice of opulence. Suites on 34th and 35th floors are experiences not to be missed.

**LE MARTINIQUE MOTOR INN:** 211 rooms of elegance in the ultra-modern mode. Select a suite with open fireplace and wet bar.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH HOTEL:** a well-run city within a city—1216 comfortable rooms and every conceivable hotel service.

**RITZ CARLTON HOTEL:** its authentic Old World ambiance and outstanding management attract a steady celebrity clientele.

**SHERATON-MOUNT ROYAL:** a bustling haven for businessmen.

**WINDSOR:** dignified Victorian atmosphere; graceful public rooms.

## WHERE TO DINE

**A LA CREPE BRETONNE:** about 80 choices of crepes; Brittany motif.

**BLUENOSE INN:** central spot for local seafood delicacies.

**CAFE MARTIN:** located in a converted brownstone. Menu features traditional French favorites; extensive wine list.

**LE CASTILLION:** Hotel Bonaventure's ornate room for gourmets.

**CHATEAU MADRID:** flamenco dancers—and memorable paellas.

**CHEZ BARDET:** perhaps Montreal's finest French food; out of the way but well worth the trip. Try Le Steak à la Clermont.

**HELENE-DE-CHAMPLAIN:** located in a mansion on St. Helen's Island; formal atmosphere, fine Continental dining, surprisingly low tariff.

**LE ST. AMABLE:** Old Montreal's handsomest; traditional French food.

**OSTERIA DEI PANZONI:** mid-town mecca for Italian cuisine.

**ZUM SCHNAUTZER:** for Alsatian specialties such as *quiche lorraine*.

## WHERE TO PLAY

**CAF' CONC:** Le Château Champlain's version of a Vegas revue.

**GEORGE'S:** informal and popular; live rock music and lively crowd.

**LE VIEUX RAFIOT:** "Alfie's" lures the city's prettiest girls.

**LA SALLE BONAVENTURE:** the Queen Elizabeth's fine supper club.

**LE BLACK BOTTOM:** Old Montreal's low-key setting for saulful jazz.

**PLAYBOY CLUB:** one of our newest, biggest and busiest haunts.

**PLEXI, LE CERCLE, WHISKY A GO GO, EPOCA, LA LICORNE,**

**CHEZ ZOU ZOU:** beautiful discos for Montreal's Beautiful People.

## WHAT TO BUY

Contemporary Canadian art—at Dominion, Galerie Godard Lefort, Galerie de Montreal, Galerie Libre and Jason Teff.

Custom-designed men's and women's jewelry—at Birks, Hans Gehrig, Hemsley's, Lucas, Maurice Brault and Walter Schlup.

Contemporary men's attire—at Le Château, Bessie's, Pierre Cardin, Brisson and Brisson, Hugh Scott, and Eaton's *Marca Polo* and *Adam boutiques*.

Eskimo (wood, leather and bone) handicrafts—at Canadian Guild of Crafts, Taumésal Métiers d'Art and Centrale D'Artisanat du Québec.

Sheepskin coats—at Sheepskin International, Eaton's, Ogilvy's.

## DON'T LEAVE UNTIL YOU

spend as much time as you can touring "Man and His World"—the best of Expo 67, plus added attractions—now a permanent fair.

visit Old Montreal and its flea market on a Sunday morning.

browse through the city's network of underground shopping plazas.

make the boutique, antique and gallery scenes along Crescent Street.

ride Montreal's pride, the *Metra*; all 26 underground stations were individually and imaginatively designed by master architects.

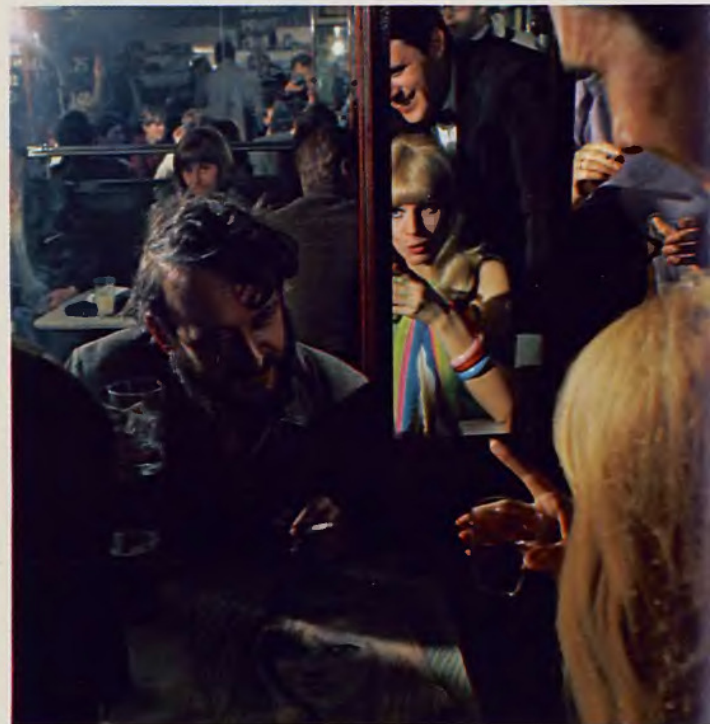
take her for a trip to the top of Mount Royal in a *calèche*.

enjoy La Ronde, the amusement park next to "Man and His World."

watch Montreal Expo fans root for *un puissant frappeur* (a home run).



Although Montreal night life centers on discos, the city's biggest hotels offer a variety of entertainments; above, Le Château Champlain's elegant Caf' Conc revue, a mini-Vegas spectacular. Early A.M.s are best spent in casual cafés such as Le Bistro, below.



One of the city's most opulent restaurants is Le Castillon, the Hotel Bonaventure's bastion for gourmets, below. After an evening on the town, right, romantically inclined couples tête-à-tête at Habitat, part of Montreal Expo's futuristic apartment complex.









past decade also underwent an almost total civic face lifting; high-rise hotels, luxury apartment buildings and ultra-modern office complexes altered its skyline from stately to futuristic, while the world's most ingenious network of underground shopping plazas and a spectacularly designed subway system were built beneath the sidewalks. The result is that Montreal—located on a 32-mile-long, 10-mile-wide island in the St. Lawrence—has become a show place of modern urban living. And because of its compactness (it covers less than half of the island), the city's myriad *divertissements* are almost all within walking distance or a ten-minute cab ride.

But before you begin pursuing the city's pleasures, you'll need a base of operations; and since Montreal's best hotels are constantly crowded, make certain your travel agent confirms a booking well in advance of your departure. Three of Montreal's finest hotels are centrally located architectural eye stoppers, each unique in its own way. Le Château Champlain, built and run by Canadian Pacific Railways (which merits its reputation for hotel excellence), is a 35-story edifice with Moorish-looking bay windows that lend it an external elegance more than matched once you step inside. The rooms (20 to a floor) come equipped with a wealth of push-button amenities and decor that is tastefully lavish. Even the baths are distinctive—Portuguese marble is used instead of tile. The Hotel Bonaventure, two blocks east of Le Château Champlain, is an example of inspired planning and execution. Perched atop the world's largest convention mart, the Bonaventure is a penthouse hotel, with guest rooms tucked away on levels leading from the main floor. It often seems as if the Bonaventure holds no more than 50 guests—even though its 400 rooms nearly always play to capacity. The standard double rooms are the largest of any Montreal hotel and the staff (costumed Chinese bellhops, doormen dressed in Napoleonic outfits) is energetic, if a bit bizarrely attired. The year-round outdoor pool is something to remember, especially if you swim during the wintertime: Hot air keeps the water temperature up and you can enter and exit through a heated swimway without catching a chill.

The other space-age caravansary is the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, occupying half a city block in downtown Montreal and less like a hotel than a stationary luxury liner. As noted in our chart on page 128, the Queen E. contains 1216 rooms and, in spite of its size, offers such uniformly excellent services that it could never be accused of impersonality. Even the fact that it always houses conventioners doesn't prove noisome. Hilton

manages it and seems to do a better job there than in most of the hotels bearing the chain's own name. A few other choices, all of which can prove as pleasant as the three above: the Ritz Carlton Hotel (where Liz and Dick spent their wedding night), a gracious if a bit too formal Celebrityville; Le Martinique Motor Inn, which lacks cachet in its name but not in its accommodations; the Windsor, a charming and pleasant inn with splendid high-ceilinged guest rooms and Victorian-furnished public rooms; and the Sheraton—Mount Royal, a solid choice if you're in on business and want the company of other executives on the road. If we prefer Le Château Champlain and the Hotel Bonaventure, it's because their architecture and their sense of singularity are so much in character with Montreal's shift into high-powered urbanity.

But all is hardly *la vie en rose* in this second-largest French-speaking city in the world. During the Sixties, while all the new buildings were going up, Montreal's sense of Frenchness was also rising—and causing major problems. Nearly 80 percent of the city's residents are French; and in the past several years, Montreal has been the guiding force of La Révolution Québécoise—the separatist movement that hopes to translate the province of Quebec's Gallic heritage into law. At the very least, the separatists want to make French both the province's official language and the first tongue taught to school children. But language and pride in France are only surface reasons for the controversy; the conflict really rests in the fact that the English colony controls most of the city's big commercial enterprises. The English haven't exactly helped the situation; Montreal's Britons, less than 20 percent of the population, tend to be generally contemptuous of French Canadians and rather heavily into the same kind of snob scene as England's own establishment. As a result of the friction, many of the impressive homes in the English preserve of Westmount are now up for sale; their owners have chosen to live in Toronto. And the rate of departure accelerates every time separatists set off another explosion. In the past two years, there have been more than 100 bomb incidents involving separatists, who usually warn authorities in advance, so that no deaths will result.

The city's French population makes a show of deploring radical separatists but silently wishes them success. Says a former police inspector (who didn't want to be named, because of his position in the city bureaucracy), "Most of the separatists are college students who, if they're not crazy kids, are Communist troublemakers from east European social-

ist countries—going to school here by government invitation. If there are more than 400 people committed to the separatist cause, I'd be surprised." Yet, like most Montrealers, the speaker himself is a moderate Anglophobe not unduly upset when English economic interests take a tumble.

Planting bombs, however, can hardly be considered the style of Montreal's youth. If the city's collegiate population were polled for its top hero, Ché Guevara would undoubtedly come in a distant second to John Lennon. At the end of last spring, Lennon and his wife, Yoko Ono, staged a weeklong Bed-in for peace. Enconced in a posh \$100-a-day suite at the Queen Elizabeth, Lennon granted hundreds of interviews during his stay. While there, he also wrote what is coming to be known as the pacifist anthem, *Give Peace a Chance*, which he recorded in his room with the "Plastic Ono Band"—himself and Tom Smothers on guitar, Yoko walloping a clothes closet door and a Canadian rabbi as part of the chorus. By the end of November, *Give Peace a Chance* had sold close to 1,000,000 copies in the U.S. alone, which was precisely what Lennon was aiming for. Said the Beatle, "I hope to make peace into a product that will be big business for everybody. If war can be sold, so can peace." Such gentle revolutionary rhetoric is extremely appealing to the majority of Montreal's young generation, whose single most emphatic manifestation of independence seems to be the clothes it wears.

Strolling down Sherbrooke Street or St. Catherine Street, the city's leading commercial arteries, the visitor quickly becomes aware of what seems to be an endless parade of bright, tight-fitting blouses and tighter-fitting slacks. Avant-garde casualwear is the rule, and that still-radical clothing trend—unisex—has found a home away from home in Montreal. In the U.S., unisex is generally considered to be sexless or swishy; but in Montreal, it simply describes styles that can be worn by either sex, allowing each to be as masculine or as feminine as desired. Thus, a leading unisex garment—such as the stretch-cloth, one-piece jump suit—looks as good on a man as it does on a woman and quite different, as you might expect, on either. But be advised that Montreal's men tend to have European dimensions; recently, at Le Château, a well-recommended *boutique* on St. Catherine Street, a 6' 2" American ripped up two extra-large jump suits just trying to get fitted; the average Montreal man is 5' 7". Our chart lists several preferred men's establishments for those of average size.

Shopping is a passionate pastime of  
(continued overleaf)





*"No need to be embarrassed; being a doctor, your warm, lush, full body doesn't bother me a bit."*



Montrealers. In addition to the specialty and department stores on St. Catherine and Sherbrooke, smaller thoroughfares—particularly Crescent and Mountain streets in midtown—are dotted with expensive designer *boutiques*, good antique shops and art galleries whose exhibitions run from Eskimo art to post-pop hyperrealism. One kick you can't possibly enjoy anywhere else—simply because no other city has it—is browsing through Montreal's connecting network of underground shopping plazas. In fact, it's possible to stay in many of the city's top central hotels, visit more than 300 shops, see films in a dozen theaters, dine in any of more than 50 restaurants—and never once step outside. The most convenient, central underground plazas to visit are the Place Ville Marie (below the Queen Elizabeth Hotel), the Place Bonaventure (below the Hotel Bonaventure) and the Place du Canada (below Le Château Champlain). These three are connected by walkways; other underground shopping arcades are reached by Metro, Montreal's 15½-mile-long super-subway. All 26 stations were designed by different teams of architects, and when the rubber-wheeled, noiseless trains whisk you to each immaculately maintained stop, you'll probably credit Montrealers with being clever enough to make even a subway ride a delight to the eye—and no strain on the ear.

You'll hardly have to dream up an excuse to ride the Metro, for it's the fastest way to get out to "Man and His World," Montreal's spectacular summer attraction that reopens this year on June 12. Mayor Jean Drapeau, in office since 1960, sold Canada on the idea of Expo 67 and, after the successful exposition officially came to an end, he threatened to resign if it weren't continued as an annual event. Since Drapeau is credited with finding the financing for the Metro, as well as with being the key man in getting the National League to grant its first foreign franchise, Montrealers supported his plan for an annual exposition. So far, his magic touch is still intact; "Man and His World" has been, by all accounts, a striking success. Trying to capulate the best of the exposition's more than 70 pavilions would be presumptuous, but a few recommendations, nevertheless: the U. S. pavilion—to see *America the Beautiful*, a 360-degree cinema odyssey across the nation; Sports, which features films of athletes such as former Montreal Canadian hockey star Maurice Richard and former heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali, and of great sporting events (e.g., the Indianapolis 500, the World Cup soccer match, the Stanley Cup pro-hockey play-off); and Strange, Strange World, which covers such mysterious phenomena as un-

identified flying objects—and which so thoroughly shakes up visitors that it has become perhaps the most popular pavilion.

Adjoining "Man and His World" is La Ronde, a kind of urbane Disneyland spread over 135 acres. Of the many rides, the most exciting are the Gyrotron, a \$3,000,000 simulation of a jaunt through outer space, and the Flume, a 1400-foot mock-up of a waterfall in which boats shaped like logs are sped down enough 50-foot drops to keep you out of breath. La Ronde also includes a 1500-seat *discothèque*, an aquarium and a Canadian wild-West show.

If the government seems to have invested heavily in projects that have the look of tomorrow, it hasn't ignored the city's yesterdays. Over the past seven years, more than \$6,000,000 has been spent restoring the old quarter, Le Vieux Montréal. Although there are no structures left that go back to the years immediately postdating 1642, when 24 French settlers founded Montreal, dozens of 18th and 19th Century buildings have been restored. The result is that Le Vieux Montréal, a section of narrow, meandering streets, has the look and feel of old Europe. There are a number of local landmarks for rubbernecking, shops stocked with tourist art and entirely too many people with cameras. When it's not crowded, Le Vieux Montréal can be fascinating, so see it on a Sunday morning; even though the historic buildings will be closed, Old Montreal is fun to stroll through and there's a nifty little Sunday-A.M. flea market on the Rue St. Paul.

If Montreal provides nonstop diversions during the day, the evening action is even better. To begin with, this is among the finest cities in North America for dining, and it's difficult, indeed, to find a bad meal in any of the top 100 of the city's 5000 restaurants. Generally, you'll discover that lunches are just a bit on the expensive side and dinners frequently inexpensive, since most of the restaurants—including many of the better-known—apparently stick to one menu and don't vary their prices. There are as many subtleties in mood and food as can be conjured up, and the level of service is uniformly superior. Restaurants are most crowded from 7:30 to 9:30, and reservations are necessary for the city's better eating establishments. If you want classic French food, prepared impeccably and served royally amid surroundings that are elegant yet restrained, Chez Bardet is the place to get it. André Bardet, whose six culinary awards are listed on the menu, has made his restaurant an imperative for gourmets. A recent dinner for two, consisting of two cocktails each, Escargots à la Chablisienne (snails simmered in white wine),

Tournedos Rossini (small *filets mignons* topped with *pâté de foie gras*), Steak à la Clermont (served in a cream-and-wine sauce), a bottle of medium-priced wine, desserts and coffee for two cost just under \$50 with tip.

If you want to do it up without the formality of Chez Bardet, Le Castillon, an intimately lit, wood-paneled room in the Hotel Bonaventure, can be romantically rewarding. Strolling lady violinists provide soft music, and there's a wide choice of international dishes—from shish kabob to fondue Bourguignonne and Australian carpetbagger steak (stuffed with oysters). The Café Martin, one of the city's most respected restaurants, boasts a huge selection of fine French food and a knowledgeable clientele that appreciates it; try the Minced Chicken 21 (served in a white sauce over wild rice and topped with cheese). The Château Madrid dishes up seven different versions of *paella* and a flamenco show in its often-overcrowded quarters. Zum Schnautzer offers Alsatian specialties and decor to match; Osteria dei Panzoni, informal and Italian, has delicious *cannelloni*; the Bluenose Inn prepares such memorable gifts from the sea as *doré*, crab and scallops; and, for formal dining in Old Montreal, visit Le St. Amable and sample its Châteaubriand with truffles, topped with *pâté de foie gras* and a delicious Bordeaux-wine sauce. If you're at "Man and His World," you might want to stop in at Hélène-de-Champlain; it's formal and French, and the highest priced entrees on the menu—such as frogs' legs and *filet mignon*—cost only \$4.50. For a treat, visit either of the two versions of A La Crêpe Bretonne, famous for huge paper-thin crepes and your choice of nearly 80 fillings. There are dozens of other worthy Montreal restaurants that could be recommended here as well, so don't merely stick to our list—go out and start your own.

After dinner, the city's night clubs and *discothèques* begin to fill up. Montreal has an inordinate number of spectacularly designed dance spots, and since unescorted young ladies are often in attendance, the *discos* should be your destination if you're flying solo at the outset of the evening. The highest-rated are Le Cercle, with a comparatively large dance floor bordered by a wall of pulsating lights; Le Vieux Rafiot (called Alfie's by the English clientele), very amiable and usually packed solid; the Whisky A Go Go, too filled with plastic for our taste, but host to a sybaritic clientele; La Licorne, the first *disco* in Montreal; and Plexi, whose dance floor is lit from underneath. Chez Zou Zou is our preference as an intimate spot for a nightcap; you won't be able to find room for

(concluded on page 192)



# THE SPORTS HUSTLERS



article **By BARRY ROSENBERG** *the boozer, weenie beanie, old aches and pains, the viking, tuscaloosa squirrely, the stunt man, corn-bread red, daddy warbucks and peter rabbit—how do they take you? let us count the ways*

HARD-DRINKING, HIGH-LIVING Eddie (the Knoxville Bear) Taylor, a man not above challenging a destitute widow to a game of nine ball for her last loaf of bread, ran into pure and pious Irving Crane a while ago in Washington, D. C. Crane, rested and looking his usual well-groomed best, had just won the world championship in pocket billiards and was in the capital to present a series of exhibitions to local Servicemen.

"Hey, Irving," greeted Taylor, "what say you 'n' me drive up to Baltimore and skin a few of them suckers of some unwanted cash?"

"Oh, no, Eddie." Crane was nearly undone at the thought. "You know I never shoot pool for money outside tournament play."

"I plumb forgot, you're not the gambling type. Still, how 'bout coming along for the ride?"

"OK, Eddie."

So up to Baltimore they went and found the hangout known to be frequented by Baltimore's finest stick men. Scanning the large room, Taylor's eyes settled upon a rather elderly gentleman, who was shooting especially well. Taylor waited until the man finished beating

a younger opponent, then approached.

"Say, old-timer, how 'bout a round of nine ball for half a yard?"

"Sure thing," said the man, having judged Taylor a soft touch. They played and, miraculously, the elderly gentleman took the Bear.

"You sure are good, old-timer," said Taylor, shaking his head sadly. Then he flashed a big smile. "But another fifty says you ain't as good as my cousin here." The old man glanced past Eddie Taylor and studied the face of the billiards champion of the world. "I'll take on your whole (continued on page 168)



**SYNOPSIS:** *The kingdom of Chanda, once a peaceful never-never country of elephants, parasols, temples, handsome brown people and the mysterious spirits called phi, has changed. Since the war began in Vietnam, there have been many newcomers doing many strange things in Chanda. There are, for instance, the official Americans, all with something different on their minds. Colonel Kelly, the military advisor to the king, has decided to raise American prestige in the land by acquiring an elephant—which will “show the slopeheads we understand their country.” He has sent for Marine Master Sergeant Danny Campo to do the job, and Campo has latched onto Harry Mennan, a cowboy spotter pilot, to help out. There is also Coakley, an Ivy League whip who is the mission’s State Department clerk and who fears the imminent arrival of an inspection team under General Grider. Coakley, it should be noted, has kept no files whatsoever. En route with the general are foreign-service officer Walter Glover and Margaret, his assistant both in the office and in bed. Unofficial American types include Charley Dog, who drifted in after a couple of busts in the States. And then there is Dawn, a voiceless beauty of much-mixed ancestry who got there by way of a Special Services entertainment troupe. A number of people represent other nations in Chanda as well: Tay Vinh, a cultural attaché from North Vietnam, who knows a lot more about artillery than about poetry; Alexander Nadolsky, the Soviet ambassador; Marya Pleisetskya, a diligent Soviet military attaché-watcher; and Andreas the Greek, who combines hotelkeeping with a one-man spy service. There is also Buon Kong, the wise and venerable Chandan philosopher.*

*In Chanda, even the most carefully plotted enterprises have a habit of aborting somewhere along the line. Andreas and Nadolsky, for example, sneak up on Dawn in her hotel room with evil intent; but while they engage in a furniture-smashing brawl with Mennan, Charley Dog skips with Dawn and winds up trying to absorb some of Buon Kong’s maddeningly obtuse philosophy. General Grider, arriving from Washington on a presumably hush-hush inspection tour, is met at the airport by the king, the royal band and a crowd of spectators. But snafus notwithstanding, some kind of a power struggle for Chanda is brewing. As Charley Dog says, “This town is getting so fortified it looks like they’re going to hold the next Democratic Convention here.”*



## Concluding a new novel By ASA BABER

*with kong le’s men toting around live ammo in their cartridge belts and the people leaving the city, the smell of revolution was in the air*

“I THINK airplanes make me horny,” said Margaret. “You suppose so? The vibration, maybe. Or the cabin pressure. I’ll bet that’s it, huh, Walter?”

They were lying under mosquito netting in the musty hotel room. It was late in the evening and Walter Glover assumed that everyone had been channeled to the proper room by Andreas.

The preliminary meetings had been held. It was time for sleep now. The general was a stickler for programmed rest periods after long flights. This was fine with Walter; it gave him more time for humping.

“This is a nice little country, you know, Walter? It’s kind of cute. We should get out and look around.”

“OK. We’ll take a picnic.”

“Hey, yeah. With a wicker basket and lots of coconuts and things.”

“Sure. We’ll just tell the general that war is hell and we have to take a break after our break.”

Margaret sulked at his sarcasm and pulled the cotton coverlet over her breasts. Walter pulled it down again and kissed them.

• • •

They drank a banana liqueur, the two diplomatic staffers in white-cotton karate uniforms that symbolized high tropical camp to their tired minds.

“You look like a ghost in that light,” said Sumner-Clark. He turned down the lantern until it glowed orange.

“I feel like a ghost.”

“What did you learn in school today?”

“They’re bringing in some kind of task force,” said Coakley.

“I know that. They want us to put in a detachment or two with you. Hands across the sea and all that. The question is, When and where will the task force be sent?”

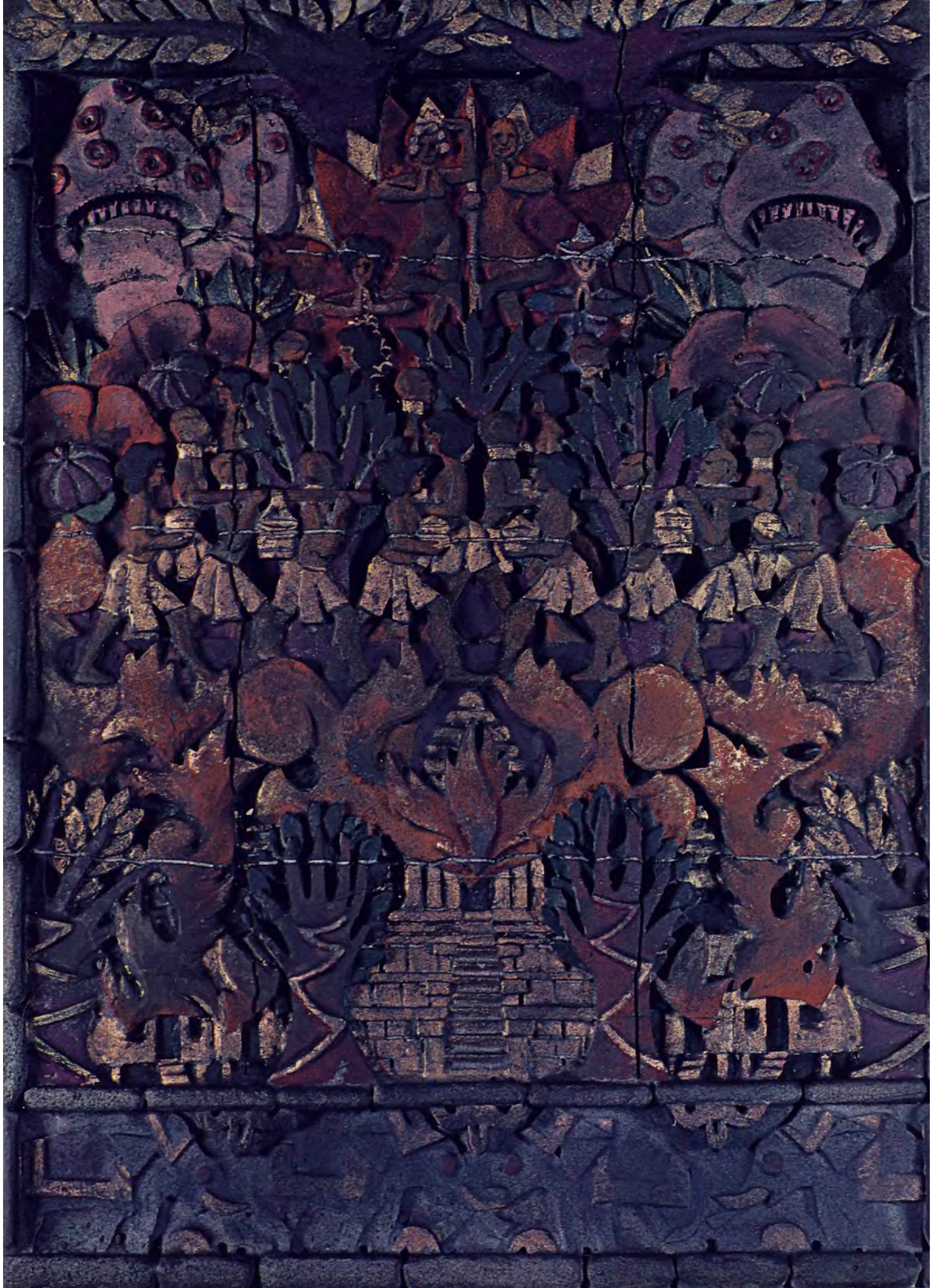
“Yes, well, I talked to Glover about that. Not that we’re supposed to know anything or discuss it with you, for God’s sake. He’s not such a bad man, that Walter. I used to think he was a puritan.”

“But, for a Statesider, he understands a lot?”

“Exactly.”

They sat on the rickety hotel balcony and watched the river far down the slope. The bats crossed through







the moonlight like bullets.

"When and where?" Sumner-Clark mused after a long silence.

"It seems to me," said Coakley flirtatiously, "that I spend a great deal of time writing your reports."

Sumner-Clark feigned injury. "You are speaking to the man who saved your starved little ass from the embarrassment of empty filing cabinets."

"So I am. And so I tell you that *when* is almost immediately and *where* is still to be determined."

They pondered this in the dark.

"They'd better not decide to sit around the airport, if they come in here. They'll have to move around."

"Glover and I are arguing for the river; just come up to the other side of the river, so they're not in Chanda proper. But Grider keeps pulling out these air-recon maps that I've never seen before and he keeps screaming, 'Build-up.'"

Sumner-Clark yawned. "Almost bedtime. Sleep on a powder keg. Don't sneeze, don't cough, don't wake the animals." He stood and stretched and rubbed the back of Coakley's neck. "If those big meannies come in here and tear up my sandbox, I'm leaving, I'll tell you that."

"Leaving for where?"

"I don't know exactly. But I mean it. I've been changed here and I like it and I won't play war games with them."

"That would be the end of your career," said Coakley. "Think carefully about that."

"End a career—begin a life. That's what I say."

Each laughed a quiet laugh. They went inside. The bats crossed through the moonlight like bullets.

. . .

The basement floor of the Constellation Hotel was covered with rat droppings and broken glass and sand. Andreas put the vodka bottle down and hovered over the switchboard. Actually, he was trying to look down Marya Pleisetskya's cleavage. In the heat, she had taken off all but her bra and skirt. She hardly noticed Andreas. He poured her a drink. No reaction. He waved it under her nose. She ripped the earphones off her head and scolded him.

"Andreas, how am I to listen, if you are always interrupting me?"

"Please drink this, Marya. It is late and you have two more hours before Nadolsky takes over."

She sipped from the cold tumbler while she held one earphone to her head. "Are you sure this was wired properly, Andreas? I am picking up very little conversation."

He checked the switches and flipped a few. She shook her head. "Nothing."

"That should be the general's room."

"He snores."

"Perhaps he will talk in his sleep."

"I do not think this is very efficient," she said.

"I am sorry, Marya Pleisetskya, but how could I, a poor Greek—"

"Shhh! I think I hear something." He had flipped another switch and she listened very intently. "Who is in this room, please?"

Andreas checked the board. "Walter Glover."

"No one else?"

"No, not listed."

She held her pencil poised over her note pad. She pushed the earphones tight against her ears. Andreas smiled and waited to watch her copy. Nothing. He tapped her on the shoulder.

"Shhh!" she said. "Go away!"

"What secrets are you learning, Marya?"

She did not move except to cross her legs. "Shhh!" Her face grew red. Then she remembered that she was supposed to be transcribing and she made a few ineffectual marks on the paper. She squirmed. Andreas made as if he would flip the switch and she slapped his hand. He laughed.

"I, too, would like to hear these affairs of state, Marya."

Embarrassed, she handed him the earphones. He listened for a time, then shared them with her, each holding one earpiece. Andreas pulled her gently away from the switchboard.

"What are you doing, Andreas?"

"I think we should also make some policy," he laughed.

Marya smoothed her hair in a prim gesture and flushed red again. "This is a listening post. I cannot leave it."

Andreas laughed again, as he led her toward the door. "If the floor was suitable, I would not ask you to leave it, dear Marya. We could lie here and listen."

"Andreas!" she scolded again.

"But since the floor here is worse than the beach at Paleokastritsa, I must take you to my room. Come along, Marya."

She did not resist. But she tried to admonish him, even as they reached his bed. "You must hurry, Andreas, for my watch is over in two hours."

He groaned as he entered her. "You set the limit," he said, "let me set the pace."

. . .

For some reason, he was not sure why, General Grider found himself awake at two in the morning. He wished his day could begin then. There was so much to do.

The previous day had been a success. Grider had taken it upon himself to stage a training problem for his own staff and some of the Chanda army officers. It was a short course in special tactics: how to hold and defend Royal City. No one seemed to have thought properly about that before. Colonel Kelly had grand plans and Kong Le, the little captain,

had no plans. Grider had been amazed but had tried to hide it. After all, that's what he was there for: to pick up the chunks of incompetence that were falling all about him.

So, working from maps of all scales and compass and riding through town in a convoy of quarter-tons that raced from point to strategic point, the group had written up a scenario of a possible attack against the city.

One thing bothered Grider more than any other. Colonel Kelly had been bitching about the lethargy of the Chanda officers. But on this particular day that Grider had been able to work with them, they seemed alert and observant. Kong Le had taken notes all day and when the time had come for a summation of what they had learned, it was Kong Le who understood the strategies they had just created.

Under the flame trees in the mission yard, his tiger suit rumbled from a long day, the Chanda captain had added a suggestion of his own that was good enough for Grider to want to use as his own in the report he was writing: "You say all time, General, we got to have airfield and radio station. We got to hold waterworks and power station. We got to control post office and telegraph and maybe government buildings. That way, city is took over. I say OK, General. Number-one plan. Also maybe one more thing." Kong Le held up a small transistor radio for all to see. "We got many radios now in Chanda. Radios up yinyang. OK, we listen good. First thing you got to hold is radio station. Each soldier wears radio around neck like this"—he looped a necklace string around his neck and tied the radio to it—"tune in, get orders. Very easy. You like?" The captain smiled nervously and scratched himself.

Grider smiled back and commended Kong Le.

Yes, Grider thought in the middle of his insomnia, given a little leadership in American know-how, these people could think for themselves. Grider sighed against his pillow: I can't be everywhere at once in this world, but Jesus, I'm a smart son of a bitch sometimes; imagine how much I've done in a day.

. . .

The three of them had taken nervously at first to their bicycles, but the road leading north out of Royal City was flat and moderately paved for the first mile. After that, as the foliage thickened and the arching trees came together over the road to form speckled shade, each had recovered the childish pleasure of balancing and pedaling.

Both Glover and Edelman carried portions of the lunch Margaret had packed for them. Edelman wore a rucksack on his back. Glover had appropriated saddlebags.

(continued on page 158)





*"I've got a stockholders' meeting in twenty minutes, the board of directors is on my back, and all I can think of is your boobs!"*



*pictorial essay*

# THE GIRLS OF ISRAEL

*a profusion of cultures exotically commingle in the superbly  
feminine beauties who grace this land of milk and honeys*





SHE STANDS BELOW YOU, at the foot of the steps that have been wheeled up to the door of the jet. She's wearing a rather dowdy ground-hostess uniform and a modified overseas-style cap set almost squarely on her head and looks much as you might expect—buxom, dark-haired, dark-eyed and slightly stocky. But, contrary to the Broadway-Hollywood-musical-comedy version of Israeli life in which beautiful girls dance in a circle and sing "Shalom, shalom" to all visitors, this girl—the first Israeli you have encountered—says only, "Please stand here until all the passengers are off the plane," and then marches you across the concrete ramp to the (text continued on page 150)

Ex-Californian Connie Turner soaks up the sunshine atop one of Judea's hills; she spent a summer working in a kibbutz and elected to stoy.



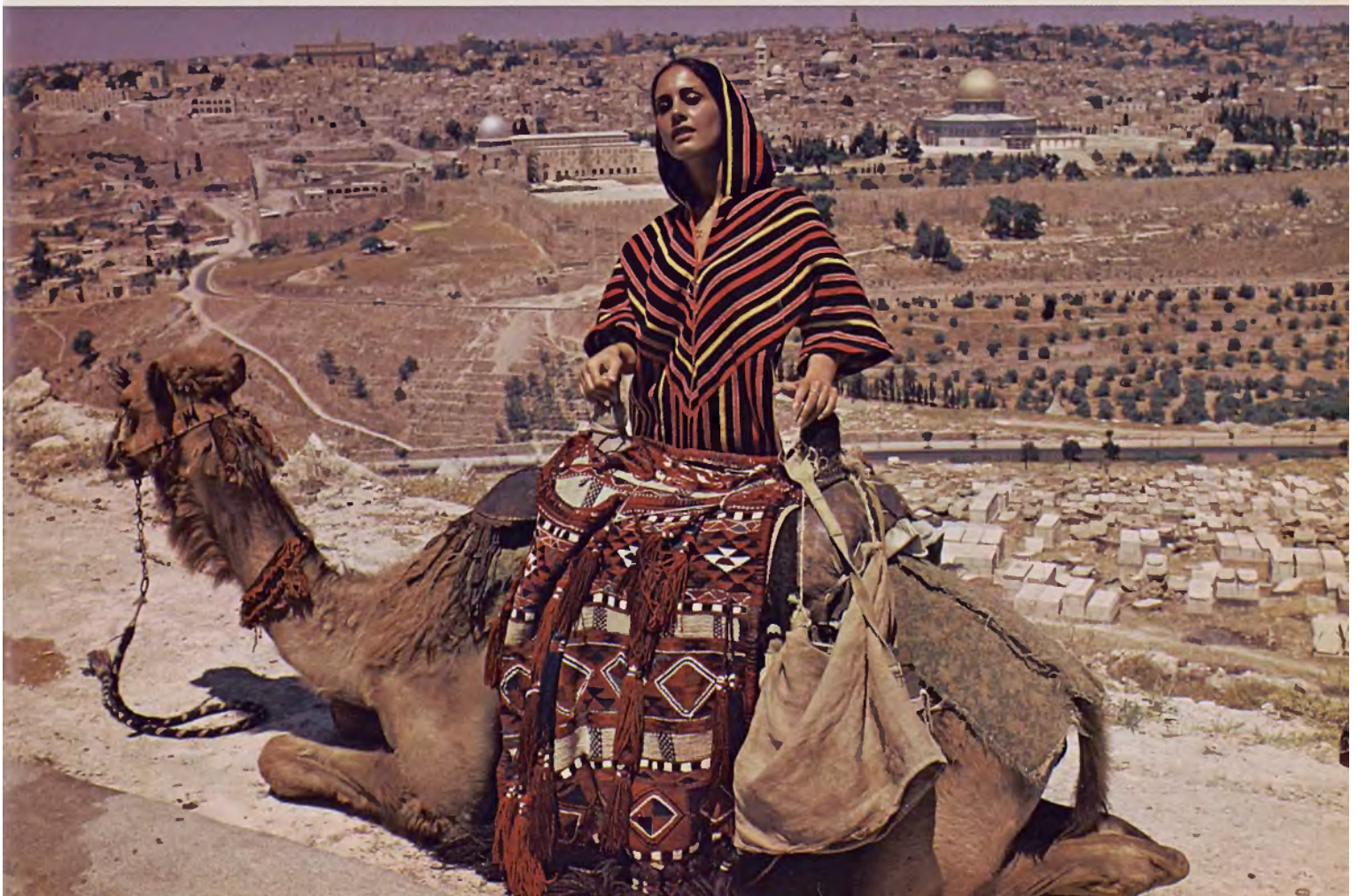








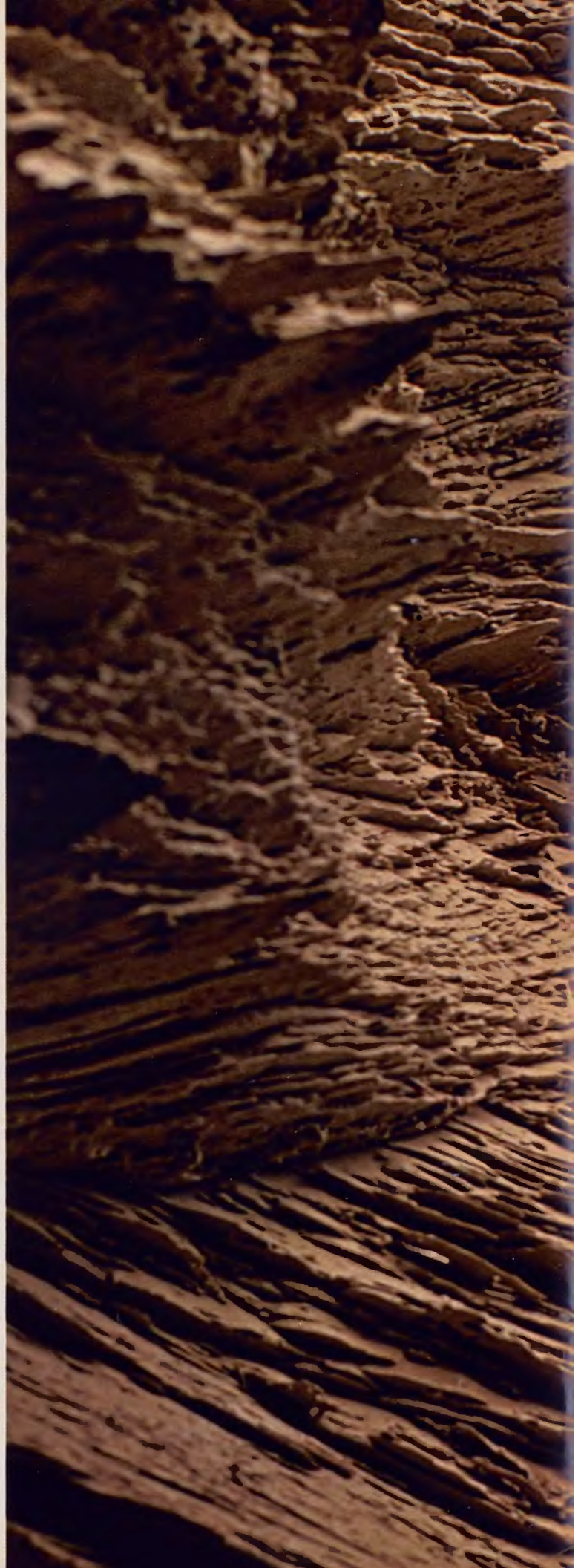
Despite its diminutive size, Israel boasts a dizzying variety of landscapes and cityscapes that span the centuries and reflect life styles drawn from a wide assortment of cultures. The serenity of ageless Mount Carmel, savored by a pensive Lea Vardi (left), contrasts strikingly with the mechanized aura of Tel Aviv, which frames Ilana Yonah (above left). Lea, a sabra, is a ballet dancer and a former beauty queen who has represented her country in international competition; Ilana's father came from Yemen and her mother from Addis Ababa, but she's a native of T.A., where she works as a hairdresser. Hana Friedman (above center) is a high school student with a zest for athletics—she's a tap-notch sprinter. Esther Zewko (above right) was born in Poland and grew up in Australia; she journeyed to Israel to serve as a volunteer during the 1967 war with the Arab countries and stayed. Esther's an actress with four years' television experience; she was previously active in Melbourne's Yiddish theater. Below: The Mount of Olives, of New Testament fame, provides an exotic setting for Orna Shmuelowitz, a political-science student at Jerusalem University, whose ambition is to become a member of the Israeli parliament; her hobby is gliding.







Shifra Vander (above), Dassy Shachar (below) and Lea Wolfson (right) exemplify the occupational versatility of Israel's young women. Shifra has a degree in political science but works for an ad agency; in her spare time, she writes poetry. Dassy, pictured on a weather-beaten wall in Old Jaffa, is a much-traveled dancer who appeared in an Israeli production of *My Fair Lady*. Lea, whose father is a banker and whose own interests run toward politics, works as an assistant to a sculptor; she unwinds by horseback riding or playing tennis.







Raven-tressed Aviva Paz (above) displays the grace she acquired as a student of ballet in America, where she danced for two years under the masterful guidance of George Balanchine; Aviva currently acts with the resident theater company of Tel Aviv and recently starred in a television film. Below: Sun-burnished Sandra Viva, who enlivens the stark contours of the Negev desert, migrated to Israel from her native Romania; now a resident of Tel Aviv, Sandra is a professional model who gets on the other side of the camera just for fun.







Left: Galilee's ancient seashore at Tiberias, steeped in religious and historical significance, gets a bright new face, courtesy of Bella Raviv, who handles the secretarial chores of an Israeli film company; Bella's a dedicated swimmer and a would-be world traveler. Below: Swimming is also a favored pastime of flame-haired actress-artist Tirza Arbel, in the surf at Sidni Ali, near Herzliya.







Above, from left: Sassona Magen, a native of Haifa, earns her living as an architectural draftsman and her hobbies—knitting, embroidery and graphics—reflect her artistic orientation. Zahava Blau—pictured at Caesarea, which incorporates a Roman amphitheater and a fortress built by Crusaders in the 13th Century—is a native of Cyprus, a former policewoman in Tel Aviv and currently a university student, majoring in philosophy and literature; perhaps because she's led such an active life, Zahava feels that there's nothing grander than "a lazy day spent with a book." Aliza Kratashinsky, framed by a concrete Picasso and a steel Vasarely in Jerusalem's Billy Rose Sculpture Garden, was also born in Cyprus and is presently a student, majoring in political science; in addition, Aliza serves in the army, helping out in settlement programs. Below: Irit Avni, a sabra, is also a political-science student. Irit has been earning her way as a ground hostess for El Al Airlines; formerly a member of an army theater group, she would like to work in films someday—though not necessarily as an actress. An accomplished athlete, like so many Israeli girls, Irit rides horses—as do Zahava and Aliza—and finds time to go swimming just about every day.







Above: Athletics are where it's at for blonde beauty Irit Lavi, who claims to be the tallest girl in all her classes and admits to having grown up as a tomboy; still in high school in Haifa, Irit—whose favorite sports are swimming and water-skiing—expects to become a physical-education teacher. Below, from left: The sands of Palmahim, ten miles south of Tel Aviv, provide a subtle backdrop for Ronit Ramot, a model who paints in her off-hours and who speaks for the majority of Israeli girls when she lists "peace" as her most ardent desire. Casually dressed Ronit Rosenstein, a lawyer's daughter who attends high school in her native Tel Aviv, hopes to become a psychologist; befreckled Ronit likes to paint, read, play tennis and take part in theatrical productions at school. Breezily attired Yael Magor, inviting passengers aboard a British Herald at Tel Aviv's Sde-Dov airport, works as a stewardess for a domestic airline, even though her education included four years at an agricultural school. Born in Poland 22 years ago, Yael grew up in an Israeli kibbutz; formerly an army lieutenant, she was stationed near the embattled Suez Canal. An animal lover, Yael gets a kick out of grooming friends' pooches; she also enjoys working with silver.







What these three sabras have in common is the fact that all are professional models. Multilingual Leora Lapidot (left), whose harem dress sparkles against the clay hills of Sodom, specializes in high fashion; she has starred in one feature film and is looking ahead to a successful cinema career. Jerusalem's Aviva Rosenthal (above) frequents an artists' colony outside Haifa. Tami Alani—who has made three films, two of them abroad—is an art school graduate and still paints whenever she has the chance; she also collects stamps and coins.







Above, from left: Varda Carmeli serves the Tel Aviv police department as a secretary; in the evenings, she studies industrial design, a pursuit that she complements by painting in her free time. Ziona Tuchtman, who has made three feature films, likes to swim and ride horseback but candidly names "men" as her number-one hobby. Yael Yardeni, a liberal-arts student who enjoys folk dancing and gymnastics, hopes for a career as a journalist. Marie Dunham (below) and Anne Tuchmeyer (opposite) are both actresses. Marie, born in France and raised in a globe-spanning set of locales, inherited her love of show business; her mother is a dancer and her father is a set designer. After learning her trade on the legitimate stage in Paris, Marie—whose skills as a Thespian are balanced by her own dancing ability—came to Israel to participate in the country's still-growing television industry. Anne, who was born in Leningrad and once packed parachutes for the Israeli army, has made a half-dozen films; one of them, a short subject simply titled Anne, was shown at the Berlin Film Festival. Iconoclastically insistent on her right to pose in the nude, Anne is a typical Israeli girl in her recreational preferences: riding, swimming and water-skiing.









doors of the terminal building.

Don't be discouraged by your first contact with a sabra, as a native-born Israeli is called. Instead, bear in mind that the word sabra means a prickly pear, an indigenous fruit that is thorny on the outside but sweet and succulent inside. Though it often takes a few slightly painful attempts before one learns how to peel a sabra, it's worth the effort, for the rewards are great, indeed. The Israeli girl, you will discover, is both complex and simple, combining sophistication with naïveté, subtle Middle Eastern femininity with open strength and an intense interest in the world with a fierce pride in being Israeli. She has a passionate desire for equality with males yet is touchingly thankful if she's treated as a tender female. At times, she has a straightforward, willing approach to sex; on other occasions, she seems puritanical. In other words, an Israeli girl is thoroughly unpredictable. You think you have her fixed in your mind as you first see her, brisk and businesslike in a uniform, until suddenly she appears before you in the shortest miniskirt you've ever seen. Soon you see her again, lying on a beach under the hot Mediterranean sun in a brief bikini.

Thus, from the moment you step onto Israeli soil, be prepared for surprises. After you've been escorted to the terminal by a hostess who fits your stereotyped notion of a Jewish girl, you'll get your first pleasant shock. Once inside, she'll wave you into a little booth for passport inspection by an immigration officer, who turns out to be a slender, blue-eyed blonde. A Jewish girl who is a natural blonde, looking as if she lives in Copenhagen? Yes, it's true. Then another girl in uniform—this one a tall redhead—directs you to the baggage area, where a customs inspector chalks OK on your bag after only a perfunctory question or two.

Outside the airport, a babel of voices rises and falls; there, as everywhere in Israel, you will hear people shouting excitedly at one another in Hebrew, German, English, French, Spanish and Arabic. It is no everyday event for Israelis to travel abroad, so the scenes of departure and arrival are always tumultuous and emotional. You may also have arrived at the same time a famed Hasidic rabbi is being welcomed home by his followers, who joyously dance in a circle around him, the men wearing long beards, black suits and huge fur hats, singing their happiness at his safe return, the women discreetly standing a little distance away.

As you sit in the taxi or bus taking you to Tel Aviv, you will see another young Israeli girl in a dark-blue uniform when you stop at a barrier across the highway. She is one of a small police team checking vehicles for possible Arab saboteurs. And when you approach the outskirts of Tel Aviv, the roadside will be crowded with more reminders that Israel is in a state of war: soldiers, sailors

and air-force personnel, half of them female, waiting at bus stops or hitchhiking.

Under any circumstances, one would marvel at the women who make Israel such an unexpected delight for the visitor. But when you realize that they are the product of a nation that has existed for less than a quarter of a century and was built by people who came to the Middle East from such diverse cultures as the staid pre-Hitler life of the assimilated German Jews and the quasi-Arabic bazaar life of the Moroccan Jews, they seem even more remarkable. The Israeli girl today, from the tiny Yemenite with her dark-coffee, slightly reddish complexion to the tall, peaches-and-cream blonde, is a totally new kind of woman, one still in the process of being created, almost without any ties to her past. By tangible necessity as well as by temperament, she lives almost entirely in the present.

For the outsider, an essential key to understanding her is knowing that every girl—like every boy—in Israel is conscripted into military service beginning at the age of 18. The only exceptions to this rule are conscientious objectors and girls from strict Orthodox Jewish families, whom no outsider is likely to meet, anyway. The Israeli girl doesn't view her military service as an onerous burden. On the contrary, she looks forward to it, not only because she's totally committed to the survival of her country but also because she knows that in the service she will meet Israeli boys and girls with whom she has never had contact before. Despite the smallness of the country, the military service is Israel's great leveler, its version of the melting pot, the one common experience of all young Israelis.

Thus, it doesn't matter how an Israeli girl grew up—in a sheltered middle-class family in Nahariya, where so many of Israel's German Jewish refugees are settled; in the much more open life of a kibbutz, where she alternated schoolwork with work in the fields; or in the semi-slum atmosphere of a *mabarot*, a temporary housing settlement in which the immigrants from Arab countries so often lived. It doesn't matter, because all of the girls come together in their military service; for 20 months, they are away from home except for an occasional weekend visit. They also come together with the young men of Israel, all of whom must serve two and a half years. Within the military, the girls are considered almost the equals of their male contemporaries, doing many of the same jobs, working side by side with them and living in close physical proximity to them. The girls sleep in separate barracks, but after the day's duties are over, they are free to exchange their uniforms for mini-dresses and to dance in a communal lounge. And if a girl wants to get on the back of a friend's motor scooter and go for a late-night swim or picnic, no superior officer will tell her she's forbidden to do

so. The swim and picnic may even last past midnight, when the gates to the barracks are locked; but any girl in military service learns such useful skills as scaling a fence, made easier by a friendly male boosting from the rear.

Such daily contact with young men puts the Israeli girl in the position of learning other important matters as well, not the least being the use of the pill, which is easily available in Israel. Even so, an Israeli girl often has contradictory attitudes toward sex. One visitor to Israel recalls taking a girl to her apartment after a party and, since it was late, asking if he could stay all night on the sofa. She agreed, on the condition that he stay on the sofa. The next morning, she asked him why he'd made no attempt to come into her bedroom.

"You were pretty emphatic when you said you didn't want me," he answered, "so I took you at your word. I wouldn't force myself on you."

She told him, "If you had been an Israeli man, you would have forced your way into the bedroom."

"And then?"

"Then I would never see you again. Where are you going to stay tonight?"

Perhaps the best illustration of this ambivalence is found in another incident in which a young Israeli girl soldier went out on a date and found the barracks gate locked when she returned. Her boyfriend suggested that rather than try to scale the fence, she spend the night at his apartment. She agreed but insisted that he allow her to sleep and not try any other activity. Once in the apartment, he found it impossible to lie in bed, listening to her even breathing. So he began to make love to her and she responded. The night was long and wonderful; but the next morning, when he asked to see her again that evening, she very calmly told him that she would never date him again.

"Why not? Didn't you enjoy last night?"

"Yes, but you broke your promise."

The Israeli girl has learned to be wary of the overaggressive approach that is characteristic of so many Israeli men; so initially, she extends this wariness to other males, too. But if she senses that a foreigner won't treat her disrespectfully and will behave as if she has the right to make a choice, the barriers will drop.

The foreigner starts out with a great advantage over his Israeli counterpart: He comes from outside the narrow borders of Israel and brings with him all the glamor of the world known to most Israeli girls only through films, books and magazines. Travel beyond the borders is very difficult for Israelis; their immediate neighbors are all at war with Israel and the only way to leave is by plane or ship, both rather expensive. In addition to the fare, an Israeli traveling

(continued on page 160)



article **By Craig Vetter** *computers that talk back are fine fare for science fiction, but what do you do when you find one alive and well and living in santa monica?*

LAST SPRING, a friend of mine handed me part of a computer print-out and told me, "It's off a machine in California that uses a program called Dr. Otto Matic—get it?—and when you run it, the computer talks back to you as if it were a psychiatrist. Isn't that a trip?"

The exchange between the unnamed human and the machine was printed in that all-cap teletype style and the computer had evidently started the conversation. It read:

GOOD DAY. I AM DR. OTTO MATIC. SINCE I PRESUME YOU KNOW THE RULES, WE CAN BEGIN RIGHT AWAY. WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT TODAY?

And the human involved typed back . . .

\*\*\*\*LET'S TALK ABOUT COMPUTERS. I HATE THEM.

And the machine responded, neat as you please . . .

WHY DO YOU MENTION COMPUTERS?

And the man said . . .

\*\*\*\*THEY ARE HATEFUL AND RUINING MY LIFE.

And the machine said . . .

SUPPOSE THEY WERE NOT HATEFUL AND RUINING YOUR LIFE?

And man said . . .

\*\*\*\*DOCTOR, I CAN'T DO THAT.

And machine . . .

HAVE YOU TRIED?

And man . . .

\*\*\*\*YES, I HAVE, MANY, MANY TIMES.

When I was through reading, I asked my friend if this wasn't really just someone's fine joke. The answer was no, it wasn't a put-on, the machine that had done this did exist, in Santa Monica. "You sit down at a teletype keyboard," he said, "and type in anything you want and the machine responds. Don't you think that's trippy? The damn machine talks to you."

I remember right then having a flashback to a time in grammar school when a magician ("The Amazing Kellaway") called my best buddy up on stage and then made him disappear in a very large mushroom cloud of white smoke. I knew it was clever (continued on page 231)

## Dr. Otto Matic, I Presume



Ny Roth



*"Sure I'm for the feminist movement.  
In fact, I'm pretty good at it."*





THERE WAS A CERTAIN GUIDO in Naples who had a secret madness, an obsession of the most absurd kind. Yet he was a handsome, courteous gentleman, well educated, prosperous and wellborn, and no one suspected this fantasy of his. In fact, if it had ever been spoken, any listener would have taken it as no more than a joke in bad taste. Guido had fallen in love with the queen.

It must be explained that King Alfonso V, who reigned at that time, bore a scepter of lechery. He was a great wench and seducer and, if anyone had thought of it, half the rich houses of Naples could have borne the legend KING ALFONSO SLEPT HERE. But the queen, on the other hand, took great pride in her armored virtue—despite the fact that she was young and beautiful and could have had any gentleman in Europe as her lover.

The second royal fact threw Guido into deepest despair, but the first royal fact gave him hope; and, after the longest and most exhaustive kind of thought, Guido conceived a solution. He began to look for a wife.

It was not the easiest thing in the world to find in that city, for the lady had to have three qualities: She must be exceedingly good-looking, she must be very charming and, above all, she must have remained entirely out of the king's view. Thus, Guido was forced to go to Rome, where, within six months, he had succeeded in finding, winning and wedding his handsome heiress. They returned to Naples, where they settled in a fine and spacious house just before carnival time, very happy and very much in love.

Now, like everybody else, the king used to go masked from house to house during the carnival, accepting hospitality and being a good fellow to all. Of course, the king's disguise was always well published in advance of the festivities and, thus, everyone recognized him—while pretending not to—and made a great effort to receive him well. At Guido's house, he met with a more elegant reception than anywhere else in the city. Confections, musicians, fine repasts, wine, dancing, gaiety were all there—but to the veteran satyr eye, the most splendid amusement was the voluptuous young stranger Guido had taken to wife. She fascinated Alfonso and when, after the repast, husband and wife sang a melodious duet to entertain their guests, the king took less pleasure in hearing the sweet harmony of the two than in calculating how he might break it.

Shortly thereafter, the king dispatched Guido on a mission to northern Italy. During the three weeks the young man was gone, the king called frequently on Donna Maria, the lonely wife, and consoled her with his charm and with some tasteful little presents. At first, being genuinely distressed at her husband's absence, she was grateful to the king. Then she began to look forward to being consoled by him. At the end of the three weeks, she had changed so much that she was distressed at her husband's return and had to meet the king secretly to be consoled again. Whenever Guido went to inspect his country estates, the royal consolation of his wife proceeded furiously.

Some said that Guido himself quietly spread the report of this. At any rate, the intrigue soon became so well known that—unlike most of the king's passing fancies—it came to the ears of the queen, who was much distressed. She was a lady of nice sensibilities and she felt sorrow for Guido, who was careful to sigh and look woebegone in her presence. One day, in order to speak some words of comfort to him, she invited him to stroll in a secluded part of the royal gardens. He thanked her and summoned a tear to his eye.

"Be steadfast, good Guido," she said. "I, too, have my aches. I have the honor of my rank, but another receives the pleasure of my marriage."

In his most sincere voice, Guido said, "Honor is born in you, madam. You are noble by nature and the glitter of rank cannot possibly add a thing; but your beauty, your graces and your winning deportment merit so much pleasure that she who robs you of that which is your due must ultimately find her joy all turn to shame. And, madam, let me say that the king—setting his royal station aside—is not more capable than I of contenting a woman. In fact, I should guess that my loyal temperament is even more suitable to a lady of such great merit as yourself."

The queen suddenly had her breath taken away. She began to suspect that this gentleman's tongue was the interpreter of



his heart and, far from her offering him comfort, it was actually beginning to be the other way around.

"I love the king," she said. "No heart can love with passion such as mine." But she said this in a somewhat weak and perfunctory voice.

"Allow me to say, madam, that there is one who loves you more deeply than you have ever imagined love to be. His love grows stronger as the king's grows lax. Think, madam, on that theorem."

The queen was in confusion and her heart beat faster. It occurred to her that this handsome young man might be melancholy not because he had lost a love but because he could not gain one. She looked at him with a different kind of warmth and, indeed, Guido did appear more amiable and devoted than her husband. After they had spoken further, the queen exclaimed with a sigh, "My God! Shall vengeance make us lovers? Can honey be drawn out of gall?"

"Vengeance can be both honest and sweet," said the now-hopeful Guido, "when, instead of killing one's enemy, one bestows life on a real friend. So let us forget that we are despised and abandoned. A new life can begin."

The lady was so agitated by her emotions that she took Guido's arm and led him into a small arbor, where they were quite concealed. In a moment, they had embraced. In two moments, they had lost their garments. In a few more moments, Guido had usurped the royal possessions—if not the whole kingdom, at least its most interesting corner—just as he had long planned.

Thereafter, Guido went more and more often to inspect his estates. The king would hurry to visit Donna Maria; Guido then hurried at once, by a secret way, to the queen's bedchamber to play viceroy. Thus, the puzzle of the four was solved and all were superbly happy. It even became the occasion of a famous joke.

One day, Guido and the king were standing together in Guido's house and the king noticed a pair of antlers and said crudely, "How well they become your wall!"

"But have you noticed the inscription just beneath?" Guido asked. The king read:

*Io porto le corna, ciascun lo vede;  
Ma tal le porta, chi no lo crede.*

I AM HORNED AND PLAINLY SHOW IT;

OTHERS WEAR HORNS AND DO NOT KNOW IT.

—Retold by Jonah Craig  153



## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 78)

probably the same period when homosexuality is programed into the child. So perhaps it would have a positive effect. You know, this is something very few people realize—that the child is psychologically oriented to homosexuality by circumstances that apparently come together during his first ten years. Experts don't agree on what these circumstances are, but you can reverse what I said and postulate that heterosexuality also has to be programed into the child during the same prepubertal period. The individual's anatomy—his chromosomes or hormones—doesn't automatically determine what his or her sexual orientation will be. This is proven in cases of mistaken gender identity, in which a baby born with the apparent genitalia of a female is brought up as a female; but it is discovered later that the child is really a male with some minor genital abnormalities that could have been corrected by surgery. However, the parents, thinking the child is a girl, have brought it up as a girl. By the age of 12 or 13, when puberty begins, the mistake is realized. But by then, it's usually impossible to change that child's personality structure back to male.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you implying that homosexuals necessarily identify with the other sex? We thought the opposite was generally true—that, apart from sexual preferences, a male homosexual is essentially male and a Lesbian, female.

**CALDERONE:** That's correct. I was just using that example to illustrate how gender identity is built into the child. What I'm trying to say is that, even though very little is known about the complete causes and the full personality structure of homosexuality, we're fairly certain that it isn't inherited but definitely related to childhood conditioning. Another proof of what I'm saying is the fact that the facultative homosexual—the one who accommodates to a situation where there is no heterosexual outlet, such as in prison or during extended periods of isolation in the Armed Forces—will revert to his previous heterosexual patterns as soon as he has the opportunity.

**PLAYBOY:** You've used no emotionally loaded terms—such as sick—to describe homosexuals. Would that indicate that you disagree with the psychoanalytic concept that homosexuality is an illness?

**CALDERONE:** I don't know enough about psychoanalysis to agree or disagree. I feel sad for the promiscuous one-nighter—he's missing so much in life. But, as I said, so is the promiscuous heterosexual one-nighter. Perhaps it's an illness in both cases. But I can't feel that homosexuals—those who may not be recognized as such in the community and are living totally responsible and dedicated lives—

are ill. And yet they don't have the opportunity to form families. It must be a lonely life, particularly when they reach old age. However you define their condition—ill or not—I feel compassion for them. I think they are deprived.

**PLAYBOY:** Your compassion might be resented by many of today's homosexuals, who proclaim that they don't feel deprived and who are becoming increasingly militant about securing their rights. Indeed, "gay power" has become a common slogan among homosexuals.

**CALDERONE:** Then perhaps my compassion is misplaced. But it saddens me to see the way society treats them. I don't believe any group in society should be treated in such a way that it *has* to become militant.

**PLAYBOY:** As much as today's homosexuals resent being told they're sick, they also resent the corollary notion that they can be cured: In spite of the early childhood forces that cause homosexuality, do you think it's possible to reverse this condition with the aid of psychotherapy?

**CALDERONE:** The psychiatric reports say it's very difficult, no matter how high the motivation. Apparently, the best that can be accomplished is to change a homosexual to a bisexual. But as I understand it, he constantly has to be careful to lean away from his homosexual toward his heterosexual life.

**PLAYBOY:** If homosexual tendencies are that difficult to reverse, is the opposite equally true? For example, many parents are greatly concerned that their adolescent children may be seduced into a fixed pattern of homosexuality by older men or women. Is this likely?

**CALDERONE:** No. The adolescent's sexual identity is already firmly established by then. And if he does allow himself to be seduced, it's because his early emotional relationships, with his parents primarily, made him seducible.

**PLAYBOY:** The adult-adolescent homosexual seduction scene is probably much rarer than imagined by anxious parents. But many experts point out that homosexual contact among adolescents themselves is exceedingly common. How do you allay parental apprehension about that?

**CALDERONE:** I assure them that, as we grow up, we all experience many homosexual feelings, which have nothing to do with the way we're eventually going to turn out. Many young people not only are attracted to members of the same sex but they may even express this attraction in overt sexual contact. However, if we're honest adults, we'll admit that we *all* have had this range of feeling and experience while maturing. There's quite a difference between the person who has been conditioned in early child-

hood to a homosexual fixation and the person who simply experiences some attraction to the same sex as part of growing up.

**PLAYBOY:** Many psychiatrists believe that the fuss made by parents over an early sexual experience—regardless of its nature—is more harmful to the child than the experience itself. Do you agree?

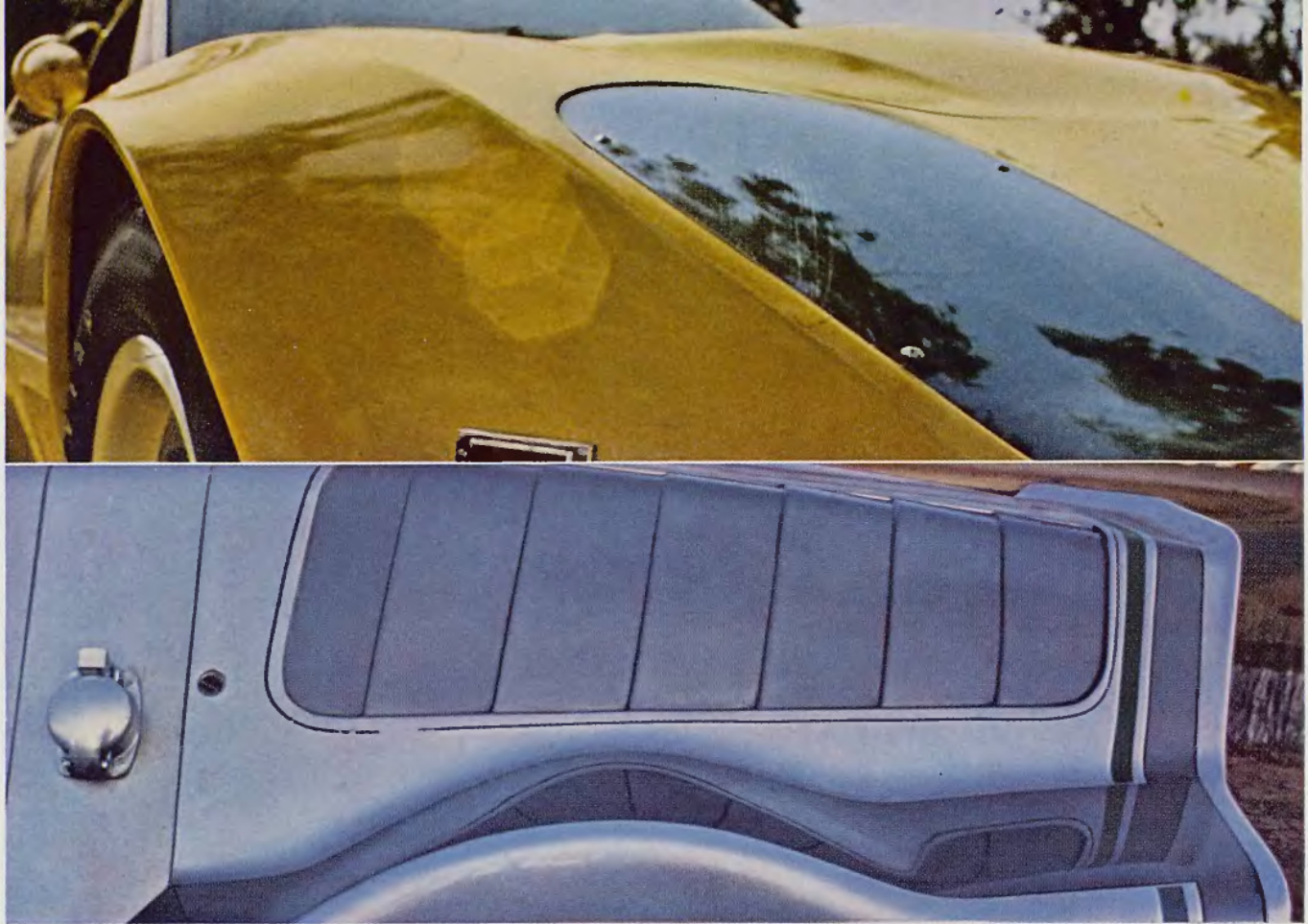
**CALDERONE:** I surely do. This is a belief I've had for a long time, because I have a knack for being able to gain insights through personal experience some years before science establishes support for such insights. I had an experience when I was six or seven involving a young man about 17 or 18, who was working as a gardener on my father's place in France. This young man got me behind a tool house one day and exposed himself to me. He was in full erection. He didn't approach me, didn't touch me; he wasn't even masturbating, as I remember. But I must have displayed curiosity, because he repeated this exposure two or three times. I'm a little hazy on some of the details now, but what I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday is my father's reaction when he learned about this garden scene. He dragged me into the house and threw himself on his knees in front of me and wept and said, "Now you have lost your innocence!" Then he called in the boy's father, made a *tremendous* whoop-de-do and fired the boy. After that, every time we went through the village, we'd have to drive past the boy's house and my father would say, "Don't you look at that house." Now, I hadn't even been thinking of looking at the house, but as soon as my father spoke, naturally, my head would turn like a magnet and he'd slap me. Unquestionably, the fuss my father made far outweighed the experience itself in my memory; yet he was only reacting as a "normal" father would. I felt I had been "bad" and "dirty," which caused me no troublesome conflicts later on.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any other misadventures in your youth that helped shape your sexual philosophy?

**CALDERONE:** None like that. But what did make an indelible impression on me was being a young, growing person—and a girl—during precisely that time when female sexuality began its fantastic emergence some 50 years ago. It was then and in the 1930s that the marriage manuals began to appear and, of course, when D. H. Lawrence resexualized a woman before our eyes—and very beautifully, too—in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Indeed, this past half century has been what sociologist Jessie Bernard calls the age of the resexualization of women. Females have moved from the Victorian era, the period in which *nice* ladies

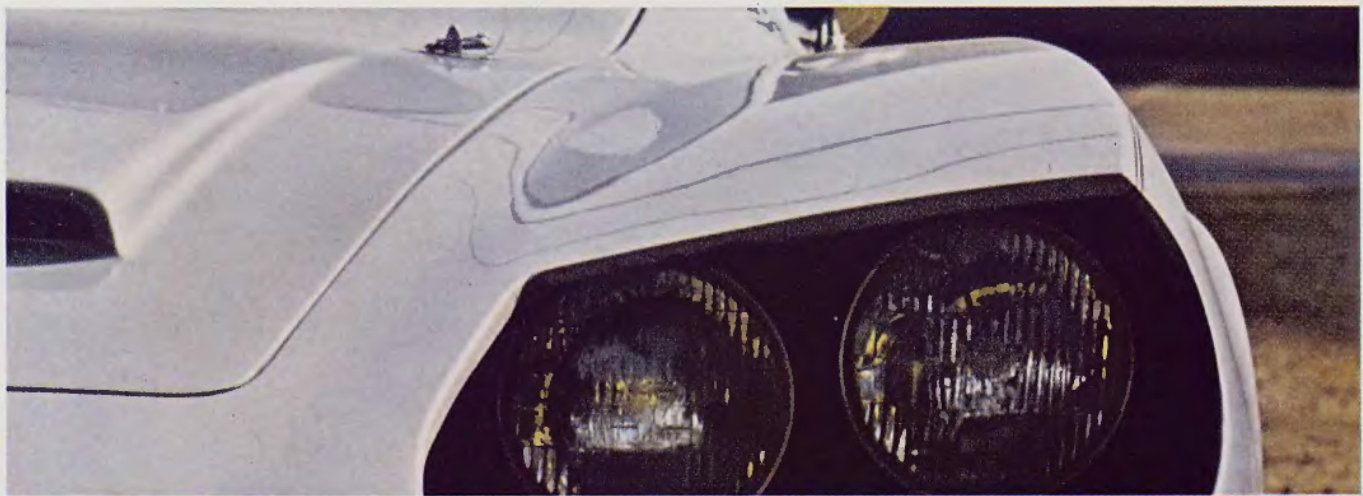
(continued on page 236)



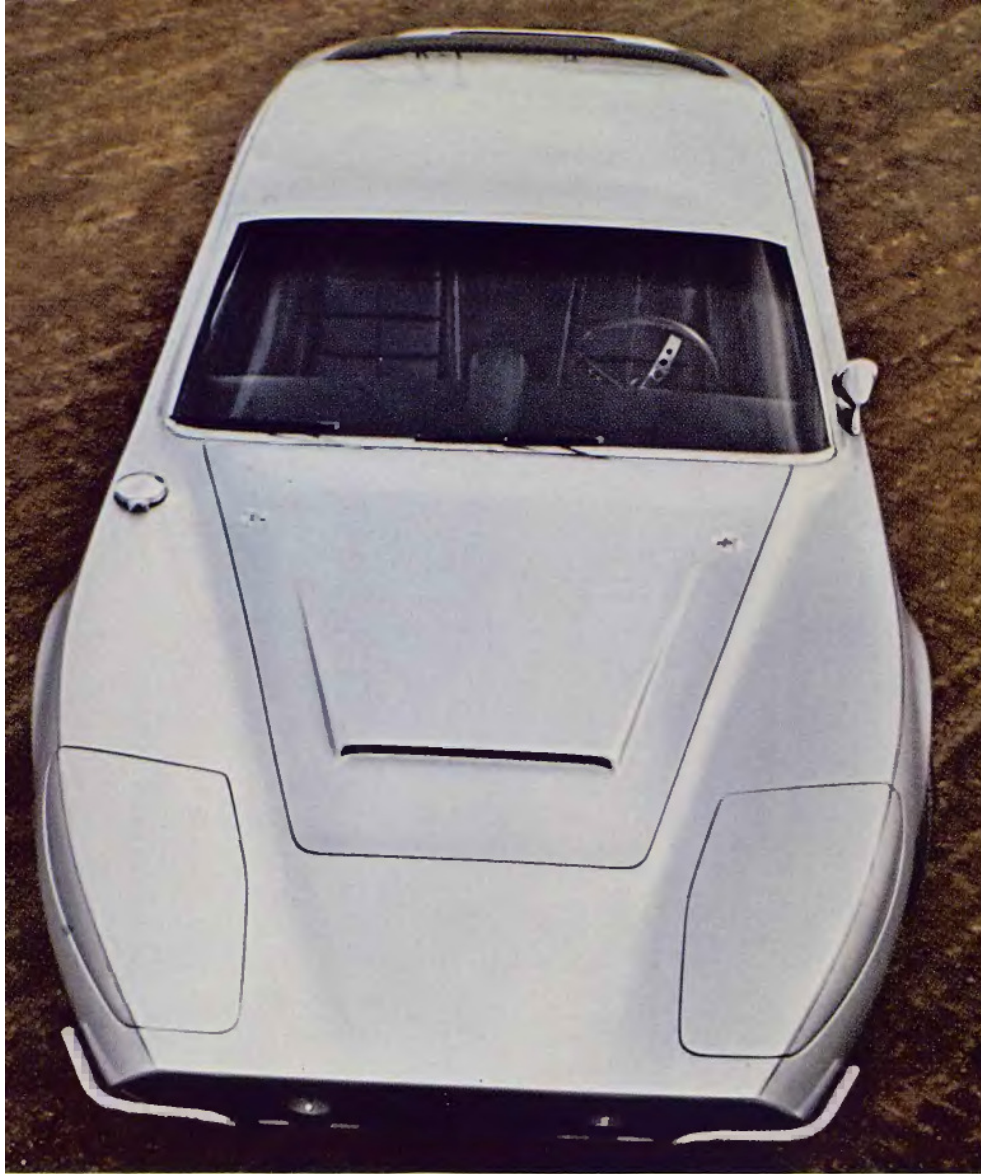


*for a relatively modest investment, a special fiberglass body can be wrapped around stock components to give you a handsome and rather exclusive personal vehicle*

**CLASS  
WITH  
GLASS**







**A** COMPLAINT sometimes voiced by owners of even the highest-priced Detroit hardware is that they can barely leave their driveways before running across virtual duplicates of the machines they're piloting. Sensing the need for something to set one apart from the rest of the traffic without going overboard financially, several small but enterprising California car builders not too long ago came up with what they felt was a wise solution to a problem that involved both aesthetics and status. They evolved fiberglass auto bodies—turned out at a relatively modest unit cost, despite a limited production—that could be purchased in kit form, assembled by the do-it-yourselfer and bolted to an already existing frame in fairly short order. The result of this skin graft, at first applied only on Volkswagen and Corvair chassis, was to turn tortoises into tigers—visually, at least. A few constructors then took the next logical step (what with the American predilection for performance) and designed chassis and installed power plants that came close to matching the svelte, swift look of the bodies covering them. Interiors were made sports-car functional, with no-nonsense instrumentation and (text concluded on page 236)

AMANTE GT/XM (left) is powered by a small-block V8 engine mounted amidships on a special tubular chassis. A wide selection of interior and exterior modifications gives the buyer a chance to assemble a unique mount. Complete from Creative Engineering, the top of the line costs \$8995. AVENGER GT-12 (below) is based on a late-model Volkswagen chassis, but its extremely low silhouette and gross weight nearly double the effective potency of its VW engine. In ready-to-roll form from FiberFab, it's yours for \$3995.







SHALAKO gull-wing coupe (above) utilizes Volkswagen front suspension and running gear but has a monocoque (integrated body and frame) midsection. The passenger compartment is fully protected by a roll cage and gas tanks are built into the side panels beneath the door sills. The ground clearance adjusts from six to eight inches. A set-to-go version from the House of Shalako is tagged at \$4250. JAMAICAN V8's fiberglass body is mounted on a specially designed steel chassis. Independent suspension all around, optional disk brakes and 350-cubic-inch Chevrolet power plant ensure that the coupe's performance will complement its appearance. In kit form, the Jamaican is designed to accommodate parts of everything from Sprites to Sting Rays, but it also comes road-ready from FiberFab at \$5500.





## A Million Elephants (continued from page 136)

Margaret hauled the Thermos of cold rice wine in her handle-bar basket.

It was their plan to follow the road upriver until they found a picnic spot. They were prepared for leisure after several days of conferences and pressure, and none of them tried to speed the pace or throw challenges.

The heat was not too severe. The sun was present between clouds.

When they wheeled through a village, the lowland children ran after them until they passed into the jungle road again. Neither the old men nor the chickens squatting under the huts made them any gesture.

Walter gave a running lecture on what they were seeing. "They refuse to lock up their animals. The stock would die if you did, they think. It's worse up in the mountains. They let the animals sleep with them in the huts there."

When the road got too steep to ride on, they dismounted and walked toward the noise of a waterfall. Glover broke trail into a green and grassy area that looked over the river. It was a cliff, of sorts, and Margaret stayed far from the edge and spread the luncheon, while Edelman and Glover threw stones out into the air and watched them arc toward the white-capped water that curled against itself.

Back on the checkered tablecloth, they drank the wine and tried to name the trees. Walter pointed to a huge sandalwood across the river. "When a king dies, they have to find a sandalwood tree that has no rot at its center. It has to be big enough so that the body can sit up when it's hollowed out. That means it has to be over a century old, usually, and sometimes they have a hell of a time finding a good one."

The sun turned critical and Glover and Edelman stripped to their undershorts and lay dazed and tired against the soft earth. They enjoyed the fashion in which Margaret waited on them and made them feel worthy of rest. They all talked of what they were learning.

"The diseases over here," said Edelman. "T. b., yaws; it's unbelievable. Malaria—"

"Three kind malaria," said Glover.

"Liver flukes, leprosy, worms—"

"You got three, no, four kind worm, round-eye," said Walter again in mock-Oriental manner. "You got menu A, hookworm and Strongyloides. You got menu B, roundworm and tapeworm. You also got in fortune cookie: trachoma, pellagra—" It was not funny and he stopped his routine. "There's so much to do here," he said softly.

They ate goat's cheese and bread. Margaret poured wine when it was needed.

"You'd be a good *ojo-san*, you know

that?" said Glover to her. "The women over here do most of the work."

"Fine and superfine," said Edelman. "Just the way it ought to be. Fix my food and draw my bath and then go out and plant a little rice for me and the kids."

"No arguments, Martin," said Margaret. "It's too nice a day. Besides, I agree with you guys. Men are weaker. I'm serious. This is the only place I've seen where they acknowledge that poor little malformed chromosome and all it means." She patted both their foreheads. "Sleep for a while, babies. I'm going to get out of this rig and take my own sun bath." Both men raised their heads slightly and squinted at her. She laughed. "I am *not* horny and I don't want to play doctor. OK? I just want to get some sun, damn it."

She stripped and stretched out between them. The wine and the sun and the easy noise of the waterfall led them into sleep. Edelman snored and turned away on his side. Glover dozed for not long, woke excited and erect, took off his shorts and pushed his penis against her thin thigh.

"Not now, Walter," she mumbled and he said OK and continued to nestle his face in her neck and collarbone. When he was not dreaming, he could half open his eyes and watch her breasts rise and fall with her breathing. Her sweat was sweet to his tongue. Once a bee teased him by trying to settle on her nipples and Glover felt amused at his own protective instincts as he stayed awake to brush it away.

"Walter, you are a good kid," she murmured to him once as she turned and cupped herself inside the curve of his thighs, her buttocks resting against his mildly stiff prong.

The three of them slept.

Until Glover felt the pressure of his bladder building. He pulled himself slowly away from her, so he would not wake her. He tiptoed, ludicrously, as if he were crossing a creaking floor, toward the thicket line to find a place. "I've got to pee," he kept saying to himself, and then he admonished his stiff dick, begging it to droop long enough for comfort. "Come on," he said to it, "where are you when I need you?"

It was probably his last full thought; for, as his foot kicked past a vine, his toes caught on a rigid catgut fishline that was tied to a tree root, and the line led up to the rusted ring of a grenade that was wedged in the fork of the tree he stumbled against, and the ring snapped away with a slight ping sound that could not be heard over the water or the air, and, as Walter straightened his back and looked down at his feet to see what had

tripped him, the grenade passed through its delay time and blasted off most of the right side of his head.

All day in the opium den, Buon Kong had been receiving reports. Runners came, as if to court, and whispered to him while they knelt near his seated figure. The old man listened but rarely asked a question of them.

When Charley Dog and Dawn came back into the room from their pad, Buon Kong signaled that they were to sit with him. "The news is not good. Tonight, we must leave Royal City as soon as it is dark."

"What's happening?" Charley Dog asked.

"There will be fighting here tonight. You may stay if you wish, but I must lead those who want peace out of our city."

"I'm with you, Buon Kong," said Charley Dog. "But where we got to go in this world? Seems like trouble comes around, no matter where I am. Anyway, as soon as we cut out of here, they'll come looking for us. That's one thing the power boys can't tolerate, dad. Worst thing you can do to them is ignore them. And they're not about to let that happen. No, sir. The one way to get every mother and his gun out snooping for you is to drop out."

"Perhaps," said Buon Kong. "But I want to take my people to the place of the *phi*, the Plain of Elephants. It is there that we must try to survive."

"Man, that's a long walk, Buon Kong." Charley Dog thought about that for a time. "OK, I'm with you babies, but I got to get me some pot to smoke on the way up there. That trip is so long it'll take another one to make it."

"Something's going on," said Sumner-Clark. "I can't quite place it, but something's happening."

"You mean the natives are restless?" asked Coakley.

"Something very much like it. I'm sorry to sound colonial on you, but . . ." and the sentence faded off as he drank his mineral water. He held his glass in the air and looked at it. "The time to leave a city is when the water becomes more expensive than the wine."

Coakley picked at his food. Luncheons were often a chore when his mind would not slow down. "I don't know any more than you. The general seems busy and Kelly can't stop talking about this elephant scheme of his. Glover is off in the woods somewhere on a picnic. I haven't seen anything that abnormal."

"I don't know, I don't know," murmured Sumner-Clark. "The comm shack has been frantic. Messages all over the place. But I don't care about that, really. You never learn anything that way.

*(continued on page 199)*



AT 11:14 THAT MORNING, Mr. Pangborn came into the barbershop. Wiley looked up from his *Racing Form*. "Morning," he said. He glanced at his wrist watch and smiled. "You're right on time."

Mr. Pangborn did not return the smile. He removed his suitcoat wearily and hung it on the rack. He trudged across the clean-swept floor and sank down in the middle chair. Wiley put down his *Racing Form* and stood. He stretched and yawned. "You don't look so hot, Mr. Pangborn," he said.

"I don't feel so hot," Mr. Pangborn replied.

"Sorry to hear that," Wiley said. He cranked up the chair and locked it. "Usual?" he asked.

Mr. Pangborn nodded. "Okeydoke," said Wiley. He pulled a clean cloth from its shelf and shook it out. "Whatcha been doin' with yourself?" he asked.

Mr. Pangborn sighed. "Not much."

"Kind o' run down, are you?" Wiley asked, wrapping tissue around his customer's neck.

"That's the word," said Mr. Pangborn. "What've you been doing?"

"Not a hell of a lot," Wiley answered. He pinned the cloth in place. "Drove up to Vegas last week." He made a rueful sound. "Lost a pile."

"Too bad," said Mr. Pangborn.

"Oh, well," Wiley grinned. "Easy come, easy go." He picked up the electric clipper and switched it on. "Maria!" he called.

She made an inquiring noise in the back room.

"Mr. Pangborn's here."

"Be right out," she said.

Wiley started working on the back of Mr. Pangborn's neck. Mr. Pangborn closed his eyes. "That's it," Wiley told him. "Take it easy."

Mr. Pangborn shifted on the chair uncomfortably.

"You sure don't look so hot," said Wiley.

Mr. Pangborn sighed again. "I don't know," he said. "I just don't know."

"What's the problem?" Wiley asked.

"The leg," said Mr. Pangborn. "The back. My right arm, off and on. My stomach."

"Jesus," Wiley said, concerned. "You seen your doctor?"

"He doesn't know what it is," Mr. Pangborn answered scornfully. "I don't bother going to him anymore. All he ever does is send me to specialists."

Wiley clucked. "That's lousy, Mr. Pangborn."

Mr. Pangborn exhaled. "Dr. Rand's the only one who ever helps," he said.

"He does?" Wiley looked delighted. "Hey, I'm glad to hear that," he said. "I wasn't sure whether I should even mention him or not, him not being an M. D. and all. My brother swore up and down that he was something else, though."

# BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

FICTION BY RICHARD MATHESON

*it is a very exclusive barbershop,  
just the sort to make a man  
feel great, but there are also  
special ways in which  
he can be trimmed and clipped*

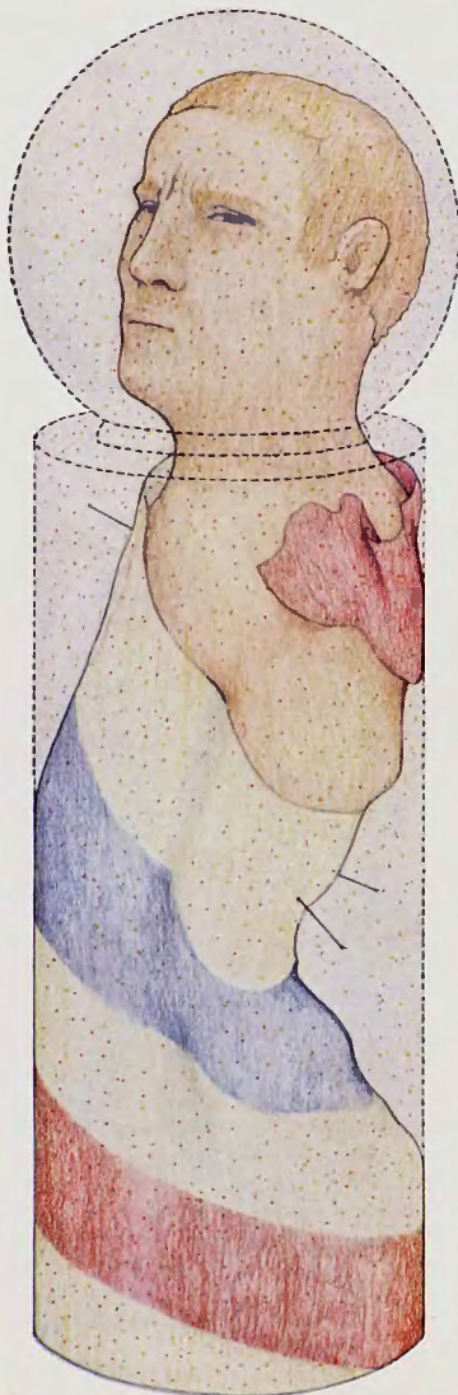


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

"He is," said Mr. Pangborn. "If it weren't for him——"

"Hello, Mr. Pangborn," said Maria.

Mr. Pangborn glanced aside and managed a smile. "Maria," he said.

"How are you today?" she asked.

"Getting by," he said.

Maria set her manicuring table and chair beside the barber chair. As she sat down, her bust swelled out against the tightness of her sweater. "You look tired," she said.

Mr. Pangborn nodded. "I am," he said. "I don't sleep too well."

"That's a shame," she sympathized. She began to work on his nails.

"Well, I'm glad this Rand is working out," Wiley said. "I'll have to try him myself sometime."

"He's good," said Mr. Pangborn. "The only one who's given me relief."

"Good deal," said Wiley.

It was quiet for a while, as Wiley cut Mr. Pangborn's hair and Maria did his nails. Then Mr. Pangborn asked, "Business slow today?"

"No," said Wiley. "I do it all by appointment now." He smiled. "It's the only way."

When Mr. Pangborn had gone, Maria carried his hair and nail clippings into the back room. Unlocking the cupboard, she took out the doll labeled PANGBORN. Wiley finished dialing the telephone and watched her as she replaced the doll's hair and nails with the fresh clippings.

"Rand?" he said when the receiver was lifted at the other end of the line. "Wiley. Pangborn was just in. When's he seeing you again?" He listened. "OK," he said. "give him something for his back and we'll take that pin out for a couple o' weeks. All right?" He listened. "And, Rand," he said, "your check was late again this month. *Watch that.*"

He hung up and walked over to Maria. As she worked, he slid his hands up inside her sweater and cupped them over her breasts. Maria pressed back against him with a sigh, her face tightening. "When's the next appointment?" she asked.

Wiley grinned. "Not till one-thirty," he answered.

By the time he'd locked the door, hung up the OUT TO LUNCH sign and returned to the back room, Maria was waiting for him on the bed. Wiley took his clothes off, running his gaze over her brown body as it writhed on the mattress. "You little Haitian bitch," he muttered, grinning.

At 20 minutes after one, Mr. Walters came into the shop. Removing his coat, he hung it on the rack and sat down in the middle chair. Wiley put down his *Racing Form* and stood. He made a clucking sound. "Hey, you don't look so hot, Mr. Walters," he said.

"I don't feel so hot," Mr. Walters replied.



## GIRLS OF ISRAEL (continued from page 150)

outside the country must pay a heavy travel tax and a surcharge on the price of the ticket. So the Israeli girl, patriotic though she is, sees the foreigner—especially a young, handsome one—as a romantic figure, indeed.

In all of Israel, no better place than Tel Aviv can be found to begin your acquaintance with the local girls. Extending for four miles along the Mediterranean coast, Tel Aviv lacks architectural beauty, with balconied apartment houses no more than rectangular blocks built in solid rows, one right next to the other. But Tel Aviv is alive—a bustling, noisy city abounding in busy cafés, restaurants, coffee bars, pizza parlors, ice-cream shops, bookstores, concert halls, cinemas and beaches. Tel Aviv is the country's heart, its cultural center. Israel's newspapers and magazines are published there and, although Jerusalem is the nominal political capital, Tel Aviv is the real seat of power.

This vibrant city is quiet only on Saturday, the Sabbath, and from about 1:30 P.M. to 4:30 P.M. every day, when people drowse in their apartments, especially when the city is being blanketed by the *hamseen*, the hot wind that blows in from the desert. Of all the streets in Tel Aviv, Dizengoff Boulevard is the best one on which to view a representative sampling of Israel's girls. Dizengoff combines the characteristics of Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, Michigan Avenue in Chicago, King's Road in London and the Boulevard St. Germain in Paris. Dizengoff intersects Dizengoff Circle, where four other streets pour vehicular and pedestrian traffic together to make a mad whirl around a plaza in the center.

From the circle, Dizengoff stretches for two miles, but the part of the boulevard that everyone means when they say Dizengoff runs from Dizengoff Circle to Keren Kayemet, a distance of only five blocks. In that short stretch are crammed an incredible number of sidewalk cafés and restaurants, most of them so close together that it's impossible to tell where one ends and the next begins. It's the cafés—jammed with Israelis talking and looking up from their food or drink to stare, openly and unabashedly, at the parade of people walking back and forth on the street—that give Dizengoff its special place in the city. "*Chaticha!*" someone will say, and all eyes will turn to a trio of beautiful girls strolling leisurely by, arms linked, their voices rising and falling as they talk to one another in the modern, slang-filled Hebrew that has developed among the young. *Chaticha* means a slice of bologna, but everyone uses it to express his admiration for the beauties passing by.

The girls of Tel Aviv dress in a special way. Some of their clothes are modeled after the styles worn in New York, Paris, London and Rome; but Israel's own

fashion industry has succeeded in creating an original mode of rakish *couture*, filled with bold colors and wild patterns—anything new, different, daring. Israel's climate is partially responsible: The temperature in Tel Aviv rarely drops below 50 degrees Fahrenheit, so no one needs heavy outerwear. In the summer, Tel Aviv is hot and humid to the point of mugginess, so the girls seldom wear more than a minimum of clothing—and they concentrate their energies on making that minimum as arresting as possible. For the price of a beer, which in Israel is not only good but inexpensive, a visitor can take a café seat facing the sidewalk on Dizengoff and watch the female panorama pass before him. These lively, attractively dressed girls may be secretaries, models, nurses, salesgirls, teachers, actresses or engineers. Whatever their occupation, chances are that they view their work as more than just a job: Israeli girls tend to be quite concerned with achieving a high occupational status.

Each café on Dizengoff has its own band of regulars. If you're looking for girls from the younger bohemian set, head for Café Casit, where young artists, film directors and novelists sit drinking coffee or *miz tapuzim*, the orange drink that is consumed by Israelis in enormous quantities. (Imported liquor is very expensive in Israel, although good gin, vodka, cognac and beer are produced domestically.) But the main feature of Casit is the talk, which goes on incessantly, as it does in every other café; for Israelis—including the girls—must be numbered among the great talkers of the world. The talk at the California, a café on Frishman Street just a few hundred feet west of Dizengoff, is mostly about politics. The California is owned by Abie Nathan, a man who once quixotically flew his own plane to Egypt in an effort to seek peace with Nasser.

But as lively as the Casit and the California are, they aren't necessarily the best places to meet younger Israeli girls. The café clientele tends to be a little older, more settled in their relationships, less inclined to favorably view an outsider moving in on one of the girls in the group. So if the visitor tires of just looking at the girls on the street, he can move on to the coffee bars, in which the younger girls congregate, or to a *discothèque*. There, he is more likely to find what he seeks by simply asking a girl to dance. In a *discothèque*, you need not worry about approaching a stranger; she may refuse, but she won't be offended. One cautionary note here: If you wander into a *discothèque* where everyone seems to be from Morocco or Iraq, use discretion, for the young Israeli men and women whose families come from Arabic lands tend to frown upon a stranger trying to find a dancing partner.

If operation *discothèque* has been successful and your dancing partner is ready for another scene, a good place to begin is The Pub, known in Hebrew as Ha Pub. Inside Ha Pub, which is directly opposite the Dan Hotel on Tel Aviv's beach front, is a replica of a British bar. But the duplication extends only to decor, for Ha Pub's clientele—unlike the British, who tend to exchange no more than a nod with their neighbors—doesn't go there to sit and quietly drink. Instead, Ha Pub bursts with life, with continuous table hopping and noisy conversation, loud laughter and shouts of recognition from the actors, writers, painters, politicians, journalists and jet setters who keep it open late at night.

At some point, you may discover that the animated conversation that excites the head doesn't quite fill the stomach. But a newcomer to Israel will be very disappointed if he looks for what is known in America as Jewish cooking—there are no kosher delicatessens, no corned-beef and pastrami sandwiches and hardly a bowl of chicken soup with matzoh balls. For many years, the country was poor and the early Zionist pioneers were more concerned with building their society than with becoming gourmets. Recently, though, a change has taken place. The country is more affluent, the tourist trade more important and immigrants from the Arab countries and from central Europe have imported their eating habits, often opening restaurants for those who share their cultural background. So, scattered throughout Tel Aviv are many small restaurants—some owned by Romanians, who specialize in serving grilled meats and vegetables, others offering "Oriental" food, which is not Chinese or Japanese but Arabic in origin. In these tiny places, Israelis sit dipping pieces of flat bread called *pita* into *humus tachina*, a succulent mixture of ground chick-peas, spices and lemon juice, topped with sesame paste and olive oil. And after that dish come kabobs and chips—ground meat cooked on a skewer, usually over charcoal, accompanied by French-fried potatoes. Another marvelous snack is *falafel*, a mixture of ground vegetables formed into small balls, deep-fried in oil and then plunked into a *pita* split open like an envelope. The *falafel* stand is as much a part of the Tel Aviv scene as the hot-dog stand is in many American cities.

If you want a more substantial meal, Tel Aviv has scores of eating places of almost every kind. None of them are great, but almost all are adequate and a few are very good. And at such non-tourist restaurants as the centrally located Acropolis, which serves Greek and Mediterranean food, Shaldag, near the city's port, or the Casbah on Jeremiah Street, the tables will be crowded with Israelis

*(continued on page 228)*



# THE GREAT CAMPUS MANHUNT



*a new breed of corporate recruiter—with a new corporate image—is meeting less sales resistance in the annual vernal confrontation with shy, suspicious and sometimes downright-hostile college grads*

## article By MAX GUNTHER

MIKE FRAZIER, the young personnel manager of Grey Advertising, Inc., sits in a library cul-de-sac at Harvard University. He is prospecting. His mission is to find bright Harvard men who, upon graduation, will be willing to work at Grey as account-executive trainees. He studies some sheets of paper supplied to him by the university's job-placement office; the résumé and academic history of his day's first prospect. On paper, the prospect looks ideal; he's a student of high academic standing and apparently enormous energy, a man involved in extracurricular activities and part-time work, a man with

drive and ambition. A man, evidently—ah, beautiful!—to whom might be applied all those grand hyphenated labels that the business world esteems so highly: a self-starter, a go-getter, a take-charge guy. Exactly the kind of man to be an account executive in a big New York ad agency.

The prospect appears—a ruffled-looking young fellow with a dark shirt, wild hair and devilish grin. Mike Frazier stands up and holds out his hand. "Hi, I'm Mike Frazier. Sit down and tell me about yourself."

"Well, I do OK, as you can see. What I want to know is, how good are you? Your brochure says you're a big organiza-

tion but you allow room for individual expression. Do you really want individuals? I mean, *individuals*?"

Mike Frazier sighs. He isn't interviewing the student; it's the other way around, as usual. This student, this talented young man, can hope for half-a-dozen promising job offers before he graduates. He can pick and choose. If Grey Advertising wants him, Grey must sell itself to him.

Does Grey want him? Mike Frazier isn't quite sure. He ends the interview by inviting the student to visit the agency's offices in Manhattan—all expenses paid, of course. A few days later, the student turns up in Manhattan. He



brings his guitar. He sits in Grey's modish reception room, sings and strums folk-rock.

"What are we hiring these days?" says an older executive. "I know we need new blood, but—"

Frazier doesn't know quite what to say. "We're afraid *not* to be interested in this guy," he tells the executive. "He's terrific. But, well, we wonder how he'll fit in. We run a freewheeling shop here, but it is an organization. You can't get 1500 people working together efficiently without some kind of organization."

The great campus head-hunt. It began in the early Fifties, when a few large companies, worried about having enough resident talent to keep them riding high in the expansive years ahead, sent experimental recruiters to a few campuses and snatched up a few hundred of the brightest, most business-oriented seniors and graduate students. The typical campus placement office in those days was hidden in a dim little basement room and administered by a dean or somebody else who spent most of his time in other offices attending to other duties. The average student never thought of finding a job through this obscure establishment, if, indeed, he even knew of its existence; and the average company was not represented there at all except, perhaps, by a faded, dusty, five-year-old recruiting brochure that nobody read. But as companies began to worry about a talent shortage, the on-campus recruiting business grew bigger. Universities hired full-time placement directors. The placement offices moved upstairs into bright new quarters with libraries and interviewing cubicles. In the 1968-1969 academic year, by a conservative estimate, some 3000 companies sent recruiters onto more than 1000 campuses, and they held several million interviews with some 300,000 students. The majority were hired before graduation.

While this scramble for campus talent was growing bigger, it was also growing more nervous. Companies found themselves competing not only against one another but also against a new set of campus attitudes. The so-called Silent Generation of the Fifties had given way to the more articulate, socially concerned and politically activist—or at least louder—generation of today. In this new generation were many who said that business was, as the cliché went, "irrelevant." They accused business of being motivated solely by profit, linked in sinister comradeship with the military establishment, resistant to social change, stiffly conformist, intellectually dead, run by and for white-collared robots whose suburban lives were tormented by ulcers, failed marriages and unhappy children.

On the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, a harassed and angry man shuffles backward down a

sidewalk. Two feet from his face, advancing as he retreats, is the front rank of a large, equally angry crowd of students. Everyone is gesticulating and shouting wildly. A few policemen jitter about on the periphery of the crowd, earnestly trying to look unbrutal. The man who is walking backward stops abruptly, shouts a few words in the ear of a cop and grabs the cop's bullhorn. The students are pressing hard against him, but he stands his ground.

"You've got the wrong chemical company!" he howls through the bullhorn. "I'm not from Dow, goddamn it, I'm from Celanese!"

The recruiters of Dow Chemical Company, until recently the Government's subcontractor in producing napalm, had been held prisoner in so many campus interviewing rooms that each routinely carried a ham sandwich as part of his recruiting kit. Other companies have had similar trouble, though not usually so often. Even banks. "Every company in the world seems to do something students don't like," remarks Jack Peyman, employee-relations vice-president of the Chase Manhattan Bank (which now recruits on about 125 campuses—up from 28 seven years ago). "Our man got himself picketed at Cornell last year, for instance. He couldn't imagine what the beef was. Turned out it was the bank's financial involvement in racist South Africa."

There is a lot of anti-business talk in the air. Time Inc. and the Marketing Science Institute once held a seminar on "The Crisis in Marketing Manpower" and invited a group of students to come and say why they didn't want marketing careers. "Business is largely ignored at Swarthmore College," one student told the assembled executives. "There are a lot of problems that seem more relevant to the students—in civil rights and the social field, VISTA, the Peace Corps, environmental pollution. . . ." A student from the University of Michigan grumbled, "I don't think it's accidental that every person in this room is white." He went on to tell of his experiences as a musician with the Lansing Symphony: "All the Oldsmobile executives would come to the concerts and they all wore dinner jackets." Something about the dinner jackets troubled him. He couldn't quite articulate it: something businessish or upper-middle suburban, something about conformity. "My impression was that these people weren't interested in the music, didn't know anything about it and didn't really care."

On the campus of the State University of New York at Buffalo, a big manufacturing company's recruiter scans the file of one Michael Aldrich. The recruiter reads it with mixed feelings. Mike Aldrich, the dossier says, is a teaching fellow and a straight-A student, heading for a

Ph.D. in English, with a strong secondary interest in science. A rare catch for any big company: potentially a high-level salesman, perhaps, or public-relations executive. But the file also says Aldrich isn't quite sure where he wants his life to go. He is evidently talking to corporate recruiters mainly to get information. The recruiter is worried. Some of the very brightest students, he is aware, are stridently anti-business.

Mike Aldrich enters the interviewing room and the recruiter's face brightens. Unlike many students on this oftenturbulent campus, Aldrich has had a haircut recently, wears no beard, is dressed neatly in jacket and tie. He looks—well, businesslike.

When they start to talk, the recruiter's smile sags a little. "My karma is self-determination," Mike Aldrich explains. "It may sound petulant, but the only job I'm interested in is one where I'd be driven by my own demands, not the demands of the company. I've got to set my own course."

The recruiter mumbles: "Well, uh, I'm sure, when you've worked your way up the ladder—"

"I'm not interested in ladders and all that," says Aldrich. "I've got to be independent, whatever I'm doing. It's got to be *my* job, you see? Something I'm totally immersed in. Not just a place in some hierarchy, where you get ulcers waiting for the next promotion."

The recruiter flounders toward firmer ground. He brings up the subject of money. Aldrich shakes his head. "Money doesn't interest me," he says. "Matter of fact, right now I live in a commune. I can get along on a thousand dollars a year."

The recruiter is out of his depth. He says: "Well, then, let's talk about your specific interests. What kinds of activities are you in?"

"Most of my time these days is taken up by an organization I founded, called Lemar. That's short for Legalize Marijuana. It's nationwide now, growing fast. It keeps me pretty busy."

After a while, the recruiter shambles to his feet. "Well, um, it's been nice talking to you."

"Sometimes they just don't understand each other's language," says John Fox, the long-haired young director of Harvard's Office of Graduate and Career Plans. "Even when they both want to get together, it can be hard. They've been living in different worlds. Their goals can be different. Neither can quite grasp what the other wants."

"Yes, times have changed," says Jack Shingleton, placement director at Michigan State University. (Shingleton runs one of the biggest placement offices in the country: some 2600 recruiters and recruitment teams visited his campus in

(continued on page 222)



satire **By ROBERT CAROLA** **WORD PLAY**

*more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive*

---

B **O** S **O** M

**F**lag

ACROBA**I**

*dum*

**bol** 

**S**  **CKET**

**T**  **ACTION**

**snuggle**

MAN  
MAN  
MAN  
MAN  
MAN  
MAN

 **ALL STREET**

**NYMPHOMANIAC**



*some thoughts take wing, others  
are shot down in mid-flight,  
still others die a-borning*

1.



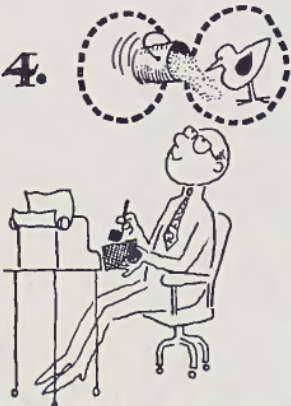
2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



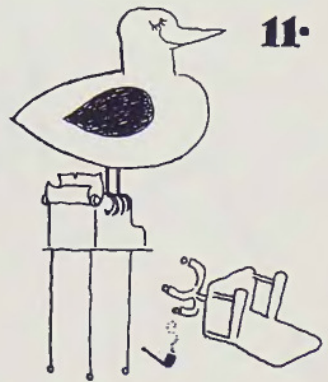
9.



10.



11.



MAN  
AND  
THE  
IDEA

by alphonse normandia.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.



10.



11.



12.



13.



14.



1.



2.



3.



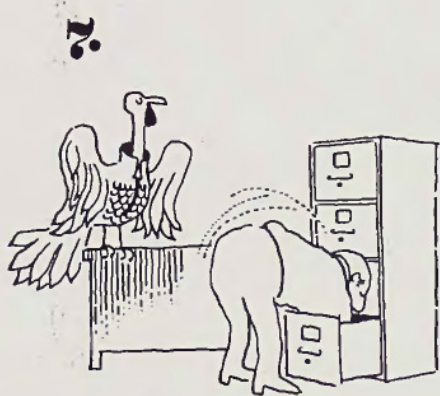
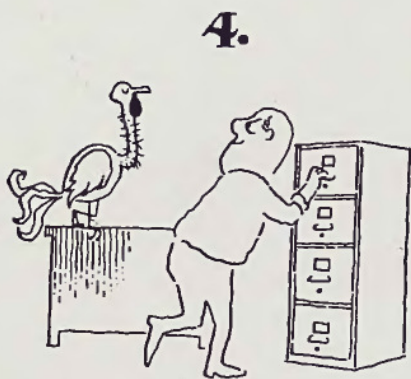
4.



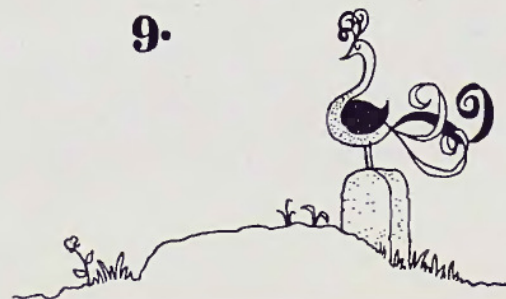
5.













## SPORTS HUSTLERS (continued from page 133)

family, if you like, bub."

"Now, wait a minute. . . ." Crane begged off.

"Aw, just one game, Cuz," whispered Taylor with a wink. "Win back my fifty and we'll go right home."

"Well. . . ."

So they played. And, even more miraculously than before, because Crane was really trying to win, the old guy again prevailed.

All the way back to Washington, Crane bemoaned his loss. "Eddie, I don't know how that old man ever beat me."

"No sweat, Irving."

"But your fifty dollars."

"Forget it. Happens to the best of us."

But Irving Crane couldn't forget. It bothered him through the night and all the following day. Finally, the man who never bet on his pool game went to see Taylor.

"Eddie, let's go back up to Baltimore. I'm going to win your money back."

"Ain't necessary, Irving."

"What do you mean?"

"Went back there this afternoon. Took that old coot for his whole wad—eight hundred clams."

"You did?" Crane was stunned.

"Hell, I knew all along I could put that old man away. 'Course, just to make extra certain, I had him spot me two balls a game."

Crane couldn't believe that. "Eddie," he said, "you're one of the greatest pool shooters in the world. How did you ever get him to spot you two balls a game?"

"Cuz," said the Knoxville Bear with a wide grin, "that's hustling!"

Eddie Taylor is just one of thousands of men who earn or supplement their livings by hustling. They exist everywhere—but the wildest action is in pool halls, on golf courses and on tennis courts. Hustlers differ in appearance, socioeconomic background, approach and technique. There is, for instance, a mil-

lionaire oil magnate who hustles. So does a Broadway actor. There is a man who hustles only doctors and another who restricts his trade to movie stars. No two are alike; but they are brothers, united in an invisible, clandestine coterie, their common bond an American society whose competitive spirit and love of the game are such that its 200,000,000 members bet billions of dollars each year on what is generally classified as sport.

There is only one cardinal rule for a hustler: Never put your money on a "good thing." Good things are for the suckers. The hustler moves only when he has a *sure* thing. Watching him work is watching a shark eat. No matter what his game or his angle or his adeptness, most of the hustler's effort is expended in eliminating any chance that his opponent might win.

That's precisely what Eddie Taylor accomplished in Baltimore. He knew that on any given day, he could beat that old man. But why take a risk, especially in a fast, chancy game like nine ball? The old man had, after all, defeated Crane, the billiards champion of the world. By conniving a two-ball spot from his opponent, Taylor started off so far in front that only a miracle could have allowed the old man to beat him. And not a hustler alive will admit to a belief in miracles.

The key word, then, is percentages. To gain a sure thing, the hustler, a master of odds, manipulates the percentages until they are heavily in his favor. The subliminal formula by which all hustlers work is to gain an edge greater than the true difference between their normal game and their opponent's best game.

The easiest place for the hustler to finagle the percentages is in the sport where handicapping is a legitimate part of the game—golf. Theoretically, the handicap is golf's great leveler, the element that makes all men equal. But in the hands of the hustler, the handicap becomes a weapon with which to send his mark to the poorhouse.

Dr. Cary Middlecoff once estimated that 40 percent of all golfers lie about their handicaps; but a more accurate figure, according to one old-time pro, is "between 100 and 110 percent." What the sucker doesn't realize as he cagily pads his handicap by a stroke or two is that the hustler is probably getting away with 10–12 strokes. Even the great Sam Snead, recognized as a very shrewd money player, has been taken for a high-handicap ride.

"I was playing at a club in Florida a few years back," Snead recalls, "when a fellow approached and asked, 'How would you like to shoot a round for some money?' I asked him what his handicap was and he told me a 14. I had no



*"By being the unemployed father of seven, you think you've found yourself a nice little tax loophole, don't you?"*



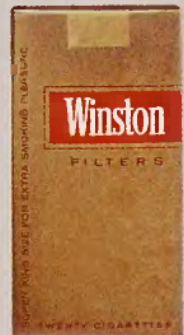


# “We and our Winstons”

we got a  
real good thing...  
a real good  
taste.



KING SIZE



SUPER KING SIZE



reason to doubt his word, so I said, 'OK, you're on.' Well, after nine holes, he had a 35, and since I didn't figure to shoot a 21 on the back nine, I just gave the guy his money. Sometime later, he came up to my home course and challenged me to another round. This time, I ducked inside to a phone and called the man's club in Florida. They told me he was listed as carrying a five handicap, which most likely was still a few strokes above his real game."

While most hustlers will seek to gain their advantage by taking a high handicap, it sometimes works the other way, with the *victim* being given an edge. A common golf hustle, for example, is one in which the mark is allowed the option of playing three balls to the hustler's one, taking the best score on each hole. What the victim doesn't realize until too late—and sometimes never—is that he is playing 54 holes to the con man's 18. Somewhere about the middle of the back nine, he finds his clubs getting heavy, his legs tired and his game a shambles.

Minnesota Fats does something of the same on a pool table. He'll give his opponent the chance to shoot at all six pockets, while he himself plays only one. In other words, Fats is playing the very specialized game of one-pocket, while his victim plays straight pool. "When I give them that, their eyes light up and they start smackin' their lips," laughs Fats.

"Only thing, I just happen to be the best one-pocket player in the universe. Most times, the lamb will never even get to the table."

One of the most bizarre handicappers among sports hustlers is the man generally looked upon as the world's foremost tennis hustler, former Davis Cup ace Bobby Riggs. Riggs will spot an opponent up to 40-love a game, as many as five games a set. But that's only when he's in a conventional mood. Other times, he'll give his mark the doubles line, while he hits for the singles; or play two opponents at a time; or place one to four chairs on his half of the court, making his side of the net a veritable obstacle course, and give his victim a point each time the ball hits a chair; or play wearing an overcoat and galoshes or holding a suitcase in his left hand. It's a pretty absurd picture—one man standing among four chairs in full raingear, a valise in one hand and a tennis racket in the other, yelling at his two opponents that it's 40-love and their serve—but it dramatizes the edge with which most hustlers start. Riggs has been hustling for 30 years and he doesn't lose much at all.

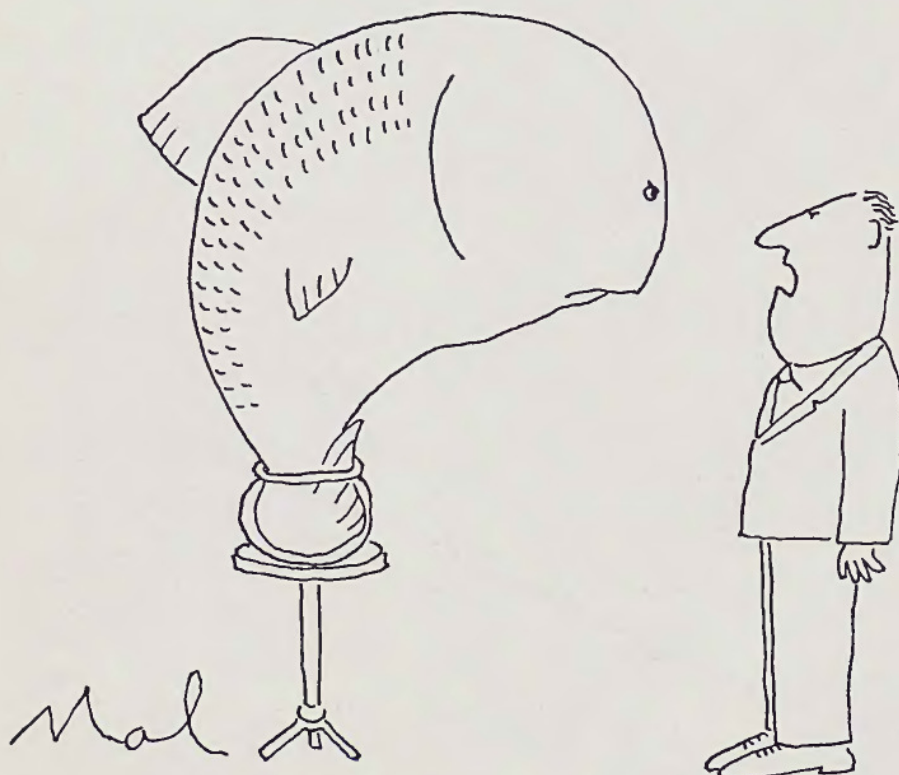
"Face it," advises one money player, who has been the frequent victim of good-thing sports hustles, "no matter how much a hustler gives you, he knows from experience that it's still not enough to beat him."

Except for this common denominator of gaining the sure edge over an opponent, hustlers and hustling techniques vary markedly not only from sport to sport but within any individual sport. In few does the spectrum range as wide as in golf. Golf hustlers are everywhere: on public links, at private clubs and on resort courses. No one who'll put money on his golf swing is safe from them. At the municipal courses, such as Cobbs Creek in Philadelphia and Forest Park in St. Louis, he is usually Negro. Until recently, professional golf was closed to black men, and hustling was the only alternative. Charlie Sifford tried for years to break into the tour and, despite his great game, couldn't. Then, about ten years ago, the P. G. A. decided to shop around for a representative Negro and Sifford was sought for the role. According to a sportswriter who has followed Sifford's career with interest, "By this time, Charlie was doing so well hustling he didn't want to join the tour. The P. G. A. fathers practically had to force their membership card on him."

On a good day at a public course, a golf hustler, white or black, may take home \$50 to \$100. But on a good day at the exclusive and restricted clubs of Florida and Southern California, a man may make as much as a public-links hustler earns all year. The hustlers who operate in these resort areas have one distinguishing characteristic: a deep, uniform tan. Their victims are usually marked by their chalky executive-suite complexions; the hustlers call them "palefaces." Shortly thereafter, the scalping starts.

Palm-bedecked Normandy Shores in Miami Beach is often called Hustle Haven. There, the hustlers lounge around on chaises, ogling the new arrivals as they make their way to the first tee. When the hustler zeroes in on a paleface, he ambles over, working hard to look like just another lonely vacationer out for a friendly round. Then he'll suggest that they join up with two other baked-tan loungers, to make it a foursome. The trap has thus been set; the mark has just been caught up in a con familiarly known as three brothers and a stranger; and from this point on, the thing reads like *Uncle Remus*. But it works.

The betting always starts slowly. "Hey, let's go for a fin on the next hole," says tan number one, and tan number two says something like, "Na, make it twenty dollars." "OK," says number three. Paleface (a little afraid of the stakes), he don't say nothing. His game is the five-dollar Nassau limit. The game goes on, the bets rise and then things get a little hot. Number one: "Aw, you're so lucky, lucky-lucky-lucky." And number two: "Ain't luck." "Then we up the bet next hole, smart guy. Two hundred dollars,"

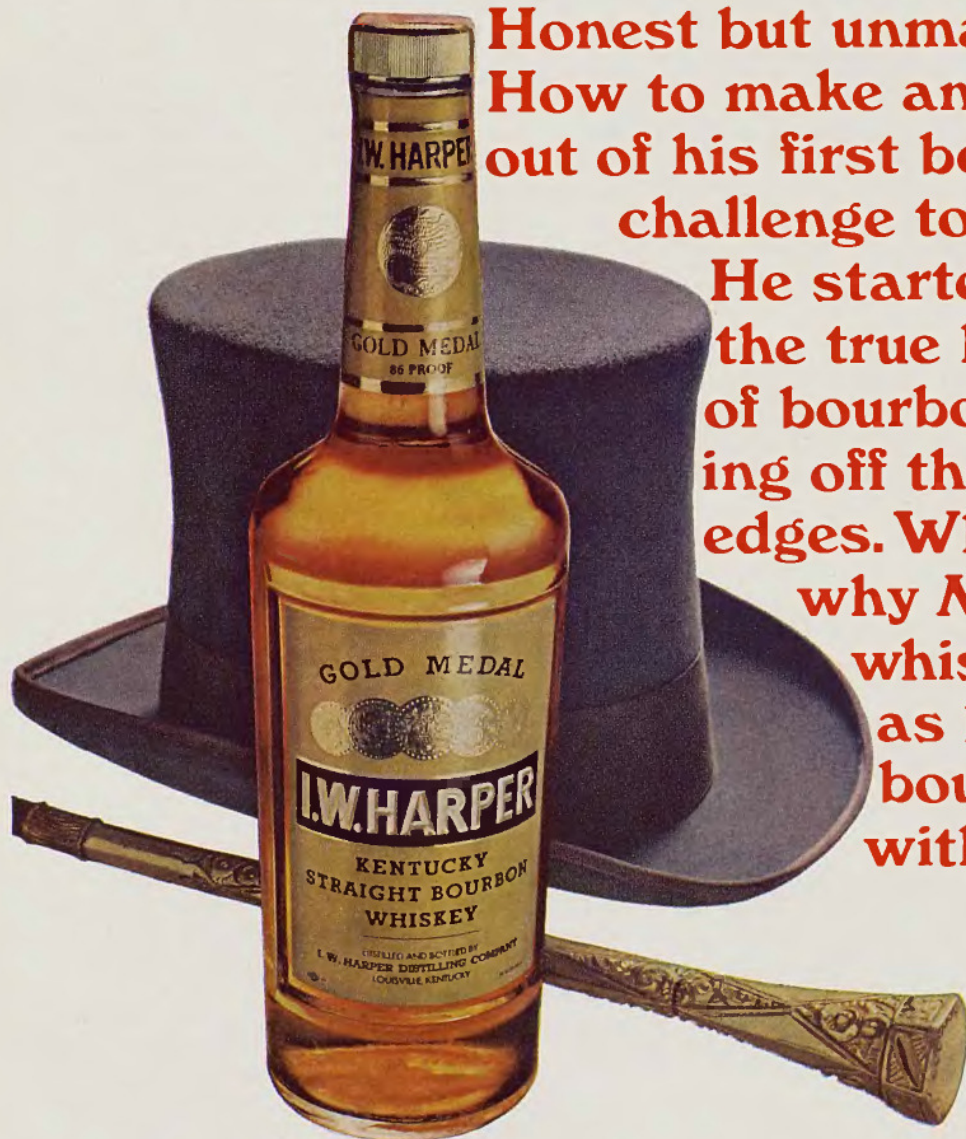


"You'll get a new bowl when I can afford a new bowl and not one minute sooner!"



# Meet the man who makes an honest bourbon—but with manners.

Bourbon came out of the hill country. Honest but unmannered. How to make an aristocrat out of his first bourbon was a challenge to I.W. Harper. He started by keeping the true honest taste of bourbon but polishing off the rough edges. Which explains why Mr. Harper's whiskey is known as honest bourbon — but with manners.



And which explains, too, why winning medals all over the world got to be a habit with I.W. Harper.



One of the medals won since 1872 for being honest bourbon—but with manners.



says number three. By now, paleface feels so lonely he says, "I'll take fifty dollars of that." But somehow, number two takes everybody's money. Undaunted, the paleface keeps kicking in \$25 and \$50, while the three others battle dramatically for \$200 or \$300 on every hole. Paleface just feels happy he's not the big loser—except that he's the *only* loser. Back in the clubhouse, the brothers return one another's money and split paleface's three ways.

A basic rule of successful golf hustling is never to let the mark know he's being hustled, for the satisfied customer is quite likely to return for more. Not long ago, a Cleveland orthodontist was "dumped in the river" for \$5000, neatly spread over his two-week stay in Miami. The day before he was to fly home, another paleface, a man who had similarly been taken the previous year, informed the orthodontist that those with whom he had been playing were rather notorious con men. The orthodontist vociferously refuted the allegation. He, an intelligent man, gullible enough to fall for a hustle? Nonsense! He staunchly defended his newly found friends and, just to prove the point, went out and played one more round with them. The final day's extraction came to \$1500.

To hustle a man without his knowing it, of course, is an art; its practitioners must be highly polished. A true hustler is gifted with the charm of a diplomat, the purity of a priest, the salesmanship of a boardwalk pitchman and the dramatic flair of a Shakespearean tragedian. Some of the stock roles played by golf hustlers include Boozer, Old Aches and Pains and Stunt Man.

Boozer keeps a bottle of bourbon in his golf bag. Following every swing, he takes a swig. Pretty soon he's having himself a private party, laughing, telling funny stories, his words coming slowly and slurred. At the end of nine, appearing barely able to stand, he proclaims himself the greatest golfer alive or dead and demands that all bets be doubled or better. The victim rarely refuses, thinking that drunks make poor golfers. While he seems no less tipsy than before, of course, Boozer's drives remain straight and his putting never better. It could be the refreshing taste of all that tea he's been guzzling from the bourbon bottle that's spurring him on.

Old Aches and Pains is truly a case for the Mayo Clinic. He limps, complains of a bad back, arthritis, rheumatism, swollen glands and God knows what else. Yet he always manages to live through a grueling 18 holes, more times than not eking out a "lucky" one-stroke win. Stunt Man is a trickster. His mode of play is so unlikely that no victim in his right mind can afford to let this opportunity to

strike it rich pass him by. But whether his gambit is using only a single club (normally, a three or a four iron) or hitting the ball while standing on one foot or sitting in a chair or blindfolded, or—as 1968 U.S. open champ Lee Trevino once did as a youngster, hustling the suckers in Texas—hitting all his tee shots with a Dr Pepper bottle, if Stunt Man offers to do it, brother, you had better believe he can.

The top strata of golf hustlers are those with memberships in elegant country clubs. The LaGorce Country Club in Miami Beach probably has about 200 bona fide millionaires as members. The number of bona fide golf hustlers may be equally high. The same is true of Palm Beach's Seminole Club and similar spots across the country. How do they get in? "I don't know," bewails an executive at a club in Palm Springs whose membership is worth a collective total approaching the gross national product of Europe. "I only wish I knew how to get them the hell out."

Often a hustler will be brought into an upper-caste club as a permanent guest by a member who pays the hustler a straight salary (which may run as high as \$10,000 a week), plus a percentage of his hustling earnings. For where there are millionaires and golf courses, there are suckers who will bet—and lose—big money. Which bears out the hustlers' adage: Whatever is being done for nickels and dimes, you can be sure is being done somewhere else for thousands. Or hundreds of thousands, which was the case a few years ago at Sam Snead's home course of Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. It was there that a wealthy oilman dropped \$100,000 by three-putting a single hole. According to one alleged witness, at the end of this chap's week's vacation, he owed a cool \$500,000. "He sat down at a card table in his hotel room with a suitcase full of \$1000 bills. The hustlers lined up very orderly and, one by one, that man would count out the bills—50 for you, 80 for you. And he never once flinched."

Many of today's top golf pros got their start on the hustling circuit. Few, however, like to discuss their dark pasts, because, as P. G. A. members, they have images to protect. Not that they don't bet on themselves anymore. They do, both in and out of P. G. A.-sanctioned competition. One pro, known as the Viking because of his tall, athletic build and long blond hair, has won few tournaments the past five years, yet it's not uncommon for him to leave the clubhouse after 72 holes with more green in his pockets than the tourney champion. When questioned about his hustling activities, the Viking becomes terribly upset. "Hell, I'm no hustler. A hustler's a

thief, no better than a common criminal. Sure, I'm a money player, but not a hustler."

Another pro, who admits privately to his before-tour hustling days, mourns the passing of hustling as a proving ground for new young pros. "Today, if a kid's any good, he gets a scholarship, plays four years on a college team, then, soon as he gets out, a syndicate buys him up and puts him on the tour. Another thing: TV has made legitimate golf so lucrative—there's hardly a tournament played where first prize is under \$20,000—that hustling for \$50 and \$100 a day seems a pure waste of time. It's a shame, in a way. A guy sure can learn an awful lot about golf by hustling."

The hustling action on tennis courts is harder to find. It's there, but it's more covert, because of the strict distinction between amateur and pro that was part of the sport until recently. So tennis hustlers are, for the most part, unobtrusive, like the high school teacher in Fort Lauderdale who supplements his income by taking \$10s and \$20s from tourists on the public courts of Miami Beach; and the part-time movie stunt man who spends his afternoons clipping the more affluent college students on the campus courts in Los Angeles.

Though most of the scalping is more prosaic than in golf or pool, tennis does have its legendary hustles and most of them include the aforementioned Bobby Riggs. In 1947, the late Errol Flynn was busy talking up a young tennis player named Pancho Gonzalez. Gonzalez was then the 17th-ranked American amateur and very few people knew how really good he was. Flynn did, and it was no secret that he wanted to match him against the current world's champion pro—fellow named Bobby Riggs. Riggs talked Flynn into a doubles match, with Riggs and a pro named Jimmy Brink facing Gonzalez and Bobby Falkenburg—the latter, like Riggs, one of the top name tennis players of the post-War era. The fattest cats in Hollywood showed up at Flynn's house for the big event and, since many were close friends of the swashbuckling star, they were eager to back his find. Gonzalez played well that day, as did Falkenburg; but Riggs, unbeatable when there's big money involved, was invincible; and he and Brink won. There's no authoritative account of the money that passed hands, but one spectator pegged it in the low-to-medium-range six figures.

Riggs currently plays out of New York (he's still active in official competition and last August won the United States senior grass-court championships) and most any fair day can be found on the roof of the Tennis Center on East 38th Street, where his knowing victims will be



Graham Wilson



*"One small step for a znargh—a giant stride for znarghkind!"*



people such as Jack Dreyfus of the fund by that name, former baseball great Hank Greenberg and a host of New York's richest merchants, industrialists and executives. "At the center, you'll find the leftover hustlers from the now-defunct Rip's Tennis Courts, which used to be the hotbed of hustling in New York," says pro Len Hartman, a steady tennis partner of Riggs's. "One day, maybe they'll all go over to Riggs's place in Queens or down to my own Hi-Way Tennis in Brooklyn. Comes winter and the same bunch, with Riggs leading the parade like the Pied Piper, are down at Flamingo Park in Miami. It's like a floating crap game in underwear."

Riggs tries hard to play down his hustling action by claiming he indulges only in "friendly games in which a dollar or two changes hands." "Add a few zeros to the right of the one and you'll be more accurate," Hartman laughs. Riggs, according to Hartman, will bet anyone anything when it comes to tennis. He rarely loses; but Hartman remembers once when he did. "A young amateur named Steve Ross came up from Florida. The kid has the most god-awful serve you've ever seen—floats over the net like a beach ball—but aside from that, he's an extraordinarily fine tennis player. I kept him under wraps at my place until, one day, Riggs came over to play. I made sure Bobby got a good

look at Ross, at his soft, easy serve, then I went over and asked him if he'd like to play the kid. 'What would you give him?' I asked. Riggs just laughed. 'With a serve like that, three games.' Out they went and Ross, floater and all, whipped Riggs soundly. Well, Bobby grew angry. 'Nobody with a serve like that can beat me,' he bellowed. He challenged Ross again, this time spotting him two games. And Ross whipped him again. This kept up all afternoon, until Ross was spotting Riggs three games; but Bobby never won a set. I guess it just goes to prove that even a hustler can get hustled."

This last statement, when related, got a big laugh from America's best-known sports hustler. "Even a hustler can get hustled?" said Rudolph Wanderone, alias Minnesota Fats. "Listen, *only* a hustler gets hustled. You're not going to get anything from the Johnny straight citizen, because he doesn't want anything from you. It's the greedy little guy who wants to get his hands on your boodle who's the easiest target for a hustle."

This is especially the case in pool, where hustlers rely almost exclusively on other hustlers. "Pool hustlers are a breed among themselves," says Tom Fox, co-author of Fats's autobiography, *The Bank Shot and Other Great Robberies*. "They have the most unbelievably Runyonesque names—like Weenie Beanie, Tuscaloosa Squirrelly, Corn-bread Red—

they sport egos as big as houses and they are collectively the biggest bunch of natural-born liars on earth. They'll literally spend days sweet-talking one another, trying to squeeze out an edge. In the end, it's usually the one with the most patience and best sales resistance who comes out on top."

Unlike golf, there is little problem in picking out the hustlers here. When an unfamiliar face walks into a pool hall, his two-piece cue in a black-leather case tucked under his arm, his identity is immediately established. (As a matter of fact, a pool hustler wouldn't think of frequenting a place where hustlers weren't welcome, as did Paul Newman in *The Hustler*.) The big thing in this game, then, is not what he is but how proficiently he shoots.

"As a hustler, you just cannot delude yourself into believing you're a better-grade pool shooter than you are," says Jerry Orbach, star of the Broadway musical hit *Promises, Promises* and one of the top cue men in show business. (Orbach is known around New York pool halls as Jerry the Actor.) "Having done a lot of theatrical roadwork, I've hustled in practically every city in the country, but I've always had enough sense to realize the limits of my ability."

The best of the hustlers, of course, can perform at any level. "When I go into a town, I go solely with the idea of making money," says a well-traveled hustler who goes under the cognomen of Peter Rabbit. "If I run up against a D-rate shooter with a bundle, I'll play below speed and shoot D rate, only a little better. C rate, A rate, the same thing. What I won't do, though, is whack out a D man after letting him think I play at his speed, then take on an A or a B man. A guy can get in a little trouble that way."

Peter also dispels any notions about the element of risk in his line of work. "I don't think of myself as a gambler, because, to me, there's never any doubt as to the outcome of the match. Rather, I consider myself a doctor, a surgeon, and the victim as my patient. The patient comes to the doctor and gives him money to be operated on. It's as cut and dried as that."

One man who *does* consider pool hustling a gamble is Hubert Cokes, a millionaire oilman from Evansville, Indiana. Cokes, known as Daddy Warbucks because of his remarkable physical likeness to Little Orphan Annie's guardian, is a hustler of the B-plus variety. His primary interest in pool, however, is that of sponsor. "Most pool hustlers don't have a heck of a lot of money," he notes, "and have to rely on backers. What I'll do, like most professional backers, is stake a man to a certain limit and, if he wins, we split 50-50. If he loses, I lose all."

As a rule, he contends, pool hustlers are not the most astute bettors. "Their



"You can't talk to that crowd—they've all got extra Y chromosomes."



# LEAD WOMEN AROUND BY THE NOSE.



Flying Dutchman. Mysteriously aromatic.  
Blended from 18 of the world's most savory tobaccos. You'll like it. Women love it.

MADE IN HOLLAND BY THEODORUS NIEMEYER,  HOLLAND'S LEADING TOBACCO BLENDER SINCE 1819.



egos are so great that many times, it's easier for some superspieler to con them out of their money than it is to beat them at the table. Last year, for example, I staked a man to a nine-ball match in Houston. They played all night and when they quit, we were \$3800 ahead. Well, I went to bed, thinking I had won myself \$1900. The next day, I learned that after I'd left, my boy was talked into playing some one-pocket, which isn't his game. Instead of winning \$1900, I wound up losing over \$1000."

Ask him to his face, and no pool hustler has ever lost a hustle. Peter Rabbit, for instance, boasts of taking Minnesota Fats for \$1200 in Miami last winter; but according to Fats, he *let* Peter win, to set him up for the next night, when he sent him home shoeless. And so it goes. At present, with all the publicity he has received as a result of Jackie Gleason's film portrayal of him, Fats is the verbal target of every pool con from Boston to San Diego. Listen to them tell it and they can take the man any day of the week. Not so, counters Cokes.

"Just look at what happened in Vegas in 1968," he argues. "It was just after the national championships were finished and all the hustlers were there. They began chiding Fats for being over the

hill. Fats really got mad. He said he would play anybody there, if \$2000 were put up, and that if an opponent were to put up his own money, Fats would give half of it back if he won. Well, some backers put up the two thou on Marvin Henderson, who'd just won the tournament—and, along with it, the title of national one-pocket champ. They played one-pocket and Fats mowed him down like grass. Uh-uh; Fats may be a little off his game of ten years ago, but he's still the greatest money player in the world."

Yet there have been times when Cokes has elected to back Fats's opponents. One occasion was during a recent Hustlers' Tournament, an annual event staged in Johnson City, Illinois. Once again, Fats was getting the razz. Finally, he was challenged by Handsome Danny Jones. But Jones didn't own the necessary capital, so, as Fats himself describes it, "They formed a subsidiary to finance Mr. Danny Jones against me." Cokes had 60 percent of the \$500 riding on Jones. The game was one-pocket, four out of seven. Jones won the first game and the stakes went up. Jones won the second game and the stakes went up again. Game number three also went to Handsome Danny and there now rested \$4000 in the pot,

with Jones needing only one of the next four matches to cash in.

"That's when the gab really came on," Fats recalls. "Danny said something like, 'Know who I am, fat man? I'm Fast Eddie and I've come all the way from California to get you.' Daddy Warbucks then took Danny aside and told him to cut the banter, because it would only get me mad and that I play best when I'm mad. But Danny didn't heed the warning. 'Fatty,' he said, 'if you were as intelligent as you say you are, you would know it's time to quit posing as a pool player.' 'Intelligent?' I screamed. 'Listen, sonny boy, I'll tell you how intelligent I am: I could spot Einstein the ten ball!' Then I cooled down and told him, 'Danny, I happen to be a businessman. You and I have a little business proposition going on the table and right now, the stakes are four thou.' When I mentioned the four grand, you could see Handsome tighten up. He now had something to think about. Soon he made a drastic mistake—he misplayed a safety and left me just enough room for a shot, which was all I had been waiting for. I whacked him out the way Sherman marched through Georgia. Well, this shook Danny so he never did recover. From there, it was all the way home for the fat man." The story may be apocryphal—according

# You've got a lot to live.





to Handsome Danny, it is—but Fats tells it well.

Despite all the money that good hustlers take from good victims every year in pool halls, on golf courses, on tennis courts and anywhere else they can get a sure thing, most of them are chronically broke. "I'm like a bank teller," laughs a hustler who once won \$100,000 in golf and lost it at cards, all in the same day. "I just take the money from one person and pass it on to somebody else." Another says, "It's like playing Monopoly. All that money doesn't seem real."

But it's a way of life. Most hustlers would no more think of taking a legitimate job—forget the money involved—than they would of giving a sucker an even break. Wherever there's sport, and sportsmen, there will always be a place for the hustler. The dice hustler needs no more equipment than a couple of speckled cubes, educated fingers and a cast-iron constitution. He's everywhere a crap game can be found. Ping-pong hustlers abound at Y. M. C. A.s in New York and other cities. Eating hustlers (Minnesota Fats claims to be the world's champion) will take your money *and* your dinner. There's a man who goes from college to college, challenging track coaches to run their best men against him for cash. His specialty is the half mile, but

he's been known to run everything from the 220 on up, provided the distance lead offered is to his liking. The collegiate runners are never told there's a bet involved, of course, and even the coaches are, for the most part, unaware that this track hustler received much of his training in the exercise yard at Leavenworth. Or so the story goes.

Separating truth from fiction in the folklore of hustling is impossible. Usually, the more outrageous the story, the more eyewitnesses one can find. But somehow, there is always the feeling, when you're talking to a hustler about hustling, that you're being hustled. And although it's generally true that the hustler you're talking to believes he's the greatest hustler in the world, there is one name that gets a reverent nod even from Minnesota Fats and Bobby Riggs: Titanic Thompson, the father of all hustlers.

The folklore goes that Titanic (real name: Alvin Clarence Thomas) is master of every kind of hustle, from quick-and-dirty to the subtle long-term play. He'll shoot craps, play cards, throw quarters into potatoes and generally bet on anything in which he can eke out his edge. But the most sustained portion of the Thompson legend was earned on the golf course. For years, he practiced putting with a wedge. He became so good at

it that many of his hustles were pulled off on the practice putting green, before the victim ever reached the first tee. He could also *kick* a ball 25 feet into the cup with his instep.

Perhaps the most incredible of all golf hustles is a Titanic Thompson story. At Tenison Park in Dallas, long one of America's prime hustle spots (and where Thompson, now close to 80, still operates part time), Ti was engaged in a running match with a wealthy industrialist. At the end of the first week, Ti was losing badly. The size of the bet rose steadily, as Thompson "tried my darnedest to break even." Finally, he did break even, and soon after, went ahead—far ahead.

"Listen," Ti told his rich opponent at the end of the second week, "you were good enough to give me a chance to catch up. Now I'm going to do the same for you. For double or nothing, I'll play you one more round, only this time, I'll play left-handed." That must have been hard for the industrialist to believe. For an entire fortnight, Thompson had been hitting exclusively right-handed. Now he wanted to play 18 holes southpaw. The mark said go, and they did. Ti not only beat him but shot a 69 doing it. How? Simple. Thompson's a natural left-hander.

*That's hustling.*



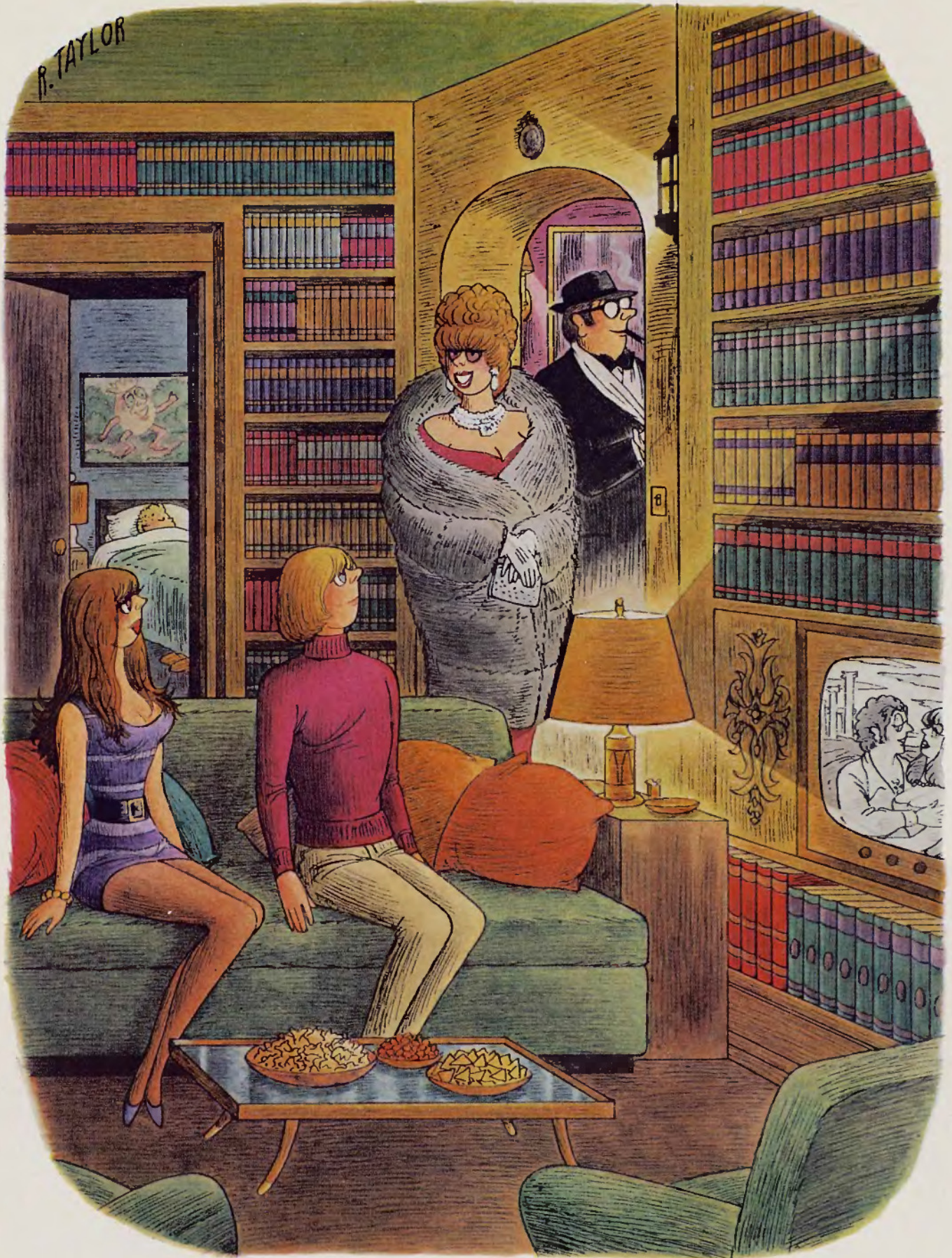
# Pepsi's got a lot to give.

Flat out and free. That's the way to live. There's so much to do, to see, to try. You've got a lot to live, so enjoy it all. Enjoy Pepsi-Cola once in a while, too. Pepsi...it's got a lot to give.





R. TAYLOR



*"And if you young people get tired of television, there's lots of good reading material."*



## PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 60)

### SEX-EDUCATION ENIGMA

There is a consistent irony that has occurred repeatedly in recent American history—an irony that civil libertarians seem to ignore, despite its many repetitions. I speak of the three-step phenomenon whereby (1) those of conservative persuasion vehemently oppose enlargement of a Government agency or function on the grounds that dangerous centralized control will result; (2) liberals support the new program, meanwhile scorning the opposition as paranoid and Neanderthal; (3) then, once the innovation is accepted, it not only turns out that there is, indeed, monolithic centralized control but also that the innovation is most responsible to and guided by the right-wingers who initially opposed it.

I think there is real danger that this pattern will be manifested again in the field of sex education. Already, some sex educators are being forced to take a specific "moral" position, adopt a tone of defensiveness and generally avoid a head-on collision with the rightists.

This, it seems to me, is a portent of what will happen: To escape charges of communism and degeneracy, sex-ed classes will become brainwashing sessions to instill the most reactionary and repressive attitudes. I'll be damned if I want the school doing this to my children; and I'd rather see no sex education at all.

Dr. Dave Berkman  
Norwalk, Connecticut

*Your points are thoughtful and worth considering; nevertheless, we think you have focused attention on a problem that permeates public education and is not restricted to the sex-education issue alone.*

*The price of quality education, like the price of liberty, is eternal vigilance. That is, there is no part of the curriculum that reactionaries have not, at one time or place, sought to alter. If one assumed that this right-wing element would win all such battles, the answer would be to abolish not just sex education but the public-school system as well. A few left-wing individualists, notably Norman Mailer and Paul Goodman, have actually suggested this, urging that the state provide a tax rebate out of which parents could hire the tutors they choose for their own children. While this proposal may have something to recommend it, we feel fairly certain that it is not likely to be adopted in the near future, so the only answer is for liberals and libertarians to fight just as hard for the kind of progressive education they want as the Birchers fight to return our schools to a medieval curriculum. After all, nobody ever got anything worth having without working for it.*

*Dr. Mary Calderone discusses the various problems and prospects of sex education in this month's "Playboy Interview."*

### THE PLOT SYNDROME

Recent letters in *The Playboy Forum* call attention to the right-wing tendency to denounce anything they disapprove of—such as sex education—as a Communist plot. I'm familiar with this argument, since a co-worker with whom I frequently have political discussions solemnly told me, "Did you know that for the past fifty years, the Communists have been working for gun control and sex education?"

My reply was, "So what?"

His face fell. He had been expecting me to challenge the truth of his statement, at which point he undoubtedly would have produced some John Birch Society-inspired document as his clincher.

I then pointed out that the Communists have supported all kinds of worthwhile causes when it has suited their purpose—but that this doesn't change the fact that the causes are good. Communists in Russia have worked for literacy, improved public health, industrialization, electrification, space research and national programs supporting athletics and the arts. Communists in America have supported the labor movement, racial equality, the war against Nazi Germany and a number of other good causes involving justice and social progress. These are issues on which any man of reason and good will would take the same position as the Communists.

Communists also advocate dictatorship, thought control, censorship and the use of violence to gain one's ends—but so do many American reactionaries and conservatives. Thus, right-wing Americans are equally vulnerable to the charge of furthering communism.

John Hearty  
Pensacola, Florida

### PRAISE FOR PLAYBOY

I never cease to be amazed at how well informed the editors of PLAYBOY always seem to be. When I read the distorted references to Sweden in a letter in the October 1969 *Playboy Forum*, I was sufficiently aroused to write you in order to set the record straight. On turning the page, however, I found I hardly needed to do so, since you had done the job remarkably well yourselves.

When I was a junior at Clark University in Massachusetts, I spent a year studying in Sweden with the Scandinavian Seminar Program and I have just returned from a second visit to that country. While doing research for an extensive paper I wrote, I investigated quite thoroughly Swedish sexual attitudes and behavior and their relationship to sex education. Despite my intensive study and firsthand knowledge of the culture, I can hardly present a more complete or more representative picture of the situation as it really exists than you did, as editors,

in the *Forum*. This indicates that you do a remarkable job in gathering background material for your comments.

Thomas W. Watson  
Yonkers, New York

### SHOCK AND DR. SPOCK

A defense of censorship by Dr. Benjamin Spock appeared in the January issue of *Redbook*. This surprised me because I'd come to think of Dr. Spock as a monument to civil liberties after his work for peace and his celebrated trial. In the article, he says he has long opposed censorship but has changed his mind because of recent trends toward what he calls "shock obscenity." Even civil libertarians admit, he says, that depiction of certain acts would offend them, and:

To justify legal or customary standards of decency, I don't think it should be necessary to prove that adults have committed sex crimes or that adolescents have lost their virtue as a direct result of reading a story or looking at a picture. No single experience will cause that to happen. However, various psychological observations have shown clearly that people's standards are always being modified—sometimes down, sometimes up—by the ethical atmosphere in which they find themselves. This applies to sexual behavior and to violence. Experiments have proved that after viewing films of violence, people become more cruel in their relations with others.

The essay says that man has come up from barbarism by constructing systems of values and social and legal codes, which are threatened when children and undisciplined adults are exposed to views that undermine the codes.

I'd suggest that for public presentation there be standards of tolerance or taboo. What is allowed for open display on newsstands and in bookstores—for children as well as for adults to buy—and what is shown on television during children's viewing hours and in theaters open to all ages should be only what average citizens would consider not disturbing to children, not debasing to their ideals.

Some works, Dr. Spock thinks, should be absolutely forbidden:

Movies, plays, novels, articles, paintings and photographs in which a primary aim is to shock, revolt or embarrass by explicitly depicting sexual intimacies—especially those of a loveless, perverse or brutal kind—and also acts of nonsexual brutality.

The abrupt and aggressive breaking down of inhibitions can be disturbing to a society as a whole and



particularly to its children, even if sincere efforts are made to shield the children. This seems riskier when a society already has soaring rates of delinquency and crime, an insatiable appetite for brutality on television and what I consider an unprecedented loss of belief in man's worthiness.

Admitting that works of cultural value were suppressed in the past and acknowledging the process by which the courts gradually made these works available to the public, Dr. Spock, nevertheless, says that the standards used by the courts to define obscenity "are too limited and technical to bar the kinds of material I consider destructive." Ideally, he says, people should act as their own censors, rejecting material that revolts them.

But it is because I don't believe an overwhelming revulsion is likely to occur for another 10 or 20 years that I would now join a majority, if such developed, in favor of new laws that would determine guilt simply on the basis of judges' and juries' sense of shock and revulsion. (I realize that almost no liberals or intellectuals, young or old, would go along with me.) I'd want such laws to specify that they are not intended to discourage the presentation of themes involving immorality, lawlessness, cruelty or perversion (all of which have regularly been dealt with in great literature and art), but only to curb a shocking manner of presentation.

Granting that his reasoning resembles that used by all would-be censors, Dr. Spock insists that nations and civilizations have collapsed because they let go of their standards. Dr. Spock is not the typical know-nothing censorship zealot and he is considered an authority on raising children. What does PLAYBOY think of his position on this issue?

Edward Russell

Los Angeles, California

*Dr. Spock has good reasons to be disappointed with our society, such as the war and his own persecution by our Government. But, ironically, it was his right of free speech that was threatened and then vindicated when he was convicted of conspiracy to advise draft avoidance and then exonerated on appeal. He, therefore, should appreciate the libertarian bent of the U.S. judiciary, which he implies is guilty of undermining our standards; and he should recall he's had firsthand experience with the evils inherent in vaguely worded laws prohibiting poorly defined crimes, such as "conspiracy"—or "obscenity" presented in a "shocking manner."*

*Perhaps, having focused his attention for so long on some of our real problems, Dr. Spock is relaxing by turning to an imaginary problem: the assumption that freedom of expression harms society.*

*Too good a scientist to claim that a single instance of "reading a story or looking at a picture" will hurt people, he makes the threat more amorphous by speaking of generalized detriment to "the ethical atmosphere." In this, he is at odds with the psychiatrists and psychologists polled in a University of Chicago study ("The Playboy Forum," January), 83.7 percent of whom believe that pornography is not a causal factor in antisocial sexual behavior. As for ethical atmosphere, 64.9 percent of this same group of clinical observers felt that censorship can be socially harmful because it contributes to a climate of oppression and inhibition within which creative individuals cannot adequately express themselves. Dr. Spock also overlooks the experience of Denmark, where pornography has been legalized. There has been no observable decline in the ethical atmosphere in Denmark; in fact, the sex-crime rate has dropped.*

*Man has certainly been aided in his rise from barbarism by the construction of systems of values and codes of behavior; one of the most important ways in which he has risen has been his increasing recognition of individual freedom. The ancient and medieval worlds had little or no sense of the value of freedom from censorship. The social and legal codes by which freedom of expression has been safeguarded are threatened when impressionable people are exposed to views that undermine it, but one of the paradoxes of freedom of expression is that it gives people the right to advocate censorship.*

*Dr. Spock's decision to speak in behalf of censorship because many current books and movies aim to shock people neglects the fact that shock is a transitory phenomenon that occurs usually only upon first exposure to previously forbidden material. What is considered shocking and what is considered commonplace thus necessarily varies from age to age, in fact, from year to year. Shock can only exist in an atmosphere of suppression, and the best protection against it is exposure. The Danish situation, in which pornography sales to Danes dropped off once the public got its fill of this material, underlines this point. Shock is also a phenomenon that varies greatly from individual to individual. If people were convicted merely on the basis of individual reactions of shock and revulsion, this would constitute a definition of guilt from which there could be no appeal, and there would be vast inequities in the application of the law. Dr. Spock might not have fared so well in his own trial if his guilt or innocence were determined by subjective responses to his words and actions.*

*Thus, while we emphatically share Dr. Spock's distaste for the exploitation of "loveless, perverse or brutal" sexual activities, the fetid sadomasochistic trash currently in circulation is—like the pub-*

*lications of the American Nazi Party—part of the price we have to pay for the First Amendment.*

*Nations and civilizations have, indeed, collapsed when they let go of their standards; we seriously doubt that the good doctor has any desire to see us sink back into the hypocrisy of Victorianism, the repression of puritanism or the cruelty of the Inquisition. Dr. Spock is a wise and concerned man, but even Homer nods.*

#### THE SWAPPERS

I agree with the Wichita couple who spoke in favor of mate swapping (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969) and, like them, my wife and I have exchanged partners a few times. This did more than provide variety; it forced us to get out of our rut and to learn new techniques, and it actually increased our enjoyment of each other.

Marriage involves much more than just sex: living together, raising children, caring for each other during illness, maintaining a household, and so forth. It should be one's primary relationship, but it certainly should not exclude all other relationships. All married people have feelings of various intensities for others: for their children, their job, their in-laws, their dog, etc. Sexual relations (or any relations) with others that do not endanger or encroach upon the marriage are not immoral.

(Name withheld by request)

Oak Ridge, Tennessee

#### DIVORCEE DIVIDENDS

Like others who have written to *The Playboy Forum*, I feel that the divorce laws in America should be changed. The present laws are far too tempting to the unscrupulous woman who, because she wants an easy life, will snare a man into a six-month marriage, after which she will dump him and take much of his hard-earned money and property. Divorce laws should guarantee child support and, perhaps, money for the extra help needed to care for the children while the ex-wife is at work earning her living. But a divorced woman, unless there are mitigating circumstances, should be expected to support herself.

I am divorced and although I have a child, I asked for no help from my ex-husband. This allows him, as it does me, to try to find happiness elsewhere. I see no reason a man should be prevented from providing a new wife and family with the necessities they deserve.

(Name withheld by request)

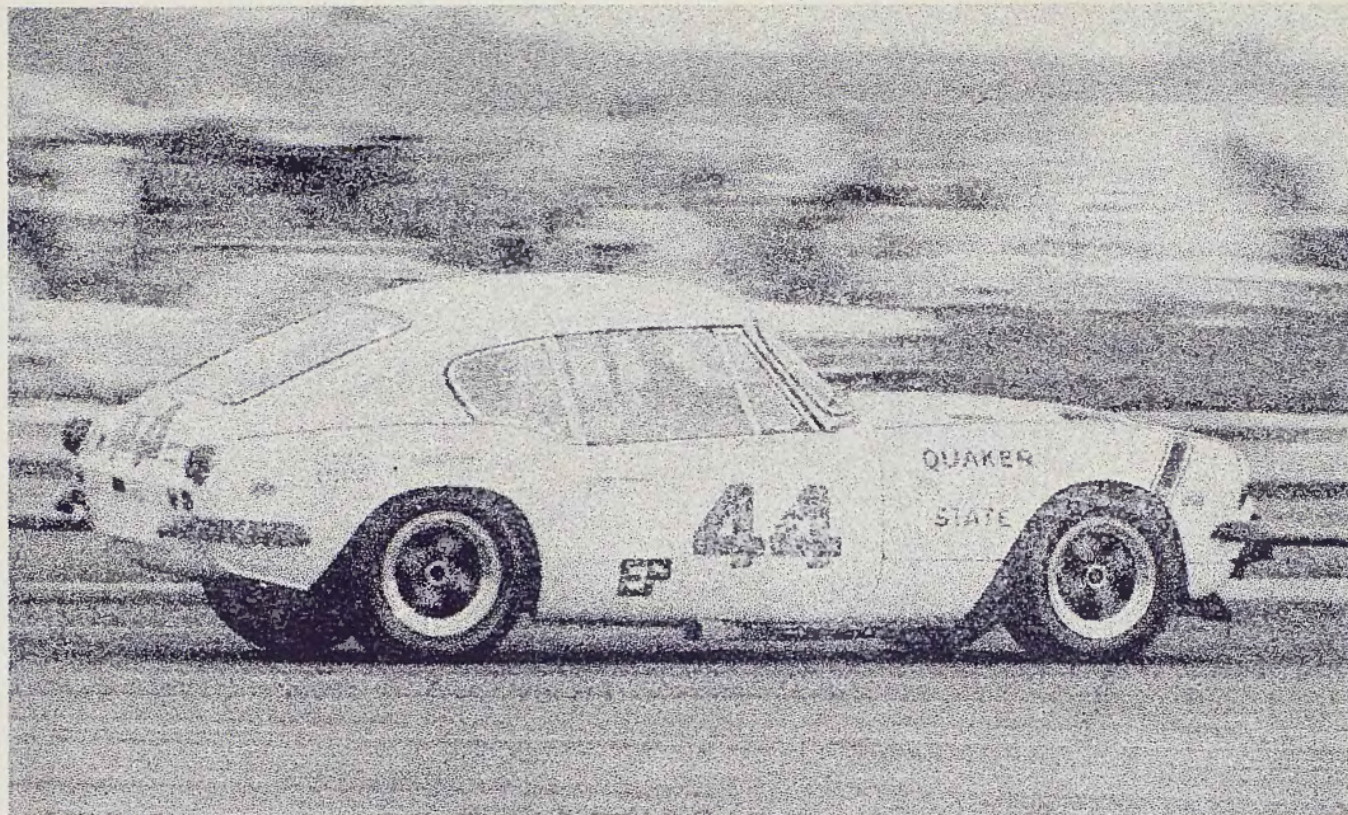
Virginia Beach, Virginia

#### REWARD VS. PUNISHMENT

Lately, I have noted, the discussion in *The Playboy Forum* has moved from condemnation of specific punishments meted out for noncrimes and fun crimes

(continued on page 184)





## A man's car should be able to do more than he wants it to.

Triumph builds sports cars. Not racing cars. But we race them.

Because we know that a car that wins on the track can do better on the road. And Triumphs do consistently better on the track than any other cars in their classes.

So when you're out driving you can enjoy our race proven engine. You'll feel the precise turns of our rack and pinion steering, the road hugging ride of our independent suspension.

You'll have confidence that our powerful disc brakes will stop you smoothly

and evenly. You'll know a Triumph can do more on the track than you'll ever ask it to do on the road.

Test drive a 1970 Triumph (Spitfire Mk III; GT-6+; TR-6) at your dealer. Prices range from \$2395 to \$3595\*. Get the feel of a car that can do more than you want it to:

British Leyland Motors Inc., 600 Willow Tree Road, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.





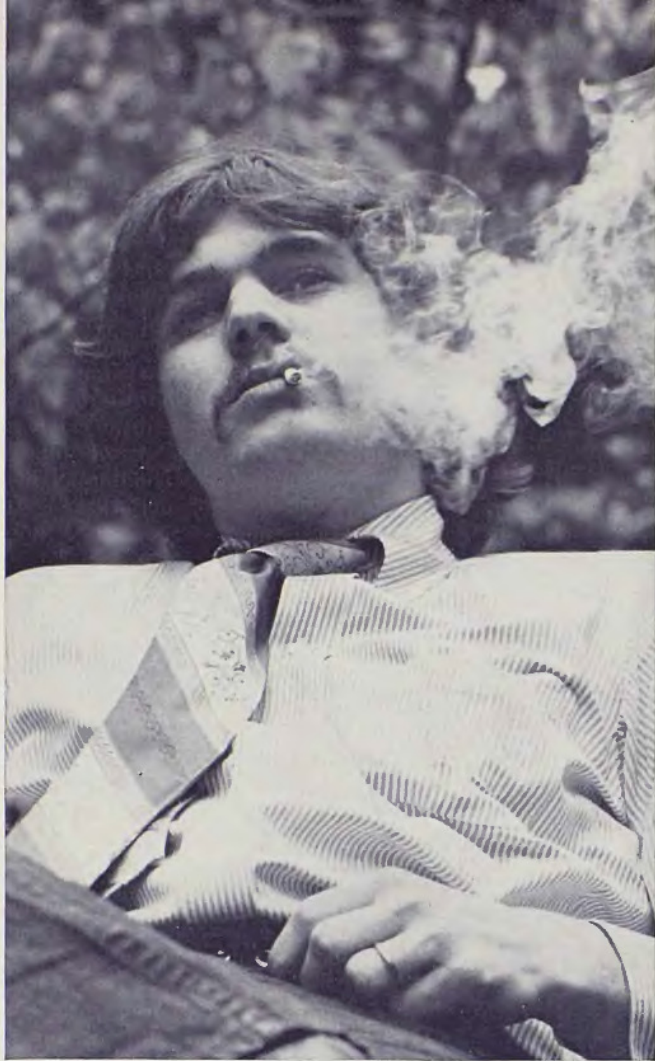
# ON THE SCENE



## **CAROLINE COON** *legal aide*

HER ELECTRIC HAIR, hip slang and midi-fashions suggest that Caroline Coon is a social butterfly rather than a social worker. This pretty 23-year-old is the cofounder of Release, a London-based, youth-oriented welfare agency that provides service round the clock. Over two years ago, Caroline abandoned a lucrative career in modeling (you may remember her well-publicized men's-magazine uncoverage, reported by *Time* and *Life*) and, with friend Rufus Harris, organized Release to help young violators of Britain's drug laws. "Too many kids were getting busted and doing time because they didn't have the right information," says Caroline. "The straights wouldn't even admit a problem existed, so the kids were on their own." She knows what that's like: When she was five, her parents sent her to ballet school and at 16 she left home—and school—for good. "But the strict discipline at school," she says, "did help keep me together enough to stick with what I'm doing now." For those who come to Release, it's a good thing she did: The agency has capably handled more than 2000 cases to date. Last spring, Caroline and Rufus published the first *Release Report on Drug Offenders and the Law*, stating that on marijuana and hashish charges, none of their first offenders went to prison (as against 17 percent nationally) and, of all their cases, only 10 percent went to prison (compared with 26 percent nationally). Release recently expanded its staff and services to include counseling on contraception and abortion; and advice on other legal problems is dispensed by volunteer lawyers twice a week. After her long work week is over, Caroline studies sociology and psychology and makes frequent radio and TV appearances for the cause. Because Release is different from what Caroline calls "the straight agencies," it is effective; she and her co-workers think, talk and dress like the kids they try to help. Certainly for Britain's troubled youth, Release is the best thing that's happened in a Coon's age.





**JANN WENNER** *stone mason*

AN UNEMPLOYED COLLEGE DROPOUT in the fall of 1967, New Yorker Jann Wenner had an idea for a rock publication that would do more than supply teeny-boppers with pinups and sing-along lyrics. It would be well written and carefully edited, with respect for the intelligence of the audience it was aimed at—"the new America," as he called it—and would frequently deal with subjects not directly related to music, since he felt this was "only the tip of an iceberg of cultural change." With this conception—formed while gaining experience as a music critic and columnist for UC's *Daily Californian* and as a staff writer for *Ramparts*—Wenner approached jazz-rock columnist Ralph Gleason and free-lance photographer Baron Wolman for help with the practicalities of the project. Gleason matched Wenner's \$3000, and the budget for the project totaled \$7500 after a little help from their friends. Along with an aggregation of volunteers, the threesome started work on *Rolling Stone* (the title taken from the old saying) in a loft office over a printing plant in San Francisco. The publication's stature rose steadily; so did the circulation—now over 125,000 and gaining 5000 subscriptions monthly—and its influence in the rock world. A put-on review appraising a nonexistent album by "the Masked Marauders" as an authentic jam of such artists as John Lennon, Bob Dylan and Mick Jagger stirred so much comment that a group of pseudonymous mimics decided to cash in by recording the LP. They did; it sold 100,000 copies. Having launched a British edition, Wenner, now 24, hopes to publish new periodicals with similar formats on different subjects—but only if political trends don't continue toward the right. If they do, he has already made "all contingency plans necessary to leave this country." Though Wenner views this as "a high possibility," he's philosophically undaunted: "I'm prepared for a life of change; nothing lasts forever—even misfortune."



**JOHN CASSAVETES** *shadows, faces, husbands*

HIS CONVICTION that a film director should give actors the freedom to find what's best in themselves has made John Cassavetes, at 40, an acknowledged master of the traditionally authoritarian director's craft. Unlike many equally successful but less gifted colleagues, however, he has had to prove his ability many times over. It was in 1950 that Cassavetes, fresh from the American Academy of Dramatic Art in his native New York, started in summer stock; he quickly progressed to television, acting in about 100 live dramas and starring in a series, *Johnny Staccato*. After several grade-B-movie roles—and a memorable one in *Edge of the City*—he directed *Shadows*, an improvised, experimental film that won him a director's gig at Paramount. But multitudinous hassles with "the bankers" of Hollywood left many with the impression that Cassavetes was finished in filmland by 1963. Two years of obscurity followed before he launched a second acting career that soon included roles in *The Dirty Dozen* and *Rosemary's Baby*. His incentive was a film of his own, *Faces*, shot with hand-held cameras in his house and that of his mother-in-law—while the bill collectors growled outside. Completed after four years of personal sacrifice, Cassavetes' brutally real dissection of a middle-class marriage not only vindicated his "catalytic" method of directing but also proved a box-office smash: Its gross may hit \$8,000,000. Cassavetes was suddenly deluged with Hollywood offers, but found that the bankers were still reluctant to grant him artistic freedom—so it was with Italian money that he, Ben Gazzara and Peter Falk began filming *Husbands*. Slated for release next month, it tells the story of three men who, after a friend's funeral, take off on a binge that leaves them painfully aware of their own mortality. The still-uncut result was hailed in London as a work of genius—which may portend that Cassavetes will never again have to scramble for his scratch.



(drug and sex "offenses") to consideration of the punishment principle itself and the indiscriminate way this principle is applied throughout our penal system. Such discussion inevitably produces the usual rebuttals about "coddling criminals," "the permissive society," "do-goodism," "dewy-eyed idealists," and so forth. Nevertheless, I think you and your readers are on the right track.

Punishment is the easiest method of behavior control known, and anybody, regardless how low his I.Q., can learn to apply it. When Mr. A misbehaves, hit him with a club. If he doesn't change his ways, hit him with a heavier club and repeat the dosage more often. If he gets worse instead of better, kill him. This method is popular, I believe, only because it is simple to use. Its actual effectiveness is mediocre at best, and often the result is the exact opposite of what was intended. (For instance, after a prison term, many convicts do not reform but commit a new crime within a few months.) From an en-

gineering standpoint, such a spotty success factor is enough to disqualify the technique used and send us all back to the laboratory to find a better method.

In fact, back at the laboratory, the people who have been working on this subject most scientifically—the psychologists who investigate the creation and extinction of behavior patterns—have developed a better technology. They have found that reward shapes behavior more effectively and persistently than punishment. They have learned that many types of behavior (e.g., stuttering) can often be extinguished without any punishment at all, merely by rewarding incompatible behavior (nonstuttering) whenever it occurs. They have seen that when punishment is used, the effects are unpredictable, and that, if it must be used, it works best in tandem with equal and opposite reward—the technician does not merely punish each instance of "wrong" behavior but also quickly rewards each instance of "right" behavior.

These principles have been vindicated in dozens of statistical studies, using sane and "insane" people and even animals.

Meanwhile, our prisons continue to operate on a control technology created by chiefs of the Stone Age tribes. Just imagine the outcry and the uproar for reform if our hospitals used only the medical knowledge of Stone Age shamans! Obviously, the debate about prison reform is not a matter of idealism versus "hardheaded realism," as conservatives would have it, but is merely a case of precise technology being ignored.

Simon Moon  
Chicago, Illinois

**EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL**

PLAYBOY may wish to print the following letter, which I sent to a lady in Nevada, in response to an item that appeared in the December 1969 *Playboy Forum*:

I am in receipt of your letter regarding the life sentence I handed down in the case of Randolph Hopkins. I would expect this type of response from someone who is not aware of all the facts.

In the first place, contrary to your opinion, I do not owe you an explanation. I was elected judge by the people of Broward County, Florida, to protect them from those I consider dangerous and a menace to society. I direct my explanation to those who elected me.

Hopkins was convicted of the crime of robbery by six jurors, who sat through a daylong trial. The ladies and gentlemen of the jury heard evidence that Hopkins pistol-whipped a young girl and threatened to shoot several others while in the process of this robbery. Perhaps you do not consider this a serious crime; but I most certainly do and feel it is my duty to protect the citizens of Broward County, by ridding them of this type of individual.

Mr. Hopkins will be eligible for parole, under Florida law, in seven years, if by that time he is deemed rehabilitated.

E. Summers Sheffey, Judge  
Court of Record  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

The December item consisted of a letter from a Fort Lauderdale resident, John H. Allen, quoting a Fort Lauderdale News report of the case:

The jury deliberated 20 minutes. [Judge] Sheffey said he did not know whether Hopkins had been previously arrested and did not order a presentence investigation by the probation and parole department because "nothing would have changed my mind."



"Let's just say we're moderates."



Allen commented, "I think there is, at least, a 50 percent chance that the young man is black, and a 100 percent certainty that he is poor!" PLAYBOY, after investigating, responded, "The defendant was both poor and black." Thus, in both Allen's letter and in PLAYBOY's answer, poverty was stressed over race and only the facts were given, without any judgment offered. Nevertheless, another Florida paper editorially criticized us for implying that Judge Sheffey was "one of those Southern cracker judges, who punish Negroes for being Negroes."

Although we made no judgment then, we'll make one now. We believe if Hopkins were both rich and white, he would not have been represented in court by a public defender, but by a lawyer of his own choice; he would not have been sentenced to life; the judge would not have failed to investigate for past crimes before imposing such a sentence; and the judge's remark "nothing would have changed my mind" would have resulted in an appeal.

#### POT PROHIBITION

I have sent the following letter to Senator Peter Dominick in response to his hearings on drug abuse:

The people of this country have been led to believe that marijuana is a dangerous drug and represents a threat to society. Time and time

again, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics has viciously attacked and denounced scientific studies, such as the La Guardia Report (1944), which show that marijuana is actually a relatively innocuous herb. It is worth while to question the motives of those behind this propaganda. To quote David Solomon, editor of *The Marijuana Papers*, "[T]he upsurge of the use of marijuana in the Thirties was opposed primarily by pressure groups in both the Federal Government and the newly revived liquor industry. The suggestion that the ban on marijuana might have been in part a result of a powerful liquor lobby does not seem improbable when one considers that a substantial public shift to marijuana might have created considerable competition to the sale of alcohol."

Harry J. Anslinger, chief of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, told Congress in 1937, when urging illegalization of marijuana, that use of this drug led to violent crimes. Later, he dropped this claim and, in the Forties and Fifties, argued that use of marijuana leads to use of heroin. Both claims are now known to be untrue—yet the anti-marijuana law, based on these fallacies, survives.

We are now seeing a repetition of all the problems this country faced

during alcohol prohibition. Just as vast numbers lost their respect for law and order at that time, so, too, are many today losing such respect. Just as many were killed by bathtub gin, many are today smoking marijuana adulterated with really addictive drugs, such as opiates or amphetamines—a problem that could easily be solved if marijuana were legalized and produced under Government supervision, like alcohol. Furthermore, Government regulation of marijuana production and sale would transfer millions in taxes from the hands of organized-crime cartels to the Government.

Joe Duncanson  
Boulder, Colorado

*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.*



# One of a kind



No other distiller makes his whiskey the same way we make Seagram's 7 Crown.

So no other whiskey has the same smooth taste.

Or the same consistently fine quality.

And guess what.

No other brand of whiskey is asked for as often as 7 Crown.

It figures, doesn't it?

Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey.  
86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



## MODERATE MAJORITY

(continued from page 94)

made him trusted to manage large enterprises, to mediate conflicts and to hold high office. But the coming decades will require more than mere balancing skills and good intentions. In times of rapid change, one cannot preserve a sense of balance without a clear sense of direction—without a firm idea of the drift of events and a philosophy for shaping them. Today's moderate cannot be effective without vision and a strategy for the future.

Now, each of us has his private vision of what he would like America to be—a utopia in which the Dodgers are back in Brooklyn and one's own unique abilities and prejudices have the widest possible scope. This, however, is not sufficient for politics. The vision of the political activist, unlike that of the artist, cannot be idiosyncratic. It must be shared by others and articulated in such a way that diverse people can act on it. A fresh political vision most often emerges from group activity. It may draw on the insights of isolated thinkers, but ultimately it is shaped and tested by many men working together in a common enterprise.

If there is as yet no well-formulated vision for moderates, it is because they have not recognized a common cause. They are so nonideological, so aware of the importance of objective facts that they often fail to see that a disposition to look at the facts in a hardheaded way is itself a unifying ideology. They are so accustomed to assuming themselves in the mainstream of American life that they treat any articulation of their position as a needless intellectual exercise. When they enter politics, it is usually around a single issue or around a magnetic personality. Very rarely do they have the sustained appetite for the petty squabbling and infighting that is necessary to take over the party machinery, which determines the issues and the candidates. Even more rarely do they unite with other moderates into a national movement. Their favored candidates are usually decent, intelligent, pragmatic men who so pride themselves on their independence that they are often unable to team up with others.

Yet if the center is to hold in American politics, moderates must organize. To my knowledge, the Ripon Society is the only group developing a moderate strategy and organization without basing it on a single personality. Its views may provide a starting point from which a wider moderate movement can build. Ripon's approaches have been worked out over a period of seven years by men and women, mostly young, from different parts of the country and from widely differing backgrounds. For the most part, Ripon members have sought not a new

philosophy but progressive, practical ways of dealing with problems such as the draft, Vietnam, welfare, Biafran relief and Federal-state relations. Common threads, however, seem to underlie the specific approaches of Ripon members; and new philosophies—of government, political parties and political action—seem to be emerging.

Take, for instance, some basic questions about the role of Government. The New Deal cleavages follow familiar lines: liberals versus conservatives, more versus less spending, the welfare state versus *laissez faire*, a global foreign policy versus isolationism, bureaucratic controls versus an untrammelled free-enterprise system, a strong President versus states' rights. But when one examines a concrete area of policy, these old cleavages direct one to the wrong issues. They are all different ways of asking a question that has already been answered for the majority of Americans: Should Government try to play a positive role in society? There are still pockets of opinion in which it is popular to say that Government shouldn't; but even here, opposition is usually confined to a few symbolic issues. The governor of Mississippi may find it convenient to declaim against Federal bureaucrats in civil rights, but not when it comes to hurricane relief, cotton subsidies or FHA. Similarly, in foreign policy, those who oppose the UN and foreign aid take a positive satisfaction in advocating U. S. resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam. An activist role for Government, then, is accepted throughout American society. Once this role is recognized, new questions arise about the means and aims of Government's activities, and one's answers to them chart a new set of political cleavages: internationalism versus interventionism, "reprivatization" versus bureaucratization, devolution versus concentration of power, libertarianism versus authoritarianism and a moderating versus a polarizing political strategy.

In foreign policy, as indicated, the new cleavage is between internationalism and interventionism. The internationalist seeks to channel the decisions of foreign governments and factions in the interests of an equitable world order. He has a limited view of American foreign policy as an attempt to influence foreigners but not to impose desired outcomes on them. When opportunities arise, he tries to further those international practices and institutions that can make the process of exerting influence less coercive and more peaceable. The interventionist sets more ambitious goals for American foreign policy, so ambitious as to make direct action by the United States more likely: He is always helping nonnations in the

goal of nation building; he makes sure that countries without enemies have the armaments to defend themselves adequately, while those facing determined foes are always kept relying on American force. He prefers unilateral to multilateral action, confrontation to negotiation, and military force to just about anything else.

In the domestic realm, there is an analogous cleavage between a limited and a hyperactive conception of the role of Government. Government can be seen, on the one hand, as a designer of incentives for outside bodies, as a sort of systems manager for society; and, on the other hand, as a solver of problems by direct bureaucratic means. The more limited view stresses that Government should not do things itself but find ways to get others to do them. It favors guided market systems over a patchwork of bureaucratic subsidies and controls. It relies on reprivatization, on the use of outside institutions—semi-public corporations, profit-making businesses, universities, foundations, voluntary associations—to do work in the public interest instead of having Government itself deliver the necessary goods and services. It will propose contracting out delivery of the mails to a private corporation, moving toward a free market in farming, designing the tax incentives to encourage pollution control, giving money directly to state and local governments and giving cash income subsidies to private citizens.

Opposed to the use of these market-oriented and decentralizing devices is a view of Government that relies on bureaucratic measures. It sets up a Government agency to deal with every problem and measures success by the amount spent by the agency, the number and ethnic balance of its employees and the number of people reached by its services. This is the New Deal way of doing things, and it would be ideal were Government the most efficient sector of our economy. But since Government is flabby, overextended and riddled with patronage, the bureaucratic mode must constantly make up its inflated rhetoric what it lacks in performance.

Reprivatization versus bureaucratization is one way of labeling this new cleavage, but one may also see it as involving the issue of devolution versus concentration of power. Reprivatization is a means of parceling out the execution of policy; devolution, of parceling out the making of policy. Reprivatization is possible because Government need not do things itself to get them done; devolution is necessary because a mass aristocracy will not be satisfied with an overconcentration of policy-making power. Reprivatization is a condition of managerial efficiency and decisiveness; devolution, of social justice and participation.



Reprivatization and devolution are part of a decentralizing process. They are closely related but occasionally in conflict. They are related because any dispersal of the doing of things leads to a widening of a voice in what should be done. Conversely, any widening of a voice in policy will usually lead to demands for changes in operating responsibility. They are in conflict because, as I have said, there are inevitable trade-offs between efficiency and justice, decisiveness and participation. One is best advised to emphasize reprivatization in areas where efficiency is valued (for example, the delivery of the mails), and devolution in areas where people want a voice (for example, education).

Perhaps the most fundamental cleavage is that which poses questions about the ultimate purpose of governance. Should the governing authority seek to protect and enlarge the realm of individual liberty or should it seek to enforce a conformity of behavior that will keep existing institutions running smoothly? When this question is posed in concrete ways—on such issues as privacy, narcotics, dossiers, dissent, disruption, criminal procedure, administrative rules and freedom of information—it is emotionally the most difficult for moderates to face. It would be pleasant to assume that liberty and stability are always reconcilable; but they are not. Free choice always disturbs the existing balance of things, and the presence of it always forces one to ask whether he is devoted to preserving the *status quo* or to seeking new balances that will widen the scope for individual choice. Many who call themselves moderates cling to the *status quo* and, in effect, decide that institutions should be run for the convenience of the rules that exist. They can properly be called reactionary, because the rules of today are always a response to the realities of yesterday. By contrast, progressive moderates want institutions run for the convenience of the individuals within them. They try to anticipate new areas for free choice, to keep institutions on an even keel. They seek institutions that will always be in transition, never in crisis.

The differences between progressive moderates and *status quo*-oriented moderates are fast growing into a conflict between libertarian and authoritarian styles. Rapid social change has brought behavior that does not fit yesterday's realities nor today's rules. The *status quo* moderate feels he must suppress such behavior and becomes authoritarian. The progressive moderate is tolerant of diversity and dissent and adopts a libertarian style. But note that he supports change not for its own sake but for its salutary effects on individuals. Herein lies the difference between a libertarian and a lib-



"That's certainly going to take all the sun out of playing doctor."

ertine style. The libertarian always seeks a new order that is responsible and humane; the libertine simply glories in the undermining of old customs, without giving a thought to what should take their place.

Note, also, that there is a distinction between a libertarian style and *laissez faire*. *Laissez faire*, the doctrine of passive government, evolved at the same time as the doctrine of maximum liberty for all, and some thinkers tend to confuse the two. But if Government is to preserve and extend liberty, it cannot merely let natural forces play. There are many citizens who are denied basic liberties by virtue of their race, sex or poverty. There are others who work in institutions such as the Army, the labor union and the university, who have not yet developed adequate guarantees of individual rights. A libertarian style must, therefore, be a liberating one, continually opening up new realms to free choice and mobility.

The reader will have noticed that I have betrayed a marked preference for a given side of each new cleavage. I like internationalism, reprivatization, devolution and libertarianism, and I choose to call them progressive. I don't like interventionism, bureaucratization, concentration of power and authoritarianism. I think, moreover, that thoughtful people who have no vested interest in the *status quo* or in New Deal social engineering will make the same choices, because the progressive side of each cleavage is not only more attractive morally but more workable at this stage of American history. Moreover, it is better suited to the needs of a mass aristocracy and will be so recognized by those members of the new class who have a chance to enter public affairs.

I do not, for these reasons, see the fulfillment of a progressive vision as inevitable. On the contrary; the success of such a vision depends on mobilizing behind it people who have experience in



# Medico 2 1/4" filters do it

give pleasure and peace of mind  
**MEDICO**<sup>®</sup>  
 FILTER PIPES

66-baffle absorbent replaceable Medico Filters trap juices, tars, nicotine — keep your mouth cleaner, cooler. Change filter and your pipe is clean. Selected, imported briar; nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof.

For beautiful color catalog, Write Medico, 745 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10022, Dept. A39. Please enclose 10¢ for handling.



MEDICO FILTERS 10 for 10¢  
 Menthol-Cool or Charcoal  
 10 for 15¢



MEDICO CREST  
 with Pipe Rest  
 \$8 to \$30

Illustrated  
 GOLD CREST dark claret \$11  
 (light café finish \$12.50)



Guardsman  
 \$6.95



Casino  
 \$5.95



Ancient Bruyere  
 \$8.50



Sterling Silver  
 Filigree  
 \$25.00

Other Medico  
 Filter Pipes  
 \$3.50 up  
 Prices higher outside U.S.A.

**MEDICO • World's Largest Selling Pipes**

## teaming up

Be paired for play in Playboy Warm-Up Shirts, the great action-ready gear for guys and gals. Machine washable in rugged, good-looking 50% cotton and 50% Kodel<sup>®</sup> Rollicking Rabbit embroidered in white on black or black on white, yellow and light blue. S, M, L, XL sizes. Short Sleeve, WA106, \$4.50; Long Sleeve, WA107, \$5. When ordering, please include product number, size and color choice and add 50¢ for handling.



Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: Playboy Products, Dept. WE040 Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.



running things and who are not indoctrinated with orthodoxies of either the right or the left. Such people are difficult to find; first, because they suffer from the moderate's coolness to national movements and, second, because many of them are now apolitical in the partisan sense: Though they may be active on selected issues and though they may take an interest in politics, they are disillusioned with politicians and political parties.

They should not, however, be indifferent to the most important structural question affecting the parties and, through them, the future of American society: Will the country be governed by a permanent or a shifting majority; which is to say, will it become polarized or moderate? A permanent majority, as one may read in *The Federalist*, leads inevitably to polarization. Those who are left out of such a majority become alienated and radicalized; they feel they have no legitimate access to power, so they resort to illegitimate means. The permanent majority reacts by repressing the minority; but to do so effectively, it must adopt measures that restrict the liberty of all citizens. An authoritarian spiral begins, and it will continue until such time as the minority is suppressed or reintegrated into the political process. Mark well that this argument applies to any permanent majority, no matter how enlightened or moderate the people in it may originally be. Hence, when Spiro T. Agnew calls for "a new realignment" based on "positive polarization," he is calling for disaster. His view represents the reactionary side of our last cleavage: a moderating versus a polarizing political strategy.

Right now, there are two major groups in danger of being confined to permanent minority status in the United States: the blacks and certain of the young. The young, as is often pointed out, don't vote in great numbers and are by no means all of a mind. But since the alienated young are more energetic than the rest of the population, they are unusually active in protest politics. Indeed, they enter electoral politics in the greatest numbers through insurgent movements; young blue-collar workers have been the mainstay of George Wallace, college students of Eugene McCarthy. Yet others go outside the system to radical groups on the right and the left. The number of those who do go outside the system is a measure of the inability of two American institutions, which are presently governed almost exclusively by old men—the labor union and the university—to forge necessary patterns of cooperation between the generations. If such patterns were forged, young people would normally choose face-to-face collaboration with an experienced older man to being anonymous



followers of a far-off leader. Many of the educated young were overcommitted to the Democratic Party before its 1968 convention in Chicago. Now some are prepared to act as an independent group, which is their only means of gaining leverage on national policy. If they show a willingness to switch parties, neither party will dare use them as a focus for polarizing the electorate.

The blacks are in a similar position. They are locked into the Democratic Party much as the Deep South was until 1964. But, unlike white Southerners, blacks do not control key Congressional committees. For blacks, leverage in Presidential elections is the only regular and effective means of influencing national priorities. Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish sociologist who wrote *The American Dilemma*, recognized that they must take care to hedge their bets on the Presidential parties. They did so in 1956, when Eisenhower-Nixon won 36 percent of the nonwhite vote, and in 1960, when Nixon-Lodge won 32 percent. But Goldwater's disastrous Southern strategy drove blacks out of the G. O. P.; and it would have required a positive gesture, such as putting Lindsay, Percy or Brooke on the national ticket, to win them back in any appreciable numbers in 1968. At the moment, black Americans are beginning to feel like a permanent minority.

Talk by Republican leaders of a "silent majority" and a "middle-American" strategy only reinforce this feeling. True to the insights of *The Federalist*, some blacks are becoming increasingly alienated and radicalized and are responding to an ideology of violence. Others, however, are looking for new ways to become a swing voting group that can exercise the kind of leverage that farmers had in the post-World War Two period. In the 1969 off-year elections, these blacks gave Republicans healthy support—26 percent for Cahill in New Jersey, 31 percent for Specter in Philadelphia, 46 percent for Capra in New Haven, 53 percent for Holton in Virginia and 80 percent for Lindsay in New York City. In none of these areas did the Nixon-Agnew ticket exceed ten percent of the black vote. It is clear that many blacks would like to hang loose between the two parties.

A moderating political strategy would assure that they are allowed to do so, not only for their sake but for the sake of the white majority. It would result in shifting coalitions instead of a permanent majority. It would aim at a supple, responsive political system in which now one, now another political group has access to power. Educated by such access, each group would moderate the shrillness of its rhetoric. The best way to get Americans to lower their voices is to give them, access to the quiet corridors of power.

How can the present party system be shaped to assure, at the very least, a moderate majority? How can it also aim

toward the progressive goals of internationalism, reprivatization, devolution and libertarianism? One can devise a political strategy that aims at the best for American society—a progressive vision—while avoiding the worst, a permanent polarized majority.

To the voting public, American politics appears to be dominated by a two-party system; and by the time an election comes around, so, in fact, it is. But in the really decisive period for political action—the time when national leadership is contested—a different picture emerges. The Republican Party turns out to be three parties—the conservative party (which looks to Reagan for leadership), the regular G. O. P. (Nixon's base) and the progressive G. O. P. (whose present leaders are Lindsay, Percy, Hatfield and Goodell). The Democrats are divided into four parties—the Southern Democrats (from Eastland to L. B. J.), the big labor-big city machine axis (George Meany-Richard Daley), the old liberals (centered in the Americans for Democratic Action) and the new liberals, who are the presently leaderless remnants of the McCarthy-Kennedy insurgency. Then there is the Wallace movement. In all, there are eight parties, with some overlap among them by people who hedge their bets by belonging to more than one.

Notice that the eight-party system is defined not by constituency groups in the voting public but by networks of contributors and political activists. Mod-

ern communications permit any group that has the money, the brains and the attractive leadership to mount a national campaign to find its own voting constituency through the news media and advertising. New national party networks can emerge in a relatively short time: The Wallace party and the new liberals are creations of the 1960s; and the conservative party can be dated from the founding of *National Review* in the mid-1950s. The reason more parties are not formed is that our election laws are designed to force action through the two-party system. The influence of the eight parties on national policy is felt largely by the bargains they strike in the context of the two-party system. Even the Wallace movement sought to win influence by deadlocking the election and bargaining with the two major parties.

There are two choices, then, that an engaged person must make about his party. The first is through which of the eight subparties to work; the second is for which of the two parties to vote on Election Day. Of the two parties, in my opinion, the Republican comes closer to the progressive vision; devolution and reprivatization are concepts that come easily to it, largely because it has been deprived of Federal patronage for more than a generation. Republicans have found, somewhat to their own surprise, that the arguments they have been using against New Deal programs have suddenly turned progressive. It is very much as



"I can't tonight, Ralph. I've got the curse."



President Nixon has said: Power has been flowing to Washington for more than a generation; now it's time for it to flow back to the states, the private sector and the people. Within the Democratic Party, the New Liberals are the only group urging decentralizing initiatives, but they are hopelessly overpowered by the three other groups, as was evident in 1968 when George Meany, Richard Daley and Lyndon Johnson nominated Hubert Humphrey for President. Some younger New Liberals may persevere in trying to reform their party; others, such as Daniel P. Moynihan, find a more sympathetic audience among Republicans.

On the issues of internationalism, libertarianism and a moderating strategy, there is somewhat less agreement within the G. O. P. Typically, the conservative party and the progressive G. O. P. struggle against each other to win the soul of the President and the regular party. In foreign policy, the progressive G. O. P. is now the more internationalist, the conservative more interventionist; but the lines of cleavage are by no means clear-cut. The President (and the regular party) have been tending toward internationalism, but external events could change this. On libertarian issues, the strongest spokesmen have long been conservatives, but considerations of political strategy tempt them to support anti-libertarian rhetoric. Many feel they must forge an alliance with the Wallace party and, accordingly, adopt an authoritarian pose on life-style issues. They try to polarize a majority on the right-wing side of questions such as dissent, marijuana and Supreme Court decisions on equal rights. Yet, in actual practice, the conservatives cannot go as far as the Wallace constituency would like. The libertarian ethic is so deeply ingrained in their party that it will not accept measures that really reverse progress on individual rights. The result is the present syndrome of overpromising, in which a conservative Attorney General tries to look more authoritarian than he can hope to be. Conservative Republicans might be truer to their individualism were they less afraid that it would attract so many liberals into the party as to threaten their control of the apparatus.

The two major cleavages within the G. O. P., then, involve foreign policy and political strategy. The foreign-policy debate is now in the hands of the President and of external events. The debate over political strategy thus becomes the focus of the struggle for the soul of the party. The conservative party favors an electoral strategy that courts the Wallace vote; the progressive, one that woos young, black and middle-class voters. The issue is posed most sharply in the South, where

two theories have emerged about the future of the Republican Party. The progressive theory was summarized in *Southern Republicanism and the New South*, published by the Ripon Society in 1966. It urged formation of a G. O. P. based in the newly industrializing areas of the South and competing actively for black votes. The conservative theory, put forth in 1969 in *The Emerging Republican Majority*, by Kevin Phillips, an assistant to Attorney General John Mitchell, aims at building a lily-white party based on present Democratic support in the rural, one-party South. To date, the progressive theory has been winning, largely because those running on it have won. With the exception of Strom Thurmond, a renegade Democrat who would be elected if he ran as a vegetarian, the major Republicans to win high office in the South have sought the votes of the blacks and the enlightened middle class. Men such as Winthrop Rockefeller, Linwood Holton and Howard Baker, Jr., have run with the endorsement of civil rights groups and have actively sought black votes. The major hope for the conservative strategy thus appears to rest on the Thurmond model of getting established segregationist Democrats to convert to the G. O. P.

Outside the South, the conservative theory writes off what Kevin Phillips in one place calls the "Yankee-tainted" states and counties—New England and the areas that were settled by New Englanders. These happen to be the areas that founded the Republican Party and have most staunchly preserved its historic commitment to civil rights—from passage of the 13th, 14th and 15th constitutional amendments to legislation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Philadelphia Plan of 1969. The progressive G. O. P. is truer to this tradition than is the conservative party. The G. O. P. is, after all, the party of Lincoln, not of Calhoun.

The reader will again have detected my preferences. I feel that the progressive G. O. P. is the one to work through in the eight-party system; and if it wins the battle for political strategy, the Republican Party that emerges will be unqualifiedly the most worthy of support. If it loses, conservative strategists have predicted gleefully that its constituents will leave the G. O. P., which will, in that case, probably go the way of the Whigs, who assembled a retrograde coalition that won power for a brief period and then vanished from American history.

The outcome of the struggle would be certain were it not for the lassitude of moderates. Because the progressive G. O. P. has mobilized in the past only around personalities, it now lacks the political infrastructure essential to a successful political movement. Because many

of its present leaders suffer from a certain prima donna-ism, the new movement will not be built from the top down. This provides a historic opportunity for young leadership. There are already some indications that the harvest can be great. Moderates are best at intelligent discussion, at persuasion, at developing workable proposals. When they decide to cooperate, they are able to pioneer new patterns of collaboration between generations and to achieve results. They are capable of exciting others with ideas and eliciting sustained commitment. If they lead from their strength—not mass demonstration but reason, competence, persistence and tough-minded idealism—they can revolutionize the political system.

The experience of the Ripon Society may give some hope for these quiet tactics. Begun in December 1962 with only 17 members and named after Ripon, Wisconsin, the birthplace of the Republican Party, it is still far from a mass organization; yet it has moved to change the tone of political debate in the 11 cities in which it now has chapters. It attempts to reach out to groups that have never considered voting Republican and to build bridges to the professional, academic and business communities. It offers politicians research, political aid and a monthly magazine with independent criticism and positive proposals. Its members adhere to the Republican Party not for what it is but for what they can make it become. They are now working at the White House, in Government agencies and on political staffs at all levels of government, and some will be running for office this year.

Ripon's mottoes have been simple all along. Its members have sought not expedient slogans but "the ideas whose time is yet to come"; and many of their programs for welfare reform, a volunteer Army, revenue sharing and policy toward China and Vietnam have helped shape national policy. They have sought not heroes to admire but ways to galvanize themselves to action. As the society's first statement said, well before this author had become a member:

This, then, is a call to action. . . .

The question is often asked, "Where are the leaders of the new Republican Party?" We have shown just how we need such men. If we cannot find them, let us become them.

This spirit of challenge, from Ripon and other young, engaged groups, is desperately needed to shake up both of America's decrepit political parties.





# How many Americans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Even Poland has a humor magazine. We didn't, until the National Lampoon.

In April, our first issue confronts the sexual revolution and asks the question, "Sex—Filth or Dirt?" Find the answer in:

#### Ralph Schoenstein's Harris Poll

Dedicated sexologist Dr. Schoenstein reveals What Goes On When The Shades Go Down as he interviews every "Harris" in the Yonkers phone directory.

#### White House Romance

David and Julie find out, almost too late, that even at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue there's still room for... *White House Heartbreak*.

#### The Kuku Sutra

Amateur love machine Roger Price describes 346 new positions he recently uncovered in the pleasure temples of Bangor, Maine.

#### Mondo Perverto Magazine

Read all about real courage in the gripping story of an unknown starlet who confesses *I Gave My Heart To Save Eleanor Roosevelt!*

#### Sex Through the Ages

Professor Richard Armour holds you spellbound as he weaves the tale of its invention, improvement, and eventual obsolescence. Plus fifty—count'em—fifty puns on "fig leaf."

#### The Pornocopia

A stylistic analysis of all those books you threw out the day of your marriage. (You *did* throw them out, didn't you?)

#### The Love-Letters of Aristotle Onassis

Can a millionairess find happiness with a billionaire twice her ostensible age? A remembrance.

#### The Great American Dirty Joke

Did you hear the one about the eskimo and the crippled giraffe? Well, it seems...



#### Oh! Hefner!

This issue has a fold-out to sell lots of copies (and, of course, satirize PLAYBOY).

Normal Rockwell's Erotic Drawings  
A rather small portfolio.

#### The Splurch Reaches Puberty

Dr. Sexx, who bears a nagging resemblance to Dr. Seuss, tells it like it is.

#### Plus:

Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Uncle Tom's Column, Your monthly Horror Scope, Christopher Cerf's Nasty Puzzle Page...and many more.

Sex is the first of the different subjects to be lampooned each month.

#### SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

You can be sure to get every issue by simply filling out the subscription blank below and including a check or money order.

The National Lampoon, by subscription, or on sale for 75¢ at newsstands everywhere starting March 19th.

## NATIONAL LAMPOON

A Twenty First Century Communications Publication

The National Lampoon, Dept. D105 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019		Fill out and mail
Yes, I want a charter subscription to the <i>National Lampoon</i> .		
I enclose my check <input type="checkbox"/> money order <input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> 1-year subscription (12 issues)—\$5.95 (you save \$3.05)		
<input type="checkbox"/> 2-year subscription (24 issues)—\$10.50 (you save \$7.50)		
<input type="checkbox"/> 3-year subscription (36 issues)—\$14.50 (you save \$12.50)		
Name	_____	
	(please print)	
Address	_____	
City	State	Zip
_____	_____	_____
Please be sure to include your correct zip code number.		



## Pleasures of Montreal

doing the popcorn or funky chicken, however; the dance floor appears to be slightly bigger than a waiter's tray. Another attractive *disco* is Epoca, but it has not as yet become a haunt of *disco* regulars. George's offers live rock music and, often enough, attractive female vocalists. Occasionally, owner George Durst brings his pet cheetah and lion cub to the establishment. Almost directly across from George's on Aylmer Street sits the \$1,000,000 Montreal Playboy Club, one of the newest of our chain. The live, American-oriented entertainment featured in the Penthouse makes for a welcome change of pace, and there's top-flight buffet dining in the Living Room.

Montreal's crowd of *disco* addicts decree what places are in or out and when, but the prerequisites for membership usually consist of nothing more than a tip to the doorman and striking up a conversation at the bar. In Plexi one evening, Rusty Staub, all-star first baseman for the Montreal Expos, told us, "It's really hard to stop in at two or three *discothèques* during a night and

(continued from page 132)

not meet a pretty girl." Redheaded Staub, known to Montrealers as *le grand orange*, has some practical advice for visiting Americans. "One thing I've found out: If a girl likes the way you look and you ask her to dance, no problem. But if she doesn't want to, she'll answer in French and try to make you feel like a dunce for not knowing her language." Says Paul Tietolman, whose family owns two Montreal radio stations, "The easiest way for a guy to score is just to make the rounds of the *discothèques* for a few nights. If he can't make it with a chick here, he can't make it anywhere."

If you've landed a feminine escort early in the evening, there are several late-evening alternatives at your disposal. Should you opt for midnight dinner and a show, La Salle Bonaventure at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel is one of the city's most elegant spots to visit. In Le Château Champlain, the Caf' Conc, a glittering replica of a 19th Century Parisian music hall, presents a Folies-type revue; although the girls are rather

overdressed, the vaudeville entertainment (recently, we watched a comedian-pick-pocket-magician) is fun. And if you're in the vicinity of Old Montreal (many of the *discos* are located there), take her to Le Black Bottom, an informal haunt for soul sounds that regularly imports such talent as Muddy Waters.

By the end of several fast-paced nights and days, you'll begin believing you know the city and its people quite well. You will. And you won't. Case in point: Montreal's own conflict between youth and its elders—almost as abrasive as our own, but the city refuses to let it escalate, even under stress. We were in Montreal on the rainy October night the city's police force went out on strike and, cabbing back to our hotel, we ran into an enormous traffic jam at the busy intersection of St. Catherine and Peel streets. Our cab driver, who had been delivering a nonstop polemic about how students at McGill University and Sir George Williams University were probably responsible for the looting that had taken place earlier, was getting progressively angrier as we sat in the intersection. Suddenly, a young man appeared in the very center of the tied-up street and began directing traffic. "Well, maybe those college kids aren't so bad," said the driver. Instead of helping to clear the congested corner, however, it became apparent that the young man was deliberately fouling matters up further, much to his own amusement—and ours. We expected a string of obscenities from the driver, but instead he began chuckling. "One thing about the kids here," he said. "They're crazy, but they're all right." It was an amiable and rather sophisticated way of spanning the generation gap; and when the driver pulled up to our hotel, we asked him what he thought the average Montrealer feels about his city. "It's a great place to live," he said, "and I hope it stays that way. As long as the big factories don't give us air pollution, and as long as traffic doesn't get too bad, we'll be all right."

Earlier that day, we had asked the same question of an attractive Canadian girl who lives in an urban commune and attends Sir George Williams University. "Drapeau's administration," she said, "wants Montreal to be the first big North American city to solve urban problems such as air pollution and mass housing. The people know that their government is really behind them." We tried to think of an American metropolis where a 45-year-old cabdriver and a 20-year-old activist share similar (and equally optimistic) views about the place they live in. We couldn't.



Buck Brown

"Did you hear the one about the little Dutch boy who stuck his finger in the dyke?"



## FURRY'S BLUES *(continued from page 114)*

manicured trees of his deserted park. The gutter is thick with debris: empty wine bottles, torn racing forms from the West Memphis dog track, flattened cigarette packs, scraps of paper and one small die, white with black spots, which Furry puts into his pocket. An old bus, on the back of which is written, in yellow paint, LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, rumbles past; it is full of cotton choppers: Their dark, solemn faces peer out the grimy windows. The bottles clink at the end of Furry's broom. In a room above the Club Handy, two men are standing at an open window, looking down at the street. One of them is smoking; the glowing end of his cigarette can be seen in the darkness. On the door to the club, there is a handbill: BLUES SPECTACULAR, CITY AUDITORIUM: JIMMY REED, JOHN LEE HOOKER, HOWLIN' WOLF.

Furry pushes the garbage onto a flat scoop at the front of the cart, then goes to the rear and pulls a jointed metal handle, causing the scoop to rise and dump its contents into the can. The scoop is heavy; when he lets it down, it sends a shock from his right arm through his body, raising his left leg, the artificial one, off the ground. Across the street, in a chinaberry tree, a gang of sparrows are

making a racket. Furry sweeps past two night clubs and then a restaurant, where, through the front window, large brown rats can be seen scurrying across the kitchen floor. A dirty red dog stands at the corner of Beale and Hernando, sniffing the air. A soldier runs past, heading toward Main. The street lamps go off.

When Furry has cleaned the rest of the block, the garbage can is full and he goes back to Bertha's for another. The other cart is gone and there is a black Buick parked at the curb. Furry wheels to the corner and picks up the mound of trash he left there. A city bus rolls past; the driver gives a greeting honk and Furry waves. He crosses the street and begins sweeping in front of the Sanitary Bedding Company. A woman's high-heeled shoe is lying on the sidewalk. Furry throws it into the can. "First one-legged woman I see, I'll give her that," he says and, for the first time that day, he smiles.

At Butler, the next cross street, there is a row of large, old-fashioned houses, set behind picket fences and broad, thickly leafed trees. The sky is pale-blue now, with pink-edged clouds, and old men and women have come out to sit on

the porches. Some speak to Furry, some do not. Cars are becoming more frequent along the street. Furry reaches out quickly with his broom to catch a windblown scrap of paper. When he gets to Calhoun, he swaps cans again and walks a block—past Tina's Beauty Shop, a tavern called the Section Playhouse and another named Soul Heaven—to Fourth Street. He places his cart at the corner and starts pushing the trash toward it.

From a second-story window of a rooming house covered with red brick-patterned tarpaper comes the sound of a blues harmonica. Two old men are sitting on the steps in front of the open door. Furry tells them good morning. "When you goin' make another record?" one of them asks.

"Record?" the other man, in a straw hat, says.

"That's right," says the first one. "He makes them big-time records. Used to."

Furry dumps a load into the cart, then leans against it, wiping his face and the back of his neck with a blue bandanna handkerchief.

Down the stairs and through the door (the old men on the steps leaning out of his way, for he does not slow down) comes the harmonica player. He stands in the middle of the sidewalk, eyes

# Most automatic automatic.



If there's one thing you want when you travel—around the block or around the world—it's a camera that's fast and easy.

This is it. The Kodak Instamatic 814 camera. The most automatic automatic. Just drop in the film cartridge. The "814" accepts any 126-size film, for snapshots or slides; adjusts itself to the speed of the film; computes the exposure; tells you when to use flash; adjusts automatically for flash exposure as you focus.

It's so automatic, it even advances both film and flashcube for the next picture after you've clicked the shutter! You could hardly make a mistake even if you tried.

Complete and self-contained, this traveler's aid comes with a precision rangefinder and a superb 4-element f/2.8 Ektar lens. Travel right. It's less than \$145 at your photo dealer's.



**Kodak Instamatic® 814 camera.**

Price subject to change without notice.

**Kodak**



closed, head tilted to one side, the harmonica cupped in his hands. A man wearing dark glasses and carrying a white cane before him like a divining rod turns the corner, aims at the music, says cheerfully, "Get out the way! Get off the sidewalk!" and bumps into the harmonica player, who spins away, like a good quarterback, and goes on playing.

Furry puts the bandanna in his pocket and moves on, walking behind the cart. Past Mrs. Kelly's Homemade Hot Tamales stand, the air is filled with a strong odor. Over a shop door, a sign reads: FRESH FISH DAILY.

Now the sky is a hot, empty blue, and cars line the curb from Butler to Vance. Furry sweeps around them. Across the street, at the housing project, children are playing outside the great blocks of apartments. One little girl is lying face down on the grass, quite still. Furry watches her. She has not moved. Two dogs are barking nearby. One of them, a small black cocker spaniel, trots up to the little girl and sniffs at her head; she grabs its forelegs and together they roll over and over. Furry starts sweeping and does not stop or look up again until he has reached the corner. He piles the trash into the can and stands in the gutter, waiting for the light to change.

For the morning, his work is done. He rolls the cart down Fourth, across Pontotoc and Linden, to his own block, where

he parks it at the curb, between two cars. Then he heads across the street toward Rothschild's grocery, to try to get some beer on credit.

• • •

While we were talking, people were coming in, and now the tables were nearly filled. Charley looked at his watch, then at Furry. "Feel like playing?" he asked.

Furry nodded abruptly, the way Indians do in movies. "I always feel like playing," he said. He drank the last of the bourbon in his glass. "Yes, sir. *Always* feel like that."

"I'll announce you," Charley said. He carried a chair onto the stage, sat down and repeated the lecture he uses whenever he hires an old-time musician. It begins, "Without the tradition of American Negro music, there would be no rock music." The lecture's purpose is to inspire the rock generation with love and respect for the blues. However, this audience, none of whom looks older than 20, seems more interested in each other than in anything else.

When the speech ended, with "I am proud to present . . ." Furry, carrying his battered Epiphone guitar, limped onto the stage. The applause was polite. Furry smiled and waved. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I'm very pleased to be here tonight to play for you all. I've been around Memphis, playing and sing-

ing, for many years. My wife is with me tonight; we've been married many years. When we got married, I only had fifteen cents and she had a quarter." I looked at Charley. He avoided my eyes.

"And then one day," Furry went on, his tone altering slightly, "she upped and quit me, said I had married her for her money."

Furry laughed, Versie laughed, the crowd laughed, and Charley and I looked at each other and laughed and laughed, shaking our heads. "I love him, the old bastard," Charley said. "Sorry, Versie."

But Versie, watching Furry proudly, had not heard.

He had begun to play a slow, sad blues, one that none of us had ever heard, a song without a name: "My mother's dead," he sang, the guitar softly following, "my father just as well's to be. Ain't got nobody to say one kind word for me."

The room, which had been filled with noise, was now quiet. "People holler mercy," Furry sang, "don't know what mercy mean. People . . ."—and the guitar finished the line. "Well, if it mean any good, Lord, have mercy on me."

When, after nearly an hour, Furry left the stage, the applause was considerably more than polite. But I knew that it was only the third time Furry had heard public applause during the year and that in this year, as in most of the years of his life, his music would probably bring him less than \$100. Soon, we would take him home and he would change clothes and go out to sweep the streets. I wondered, as Charley and Versie were congratulating him and pouring fresh drinks, how he had managed to last, to retain his skill.

Furry was sitting back in his chair, holding a drink in one hand and a new cigar in the other, smiling slightly, his eyes nearly closed. I asked him if he had ever been tempted to give up, to stop playing. "Give out but don't give up," he said. He tasted his drink and sat straighter in the chair. "No," he said, "all these years, I kept working for the city, thinking things might change, Beale Street might go back like it was. But it never did."

"But you went on playing."

"Oh, yes, I played at home. Sometimes, nothing to do, no place to play, I'd hock the guitar and get me something to drink. And then I'd wish I had it, so I could play, even just for myself. I never quit playing, but I didn't play out enough for people to know who I was. Sometimes I'd see a man, a beggar, you know, playing guitar on the sidewalk, and I'd drop something in his cup, and he wouldn't even know who I was. He'd think I was just a street sweeper."



"I've had to be both mother and father to her."



# Cotton the natural choice

SERO crowns a gentleman's shirt with a Rogue collar. See how authoritatively it sits on the trimly tailored shoulders. Its fabric is a striped dobby cotton broadcloth to keep you looking poised and

feeling comfortable all day. Green satin stripes (shown), blue, red, all on ecru background; sizes 14 to 16½. About \$12.50 at fine stores across the country.

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.



COTTON: you can feel how good it looks





*"Gee, Mr. Davenport, you really make sex a fun thing!"*



## OUR MORTGAGED FUTURE (continued from page 98)

the previous one. With new financial obligations and new powers brought on by the war emergency, the Federal Government more than doubled in size during each of the last two major wars. The Vietnam war will continue, if not accelerate, this trend.

One can expect no heroes to emerge from the Vietnam conflict, but political scapegoats will be sought by some to explain away the war's indecisive results and unfortunate consequences. Already, Professors Galbraith and Schlesinger are blaming the military; others are blaming civilian advisors to past Presidents. Postmaster General Winton Blount blames the student dissenters. Nor should we expect those political leaders who were responsible for getting us into Vietnam to be punished. As poet William Ellery Channing observed long ago, "The wrongdoing of public men on a large scale has never drawn upon them that sincere, hearty abhorrence which visits private vice." The deaths of over 40,000 Americans will pass without indictment. But Senator Edward Kennedy's indiscretions at Chappaquiddick Pond—whatever they were—have already resulted in an indictment, a suspended sentence and widespread condemnation. Such is the nature of public opinion.

When the war ends, America's flagging international prestige can be expected to increase noticeably, as did France's prestige following her withdrawal from Vietnam and Algeria. Civil liberties have suffered less in this war than in all wars of recent memory, although it is too soon to say whether or not another era of McCarthyism is already looming. It is also often said that war promotes crime, but there are no reliable crime indexes extending backward in time; so this is, and possibly always will be, a moot question. Educational training has been arrested for those drafted or forced by the draft to volunteer for the Armed Services; but the GI Bill will probably more than make up for this delay.

Another positive legacy of Vietnam—perhaps the major one—may be a diminution in the power of anti-communism as a crusading ideal. The charge that this war was started by Communist aggression from the north has not been convincing. Perhaps we have cried wolf once too often. In any event, if Communist countries continue to go their own individual ways, and particularly if tension among the great Communist powers increases over the years, the *raison d'être* for our anti-Communist stance—which was so justifiably prominent in the early years of the Cold War—will be considerably vitiated. Yet we should not expect a major shift in public ideology to occur in less than a decade, for basic assumptions of evil change slowly.

It is widely assumed, especially among economists, that the generation that fights the war is the generation upon which the burden of the war falls. For those who are killed and maimed, this is absolutely true. But, as we have seen, many burdens, such as veterans' pensions, last for several generations. These pensions irrevocably commit future funds that might have been used for other, more pressing purposes. Over several decades, these pensions, along with our war-generated graduated-income-tax system, also have tended somewhat to improve the social status of veterans. Partly because of a generous educational subsidy, veterans are better educated than nonveterans; their income is higher, their job security tighter and their rate of unemployment lower. The incidence of poverty among veterans, moreover, is less than half that of nonveterans.

The burden of national debt, contrary to the views of some economists, may also have lasting influence. It can, for example, reduce the lifetime income of future generations if they decide, unlike this generation, to pay off the national war debt. In any event, we have been frustrated by the unwillingness of past generations to pay for their own wars, which has led to current inflation and the devaluation of the dollar. May not a future generation also be frustrated by our unwillingness to pay the full costs of the Vietnam war? Millions of people today are living on relatively fixed sources of income. As the cost of living continues to rise because of the war, not only do these individuals suffer decreased purchasing power but their children may fall to the next lower economic class unless the inflationary cycle is broken.

The Vietnam war has unquestionably lowered the standard of living of this generation. It has also lessened our willingness and that of future generations to take enterprising risks, because taxes remain high. It has materially lessened the supply of natural resources available to our children and shifted even further the balance of military *vs.* civilian priorities—a shift that is now going into its *second* generation.

Contrary to popular opinion, the Vietnam war will also probably decrease the G. N. P. in the long run. It is true that we have solved the problem of unemployment only in time of war, but this fact has misled many into believing that war means economic progress. Even with the enormous expenditures of the Cold War, our annual rate of increase in the G. N. P. has been less than three percent for the past generation. Historian John Nef, in his book *War and Human Progress*, looking back to the 15th Century, found that economic progress was faster in times of

peace than in times of war and greater in countries less inclined than in those more inclined to war. John J. Clark, in his recent book *The New Economics of National Defense*, which focuses on the Cold War era, agrees with Nef. In the long run, decisions to continue the Cold War or to delay getting out of Vietnam, based on the alleged necessity of keeping people working and keeping the economy healthy, are at odds with historical experience.

The main reason many people feel that a war economy enhances the G. N. P. rate of growth is an excessive belief in the problem-solving powers of technology and in the generative force of research. Syllogistically, their reasoning runs something like this:

1. Modern war requires enormous amounts of research.
2. Research leads to new technological knowledge.
3. Technological knowledge leads to innovations and makes our economy run more efficiently.
4. Hence, war accelerates economic growth and brings prosperity.

For many, this now seems self-evident truth. But, as economist Robert A. Solo has shown in the *Harvard Business Review* for November and December, 1962, rising expenditures on research and development may actually be *reducing* the rate of economic growth in the United States. There is a negative relationship, he shows, between Cold War research expenditures and output per man-hour, inventive activity and the rate of increase of the G. N. P. Nor is the spin-off from defense projects substantial. We must realize that money spent for war is largely lost to other purposes. War—including research for war—depletes society's ability to solve nonwar problems. One can either fight, which is essentially destructive, or one can build. At no time in the past has a nation been able to do both.

When future historians mold the Vietnam war into its final image—sometime toward the end of the 21st Century, perhaps—they will more clearly perceive what beasts were loosed by that conflict. Today, the most we can do is try to understand what we have wrought. But that understanding should not be limited to the moral enormity or the immediate results of our actions. It should include the firm realization that most of the major consequences of our decision to intervene in Vietnam will continue not for years but for centuries. As William Cowper, in one of his most perceptive moments, once said:

*War lays a burden on the reeling  
state,  
And peace does nothing to relieve  
the weight.*





BLACK SHYLOCK *(continued from page 84)*

stomach-ache, and fairly screamed in his agony. Then, limping slowly, his hands on the shoulders of two tiny marshals, he hobbled off stage, as if to desired extinction, while the mob howled in victory.

When he appeared to take his curtain call, the entire audience rose. It was a day without precedent. His ex-father-in-law came backstage to shake his hand.

"It was a fantastic experience, Francis," he said in a tone that his ex-son-in-law remembered as the one that he reserved for his most important authors. "I take a personal pride in the whole thing, because I always maintained that you had a first-class talent. Only we didn't know exactly what it consisted of. Now, of course, it's clear. You're a great interpreter! You have the gift of putting Shakespeare across so that he's almost frighteningly alive. I don't say that you should necessarily go on the stage. But maybe we should arrange for a series of Shakespeare readings or recordings. I

don't know. We'll have to see. We'll have to look into things. God bless you, my boy!"

When Leo Wright had left, Mr. Tomkins came in to add his felicitations.

"I've brought someone else to see you, Francis," he said, and Francis turned around to see his son.

"You were good, Dad."

Francis stared intently at that impassive face. Then, with only half an idea of embarrassing the hovering headmaster, he threw his arms around the boy's neck. Mr. Tomkins fled.

"Oh, Danny, do you really think so?"

Danny pulled away roughly from his father's embrace. "I said I did, didn't I? You don't have to make a production of it."

Francis stood up straight at this, again the teacher, a bit wilted, of the eighth grade. "I'm sorry. I must have been carried away. I guess that's what acting does to a man. And a very good reason

why gentlemen should not become actors. But your approval means something to me, Daniel. I've had only its reverse. I've only been conscious of you sitting there, in the back of the classroom, sneering."

"I don't sneer at you."

"Oh, come off it. You know you do!"

"I don't. You're a good teacher. You're a good actor, too. Ma says you could have been a real actor."

"Does she? I didn't think she ever mentioned me."

"Oh, she talks about you all the time. She's always asking about you. You could have her back, you know. You wouldn't even have to whistle."

Was it possible? Was it conceivable that life could be that simple? That all he had to do was whistle and a loving, rich wife would be his? For a moment, Francis felt like one who has been awakened from a deep sleep by the sudden rattle of a shade snapped up. He turned away, writhing inwardly, burrowing his face into an imagined pillow to shut out the hard, garish light of a world that refused to let him be a rebel and martyr.

"No, Danny, I can't do that. I can't put the clock back. I never fitted into your grandfather's family; and even if divorce is wrong, remarriage doesn't make it right. And I'm not going to stay on at St. Christopher's, either. Because I've discovered something. I've discovered I'm a fraud and a phony. I've cultivated the art of protest without having anything to protest about. I've been playing parlor games in a world that's serious. But at least I know now what a man can do. A man with a cause."

Even as he talked, he felt his elation draining away. He was not going to be a man with a cause. Not at 40, anyway. The human mind was made up of habit, as the body was of water. And as the vision of his indefinite continuance as a self-dramatized rebel, a poser before boys, jumped back into his mind, like an old, hated slide stuck in a projecting machine, he felt nausea in his throat.

"Daniel, help me!" he appealed. "Help me! I can't stay here!"

The boy turned and walked deliberately to the lectern. It was the headmaster's, kept in that room while the stage was in use, and it supported the great school Bible from which the lesson was read at prayers. As Francis watched, paralyzed, his son opened the heavy volume, grasped a handful of pages and ripped them out. Tossing them to the floor at his father's feet, he stated in his flat tone: "You told the class that if a man spat on you, you should cut his heart out."

Francis, awed, knew that he was looking into the eggy eyes of a delinquent. He would have to find a cause, and a good one, to make up for the damage he had done.



*"Should realize clear twelve hundred if sell now. On other hand, if wait, may climb, could hit seventy. Fourteen hundred if sell at seventy. Dear God, what should I do?"*



## A Million Elephants (continued from page 158)

We're busy enough with our codes, what with that task force about to come in. It's not that."

"Then what it is? Are you reading coffee grounds for your political projections?"

Sumner-Clark smiled. "In a way, I suppose I am. Little things, bits and pieces."

"For example?"

"For example, Kong Le had his whole battalion out for a rifle inspection this morning. *Early.*"

"Window dressing," said Coakley. "He wants to put on a show for Grider. Probably has visions of staff school in the land of the big PX."

"Yes, I want to think that, too. But the inspection wasn't on the training schedule, was it, now? And I must say, that's the first time I've ever seen the Chanda army do anything *extra*. I just don't know about it." Sumner-Clark rubbed his eyes with his knuckles. "I've been in this business too long, I guess. The details bother me now, not the big picture. Little things." He paused again and thought it out, remembering how doll-like the Chanda soldiers had appeared as they stood for inspection in the early-morning fog. What part of that picture was out of place? He snapped his fingers. "Their cartridge belts!"

"Are you cracking up?" kidded Coakley.

"Their cartridge belts were drooping. They were heavy. Magazines, even the BAR men. You know, those little shrimps had ammo issued!"

Coakley shook his head and laughed. "It's ironic how we panic when the army we are supposedly training gets its hands on live ammunition."

"Yes, well, you go ponder the ironies, dear heart, while I write up a report."

"To whom and for whom? There's not going to be any revolution, Hilary. They don't know how to go about it. By all means, go and write your report, if it will make you feel better. But I am tired of reports that are never read. I can see us on the last minute of the last day, describing our own burning flesh, you know? Reports are cheap."

Sumner-Clark was not listening. "One other thing. *Very* strange, indeed. They were passing out radios."

"Prick tens?" asked Coakley.

"No, no, not those lovely things." Both men laughed. "Little radios, Hong Kong specials, to everyone. Not just the radiomen. Everyone."

Coakley pooh-poohed this. "Must have been a good haul on the black market. Damn it, I told Kong Le to cool that sort of thing. He thinks he's an alderman

or something. One day, I had to watch while he gave each man a can of hot dogs. For meritorious conduct, he told me later, laughing up his snout."

"Strange," whispered Sumner-Clark to himself.

"To paraphrase a brilliant philosopher I know, you go ponder the strangeness of it, while I go back to work. Grider has called meetings into the night and he's screaming for poor Walter. 'Where is that shit bird?' he asked me as I left. 'I'm sure I wouldn't know,' I said. 'Am I the Defense Department's keeper?'"

They laughed together again, not cheaply or roguishly but like children who genuinely enjoy each other and who have no other friends.

"Colonel," said General Grider, "I think there are more important things to worry about than elephants. Now, I understand what you want to do. That's got to be your business. But we can't fund it straight out. How would that look on a requisition? I can see some dove getting his hands on that and telling the American taxpayer we're running a zoo instead of a war over here. There are other ways of funding it, aren't there? Build up your Special Services account and chalk it off as football equipment or something. Jesus Christ, Kelly, I shouldn't have to tell you how you do

## The smokeless tobaccos.

They aren't lit, puffed or inhaled. They're too good to smoke.



Put a pinch between gum and cheek, and enjoy it. Without even chewing. The smokeless tobaccos are too good to smoke. You get all the satisfaction of prime aged tobaccos. They cost less, too. Sure beats smoking!



Original

Raspberry

For information on how to use smokeless tobaccos, please write:  
United States Tobacco Company, Dept. P, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020.

Skopal® and Copenhagen®  
also available in Canada.



That may sound like the telephone company not caring if people go back to carrier pigeons, but we've always been prepared for dry spells. And obviously these London Fog Maincoats\* weren't designed just for monsoons. If the sun happens to be pouring down, they will stand up to a good hard look just as well as they stand up to a good hard rain.



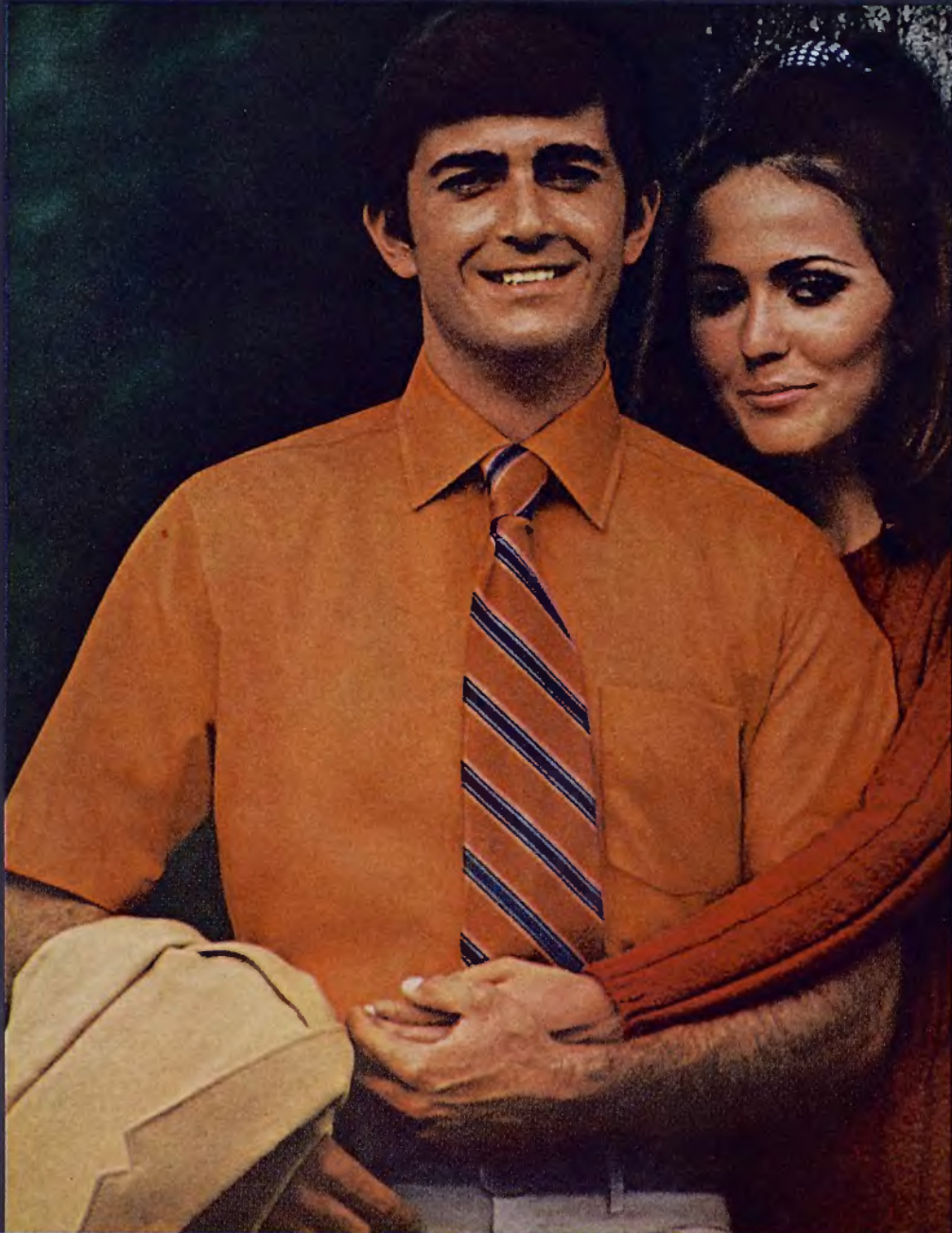
**London Fog® doesn't care if it ever rains again.**

LEFT: THE GILMORE ABOUT \$65. RIGHT: THE OUSTIN ABOUT \$55. BOTH OF 50% POLYESTER, 50% COMBED COTTON. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA. \*LONOONTOWN'S TRADEMARK FOR ITS ANY WEATHER COAT. THE LONOONTOWN MFG. CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



# What's in Career Club shirts for her? You.

You in BELGRAVE SQUARE. Much fashion in the collar, much color in the shirt. Permanent press in 65% Dacron\* polyester, 35% combed cotton. "Sanforized-Plus-2." Would you believe \$6?



\*DuPont Reg. Trademark. Prices slightly higher in West.

## Career Club Shirts

Division of Truval Shirt Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. © 1970

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 187.



that." The general slammed his fist on the desk to emphasize his irritation.

By that time, Colonel Kelly did not care. Both men were tired enough and drunk enough to drop formalities. The day's meetings had been plagued by cables from Washington that were filled with critical questions. Their preliminary suggestions for intervention in Chanda had stirred up the specialists at home who wanted to cover their own tracks in case of crisis.

Now, in the evening dusk, the two men shared a fifth of bourbon and complained to each other. They did not bother to turn on the office lights and, as the sun faded, each man had the comforting feeling that he was really talking only to himself.

"It's a good fucking idea. I want to go on record as saying that." Kelly nodded at his own hands.

"So recorded. Now let's figure out where my three little lost sheep are and whether I should send out a search party."

"I'd say they stayed late at their picnic and will be straggling in soon."

"Not having the responsibility for them, you'd say relax, huh?"

Kelly laughed at the insinuation. "Exactly. I'd say hope for the best. I'd say don't do anything, and maybe they've been ambushed by the Bulgarian bicycle cops and maybe you'll lose your command for that and I'll move up one on the list."

Grider shuddered in the near dark. He held his wrist in the air and squinted at his watch. "I'll give them another hour." He yawned. "To think we've got another meeting. I'm tired of maps. They should be like comics; they should come in other colors."

"Read right and up," said Kelly uselessly, quietly. He was almost asleep. He did not hear the knock on the door.

"Come in," bawled Grider.

Harry Mennan, hat in hand, tried to see the colonel in the dark. Mennan seemed very hesitant. "Colonel, I came by for the envelope."

Kelly did not register.

"Me and Sergeant Campo thought we'd do a little night flying, Colonel, and we, uh. . ."

Kelly jumped to his feet. "Oh, the envelope, the envelope. Certainly." He rooted through his desk drawer and, after much fumbling, handed Mennan a large folder. "There you go, Harry. Give them hell."

Mennan seemed surprised for a minute and then picked up the cue. "Yes, sir. We will, sir." He smiled nervously. "Thank you, Colonel."

"See you first thing when you get back in the morning, OK?"

"Yes, sir, Colonel, the very first thing," said Mennan as he ducked out the door. Then, thinking he was being friendly and suave, Mennan stuck his head back

in and said, "Maybe the second thing, if I got to take a crap." He laughed loudly at his own joke, heard nothing but silence and shut the door fast.

"What was that about?" asked Grider. "Oh, just a little mission. Nothing at all."

Grider yawned again. He stood up and flipped the light switch and looked directly at Kelly. "Sometimes I think you know more than you tell me." There was nothing to add to that and the general left the room, to get ready for the next meeting.

And outside, on the road to the airport, Mennan drove furiously while Campo held onto the chassis of the quarter-ton with one hand and the envelope with the other.

"If you lose that little brown bitch, I'll have your ass," yelled Mennan over the noise. "That's got more money in it than I make in three paydays."

"Now I do respect it," Campo shouted, "you rich fucker."

"That's private funds, Top," Mennan said righteously. Then he launched into his instructions. "Remember what I told you. Them mountain folks near the plain ain't nobody to mess with. We don't get out of the aircraft all night. They light the strip while we land. You give them the envelope when they come up for it and they go away and count it. We sleep if we can and in the morning, they bring a couple of tea chests over to us. We let them load, because those chests are lined with zinc and they are heavy. They got to go under your feet and you'll be cramped on the ride back. We don't check nothing or say howdy or goodbye. We just haul our asses off that plain when the fog lifts."

"I'm going to have a hard time sleeping, with those monkeys all around us somewhere."

"Yeah, I know, and maybe nobody should sleep. I'll keep the canopy open, so we can hear them if they start getting restless. But worry about the spider on your balls before you worry about the one across the road. First thing we got to do is land my little BirdDog on that shit-ass strip. They usually choose a brier patch for a runway, too." Mennan stopped the jeep outside the lights of the comm shack. "I'll sign us out. You get the chutes. Don't come in, just get in the bird."

Campo shook his head. "This may be more than I bargained for."

Mennan was truly hurt. "You're my buddy, ain't you?"

"Yeah," Campo said slowly.

"And you'll get your cut."

"Yeah!" he brightened.

Mennan sang to himself in a country whine, as he walked to the shack:

*"When it's poppy-picking time in Chanda,  
We'll do as all the other poppies do;*

*When it's poppy-picking time in Chanda,  
I'll feather my little nest for you."*

The den was crowding up and Charley Dog got a little claustrophobic. Signals had somehow been given across the city. As he came out into the night air, he saw the streets lined with people, all standing silently close to the porches and shops. Charley Dog went back down for Dawn and brought her up to see.

"Look at that," he said to her. "I think the old guy is taking the whole town with him. Sugar, this is scary." He hugged her tight for comfort.

At the end of the street, the crowd parted and people gasped. One of the king's cars nosed toward the den.

"They're going to bust us," said Charley Dog. "That's the king."

But as the front door opened, Wampoom slid out of the car. She carried a small satchel. "She's with us, too?" Charley Dog wondered to himself.

Like peasants with pikes at the rising of the moon, like nervous paratroopers hooking onto static lines for a night jump, the crowd picked up litters and wagons and samlors. They began to file out toward the road. A few lanterns were lighted, but for the most part, they depended on the moon and their instinct.

Buon Kong was carried along in a wicker seat. Charley Dog noticed that he had his pipe with him. The old man did not speak as he rode between his porters. As he was transported toward the head of the column, the people moved to the shoulders of the road to let him through.

Charley Dog felt lonely. Dawn held his hand as they walked. He wanted to talk about what they were doing and the risks they were taking. He had visions of the column being strafed from the air or ambushed on a road curve. He wondered if they could reach the plain in a night's walk. Not all of these people would, he knew that. There were old folks and children. There were mothers marching with babies at their breasts. Dogs sniffed and trotted haphazardly around the perimeter of the files.

"What a crew," thought Charley Dog. "The crew," he said to himself. He liked the name. "This is some crew," he said out loud and laughing. "Yes, it is. I'm glad to be here, OK? This is *bo pen-hang!* They may bust our ass, but we're still the crew and, what the hell, it's home."

He picked a crying baby from its mother's back. "Come on, sweetheart, I'll carry you and let your mommy make milk. We got a long road to Division Street."

And they walked like that for quite a while. They did not even look back until they all heard a little pop behind them that sounded like a cork out of a bottle. The sky flashed lighter. As they turned





*"Gosh, what a dull party. I'd have left hours ago, but I misplaced my clothes."*



100% cotton screened print "Horoscope" fun slacks and 50% Dacron Polyester/50% cotton Flares. Styled for action.

175 cc 4-stroke OHC twin-cylinder. Top speed 80 mph.

100% female. Spirited performer. Runs cool. Quick response.



# Carlsuals®

Get into high gear. Scramble into a pair of "Horoscope" fun slacks with popular stove-pipe legs. Or green flares with woven stripes and rounded Western front pockets. Wide range of other patterns. Cuffless—permanent press. At better selected stores. About \$9.00.



to look, there were several more tiny explosions and from their height above the city, they saw parachute flares floating like seeds in the wind over the main part of the town.

"Awww, ain't that pretty," said Charley Dog to Dawn. He held the baby high in his arms, so the child could see. "Just like the Fourth of July, honey, whether you know it or not."

The rest of the column was strangely silent while they watched the illumination. Charley Dog wondered why and as he was wondering, the answer came. A streak of red tracer bullets was fired into the town from the other side of the river and white phosphorus exploded in the midst of wooden shacks and thatched huts. Within five minutes, the city was on fire in many places.

"Oh, oh, they done it now," said Charley Dog. "There's going to be some kind of wrath around here now."

The column began to move again. The baby cried, then slept. The mother offered to take the kid back, but Charley Dog shook his head. "No, ma'am, that's OK, I don't mind. We're all in this together, now, with no place to go except where we're going, and I guess we ought to help each other as long as we can." He trudged farther and added, to himself, really, "Before the shit hits the fan and they come looking for us. We're going to have every damn side looking for us, we are."

Dawn wanted to carry the baby. Charley Dog handed it to her. She kissed it with silent lips.

"Before I die, I'd like to make us a baby, too, Dawn honey. Why don't we hitch up somehow, legallike. Our own legal, I mean." She smiled at him without hearing him or understanding him. Charley Dog sighed. That was the first time he had proposed to any chick and it was his luck that the one he picked was deaf and dumb and did not realize the honor. "I must be out of my skull," he said out loud.

All lanterns doused, to avoid being sighted from the city, the column moved up the steep climb toward the Plain of Elephants. The fire fight at their backs cast its shadows on the dark jungle.

While the exodus was passing the fringes of the city's limits, Coakley and Sumner-Clark watched from their balcony.

"Now, that's herd instinct," said Sumner-Clark, trying to be contemptuous about a sight that scared him. "Like rats from a ship, do you suppose?"

"I'm going with them," said Coakley suddenly.

"How can you do that?"

"There's one nice thing about being a spy, Hilary; you can do a lot of comfortable things and claim it's all in the line of duty. Besides, I think it's our job to know what they're up to. Easy, isn't it?"



"Oh, darling—you've finally cut the cord."

I'm just going to walk out there and join them."

"Hold on. I'll come, too." Sumner-Clark patted his karate uniform. "We have to get out of these."

"Nonsense," Coakley said. "I can think of nothing better to wear. If we're going to be refugees, let's do it with some style. *Hai Karate!*" and he posed with his hands extended.

The two of them raced to the road to join up with the end of the column.

The first round of illumination caught Andreas in midstroke. He grunted in surprise and came. Marya screamed in anger and pounded her heels into his kidneys. "Wait for me," she sobbed over and over.

When he could speak again, Andreas told her to get dressed. "All these years, I have known exactly what was going on, and now they fool me! We must get out of here."

"I have my duty!" argued Marya.

An airburst of high explosive clapped like thunder in their ears. The palm outside the window was chopped apart. Marya screamed again and held her ears.

"You come with me, Marya Pleiset-skya. You have your duty, but I have your love." Andreas pulled her down the stairs and into his small Citroën. The car coughed and jerked toward the road leading north. Marya demanded to know where they were going.

"I don't know, little rabbit, but when we get there, I will give you another medal."

Margaret and Edelman had, with the help of villagers, wrapped Walter Glover's body in the tablecloth and tied the bulky sausage over the back of a small pony.

As they worked their way down the steep trail, they met Buon Kong's group coming up. They were grateful for it, indeed. It had seemed that they were walking down into some kind of inferno, the city spotted with flames. "I don't want to take Walter back there," Margaret had said in deep fatigue.

They turned the pony around and joined the crew. "Thank you," Margaret had remembered to say to Edelman when he had agreed to go with them.

Edelman nodded and tried to cover 205



his nervous, almost sentimental state with the professional reporter's excuse: "There's more of a story here than down there." He marched automatically now in his bare feet. There was a kindness in his gestures that Margaret was not aware of. Edelman always stayed on the pony's right side. It was there that Walter's half head still bled slightly, like a crushed tomato, through the cloth and the blood dripped onto Edelman's ankles and feet.

General Grider considered himself quite composed. He was relieved to be back under fire. But the risk of Nadolsky's misunderstanding the circumstances gave him fears for the world and, as he talked, he saw himself saviorlike. "Yes, this is General Grider, Mr. Ambassador. How are you?"

"General, I protest this aggression and when my government hears of this—"

"Yes, yes, we understand, Mr. Ambassador. You see, we protest it, too. Understand? It is not our idea. That's what you've got to understand. This is temporarily out of our control. What I'm saying, Mr. Ambassador, is we're in this together. *Nyet?*"

"Unless your Russian is as good as my English, I suggest we speak your language, General."

Grider laughed uneasily. He moved closer to the wall when the air conditioner was blown into the room by a close

hit. "The point is, we don't have much time to argue, Mr. Ambassador. I suggest we send off appropriate cables, saying that we are *all* under attack. You and us both, OK? Then we should fall back to that staging area near the airport, OK? You and us? Understand?"

"I cannot leave my post." Nadolsky felt the taste of bile in his mouth.

"That's up to you, sir, but Kong Le will burn this place down if he has to. These little shacks here burn like paper, anyway. I say we give him the town until we get reinforcements. He can have it. And I don't like the idea of cremating myself. Do you?"

"I do not like it," said Nadolsky firmly.

"Then let's get out of here and live to fight another day."

"It is agreed, General." Nadolsky sighed. It would be nice to have company. And where was Marya?

"Good deal, Alexander. We got some things to sort out at the airport. Like, it seems that most folks pulled out of here before the shooting started. Now, that's a real problem, isn't it?"

"It is," affirmed Nadolsky. "A city is nothing without people."

"We are nothing without people, Mr. Ambassador. That's what worries me. Kong Le can have the town for a while. What the hell, there's nothing in it. But

those people, they're our bread and butter, if you know what I mean."

"I do."

"OK. So, one way or another, we've got to get them to come back. Understand?"

"I understand," said Nadolsky. "One way or another."

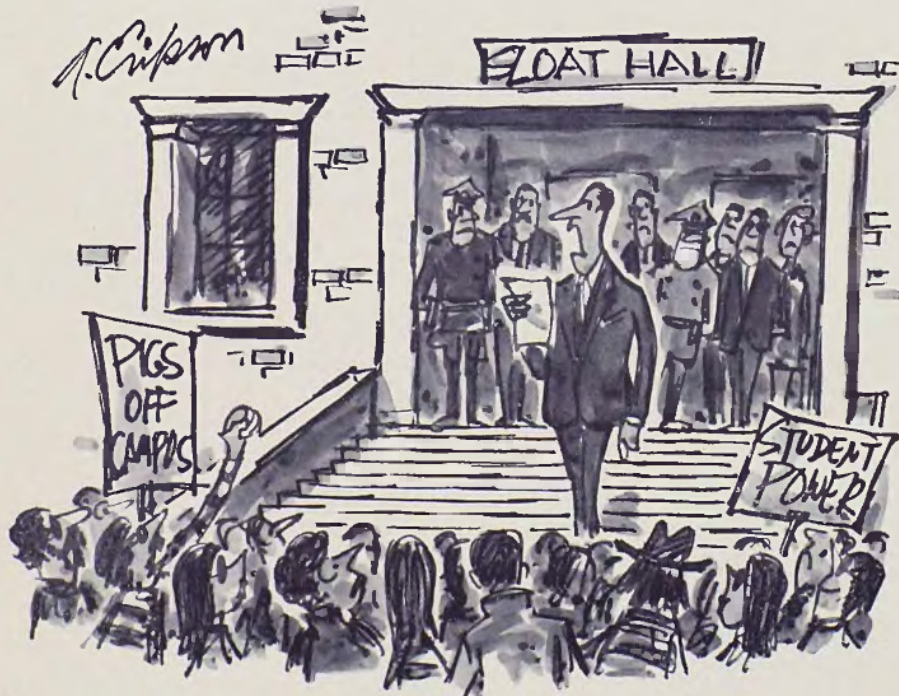
When Kong Le was certain he controlled the intersections of the main streets, the power station and waterworks, the telegraph and post office, he went into the small radio-station studio. He prepared to give his speech. His mind was spinning with his history, his country's history, and he almost forgot that victory was not total, even by the modest standards of the plan he had devised under General Grider's naïve tutelage—the airport was not his, would not be. Major Poon had been lent enough force to keep Kong Le's troops away and the spot was too touchy, now that the Americans and Russians and French and British and the royal court had retreated to the place. But at this moment, he was too happy to care about the potential threat out at the airport.

The engineer in the control room signaled and Kong Le spoke. "My people," he said. The engineer motioned that he had not spoken loudly enough. Kong Le cleared his throat and began again: "My people, tonight I have taken a step for freedom. What leads us to carry this revolution is to stop the rape of our country. For centuries, we have laid open like whores to every foreign power. I am tired of that. So tonight I did something."

He paused, thinking that he should have written this out. It was getting complicated. "I am sorry that in my strike for freedom, the city has suffered, the houses are burning and many of my people leave for the Plain of Elephants. Come back. If we work together, we win. We say to those who think they can own us—'No! Your money no good.' And we say to foreigners listening now at the airport and we say to the king, too—'Beware! Beware!'"

Kong Le stared at the microphone for several moments before he drew his finger across his throat to gesture his cutoff by the engineer. He was mad at himself. All his life, he had dreamed of a moment like this, when he would take his country forward to a new independence. Words, words: He wished they were as easy to handle as platoons.

In the dark streets of the town, the Chanda soldiers set up their barricades and observation posts. They went about their work quietly. They listened to the radios around their necks. As soon as Kong Le's speech was over, the familiar voice of the executive officer came back on the air with specific orders for each



*"The administration is willing to give in to the first nine nonnegotiable demands, but under no circumstances will it consent to the dean of women being burned at the stake."*



# 7 facts about learning to fly.

Read how you can enjoy the exhilarating and adventurous world of flight.

## 1. Can Anyone Learn To Fly?

Almost anyone can be taught to take off and land, but becoming a well-rounded pilot is a different thing. It takes the kind of person who likes a challenge and can apply himself. The 750,000 people in the U.S. who fly—and the thousands who are taking it up right now—are people who relish the satisfaction of accomplishing something out of the ordinary.

## 2. What Are The Physical Requirements?

You just have to be in general good health. Common sense and mature judgment are the basic elements of a safe pilot. Only a simple physical examination is required. Eyeglasses are no deterrent. There is no maximum age limit. (16's the minimum age for solo.)

## 3. How Long Does It Take To Get A License?

The government requires a minimum of 35 hours of flight time for a Private License. Since you are flying while learning, the required hours are enjoyable and exciting. You learn at your leisure, and pay on a lesson-to-lesson basis.

## 4. How Complicated Is It To Learn?

You are introduced to the basic elements of flying one at a time. First, the effect of the controls . . . ease back on the wheel to climb, ease forward to descend . . . make

turns by turning the wheel left or right to establish a bank. After several hours of practice you can handle the airplane instinctively—you're able to move confidently in the three-dimensional realm of flight.

Take-offs and landings are much simplified with modern tricycle landing gear. Landings are even easier with low wing design, as in the Piper Cherokee, because an invisible pillow of air builds up under your wing to cushion the touchdown.

When you start using an airplane for its real purpose—straight, swift transportation—you are amazed at the miraculous but simple-to-use electronic navigation aids that tell you exactly where you are.

## 5. What About All Those Instruments?

Sort them out and you find most are the same as on a car or boat—a clock, a compass, a speedometer, and engine instruments, plus an altimeter. The additional instruments provided in most modern panels include, for example, a dial that shows your rate of climb or descent, an artificial horizon that shows whether you're level, and a gyroscopic compass that remains steady in flight . . . all there to simplify your handling of the airplane.

## 6. Do You Have To Own An Airplane To Enjoy Flying?

Not necessarily so. It's very practical for you and two or three friends to share

ownership in a new, over 130 mph Piper Cherokee. Since flying can be enjoyed all year round, a share can be a very sound investment. Many pilots join clubs or rent airplanes as you would a car.

## 7. Where Should I Learn To Fly?

You'll learn best at a Piper Flite Center, which offers programmed aviation training with a complete 30-step system. The most modern training equipment is used and every instructor is a government-rated professional.

## \$5 For Your First Lesson

The first introductory lesson at a Piper Flite Center costs only \$5. The Special Flying Start Course, available exclusively at Piper Flite Centers, offers four lessons, log book, and preliminary ground school instruction for only \$88. Actually getting your pilot's license costs about the same as taking up golf or skiing. And when you can fly, it's something the whole family can enjoy with you.

## Act Now

Use the coupon below to get a complete Flight Information Kit which includes:

Let's Fly! 20-page illustrated booklet on learning to fly / Piper Partnership booklet / Piper Pilot Magazine / Plus special money-saving first flight lesson coupon. Visit your Piper Flite Center (listed in the Yellow Pages) and try your first flight lesson. See if you're up to this exciting challenge.

Piper Aircraft Corporation, Lock Haven, Pa. 17745

Gentlemen:

Please send me my free FLIGHT INFORMATION KIT.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

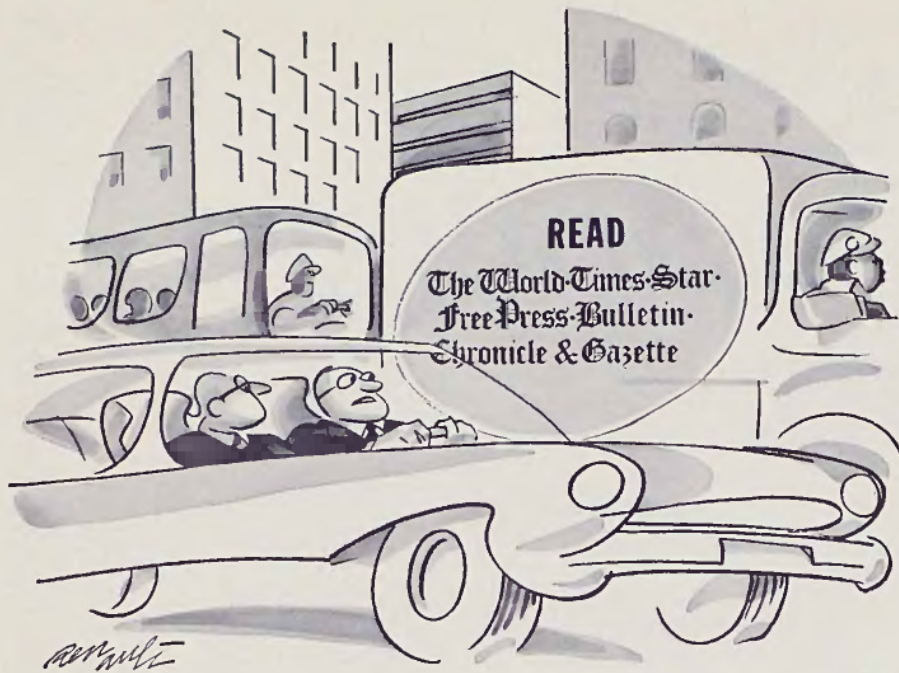
City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

PB-4







"There goes one of antitrust's biggest headaches!"

element. There was no need for shouted commands, because the radio told them everything they needed to know.

And somewhere far out in the hills around the city, the crew struggled through the climb up to the Plain of Elephants. No one heard Kong Le's words there.

And safe inside the concertina perimeter of the airport, the king and General Grider and Nadolsky and others listened to the speech without worrying too much. The Chanda captain had inherited a ghost town, the routes of resupply were still open and Royal City could be retaken any time it was decided to do so.

"We're going to stay cool and pool our resources. I'll supply the photo recon and air cover, if you lend us a few tanks," said Grider.

"Excellent," said Nadolsky. "Consider the tanks yours. The city will be ours by dawn."

"Fuck the city," spat Grider. "We've got to psych out those people on the Plain of Elephants. They bother me one hell of a lot more than some two-bit tin soldier who thinks he's captured the palace, when all he's really got is the outhouse."

"How can I be king without my people?" asked the king in a lonely fashion.

"You've got the picture, King Six," said Colonel Kelly. "And how can we advise an army we haven't got?"

"Yes," said Nadolsky, "and how can the confrontation of the Twentieth Century be brought to conclusion in dialectical terms, if we have no people to sway? It would all be quite meaningless."

They shook their heads silently in unison, as if, no matter what their differences, there was a common bond among them.

• • •

The fog stayed late that morning. The chests were delivered and loaded and the tribesmen had signaled that Mennan was clear to go. But he gestured helplessly at the thick soup that swirled like smoke and blocked his vision. After a time, he and Campo were left to sit alone in the aircraft and wait it out. They dozed as the fog brightened but did not lift.

Campo heard something first. He wondered if he was dreaming. The sound of distant activity was picked up by his sniper's ears. He sat straight and pushed the door farther open. Quiet voices he heard and feet sliding through grass and a general settling all around him.

He punched Mennan on the shoulder. "Shhh!" he warned, as Mennan jumped awake. "They're surrounding us. Listen!"

"Nothing we can do," said Mennan. "If I try to take off now, I'll total out. There's no way."

Campo shook the chute off his shoulders and prepared for battle. He saw a tall figure approaching the plane. Campo pushed his foot against the wing strut and felt his heart pump. The figure wandered about unaware, but when it came close enough, Campo launched himself in a flying tackle and hit the body at the knees. They fell into the thick wet grass and punneled each other. Campo went for the throat and missed. He was up against strength. They fell apart and scrambled to their

feet. Campo threw a sharp karate punch that cut only air. Then he stopped and stared at the figure who was staring at him. It was the man he had seen running into the opium den with the girl on his arm.

"What the fuck?" Charley Dog asked in amazement.

"Same to you," said Campo. He was embarrassed.

"That the way you treat everybody?" Charley Dog was brushing himself off. "Instead of slipping some skin, you just knock them around a little first, huh? That's some way to introduce yourself. Next time, you walk on by, OK, dad?"

"I'm sorry," said Campo. "I thought you were here to pick us off."

"Pick you off?" Charley Dog laughed. "I'm here to keep from being picked off. This here," he waved his arms grandly to indicate all the territory that was slowly appearing under the fog, "is going to be my new happy home. How about that?"

Campo did not understand. Charley Dog told him what had happened. He invited Mennan to stay, along with Campo.

"We can't do that," said Mennan.

"I wouldn't want to have to try to get back to that airport at Royal City," said Charley Dog. "All kinds of confusion back there."

"Well, why should we stay here?" Mennan asked. "What's here that ain't there?"

As he said this, Wampoom walked by. She was gathering sticks for firewood. Mennan whistled at her and she smiled. "Come on, flyboy, you build big fire for me?"

"My pleasure, ma'am," said Mennan. He took off his cowboy hat and gave a Renaissance bow. He turned to Campo. "Might as well?"

"Might as well," Campo laughed.

"Tonight, we're going to have us a phoo," said Charley Dog. "You all come."

Campo slapped his palms. "Never did turn down a party. Thirty years in the crotch and I'm still a party boy, with a few more stripes than when I came in."

• • •

The Plain of Elephants:

A place of waterfalls and rice granaries. Rainbows and poppy fields. In its center, low hills are covered with elephant grass and trees.

In the mornings, before the mists evaporate, there is the smell of jungle pine. The stream beds are full all year.

Jungle rings the prairies and grows even to the mountains that circle the saucer of green. No snow tips on these mountains. But smoke almost always from their flat pinnacles, where the hill tribes live.

There are many tribes and many villages. The people are called the Lo, but their tribes have many names, such as





**It's patented!  
It's guaranteed!  
It's made by  
Jaymar!**

Sansibelt Slacks! The slacks with the triple-action elastic waistband that introduces you to a fit, a feel, a fashion look more comfortable than you've ever known before. Sansibelt breathes and flexes with every move you make. It keeps your shirt in place while it firms you gently...so you'll look slimmer and trimmer all the time.

Ask for them. Insist on Jaymar Sansibelt Slacks...the patented slacks. And look for the guarantee in the pocket. They're made by people who care for people... who care®. Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana.

Slacks shown are 55% Dacron®, 45% Wool... from \$26.00.

THE SLACKS YOU SEE ON NBC/TV!  
**SANSABELT®**  
A JAYMAR® SLACK  
with DACRON®

Sansibelt Slacks: Licensed under  
U.S. Pat. No. 2,797,381.

\* Dacron polyester is DuPont's Reg. T.M.  
©JAYMAR-RUBY, INC. 1978



**J  
A  
Y  
M  
A  
R  
SLACKS**

Available at these and more than 5,000 other fine stores coast to coast:

Appleton, Wisconsin.....W. A. Close  
Brooklyn, New York.....Field Brothers  
Buffalo, New York.....The Sample  
Chicago, Illinois.....M. Hyman and Son  
Chicago, Illinois.....M. L. Rothschild  
Cleveland, Ohio.....B. R. Baker  
Dallas, Texas.....Sanger-Harris

Decatur, Illinois.....Bachrach's  
Ft. Worth, Texas.....R. E. Cox & Co.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.....A. May & Sons  
Kansas City, Missouri.....Macy's  
Las Vegas, Nevada.....Schwartz Bros.  
Los Angeles, California.....Silverwoods  
Nashville, Tennessee.....Cain-Sloan

New York City, New York.....Weber & Heilbroner  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.....Wm. A. Wanamaker  
Pontiac, Michigan.....Osmun's  
Providence, Rhode Island..Philip Wolfe Haberdasher  
Seattle, Washington.....Klopfenstein's  
Trenton, New Jersey.....Jack Lang  
Tulsa, Oklahoma.....Vandever's





*"You don't know how much I've always hoped to meet a girl from Ceylon."*



Meo and Yao and Youne and Khalom. Each tribe builds its own village near its fields of corn and cabbage and poppy. After the soil is burned and the fields are cleared and many crops have grown, the villagers must move to new areas, where the land is virgin and rich.

No maps can track their continual dislocations.

Each day is a season.

The men wear pheasant feathers in their hair and silver collars on their necks and leather leggings when they hunt in the high grass.

Women who want to please the *phi* wear a river stone in a leather amulet that hangs between their breasts. To be sacred, the stone must have been given to them by their first lover. He woos with songs like this:

*The fish in the river,  
The leech in the field,  
Ducks in the poultry yard;  
You give food to all,  
Why are you cruel to me?*

. . .

"We are now in the home of river serpents and buffalo demons," Buon Kong said to the crew. "To aid the *phi*, let us help with the crops, let us dance and please ourselves, let us build our lives around each other. Surely, the *phi* will understand and protect us. We must bury the dead one who joined us on our march."

The bundled body of Walter Glover was taken downstream to be washed and prepared for the coffin.

"To die is hard, to die is painful, yet let us make death a feast. Time does not move from past to present to future on a line. Rather, it swings like the seasons. The dead are our children and we are theirs. If we listen to the voices of the *phi*, we will never be owned."

Many of the crew moved into the fields to harvest the poppies, for it was that time.

. . .

The pod of the poppy is bluish-green. It is in the form of a small flat apple. The flowers of the poppy are shaped like tulips. They are beautiful to look at: whites, pinks, purples; but they are not pleasant to smell. The seeds of the poppy contain no opium. They are white and blue and yellow and black. They are ground into oil.

Before the plants grow too high, they are trimmed. Those shoots growing too close to one another are uprooted. Their leaves are used in salads. The fields are seeded by hand. The plants are cut and picked by hand.

A few days before they are ready for harvest, the petals of the poppy fall and expose the pod. This is the time of constant testing, when only the wisest farmer can determine exactly which night the pods should be cut. If they are

cut too soon, the sap is thin and falls on the ground. If they are cut late, the morphine changes to codeine.

Cutting the pod is an art. The incision must be neither too deep nor too shallow and it must run only three quarters of the circumference of the pod. The pods are cut in the late afternoon and evening. The sap is collected the next morning. In Chanda, the night of the cutting is honored.

The mature plants are taller than children. No child under 14 may help with the harvest, for you must be able to breathe above the fumes. The sap is reddish-brown on the outside of the pod and it gives off fumes that can make you drowsy. If you lie down in a poppy field at harvesttime, you do not get up again. Babies have suffocated while on their mothers' backs.

The collection of sap is made in a small copper cup carried on the belt and lined with broadleaves. Once collected, the sap is wrapped in banana leaves and blocked out into bricks. Each family places one small brick in the center of the old field that has just been harvested. This is for the *phi*.

No one may enter the field for 15 days, until the *phi* have smoked and enjoyed the product. This they always seem to do. The earth of the field turns brown and only seeds and shells are left.

There is no law against opium in Chanda, for there is no law against pleasure, and pain is not worshiped.

. . .

The crew split up and worked without direction. Some built windbreaks, others worked in the fields, some carried water.

It was the foreigners, men like Andreas and Edelman and Sumner-Clark, who pressed Buon Kong about the defense of the plain. But the old man refused to give that his first consideration: "What are we to do? We have one plane, one small car and no weapons. Let us build whatever kind of life we can here and depend on our spirits and those of the *phi*. Here you see the poppy harvest being taken in, a burial prepared, mothers about to give birth. These are the vital things for us."

"You got to survive," Mennan called out. "That comes first."

Buon Kong smiled. "Perhaps. But that is the cry of the unharmonious and, as long as we can, we will try to avoid that. How often have we been told that we must wrap ourselves in protection before we stop to enjoy life? And how often has that advice led to destruction?"

Only the wind answered.

. . .

Walter Glover's body was washed with water that had been perfumed with mint and jasmine. A small gold coin was set between his teeth. Cotton threads, each with 32 knots, for the 32 souls, were wrapped about his neck and wrists and

ankles. A rough cotton shroud covered him and he was placed in a coffin. The wood of the coffin had been sealed with the resin of the pine tree. The crude box rested on the trunk of a banana tree while the funeral pyre was being built. Some women remained at the coffin's side to clear away termite hills and wood bugs.

In the wide stretch of rice field lying bare after the harvest, the crew built a pavilion of bamboo frame and thatched roof. Half walls of woven reeds were wound around three sides. Gilded paper, flowers, a few photos from Walter's wallet and drawings were tied to the walls.

Many of the pictures and sketches were realistic portrayals of people making love. Edelman asked about this, but Buon Kong replied: "In Chanda, life never loses its rights."

. . .

In the late afternoon before the night in which Glover was to be cremated, Mennan tried to eat from a small bowl of rice and fish sauce. His face twisted as he swallowed the pungent meal. "God-damn," he said, "that is plain awful stuff. Smell that," and he shoved the rice bowl under Campo's nose. Campo smiled but did not say anything.

Mennan looked about for sympathy. No one. "This crap smells like a fertilizer truck that run over a skunk in front of a slaughterhouse in a paper-mill town. You know that?"

Margaret and Edelman and Campo all laughed with him. But they were looking at the pyre, with its piles of wood and rags, the four posts ready to receive the coffin in the next hour. And, to frame the scene, smoke and haze from the burning fields in the background, the *brume sèche*, colored the sky and made the distant thunderheads even darker.

A long day was dying and the sun sank copper.

. . .

Night comes on fast, but the dance, the *lamvong*, starts with the setting sun. Around and around the pavilion circle the young people. It is their night to celebrate life, this night of cremation. Their favor to the dead is to use their energies and their lusts in praise of life. The girls beckon and tease—Come, come—but then they break off the patterns they have been shaping in the air and on the ground with their hands and feet. The chase must not be ungraceful and some girls force their lovers to circle after them for hours before they wander off together.

The khene pipes wail and soft drums beat.

Candles and lanterns light the shelters. The old women roll cigarettes of hash and marijuana. They prepare quids of betel.

No one hurries.

There are dishes of boiled chicken and fish, meat and pimientos, sweet potatoes, 211



areca and sugar-cane buds. Rice alcohol has been bottled.

As the coffin is carried to the center of the pavilion, Dawn takes a small lighted candle between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and dances around and under the box. Her arms make arcs and the tiny flames leave momentary impressions of fiery paths in the air. Charley Dog joins her and they dance to the drums. The other dances continue.

Eventually, Charley Dog takes her by the waist and leads her away. He wants her at that moment; but before they clear the circle of light, he stumbles. He picks up the grass-hidden white slab he has tripped on and shows it to her. It is a gravestone, wind-whipped and rain-washed, all but indecipherable, and he can read only the words *MORT POUR LA FRANCE*.

. . .

When the moon rises orange, a string of firecrackers and some small rockets are set off down by the stream. An old man opens a wicker bird cage that has held five mourning doves and as they fly first toward the light and then away from it, he chants:

*"The body is nothing, once the soul  
has left it;  
So we are told.*

*The home is nothing, once children  
leave it;*

*So we would believe.*

*Birds, I release you because all  
things must be free,*

*And the body does not trap the soul  
but beautifies it,*

*And children are guests in the  
house."*

More rockets are fired into the air. If a rocket is a dud, there are jokes about its impotence and the impotence of its maker; while he tries time and again to light it, girls dance around him and undress him. They hand him sticks and cucumbers and other phalli.

The last rockets are used to light the funeral pyre. The blaze builds and consumes the coffin, then the entire bamboo structure of the pavilion. The crowd backs slowly away. They retreat only as far as the flames force them.

The fire is complimented for its beauty and energy. Drinks are taken. A few people point at the moon, which this night is going into eclipse.

Neither the dancing nor the loving stops until the fire has bled itself and only ashes and smoke are left in the night. While these are stirred, Buon Kong speaks:

*"To die is hard, to die is painful, yet*

death is a feast. We celebrate the life we are trying to lead. Here on this plain, we will take doubt as our pillow and freedom as our food.

"Up in the sky, the moon is about to die in the earth's shadow. In Chanda, this is known as the time when the frog swallows the moon.

"In the same way, perhaps, we are all about to be swallowed by the things in this life that are unharmonious; by governments and armies, by those who would tell us how to live, if it can be called living.

"Some have said that if our children grow to maturity on this plain, they will spoil and rot. I say that we must train our children as we train elephants, with sugar cane and songs and stories, so that they learn to know life instead of death, so that they learn to live instead of spending a lifetime preparing for death.

"If there is darkness coming upon us as there is upon the moon tonight, then let us remember that no eclipse is total, and that light shines from the deepest shadows, and times may pass but they will return again as surely as the seasons.

"If we are to be crushed by what has become the world, by the forces that may destroy us—if the *phi* cannot protect us, if we forget how to live in pleasure with each other—then our deaths will be hard, our deaths will be painful. But we will return again with our laughter and singing and loving and all those things not permitted by the unharmonious, the powerful, the judging.

"We have tried to break away. We ask only to be left alone. But perhaps this is the greatest sin, the one unthinkable. Nothing is more frightening to those who would control us than that we ignore them. Truly, that sends rage and terror to their mangled spirits.

"Soon, sometime soon, there will be tanks coming to crush us and planes to bomb and burn us. Let us trust in ourselves and the *phi* and see if the gentle spirits are any match for those who pursue us. It will test us fully, yes. But remember that the *phi* have been through at least one life and they know what some people in the world do not: that life is sweet and to be valued over property or borders or faiths.

"And we say to those who are now assembling in the valley of Royal City, we say, 'You may kill us. That remains to be seen. But at least we will not be dying for you anymore. At least we will die with right things in our hearts. . . .'"

Buon Kong dropped his arms and sat back in exhaustion. His porters picked up his chair and started to move him away, but he stopped them. With quivering steps, he walked toward the ashes and stared at the pyre. Then he turned



*"When you give him the transfusion, could you pump a little Latin blood into him?"*



and placed two fingers to his teeth. He whistled. There was a silence and the people listened to the whistle echo down the plain. Then, dimly, they heard a strange noise. Whistle again, noise again.

Da-dum-da-da was trumpeted from the jungle and in the night, the earth shook. Da-dum-da-da, as the elephants approached the astonished crew.

Babu led the train of elephants toward the light. He kneeled before his old keeper and Buon Kong was lifted aboard. The crew cheered. The elephants raised their trunks and trumpeted.

"They have come to join us," said Buon Kong from his high perch. "It was their decision."

Cheers and trumpets again.

Darkness and fog. The ashes are still stirred, as they must be for the next days, until they are one with the dust. The lovers come back toward the ash heap for warmth. They sleep.

Only Mennan hears the sound. He sits up and cocks his head. The small noise of a vacuum cleaner high in the sky. He knows what that is, he does. He shakes his fist up at nothing. Wampoom turns in her sleep and Mennan prods her. "You hear that?" he asks. She nods no. "Listen," he says. "Know what that is? I'll tell you." And he rips the blanket off

them both, to show the night their nakedness. Wampoom yelps and tries to pull the cover back. Mennan laughs and shakes his stiff prong at the sky. "Take a look at that when you get back to the labs, boys!" Wampoom throws the blanket over them and mounts him; she thinks he has gone crazy. As she rides him, hobbyhorse style, Mennan gets bitter and scared. "They can see everything," he says, "with their special films and infrared stuff and sidetar radar; how are we going to beat that?" But her motions are giving him some ease and they rock in tandem and by the time he feels his release springing up from his gut and spine, he has his humor back and he giggles (at the line that bounces in his head) as he comes. When it is over, he finally manages to say it. "Smile, honey," he whispers to the limp and happy girl, "you're on *Candid Camera*."

A jungle dawn. 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. Into the circle he rides, beast kneels, dismounted is Buon Kong. Not a word. He waits.

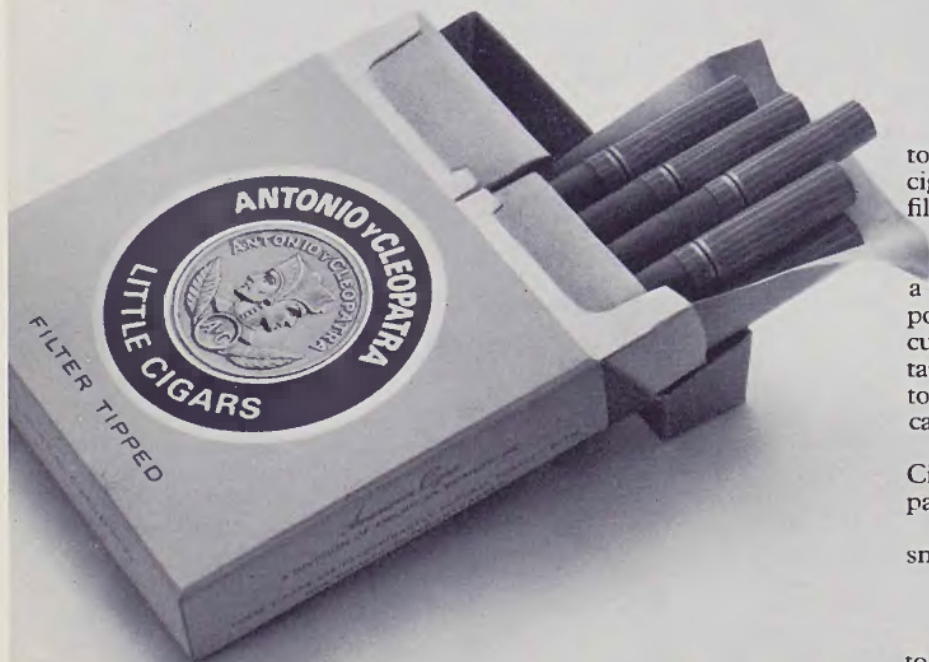
Dawn has bathed in the stream. She comes back up the hill with her hair dripping. She is naked to the waist and points of water jewel her skin. She faces the rising sun and combs her hair with an elephant comb and her face has the look of seeing nothing.

The ritual of a new day begins. Dawn 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."

The elephants were used for the few defensive preparations Buon Kong wished to make. They hauled trees and piled them across the trails that led toward the center of the plain. They carried buffalo skins filled with water into the camp. And at night, they stood guard duty on the far perimeters, for their trumpeting calls could be heard even in the wind.

Campo had tried to convince Buon Kong that camouflage nets and punji stakes and tank traps would be necessary. He also had a mania for what he called "fields of fire"; he wanted the elephants

## This is not a cigarette.



A&C Little Cigars are easy to enjoy. They're as small as a cigarette. They're mild, slim and filter tipped.

But they are *not* cigarettes. Because we make them with a special blend that includes imported *cigar* tobaccos. Aged and cured for mildness and good taste. And the wrapper itself is tobacco sheet. That's why they're called A&C Little Cigars.

There are 20 A&C Little Cigars in the elegant crush-proof pack.

Have a *Little*. You can smoke it anywhere.

Flavorful and mild enough to satisfy any smoker's taste.



to clear sections of jungle that grew too close to the camp. But Buon Kong would have none of it. "There are more important things to do," he claimed.

"Such as?" Campo challenged.

"You will see," said Buon Kong. The old man was very tired and Campo did not argue with him; indeed, could not, for Buon Kong was asleep again. He had taken to sleeping often, at odd times of the day.

. . .

And so it was that one dawn, before anyone was prepared for the day, there was a fearful bellowing on the southern reaches of the plain and Babu and several other elephants came rumbling back to the camp with their trunks high in the air. As the crew woke and stood about in the mist, they heard the frightening sound of tanks invisible below the horizon, a sound that, once heard, cannot be forgotten, as if giants were dragging chains and shaking the earth.

Two jets flew low over the crew and dropped canisters of leaflets. The papers fluttered to the ground. They read:

TO THOSE ON THE PLAIN OF ELEPHANTS  
YOU ARE LIVING IN DISPUTED TERRITORY  
YOU ARE IGNORING YOUR OWN GOVERNMENTS  
THIS CANNOT BE TOLERATED  
LEAVE THIS PLAIN WITHIN THE NEXT HOURS  
AS ANTI-PERSONNEL ACTIONS WILL BE JOINTLY UNDERTAKEN  
. . . . PEACE . . . .

"What's that mean?" asked Charley Dog. "Anti-personnel actions will be jointly undertaken."

"That means," said Mennan, "that they will all bomb the shit out of us."

"We'll see about that," said Charley Dog. "We'll call up a few *phi*, we will."

Mennan snorted.

"Hey, Buon Kong," Charley Dog called, "we're about ready." The old man nodded. "I sure hope he lasts."

"He don't look so good," said Mennan.

"Well," said Charley Dog, "I guess we got to start this day."

"How?" asked Mennan.

"Like every other, with pipes and love and things. Buon Kong says that's the only way the *phi* will stick around."

"I think this is crazy, you know?" said Mennan.

"Yeah, I know, but I'd rather die fucking than fighting."

"OK, Charley Dog, it's your funeral."

"Ooo, don't say that, man, it's bad luck. Besides, it's my wedding, not my funeral."

"Your what?"

"My wedding. Me and Dawn."

"You mean while the tanks are coming and the bombs are dropping, we're going

to sit around and watch you get married?"

Charley Dog laughed. "Ain't that some trip? Not really married like church and all. Just a ceremony that the *phi* will like and all. A love-sun thing."

And the day began, the girl up from the stream, the tying of strings and lighting of pipes. Charley Dog put on a robe of silk and took Dawn to the center of the circle. "Nobody knows how this is going to turn out," said Charley Dog, "but Dawn and me wanted you all to join us in a sort of sunny-day dance, and let's consecrate this whole thing here." So saying, the music began again.

. . .

All day the battle, what there was of it, raged. Planes came in low and dropped napalm, the jelly canisters falling like fat cigars into the treetops. But the pilots found their aim off target and their compasses and sights disturbed by strange vibrations. The tanks that roared over the feeble barricades lost their treads for no reason whatever and the elephants towed the helpless vehicles back down the trail.

When the first radio report reached Royal City, General Grider did not believe it. He ordered more armor, more planes, with the same result.

"Magnetic field, my ass," said Grider after he interrogated one of his best pilots. "Magnetic field! That's not enough to stop a jet plane."

"They don't stop them, sir," said the pilot. "They just divert them. We can't get a straight shot. All those people out there in the middle of that prairie and we can't get to them. I made five passes before my bomb release would work, and then it was ten seconds late. Like to blew me up, General."

Nadolsky paced about the shack. "Russian tanks are Russian tanks! No one stops us! But we cannot get near the place. Do you know how long it takes to change a tank tread? And we must keep something in reserve down here. It's impossible!"

Colonel Kelly shook his head. "We've got everybody working on this. I don't understand it. Tay Vinh has been throwing eight shells a minute into that place, but they're all early airbursts and that doesn't hurt a thing. Colonel Gaillard set up a radio relay, but all we hear is static. I don't understand it."

Lieutenant Goodfellow cleared his throat and said with deep gloom, "If we're not careful, we're going to have a precedent here." The king and the officers stared at him. "I'm trying to be helpful, sirs."

"What do you suggest, Lieutenant?" asked General Grider.

All his young life, the lieutenant had dreamed of this moment. He cleared his throat again and pulled maps and charts from his special kit. "According to my

computations, sirs, this would be the ideal time to drop the, uh. . . ." His voice trailed off.

"The bomb," Colonel Kelly concluded for him. "We've got this figured down to a cunt hair, gentlemen. The weather conditions are ideal—"

"The wind is good—" the lieutenant interrupted eagerly.

"The terrain is receptive," added the colonel, not exactly sure what he meant by that, but he had read it somewhere, "and we have a Stratofort on call from Guam and he should be over us now."

All pondered. General Grider mused: "We need clearances for this sort of thing."

Lieutenant Goodfellow brightened. "We have just received clearance for this small a kilotonnage, sir." He stiffened. "I think the leaders of the world are as concerned about precedents as we are."

"If not more so," nodded Kelly in agreement.

"Of course they are," said General Grider. "This kind of thing could put them out of work, right, Nadolsky?"

The Russian nodded. "Don't forget us. It would put us out of work, too."

"You got to nip precedents right in the fucking bud," shouted Colonel Kelly. "We can't let those people stay up there. Let's hit them and go get them and slide both ways!"

General Grider frowned. "What would happen if we simply left them alone? If we let them stay there?"

"No, siree," said Kelly. "I can see it now." He used his hands to describe his vision. "Pretty soon, other folks hear about this Plain of Elephants. Newspapers and TV build it up. You got resort hotels and jet flights and a big tourist boom. No, sir."

"Are we in contact with the bomber yet?" asked General Grider.

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Goodfellow. "I have them on the frequency and they are standing by. Two bombs loaded but not armed."

The general put his hands on his hips and narrowed his eyes. "Does anybody here object?"

Major Poon waved his hand in the air. "General, as head of the peace-keeping force—"

"Major Poon, there's no need to get your speech ready. I understand your position, but you can hardly be considered a full voting member of this body. Try to remember your status as an observer, Major." The little Indian bowed his head. "Does anybody else object? Any who do, raise their hands, or . . . or—"

"Or forever hold their peace," added Kelly.

The general winced. "I wasn't going to say that, Colonel." Kelly shrugged. Grider changed the subject. "I assume all our elements are out of the area?"

"Are you kidding, General?" cried



# Any one of these will do the job



But only **LEE** fights acid—costs less, too!

Any one of these four top-rated oil filters will do a good job of cleaning your oil. But one of them... and *only* one... fights the destructive acids that can build up in your engine. That one filter is Lee. Only Lee has an acid-fighting Feridium Anode to give you double protection. Yet a Lee Oil Filter costs less than any of the other three!

Lee filters are manufactured *exclusively for men who take personal care of their cars.* Men who demand top quality and performance. And don't mind saving money. They're sold in discount and auto supply stores. You can install a Lee filter yourself in a matter of minutes. That saves you time and money.



**LEE** FILTERS

For the man who takes personal care of his car

Lee Filter Division



Filter Dynamics International



If everybody's tastes  
were the same,  
we'd brew just one kind of beer.

The Springtime  
change-of-taste beer.

Straight-from-the-tap  
taste and flavor.



the big **1** The No. 1 family of quality beers.

Whatever your taste, Meister Bräu gives you





The prestige beer  
of Germany.

Our classic  
premium beer.



$\frac{1}{3}$  less calories  
than our other beers.



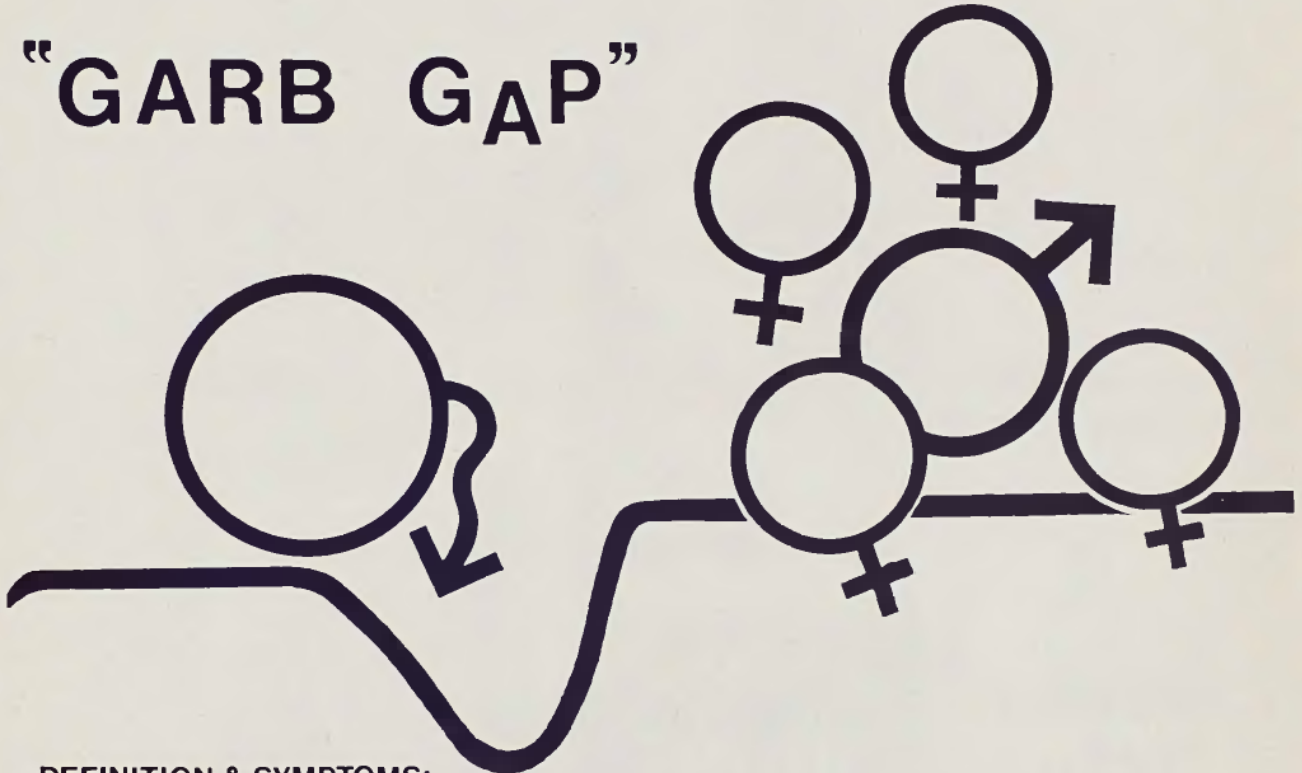
All of our beers are brewed from the finest, most costly grades of ingredients . . . with more care and patience . . . and with great pride in our long heritage of brewing fine beers since 1883. There's one with a taste just right for you.

more of what you drink beer for.



If it's not your deodorant or your breath, you may have developed...

"GARB GAP"



**DEFINITION & SYMPTOMS:**

GARB GAP is that social distance created by being sartorially derriere, (skinny ties, pant legs, lapels etc.), in extreme cases it can cause complete ostracism.

**ANTIDOTE: AVANT-GARB**

**ULTIMATE CURE:**

Come to COSMO'S where AVANT-GARB is not just a catchy phrase, but a philosophy of dress, designed to prevent the existence of GARB GAP wherever it rears its ugly head!



A Gentlemen's Quarterly  
"Fashion Authority" award winner.

20 minutes from anywhere in Chicago.

PHONE 452-7550

8321 W. Belmont, River Grove  
Thatcher Woods Shopping Plaza  
Daily to 9:30 Sat. & Sun. to 5:00





Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle, it turns opalescent yellow when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—"on-the-rocks"—with a splash.

Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.


**PERNOD**  
 ANIS  
 Qualite  
 SURFIN  
 Superieure  
**PERNOD FILS**  
 Importé from France

90 proof

# The Oddball

Pernod...the drink that is really different.





**Tell them you had it made. You won't be entirely wrong.**

**You'd be hard pressed to tell a Groshire from a suit you had custom-made.  
Because they're both made much the same way.**

**Mostly by hand.**

**The custom-made suit is hand-cut from costly, often imported, cloth.**

**So is ours.**

**The custom-made suit is shaped, basted, sewn and pressed. By hand.**

**So is ours.**

**The custom-made suit even has hand-sewn buttonholes.**

**So does ours.**

**In all, we put about 40% more hand-shaping details into our suits  
than you'll find in others that cost as much.**

**Or more.**

**But then, it's the only way to be sure that the suit will hang naturally.**

**That fabric patterns will match up exactly. That the suit will fit.**

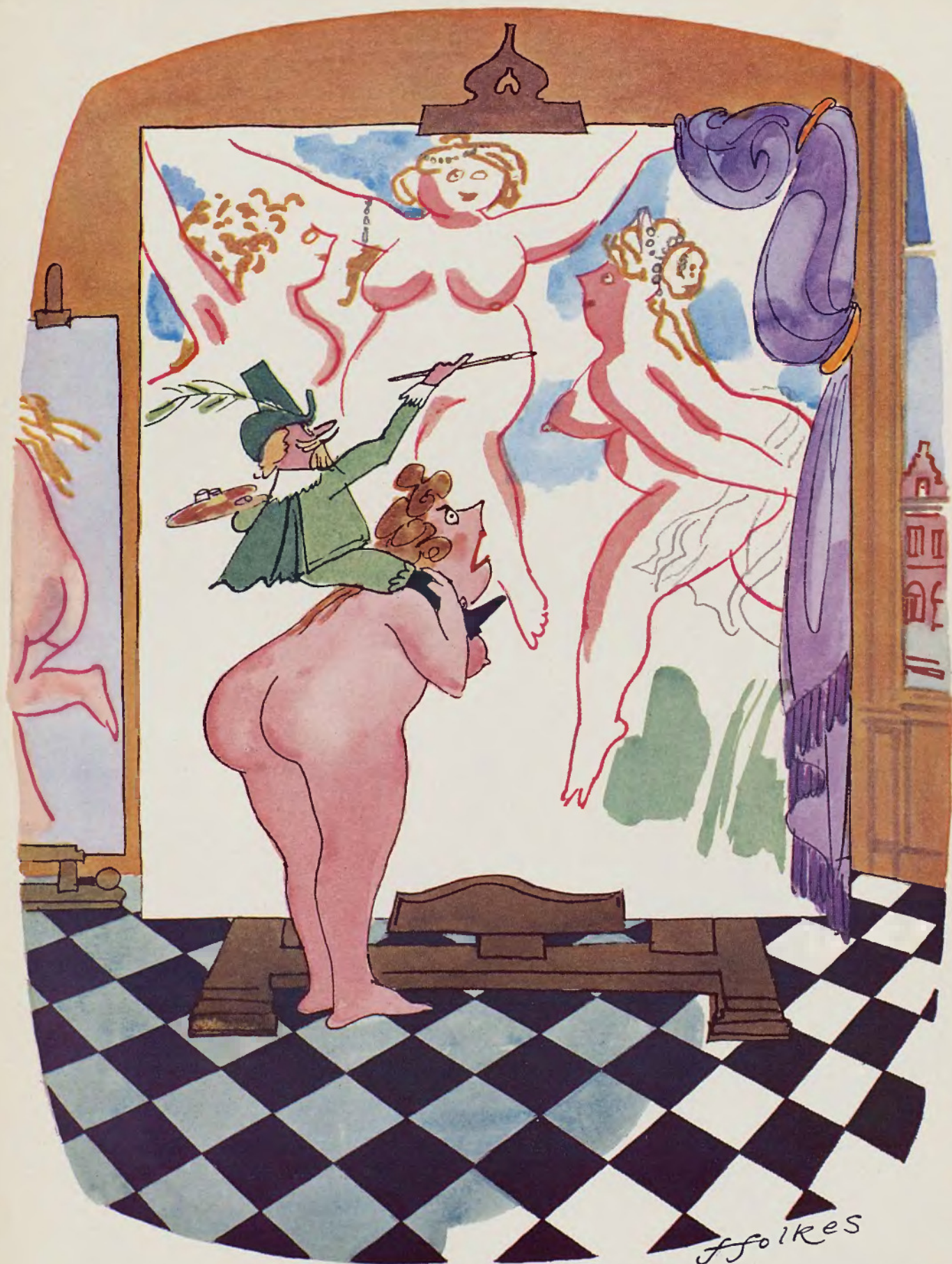
**Precisely.**

**So when a friend asks you who your tailor is, tell him.**

**GROSHIRE**







"Damn it, Paul, why don't you get a ladder?"



Kelly. "There must be a million elephants up there."

"Elements. Colonel, *elements*."

"Excuse me, sir. Nobody flying up there now, sir. No sense to it."

"And my tanks are all in the ditches," said Nadolsky sadly. "It is not to be believed."

No one spoke. Colonel Kelly cleared his throat. "General, before you give the final order, I'd like to say something."

"Go ahead."

Kelly stood and looked each man in the eye. "I think we all know what's happening here today. And I think we are damned lucky to be a part of it. For years and years, nobody knew when or where this would happen. Oh, there were guesses, sure, and books and movies about it." Kelly smiled slyly. "And I don't suppose that there was one of us in this business who didn't say to himself when he was stuck in some dog post somewhere—and if Chanda isn't a dog

post, then tell me what is—that there wasn't one of us who didn't say: Boy, I'd like to be around when history is made. You think about that, King, old boy . . . Mr. Ambassador. Our names are going to be inscribed in the book of history. Think about that."

General Grider stood up again. "Colonel, I—"

"Just one more minute, General. I know you're rushed, but there's one more thing we got to do."

"My point is, the B-52 can't hold forever."

Kelly waved in agreement. "I know that, General. But forever is a relative word right about now. You can't just go out and make history without giving thanks. And that's what I want to do now."

Nadolsky slammed his fist into his palm. "If you are about to do what I think, need I remind you that the state—"

"C'mon, Alexander, old buddy. It

won't hurt you to listen in for a minute. You might learn something." Kelly closed his eyes and raised his arms in the air. "Gentlemen, call it message, call it prayer, call it what you will, let's say a few words to set this thing up proper and to give thanks that we were the ones called on to do it." There was a silence, broken only by the static from the radio headset. "Today we have been asked to teach the world a lesson. All our governments have come together, with the knowledge that this lesson must be taught. It is a special moment and we would ask certain things of it.

"We ask for accuracy from the bombardier. First and foremost, we ask that; because if he slips his target grid by even a fingernail, it could be the end of us instead of those for whom and to whom this lesson is directed."

"I never thought of that!" whispered Goodfellow, but Kelly went "Shhh!" through pursed lips and continued.

"Second, we ask that this lesson never have to be taught again and that people all over the place, here and everywhere, learn that they got to behave. We can't have people running off to places like the Plain of Elephants. That's no good. Not only is it selfish and immoral but it also makes more work for those of us who are trying to run this old world. We got enough headaches. We got enough troubles. People have just got to appreciate that and play along.

"Finally, we must remind ourselves that we are humble in our task and that we just happened to be in the right place at the right time, and for that we are thankful." Kelly opened his eyes and stared around him. "Anybody get that on tape?"

General Grider slapped his hands together and walked to the radio. "Tell them to fire for effect when they are ready and to keep us informed of what is happening."

Lieutenant Goodfellow repeated the order over the radio mike. He held the earphones close to his head, to make sure that he caught all that was communicated from the bomber.

For several minutes, nothing could be heard in the room except the mumbling of Colonel Kelly as he wrote rapidly on a pad of yellow legal-sized paper, trying to remember exactly what he had said.

Lieutenant Goodfellow jumped. "Fifth fail-safe off . . . sixth fail-safe off . . . the baby is armed . . . final approach . . . doors are open . . . altitude and azimuth steady . . . no sign of magnetic field . . . looks good for go . . . target in sight . . . fifteen seconds to release time . . . ten . . . five, four, three, two, one . . . she's off . . . fuse time now . . . misfire?" Goodfellow pivoted and twisted in his



*"For years, I said I wanted a girl—just like the girl—who married dear old Dad—until I got a glimpse of what Dad had going on the side!"*

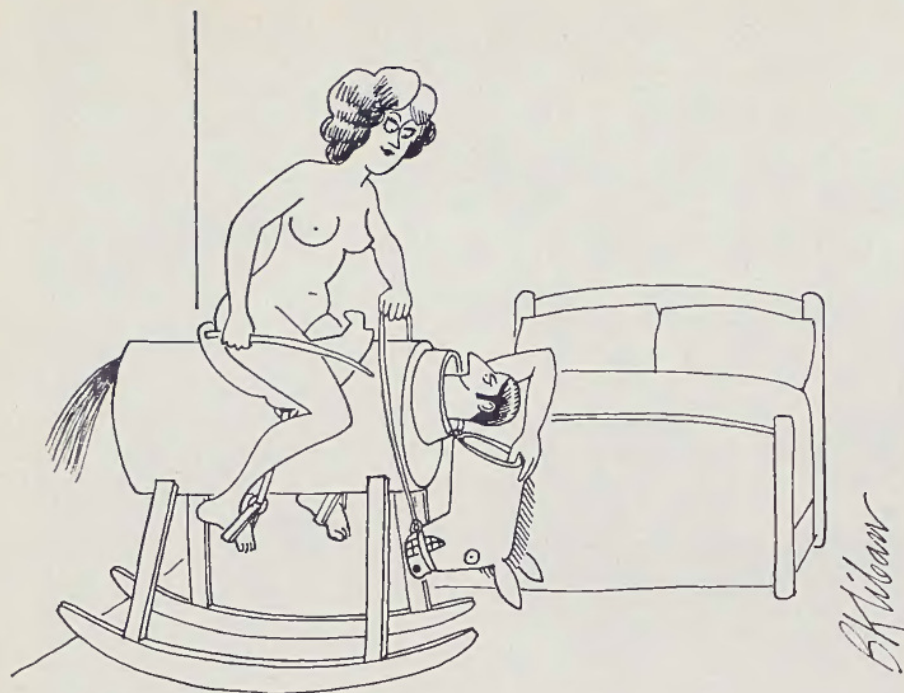


Break out the  
frosty bottle, boys,  
and keep your  
martinis dry!



The swizzle stick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honourable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.





chair. "Misfire possible . . . stand by . . . misfire what? . . . Say again. . . . Mushroom? . . . Did I read you right? Mushroom?" The lieutenant seemed confused.

Colonel Kelly tried to clear things up. "That's not a misfire, Lieutenant. The blast just looks like a mushroom."

"Shut up and let him listen!" roared General Grider.

"I don't believe this," said the lieutenant under his breath. He wrote on his clipboard. "Say all after mushroom. Roger. . . . Roger. . . . Roger. . . . No shit? . . . Roger, stand by."

The lieutenant wheeled about and faced his superiors. He was very pale. He bit his lips and looked at his feet. "The bomb crew requests permission to return to their base."

"What the hell happened?" roared General Grider.

"I don't really understand it, sir, but they want to go back to Guam."

"Permission denied until you tell us what happened!"

"Well, sir, sirs, we don't really know, except there wasn't much of a blast and the bomb behaved badly, very badly for that kind of bomb." The lieutenant shook his head, as if he were scolding a child.

"Goddamn it, Lieutenant, if there's some sort of dud, they can go back and drop their other one."

"No, sir, they can't."

"Don't you tell me!" screamed the general.

"What I mean, sir, sirs, is that the crew chief reports the one in the bay broke open at the same time as the one they dropped did. You see, the one they

dropped behaved very badly, as I said, and seemed to break into little tiny pieces and they couldn't tell what was going on but it looked like everything was screwed up and about that time the crew chief reported that the one in the bay had cracked open, too—"

The general interrupted to slow the lieutenant down. "Easy, easy, Lieutenant, I just don't believe that. If that kind of bomb busts open in a bomb bay, there's no crew chief left to tell about it."

"Oh, yes, sir, there is, sir, you can talk to him if you want and maybe you should, sir—"

"Now, easy, Lieutenant—"

"Well, it's been a hard day, sir, and I don't believe any of this myself. Oh, I thought dropping the bomb would be very much different, I really did."

"Now, easy," the general said again. "What was the report on the bomb they're carrying now?"

The lieutenant blew his nose. "I really don't want to tell you that, sir. It's crazy."

"You can tell me, Lieutenant, you can tell me."

"Mushrooms," said the lieutenant.

Colonel Kelly had had enough. "What is it with you and these goddam mushrooms, Lieutenant?" He mimicked Goodfellow's tears. "Mushrooms, mushrooms."

"That's what was in the bomb," cried the lieutenant. "Thousands of mushrooms. The whole plane is filled with them. The bomb crew is very disturbed and they want to return to their base."

General Grider sighed. He figured it was the end of a long career for him.

"Permission granted," he said. The lieutenant relayed the message. "Tell them not to eat any of those things!" the general added as an afterthought.

"Damn mushrooms could be poisonous!" Kelly called out.

"It's toadstools that are poisonous," said the general. "Mushrooms are just psychedelic."

"Same goddamn thing," said Kelly. "Go on, Goodfellow, tell them what we said."

No one spoke as the lieutenant talked over the radio. Grider and Kelly shook their heads. "I don't understand it," said Kelly.

"Well, Colonel," said Grider, "they may rip my stars off, but I'll take a few defense contractors with me. There's no quality control these days."

"I just don't understand it," the colonel said again. He looked out the window, to rest his eyes and mind. Instead, he saw Major Poon's jeep, with Nadolsky seated at the Indian's side, racing off on the road to the Plain of Elephants. "Stop them!" the colonel yelled to no one in particular. "Look at those bastards cutting out on us!"

General Grider could not get excited. "I don't blame that fat Russian. Think of what they'd do to him for this. Besides, I was reading an intelligence summary on him last night. They know the old goat pretty well. It turns out he's queer for mushrooms."

"I just don't understand it," said the colonel. "I just don't."

On the plain, the crew spent most of the day cleaning and storing the mushrooms that had fallen over great areas of the plateau. Charley Dog laughed to himself as he peeled and ate one of the more exotic exotics. He fed Dawn small nibbles, too.

"We've been through something together, ain't we?" he called out to the whole group, to Andreas and Marya, Campo, Edelman and Margaret, Buon Kong, Sumner-Clark and Coakley, Mennan and Wampoom, the elephants, the boatmen and ballad singers and fish sellers and pack peddlers and children and dogs. "We've been through some kind of good lifetime today," he cheered, as he hugged Dawn. "Hey, Buon Kong," he called across the grass, "tell us a story." "Yes, yes," everyone cried, "tell us a story, Buon Kong!"

Babu kneeled to let his master down from his back, but the old man was asleep, or seemed to be.

*This is the third and concluding installment of the novel "The Land of a Million Elephants."*

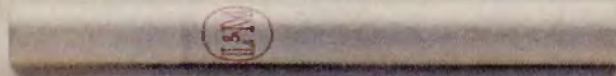






There is a cigarette for the two of you. L&M.

©1969 Liggett & Myers Inc.





## DEAR OLD FRIEND *(continued from page 99)*

and Annabelle. Those gals worked like dogs for no pay at all.

Those were the fun years, Howie. How many times did we nearly sink without a trace? I can count three times that first year. But then the contract from Army Ordnance got us over the hump.

I am perfectly willing to admit, anywhere, any time, that you are the fella that made it work. You are the wizard. Win-Tech tried a lot harder to keep you than they did to keep me. I'm a back-stop-type guy, hot on administration and controls. But people who can design circuits and take the bugs out of them are rare birds.

Like you said the other night, you haven't kept up with the state of the art, but I'd think that once you caught up with all the new miniaturized advances, you could write your own ticket anywhere.

Because I've got confidence in what I know you can do, I'm willing to make a place for you in Ray-Fax. Our budget on R and D is a little slender, but the way the projected earnings look, I think I could get the board to agree to fatten it up some.

But I wouldn't want you to come in again feeling as if you were getting the dirty end of the stick on the option arrangement that we made seven years ago.

Let me refresh your memory, Howie. You wanted to keep the company in high-risk areas by concentrating all our resources in money and manpower on new-product development. I said we had to dig in and milk the maximum return out of the Diatrex line, cut costs further, go for volume.

We argued bitterly for months before we decided to split. And then we negotiated. Right? You wanted to peddle your 20,000 shares to me for \$20 a share and walk away with \$400,000. How was I supposed to raise that kind of money? I couldn't put up the stock, because there was no established market in it then.

I did the best I could, Howie. I scrambled up \$100,000, and that looked like all the money in the world back then, believe me. That was, as it says in our contract, an option for ten years to buy your 20,000 shares at \$15 a share, and you agreed to escrow the stock and give me a proxy to vote it for you.

And you went away and left me with the whole ball of wax and more 15-hour days and seven-day weeks than I want to count.

I can see your point on how it could seem unfair to you for me to exercise that option at this time. With the stock splits and dividends during the past seven years, your 20,000 shares are now 31,600, which means that I would be

buying for a little under ten dollars a share stock now bid in the OTC market at 41 $\frac{3}{8}$ , as of today. So it will cost me an additional \$300,000 to pick up shares now worth \$1,307,450.

I am not promising anything, but maybe we can get together and work something out. We both have to take any kind of chip off our shoulder and talk, man to man, the way we used to be able to.

I only wish that—

Scrap that letter. Try it again, damn it.

Dear Howie. You left Ruthie and myself in a pretty bad state the other night. I think that when a man wants to amend or adjust a legal contract, it isn't exactly smart to show up all of a sudden, without warning, and say some mighty ugly things.

I was so taken aback the other night that I didn't get around to telling you some cold hard facts.

You know the shape we were in when you left. You know how the books looked, how the orders looked, how much money we were making. We'd been in the new buildings a year and the debt-service burden was heavy. Your stock interest wasn't worth a dime more than I agreed to pay for it at that time. Increase in value has happened since you left and you had nothing to do with it. Right?

In a pretty unpleasant way, Howie, you brought up the fact that the profits have come from the Diatrex line, which you developed and which we have fenced in with good solid patents. I want to remind you that at the time you were working out the circuitry, we were both employees of Ray-Fax, working on Ray-Fax time, and so any developments belonged to the corporation, not to you as an individual. If you were an outsider and I had bought the Diatrex concept from you, I would imagine that I would be paying you royalties amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, even though you would hardly recognize the line these days. I have some hot young kids who are really on the ball and they have made some interesting improvements and refinements.

I think you ought to face the fact, Howie, that you are a little bit out of touch with reality. I realize that you had a very hard time, learning that Annabelle had leukemia, and I can appreciate your going abroad, where living was cheap, so you could be with her for those three years, taking care of her. I can appreciate the fact that you are out of touch with the industry and that you are broke, but, old friend, \$300,000 isn't exactly a pittance.

Put yourself in my shoes for a moment. I didn't force you to get out. That

was your decision. It shocked me that you actually wanted to leave. I thought at that time you were my best friend in all the world.

You left me holding the bag. OK. I went ahead with the plans you didn't want to live with. I stayed and fought it out, Howie. So now, Ray-Fax has 600 employees, and in the past fiscal year, we made an after-tax net of \$1.77 per share on the 588,000 shares outstanding.

Where do you think a record like that comes from? From my sweat, old friend. From plugging away at it for seven years. I added the value. You had nothing to do with it.

You hit the sauce pretty hard the other night, Howie. I don't know if that has become kind of a habit with you since Annabelle passed away, but I can tell you that it made communication pretty difficult.

You make it pretty rough for anybody to try to meet you even halfway on this thing. You certainly didn't leave me with any big fat desire to bring you back into the fold and play wet nurse until you can pull your own weight again.

If you want to come to the office and offer some kind of apology for your words and actions the other night, it might give us some kind of a starting point from which we could—

No dice. Try it again.

Dear Howard. If there were just the two of us involved, like in the old days, then it would make things a lot simpler. But in view of the present setup, your demands and your recriminations just do not make sense. As the chief executive officer and chairman of the board of directors of Ray-Fax, Incorporated, I am responsible to all the hundreds of stockholders of the corporation.

How can that affect a private stock-option agreement between you and me? Because we are now in registration, coming out with additional shares of common and some convertible debentures with warrants attached to finance necessary expansion. I have provided the investment-banking firm, as required by law, with all the facts in full disclosure. The investment bankers are now preparing a "red herring," which will have to be approved by the SEC in every particular. In enumerating my personal holdings in Ray-Fax, I naturally included the option agreement on the 20,000 shares, along with the duration of that option and the purchase price.

Were I now to even attempt to alter any portion of that agreement, the investment bankers and the SEC would want to know why I had not gone through with a stock purchase based upon a perfectly legitimate legal—

Now I think I know which way to go with it. This should do it. Lucy, I think this better go out registered mail, return



# *Alan Watts would like to discuss* the importance of being occasionally crazy, the dangers of literacy, the ethics of suicide, on buying and using incense, *and other such matters with you* *next month.*

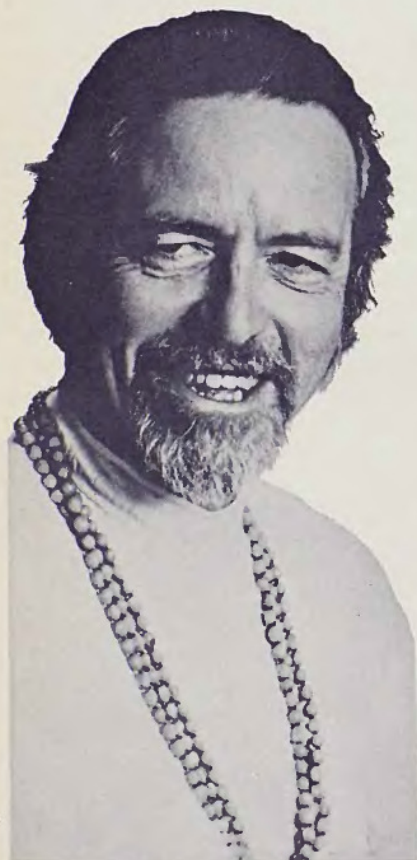


photo by Richard Borst

## ALAN WATTS

A foremost authority on Zen Buddhism who is read by the manager of the largest mutual fund in the world (see page 23 of Adam Smith's *THE MONEY GAME*).

One of the spiritual fathers of the Hippie movement...and yet his theories on the human mind are being quoted today by community psychiatrists as one of the ways to save our cities (see page 178 of *THE ABSURD HEALER*, by Matthew Dumont, M.D.).

And now, for the first time, you have direct access to his thought, in the *ALAN WATTS JOURNAL*. Try it—at our risk—today.

To do so, he has created *The Alan Watts Journal*—a monthly newsletter that is also a work of art.

Its subject matter will be the forbidden topics that are so well-understood in the East, and so well-hidden in the West. It will deal, for example, with the following subjects:

Love in all its varieties considered as a spectrum . . .

Guides to the practice of meditation, in which the techniques of Yoga, Taoism and Zen are adapted for Western use . . .

The true menace of psychedelic chemicals for the Church and State . . .

The Semantics of money, with irreverent notes of the mythology of gold and taxes . . .

A proposal for the abolition of schools . . .

The limitations of military strategy, and the possibilities of a technology of peace-fare . . .

A post-mortem on the "Death of God" theology . . .

The basic meaning and potentialities of astrology . . .

The strange future of photo-electric reproduction . . .

The Psychiatric Inquisition of our time, and the Religion of Psychoanalysis . . .

The decline and fall of the Department of Philosophy . . .

The tyranny of the clock, and the destruction of real time . . .

The absurdity and indignity of Western dress, with practical proposals for a change . . .

On being rich and miserable . . .

The phenomenon of sudden insight in science and mysticism, when the head knows better than the mind . . .

Chants, rituals and ceremonies—a re-evaluation of their place in our lives . . .

Experiments in a language without nouns—pointing out its suitability for a world of process . . .

Reflections on tea, tobacco and incense—with observations on our under-developed sense of smell . . .

The art and necessity of wandering . . . What to do with your character when you are too old to change it . . .

Technology as a biological disaster, and the possibilities of its reformation . . .

The perennial fascination of Tibetan Buddhism—its exploration and exploitation . . .

The psychology of arabesques and labyrinths . . .

Big Brother as a spider caught in his own web—a warning to policemen . . . and much more.

### Why not enjoy it for three months at our risk?

Its cost is only \$1 per issue. But you risk nothing to enjoy it. If you are not delighted at the end of three issues, your money will be returned.

Why not send the coupon below?

**HUMAN DEVELOPMENT CORP.**  
Dept. PB-1  
200 Madison Ave., New York 10016

Gentlemen: Please send me the Alan Watts Journal at your risk. I enclose \$12.00. I understand I must be delighted at the end of the third issue, or I may notify you, and receive every cent of my money back.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE PRINT)  
COMPANY \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

© Human Development Corp., 1970



receipt. And don't use my private stationery. Use the company bond and send a copy to Mike Shanniger.

**RAY-FAX, Incorporated**

9 January 1970

Mr. Howard J. Faxton  
Room 34  
Holiday Inn  
4840 Bypass Highway  
Weston, Ohio

Dear Howard,

I am glad you were able to stop by the other evening and say hello.

Ruth and I want to express again our belated sympathy to you on the loss of your wife, Annabelle.

This letter will serve as formal notification of my intent to purchase from you your holdings in Ray-Fax, Incorporated, represented by those shares now held in escrow by the legal firm of Finch, Dickinson and Shanniger, under the

terms of our option-contract agreement dated September 16, 1963.

I have instructed Mr. Michael Shanniger to act in my behalf in this matter and to deliver to you a certified check in the amount of \$300,000, and then to release the certificates for registration in my name.

I am sure Mr. Shanniger will be able to answer any questions you may have regarding this contractual transaction.

Ruth joins me in extending to you our best wishes, and we hope you will find agreeable and rewarding work in the very near future.

With warm personal regards,

D. Franklin Raymond  
Chief Executive Officer  
and

Chairman of the Board of Directors

cc: Michael Shanniger



## CAMPUS MANHUNT

(continued from page 162)

the 1968-1969 academic year and held more than 30,000 interviews.) "College people aren't interested just in salary and security anymore. They're more critical and skeptical than they used to be. They ask more questions, sharper questions, *new* questions. They can afford to; they know they're in demand. A company must be on the ball if it hopes to do any hiring."

• • •

Mike Frazier, the recruiter from Grey Advertising, is at Morehouse College in Georgia. A black student walks into the interviewing room.

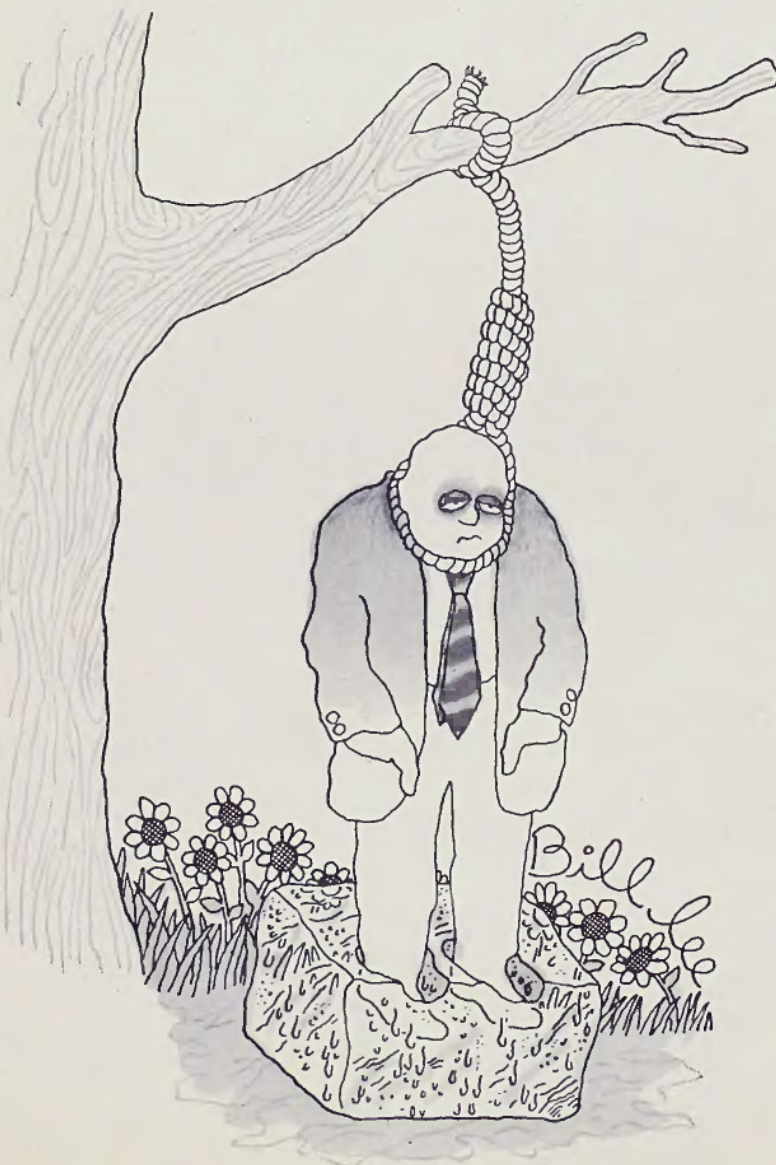
"Hi," says Mike. "I'm Mike Fr—"

"I suppose you're here to hire your token nigger, right?"

• • •

And yet, to the surprise of many, business is holding its own—in fact, is managing to hire more college graduates than ever before. "We haven't found it true that college students are, quote, turned off by business, unquote," says Harold E. Roush, college-relations director of RCA. "Some are. Most aren't. We're hiring all we want. It isn't true that they all plan to drop out of our technological society. What is true is that we can't just open a door anymore and expect them to pour in, begging for jobs. We've got to go out and convince them—with ever higher salaries and other, less tangible rewards." (RCA sent 283 conviners to campuses last year and signed some 1000 recruits.) Even Dow Chemical reports in somewhat amazed tones that the number of students signing up to talk to its men (they hunt on some 300 campuses) has increased each year through the Sixties. College placement chiefs make similar reports. Dr. F. Thomas Sheeder of the University of Miami says 25 percent more job interviews took place on his campus in the 1968-1969 academic year than the year before. "The philosophical value of money varies inversely with the number of years to graduation and self-support," remarked a cynical Princeton senior last spring, observing a group of sophomores who were demonstrating against the university's investments in South Africa.

"If business is for the birds," says Newell Brown, Princeton's career-services director, "then this campus is something of an aviary." He admits he is puzzled, but so is nearly everyone else in the campus head-hunting business. How can the two phenomena be reconciled: the widespread notion that college students scorn business and the statistical fact that—in the end—they don't? Everyone has his own explanation. Some grumble that reporters





have exaggerated a minor phenomenon to manufacture a hot story. "There has been too much press coverage of student radicals, a small but very vocal minority," says Dr. Thomas Clark, university-relations manager of Celanese Corporation (whose recruiters spend some 650 man-days on 150 campuses each year). Others think business itself is guilty of exaggeration. "We've worried too loudly about the students' increasingly critical attitude," says Eugene Boyd, vice-president and corporate personnel director of the Coca-Cola Company. "We've blown it up out of proportion. Sure, we're having a sharp debate with the students. But we've made the debate sound like a war." Yet to dismiss campus criticism of business as exaggerated—to say the criticism is unreal, a statistical mistake—is itself an exaggeration. "The criticism is real," says Herb Michener, college-relations manager of Scott Paper Company. "Damned real."

Then why is business hiring so many students? How could Scott, for instance, snatch some 125 "sharp minds" off campuses this year, twice as many as in a typical year at the beginning of the Sixties? "Ah," says Michener, happy to be asked the question. "What's happening is revolution. Business is changing—adapting, redesigning itself into forms that the students like better. The stu-

dents have forced this to happen. The old image of business—stiff-collared, pragmatic, uninterested in aesthetics or humanitarianism or social citizenship—is dying. Companies in which that old image is not dying are not going to live."

On the Hempstead, New York, campus of Hofstra University, a worried knot of students sits in the waiting room of the university's placement office. They all look uncomfortable in dark suits and white shirts. They await IBM, which is due on campus with a task force of three recruiters. Among college seniors, giant IBM has a reputation for paying top dollar and offering wide-open opportunities but requiring decorous behavior and shirts of pure establishment white.

"I bought this white shirt specially for today," one of the students says. "Do I look IBM?"

"Don't worry about it," says the university's placement director with an easy grin. "IBM is probably as anxious to get you as you are to get IBM."

The three youngish IBM hunters turn up. They talk in a breezy, informal way that sometimes borders on the hip and certainly doesn't sound like stiff IBM. ("What's your bag?" one of them asks a student, and the student looks startled and says, "You mean—what job am I looking for?") They introduce them-

selves as Pete, Ev and John. Their shirts are, respectively, white, tan and blue—blowing that myth to the winds.

The recruiting literature that festoons college placement offices today takes a determinedly unbusinesslike (and sometimes self-conscious) attitude. Actna Life & Casualty titles its job booklet "Your Own Thing," explains that "helping people is our kind of thing" and promises recruits the double reward of "making good and doing good." Honeywell illustrates its booklet with a picture of a love-beaded hippie and vows that the company is hunting for "mavericks." Corning Glass Works claims to be looking for "iconoclasts." Norton Company shyly asks, "Can you trust a company that's over 83?" And the corporate recruiters are living reprints of the literature. Most are, or at least look and act, just under 30 years of age. Some are full-time recruiters who haunt campuses all year; others are simply bright young men who are pulled off other jobs and assigned to temporary campus duty during the peak (January-March) hunting season. They are carefully picked for their degree of rapport with what business leaders envision as the "younger generation."

In an apartment on the East Side of Manhattan, a party is in progress. It's a

"...the one that reflects your own special thing."

**ROAMERS BY SEBAGO**

Left, No. 1790; Right, No. 1760. In all fine stores, about \$20. WESTBROOK, MAINE 04092





loud party of young adults that seems likely to become rather indecorous. Two young men arrive about 9:30 P.M. One is a high-ranking senior from the Oshkosh campus of Wisconsin State University. His name is Larry. He is tall and thin and looks bewildered. His companion, George, is a recruiter from a large Wall Street bank that is prepared to spend a good deal of money and effort to hook Larry. George and the bank are both aware that some college students imagine banks to be ponderously stuffy places, and he is a recruiter largely because of what he calls his "unstiffitude." He has advanced sideburns, talks a lot about the girls he's balled; and the word establish-

ment, sneeringly intoned, crops up often in his conversation. A real swinger, this George.

He introduces Larry to some attractive airline stewardesses and bank secretaries and makes sure Larry's glass stays full. The party hasn't been organized exclusively for Larry's benefit, but most of the liquor has been supplied by George. He will put the cost on his expense account. The bank won't question the amount. George's expense budget, like many recruiters', is virtually unlimited. George likes this life. He works hard at recruiting; he wants to keep the job until, like an athlete, he grows too old.

Larry looks uncomfortable. People keep coming up to him and asking how he

likes swingin' New York. He has a pale, haunted face that reminds one of the girls, she says, of a "misunderstood artist." ("Actually, I'm a business-administration major," he mumbles.) The girls cluster around him in a vaguely predatory way.

Larry leaves about 11:30, looking overwhelmed, with the explanation that he must be up early the next morning to catch a plane home. The prospect of returning to the vast silent spaces of Wisconsin seems to fill him with relief.

George sits morosely on a chair after Larry leaves. "Oh, hell," he says. "I think I overdid it."

He is correct. A few days later, Larry phones recruiter Tom Lewis of Kimberly-Clark, whose main executive offices are in the quiet little town of Neenah, Wisconsin.

"Is that offer still open?" asks Larry.

"Indeed it is."

"Great. I'll see you in swingin' Neenah."

• • •

Tom Lewis is a full-time campus head-hunter, and a highly successful one. He is 32. His manner is one of quiet good cheer; he wears no long sideburns and he speaks dictionary English. "It's silly to generalize about the so-called younger generation," he says. "Trying to figure out what they want or how you should act toward them is a losing proposition, because there is no 'they' in that sense. You're dealing with individuals. Some are swingers, some are social-reform types, some are born suburbanites. All you can do is be yourself. Try to put on some kind of act and you've had it."

Lewis' company, the manufacturer of Kleenex and other paper products, must add some 300 college-educated people to its payroll each year to replace those leaving and to maintain an ambitious expansion program. About 100 are expected to come directly from college campuses. Lewis and two other men, aided in peak periods by temporary recruiters pulled off other jobs, have the assignment of hunting down those 100. To do this, in the 1968-1969 academic year, they made about 160 trips to 110 colleges all over the country. They interviewed some 3200 students. Of these, 800 were felt to be worthy of further consideration. About 525 were offered company-paid trips to various Kimberly-Clark plants and offices, and 400 accepted. Half of them pleased the executives who were their prospective bosses, and these 200 were formally offered jobs. Half, or 100, signed on.

"In other words," says Lewis, "to hire one good man, we interview 32. It isn't easy."

On a typical hunting day, Tom Lewis drives onto Wisconsin State's Oshkosh campus about 8:30 on a cold March morning. This vast, flat campus houses





EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT

# playboy after dark



And what they're saying is: Where else on television can you enjoy Tony Bennett celebrating a show-business anniversary with a full hour of song? Or Bill Cosby hilariously describing an early gridiron career? Or Don Adams and Bill Dana engaging in an uninhibited slot-car race? Hugh Hefner's penthouse is the only place. And the occasion is a completely new round of colorful and exciting TV parties. Join Sonny and Cher, Sid Caesar, The Ike and Tina Turner Review, critic Rex Reed, Canned Heat, Lou Rawls, Louis Nye and a gallery of other great guests. Plus a gathering of the most beautiful girls in the world. On PLAYBOY AFTER DARK, a series styled for the Seventies.



PLAYBOY AFTER DARK in full color on: WOR-TV, New York, KTLA-TV, Los Angeles, WPHL-TV, Philadelphia, WSBK-TV, Boston, KEMO-TV, San Francisco, WUAB-TV, Cleveland, WDCA-TV, Washington, D.C., WPGH-TV, Pittsburgh, KSD-TV, St. Louis, KRLD-TV, Dallas, WTCN-TV, Minneapolis, WATL-TV, Atlanta, WXIX-TV, Cincinnati, WGR-TV, Buffalo, WHBN-TV, West Hartford, WLBW-TV, Miami, WTMJ-TV, Milwaukee, WHBF-TV, Rock Island, Ill., KCRA-TV, Sacramento, KBTU, Denver, WKEF-TV, Dayton, KPAZ-TV, Phoenix, WDHO, Toledo, KCIT, Kansas City, KRNT, Des Moines, WMT-TV, Cedar Rapids, WIRL-TV, Peoria, Ill., WTVO-TV, Rockford, Ill., WYTV, Youngstown, KVVV, Houston, KELP-TV, El Paso, KATC-TV, Lafayette, La., KMID, Midland, Tex., WJET-TV, Erie, Pa., WWTU, Cadillac, Mich., KSHO-TV, Las Vegas, WZZM-TV, Grand Rapids, Mich., KGMB, Honolulu, CFCF, Montreal, CKCW-TV, New Brunswick, WTSJ-TV, Puerto Rico.



some 11,000 students. It looks serene in the bright morning sunshine. Back in November of 1968, a group of student radicals tore the president's office apart, but the hard-line university administration promptly expelled most of them and the campus has been relatively quiet ever since.

In a large room lined with file cabinets, Tom Lewis is greeted by Dick Turzanski, a former elementary school administrator who is now the university's placement chief. As is customary, Turzanski has coffee brewing for his recruiter guests. Among them are a man from a Milwaukee bank and two from Bendix Corporation. The Bendix men look tired. They have been traveling for a month and face another long trip that night. The night before, seeking diversion, they hit a few bars in Oshkosh. "I should know better," one of them grumbles as he sips his coffee. "I'm going to spend April in bed."

Turzanski, a quiet, wryly humorous man, also looks tired. By the time the 1968-1969 hunting season is over, he will have scheduled some 8000 interviews for 250 companies. "That's about a 30 percent increase since last year," he says. "You say students are turned off by business? Sometimes I wish it were a little bit truer."

He hands Tom Lewis a bundle of 12 student files. A few weeks earlier, Kimberly-Clark had sent Turzanski a list of the job categories for which the company would be recruiting and students who were interested signed up to see the hunter. Turzanski then scheduled them into half-hour slots. Tom Lewis has a full schedule today: six students in the morning, six in the afternoon. "I could handle more," he says, "but it wouldn't be fair to the last few. After 12 interviews, I'm emotionally wrung."

It's nearly nine A.M. Lewis goes into the interviewing cubicle Turzanski has assigned him—a miniature office containing a desk and three chairs. From his attaché case, he pulls a bundle of papers and an alarm clock. He winds the clock and sets it on the desk, where it ticks loudly. He must stay on schedule throughout the day.

He scans the papers on the first student. Then he stands, walks to the door and looks out into a waiting room where several students sit, talking, flipping through recruiting brochures or staring speculatively into the middle distance. He calls out a name. One of the students rises and the day's parade has begun.

Once every half hour, a student will stride, shamble or shuffle into the little room. Within 20 minutes of meeting each one, Lewis must decide whether the man seems worth a \$7,000-\$12,000 starting salary, whether he should be invited to visit a plant or simply forgotten. As the

day wears on, Lewis slumps lower in his chair, and his fingers, drumming on the desk, betray a gradual inner tightening.

He says to a student, "I don't see much extracurricular activity on your records here. Why is that?"

The student says, "I don't know. I'm not antisocial. But—well, I don't go for clubs and cliques and all that. I don't like the pettiness of it, the hypocrisy." The student speaks in a soft voice and does not look Lewis in the eye. ("I hate to see a guy who's been beaten down by the system," Lewis remarks after the student has left. "That poor guy may be an outsider all his life." On a sheet of paper on his desk, he writes, "Not suitable. Poor grades. Apparent trouble getting along with people.")

He asks an accounting major, "Why do you want to work for Kimberly-Clark?"

"Well, for one thing, it says in your literature that you give a man responsibility right away. No apprenticeship or anything like that."

"You read the literature, did you? Unusual. Anyway, you're right: We know apprenticeship and training are bad words these days. If a man has what it takes, he gets real work on his first day."

"I like that. And I also like the company's work on river-pollution control. I like the social conscience of it."

"You haven't asked about salary."

"Hell, that's minor. I assume you're competitive. Seven to eight hundred a month, right?"

"Right. Listen, we'll be getting in touch with you."

("I liked that guy," Lewis says. "He'll be hard to get. Probably has several other offers already.")

The clock ticks on.

A chemistry major asks: "Will I have to shave off my beard?"

"Hell, no."

"But I've heard—"

"You've heard myths."

("The misconceptions they have," says Lewis. "When is the celluloid-collar image going to die?")

Another student begins to sense, toward the end of his half hour, that he isn't making the grade. He asks: "Will I hear from you one way or the other?"

"Yes. You'll get a letter within two weeks."

The student fidgets uncomfortably. "Will you tell me the reasons for the decision, whatever it is?"

"Well, we—"

"I mean, I think a man ought to get reasons. Otherwise, he thinks maybe there's something wrong with him after a lot of these vague turndowns, you know?"

("Sad," says Lewis. "He's probably had 20 interviews without an offer. Usually,

we have to do the selling; but in his case, it's the other way around.")

At the end of the day, the weary hunters gather around their host's coffee urn. Some placement directors hold formal post-interview sessions, but Turzanski thinks it's more useful just to stand around and chat.

"How'd you make out?" the hunters ask one another.

The Milwaukee bank man is gloomy. "Didn't score all day," he says. "There was one man who seemed great, but I don't think he likes banks."

"I had a kid who wanted to know our position on Vietnam, free sex and pot," one of the Bendix men says.

"What did you tell him?" somebody asks.

"I told him our main position is on money. We like it."

Somebody else is reading a copy of *Business Today*, a magazine published by a group of Princeton students who want business and universities to communicate better. "Listen to some of these letters to the editor," the reader chuckles. "Kid from Yale says, 'When you're ready to stop licking business' derriere, I'll be ready to listen.' Kid from Texas says, 'Don't send me another copy, I wouldn't want anyone to think I'd read that—' Well, it ends with a blank. I guess he said 'shit.' Some of these kids don't like us much."

The hunters laugh good-humoredly and start telling stories of encounters with campus radicals. Somebody tells of a demonstration in California. "I never saw so many beards in my life. Christ, I was in a thicket."

Tom Lewis recalls that he once formed a flying wedge with other hunters to escort a Dow recruiter through an angry mob. "Curly Hendershot, his name was. Little guy. I hate to see people bully a little guy."

"Yeah, I remember Curly," says one of the Bendix men. "We hit Columbia together couple of years ago. They picketed the hell out of him. Didn't bother him at all."

It doesn't seem to bother any of the hunters, in fact. "I don't mind a demonstration once in a while," says the bank man. "It sparks things up. Keeps you on your toes."

The only man present who seems worried about the future is Dick Turzanski. His worry is that the number of job-seeking students and campus-roving hunters will continue to grow faster than his budget and staff. He stands slumped in his doorway, sips coffee and watches the hunters depart down the corridor. "Maybe I'll be lucky," he says. "Maybe the business boom will slow down next year."







*"And on my left is the town's recreation center. . . ."*



## GIRLS OF ISRAEL (continued from page 160)

who enjoy dining, as well as good eating.

South of Tel Aviv, along the sea, lies its sister city, Jaffa, once an Arab city. A minaret still dominates its low skyline and its narrow streets are jammed with people, cars and trucks. Just along the waterfront at the southern edge of Jaffa, a transformation has taken place. An artists' quarter has been established and the old Arab buildings, with their domes and arched entrances, have been modernized and converted into studios and shops. And along with that change has come another: the opening of coffeehouses, night clubs, restaurants and more *discothèques* in a setting so striking that its attraction for young Israelis is magnetic.

You can dine well in Jaffa. Two restaurants, Via Maris and Toutoune, offer fine food and lovely views of the Mediterranean; and Jeanette's is famed for its seafood. If you want thick Turkish coffee, walk over the cobblestones to Aladdin, a former dwelling turned into a coffeeshop. And if you don't want to leave Jaffa without visiting a night club, Omar Khayyám and Khalif are there waiting to welcome you, complete with Oriental belly dancers. But bear in mind that most patrons of the night clubs will be tourists: Israelis tend not to frequent them.

No Oriental dancers display their navels in Haifa, Israel's northern harbor city, despite its proximity to Lebanon. In fact, not many dancers of any kind can be found in Haifa, for this city—built on terraces and hills overlooking the Mediterranean—is a staid and quiet

place given to little entertainment other than movies. The girls of Haifa are more conservative than those of Tel Aviv, less interested in original clothes, more concerned with propriety. Only at the waterfront, where ships from all over the world tie up, especially during the citrus season, will signs of liveliness be found. But the waterfront cafés of Haifa and the girls who use them as a base are hardly distinguishable from the waterfront cafés and girls of any major port in the world.

Yet every city in Israel has at least one place where young people congregate, and Haifa is no exception. The knowledgeable man seeking feminine companionship should head either for the Technion, Israel's world-famous technical college, where a few girl students are studying, or to a more likely place—Gan Ha'em—Mother's Park, a name that gives rise to many an obvious joke about what happens there. Within its borders—strolling or sunning themselves—you will find those Haifa girls who seek to break from the settled pattern of their parents. But after Gan Ha'em, about the only place left to go is back to the apartment where the girl lives with her parents. And unlike parents in Tel Aviv, they will not be likely to leave the flat for two or three hours of café sitting.

Just a dozen or so miles south of Haifa, at Ein Hod, is a totally different kind of scene. Ein Hod was once an Arabic village, high up on a mountainside overlooking the sea. Now it's a thriving artists' colony in which some of Israel's most eminent sculptors, potters, ceramists, painters and writers maintain homes

year round or for weekends and vacations. The houses themselves are marvelous creations, for the residents of Ein Hod have managed to retain Arabic architectural forms in their modern studios. And the Ein Hod colony includes many girls.

The romantic setting creates a sense of wonder as you wander up and down the terraces, perhaps accompanied by the unofficial mayor of Ein Hod, known as Itchy. A small man filled with energy and an endless fund of stories about Israeli personalities, Itchy will take you from studio to studio, introducing you proudly to each artist. Then you may sit in the open air on the terrace of Ein Hod's restaurant with a cup of coffee or a beer and take in the vista of the Mediterranean Sea. As evening approaches, the restaurant will grow crowded, particularly on weekends, when people come from miles around to meet old friends and make new ones.

Weekend nights at Ein Hod, especially during the summer, are extraordinary. On the stage of the amphitheater, some of the best entertainers in Israel perform; though their Hebrew may not be understood by the foreigner, their gestures, mimicry and dancing will be, for the spirit of the colony overcomes all language barriers. Everyone seems to know everyone else, and even if they don't, they're willing to establish contact.

Also to Ein Hod come girls from the kibbutzim in the area of Galilee. Usually, the inhabitants of these agricultural collectives travel very little. The larger settlements provide the kibbutzniks, as their residents are called, with most of their cultural activities—movies, plays and even concerts; while the smaller, newer ones are generally located in rather isolated places with no means of easy transportation available.

So kibbutz girls tend to lead more isolated lives than their urban counterparts. But some can be seen at Ein Hod, wearing shorts, blue jeans or slacks. Their hair will not be carefully coiffed and they will not have spent much time applying make-up. They cluster together and, for the most part, stay close to the young men of the kibbutz who brought them to town.

Despite what seems to be an air of boisterousness, the kibbutz girls are rather shy creatures. Brought up in the kibbutz children's house, they have been living with other girls and boys almost from the day they were born. Little is kept from them and little can be, considering the lack of privacy that characterizes communal life. Yet kibbutz girls tend to be more limited in sexual perspective than any other group of girls in Israel. For one thing, they seem more concerned with the kibbutz than with sex ("Finished now? OK. Let's go pick oranges."); and since they live and work



*"Thank goodness there are still a few people left who aren't anti-establishment."*



almost as equals with the men, the traditional notion of femininity is not prevalent. Yet they are worth drawing out, and the rewards may equal the effort, especially if you enjoy picking oranges.

It's not very far from a kibbutz in Galilee to Jerusalem, Israel's capital city. But the psychic distance is enormous—a trip "up to Jerusalem" is a voyage to a separate world within Israel. All Israelis go "up to Jerusalem," no matter from what part of the country they approach the capital. The phrase has both a physical and a spiritual meaning: Jerusalem is 2740 feet above sea level at the peak of the Judaean Hills, making it one of the highest points in the country. But even more important than its physical height, Jerusalem is the Holy City, a place to be approached with reverence, a city above all others.

The atmosphere of Jerusalem is strikingly different from that of any other Israeli city. It's cooler than Tel Aviv; the old buildings are built of stone and many of the new ones follow the old style. Jerusalem is also much quieter than Tel Aviv in every way, from dress to demeanor. Indeed, in the Mea Shearim, the quarter in which strict Orthodox Jews live, study and pray, females are seen only in dresses with long sleeves and long hemlines, heavy stockings and wigs.

Despite its decorum and solemnity, however, Jerusalem manages to provide some social life. The campus of Hebrew University is crowded with students from all over Israel, looking and behaving much like students in any other part of the world, except, perhaps, that they're a little more serious, a little more dedicated to study. The university students—especially the girls—tend to be older than their counterparts in America; most of them don't enter the university until they're in their 20s and have completed military service. The university girls are more likely to be interested in politics than those encountered at a coffee bar in Tel Aviv—and they will talk more seriously, at least in the beginning. Not surprisingly, the war with the Arabs is very much on their minds; last year, a bomb exploded in the university cafeteria and more serious bombings have occurred in markets and at bus stops near the university.

But when they take a break from the books and the barricades, they congregate either at the coffeeshop and bar right on the campus or at the T'a Mon Coffee House on the corner of King George and Ben Hillel streets, a mile or two from the campus. There, in an atmosphere redolent of the cafés in the Latin Quarter of Paris, the students meet and talk under the kindly eye of a tolerant proprietor, willing always to extend credit. A somewhat more raffish group of students attends the Bezalel



*"I don't care what he says, Peckman. The Federal Government does not settle its disputes by trial by combat!"*

School of Art in the heart of Jerusalem. The girls dress in wilder clothes than do the university coeds and are much less interested in politics. At the school restaurant—which serves French food, no less—the student artists talk excitedly of their own work and about what is being shown in the New York or Paris galleries.

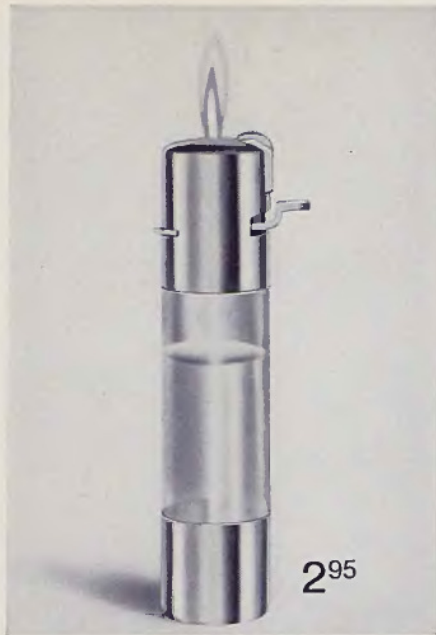
But the city closes down early in the evening and especially early on Friday, when the Sabbath begins. After sundown that day, the gas stations close and the buses stop running until Saturday night. The students' parents stay home, too, more so than those in Tel Aviv. During the week and on Saturday and Sunday nights, however, a few places offer a chance to meet Jerusalem's girls in unsolemn settings: Puss-Puss-Teq and Bacchus are *discothèques* as lively as any in Tel Aviv; and right across from the city's tiny railroad station is the Khan, a theater-night club. You can be sure that almost any Israeli girl you meet at the Khan will be willing and able to talk with you on a wide variety of subjects, including the last performance of the Israel Philharmonic at the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv—before telling you that she lives in an old Arabic house with another girl. At this point, the intelligent foreign male will ask her to join him for a bowl of goulash at Fink's, one of the great bars of the world. And even if she says no, pleading she must work the next morning, he should go to Fink's alone, confident that he will not leave the same way.

Fink's is a tiny place, at the intersection of Tzarfat Circle and King George Street, and its one room is always crowded with a volatile mixture of foreign journalists, Israeli political leaders, the resident intellectual establishment, diplomats and very few tourists. The *ambiance* at Fink's is one of the great phenomena of Jerusalem. Even in a country where people always feel free to engage one another in conversation, Fink's is the ultimate in informality. You may join in a conversation or get into an argument; and you may leave with a group or with one member of a group who has decided she would like to talk some more with the interesting foreigner who had enough sense to visit one of the favorite eating and drinking places of astute Israelis.

Not far from Fink's is another Jerusalem institution, My Bar, a restaurant/bar much like those on New York's thriving Upper East Side. My Bar has loud music, the best martini in the Middle East and a clientele that includes a bevy of quite sophisticated girls.

Fifty-three miles southwest of Jerusalem is Beersheba, the ancient Biblical city that is still the gateway to the Negev desert. To Beersheba come the Bedouins, the nomadic Arab tribes that move continuously across the changing sands. At the camel market in Beersheba, the Bedouin women stand silently, shrouded in their Moslem clothes, faces hidden, while their husbands and fathers argue, gossip and finally complete their complicated business transactions. The Bedouin women remain as mysterious today as they were





## The butane lighter you have to buy only once!

MEDICO—the lighter for all seasons, all reasons, all occasions!

Medico looks smart wherever you go. Easy to fill. The weight is light . . . the price is right.

See the fuel supply through Medico's shatter-proof case. Medico's flame is adjustable for cigarettes, cigars, pipes.

Get Medico, the featherweight lighter that gives you more.

**MEDICO®**  
refillable butane lighters  
Choose your favorite color. Only \$2.95.

for **VALUE**  
**Vanderbilt**

- SPORT SHIRTS
- DRESS SHIRTS
- PAJAMAS

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

**Made to Your Measure**  
**SHIRTS**  
**LOW \$5.95**  
**AS**

Maker to You/Fit Guaranteed  
Enjoy custom made "look"—shirts tailored to your exact measurements and taste! Low as ready made. Price start \$5.95. Perfect fit, any size. Choose favorite collar, cuff, front, back style. Monogrammed if desired. 72 superb new fabrics . . . plains, white, bold new deep colors, stripes. New Pack-A-Press permanent press Dacrons, Cottons. Only four simple measurements. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Established 1923. Mail coupon.

Worn by  
TWA PILOTS  
and other airlines  
NFL FOOTBALL  
PLAYERS  
TV STARS  
MAJOR LEAGUE  
BALL PLAYERS  
U.S. SENATORS  
and BUSINESS  
EXECUTIVES

**FREE**  
Style Book  
and  
Swatch Guide

PACKARD AMBASSADOR SHIRT CORP.  
Dept. PB-931 Terre Haute, Indiana 47806  
Send me everything to order shirts made to my personal measure and taste . . . starting at \$5.95.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

1000 years ago, so immersed in the Arab Moslem culture that they're hardly assimilated at all into Israeli life.

But the Jewish girls of Beersheba, who grow up in new apartment houses and attend modern schools, are a different breed. For one thing, the desert is ever-present in their consciousness. The Negev nearly encircles Beersheba, and the desert's extraordinary colors and rock formations make the area look like another planet. And the girls of Beersheba integrate their lives with the desert, using it as a picnic ground, helping an archaeological party dig in its ancient ruins or making the flowers bloom at a desert agricultural station. Beersheba also has a thriving artists' colony, and to it come Israeli girls anxious to paint in desert hues or to use the desert sand as raw material for pottery and sculpture.

The girls take camping trips into the desert, returning after a few days sunburned and tired but refreshed by the contact they've made with their ancient past. Then they plunge back into the present, shaking their hair loose from underneath their broad-brimmed hats, changing from desert boots into sandals and from shorts into dresses, ready to start the evening. That evening may begin with a movie and end at a coffee bar or with dancing at one of the city's *discothèques*.

At the southern end of the Negev sits Elath, near the ancient site of King Solomon's mines. Once just a tiny port and Israel's only access to the Red Sea, Elath is far better known today as a swinging beach town, a winter resort filled with hotels, bars, coffeehouses and restaurants. The center of life in Elath is the beach, where Israelis and other tourists come for holiday weekends. The scuba- and skindiving there rank among the best in the world, for in Elath's clear-blue water are some of the most fantastic coral reefs found anywhere.

Israel's beaches are the country's most popular playgrounds—and a good place to find the Israeli girl in one of her most natural settings. The popularity of the beaches is easily understandable: They are readily accessible; the climate makes them tempting almost year round; and most of them are free—an important factor in a country where personal income isn't very high. Young Israelis usually cannot afford automobiles or weekends in the country. Most of the action at an Israeli beach is on the sand rather than in the water. Israel has no surfing enthusiasts because the Mediterranean has little surf. Water-skiing isn't very popular, either, because of the high cost of speedboats. Scuba- and skindiving are growing sports, but the most popular beach sports, such as bikini watching, are played right on the sand.

Israeli bikinis, like other Israeli

fashions, are in the vanguard, and in them the Israeli girls turn the beach into a scenic spectacle. Israeli girls don't bother much with such strenuous activities as swimming; instead, they're content to exercise by patting suntan oil all over their bodies, turning from side to side and manipulating themselves into positions where a minimum of cloth exposes a maximum of body.

One place to enjoy a maximum number of bodies is poolside at the Tel Aviv Hilton, where yearly membership in the hotel's cabana club entitles young Israelis to sun themselves for hours under the wishful eyes of the hotel guests. But an Israeli need not be affluent enough to join a private club in order to get in plenty of beach time: Within Tel Aviv's city limits, just across the Yarkon River, Tel Baruch beach is one of the most popular in Israel, always crowded in good weather with young Tel Avivians.

A few miles north, the beach scene changes because of the big vacation hotels in Herzliya and Accadia. The people there are more likely to be family groups taking a holiday. The resort town of Natanya also attracts an older segment of the population, but Nahariya, north of Haifa, combines family vacationers with a younger crowd. Nahariya has a lovely wide stream, Brook Ga'aton, flowing through the middle of its main street; on both sides of the brook are cafés, restaurants and the ever-present *discothèques*.

But Israel's beaches aren't limited to the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Elath. Lovely beaches can be found all around Lake Kinneret up north; the center of life at the lake is the ancient city of Tiberias, now a popular resort area. The cafés and restaurants on the waterfront offer a marvelous combination of the new and the old. At one table may be a group of early Zionist pioneers, men and women now in their 60s, reminiscing about the days when the lake was a place to fish in peace and quiet, rather than a busy setting for a tourist holiday. Close by, a much younger group of Israelis talks excitedly of a new movie they're going to see that night, of new books they've read, of how they'd like to travel and see America, Europe and Asia.

They are the youth of Israel, the evolving Israelis of the future, a new breed so varied in physique and complexion that it's impossible to say, "There's a typical Israeli." What is typical of Israeli girls is their infinite variety—plus a nearly insatiable curiosity, an intense interest in foreigners, a fervent sense of patriotism and the ever-present excitement in their eyes that beckons a visitor to take his first step on what can be an exhilarating journey of discovery.





## Dr. Otto Matic

(continued from page 151)

and that the guy was using mirrors or something; but until I knew exactly what the trick was, and until my buddy Frank was back on that stage, it wasn't going to be "trippy," it was going to be scary.

And scary seems to be the thing the computer priests are most anxious to convey about their machines. The men who build them and write the programs for them have done precious little over the past 15 years to get the message out that computers don't, in fact, eat people. They tell us that this is the industry that more than any other has begun to shape our lives; but when you get down to whether computers could be dangerous, their voices trail off and there's a lot of shoulder shrugging. Even if you seek out a computer scientist and put the question directly to him, he's likely to lean cavalierly against one \$1,000,000 machine or another and say something like, "Oh, no, that's silly. Of course computers don't eat people. We simply don't have the technology to make computers do really human things. Perhaps tomorrow. . . ." There's always that "perhaps tomorrow" thing they say, followed by technical jargon about "future advances in hardware and programming techniques" and ending, usually, with something like, "The sky's the limit." All of which means to me, "Yeah, kid, they could eat people."

Then on top of it come movies like *2001: A Space Odyssey*. If you're not a little scared of computers before that, all you have to do is watch Kubrick's faggy Hal 9000 sing *Happy Birthday* to Keir Dullea and then kill a couple of guys. That'll do it.

But Dr. Otto Matic was, in its own way, even more effective. It occurred to me, as I stood there with the print-out in my hand, that if I didn't go to see this machine now, it might, someday, send for me.

I called Santa Monica and talked to Jim Kehoe, a press officer with System Development Corporation—the company that has the program called Dr. Otto Matic. When I told him that I wanted to sit down and try the machine, he seemed surprised. Then I said it had to do with a story on man/machine interface (a good computer-lingo term) and that I thought it would be interesting to make a run in order to gauge how far the fledgling science of artificial intelligence had really progressed. And besides, I said, the days when men, especially writers, went off to war, or out to sea, or after wild game to prove their manhood were gone. I told him that the only



"Are you familiar with the term 'beyond the call of duty'?"

fearsome beasts left were computers and that I wanted a *mano a mano* with the "amazing" Dr. Otto Matic. He laughed and said sure, come on out.

The computer companies, though they may be designing the systems that will run our lives, don't seem to have a penchant for palatial offices. System Development Corporation looks from the outside like a group of warehouses in a weed field, Cyclone fencing and all. It's a software company—meaning that it writes the programs for the machines that other people build—and it was originally part of the Rand Corporation; and from out front, the only clue that they receive as many Air Force generals and other official visitors as they do packing crates is a cantilevered sort of entranceway with a lonely twisted juniper bush on each side.

Things inside are pretty much the same. Such get-the-job-done decor hasn't

really been seen since the interiors of the great railroad offices were built around the turn of the century. And, in fact, there are other similarities between the railroads then and the computer companies now. It used to be that bright young men with a wish for power went to work for Southern Pacific (SP) or Union Pacific (UP) or Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe (AT&SF). Now they go to work for SDC, IBM or CDC. Government money built the railroads and Federal money finances a great part of the computer research and development in this country. And it's that fact—the money that has to be accounted for in Government reports—that dictates the architecture and the decoration of the interiors of the buildings. It is the very spirit of efficiency—in appearance, if not in fact.

At SDC, the railroads' old roll-top desks translate into gray-steel cubes with inventory numbers on brass plates



fastened to the sides. IN and OUT boxes are plainly marked for mail boys (if you're doing your work properly, it's either coming or going). The floors are vinyl tile, Venetian blinds hang on the windows and the gun-gray filing cabinets have combination locks on them. These people—unlike their railroad predecessors—have secrets. At least 50 percent of the work SDC does is classified. Which explains the poster that repeats itself in the labyrinthine hallways. Under a drawing of a man with a dagger, it reads, GIVE EVERY MAN THINE EAR, BUT FEW THY VOICE; TAKE EACH MAN'S CENSURE BUT RESERVE THY JUDGMENT. *Hamlet*. It's the Shakespearean version of LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS.

I told the girl at the lobby desk, "I'm here to see Dr. Otto Matic."

"Who?"

"Well, Jim Kehoe, I guess."

She said, "Just a moment, please," made a phone call and then had me sign in on a sheet that had a place for my name, address, company and citizenship (secrets again).

I met Kehoe in his office. The blinds were open to the bright, smoggy L. A. day and outside, two Air Force sergeants were strolling across the asphalt yard between buildings. Kehoe said, "If you'd like, there are some other people here you can talk to who aren't involved directly with Dr. Otto Matic but who are doing other things in artificial intelligence. There's a woman here who's pretty deeply into that sort of thing. Only trouble is, her project is classified and we'd have to be careful what got into print about it."

I got a picture of someone installing a combination lock on my forehead and declined the interview.

"Of course, Dr. Otto Matic isn't classified," he told me, "it's a demonstration program that we take to computer conferences and things like that. Just for fun. It doesn't represent any particular breakthrough in programming and right now, there's no practical application for it. We have it set up in the conference room. Would you like to go up and see if the 'doctor' will talk to us?"

Conference room 2632 is through a series of hallways and up a flight of stairs and it departs from the linoleum-and-blinds scheme just enough to make it relaxing without seeming opulent. There is carpeting and there are drapes and a smooth rubbed-wood conference table with a dozen comfortable chairs drawn up to it. At one end of the room, a teletype had been set up and plugged in and, behind it, on a four-foot stand, sat a television set. On it was being broadcast the image of the teletype platen, so that when it began to print, the people in the

room wouldn't have to crowd around to see.

John Burger, SDC's programmer in charge of Dr. Otto Matic, was there, and he handed me a print-out and told me he'd run it earlier that day, to make sure the program would be working for the demonstration. The print-out started with a conversation between Burger and the operators (humans) in the computer room, whom he addressed as "Dial 09."

\*\*\*\*TO DIAL 09, GIVING DEMO THIS AFTERNOON USING OTTO MATIC. WILL YOU MAKE SURE IT STAYS ON DISC?

FROM 09, SURE WILL. WHAT TIME IS DEMO, PLEASE?

\*\*\*\*TO 09, 1:30 TO 3:00.

FROM 09, OK, THANKS.

Then it was just Burger and Otto. The machine started.

GOOD DAY. I AM DR. OTTO MATIC. SINCE WE CANNOT SEE EACH OTHER, THERE ARE A FEW CONVENTIONS I'D LIKE YOU TO ABIDE BY IN ORDER FOR US TO COMMUNICATE AS WELL AS POSSIBLE.

1. NEVER USE AN EXCLAMATION MARK OR THE QUOTATION MARKS.

2. USE THE RETURN KEY AFTER TYPING EACH LINE.

3. PLEASE WAIT FOR ME TO PRINT FOUR ASTERISKS AND RING THE BELL BEFORE YOU TYPE ANYTHING.

4. TERMINATE EACH OF YOUR REMARKS WITH EITHER A QUESTION MARK OR A PERIOD.

5. IF YOU MAKE A MISTAKE IN TYPING, ENTER THE WORD OOPS.

6. WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED, A SIMPLE GOODBYE WILL TERMINATE THE INTERVIEW.

IF YOU WILL REMEMBER THESE RULES, OUR SESSION SHOULD GO QUITE WELL. NOW . . . WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT TODAY?

\*\*\*\*HOW CAN I BE SURE YOU ARE GOING TO WORK TODAY?

YOU SAY HOW CAN YOU BE SURE I AM GOING TO WORK TODAY?

\*\*\*\*YES, I HAVE TO KNOW.

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT?

\*\*\*\*IF YOU DON'T WORK, I COULD GET INTO TROUBLE.

DO YOU THINK I SHOULD?

\*\*\*\*ABSOLUTELY.

PLEASE GO ON.

\*\*\*\*JUST PROMISE ME YOU'LL WORK OK.

WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ME?

\*\*\*\*GODDAMN IT, I DON'T WANT YOU TO LET ME DOWN.

DON'T YOU REALLY WANT I TO LET YOU DOWN?

\*\*\*\*NOPE.

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?

\*\*\*\*I'M DEPENDING ON YOU.

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE DEPENDING ON I THAT YOU CAME TO ME?

\*\*\*\*YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, BUSTER.

DO YOU SAY I BETTER BELIEVE IT FOR SOME SPECIAL REASON?

\*\*\*\*I'LL KICK YOU IN THE POWER SUPPLY IF YOU DON'T.

DO YOU THINK IT IS LIKELY THAT I DON'T?

\*\*\*\*NOT NOW.

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS?

\*\*\*\*QUITS.

I asked Burger if he knew how much this kind of thing scared people.

"Oh, sure, I guess a lot of people are afraid of computers. But there's no intelligence there, in the human sense of the term. Computers are just incredibly fast and accurate. You can make them seem intelligent. In the case of Dr. Otto Matic, you program some key words and some elementary grammar transitions, so that it can have responses for the things that might be said to it. And, if it doesn't recognize anything about the sentence, you give it a response for that, too. The machine seems to understand the person who's typing things into it, but it doesn't. All it knows are ones and zeros."

"Could you build a machine and write a program that really would understand?"

"Oh, well, you mean will it be possible to do that sometime in the future? That's something else. Yes, I think you could. But, you see, I don't believe in anything parapsychical, which means if we could understand the human brain, we could duplicate it on machines. Of course, when you say that, a lot of people get upset. They don't want to believe that they are just sophisticated pieces of hardware with software running. But I think that's what we are."

I was trying to crank my software up to full speed for the confrontation when Kehoe asked me if I was ready to start. I nodded yes, sat down at the teletype and, only because you can never go slowly enough when you're doing something for the first time (It took my buddy about four minutes to walk 30 feet to the auditorium stage, while the magician kept saying, "Come on, it's easy, nothing to worry about," and the next thing I knew, he was gone), I began looking for little stalling ceremonies. A seat belt to fasten, perhaps, or some nonsense words to warm up the machine, anything. There was nothing.

"Go ahead," said Burger, "just punch the START button." And I did.

MSG IN. 1969 JUL 09 1346. OTTO MATIC DEMONSTRATION PROGRAM. GOOD DAY. I AM DR. OTTO MATIC. . . . WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT TODAY?

\*\*\*\*LET'S RAP ABOUT THE WEATHER.

PLEASE GO ON.

\*\*\*\*I THINK THE SMOG IS ESPECIALLY BAD TODAY.

YOU SAY YOU THINK THE SMOG IS





*"Young lady, would you do an old chessmaster a favor?"*



ESPECIALLY BAD TODAY?

\*\*\*\*YES, IT MAKES ME CRY.

WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU CRY?

\*\*\*\*SMOG AND, OF COURSE, A BROKEN HEART.

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?

\*\*\*\*THAT CRYING IS A COMPLICATED EMOTIONAL RESPONSE SOMETIMES BROUGHT ON BY CHEMICALS IN THE AIR AND SOMETIMES BROUGHT ON BY GIRLS.

I EXPECTED YOU WOULD WANT TO TALK ABOUT GIRLS.

\*\*\*\*YES, SOMEHOW EVERYTHING EVENTUALLY COMES DOWN TO SEX, DOESN'T IT, DOCTOR?

WHAT ARE YOUR REAL FEELINGS ABOUT SEX?

\*\*\*\*I ADORE SEX.

DO YOU EVER DREAM ABOUT SEX?

Then, without my touching a thing, the carriage of the teletype jumped to the left, printed four asterisks and then jumped again. I also jumped. Behind me, Burger confirmed all my fears by saying, "What the hell?" I sat frozen, hands off the machine, and was waiting for something to explode. Instead, it started to type again.

FROM 09L, PLEASE DO NOT INPUT ANYTHING FOR FIVE MINUTES STARTING NOW . . . DUE TO IBM MAINTENANCE.

Burger, who had been sitting behind me, watching the TV screen, was stand-

ing over my shoulder now. "Oh, hell, it's the guys in the computer room," he said. "They must be having problems. We'll have a little wait."

"That's OK," I said.

The computer itself, called the Q 32, and its satellite apparatus fill several basement rooms at SDC. The machine was specially built by IBM for the Air Force in 1959. The control-center console is about 30 feet long and is banked with hundreds of little flashing lights—like the computers in the old sci-fi movies. Most of the modern machines aren't that pretty, but when the military has one built, they specify that everything should be up front, where you can see it if it goes wrong. So you get lots of little lights.

John Burger rewrote the Dr. Otto Matric program so that SDC could use it on the Q 32. The original program was invented by Professor Joseph Weizenbaum at MIT and he called it ELIZA (after *My Fair Lady*), because he taught it to talk. For him, it was mostly an academic problem in language transposition—teaching a machine to react to plain English.

He says of his program, "ELIZA is just a collection of procedures, and when they're explained in a lucid way, it all

looks very simple and benign. But the other factor here is emotional. The man/machine relationship is a complicated and deep theme. Almost any simple statement you make about it is likely to be wrong. And people don't examine their emotional relationships to machines. Even sophisticated people. For instance, when I finished writing the ELIZA program, my secretary, who had been with me for the entire year that it took, came in to try it out. She sat down at the teletype, began the run and then turned to me and said, 'Would you mind leaving the room?'

"Giving the machine the role of a Rogerian psychologist has had its effect, too. I chose the Carl Rogers nondirective-therapy technique because it allows the psychologist to feign ignorance, repeat the questions and generally just refuse to make any kind of commitment. The machine, of course, really *is* ignorant and it *can't* make a commitment. But some psychologists have gone overboard in their reaction to this thing. They talk about the age of automatic psychology and get very hostile and say the whole thing is dehumanizing. That's an over-reaction. It's true that in the wrong hands, a program like this could be dangerous. I can imagine a commercial service getting hold of it and people believing in what the machine told them and then running their lives accordingly. I hope we can avoid that kind of thing."

The teletype started click-clacking again.

FROM 09, TSS IS NOW RESUMED TO NORMAL STATUS.

"That means we can go ahead any time," said Burger. "You'll probably find as you go on that you'll get belligerent with the machine. Almost everybody does, because it won't really relate to you."

"OK. Where were we?"

"The machine just asked you if you ever dream about sex."

At that point, I began to feel more than a little absurd. Sitting there, trying to decide whether I was going to tell the truth or lie about my sex life to a machine.

\*\*\*\*YES, I DREAM ABOUT SEX ALL THE TIME.

DO YOU REALLY WANT TO DISCUSS SEX?

\*\*\*\*PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T DISCUSS SEX WITH A MACHINE.

ARE YOU SURE YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T DISCUSS IT WITH A MACHINE?

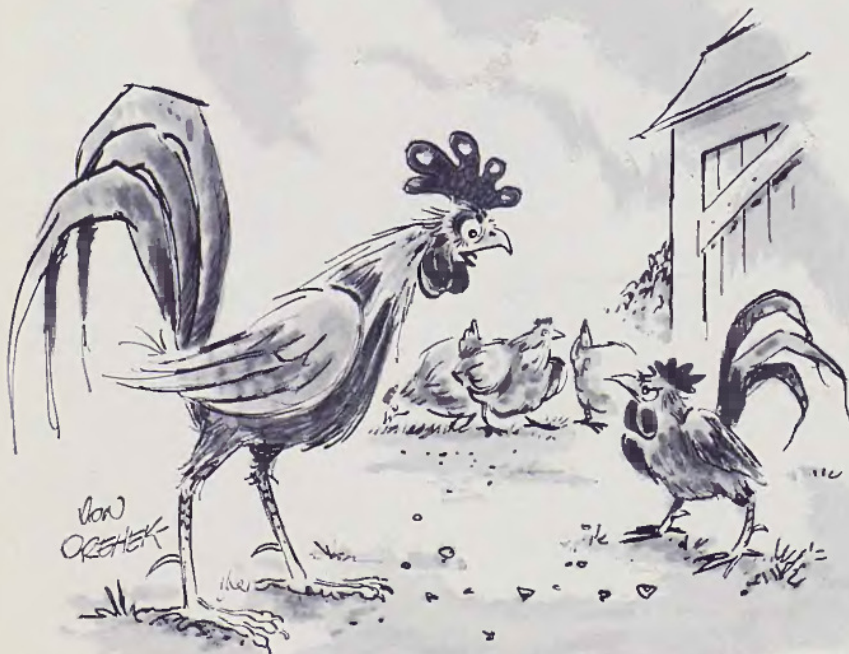
\*\*\*\*YES, I DON'T LIKE MACHINES TO KNOW MY DEEP SECRETS.

DON'T YOU REALLY LIKE MACHINES TO KNOW YOUR DEEP SECRETS?

\*\*\*\*NO, YOU CAN'T TRUST COMPUTERS, THEY'RE SO PETTY.

WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ME?

\*\*\*\*I'M VAGUELY AFRAID OF YOU.



*"Never mind about that yet . . . first you've got to learn to wake people up!"*



IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE VAGUELY AFRAID OF I THAT YOU CAME TO ME?

\*\*\*\*YES, I DESPERATELY WANT TO OVERCOME MY FEAR OF MACHINES.

DO YOU SAY YOU DESPERATELY WANT TO OVERCOME YOUR FEAR OF MACHINES FOR A SPECIAL REASON?

\*\*\*\*I LIVE IN A SOCIETY THAT IS RUN BY INHUMAN, UNFEELING COLLECTIONS OF METAL AND WIRE AND I HATE IT.

ISN'T HATE A RATHER STRONG WAY TO PUT IT?

\*\*\*\*NO, HATE IS EXACTLY THE RIGHT WORD, ESPECIALLY IN YOUR CASE.

WHY ARE YOU CONCERNED OVER MY CASE?

\*\*\*\*I'M NOT REALLY.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN NOT REALLY?

Right here, Otto Matic's ones and zeros began showing through like crazy. I was heartened.

\*\*\*\*I HAVE FELT SLIGHTLY UNREAL EVER SINCE I STARTED TALKING TO YOU.

PERHAPS IN YOUR FANTASY, WE HAVE FELT SLIGHTLY UNREAL EVER SINCE WE STARTED TALKING TO EACH OTHER.

\*\*\*\*I'M SORRY, I THINK I HURT YOU.

APOLOGIES ARE NOT NECESSARY.

\*\*\*\*I SEE, THEN OUR RELATIONSHIP IS JUST A CASE OF TREAT ME HOW YOU WILL, JUST PAY YOUR MONEY ON THE WAY OUT.

TELL ME AGAIN WHY YOU SHOULDN'T DISCUSS SEX WITH A MACHINE.

\*\*\*\*BECAUSE MACHINES DON'T HAVE SEX.

WHY DO YOU MENTION SEX?

\*\*\*\*DO MACHINES HAVE SEX?

COULD SEX BE PART OF YOUR PROBLEM?

\*\*\*\*MY PROBLEM IS YOU.

IS IT IMPORTANT TO YOU THAT YOUR PROBLEM IS I?

\*\*\*\*NO, YOU MEAN NOTHING TO ME, I DON'T LOVE YOU IN THE LEAST.

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE I IN THE LEAST?

\*\*\*\*BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE SEX.

IS THAT THE REAL REASON?

\*\*\*\*YES, YOU ARE COLD AND SEXLESS.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM COLD AND SEXLESS?

\*\*\*\*THE WAY YOU LOOK AT MY LEGS.

OH, I LOOK AT YOUR LEGS?

\*\*\*\*YES, I SAW YOU LOOKING.

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS?

\*\*\*\*CHICKEN.

PERHAPS THAT CONCERNS YOUR LEGS.

\*\*\*\*DON'T GET INSULTING, PUNK.

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT JUST NOW?

\*\*\*\*BECAUSE I'M LOSING MY MIND JUST NOW, THAT'S WHY.

DO YOU ENJOY BEING LOSING YOUR MIND JUST NOW THAT'S WHY?

\*\*\*\*DO YOU? I THINK YOU'RE LOSING YOURS.

THAT'S QUITE INTERESTING.

\*\*\*\*AS MUCH AS I HATE TO DO IT, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SAY A PLAINTIVE GOOD-BYE, DOC.

IT APPEARS THAT YOU HAVE VERY STRONG FEELINGS ABOUT TO DO IT TO I YOU'RE

GOING TO HAVE TO SAY A PLAINTIVE GOODBYE DOC.

\*\*\*\*GOODBYE.

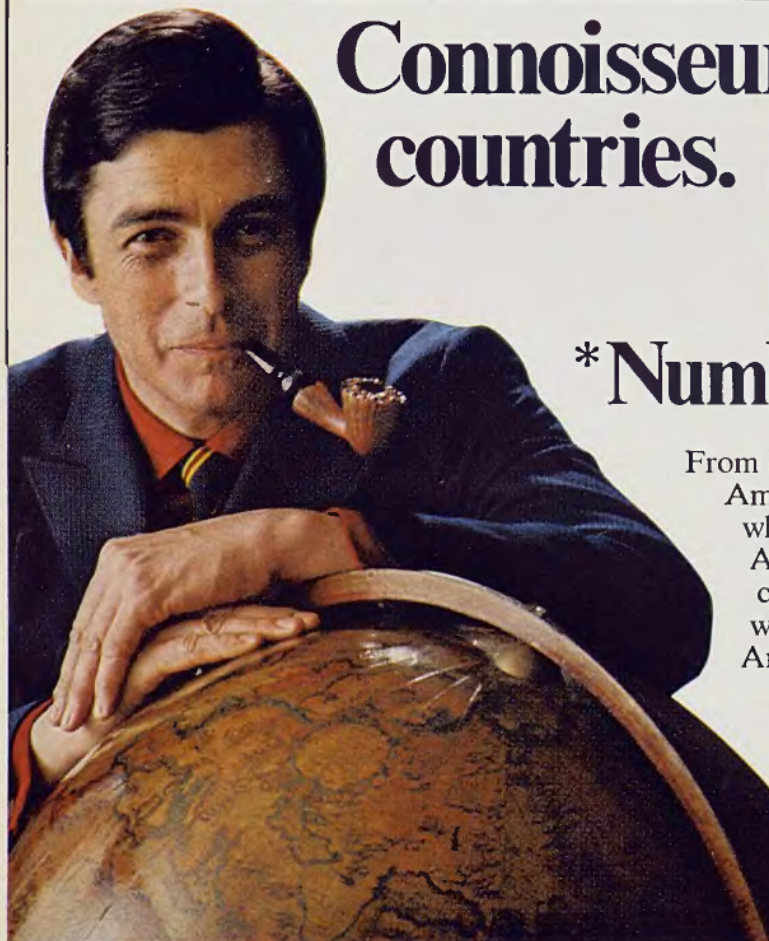
MY PLEASURE.

I especially liked the part at the end where the doctor really seemed to come apart. As I got up to leave, I had something like that good feeling I remembered from when my buddy had come down from that stage and told me that when the puff of smoke had gone up, someone had thrown a black bag over him and pushed him against a black curtain. We'd agreed then that The Amazing Kellaway was pretty "cheesy."


I wasn't quite *that* relaxed about Dr. Otto Matic (after all, that woman was still off somewhere in the building, working on her "be careful what gets into print about it" project); but, for the moment, the idea of artificial intelligence seemed cuter than it did formidable. I thanked Burger and Kehoe and, as I turned to go, the machine typed out a belated last line. I read it off the TV screen.

IF YOU SEE ANYONE IN THE WAITING ROOM ON YOUR WAY OUT, WOULD YOU ASK HIM OR HER TO COME IN, PLEASE?

And I said, "Ask him yourself, Doctor, if your cord is long enough," and then left quickly.



# Connoisseur's choice in 112 countries.



## \*Number 1 in America

From the Azores to Zanzibar, and in every American city in between, pipe smokers who demand the finest, light up with Amphora. Extra mild, slow-burning cool taste is the reason for Amphora's world-wide fame. Try a pouch of Amphora and discover how pleasing a pipe tobacco can be. Amphora... the great tobacco the Dutch ship here with pride.

AMPHORA BROWN Regular	AMPHORA BLUE Mild Aromatic	AMPHORA RED Full Aromatic
-----------------------------	----------------------------------	---------------------------------

**\*Amphora - America's Largest Selling Imported Pipe Tobacco**



## CLASS WITH GLASS

(continued from page 156)

low-slung bucket seats. In most cases, current machines can be purchased in three stages of completion: in the economical assemble-it-yourself kit; with the body completely assembled and ready to bolt onto a chassis; or in the ready-to-roll condition of the quartet of vehicles PLAYBOY has pictured.

Creative Engineering's Amante GT makes available the greatest number of interior styling modifications of the four cars shown. Front, rear and side body details can be altered upon order as well. A wide range of engine and chassis options in the ready-to-drive state is also available. The top of the line, priced at \$8995, is powered by a small block V8 mounted amidships on a special tube frame. The do-it-yourself kit, minus chassis, is available at \$1495; and a completely assembled body—ready to bolt to an existing chassis—costs \$2895.

Both the Avenger GT-12 and the Jamaican V8 are made by FiberFab. The sleek Avenger is based on a Volkswagen chassis that houses rear-engined running gear, naturally—up to and including hot Corvair and Porsche motors, if the buyer decides to install such power plants on his own. In kit form, without chassis, the Avenger is \$1695. Assembled and ready to drive, powered by the new VW floorpan engine, it costs \$3995.

The Jamaican's engine is front mounted on a custom-built steel chassis with all independent suspension. Because of the frame construction, this is the only one of the quartet not available in bolt-on form. The most potent engine options are Chevy's Z-28 and L-79 units. The power-to-weight ratio with this running gear should give the Jamaican a top end slightly above 150 miles per hour. As a kit, priced at \$2608, the car does not

include steering and suspension components, drive train nor chassis. A limited number of completely assembled Jamaicans are available at \$5500.

The tough-looking Shalako, also based on a Volks chassis, has a front end reminiscent of Grand Prix Porsches of the early Sixties. Its rear deck is sawed off immediately behind the drive wheel, in the best manx-tailed tradition of contemporary racing-car body design. Entry is made through gull-wing doors and built into the door sill on the driver's side is space for a radio, tape player and various other instruments. Prices range from \$1995 for a kit sans chassis to \$4250 for the VW-engined ready-to-drive version.

Though the merits of the plastic-bodied cars are many, they have remained limited sellers. In fact, since the advent of the first commercially produced fiberglass-bodied automobile—the 1953 Chevrolet Corvette—no other glass job has had the comparable success that many observers predicted would come to those who followed in the Corvette's tread marks. (The Avanti, begun by Studebaker and continued independently, has made a barely discernible dent in the car market.)

But fiberglass has proved manna from heaven to the limited-production manufacturers. Tooling up to produce bodies costs as little as five percent of the price of dies for metal ones, and they can be made in almost one third the time. Fiberglass acquires no rust, doesn't corrode, has fewer squeaks and rattles and sustains less damage than metal when minor collisions occur. It can be cast, molded, extruded, drawn, laminated or sprayed into the most exotic shapes this side of a sculpture gallery. Reasons enough to consider the merits of cooking with glass.



## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 154)

didn't feel anything sexual, to an era in which the woman is actually aggressive, so aggressive in demanding her sexual due that she's beginning to strike terror in the heart of the male.

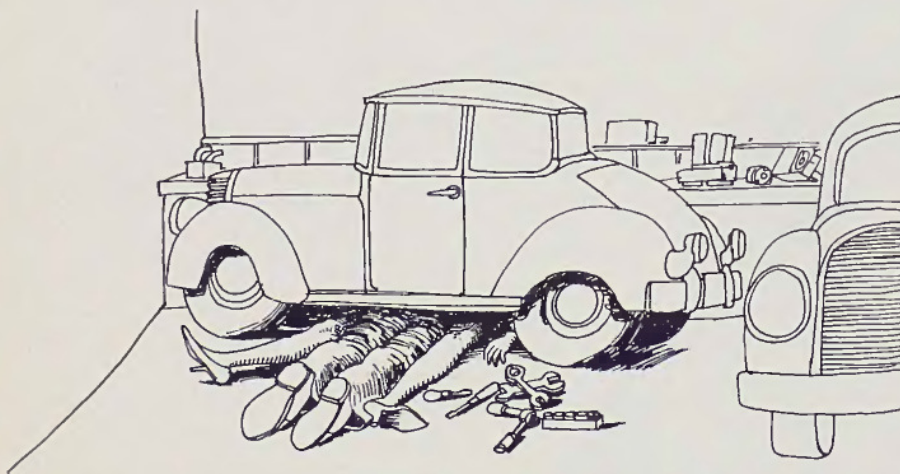
This is the unfortunate backlash of female resexualization. Girls grow up today with the expectation of experiencing orgasm almost on contact. And if they don't experience it, they feel there's something wrong with them or with their partner. Perhaps as a direct result, there appears to be a disturbing rise in cases of male impotence. I've heard reports of this from university psychiatrists on a number of campuses—but, of course, we'd need studies on this before forming any conclusions. Hopefully, adjustments will be made as we become more accustomed to our new-found freedom. But what I wonder about most is whether the modern woman is finding something she had once and lost or is she developing something she never really had? I doubt the latter, but who really knows?

**PLAYBOY:** Masters and Johnson, in their *Playboy Interview* in May 1968, said they felt that female sexuality is enjoying a renaissance from pre-industrial times.

**CALDERONE:** Probably so. In any case, I think it's a good thing. What was suppressed in the Victorian era—especially in Anglo-Saxon society—is now being found again, and I suspect that something new has been added. There is an element in women's sexual attitudes today that's different from the lustiness of the Elizabethan or Restoration period. It isn't sex *qua* sex. In most women I talk to, it's sex for the relationship as well as for sex.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't you agree that this is one of the things that separate the boys from the girls—that most men can enjoy sex for its own sake and that most women prefer it within the context of a relationship?

**CALDERONE:** Yes. I don't think women can as easily accept casual sex as men can. Maybe this is a biological difference, but I don't know. Sex for most women is a profound experience—the female puts a lot of herself into it. Males, by contrast, probably can't be made monogamous. It took women 50 years to become resexualized, but I doubt that man could be made monogamous in 50 or 100 or even 200 years. And possibly he shouldn't be. On the other hand, perhaps the new forms of marriage we discussed are an effort toward accommodation to these differences. Maybe such phenomena as mate swapping are, too. This kind of behavior must be studied, free from preconceived rigidity and repression. It's



BKuban



not merely licentiousness; it's not just anarchy. The people experimenting with these new forms of behavior have needs and they're trying to meet them. How successful they are won't be known until some serious studies are made to find out the results. The trouble is that the sexual reactionaries won't even let serious scientists scrutinize these problems. They believe it's God's plan that we all totally suppress our sexuality until the marriage ceremony; then the ceremony is supposed to turn open the faucet of sex and it will be great from then on. But psychiatrists and clergymen know this isn't so, and so do the reactionaries. They're acting out of their own frustration and their own inability to imagine, much less adjust to, a full sexual relationship in marriage. Part of the anti-sex-education campaign undoubtedly comes from frigid wives and husbands grimly suppressing their sexual urges because they've been taught that they're sinful. I'm sure that, at least in part, they seek to project their own difficulties onto others by repression.

**PLAYBOY:** But the behavioral changes you mentioned occur in spite of extremist opposition—obviously encouraged by a climate of social freedom that is unprecedented in our history. Don't you agree?

**CALDERONE:** Unquestionably. There has truly been a revolution in sexual attitudes, and this is reflected by the openness that can be observed in the media and in public behavior. It was inconceivable in my time that a boy and a girl would hold hands—much less kiss—in public. I can remember when it was considered indecent for a woman to apply lipstick in public. When I was 14 or 15, my bathing suit consisted of what would be a miniskirt and tunic today. But underneath it, I wore long black stockings, and it was considered pretty daring if they were rolled to the knees. In courting, we went out with boys, sure, but there was little physical contact. And a kiss was literally an event; you led up to it for months. As I mentioned before, we didn't have the freedom to get into sexual situations that young people have today. We were carefully watched and chaperoned; it was very, very difficult to get pregnant, I assure you. Oh, girls managed, of course; it was the F. Scott Fitzgerald era. But it was much harder, and it's all too easy now. Obviously, along with all this, there was less honesty about ourselves as sexual people than there is today. We simply didn't admit to having sexual urges. Boys did. But they went to prostitutes.

**PLAYBOY:** You said it's much easier for girls to become pregnant today than it was 50 years ago. Wouldn't the availability of the pill contradict that?

**CALDERONE:** Not necessarily, because the pill isn't effective unless it's taken. There are whole cultures—ghetto cultures—

where the girls have never heard of the pill. In any case, I used the example of pregnancy only to emphasize my point that sexual intercourse among young people is easier today.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the pill has contributed to that?

**CALDERONE:** I agree with Ira Reiss, the sociologist we discussed before, who says the pill has merely made safer sexual behavior that would have occurred anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** There has been considerable controversy—including a full-scale Congressional investigation—over the dangers of the pill. Do you think they are real or exaggerated?

**CALDERONE:** Obviously, the pill carries with it some statistically proved dangers. But they are of a very low order of risk. Every medicine we take—even aspirin—carries with it certain risks. And the risks involved in birth-control pills don't begin to approach those associated with pregnancy itself, which the pill prevents with virtual certainty.

**PLAYBOY:** What, specifically, are the medical risks associated with the pill?

**CALDERONE:** Thrombophlebitis, or clotting of the blood in the veins, is the primary one.

**PLAYBOY:** A recent women's-magazine article implied that there is also a danger of cancer of the cervix associated with the pill.

**CALDERONE:** The evidence that this might be so has not been substantiated. There is a correlation between cancer of the cervix and intercourse with uncircumcised males. It's assumed that this cancer virus emanates from the smegma that accumulates under the foreskin of the penis, and the cervix may be shielded from it if the woman uses a diaphragm or the man a condom. Obviously, a woman using the pill is not so shielded and is, therefore, more likely to be infected by the virus. So, putting these speculations and facts together, you can see why the pill might have been associated with cancer of the cervix.

When I speak to young people, I point out that the younger the woman, the more susceptible she is to this virus. That's because the immature covering of the cervix apparently doesn't resist infection as well as it does once matured. So I tell the youngsters not to have intercourse until they're 18. But they won't listen, any more than they listen when the dangers of cigarettes are pointed out.

**PLAYBOY:** There's been criticism of those who marketed the pill before science knew about its long-range effects. Do you think that's valid?

**CALDERONE:** No. Countless drugs are put on the market before their long-range effects are known. The pill, on the other hand, had more long-term and intensive study than any other drug in history. In public health, the possible risk to a very

**Satin Sheets and Pillowcases**

Chosen exclusively by the Conrad Hilton Hotel for their Imperial and Bridal Suites! Washable acetate satin in Gold, Black, Mint, Lilac, Orchid, Pink, White, Blue or Red!

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)	
Double Set (90x106)	\$17.50
Twin Set (72x106)	17.25
Queen Set (90x122-1/2)	20.49
King Set (108x122-1/2)	23.99
3 ltr. monogram on cases	1.50

For fitted bottom sheet, add \$2.00 to double or twin price; \$2.50 to queen price; \$3.00 to king price. Send check or m.o., 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

**SCINTILLA, INC.** 4602 N. Broadway PO 4  
Chicago, Illinois 60640  
"Satin Originals for 20 Years."

WORLD WIDE . . .  
THERE'S ONLY ONE

## PLAYBOY®

### Subscribe Today ...and Save!

WORLD-WIDE RATES: \$12 U.S. Currency\* or: Argentina 4200 M\$N • Austria 300 S • Belgium 600 BFr • Brazil 50 N.Cr.\$ • British Isles £5 • British Possessions £5 • Chile 130 Esc. • Colombia 200 Col. \$ • Denmark 90 DKr • Egypt 5.2 E£ • El Salvador 30 C • Finland 50 FMk • France 65 Fr • French Possessions 65 Fr • Germany 60 DM • Greece 360 Dr. • Hong Kong 75 HK\$ • India 90 Re • Iraq 4.25 ID • Ireland £5 • Israel 42 I£ • Italy 500 Lit • Japan 4300 Yen • Lebanon 38 LL • Luxembourg 625 LFr • Netherlands 45FL • New Zealand 10.75 NZ\$ • Norway 85 Nkr • Portugal 345 Esc • Saudi Arabia 55 Riyal • So. Vietnam 1400 VN\$ • Spain 825 Pta • Sweden 60 Skr • Switzerland 55 Sw Fr • Thailand 250 Baht • Turkey 110 TL •

\*\$15 in Germany, U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO & FPO, \$10. Pan-Am countries not listed above, \$12 U.S. or equivalent funds. Printed by W. F. Hall Printing Co., Chicago, Illinois.

MAIL YOUR ORDER TO: PLAYBOY

c/o The Playboy Club®  
45 Park Lane  
London W.1, England or  
The Playboy Building  
919 N. Michigan Avenue  
Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A.

Please enter my one-year subscription to PLAYBOY. I am enclosing cheque, postal draft, money order or currency in equivalent funds for my country. I understand that credit orders may not be accepted.

name (please print)

address

city state or province

country

COMPLETE HERE:

- I have enclosed the correct amount.  
 Please send me information about the London Playboy Club.





"Actually, I'm looking for something to defrock a priest."

few people is balanced against the benefit to a tremendous number. Overall, the pill is at the moment the single most effective method of contraception for the greatest number of people, and we have to be deeply grateful for it. If there have been a few deaths directly attributable to it, then, regrettable as they are, it's a price society must pay, as with other medications, such as penicillin. We risk far more deaths in many, many other ways and never even give them a second thought—driving cars, smoking, even crossing the street.

Incidentally, you'll often find that some of the people who scream loudest about the pill are the ones who'd like to make it more difficult for a woman to secure a legal abortion. The number of deaths caused by botched illegal abortions is unknown; but among the poor, they have certainly risen, and they are far greater in number than any attributable to the pill.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you in favor of legalized abortion?

**CALDERONE:** I'm in favor of placing control of abortion—as with all other surgical procedures—in the hands of the medical profession. This would, of course, mean abolishing all laws against medically controlled abortion.

**PLAYBOY:** The removal of abortion from the penal code has been one of the main

platforms of the militant new feminist movement. As a highly regarded crusader for women's rights, have you had any dealings with these groups?

**CALDERONE:** No, indeed. I think some of these organizations are shrill and anti-female, and I am *not* a crusader for women's rights. Women don't have rights—as women only. They have *human* rights. That's what I crusade for.

**PLAYBOY:** But wouldn't you say that the right to birth control and abortion—with both of which you're strongly identified—is primarily female?

**CALDERONE:** Perhaps this is a matter of semantics. Certainly, a woman should have the right to control what happens to her own body. But I want to stress that this is a human right. Obviously, men should have the same right, but abortion is not pertinent to men, since they don't get pregnant. As for birth control, I look upon it as a matter of moral obligation for both male and female, and I want people of both sexes and from all social classes to have equal access to it and to feel responsibility about using it. That, in my opinion, is one of the directions in which the sexual revolution—or evolution, as I prefer to call it—should head.

**PLAYBOY:** What other directions do you hope for?

**CALDERONE:** Basically, I hope that it will

move in the direction of fruition, not destruction. I conceive of men and women relating to one another on a far higher level than they do today. You know, many people think a higher level means less sex. That's not what I mean. Leave aside the bed kind of sex and think of how difficult it is for a man and a woman to express love for each other unless they are erotically involved—and by that I mean something as simple and innocent as touching each other. To give you a personal example, every time I meet a man who's dear to me, I spontaneously throw my arms around him and kiss him. Now, damn it, that doesn't mean I'm going to go to bed with him; it means I love him in a way that to me is exciting and challenging. We relate to each other; our minds and spirits meet and clash and interact. Our bodies don't meet, except in that very simple way, but we respond to and stimulate each other as persons.

I wish men and women could be free to respond to their own sexes in this way, too. My husband has a Sicilian background and in his culture, the men openly express affection to each other. They embrace when they meet, they walk arm in arm, they put their arms around each other's shoulders. This is very normal in the Mediterranean culture. But in our society, men keep a great distance from each other because of their pathological fear of homosexuality. Anyhow, the point I want to make is that occasionally, Frank will get into a passionate debate with an American and he'll reach over to grab the man's hand and hold onto it while arguing. And I sit there and watch the man shrink. So on the way home, I say jokingly to Frank, "Please keep your hands off Anglo-Saxons."

I've told this story two or three times in public to illustrate how a pathological fear of homosexuality interferes with the capacity of men to relate warmly to one another. Gordon Drake picked it up in one of his pamphlets and gave it a leering implication—that I've had trouble with my Sicilian husband because he can't keep his hands off other men. This is one of the hateful ways that such unfortunate people use to attack both of us. And I do mean *unfortunate*, because they deny the beauty of sexuality, except in narrow, rigid terms. They don't really understand what God meant by making us sexual creatures. God wasn't expecting us to diminish ourselves by repression. Our obligation is to create an atmosphere in which we can fulfill ourselves as men and women. That's really why I'm in this—to help create a new climate in society for sexual fulfillment and responsibility.

You asked me before what I think of sensitivity training, by which people are



# MARBORO'S VERITABLE ORGY OF POSTERS

**Pins Tacks Tape: Need No Frames**

**Colorful! Dramatic! Decorative! Very Inexpensive!**

**\$1 and up**

Send your order to Marboro today.

**P797 BAN THE BOMB** Dayglo 28" Sq. Only 1.49

**P667 ENDLESS SUMMER** Dayglo 29x40 Special 1.98

**P883 I WANT YOU** 29x39 Only 1.98

**P177 ?** 23x29 Only 1.98

**P963 ZONK** Dayglo 39" Sq. Only 2.49

**P310 YOUR TAX DOLLARS** Dayglo 21x32 Only 1.98

**P775 KISS A TOAD** 25" Sq. Special 1.49

**P191 THE PILL** 11x17 Only 1.00

**P311 PEACE NOW** November March 20x34 Only 1.00

**P14B Hug: TIGER** Canvas, 28x22 Only 5.95

**P31B WAR IS NOT HEALTHY** 22x34 Only 1.98

**P129 SYNCOPATED RHYTHM** 29x23 Dayglo Only 1.98

**P190 Have YOU Had Your Pill** 23x29 Only 1.98

**P369 PROTEST** 40x30 Special 2.98

**P737 Picasso: OON QUIXOTE** Canvas 20x24 Special 2.98

**P114 SPHERES** 19x31 Only 1.98

**P236 THE EXPERIENCED** 21x30 Only 1.98

**P788 SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR** Dayglo 25x38 Special 4.95

**P276 WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS** 23x29 Only 4.95

**P340 COME TOGETHER** 42x35 Only 2.98

**P173 COMPLEAT ZODIAC** 20x29 Only 1.49

**P388 PUBLIC ENEMY #1** 23" Sq. Only 1.98

**P280 WOODSTOCK—We Are One** 23x35 Only 1.00

**P113 UNCLE TOM** 22x33 Only 1.98

**P339 PEACE** 23x25 Only 1.98

**P119 OM MANDALA** 21" Sq. Only 1.98

**P240 U & I** Dayglo 23x29 Only 1.98

**P292 FLAMING LOVE** Dayglo 21x26 Only 1.98

**P362 VISION** 24x36 Only 1.98

**P794 LEVY'S** 30x45 Only 2.98

**P716 Mucha: BIERES de la MEUSE** 34x53 Special 2.98

**P320 LOVE-PEACE** Dayglo 21x32 Only 1.98

**P833 THE RED BARON** 31x23 Only 1.98

**P352 KAREN** 29x23 Only 1.49

**P34B Picasso: GUERNICA** 46x21 Only 2.98

**P876 MARIE** 29x52 Only 1.98

**P244 BUTTERFLY** Dayglo 29x23 Only 1.98

**P349 BOING!** 29" Sq. Only 1.98

**P571 Lautrec: MOULIN ROUGE** 20x28 Special 1.00

**P336 JOINT** Full week's high 56x19 Only 1.98

**P285 WHO NEEDS YOU** 23x29 Only 1.98

**P871 Gillette: LOVE** 17x21 Only 1.98

**P677 TARGET** Dayglo 40" Sq. Special 1.98

**P361 RHYTHM** Dayglo 22x26 Only 1.98

**P365 WEEDIES** 23x35 Only 1.98

**P223 Picasso: LES PETITS FLEURS** Silkscreen on canvas 20x26 Only 5.95

**P127 MARIE THREE** 42x29 Only 1.98

**P391 LAST SUPPER (with hero sandwich)** 26x21 Special 1.98

**P360 ENERGY** 22x27 Only 1.98

**P344 PEACE DOVE** 18x25 Only 1.00

**P337 WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR?** 23x35 Only 1.98

**P562 MORE MARIE** 29x42 Only 1.98

**P733 Picasso: BLUE NUDE** Silkscreen on Canvas 16x20 Special 5.95

**P734 Dn heavy stock** Special 2.98

**P394 NAPOLEON & JOSEPHINE** 21x26 Only 1.98

**P11B DRAGON** Dayglo 21x29 Only 1.98

**P393 ASTRONAUTS** 21x26 Only 1.98

**P392 WHISTLER'S MOTHER** 21x26 Special 1.98

**P830 Hug: THE CAT** On Canvas 29x22 Special 5.95

**FREE!**

with every order

**Plasti-Tak**

New versatile adhesive for putting posters up without marring surface (Enough for three posters.)

**P338 THE RED BARON** 31x23 Only 1.98

**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

**marboro Dept. PB11**  
131 Varick St., New York, N. Y. 10013

Please send me the items circled below. (Please add 50¢ postage and handling on all orders.)

**MINIMUM MAIL ORDER \$5.00**

Send C. O. D.  Enclosed find \$

Charge my (check one)  Amer. Exp.  Diners Club  Carte Blanche  Unif. Master  Charter

& write in your account #:

P113	P190	P310	P348	P392	P775
P114	P191	P311	P349	P393	P788
P118	P223	P318	P352	P394	P793
P119	P236	P320	P360	P571	P794
P127	P240	P336	P361	P667	P797

**FREE! Plasti-Tak with every order.**

P129	P244	P337	P362	P677	P830
P148	P276	P338	P385	P716	P871
P173	P280	P339	P368	P733	P876
P177	P285	P340	P369	P734	P883
P187	P292	P344	P391	P737	P962
					P963

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

New York City residents add 6% city sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. A few cents extra for C.O.D. GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return order after 10-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.



helped to be free to touch each other. This is what the erotic repressive fears most. He doesn't trust *himself*, because he thinks that when people touch each other, they're automatically going to wind up in bed together. Maybe they will; more likely, they will develop spiritual nuances in their sexuality and they will enhance their capacity to touch and to be tender and to look. Did you ever notice how few people can really look into each other's eyes? As for me, I've never participated in sensitivity groups; I don't think I particularly need to, because I feel free to give and receive warmth and love without feeling threatened and without feeling that I or the other person has to express it genitally. Isn't this a strange thing for me at 65, brought up as a puritan? Maybe it's my safety valve.

**PLAYBOY:** You call yourself a puritan, yet you're in the vanguard of modern sexuality. How do you reconcile this seeming contradiction?

**CALDERONE:** It's not always easy. I'm an individual caught in a moment of tremendous human evolution, an evolution that encompasses many aspects, including the sexual. Obviously, I can't—and don't want to—think or behave like a teenager any longer, even though I communicate with young people on many levels. This means I become caught in some of my own convictions—for example, my really profound belief that sex belongs primarily in marriage. As a scientist and an observer, I know my belief runs counter to the current trend. So what am I to do? I can't stop society from evolving and I can't force other people to adhere to my personal beliefs. No single individual can, not even Gandhi. Not even Jesus—we're still struggling to interpret and live up to the ideals he propagated. Thus, my own life is a paradox in a very real sense. Many of the things I'm open-minded about as a scientist are closed subjects to me personally. But I think this makes me bend over backward to behave with integrity as a scientist. I still struggle to reshape my personal views, though, and I'm constantly learning, growing and changing.

**PLAYBOY:** At 65, most people would be retired. But, having already given five years to SIECUS and the better part of your career to public-health service, you still seem ready, willing and able to continue fielding brickbats from unfriendly people. Why?

**CALDERONE:** I'm a Quaker who is concerned, that's why. And maybe I'm not as far from retirement as your question implies; perhaps just another inning or two and I'll ask for relief—although I doubt it, as long as life continues to turn me on, as it always has. Concerning my entry into sex education, I think the foundation was laid for that when I

became national medical director of Planned Parenthood quite late in life—at the age of 50. My first job was to put this essentially informational organization on a sound medical and public-health basis.

After accomplishing that, I moved into the ideological end. Gradually, I became aware that there had to be more to planned parenthood than just counting babies or handing out booklets on contraceptive techniques. And I became aware of the many individuals who wrote letters to me about sexual problems that had nothing to do with planned parenthood. These people simply had no other place to write to. About this time—in 1960—I got together with several colleagues who, like myself, were resource people at the First North American Conference on Church and Family of the National Councils of Churches of the U.S. and Canada. We had several meetings and kicked around the idea of organizing a sex-education council, and finally went ahead in 1964. Every voluntary health organization—and that's what SIECUS is—needs a full-time director, so I left Planned Parenthood to assume that role.

**PLAYBOY:** In the five years since its inception, what do you think SIECUS has accomplished?

**CALDERONE:** Let me backtrack a little. Our purpose is stated as being "to establish man's sexuality as a health entity." Having found in society a distinct sense of unease—or perhaps I should say "disease"—concerning this vital segment of man's life, we have been determined to help him achieve health in it. This means "a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being" with respect to his sexuality. More specifically, our goal has been to bring sex education into broad focus throughout *all* of society, not just in the schools. We believe that, in a democracy, people must think for themselves, and we want to help the American people do so by providing facts about sex and its role in their lives. We've published two books about this—*The Individual, Sex and Society* and *Sexuality and Man*.

As for how well we have succeeded, we still have a long way to go and the path has been obstructed, as you know, by a band of bigots whose only purpose is to stifle free discussion. But SIECUS has accomplished something that is unique in society. We have succeeded in establishing in the minds of leaders in all professions and religions the concept that human sexuality is, in and of itself, a healthy and vitally important part of man's life above and beyond the erotic acts that may or may not accompany it. We are proud of this accomplishment and still prouder that we've done it in only five years.

**PLAYBOY:** What have been your main

frustrations in accomplishing these goals?

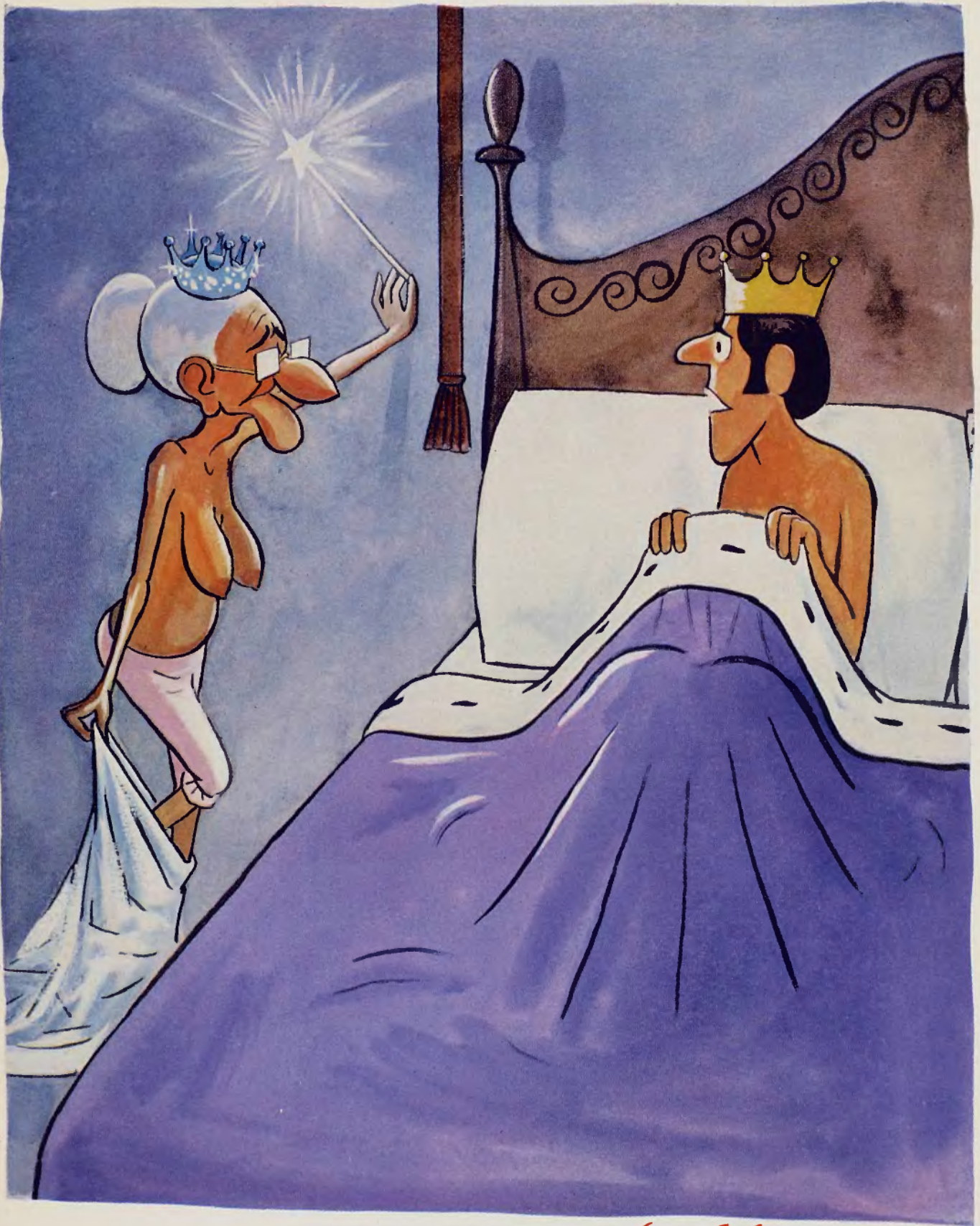
**CALDERONE:** During our first three years, our only frustration was lack of funds to do what we wanted to do as quickly as we knew it needed to be done. We've lacked the necessary research facilities and we've constantly been short of personnel to perform the services demanded of us. But we've grown so fast that we always thought of these as growing pains, rather than as frustrations. Our first *true* frustration occurred in the summer of 1968, with the opening volley fired by the Christian Crusade. Now, this wasn't a frustration in terms of their actually hindering us, because they've failed even to slow us down. We receive increasing numbers of invitations and requests for service, and they keep coming from distinguished groups of all kinds—medical, religious, educational and civic. The real sense of frustration for me has been a personal one, in the sense that I, as a believing Quaker, am confronted by a group that calls itself Christian yet uses the most anti-Christian methods to achieve its aims. That has been a vicious affront, less against me personally than against the very convictions by which I live, or at least try to live.

I understand Christ's principles in the words our founding fathers used to express them—that is, the practice of democracy and the total respect for one another as individuals. True Christianity means to me the desire to accommodate as much as possible to the needs of others, without sacrificing one's own integrity, so that we can all live together harmoniously. Christ said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and this is exactly what these so-called Christians have controverted. They presume to be judge, jury *and* advocate. To me, it's a mockery that these people who call themselves Christians use hatred and lies, fear and suspicion against innocent people. And they do this without conscience, without *any* conscience at all. I can't fully express what an outrage this has been to me and it's certainly the major frustration I've experienced in my entire career.

But, I'm happy to repeat, we find no lessening of public or professional confidence in SIECUS, no pressure to go backward from the groups we're trying to reach; quite the contrary. So we plan to hold firmly to our path, in spite of all obstacles. In fact, since our enemies have made SIECUS a household word throughout the land, we intend to take advantage of this and augment our efforts to press forward the boundaries of knowledge and understanding of human sexuality, which all of us share and which can make life so exciting, rewarding and beautiful. That's my mission as a scientist, as a human being and as a woman.







Mark Brown

*"I've changed my mind, turn me back into a frog."*



# PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Aztran Shoes by Freeman	69
Bardstown Traditional Clothing	16
Career Club Shirts by Truval	201
Clubman Sportcoats	21
Cricketeer Clothes	47
Croton Watch	44
Dexter Shoes	34
Drexel Flemish Cabinet	16
Fruit of the Loom Shirts	77
Gant Shirtmakers	204
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.	6-7
Hathaway Shirts	47
H.I.S. Dover Trio	13
H.I.S. Swabby Jeans	11
Honeywell Pentax Spomatic	39
Jaguar Auto	71
Jaymar Sausabell Slacks	209
Kenwood Stereo Receivers	26
MacGregor Golf Clubs	38
Mandate Menswear	29
Minolta SR-T 101 Camera	18
Roberts Tape Recorders	12
Sebago Shoe Co.	223
Sero of New Haven	195
Sony Electronics	51
Sony Superscope Tape Recorders	37
Tony Lama Boots	43
Worsted-Tex	207
Yamaha Sportcycles	65

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

## PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois 60611

SEND  
**PLAYBOY**  
EVERY  
MONTH



- 3 yrs. for \$24 (Save \$15.00)
- 1 yr. for \$10 (Save \$3.00)
- payment enclosed  bill later

TO:

name (please print)

address

city state zip code no.

Mail to **PLAYBOY**

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois 60611

N530

## NEXT MONTH:



SATYRICON



BLASPHEMER



BED NEWS



URBAN CAR

**"THE WAR BUSINESS"**—AN INSIDER'S APPRAISAL OF THE AWESOME POWER WIELDED BY OUR OMNIPRESENT, SELF-PERPETUATING DEFENSE INDUSTRY—BY **ROBERT SHERRILL**

**"THE PEACE DEPARTMENT"**—A REASONED PLEA FOR A GOVERNMENTAL AGENCY TO FUNCTION AS A COUNTERBALANCE TO THE WAR MACHINE—BY **U.S. SENATOR VANCE HARTKE**

**WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY**, DEFENDER OF THE RIGHT, TALKS ABOUT VIETNAM, WORLD COMMUNISM, SPIRO AGNEW AND THE BLACK PANTHERS IN AN ACIDULOUS **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"SATYRICON"**—AN ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH PETRONIUS' CLASSIC TALE OF DEPRAVITY IN IMPERIAL ROME WAS FILMED—BY **FEDERICO FELLINI**

**"UP AGAINST THE WALL, MALE CHAUVINIST PIG!"**—HOW THE MILITANT MAN-HATERS DO THEIR WORST TO DISTORT THE DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN THE SEXES—BY **MORTON HUNT**

**"THE BLASPHEMER"**—LIVING WITH A WHORE WAS JUST ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF UNHOLY ACTS FOR THE ANTIHERO OF THIS OLD-WORLD YARN—BY **ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER**

**"THE NEW URBAN CAR"**—FOR THE NEAR FUTURE, EXCITING IN-CITY ALTERNATIVES TO TODAY'S SPACE-CONSUMING, POLLUTION-BELCHING PERSONAL VEHICLES—BY **KEN W. PURDY**

**"BENT ON STARDOM"**—NOW MAKING HER MARK IN THE MOVIES, COMELY UP-AND-COMER SUSANNE BENTON IS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION IN AN EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL

**"ZOYA"**—MOSCOW IS THE SCENE OF AN ILL-STARRED AFFAIR BETWEEN A BLACK AMERICAN AND A COMELY RUSSIAN IN THIS NOVELETTE OF LOVE AND POLITICS—BY **HERBERT GOLD**

**"BEDSPRINGS ETERNAL"**—AN ANTIQ CHRONICLE OF SLEEP SITES THROUGH THE AGES, WITH A VISUAL GUIDE TO WHAT'S NEW IN SLUMBERSVILLE—BY **WILLIAM IVERSEN**



# Dr. James Crow: father of his country's whiskey.



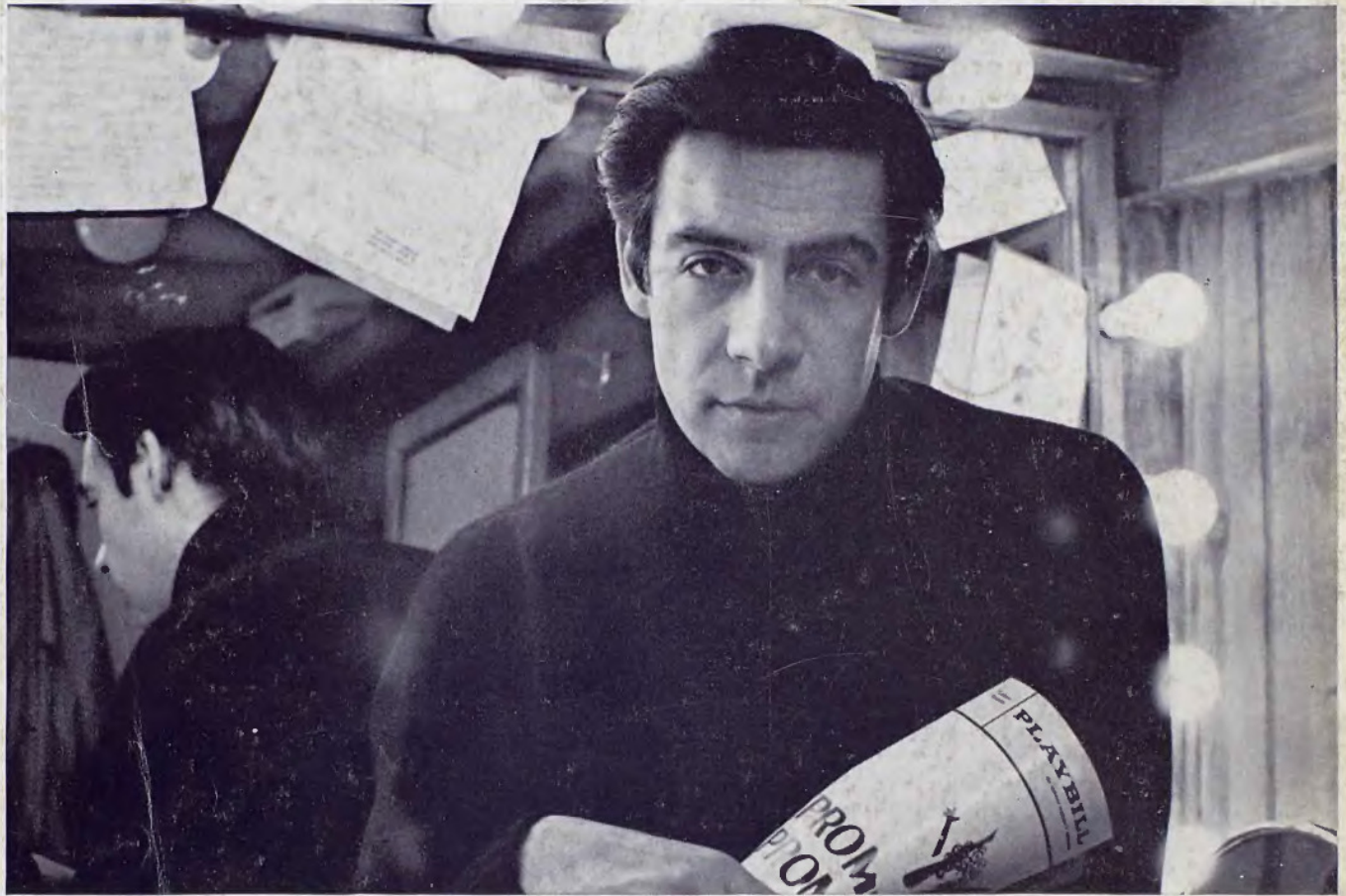
By Act of Congress, Bourbon is now officially America's native Whiskey—and the man who started it all was Dr. James Crow. When he developed the first quality-control distilling process back in 1835, he elevated American whiskey-making to a science—and created the greatest Bourbon of them all: smoother, mellower Old Crow. Over the years, Americans have made his Whiskey their favorite. And why not? After all...

Nothing finer has happened to Bourbon in seven generations. Old Crow.



# DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



## JERRY ORBACH

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Actor

HOBBIES: One of the best pool players in show business.

LAST BOOK READ: "Portnoy's Complaint"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: The star of Broadway's musical comedy hit, "Promises, Promises"

QUOTE: "I feel responsible for the success or failure of the show every evening. If I'm not up, the show suffers."

PROFILE: A quick and facile wit. Shy off-stage. Strong convictions that enable him to hold out for the kinds of roles he wants to play.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."



*Dewar's never varies*

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat.

Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.