ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

AN INTERVIEW WITH PETER FONDA

THE ABORTION REVOLUTION

A LOVING LOOK AT THE NO-BRA LOOK

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

ELKE SOMMER AU NATUREL

PLAYBOY POLLS THE CAMPUSES: A NATIONAL SURVEY OF STUDENT ATTITUDES ON TODAY'S MAJOR ISSUES

Their garden? Just a window box on a city street.
But they're choosy. They want it splashed with color. All year round.
Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.
VICEROY
FILTER CIGARETTES
© 1970, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

You came to the right page for your cassette tape recorder.

Because we make more different kinds of cassette tape recorders than anyone else.

We've got a little one you can sneak into the conferences. An outdoorsy one to record the mating cries of the trumpeter swan. One that lets you hear the Top 40 on AM as well as do the cassette thing. And another if you want FM, too. And even a beauty that's a portable FM/AM FM stereo cassette recorder.

They're all different. But they're also the same. They're portable. They play and record. They're crammed with Solid-State devices for a long active life and a short-lived warm-up period. They've got Capstan Drive so your recordings won't stutter unless you do. And they've all got fast forward and fast rewind. An obvious advantage over slow.

Then there's a remote microphone, batteries, and even a cassette that comes with every Panasonic cassette tape recorder. At no extra cost.

Now that you've found the right page for your cassette tape recorder, go to the place to buy it. Your Panasonic dealer.

RF-7490. Stereo system in a suitcase. Cassette recorder and FM/AM FM stereo radio. Records from any sound source. Twin speakers. AFC on FM. Built-in AC.

RQ-236S. Outstanding sound system. Cassette recorder and FM/AM radio. Records from any source. Pushbutton operation. Built-in AC. Automatic shut-off. Optional car/boat current cord.

RQ-203S. Perfect on-the-go companion. Sets recording level automatically. Built-in AC. Tone control. Speaker monitor switch.

RQ-233S. Budget-priced sound system. Cassette recorder and AM radio. Records from any source. AC adaptable. Optional car/boat cord.

RQ-204S. Lots of sound for little money. Simple lever operation. Cassette pops up for easy changing. AC adaptable.

RQ-210AS. Fantastic sound from a set little larger than a six-pack of cigars. VU/battery-check meter. AC/DC. Optional car/boat cord.

RQ-209S. Ultra compact but superb sounding. Easy push-button operation. Automatic recording level circuitry for precise performence. Built-in AC.

PANASONIC.

just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call. Ask about any Model.

Capri for 1971. The first sexy European under $2300.

Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Does not include transportation charges, dealer preparation, if any, state and local taxes.

There used to be two kinds of imports. Beautiful, sporty and expensive; or plain, dull and inexpensive. Now there's something better than either: it's beautiful and inexpensive. It's the success car of the decade in Europe, and now it's available in America in limited quantities.

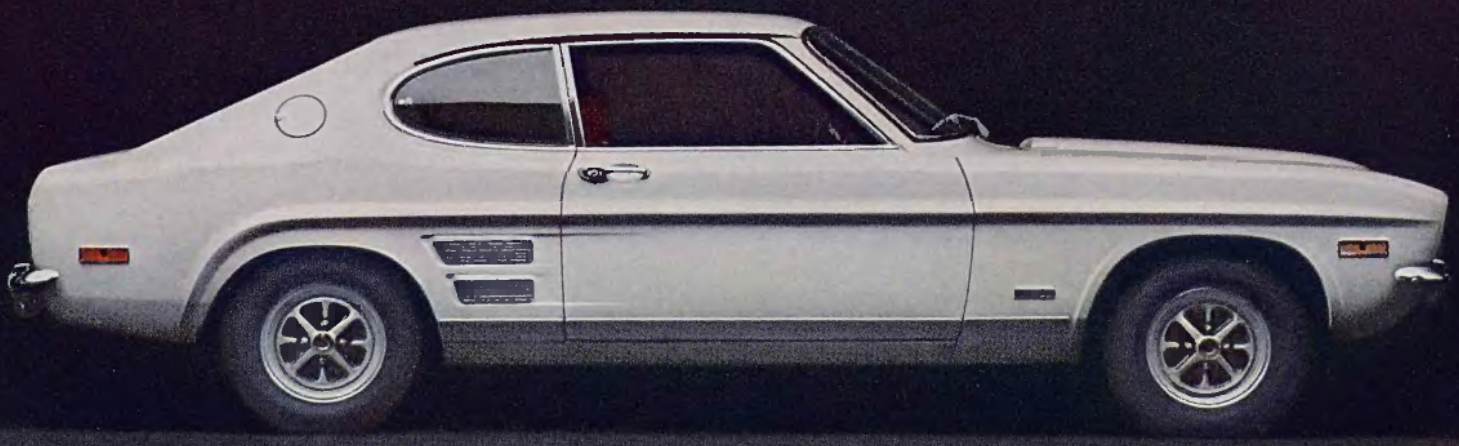
Capri offers an extravagant collection of exciting features as standard equipment. Features that are usually optional. Radial tires. Styled steel wheels. Soft vinyl front buckets. Luxurious carpeting. A European-type instrument panel with wood grain effect. Flow-thru ventilation.

Sound unfamiliar for a low-priced car? It is.

And there's still more that's standard. Lots of room for four big adults. Easy maintenance (with lots of do-it-yourself tips in the owner's manual). Power disc brakes up front. Four-speed synchromesh transmission. The kind of gas mileage you'd expect from a small imported car.

There's only one word for it. Sexy. And that's unheard of at less than $2300. Until now.

Imported by Lincoln-Mercury.



Capri Sport Coupe.

LINCOLN·MERCURY Ford

PLAYBILL OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE has always been identified with the oncoming academic year. In more tranquil days, the editorial accent was on such matters as what to wear on the quad and on dates and what to expect from the football team: Our back-to-school issue in 1968 was highlighted by the sybaritically oriented *A Swinger's Guide to Academe*. Also in that issue, however, were articles such as *Up Tight* and *The War on Dissent*, which reflected the growing unrest in the nation. During the following year, that unrest centered on the campuses; and in September 1969, in addition to a tripartite survey of in-school sex, we featured a *Playboy Panel* on student revolt. Today, sadly, the mood on most campuses is more foreboding than it was a year ago: Dozens of colleges have been shut down; students have been killed; Governmental Neanderthals have persisted in treating dissidents with mindless contempt. Youth has become a collective bogeyman for many of the older generation who believe today's students to be unnecessarily violent or irredeemably degenerate. Yet there has been almost no attempt to find out what the students actually think, as opposed to the oft-paranoid assumptions of their elders or the frequently intransigent tones of youthful rhetoric. In an effort to help fill the information gap, PLAYBOY's editors polled 197 campuses to find out what the students consider to be today's most pressing problems, both national and international, and what they feel should be done about them. The result: *Playboy's Student Survey*. The youth revolution has made its presence felt in other ways this month. Two men whose ages are far apart but who have both had considerable influence on young people are Peter Fonda, a cult hero of and for the Aquarian Age (who raps with PLAYBOY Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman in an exclusive interview), and septuagenarian philosopher Herbert Marcuse, profiled by Michael Horowitz in *Portrait of the Marxist As an Old Trouper*. Linderman, whose previous *Playboy Interview* subjects were Bill Cosby and Joe Namath, observed that had Fonda lived in another time he might have been burned at the stake. Horowitz, who is under 25 and has studied both with Marcuse (at Brandeis) and with Marcuse's most formidable critic, Benjamin Nelson of Manhattan's New School for Social Research, has been commissioned by E. P. Dutton to write two chapters of *Our Hippie Heritage*, a history textbook to be used in long-hair communes. A more lighthearted manifestation of the rock age is free-lance writer Larry Tritten's parodic *Notes from the Underground: Classifieds*, in which ads appearing in the subterranean journals are waylaid and found wanton. Dr. Robert Hall's *The Abortion Revolution* is an in-depth report on current attempts to correct the tragic legal-social-medical impasse. Dr. Hall is president of the New York–based Association for the Study of Abortion, author of the just-published *Abortion in a Changing World* (Columbia University Press), and has spent seven years fighting to change our laws, which forbid the termination of pregnancy in most cases. Another important question that affects citizens of all ages is the fate of the American metropolis—and Jean Shepherd's *All Hail the Sovereign Duchy of Nieuw Amsterdamme!* hypothesizes a far-out solution to the far-out problems of New York City. This fall will be a busy season for Shepherd: Not only will his second novel—*The Secret Mission of the Blue-Assed Buzzard* (the title of which first appeared on one of his PLAYBOY pieces)—be released but he is also due to star in a network-TV show, *Jean Shepherd's America*. He was also booked to appear at the New York Playboy Club this month. Two other widely shared hang-ups are explored in Gene Marine's *The Engineering Mentality*, which pricks the bubble of technocratic dogma, and Don Schanche's *Beyond the Fringes*, which exposes the deceptive nature of most non-cash compensation plans for executives. Marine is writing two books—*California!* for Atheneum and *Food Pollution* for Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Schanche—former managing editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* and editor in chief of *Holiday*—is at work on a novel, *The Seventh Man*, and a book about Eldridge Cleaver. Executives waiting in vain for promised compensation of the types Schanche describes may eventually feel like the fictional protagonist of Robert Goldman's *Payment Overdue*, a would-be rock star who sells his soul to an all-promising computer called D. E. V. I. L. A tale with an international aspect is *The Prison Diary of Jack Faust*, by Paul Theroux; it's about a Russian defector. Theroux, author of three novels, is teaching at the University of Singapore. Our lead fiction, Sean O'Faolain's *Of Sanctity and Whiskey*, concerns an artist whose portrait of an esteemed character tells too much by far. It will appear in O'Faolain's seventh book of short stories, *The Talking Trees* (the title tale also appeared first in PLAYBOY), which is to be published soon by Atlantic–Little, Brown. Of course there's more: notably, *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, with award winner Anson Mount's ever-accurate predictions, and Fashion Director Robert L. Green's annual *Back to Campus* suggestions. A fiberglass facsimile of a well-remembered Ford is unveiled in *Modern-Day Model A. Portable Playhouse* introduces a flying-saucer-shaped hideaway. Pictorials include *The No-Bra Look*, with exclusive photography by noted lensman Douglas Kirkland; *Posterotica*, wherein the graphic arts join the sexual revolution; and *Elke*, a warm and revealing tribute to screen star Elke Sommer by her husband, Joe Hyams. In addition, there's Playmate Debbie Ellison. And *Little Annie Fanny*, who gets mixed up this month with a wild bunch of women's lib types. It figures.

vol. 17, no. 9—september, 1970

PLAYBOY

Executive Benefits P. 115

Nudest Elke P. 159

Student Survey P. 182

Pigskin Preview P. 151

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 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 EDITORIALLY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1970 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO. INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY® AND RABBIT HEAD DESIGN® REGISTERED TRADEMARK, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. 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 JACKIE RAY, PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY D. GORDON. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 3, 182; DAVID CHAN, P. 3; BENNO FRIEDMAN, P. 195; CARL IRI, P. 3, 85; WILLIAM MARIS, P. 192, 193 (2); JIM MARSHALL, P. 3; WIN MULDRON, P. 195; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3, 191; ROBERT PARKER, P. 151; PRIYA RAM RAKHA, P. 3; ROWLAND SCHERMAN, P. 194; VERNON SMITH, P. 3 (2); JAMES A. SUGAR, P. 3; ALEXAS URBA, P. 135, 152-153, 193 (2); JUDITH VAN ALLEN, P. 3.

PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1970, VOL. 17, NO. 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., $10 FOR ONE YEAR,

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		29
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		65
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		71
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETER FONDA—candid conversation		85
OF SANCTITY AND WHISKEY—fiction	SEAN O'FAOLAIN	108
THE ABORTION REVOLUTION—article	ROBERT HALL, M.D.	112
BEYOND THE FRINGES—article	DON SCHANCHE	115
BIRD-AND-BOTTLE BARBECUE—food and drink	THOMAS MARIO	116
THE ENGINEERING MENTALITY—article	GENE MARINE	120
THE NO-BRA LOOK—pictorial		122
MODERN-DAY MODEL A—modern living		130
THE PRISON DIARY OF JACK FAUST—fiction	PAUL THEROUX	135
NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND: CLASSIFIEDS—parody	LARRY TRITTEN	136
PATTERNED FOR SUCCESS—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	139
CURRICULUM: VITAL—playboy's playmate of the month		140
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		148
PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—sports	ANSON MOUNT	151
THE SOVEREIGN DUCHY OF NIEUW AMSTERDAMME—humor	JEAN SHEPHERD	156
ELKE—pictorial essay	JOE HYAMS	159
BACK TO CAMPUS—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	167
PORTRAIT OF THE MARXIST—personality	MICHAEL HOROWITZ	174
PAYMENT OVERDUE—fiction	ROBERT GOLDMAN	177
PORTABLE PLAYHOUSE—modern living		179
PLAYBOY'S STUDENT SURVEY		182
HOW THE FOURTH RULE WAS INVENTED—ribald classic		185
POSTEROTICA—pictorial		187
ON THE SCENE—personalities		194
SYMBOLIC SEX—humor	DON ADDIS	237
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire	HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER	286

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

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

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor* VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

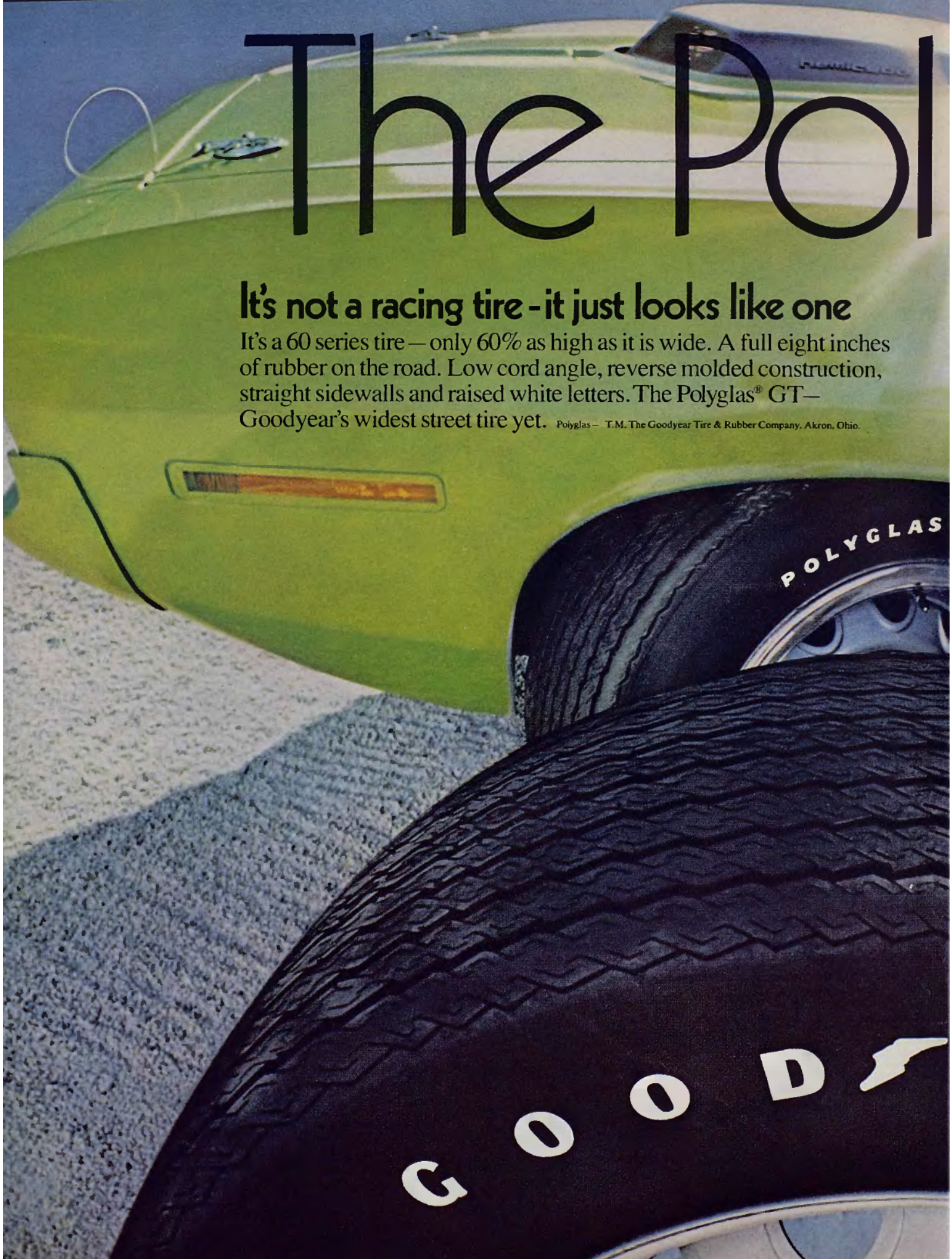
SHELDON WAX, MURRAY FISHER, NAT LEHRMAN *assistant managing editors;* ARTHUR KRETCHMER, MICHAEL LAURENCE *senior editors;* ROBIE MACAULEY *fiction editor;* JAMES GOODE *articles editor;* TOM OWEN *modern living editor;* DAVID BUTLER, HENRY FENWICK, WILLIAM J. HELMER, LAWRENCE LINDERMAN, FRANK M. ROBINSON, 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;* NAT HENTOFF, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS, KEN W. PURDY, JEAN SHEPHERD, KENNETH TYNAN *contributing editors;* RICHARD KOFF *administrative editor;* SUZANNE MC NEAR, LEE NOLAN, GEOFFREY NORMAN, STANLEY PALEY, SHERRIE RATLIFF, 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;* H. MICHAEL SISSON *executive assistant to the art director;* RONALD BLUME, TOM STAEBLER *associate art directors;* BOB POST, KERIG POPE, ROY MOODY, LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors;* WALTER KRADENYCH, VICTOR HUBBARD, KAREN YOPS *art assistants;* MICHELLE URRY *associate cartoon editor;* JOHN MASTRO *production manager;* ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager;* PAT PAPPAS *rights and permissions* • HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director;* JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER *associate advertising managers;* SHERMAN KEATS *chicago advertising manager;* ROBERT A. MC KENZIE *detroit advertising manager;* NELSON FUTCH *public relations 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 PREUSS *business manager & circulation director.*

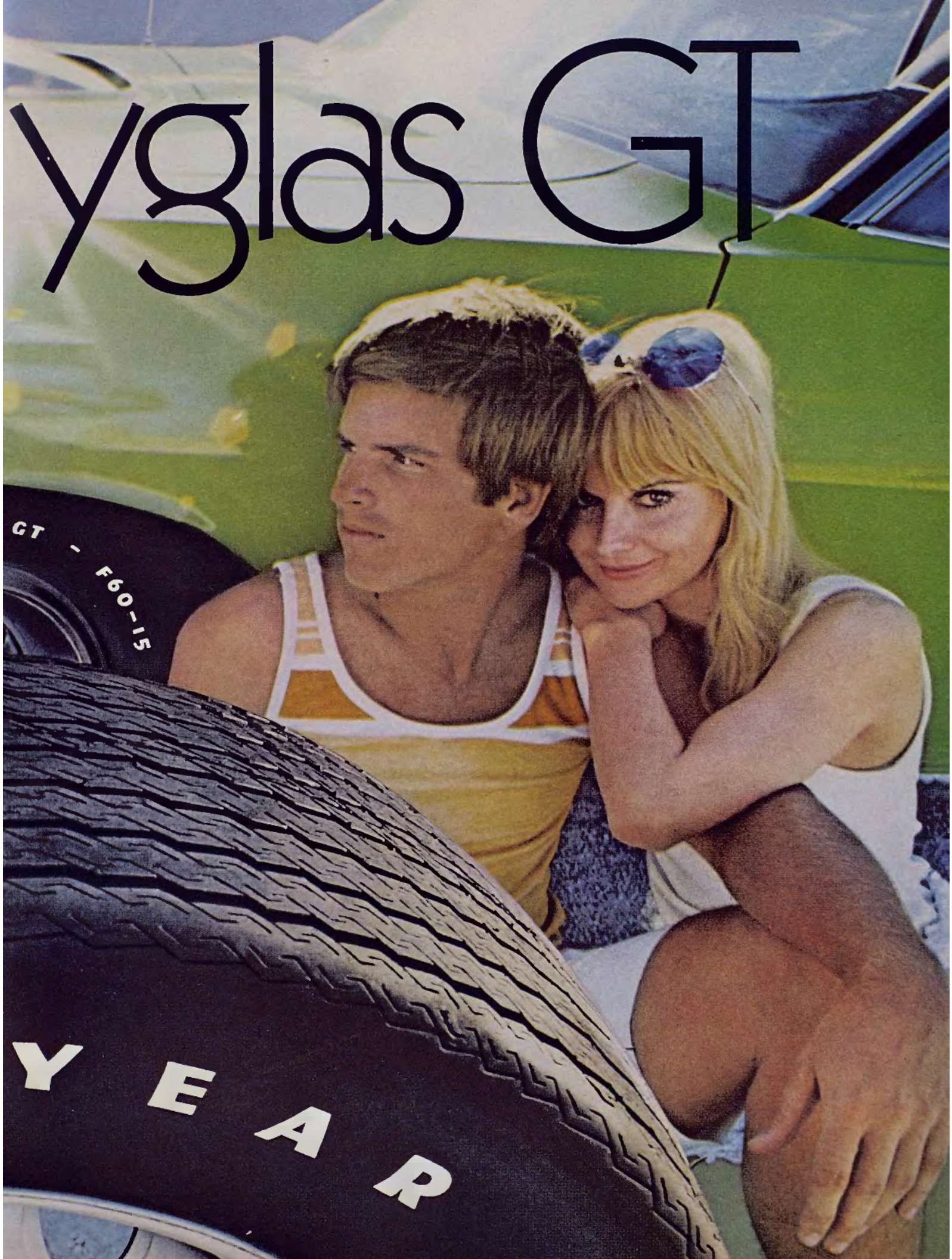
Next picnic, why not do the unexpected?

Surprise people

Bring MICHELOB®

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


The Pol
It's not a racing tire - it just looks like one
It's a 60 series tire — only 60% as high as it is wide. A full eight inches of rubber on the road. Low cord angle, reverse molded construction, straight sidewalls and raised white letters. The Polyglas® GT— Goodyear's widest street tire yet. Polyglas — T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.
POLYGLAS
GOOD


yglas GT
GT - F60-15
YEAR

Have a Bacardi party.

It's the easiest, mixingest party idea ever invented by the swinging crowd! All you need is Bacardi rum. (It's the mixable one because it's light bodied, subtle flavored, smooth and dry.) Then get as many different mixers as possible and invite lots of people looking for fun!

Send for your free Bacardi Party Kit and learn how easy (and delicious!) it is to use Bacardi light rum rather than gin or vodka, Bacardi dark rather than whiskey, Añejo™ rum rather than brandy or Scotch, and Bacardi 151 proof for robust drinks and cookery. Have a ball!

BACARDI® rum·the mixable one

© 1970 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FLA. 33137, RUM 80 & 151 PROOF. "BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

RIGHT ON!

Congratulations to Nicholas von Hoffman for his exceptional article *The Chicago Conspiracy Circus,* in your June issue. As an attorney with ten years' Federal practice, I found it both absorbing and chilling. Far too often, members of the legal profession fail to heed the sociological as well as the judicial issues that confront society. The conduct and actions of Judge Hoffman, as related in the article, reveal the effete ideological views of a number of members of the Federal judiciary—small wonder Bobby Seale found himself confused by the inscrutable conduct of the Honorable Judge Hoffman. I have not seen the massive trial transcript; however, if William Kunstler is ordered to serve the three-month sentence for contempt for conduct immediately prior to the expulsion of Bobby Seale, as indicated in the article, I personally volunteer to serve it for him.

James Garcia, Jr.
Honolulu, Hawaii

The Chicago Conspiracy Circus was a masterpiece. Though objective coverage of such an event is virtually impossible, Von Hoffman displayed remarkable genius in reporting the truth in depth. When one reads about the atrocities committed by society and the bureaucracy, one feels that perhaps slogans such as "Power to the people" and "Off the pigs" are not only justified but understated.

William Norris Later
Portland, Oregon

Nicholas von Hoffman's article points out very directly the oppression of free thought and free speech by a system that might be on the verge of revolutionary collapse. But I think more attention should have been paid to the inherent evil of the so-called Rap Brown Amendment. To "incite a riot" is an extremely vague term that tends to place most of the blame on the person who is speaking, whereas it should be placed on the person rioting. It stifles free thought and free speech and violates a Constitution that our Government seems to have forgotten about.

Whenever a government seeks to put chains on a desire to redirect life, that government has failed. But the time for this realization is passing quickly and before long, we will be "good Americans" rather than "good Germans."

William V. Henzey, Jr.
Emory and Henry College
Emory, Virginia

If some pertinent facts were thrown out of the Chicago Seven trial by Judge Hoffman, then I believe a real injustice was done to those men and I hope a higher court will consider the points carefully. However, author Von Hoffman makes no bones about how he feels in an article that should present both sides fairly. In each instance, where evidence by the establishment was presented, such phrases as "virtually no evidence," "almost no evidence," "little evidence" and "evidence almost nonexistent" were used. These succeed only in reflecting the author's biased opinion. I was also amused by Von Hoffman's comments on a jury of peers. What would have been a fair jury? Hippies, Yippies and Black Panthers? These matters, along with many others in the article, reflect a poor job of writing by a prejudiced author.

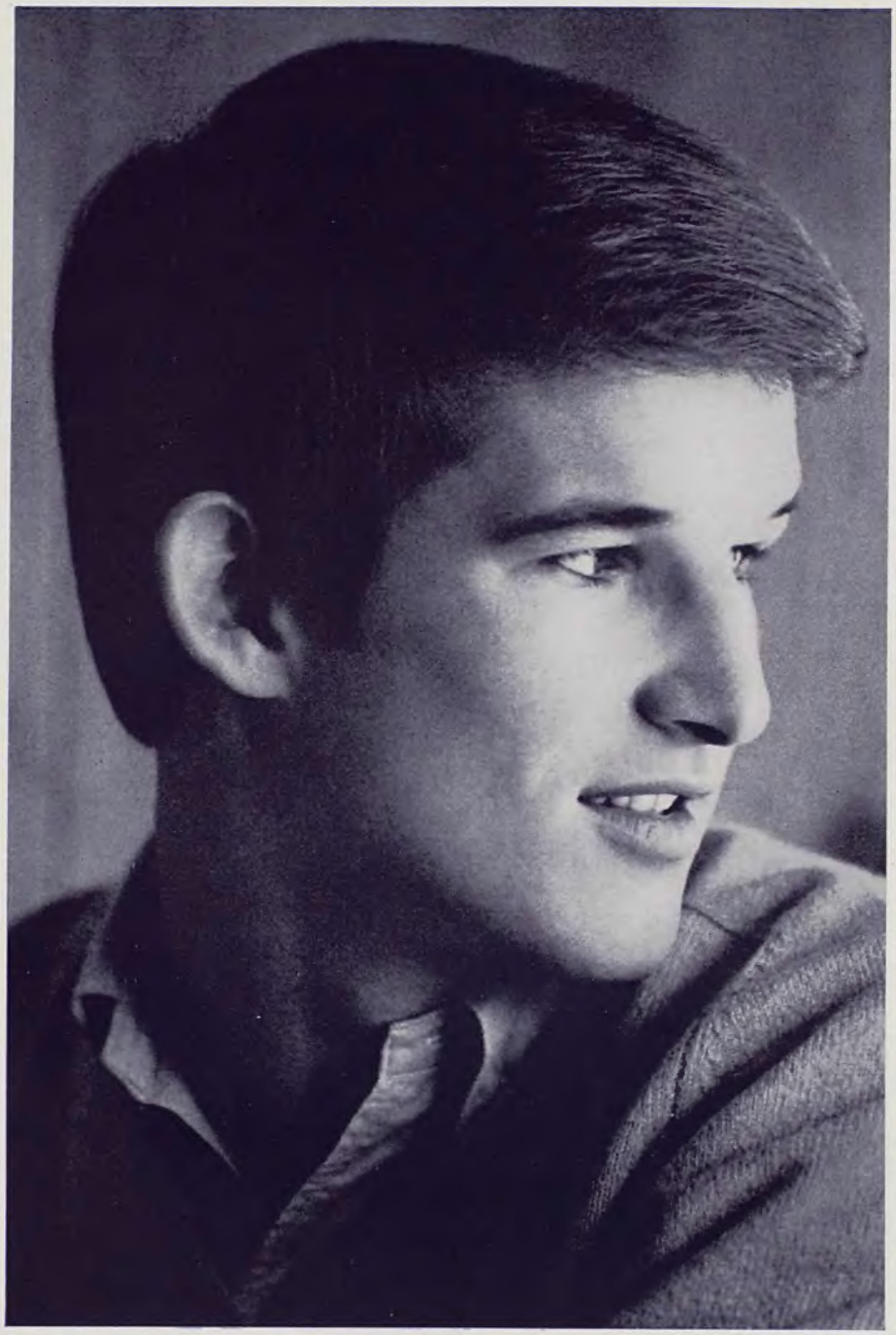
Terry Lint
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I have just finished reading *The Chicago Conspiracy Circus* and feel a bit sick to my stomach. I am a Canadian and have often envied the affluence of you Americans; at times, I've even considered moving to the U. S. A. Now I'm glad I never did. The slogan "The land of the free and the home of the brave" is only one of the many lies sold to the American people by Madison Avenue. (Aren't they the same people who sold Nixon to a public that had indicated a number of times that it didn't want him?) After reading this article, I can only echo the words of David Dellinger: "Right on!"

Tom Power
Toronto, Ontario

In reading *The Chicago Conspiracy Circus,* I was reminded of the young radical who started on the path to power in Austria years ago and brought more

PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1970, VOL. 17, NO. 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO. INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, $24 FOR THREE YEARS, $18 FOR TWO YEARS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $2 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGERS, 405 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, MU 8-3030; SHERMAN KEATS, CHICAGO MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, MI 2-1000; DETROIT, ROBERT A. MC KENZIE, MANAGER, 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, OL 2-8790; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER STREET, 434-2675; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.



Mike Battle, New York Jets' star punt returner, uses Dep for Men.

Battle returns punts with style. Combs his hair the same way.

Style is what makes the great ones great. Where hair is concerned, styling means shaping it into a bold, new look. Giving hair new thickness and body. Ask Battle. He'll tell you. Mike uses Dep for Men Hairdress Styling Gel. It gives you something you can't get from conventional hairgrooms — "styling control." Lets you comb your hair the way you want. Gives it that great "dry" lustre. Never that plastered down look. After it dries, recomb . . . and top it off with Dep for Men Hair Spray to keep it that way. Style. That's what Dep for Men is all about.

"Guys with style style their hair with Dep for Men."

suffering and agony to the world than had ever been known before. Today, in America, we have young political activists who are attempting to repeat and possibly surpass the mass destruction wrought by the Austrian's insane egotism and thirst for power. The Jews suffered most from his insanity, but the blacks, gentiles and Orientals will suffer along with the Jews if the nuts of this world are again allowed to assume political power. Hurrah for sane, sensible men like Judge Hoffman, who recognize these screwballs and put them where they belong.

Roy W. Cain
Sarasota, Florida

AND GOD BLESS TINY TIM

I read the Tiny Tim interview in your June issue with great interest. Having been instrumental in bringing him to the television public, I've followed his subsequent career with curiosity and sometimes wonder. On *Laugh-In*, we never found him to be anything other than fully cooperative, willing and well mannered, which can't always be said of people we meet in our business. Whether or not Tiny Tim has a career beyond his past and present one in show business is a question I don't feel qualified to answer, but it would have been difficult for any of us to have predicted the success he had after his first appearance on our show. We paid him scale for that, and in order to get him back 13 weeks later, we had to pay him our top guest fee; he was well worth it on both occasions.

After Tiny Tim's initial appearance, the most-asked question was, "Is he for real?" I think your interview revealed that, in his way, he is indeed. Peace!

Dan Rowan
Burbank, California

Your interview with Tiny Tim made a believer of me. Like many others, I doubted the authenticity of this celebrity. As his popularity grew, I waited for the day when he would scrap his flower-child image and go straight. I could see him holding a news conference with a haircut, a nose job and a handful of $1000 bills, laughing at the people who had paid money to see and hear him. But after reading your interview, I have to admit that Tiny Tim is not a phony. Next Christmas, I'm going to hang up my stocking—if there's a Tiny Tim, why not a Santa Claus?

Robert Hoksch
Lansing, Iowa

You've convinced me that Tiny Tim is for real. I was almost lulled into a happy slumber, bathed in the glow of a Christian life as Tiny lives it, but the trip turned out a bummer when he advocated one-by-one finger amputations to punish

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

When you turn on Maxi-Fi, you turn on more than stereo.

With Maxi-Fi, it's easy to turn on the music that turns on the mood that turns on the girls.

It's more than hi-fi. It's *Maximum* Fidelity from space-saving modular units. Surrounds you with the full-thrill sound of full-range stereo. Unbeatable music for dining, partying, dancing. And romancing.

Example: Our solid state KST-3400, an FM Stereo/FM/AM radio with a built-in cassette tape recorder and player. Matched walnut cabinets. 5-Year Transistor Warranty*. Just $249.95**. 8-track model just $229.95**.

Only Hitachi makes Maxi-Fi. See your Hitachi dealer. Remember: *Hitachi is the line that gives you the little extra.*

*Hitachi Nationwide Warranty: Five years on transistors. One year on other parts. Free labor for one year (not just ninety days). Carry-in service . . . at Hitachi-authorized service centers and branches.
**Suggested list price. For more facts about Hitachi surprise values, write:
Hitachi Sales Corp. of America, Dept. P-7, 48-50 34th St., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101.

Quality always comes first at
HITACHI

thieves. It pains me to think of his Christian remedy for rapists.

Beverly Plotkin
Los Angeles, California

Tiny Tim advocated finger amputations for murderers, not thieves. And he did have the humility to admit, "No one's heart could be as wicked as mine."

THAT NEAPOLITAN FLAVOR

In my official position, I ought to object to the descriptions of children begging in the streets and of taxi drivers who overcharge. But to the tourist just passing through, Naples presents exactly this aspect, which John Clellon Holmes describes so well in *See Naples and Live* (PLAYBOY, June). It's unfortunate that more tourists don't stay long enough to really experience the magic of Naples. Through the centuries, the city and its people have been eloquently described and explained by those who have come to know them—the many visitors who come for a short while and never leave, the ones who return often for a transfusion of sunshine and enthusiasm and the many writers of books, poems and songs who, like Holmes, have pierced the outer layers of the obvious and discovered the heart of Naples.

Dr. Emilio Tommasi
Italian Travel Commissioner
New York, New York

The author of *See Naples and Live* is very perceptive. He not only paints a picture of Naples as it really is but also gives us a great deal of psychological introspection, done with a rare comparative sense. Incidentally, the only attempt to clean up Naples was made under the fascist regime. As soon as the city was liberated, it went right back to its traditional ways. But that was to be expected. At any rate, recent events in America justify the old Italian saying, *"Tutto il mondo è paese"*—the whole world is one country.

Mario Pei
Glen Ridge, New Jersey

A distinguished educator and linguist, Mario Pei is the author of "The Story of Language" and "The American Heritage," among other books.

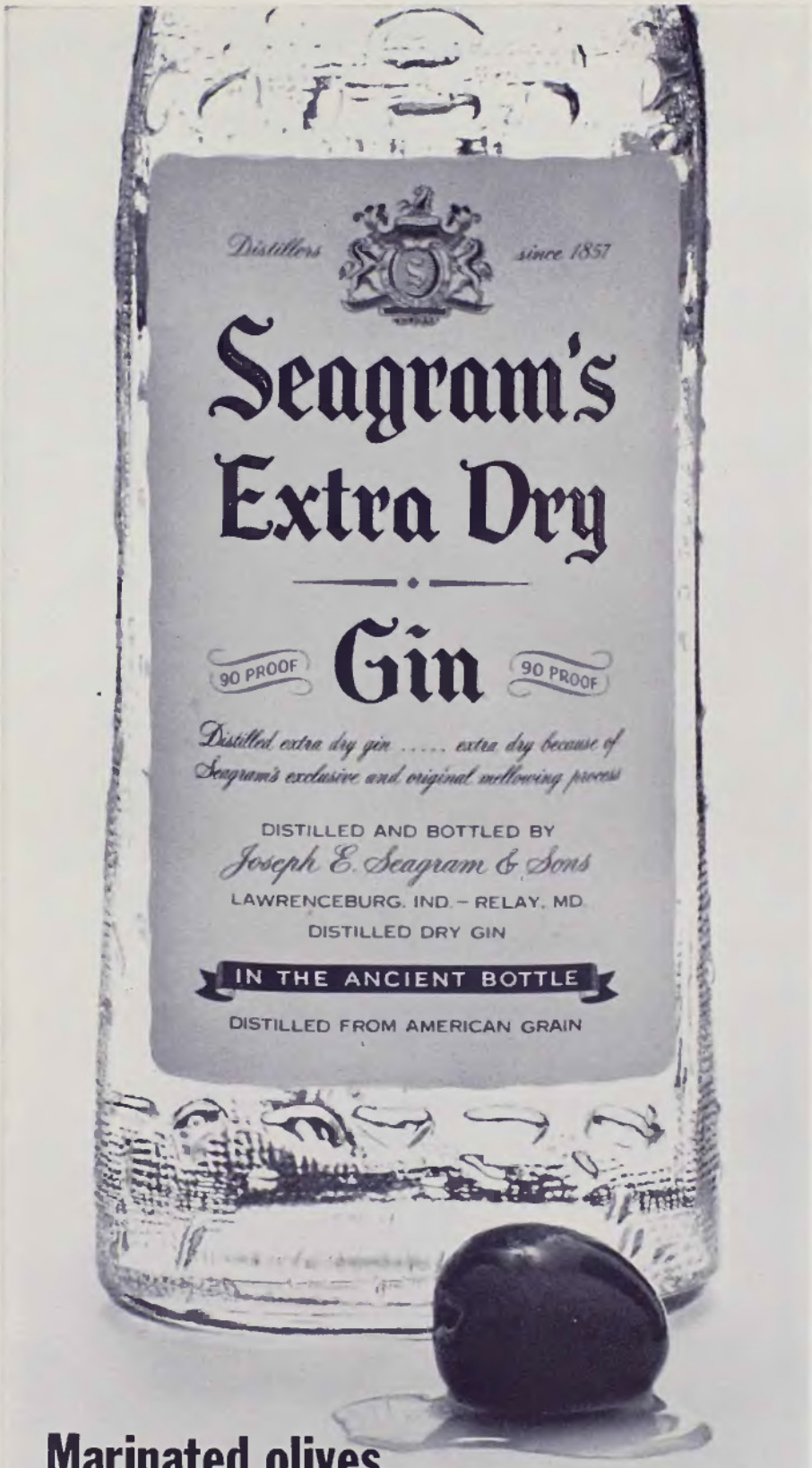
John Clellon Holmes has understood the message Naples has always delivered to northerners and succeeded admirably in recording the eternal longing of men from the virtuous and methodical Protestant countries when facing the famous bay and its inhabitants. What he does not know is that the Neapolitans are weary of being the way they are and would happily exchange their centuries-old wisdom for a cheap automobile, new clothes and three meals a day; above all, they love the garishly new, the fluorescent lights and the pop music that

Here's something over thirty you can trust.

The 1880 Body Shirt.

Back in the good old days when men were men they wore shirts that showed it. If you've got the body we've got the shirt. It has our new 5-inch highboy collar and comes in a herd of colors, stripes and prints. From $9. Slightly higher in the West. For names of retailers, write h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Available in Canada. Boys' sizes, too.

h.i.s



Marinated olives.
This week's perfect martini secret.

Marinate the olives in vermouth and
use the perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

go with the dawn of affluence. Holmes ends with the hope that Americans like him might end up as Neapolitans one day, if they're lucky. He ought to be told that the hope of Neapolitans is to end up one day, if *they* are lucky, as what they think Americans are like.

Luigi Barzini
Rome, Italy

Luigi Barzini is an Italian journalist and author of the best seller "The Italians."

I was delighted to see Naples again—this time through the eyes of John Clellon Holmes. Like many other Navy men, I lived in Naples for three years and became intimately acquainted with every facet of this flawed gem of a city. Holmes perceived more of the beauty and truth of the city in his few days there than most outsiders absorb in months or even years. The casual tourist, of course, usually ignores Naples or uses it as a staging area for trips to Pompeii, Capri or the *Costa Amalfitana*. Travel agents have nothing to gain by telling clients about the Piazza Forcella, where on a Sunday morning you can see all the cameras stolen in Naples within the past two months on display in a booth next to a fishmonger's stall, whose hunchbacked owner spends most of his time chasing live eels through the flowing gutters. And Holmes was correct to ask, "What other city could have overcome my peevish mood simply by trying to fleece me at every step?" As he implied, the Neapolitan formula for life would be worth more to our country than any political anti-poverty program yet devised.

R. P. Leavitt
Lincoln, Massachusetts

A RIDE ON THE WILD SIDE

It was an unexpected pleasure to read Nelson Algren's *Get All the Money* in the June issue. As one who has played the ponies for years, I can assure you it had all the flavor and excitement of the track itself. It's a shame that only those who ride the horses or bet on them realize that the greatest of American sports is second to none—not even to bullfighting—for thrills and courage and that particular element that makes life real. Nelson Algren is a welcome exception in an age of shallow fiction and writers who are lucky to have the ability to sign their own name. *The Man with the Golden Arm* was one of the great novels of all time, and *Get All the Money* rates as one of the all-time great short stories.

Roscoe Havermann
Nashville, Tennessee

Modern authors, like modern politicians, all seem to be bloodless types who

Here's something over thirty you can trust.

The 1850 Jeans.

We took a pair of old western jeans and gave it some new twists. Not to mention new colors, patterns, pockets, and shapes. Our Flare jeans (left) have a low rise and scoop front pockets. Our denim Safari jeans (center) have pre-frayed bottoms and roomy patch pockets. Our Swabby jeans (right) have a button-through fly. They all come in a wide range of solids, stripes and plaids. From $8. Slightly higher in the West. For names of retailers, write h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Available in Canada. Boys' sizes, too. Shoes by h.i.s.

h.i.s

DATSUN

Datsun
DATSUN

The new Datsun 1200's are really something

Strong as a bank vault and looking saucy, there's a big sedan luxury here. All vinyl bucket seats, locking gas cap, padded sunvisors, armrests, steering wheel lock, the works—all standard. And all wrapped up in a steel unibody for solid protection.

Li'l Something
DATSUN 1200 SEDAN $1736*

The Li'l Something's got big ideas about room. Its interior is man-sized for Americans.

We simply took the "ugly" out of economy and put the performance in. The Li'l Something's new 69 horsepower high-cam engine moves you out from 0 to 60 in under 15 seconds. Plenty of go. And plenty of stop with the safer, surer braking power of front disc brakes. Up to 30 miles to the gallon too.

Want both hard-dollar economy and hang-the-expense comfort? Then do yourself a small favor. Get the Li'l Something—our lowest priced 2-Door Sedan.

Agile, tough, handsome. Its sleek shape is action-styled like its big brother—the 240-Z. In fact, the Something Special handles a lot like our exciting GT.

Flick through the gears with professional authority thanks to its all synchro-transmission. Zoom to 60 in just 14.8 seconds. Turn around in just 27 feet. Front disc brakes call the quickest halt with the greatest margin of safety.

Something Special
DATSUN 1200 COUPE $1866*

The Something Special's slip-stream silhouette is as much functional as fashionable. Wind tunnel tests proved its stubborn resistance to strong side winds.

Versatile. Front bucket seats recline practically prone. The back seat folds neatly down for extra-carrying space. And the flip-top trunk allows convenient access from the rear.

Hop-skip commuting or cruising cross country, this new Datsun coupe is something special for just about everybody.

See the new Datsun 1200's now at any of the over 1,000 Datsun dealers in the U.S. and Canada.

Drive a Datsun, then decide.

DATSUN PRODUCT OF NISSAN

* PLUS TAX, LICENSE, LOCAL FREIGHT, IF ANY, D&H (EXCEPT HAWAII). SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

Bardstown. Lets you look your best... any time, any place.

No matter what shape your shape's in . . . the natural-shoulder Traditional styling of Bardstown lets you look out-of-this-world.

At very down-to-earth prices.

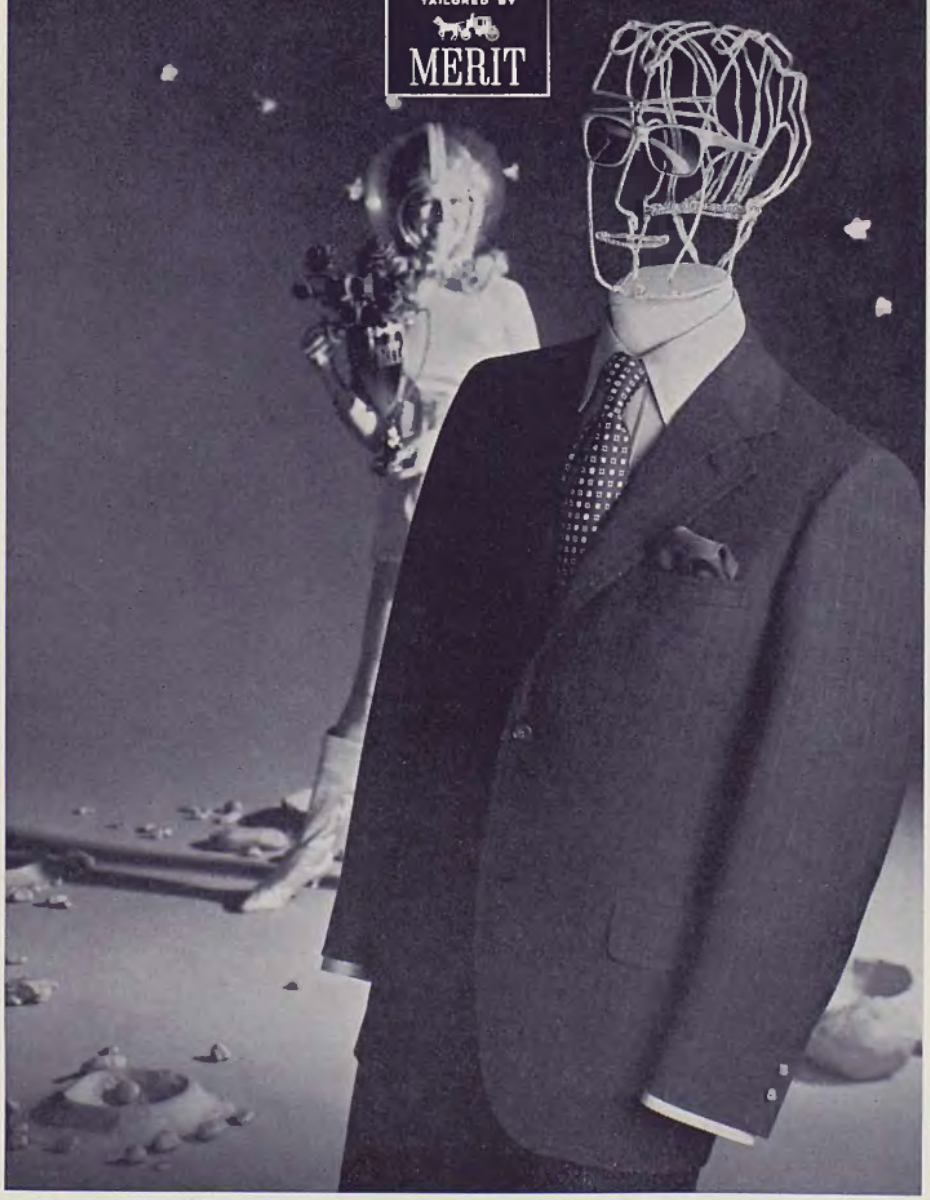
Bardstown styling swings, but softly. Always keeps you in good taste. Bardstown has preferred body shaping, wider lapels, more of Today's Fashion detailing than most Traditionals . . . yet the timeless tailoring of Bardstown will be as much in style years from now as it is today.

Don't just make a splash with far-out fashions. Make your mark where it counts—with the people who recognize style and good taste.

Make it with Bardstown.

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

Bardstown
TAILORED BY
MERIT



come equipped with college degrees and business suits and a knowledge of life that seldom extends beyond the traumas caused by a Jewish mother or love affairs that blossom solely in the groves of academe (the bearded, revolutionary student and the straight-haired, liberated girl are already stereotypes). What a relief to read a story by a man with blood in his veins and poetry in his fingers! *Get All the Money* is a classic, as great in its way as *A Walk on the Wild Side* and *The Man with the Golden Arm* were in theirs. The bit of poetry at the end of the story was particularly reminiscent of the latter novel.

Frank Schuman
Chicago, Illinois

LOLA

Congratulations on the June issue and the pictorial on Lola Falana. You have captured the many moods of the most talented actress I know. As director William Wyler said of her during the filming of *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, "Every take of her is so good it's hard to know which one to use."

Jesse Hill Ford
Humboldt, Tennessee

Jesse Hill Ford is the author of "The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones," the book from which the film was made.

TORRID *TROPIC*

Henry Miller's *"Tropic of Cancer" Revisited* (PLAYBOY, June) inspired me to revisit that tragic, hilarious, wonderful book. I spent all night rereading it and endorse Miller's boast that he was a quarter of a century ahead of his time with his "jolly premonitions of doom and destruction." Indeed, the cancer was there when he wrote the book and it has taken most of us a generation to catch up with his perceptions. Congratulations for once again publishing one of the great writers of our time.

John Robinson
New York, New York

Is it possible? Judging from your illustrations, the movie *Tropic of Cancer* will have lovely ladies; according to Miller's commentary, it will also have the Gallic and galling wit of the original novel. Until now, movies have presented us with either the former, as in *Vixen*, or the latter, as in *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. Are we at last going to get a sex flick that's both erotic and cerebral?

Robert Frank
San Francisco, California

FROM GERMANY, WITH LOVE

Ken W. Purdy's analysis of the new German cars in his article *The Germans Are Coming! The Germans Are Coming!* (PLAYBOY, June) demonstrates how the dean of U. S. auto journalists earned and maintains that title. The appreciation Purdy expresses for well-engineered cars

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215

The Dingo Man. He's no ordinary Joe.

Boots are his thing.
They're part of his image.
He knows just how to wear boots.
With style.
He knows when to wear them too.
Whenever he feels like it.

But don't try to con
The Dingo Man into a boot made by a shoemaker.
His boots are real.

The label inside all of them reads "Dingo."

If you don't believe us, ask any girl Joe Namath knows.

dingo®

For store nearest you, write: Acme Boot Co., Inc., Dept. PL90, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.

FROM ACME. Ⓐ® THE WORLD'S LARGEST BOOTMAKER

For $1.95 your old Remington can shave you better than when it was new.

Heard about those brand new REMINGTON® *Lektro-Blade*™ shavers? With their extra sharp disposable blades?

Well, rejoice.

Because those same new extra sharp blades also fit your REMINGTON *Selectro* or *Selektronic* shaver. You'll get closer, smoother, more comfortable shaves than ever before—with new blades that are *four times sharper* than the blades you started out with.

Of course, these extra sharp replacement blades can't hold their fine edge forever. So after about six months, depending on your beard, you ought to replace them again—in order to keep on getting a closer, more comfortable shave.

A set of three blades costs just $1.95.*

(So simple to install, even your wife could do it.) Look for them at your Remington dealer; or call the following telephone number *collect*. And we'll give you the name and address of a nearby dealer who has these replacement blades.

You've really got to try them.

Telephone: (800) 631-4299. In New Jersey: (201) 488-1234.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

Selectro, Selektronic, Lektro Blade Trademarks of Sperry Rand Corp. © 1970 S.R.C. Remington Electric Shaver Division/Bridgeport, Conn.

SPERRY RAND®

comes from his longtime affection for them and, in the case of Porsche, the admiration is mutual. He has owned a number of Porsches over the past decade and it is to him and others like him that Ferry Porsche has dedicated his career.

J. E. Reilly, Vice-President
Porsche Audi
Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey

We at Daimler-Benz have known Ken W. Purdy for a long time and have read many of his excellent articles in your magazine. The latest one, *The Germans Are Coming! The Germans Are Coming!*, is a highlight among the many he has written and a tour de force in international motoring journalism. Congratulations to the author and to the editors.

Artur J. Keser
Director of Public Relations
Daimler-Benz AG
Stuttgart, Germany

I've read Ken W. Purdy's articles on automobiles for more than 20 years, so I wasn't surprised at the excellence of *The Germans Are Coming! The Germans Are Coming!* But the scope of the article, the historical understanding and the accuracy of detail make it, in my opinion, the best treatment of the subject I have seen in print (and not only in the English language). I say this objectively, despite my personal involvement as importer of BMW automobiles for the United States.

M. E. Hoffman, President
Hoffman Motors Corporation
New York, New York

I thoroughly enjoyed reading Ken W. Purdy's latest article for you. The Germans put out automobiles, Detroit puts out cars. Cars are different in several respects—they always need maintenance, eat far too much gas and usually have several bugs the manufacturer didn't quite get worked out, because he was more interested in how his products looked than in how they performed. Purdy did a fine job of showing what the Germans can do.

Gregory Zinn
Denver, Colorado

SWEET AND SOUR

It's a cinch you're not going to get any fan letters from NASA for Patrick McGivern's story about the zany astronaut, *Number Eight* (PLAYBOY, June). Very funny, gentlemen. In his own way, Batson is far more appealing and human than the plastic heroes turned out by the Government PR agencies for the space program.

Norris Posner
Denver, Colorado

One of the great tragedies of American life is that great men can risk their lives for this country and other men can ridicule them for their efforts. *Number*

Sit down and be counted.

"Why fool around? I want the best, so I drink Ballantine's Scotch. Period."

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

Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

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

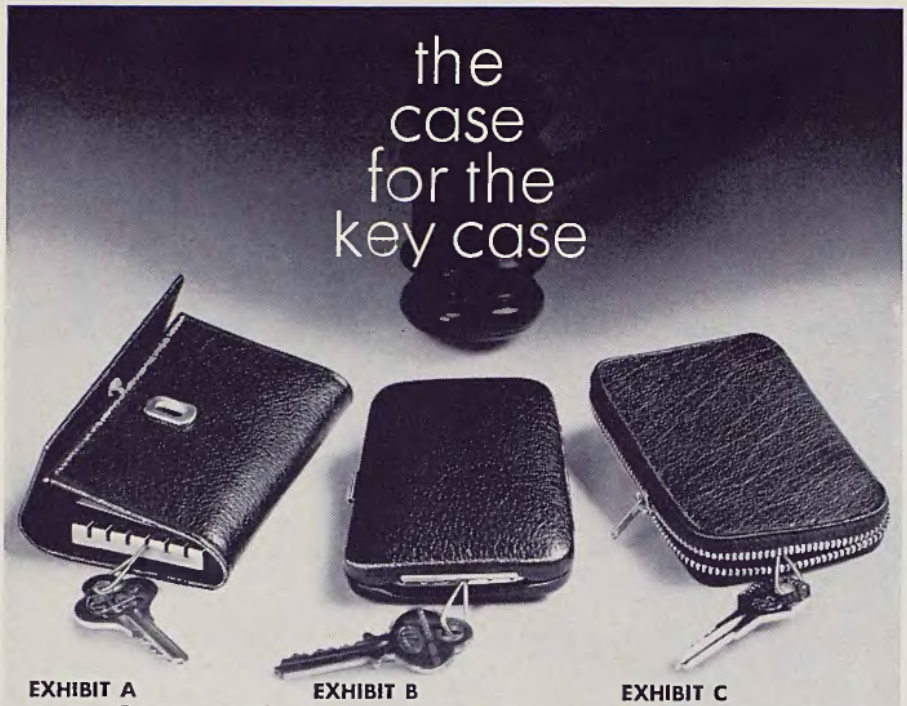


EXHIBIT A
Key Gord® Adopta-Snap®

EXHIBIT B
extra-thin Key Gord®,

EXHIBIT C
zipper-closing Key Gord®,

Available in a luxurious line of leathers and colors from $2.00.

defense rests.

PRINCE GARDNER®

Prince Gordner, St. Louis, Mo. A Division of SWANK, INC.

For cocktails and gourmet recipes, write for our free booklet.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE / MADE FROM FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. PL-12, 745 5TH AVE., N.Y.C. 10022

Eight wins no prizes from me. Some writers could make a two-line gag out of the Sermon on the Mount.

Harold Wrightman
San Francisco, California

THANKS, BUT NO THANKS

I greatly enjoyed *Tailor-Made Turndowns* in the June PLAYBOY. It's good to see that you're not above putting yourself on, too.

Mack Elders
St. Louis, Missouri

Tailor-Made Turndowns hits us true and clean.

T George Harris, Editor
Psychology Today
Del Mar, California

Your feature on publishers' rejection slips was a masterpiece. My only regret is that its author didn't submit the piece to *Avant-Garde* first. I assure you that it would not have been rejected.

Ralph Ginzburg, Editor
Avant-Garde Magazine
New York, New York

Well, pal, I read your *Tailor-Made Turndowns* today. It was like six inches . . . etc. Except, substitute "turn it down" for "send it back."

Mark Penzer, Editor
True Magazine
New York, New York

Like a few of the other magazines whose rejection slips were parodied in *Tailor-Made Turndowns*, *Screw*'s would have been direct and to the point. "Where have you been since *Tropic of Cancer*? Thanks for keeping us in mind —Don Juan didn't get in on his first try, either. Love and peace."

Jim Buckley, Publisher
Screw, The Sex Review
New York, New York

DEADLY JOBS

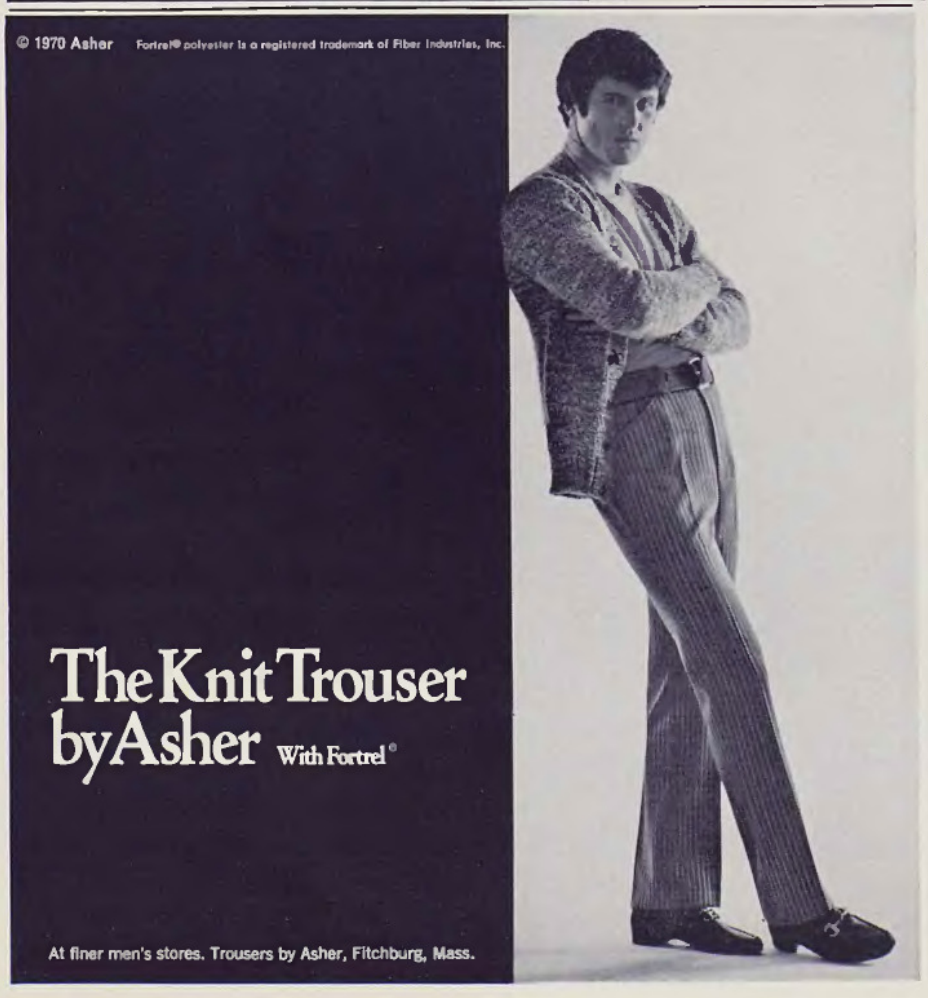
Congratulations to you and author Alan Westin for *The Career Killers* (PLAYBOY, June). It's amazing that our great representatives in Washington have allowed these sadistic "inspectors" to flourish. This rude violation of our Constitution is permitted by the power elite and the establishment to help hold in check the effete snobs—the great mass of our free society. How long must we wait for action on this modern inquisition operated by human vultures for profit? More power to Senator Proxmire!

Thomas E. Summers
Nashville, Tennessee

George Harris, mentioned in *The Career Killers*, is, indeed, to be pitied. I am, however, amazed that he could graduate from a university, spend two years in the Army and work for a management-consultant firm and an insurance

Dyed-in-the-wool Pendletons.

Anything but sheepish: the new fall flock of pure-wool Pendletons. Left to right, placket shirt $18.50; jacquard plaid sweater $24, with 7-foot muffler $6; belted tunic $25, with doubleknit shirt $32.50; stag jacket $30, with shetland crew neck sweater $16. For information: Dept. P, Pendleton® Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97201.



company and not know that the system sucks. Then you ask if millions of Americans will allow themselves to live under this kind of system. Of course they will.

Kimberley Allen
Los Angeles, California

Alan Westin, in his article *The Career Killers*, mentions me and Fidelifacts. The author also quotes some statements by the president of the Retail Credit Company before a Congressional committee but did not quote the most significant one: "I would like now to describe briefly what we are not and what we do not do. We are not an organization of private detectives." It's a gross injustice to include Fidelifacts, a network owned and operated by former FBI agents, all trained professional investigators/detectives, with a company that specifically disclaims investigative expertise. It implies to Fidelifacts all the faults Westin attributed to the Retail Credit Company.

Vincent Gillen, President
Fidelifacts of Greater New York
New York, New York

FOUR-LETTER FALLACIES

I was surprised to learn that *The Playboy Advisor* doesn't know the derivation of that famous four-letter word for sexual intercourse (PLAYBOY, May). Fuck is onomatopoeic. Listen next time!

Thomas A. Mueller
Stanford, California

Who can listen at a time like that?

A friend of mine has told me that the word fuck comes from Puritan times. When two people were busted for doing it, they were shoved in the stocks and a sign was hung about their necks explaining that the punishment was *F*or *U*sing *C*arnal *K*nowledge. A variation on what your letter writer asked. My friend got it from his girl.

Gene Freedman
Detroit, Michigan

Got what from his girl?

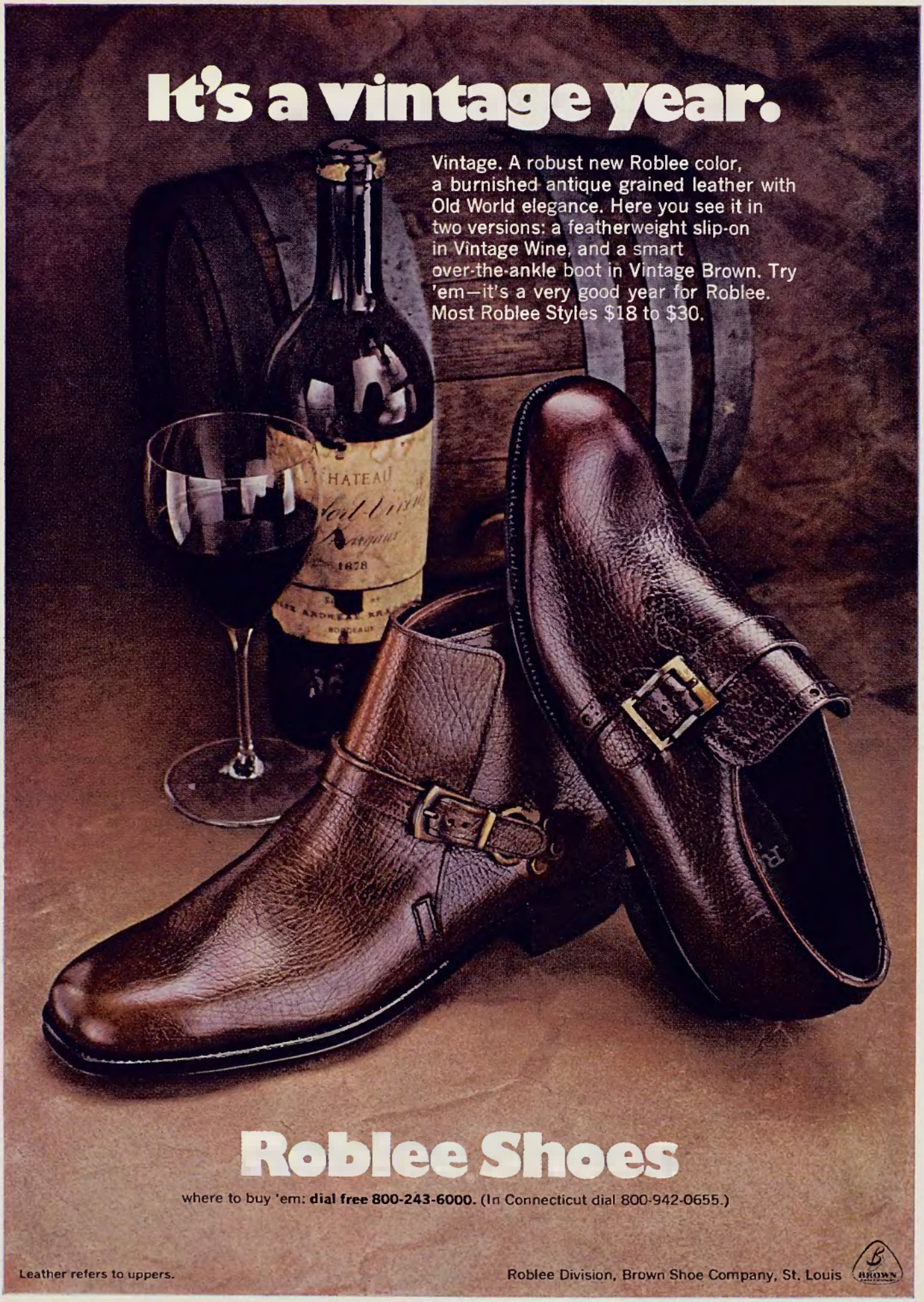
In regard to your derivation of the word fuck, I feel you missed the boat. According to my *Funk & Wagnalls*: "Fecundate—(1) To make fruitful or fecund; (2) To impregnate; fertilize." I am sure that this is the derivation of that four-letter word without which an ex-salt would find himself tongue-tied.

Henry J. Haas
Reedley, California

Our "Funk & Wagnalls" doesn't mention fuck at all—nor do most popular dictionaries; we relied on other sources for our "Playboy Advisor" answer. Sorry, but none of the above letters convinces us that we were in error.

CATHARSIS

The Sacrifice, by Louis Auchincloss (PLAYBOY, June), is a tough story to take. Auchincloss hits upon the feeling of


It's a vintage year.
Vintage. A robust new Roblee color, a burnished antique grained leather with Old World elegance. Here you see it in two versions: a featherweight slip-on in Vintage Wine, and a smart over-the-ankle boot in Vintage Brown. Try 'em—it's a very good year for Roblee. Most Roblee Styles $18 to $30.
Roblee Shoes
where to buy 'em: dial free 800-243-6000. (In Connecticut dial 800-942-0655.)
Leather refers to uppers.
Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis

FAMOUS TAPERED UNDERWEAR
by REIS
GOES PERMANENT PRESS
NO IRONING NEEDED!
65% DACRON* POLYESTER
35% COMBED COTTON
soft and luxurious
to give you that trim athletic look

Foremost Producers of 65% Dacron* 35% Cotton Men's Underwear
*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK
TORSO T-SHIRT
Tapered fit with reinforced side-vents. Perma-Sized® S-M- L-XL in White. $2.00.
SHORTI-SHORT™
Short and tapered to hug the hips. Reinforced side vents. Sizes 28-40. In White, Colors and fashionable Stripes. $1.75.
ALSO SHORTI-BRIEF™
100% DuPont stretch Nylon. White, Blue, Gold, Black. S-M- L-XL. $1.75.
at your favorite store, or write
ROBERT REIS & CO.
350 Fifth Ave., New York 10001

almost all of us as we view the violence and hatred in the world and realize that we're not immune—neither from being on the receiving end of it nor from contributing to it. Sadly, violence begets violence, if not of the body, most assuredly of the soul. *The Sacrifice* wasn't exactly a story that one enjoys reading, but perhaps, in a small way, I'm a better man for having read it.

William Schneider
Fort Worth, Texas

Could it be that Auchincloss, in searching for a short cut to acceptable literature, found just a footpath covered with thorns and horny toads? The readers of PLAYBOY deserve better.

Marsha Townsend
Elizabeth, Pennsylvania

GENTLEMAN FROM GEORGIA

Not many people realize that PLAYBOY was one of the first if not *the* first major magazine to give national attention to the black man and his views. More than any other publication, yours has tried to bridge the gap between black and white. But *Now, from the State That Brought You Lester Maddox . . .* (PLAYBOY, June), by Douglas Kiker, was worthless. Every man is entitled to his own opinion, but how Kiker arrived at his views on Julian Bond is beyond me. He implies that Bond is more white than black and would rather *be* white than black, when he accuses him of being "black, just barely." But there isn't any such animal, not today. Kiker also gives the impression that he's resentful because Bond didn't suffer the atrocities that most blacks suffer during their childhood. I was brought up in a ghetto and I'm *happy* that not everyone suffers as much as I did. But the most disturbing statement was that Bond has been awaiting chance and that chance has been good to him. I learned long ago that you make your own breaks.

If Julian Bond were white, perhaps Kiker would pay him his due—but no such luck. Sorry, Kiker, I like Julian Bond—our black (just barely) idol, if not yours.

Ernest W. Burkeen, Jr.
FPO New York, New York

Douglas Kiker has been very kind to Julian Bond. There is no question that Bond is courteous—and also that he is *persona non grata* to virtually every member of the house. Bond attends little of daily sessions and makes no contribution whatever to legislation; he is a mediocre legislator and has no place in the house. Unhappily, the Georgia legislature made this man by twice refusing him his seat—though its refusal was not based on his color (other blacks were sworn in when his seat was denied him). This denial threw him into the national limelight, making him a speaker who can command large fees. His travels and speaking engagements take precedence over his attending to his duties for the people of his district.

Bond is articulate and more able than the average, but he will never earn the respect of the white race generally. I believe him to be a rabble-rouser, one who has no regard for national foreign policy nor the fact that people should share in the protection of this nation, although he enjoys the liberties given to him by those who have died for this nation and by the courts that have secured those freedoms. I am not an over-all respecter of this man.

(Name not given)
Member, House of Representatives
General Assembly of Georgia
Atlanta, Georgia

Nor are we respecters of men who attack other men under the cloak of anonymity.

I enjoyed reading Douglas Kiker's article on Julian Bond in your June issue. It caught much of the flavor of the quiet courage and sense of self that explains why, as the author says, "Julian Bond always gets invited, is always counted in, always comes to mind." But Kiker is inaccurate when he quotes me as saying that "Bond stands for all the things the Kennedys stood for." He picks up the theme again toward the end of the article, when he refers to Julian as a "black John F. Kennedy." If there is any one principle for which Julian Bond has consistently stood, it is that our country will not be healthy until we conceive of politics in terms of issues rather than personalities.

Perhaps more important than understanding Julian Bond as an individual is understanding him as a symbol of a new breed of committed political leaders. They conceive of their obligations as being national; they are always available to fight the good fights and their egos are self-sustaining and nourished by a sense of community. I think this explains why Julian Bond finds time to leave Georgia to campaign for Don Peterson in Wisconsin and Sammy Rayner in Chicago and why Peterson leaves his own gubernatorial race to campaign for the National Democratic Party in Alabama and for Al Lowenstein in New York. This new sense of national commitment and of community—whether exemplified by Julian Bond working the boondocks of Wisconsin for Peterson or by Hugh Hefner holding a fund raiser for the anti-war Moratorium—is to me the most encouraging trend on the American political scene.

Ted M. Warshafsky
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Warshafsky was the delegate from Wisconsin who nominated Julian Bond for the Vice-Presidency at the Democratic National Convention in 1968.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

LEROY NEIMAN

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Painter

HOBBIES: Prowling favorite hunting grounds with a sketchbook: the race course, the casino, the night club, the sports arena.

LAST BOOK READ: "Countdown to Super Bowl." (He illustrated it.)

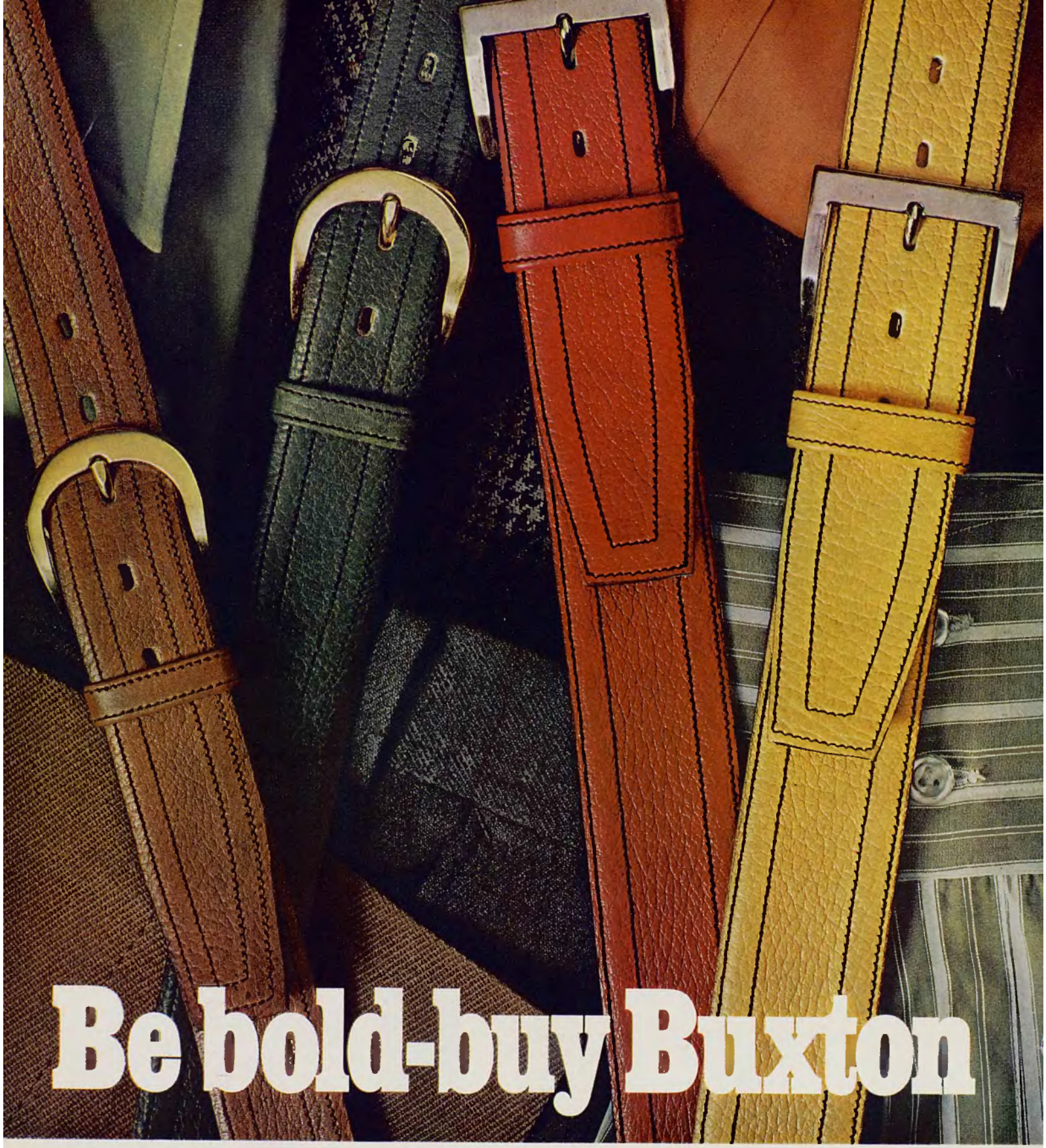
LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: 1970 one-man show at Hammer Galleries in New York and Galleria Fiorentina d'Arte in Florence, Italy.

QUOTE: "Man is most himself in his pleasure, not his work. There's less pretense. It's the fun and games, the fashionable distractions of our time—these expose his problems. I think this all comes out in my art."

PROFILE: Modish. Easygoing and unscheduled. A prolific artist, whose paintings reflect the color and action of man at his leisure.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides. ***Dewar's never varies.***



Colorful. Contemporary. Unique. Belts from the Design Gallery by Buxton. Here in supple Llama Calf. Six custom colors. Two fashion widths. Staccato stitching. Tailored Italian blunt tip and solid brass bucklings in two distinguished styles. Collector's items from $11.00 to $13.50.

design gallery

by BUXTON®

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

If you find yourself in San Francisco in September, as we did last year, make a point of spending an idyllic afternoon at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire. The Marin Civic Center, standing majestically against the brown hillside less than an hour's drive north of the city, marks the turn from Highway 101 to the road that will take you to the site of the festivities —a sensuous eucalyptus grove with the pungent odors of incense and meats roasting on spits. The idea of the Faire —which is open every Saturday and Sunday of the month from 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. (the gates are shut when the crowd reaches 15,000)—is to create an atmosphere evocative not only of the Renaissance but also of Elizabethan England. Nearly everyone in attendance—from the ticket takers and the unobtrusive security guards to the children playing on the grass—is dressed in an appropriately colorful historic costume. You can expect to see several Henry the Eighths and at least an equal number of Popes with ruby rings. Period attire isn't compulsory, of course, though some turned-on visitors will find that their everyday garb blends readily with the antiquarian setting; others may be so carried away as to dispense with clothing altogether.

Mercifully, the Faire lacks the flashing light and amplified sound that have come to be associated with large public gatherings. There is no public-address system—in fact, no electricity: just sunlight and candlelight and the voices of strolling madrigal singers. Forest paths lined with shingled and thatched huts, hawkers' stalls, tents, old wooden wheelbarrows, gypsy wagons and carts lead to such specialty areas as the Cooks' Court, Spendpenny Lane, Jewelers' Row, Candlemakers' Cove, Ironmongers' Alley and the Witches' Wood. Loudly proclaiming the quality of their wares are weavers, wood and stone carvers, potters, lutemakers and leather craftsmen—one of whom may try to sell you a pair of leather pants with a chinchilla-lined codpiece and, for milady, a matching leather chastity belt that comes with only one key.

At a two-story Elizabethan theater, fashioned of timber and roofed with thatch, plays by Marlowe, Jonson and Shakespeare are performed throughout the day. The Society for Creative Anachronism enacts chess games with human chess pieces—and moving through the crowd are puppeteers, jesters, mimes, jugglers, pipers, wizards, mummers and sometimes a rogue or two vending master keys to the chastity belt you might have purchased earlier. Or you may encounter the bane of such characters, the Sheriff of this Sherwood Forest and his stalwart deputies. Highwaymen, thieves and other malfeasants are given "publick" thrashings and imprisoned in a wooden gaol—all staged, of course. Witches and other practitioners of occult science —palmists, chart readers, soothsayers, alchemists and fortunetellers—are also much in evidence. You may elect to purchase a love potion from a gypsy or to consult the Oracle of Agnesi by pouring molten lead into a small pond: The seer assesses the future according to the shape the metal then assumes. At the entrance to a narrow wooden bridge, you may even be accosted by a troll demanding a penny for passage.

Refreshments at the Faire are equally in keeping with the theme: olde English nut-brown ale, mead, wines and cider —and perhaps a nip from a jug of mountain red offered by a friendly teenybopper. Food available at the stalls includes "deviled beefe bones," meat pies, sweetbreads, Cornish pasties, cheeses, fresh breads, nuts, tarts, herb cookies, organically grown fruits and roast turkey legs. September 20, supposedly the birthday of Robin Hood, is devoted to such contests as quarterstaff matches, archery tournaments, jousting and other games of strength, skill and chance; winners get a buss from a lovely Maid Marian. There are spontaneous entertainments as well: If you stray from the pathway, you may stumble onto lovers enjoying the Faire in their own fashion. In fact, it's not improbable that the girl with the jug of mountain red may very well invite you to come and do likewise.

•

In unabashed response to the urban housing crisis, some doughty infighters on the contemporary scene have been filing scattered reports about a new way to achieve Gracious Living despite exorbitant rentals, poor maintenance, indifferent service and sundry other complaints commonly heard among discommoded city dwellers. The trick, they claim, is to find an apartment in a high-rise owned and operated by the Mafia, since the free-enterprising mob chieftains—ever alert these days to the advantages of legitimate business—seem quite taken with the idea of siphoning profits from organized crime into expensive and legitimate real estate.

The fringe benefits of tenancy in a Mafia-owned apartment house, as outlined by informants whose identities we swore not to divulge, deserve at least passing mention. When the plumbing or a kitchen appliance goes on the blink, the Mafia's close working relationship with trade unions and private contractors guarantees prompt repairs. For the same reason, if a strike of city sanitation workers threatens, one can rest assured that other arrangements will be made for the fast disposal of your garbage. And petty crimes such as burglary and hallway mugging are virtually unknown, of course, thanks either to professional courtesy or to the tight security maintained by a staff of swarthy chaps who come to work disguised as doormen and elevator attendants. Not long ago, a chic young newcomer to Manhattan confided that the Mob, which operates her building with Swisslike efficiency, truly outdoes itself for a number of well-behaved callgirls on the premises—most of them svelte Upper East Side types whose $100-a-night Johns are discreetly checked out in the lobby.

There are other fringe benefits—some of dubious value—that can be enjoyed as optional extras, of course. A Manhattanite of our acquaintance was sitting in the coffeeshop of her building one day, discussing a money problem with her roommate, when a devilishly handsome sandwich man leaned over the counter—flashing his smile along with an impressive roll of bills—and offered to lend her 200 big ones, forgoing his usual high

Gordon's. It's how the English keep their gin up!

...and you stir a meticulous martini.

Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin? Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you still stir a drier, more precise martini today. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then that's why your martini is made with the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world. Cheers!

PROOUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

interest rate in return for certain unspecified considerations. Later that night, she found the same counterman in front of the building's canopied entrance, dressed to kill—dressed, at any rate, for a fast getaway in his Lincoln Continental—and soliciting her companionship for an evening at El Morocco. He shrugged philosophically and drove off when she declined. During subsequent *Kaffeeklatsches*, she learned that the luncheonette's cashier takes bets on the numbers, and that chronic losers can turn to a loansharking bartender at a friendly little boite around the corner.

Equally interesting reports emanate from a luxurious chunk of urban architecture in Mafia-ridden New Jersey. There, the tenants haven't a single harsh word for the surly building superintendent, who comes and goes under the eye of a full-time bodyguard, known from penthouse to garage as "the bulldog." It may be a sign of contemporary moral decadence, but at least one contented matron says, "Who cares? We all feel perfectly safe here. They watch the door, they park your car, they help with your packages. They won't even let a lady carry up her own shopping bags. Where else do you get so much for your money?"

But a word of caution seems obligatory here, lest our readership include prospective renters so inured to the traditional hostility between landlord and tenant that they might disregard the Mafia's well-earned reputation for settling disputes by methods more punitive than just turning down the heat. One should certainly think twice, for example, before trying to break a lease, hosting a catered affair without Mafia booze and bartenders, holding a poker party with no percentage for the house or entertaining a free-lance lady of the evening in your quarters. One might also be ill-advised to be tardy with the rent, since the high-interest late charges are apt to be compounded semidaily. Some intrepid tenants may feel that the benefits of Mob rule outweigh such natural hazards, but it's a measure of Mafia hospitality that we'd prefer to continue coping with the time-honored incompetence and indifference of the stony-hearted land barons who still own and operate much of America's prime private real estate.

•

"PLAYING WITH BALLS INJURIOUS TO JOINT," read the unsettling headline of an item in *The Horner Newsletter*. We were reassured to note that the story concerned a medical expert's opinion that sports involving balls are responsible for injuries to the hand's proximal interphalangeal joint.

•

Great Ideas of Western Man Department: In an effort to explain the origins of campus unrest, the *Farm Observer*

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215

Get with Levis' and the real feel of comfortable Cone corduroy. Left to right, all-cotton Slim Fits, 26 to 38, 6.50; all-cotton Levis' for Gals Band-it at 11.00; and polyester and cotton Sta-Prest® Hopster Flares, sizes 28 to 38, 12.00. In a color range as great as all outdoors. At fine stores everywhere. Cone Mills, 1440 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Cone®

of Woodland, California, undertook the following analysis: "During World War Two, the psychopaths, the queers and oddballs normally unemployable were able to find jobs and get married to reproduce their kind of oddballs. Without the War they would have had a difficult time in finding mates in competition with the mass of their age group. But with the competition away to war they managed to get married and reproduce a batch of misfits now going to colleges throughout the land and making themselves heard as peaceniks, beatniks and flower children. Some of them have even become teachers and are now spreading their warped philosophies among their own kind as well as among the healthy youngsters in the schools." Oyez, oyez.

•

Owners of a Taunton, England, movie theater revealed that the number of senior citizens taking advantage of reduced-price seats doubled while these two movies were on the bill: *Sex Is a Pleasure* and *Hot Blood*.

•

The Campbell, Missouri, First Baptist Church bulletin, noting an upcoming church-wide potluck supper, urged members to "bring enough pot for your family."

•

Male Chauvinism is alive and well and living in Brazil: An attractive widow in Alvorada has been temporarily barred from taking office as a newly elected alderman on the grounds that her beauty would prove distracting to the male members of the city's governing chamber.

•

To reassure all those who feel that common civility is a thing of the past, we report the following U.P.I. story: A Houston youth was waiting on a street corner when a man stabbed him in the back. Turning around, the boy saw that the man had a pocketknife and was ready to stab him again until he looked him in the eye. The would-be assassin said, "Sorry, I thought you were someone else," and walked away.

•

Our Poop Deck Award goes to the Cowichan Bay, British Columbia, "Privy Council," which organizes an annual race for outboard-motor-powered outhouses.

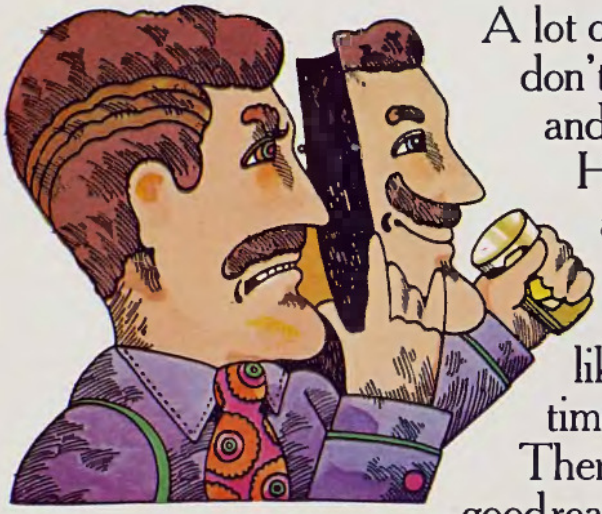
•

The Midwestern Beef Company, with headquarters in Chicago, boasts as its proud motto: "Beef Is Our Only Business." Offered for sale in a *Chicago Sun-Times* advertisement carrying that slogan were frying chickens, pork chops, ham and bacon.

•

All the News That's Fit to Print Department: In the obituary for a well-known executive who shall remain nameless, *The New York Times* reported his

CANADIAN MIST. YOU DON'T HAVE TO LEARN TO LIKE IT.



A lot of well meaning people who drink whisky don't really like it. They endure it. They grin and bear it only to be polite. Or social.

Hoping that someday lightning will strike and they'll suddenly "acquire" a taste for it.

Not so with imported Canadian Mist.

Most people like it the first time they try it. There's some good reasons behind this. Canadian Mist is a tasty whisky. You can enjoy its smooth full flavor on the rocks or mixed or with a little water. Or even straight (the true test of any good whisky).

Another thing you don't have to learn to like is the price. Canadian Mist is distilled and blended in Canada but it's bottled here. This saves us tax money. Which saves you money. Usually about two bucks a bottle.

Why learn your lesson the hard way? Start with Canadian Mist. And go to the head of the class.

CANADIAN MIST.

Canadian Whisky—A Blend • 80-86.8 Proof • Barton Distillers Import Co. • N.Y.

yours for distinguished drinksmanship

Osterizer
LIQUEFIER-BLENDER
bar mixer

We should warn you: the man with an Osterizer Bar Mixer is in constant danger of being asked to run for president, star in Italian movies, etc., because he demonstrates such savoir-faire in exotic Drinksmanship that people accustomed to putting up with something-and-water get carried away.

So will you, with Osterizer Hi-Lo speed control, 5-cup stainless steel container that opens at both ends, recipe book, and generally debonair appearance as it lounges on your bar. See it, and the full line of Osterizer blenders, at better stores everywhere.

Send us your favorite Osterizer-mixed formula and we'll send you some Distinguished Drinksmanship recipes in our folder "Sips for Toasting—Tips for Hosting."

© 1970 John Oster Manufacturing Co. 5055 North Lydell Avenue, Dept. PB, Milwaukee, Wis. 53217.
®Oster, Osterizer

BSR
McDONALD

Our model 610/X Total Turntable has every important feature you could want, at a price that won't blow your whole stereo budget.

Synchronous motor. Dual-range anti-skate control. Viscous-damped cue and pause control. And more.

When you first see our price compared with our competition, they both might seem the same.

But ours is a Total Turntable. That means it comes complete with a $15 Decormatic power base, a $7.50 deluxe tinted dust cover, and a $39.95 Shure M-93E elliptical magnetic cartridge. All included in our price you thought was the same as their price.

Make sure your dealer shows you a system with the BSR McDonald 610/X. It's for people who want the best, no matter how little it costs. Write for a free full-color catalog on all our automatic turntables. BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913

Speaking of beautiful features...

survivors as "his widow, three daughters, four brothers, two sisters, six grandchildren and a stenographer."

•

This rather grim anti-pollution slogan has come to our attention: "I shot an arrow into the air—and it stuck."

•

Oh, Calcutta?: Eastern India's West Bengal announced it will immediately ban kissing in films. According to the education minister, cinematic smooching "might cause great harm to society, as it would act as a brain softener."

BOOKS

The genre of science fiction, once cliché-typed by pulp-magazine covers of diaphanously clad maidens writhing in the lustful tentacles of bug-eyed monsters equipped with ray guns, now enjoys Book-of-the-Month Club accolades (*The Andromeda Strain*) and Hollywood success (*2001*). But along the way, science fiction (and its bastard brother, science fantasy) has gone through a series of changes that would put a Venusian snakebird-man to shame. Often forgotten by those who hail the "new-found" maturity of modern sci-fi is that the early pioneers—Verne and particularly H. G. Wells—wrote tales full of sociological and psychological overtones. It was only with the growth of popular magazines in the early 1900s that the monsters took over, and writers such as Edgar Rice Burroughs concocted the first "scientific romances," which emphasized fiction at the expense of science. A new anthology, ***Under the Moons of Mars*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), edited by sci-fi authority Sam Moskowitz, collects nine classics born of this era, along with a detailed history of the men who created it. Though the writing is archaic and the plots creak, the stories still have strong narrative drive and a sense of wonder. But as technology mushroomed, the balance tilted. Maidens and monsters were banished. The better writers now extrapolated from such new hard sciences as atomic energy, rocketry, robotics. Plots now became authentic—so much so that in one famous instance, the FBI descended on the offices of *Astounding Magazine* when one of its stories prematurely spelled out the basic physics of the atomic bomb. Gradually, as the conscience of science began to confront the dangers of its creations, sci-fi turned to such themes as man in conflict with himself, with alien mentalities, with the natural forces of the universe. From the leading publishing exponent of that phase, editors Edward L. Ferman and Robert P. Mills have compiled ***Twenty Years of the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*** (Putnam), an anthology that enshrines some of sci-fi's best modern writers: Asimov, Bradbury and Sturgeon among them. Where

Pre-Season All-American

HS&M monitors the fall fashion line-up—and projects a lively image of natural shoulder styling. In close-up, a two-button Racquet Club suit that updates tradition with a trimmed waist. Here in stripes on fine wool worsted. Also plaids, plains. HS&M's NOVA-SET® process* keeps the suit in shape and looking new.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes; 36 South Franklin Street; Chicago, Illinois 60606

*Patent pending

science fiction goes from here is anybody's guess. Writers from Huxley and Orwell to Pierre Boulle (*Planet of the Apes*) and William Burroughs (*Nova Express*) have adopted its technique as a basis for social satire. Straight sci-fi, such as *The Andromeda Strain* and *The Forbin Project*, is on the increase. Science fiction is also becoming internationally acceptable. In ***The Ultimate Threshold*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Mirra Ginsburg has translated Soviet sci-fi stories, chiefly interesting for the fact that they are the ideologically freest form of writing in the U. S. S. R. today. If science fiction remains popular, or grows more so, perhaps it's largely because, in a time when so much writing emphasizes despair and alienation, science fiction, at root, is a literature of affirmation—of living intelligence courageously probing the cosmos. Two new anthologies merit the attention of sci-fi enthusiasts: ***The Mirror of Infinity*** (Harper & Row), edited by Robert Silverberg, and ***Special Wonder*** (Random House), edited by J. Francis McComas.

•

Stern lives! Almost a decade ago, Bruce Jay Friedman heralded the era of black comedy with his memorable first novel about the assorted fears of a suburbanite schlemiel. Stern was full of hang-ups—about sex, anti-Semitism, his credibility as a husband and a father, the futility of his career. In Friedman's new novel, ***The Dick*** (Knopf), Kenneth LePeters (nee Sussman) is full of hang-ups —about sex, anti-Semitism, his credibility as a husband and a father, the futility of his career—and the "colored question." LePeters is a clippings expert for an Eastern homicide bureau, "sporting a baby badge, safe in a demilitarized zone between dick and PR man." At home, he isn't so safe. His wife takes up with a former dick turned moviemaker. LePeters confronts her: "How could you do this in the middle of the colored problem we're having?" Friedman understands the prevailing self-consciousness and ambivalence toward blacks: LePeters' "heart went out to black people, killers and saints alike, but what about that fractional component within him that got a brief shiver of pleasure when a barefoot, defenseless Negro got smacked in the head until he confessed a phantom crime?" The book is hilariously populated by such fellow dicks as Gibney, who specializes in Common Law Wife Mutilation; Medici, who never removes his pistols, having devised "a method of washing beneath the weapons while taking a shower"; Teener, who is a mass of springs and coils with only a left nostril to call his own after being on the losing end of a gun battle; LePeters' boss, Lieutenant Glober, a fetishist who spends his days in his locked dark office, with heavy breathing coming constantly from under the door. Another Friedman creature is LePeters' part-time mistress, Ellen Rosenberg, who tells him, in pure Friedmanese: "If I were interested in a fellow, he would have to have a philosophy so I could sit around his feet a lot." Friedman seems to exhibit a new assurance to his writing. And, for the first time, his major character is able to come to terms with himself: LePeters "lay down on the vast bed, amazed at his power of adjustment. Ten minutes before, if you had told him he was going to be a fellow with a wife off screwing on location, he would have been horrified. Yet now he was one, and although he didn't feel like a million there wasn't a chance in the world he would blow his brains out, either. He seemed to have a bottomless capacity for feeling a little sad, but it was clear that he was a survivor, too." You can hardly ask for much more in 1970.

•

Inside the Third Reich (Macmillan), by Albert Speer, is the basic stuff of history. It is written with apparent candor by one of Hitler's intimates, the head of Germany's wartime economy and, as such, after Hitler himself, perhaps the most important man in the Nazi war machine. Only Speer, of the absolute first rank, was spared by the Nuremberg trials (he served 20 years at Spandau), because his contributions to Hitler, essential as they were, were more those of administrator-technician than of Nazi overlord. Nor did Speer share, with Goebbels, Himmler and others, the compulsion to join their master in committing suicide. He wanted to live, not only for life itself but to tell what happened. Although he accepts his collective guilt with the Nazi hierarchy, Speer does attempt some self-justification, and his account is curiously antiseptic, as if he feared venturing too deep into the horrors of Hitler's Germany. Yet despite such defects, this work of 600 pages, expertly translated by Richard and Clara Winston, makes compelling reading. Speer portrays Hitler as a human being who laughed, enjoyed telling a joke or hearing one, could be charming and even considerate. But Speer does not idealize Hitler, for the picture when complete is far from a pretty one. Also brought into sharp personal focus are Göring, Goebbels, Himmler, Hess and the others, even Martin Bormann, whom Speer loathed and presents with utter distaste. No less than fascinating are the relationships, the intrigues, the back-stabbing, the pettiness, the venality, the towering egos, the toadying, the drama of the War itself. Here are the field marshals, the gauleiters, the bureaucrats, loyal Eva Braun, the industrialists, all dominated by Hitler with his rages, his capricious decisions, his fatal unwillingness to admit a mistake, his stubbornness, his steady departure from reality, yet with gifts that enabled him to amass the power that changed the course of history. The book is a grotesque and incredible melodrama of a unique imperial court.

•

Is there anything more entertaining than gossip? Certainly not—a truth well known to Gore Vidal, who makes adept use of it in his latest book, ***Two Sisters*** (Little, Brown). One knows, of course, that Vidal *knows*; so when names such as Madame Onassis, Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, Tennessee Williams and Eleanor Roosevelt appear in "a novel in the form of a memoir," one is all eyes, ears and appetite. Whether *Two Sisters* can be considered a novel is another question. Call it a prose work of parts. One of the parts (nearly half the book) is taken up with a screen treatment titled *The Two Sisters of Ephesus*, a Fourth Century B.C., half-historical, half-fictional account of a highborn Greek family manipulating Persians, Egyptians and one another. The other half of the memoir, or novel, is a sort of Vidalian *Recherche du Temps Perdu*, alternating between then and now, mainly through the notebook of the narrator's onetime friend Eric Van Damm, screenwriter, photographer and half of an incestuous male-female twinship. "V" discovers in the notebook things about himself and other people that hurt, amuse and surprise. But despite what would seem to be sure-fire ingredients, *Two Sisters* is a disappointment. The sum is less than its promising parts. Or perhaps the parts deliver less than they promise. The screen treatment, for instance, teases the mind until one makes out its resemblance in style and treatment to Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*—and a second-rate resemblance at that. And the author's world-weary witticisms have an anachronistic ring, which may be what he intended but which still does not tip the scales in favor of the wearily witty. So there remains the gossip—which is entertaining if insufficient, though surely enough to assure the success of Vidal's 12th novel.

•

Early this year might have been a profitable time for amateur stock-marketeers to read William X. Scheinman's ***Why Most Investors Are Mostly Wrong Most of the Time*** (Weybright & Talley), an excellent treatise on the psychology of market behavior. The little guy is by no means always wrong about the market, Scheinman observes. In fact, his buying and selling patterns usually parallel those of the more sophisticated investor. But, inevitably, there comes a time when the insider and the amateur part ways—which usually means that the market is about to reach a peak, hit bottom *or*

What could be more natural...

than to curl up with PLAYBOY and the most beautiful girls in the world. They're bound to distract you, but you could probably take those kind of distractions all year long.
In between flirtatious pictorials, PLAYBOY also brings you the choicest fiction and wackiest humor around. Not to mention some pretty heads-up articles on our supersonic society.
Come to where the action is. Every month. In PLAYBOY.
Subscribe now.
What could be more natural?

PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611
Please enter my subscription for
☐ 1 year $10 (save $3.00 off $13 single-copy price)
☐ 2 years $18 (save $8.00 off $26 single-copy price)
☐ 3 years $24 (save $15.00 off $39 single-copy price)
☐ bill me later ☐ new subscription
☐ payment enclosed ☐ renewal

Name_____
(please print)
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.
Credit extended in U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO only.

N581

STEREO 8 CARTRIDGE RECORDER by ROBERTS

Record the music of your choice... also enjoy this unit as a player

Model 808D (pictured)
Recorder/Player Deck... $169.95
Model 808 — Complete system with separate matching speakers... $229.95

The Pro Line
ROBERTS Div. of Rheem Manufacturing Co. Los Angeles, California 90016

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 kicky accent for dorm or deck. In black with permanently flocked white Rabbit head. Use product number MB3292 **$6.** 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 to their Keys.

break out of a rut. Scheinman has invented a way to detect those moments—he calls it "divergence analysis." For instance, he compares the volume of short sales (sales of borrowed shares in anticipation of a drop in price) by small investors with those by floor specialists (members of the exchange who concentrate on a limited group of securities assigned by the exchange and who also act as agents for other brokers). When one group but not the other radically changes its pattern, something is up. Or he simply watches the relative number of 100-share and 1000-share transactions on the ticker. A big shift in the ratio of the two sizes of transactions may indicate that the sophisticated 1000-share traders are onto a good thing. As stock-market books go, this one is a literary treat. Scheinman writes lucidly about monetary theory, international finance, leverage, hedge selling and other market subjects. If nothing else, he will dispel any awe you may still have for writers of market letters and investment columns, mutual-fund managers, security analysts and tipsters in general. A more hostile view of market insiders is aired in ***Wall Street Jungle*** (Grove), by Richard Ney, actor turned investment advisor. It is his contention that floor specialists manipulate stock prices for their own profit, and investors be damned. His style is reminiscent of the paste-pot journalism of certain low-budget political sheets—though not up to their best standards. Ney may have a case to make against the investment community and its alleged cohorts in the banks, corporate board rooms and the Securities and Exchange Commission. But he buries his credibility in overstatement. Oddly enough, after giving the reader fits about the fate of his invested capital, Ney proceeds to encourage stock trading anyway. In a final chapter, he proposes a theory for charting the machinations of the insider-specialists and riding their coattails. The technique is not altogether unlike Scheinman's, but it's not as convincing.

•

W. H. Auden, the transplanted English poet, believes that an artist's biography is his creative work and, therefore, as he says, "Biographies of writers . . . are always superfluous and usually in bad taste." He agrees, though, with G. K. Chesterton that "at the back of every artist's mind something like a pattern or a type of architecture" can be discerned. Thus, he gives us ***A Certain World: A Commonplace Book*** (Viking), which he calls "a map of my planet" and which is composed of excerpts, often illuminated by the poet's own comments, from his varied, wide-flung and mostly pleasurable reading over the past 40-odd years (he is 63). Since Auden is uncommonly jealous of his private life, this is most likely the only autobiography we

With these words—and a belt or two—a bold New York matron changed the course of history in her own female way.

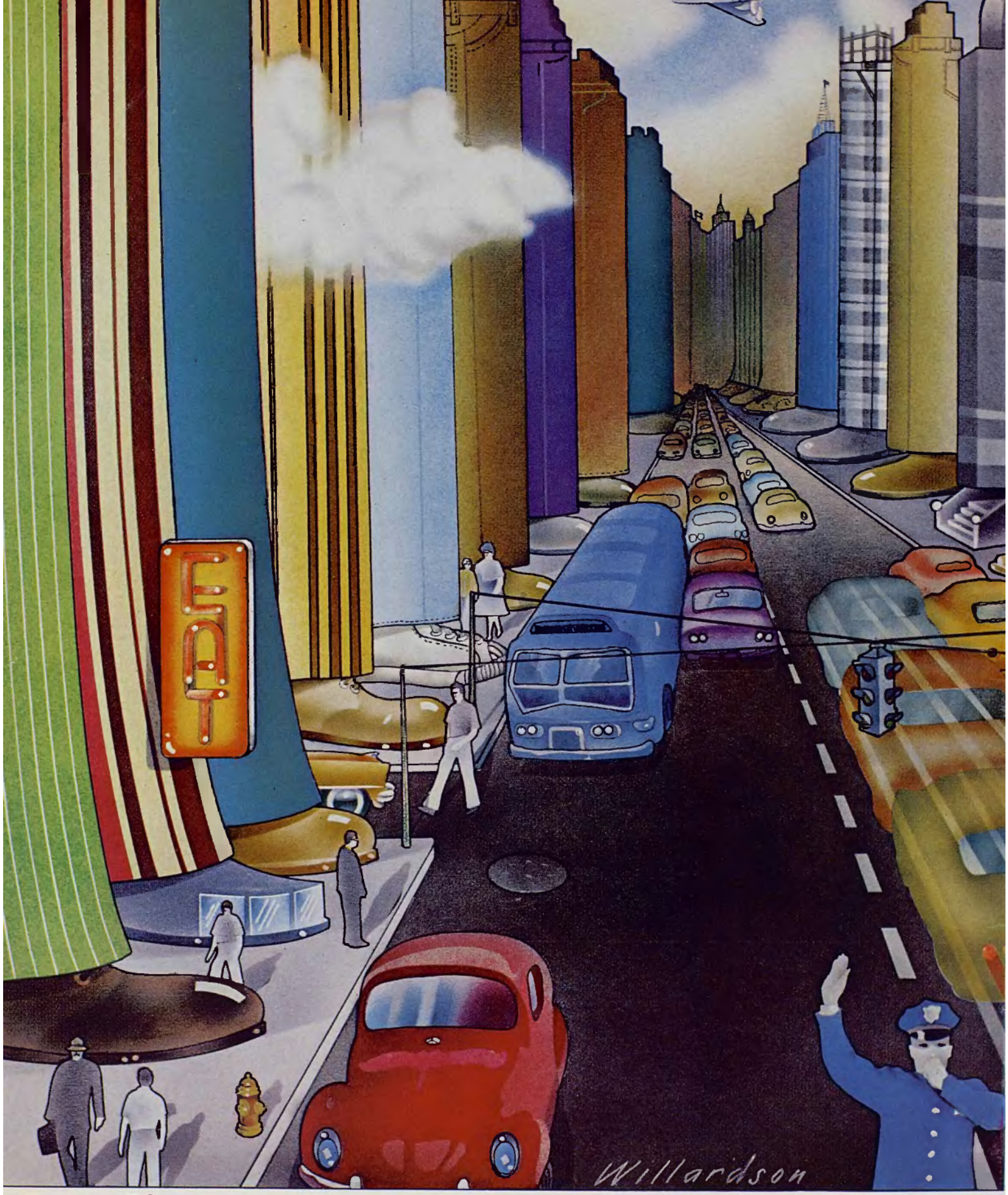
Her name was Mary. (Bet you thought it was Phyllis.) Mary Murray. And, as the story goes, she and some intimates of her circle detained the British General Howe and his Hessians at a cozy "tea party" while Washington and his retreating troops escaped the capture that could have spelled kaput.

Fife & Drum may not make heroes, but we do make a great collection of brawny men's belts. Rugged leathers, massive buckles, forward styling. See them. In our own way, we give our all too.

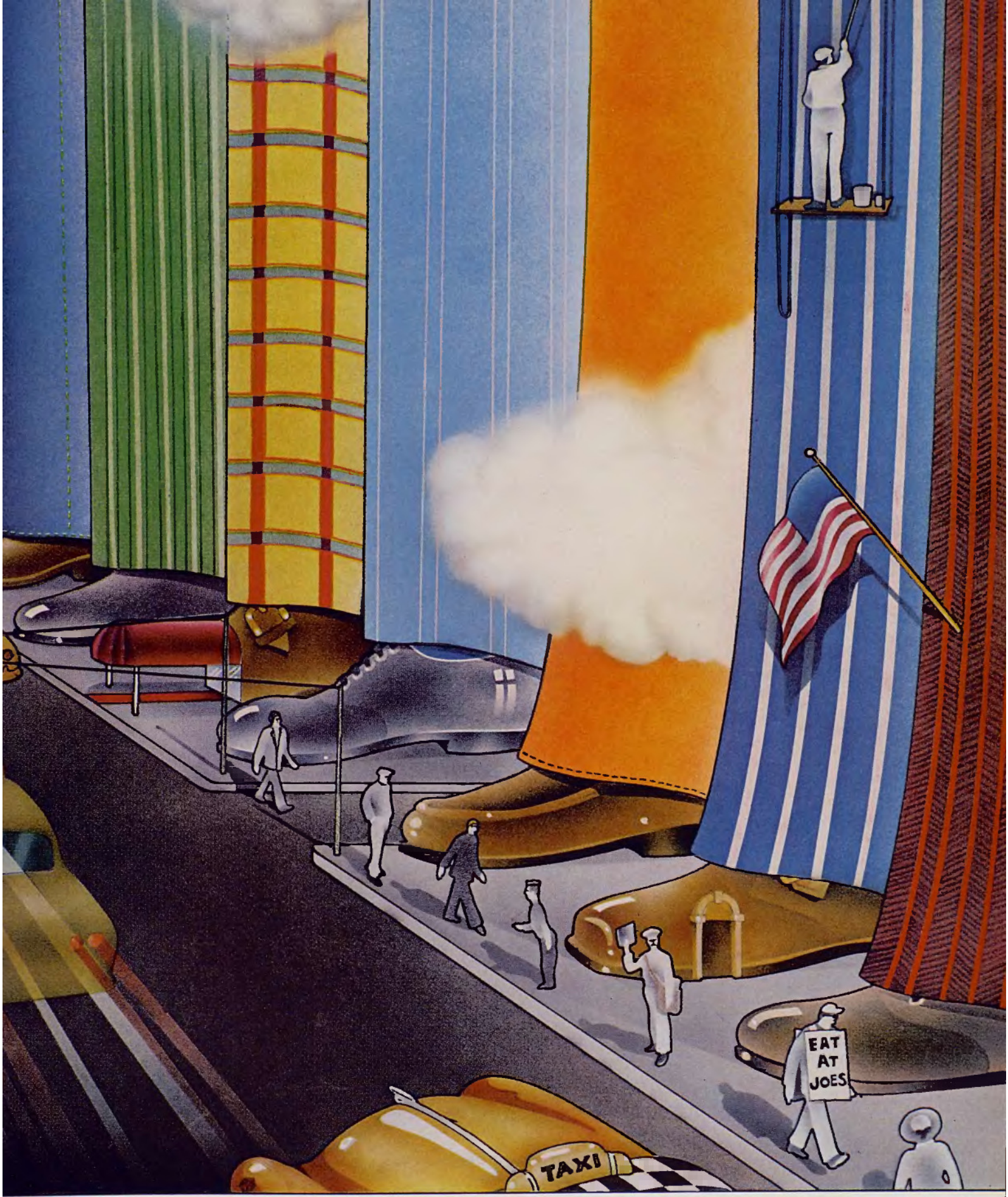
FREE: "Mary Murray Detainer Kit." Give the Mary Murray in your life something to...detain you with. Just write: Mary Murray, c/o Fife & Drum Belts, 2150 Frontage Road, Des Plaines, Ill. 60018.

Fife & Drum Belts
By Paris KR Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

LEFT TO RIGHT: 1¾" ANTIQUED STEERHIDE WITH DOUBLE RING ANTIQUE BUCKLE. $7. 1½" SUEDE COWHIDE, HEAVY NICKEL RING. $7. 1½" ANTIQUED STEERHIDE WITH IMPORTED HAND POLISHED BUCKLE. $6. 2" OILED STEERHIDE WITH AN ANTIQUED CENTER BAR BUCKLE. $9.



Levi's® Sta-Prest® slacks and fashion



jeans are really downtown.

LEVI'S

The words 'LEVI'S' and 'STA-PREST' are registered trademarks.®

shall ever get from him. Alphabetically arranged, it starts with *Accidie* ("tedium or perturbation of the heart"), works through such items as *Dogs, Eating* and *Love, Romantic*, winds up, quite appropriately, with *Writing* and includes the solemn, witty, profound, nonsensical and enchanting thoughts of people as jostlingly different as Bruno Bettelheim, John Betjeman, Bertolt Brecht and Thomas Lovell Beddoes, just to stick to the B's. Auden comes from that special English literary generation—Christopher Isherwood, Cyril Connolly and Louis MacNeice being among his contemporaries—that was somehow frightened to death by the thought of appearing *too* serious. The result: some of the most entertaining books in the language. And in this book, when Auden, the greatest writer of humorous verse since Ben Jonson, gives way to his secret yen for preaching, the drone is taken out of the sermon by putting it into the mouths of so many interesting and delightful people. In a phrase, High (Church) Camp.

•

First came the books against the war in Vietnam; now cresting are volumes aimed directly at the American military itself, with particular focus on the arbitrariness of command officers and the denial to dissidents of basic constitutional rights. In ***Up Against the Brass*** (Simon & Schuster), Andy Stapp chronicles with feisty satisfaction how he developed the American Servicemen's Union, an organization now numbering more than 6000, with many more sympathizers. The A.S.U. provides Servicemen with legal aid, information and publicity in the intensifying battle within ranks for GI rights, including those of freedom of speech, press and assembly. Stapp reported for induction in December 1965, with the precise intent of organizing from within. The book is largely an account of his success. In April 1968, after two courts-martial, he was given an undesirable discharge—but Andy Stapp remains one of the military's most persistent gadflies. In another recent book, ***GIs Speak Out Against the War*** (Pathfinder), Socialist Workers Party leader Fred Halstead presents interviews with eight dissident soldiers from Fort Jackson, South Carolina, who have been fighting a test case for the right of GIs to engage in anti-war activities.

•

In John Rechy's latest novel, ***This Day's Death*** (Grove), there is scarcely a point where melodramatic suggestiveness becomes real drama. To Jim Girard, its sexually ambiguous young victim-hero, the world is much like a cage through whose bars he can only peep at the receding image of his future. On one side, Jim's freedom is bounded by Los Angeles, where he is being remorselessly entangled, though innocent of the homosexual charge brought against him, in the "iron cobweb" of the law; on the other by El Paso, where his elderly mother has learned to forge her "iron" (psychosomatic) illness into a weapon for keeping him at her side. Between these polarities of his fate, Jim moves with the dingdong monotony of a trapped animal, the motions of his mind as weary as they are wearisome. If it's hard to believe in, let alone become involved with the resourceless Jim, it's equally hard to believe that his remorseless cage resembles the conditions of the real world. The prejudiced judge and corrupt cop in L.A. belong not to the "rampant horror" of the contemporary American scene but to caricature; Jim's mother is not a dramatization of mother love gone berserk but a cackling ghost. Eccentric technical effects such as abrupt transitions of tense, staccato snatches of interior monolog or the capitalizing of the first letter of the word "escape" point up rather than conceal the paucity of Rechy's imagery, the fatigued rhythms of his prose, the drying up of whatever wells he drew upon for his story's inspiration.

•

Marshall McLuhan's current work, ***Culture Is Our Business*** (McGraw-Hill), is about all of culture in its commercial manifestations. The book is kept lively by a bold black typography (ad on one side, McLuhan's comments on the other) that partially compensates for a great deal of repetition and a general tone of groping intuitiveness that is often just groping. This latest effort adds little to McLuhan's already top-heavy corpus of insight and response. A few cute gags and funny stories, a few new angles, but on the whole, McLuhan must be condemned for doing what he accuses others of doing—looking through a rearview mirror, not just at the world but at his own past books. The fact that he divides the burden with Madison Avenue's words and pictures this time out may account for the unusual quality of this effort, which is amusing, fitfully instructive but, in the long run, marked by McLuhan's often fatal urge to punditry on a global scale.

•

On December 3, 1967, three white policemen in search of a routine payoff pistol-whipped and came near to killing Laurence Blutcher, a black man, in his small grocery store in the Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto of Brooklyn. Blutcher was promptly charged with resisting arrest, felonious assault and violation of "the Sabbath law." (He had opened his store on Sunday, an affront to the Lord that the cops would have overlooked for a small consideration.) Blutcher's subsequent struggle to wring from the system a measure of justice is the subject of Eliot Asinof's moving book, ***People vs. Blutcher*** (Viking). The strength of the book derives from Blutcher's qualities. He is neither a cop-hating militant nor a love-intoxicated freedom fighter; he is simply a ghetto-bred black man trying hard to succeed in a jungle of poverty and corruption. The odds were never in his favor. "Most of the guys I knew went in and out of jail," he recalls. "As I grew older, you became more and more conscious of jail. What saved me was that my family went to church." He was a Christian, then, and he was taught the Christian virtues: "The Blutchers were always too proud to go take welfare money, and the children were severely disciplined never to steal." Larry Blutcher greased his hair to smooth out the kinks, dressed neatly and awaited his reward. But it all turned sour: three lackluster years in the Army, a string of menial jobs, arrests for shooting craps and running numbers, and all kinds of "women troubles" that produced tears and babies. By the time Blutcher was fighting in the courts, he was reading Malcolm X and no longer greasing his hair. "What it came down to, the black man is really neither Christian nor American. . . . You can't keep on believing what the white man tells you to believe. It gets you nowhere." It got Blutcher his day in court—a court with a white judge, a white district attorney and 11 white jurors. Blutcher, the ex-Christian, never had a prayer.

•

"I asked my chauffeur to drive me down to Wall Street for one more visit with creditors." So begins ***Zeckendorf*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), the autobiography of the most flamboyant real-estate operator since Thomas Jefferson wangled the Louisiana Purchase. That opening sentence, with its matter-of-fact acceptance of a crazy world in which a morning millionaire can be broke by nightfall, sets both the theme and the tone for the life story of a man who spent his time playing with blocks (city blocks, that is). A high school and college dropout, William Zeckendorf worked his way up from a Depression-era rental agent to become the head of Webb & Knapp, America's number-one realty corporation until it—and he—went bankrupt. Buying and selling such items as New York City's Chrysler Building was bush-league stuff compared with the creation of multibuilding complexes in Denver, Washington, Los Angeles and Montreal and with his feat of convincing the United Nations to headquarter in Manhattan after eight days of hectic negotiations. But what comes through in this autobiography is that Zeckendorf's major project was—and is—Zeckendorf himself. Powered by ego, *chutzpah* and a genius for real-estate finance, he is his own monument. Leading us with

HIGH AND MIGHTY

HIGH RIDER

High enough for everyone. Mighty in fashion. In natural tanned harness leather made for your today. Be yourself in High Riders by Dexter.

Styles Shown: Left: W851-3 Brown Stained Harness Leather
Right: W850-5 Tan Harness Leather

LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA
AMERICAN SHOE DESIGNER AWARD
1970

DEXTER

DEXTER SHOE COMPANY 31 ST. JAMES AVE. BOSTON, MASS. 02116

seemingly total recall into and out of the intricacies of hundreds of real-estate deals, Zeckendorf manages to make each one a cliff-hanger. It was common for him to have only a few hours in which to come up with several million dollars. His method was simple: Walk in on the head of the Chase Manhattan Bank, or the president of Alcoa, convince him with a rapid-fire flow of facts and figures that he was being offered the opportunity of a lifetime and walk out with a certified check. Nothing to it. A fascinating look inside a little-known business—and a charmingly egocentric man.

•

The Crisis of Psychoanalysis (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) contains the most recent musings of the veteran psychoanalyst and social thinker Erich Fromm. Fromm feels that, despite the world-shaking significance of Freudian theory, the master was a stubborn conservative who could not see bourgeois and capitalist societies. As a consequence, orthodox Freudianism has become one of the pillars of the present social system, whereas Fromm believes that its implicit revolutionary meanings must be elaborated if psychoanalysis is not to die of conformism and senility. Like many of Freud's critics, Fromm is good when criticizing—any system can be shot full of holes—but rather less impressive when he gets around to telling us what he would put in its place. Yet he is always intelligent, and his remarks on Herbert Marcuse (see *Portrait of the Marxist as an Old Trouper* on page 174), for example, are the most deadly yet to be aimed at that theoretician of totalitarian permissiveness. In short, Fromm remains a good man with earnest views.

•

Magazine writer Jane Howard spent a year of her life and traveled 20,000 miles to learn all she could about the so-called human-potential movement and, in the process, to learn a little more about herself. She reports on her journey in ***Please Touch*** (McGraw-Hill), and the book calls to mind that old World War Two question: Was this trip necessary? The book is billed as "a guided tour" and, like most such tours, it chugs along from place to place, crisscrossing the country, paying as much attention to the banal as to the genuinely interesting, churning out a mishmash of information and impressions. The author dutifully dips herself into one group after another —T-groups, sensitivity-training laboratories, encounter groups, human-relations workshops—and describes her experiences. They are unavoidably superficial, despite the fact that Miss Howard has wit, perception and intelligence. Although she does not specifically set herself the task of becoming the Consumers Union of group gropes and groping groups, she does, in a gentle way, rate

Join the STAR TAPE CLUB, now!

Get any 2 tape cartridges at 50% OFF

(8 track or cassette)

Now, you can join the Star Tape Club and take advantage of this special introductory offer. Select two tapes and pay just ½ the regular retail price. That's like getting two tapes for the price of one. Plus, get a bonus surprise tape, a regular $6.98 seller, absolutely free. All in all, that's a $20.94 value for just $6.98. As a regular member, your $3 lifetime membership fee entitles you to buy any tape at ½ or more off the regular price. And, unlike other clubs, you don't have to buy a specified amount . . . you buy only *what you want when you want it* . . . always at a ⅓ or more discount. You can select from all the labels, every artist. You'll receive monthly up-to-date newsletters—everything you need to stay tuned-in to the growing tape market. Join today . . . start saving!

plus!

Receive a bonus tape absolutely free (Reg. $6.98 value)

plus!

Lifetime privilege to buy every tape at ⅓ or more off

★ **NO MINIMUM PURCHASES NECESSARY**

★ **BUY ONLY WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT**

★ **EVERY LABEL. EVERY ARTIST.**

No.	Title & Artist	Regular Price	Members Price
101	McCartney	$6.98	$4.66
102	Let It Be—Beatles	$6.98	$4.66
103	Bridge Over Troubled Waters—Simon & Garfunkel	$6.98	$4.66
104	It Ain't Easy—Three Dog Night	$6.98	$4.66
105	Deja Vu—Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young	$6.98	$4.66
106	Greatest Hits—5th Dimension	$6.98	$4.66
108	Hey Jude—Beatles	$6.98	$4.66
109	Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head—B. J. Thomas	$6.98	$4.66
110	Greatest Hits—Tijuana Brass	$6.98	$4.66
111	Willy & the Poor Boys—Creedence Clearwater Revival	$6.98	$4.66
112	American Women—Guess Who	$6.98	$4.66
113	Tom—Tom Jones	$6.98	$4.66
114	Devil Made Me Buy This Dress—Flip Wilson	$6.98	$4.66
115	Golden Hits Part II—Dionne Warwick	$6.98	$4.66
116	Led Zepplin II	$6.98	$4.66
117	Blood, Sweat & Tears	$6.98	$4.66
118	Santana	$6.98	$4.66
119	Live—Steppenwolf	$6.98	$4.66
121	The World Of Johnny Cash	$7.98	$5.32
122	Fireworks—Jose Feliciano	$6.98	$4.66
123	Englebert Humperdinck	$6.98	$4.66
124	ABC—Jackson Five	$6.98	$4.66
125	Minus-Plus—Smith	$6.98	$4.66
126	On Stage—Elvis Presley	$6.98	$4.66
127	Greatest Hits—Sergio Mendes	$6.98	$4.66
128	The Best of Peter, Paul & Mary	$6.98	$4.66
129	Norwood—Glen Campbell	$6.98	$4.66
130	Slim Slo Slider—Johnny Rivers	$6.98	$4.66

Write for FREE Reel-to-Reel, 4-track cartridge or stereo record catalog.

THE FIRST 2 TAPES AT ½ PRICE

Additional tapes can be purchased at the regular members ⅓ discount price.

Please specify
☐ 8 Track ☐ Cassette
Circle Numbers

101	109	116	124
102	110	117	125
103	111	118	126
104	112	119	127
105	113	121	128
106	114	122	129
108	115	123	130

STAR Tape & Record Club Dept. P-9
6200 N. Hiawatha • Chicago, Ill. 60646

Enclosed is a check for $_____ to cover the cost of my $3 lifetime membership fee plus the _____ tapes I have ordered and circled.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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.

playmates

Action-ready Warm-Up Shirts sport the Playboy Rabbit in white on black, or black on white, yellow or light blue. Machine washable. 50% Kodel®, 50% cotton. S, M, L, XL sizes. Short sleeve, WA106, **$4.50**; Long sleeve, WA107, **$5.** Include product number, size and color choice, plus 50c for handling, for each item ordered.

Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products**, Dept. WY050 Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

them on a sliding scale that, at its lowest, registers "fake." *Please Touch* confirms that the current orgy of feeling that grips the nation is an example of the American will not to think at a time when the ability to think is all that stands between here and eternity.

•

For more than a decade, David McReynolds has been a key figure in the radical-pacifist sector of the peace movement; his base is the War Resisters League. McReynolds, however, is far from a one-issue man—as he has shown in articles written through the years for *The Village Voice*, *Liberation*, *Win* and other publications. His first book, ***We Have Been Invaded by the 21st Century*** (Praeger), is a collection of these pieces, along with afterthoughts on some, fragments of autobiography and a new essay on what has been learned in the Sixties and what the current decade portends. The articles encompass the complexities of nonviolent resistance (set off with particular intensity by a debate between McReynolds and poverty expert Michael Harrington), the counterculture, homosexuality, the possibilities and limitations of politics, a prison experience and an astute tribute to A. J. Muste, written shortly after the death of that pre-eminent American radical-pacifist, who was a vital influence on McReynolds. In part a personal history of the Sixties, the collection is valuable both for the quality of McReynolds' perceptions and as the singular odyssey of a man who is a radical in the sense of getting at the root of himself and of his time. As Paul Goodman says in his introduction, McReynolds "never was tainted with the phoniness of the 'Old Left' and he recognizes it when it turns up in the 'New Left.' . . . He cannot condone political policies of brutality that he would not perform in the saner environment of everyday life." It is characteristic of both Goodman and McReynolds that the former's introduction is at least as critical of McReynolds as it is commendatory; and in briefly answering it, McReynolds observes: "Where else but in the radical movement does an author answer his introduction?"

•

One of the many dispiriting paradoxes of modern life is that although (or because) we can travel to more places quicker than ever, we find it harder than ever to savor the experience, to make it count emotionally. Thus, Joseph Wechsberg's ***The First Time Around*** (Little, Brown), reminiscences of a lifetime filled with deeply felt and lovingly recalled adventures, is a particularly satisfying book. PLAYBOY contributor Wechsberg has been an urbane and interested observer of the world from a variety of perspectives: as a young newspaperman in post–World War One Czechoslovakia, a violinist on cruise ships, a *claqueur* in Vienna, a croupier in Nice and a U. S. Army private in World War Two. He has much to remember: playing cocktail music at a café in Saigon almost before anyone knew where Saigon was; learning English as an American immigrant by sitting through double-feature movies every day for months; wincing at a Hollywood mogul who called Nobel Prize winner Thomas Mann "Tommy"; and, finally, returning to Europe after World War Two as a *New Yorker* correspondent, where he wrote about everything from the delights of gourmet cuisine and oenology to the heartache of returning to his Mittel-europa homeland and finding it irrevocably changed by war, both hot and cold. Wechsberg has produced not a conventional autobiography but an anecdote-studded conversation that seldom palls.

•

A Nation in Torment (Coward-McCann), by Edward Robb Ellis, is an eloquent 500-page history of the Depression. Turn to any page and you'll find an interesting—and usually short—story illustrating some aspect of those dark years when it seemed for a time that our economy was going to collapse totally and, with it, our society. Ellis is at his best when he deals with the human consequences of the Depression. A girl, asked by her teacher if she was ill, said, "No, I'm all right. I'm just hungry." Urged to go home and eat, she replied, "I can't. This is my sister's day to eat." Stories like that were commonplace in those days that now seem so remote, yet their impact on Americans who reached maturity during the Depression remains a dominant factor in our economic and political lives.

DINING-DRINKING

Dionysos himself would probably feel out of place patronizing his namesake, a handsome new Greek restaurant erected in his memory at 304 East 48th Street in Manhattan. Most of the patrons are so beautifully dressed that they probably wouldn't take too kindly to dining in the company of a pre-Christian tosspot wearing nought but a wilted crown of grape leaves—even if he were a Greek god. Dionysos' decor is strictly Contemporary-Expensive: White-stucco walls hung with colorful native fabrics contrast with polished-slate floors, multilevel banquettes and clear-glass-bulb lighting in the best Design Research manner. Bouzouki music alternates with Bacharach rock played by a low-key combo, contributing to a total *ambiance* more resonant of the cool, hard-edge chic of Jackie Onassis' Greece than of the sweaty, lovable swarth of Tony Quinn's. No hint of

Stereo for the man who has nothing.

*Mfr.'s suggested retail price. © 1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

No turntable, no speakers, no amplifier, no tuner—nothing.

The Sony HP-188 stereo gives you everything you haven't got in one compact package.

A four-speed BSR automatic turntable with cueing control for safe, easy record handling. And a featherweight cartridge we designed ourselves.

An FM stereo FM/AM tuner with FET circuitry in the FM for more sensitivity and less distortion.

An amplifier with all-silicon transistors.

And a pair of two-way high-compliance speakers for true high fidelity sound.

Everything is just $239.95.* (The HP-155, everything minus tuner, $179.95.*) So you'll have something left to spend on other lovely things.

The Sony® HP-188. A complete stereo music system.

Papadopoulos, either. Remember, New York is a long way from Athens, and the liberating spirit of Melina Mercouri flutters through the restaurant. The food is so good it's rumored that Dionysos' chef is a Frenchman. The lamb, whether broiled, skewered or chopped, is tender as Zorba's heart. Appetizers run from a crisp spinach-and-cheese pie to smoked mackerel and baby octopus. Try Satyrikon, a combination of special goodies, including eggplant, veal and rolled grape leaves filled with herbs and rice, if you're in the mood for something other than octopus. The wines at Dionysos range from the light and dry *hymettus* to the heavy, pungent *retsina*—highly resinous and, like *ouzo*, the native Pernodlike brandy, too strong for some. It was *retsina* and *ouzo* that kept Zorba boozed all the time. Prices at Dionysos vary from moderate to near-Niarchos. (The dinner menu is à la carte.) The waiters do handkerchief dances between courses, which is worth the trip if you dig dancing waiters. Dionysos is open for lunch from noon to 3 P.M. Monday through Friday. Dinner is from 6 P.M. to 4 A.M. Monday through Saturday. Reservations are required for both lunch and dinner.

MOVIES

The publicists' blurbs proclaim that everything you've heard about ***Myra Breckinridge*** is true, which amounts to faint praise, indeed, considering the reams of adverse comment placed on record by those assembled for the filming of Gore Vidal's grotesquely erotic satire. Writer–sometime actor Rex Reed, who looks noncommittal about his movie debut vis-à-vis Raquel Welch as Myra's epicene alter ego, penned a put-down of the enterprise (along with a pictorial) for PLAYBOY's August issue. Meanwhile, author Vidal, seldom inarticulate under fire, publicly confided to interviewers that he greedily sold *Myra* for plenty of bread to the wrong company (20th Century-Fox), which hired a green director (Michael Sarne of *Joanna* fame) and turned out a film destined to go down on history as one of Hollywood's worst. Well, the movie isn't quite as bad as its advance notices, but then, what movie could be? The book was a kind of debunking of the made-in-Hollywood American dream, drenched in homosexual sensibility and summed up in the provocative person of Myra, who undergoes a surgical change of sex. Sarne's movie version is largely incoherent, a tasteless mishmash of blue jokes and faddish cinematography welded together by vintage movie clips featuring Shirley Temple, Laurel and Hardy, Marilyn Monroe and a host of other celluloid celebrities. In the story proper, tangled threads of plot occasionally give way to reveal a living fossil—veteran director John Huston hams to his heart's content as Buck Loner, while Mae West, 78 years old and still the dowager queen of s-e-x, shows an undiminished command of innuendo and sings one big rock number with gusto in her role as the infamous theatrical agent Leticia, who hoards her muscleman clients in a "boy bank." Strikingly photogenic figures and faces loom everywhere, yet the real test of *Myra* is Raquel, whose deadpan beauty might well be used to advantage sometime in an intelligent comedy. After all, how funny can a girl-boy be with dialog scrawled like men's-room graffiti through a scenario memorable for highly graphic low-jinks concerning urine samples, rectal thermometers, gelding and ream-jobs?

•

Dirtymouth, a jerry-built biography based on the hard life and bad times of Lenny Bruce, has little shock value, because Bruce's battles have all been won in the few years since his death. The incredibly fast pace of social change during the Sixties makes *Dirtymouth* almost quaint, like an old-time movie tribute to one of those aviation pioneers whose critics kept insisting that man would never fly. To use four-letter words as weapons against bigotry, jingoism, organized religion and sundry forms of hypocrisy is standard operating procedure today; yet it was for this that Bruce got busted 13 times, fought obscenity convictions in cities from coast to coast and finally died —they say here—from "an overdose of police" (an overdose of drugs, according to official reports). Bruce's story remains moving and relevant despite pulp writing and, as Lenny might put it, piss-poor moviemaking by writer-producer-director Herbert S. Altman. Only in casting did Altman get smart, or lucky, with his choice of Borscht-circuit comic Bernie Travis to play Lenny. He dirtymouths excerpts from Lenny's own routines with deadly precision and enriches a few key moments of the picture with sudden, surprising insight. Newcomer Courtney Sherman adds quiet conviction, too, as Lenny's favorite girl, the one who means more to him than just casual humping. While devoid of any particular social climate, *Dirtymouth* does work up a lot of convincingly cheap atmosphere—especially the depressing daytime look of second-rate clubs in third-rate towns on the toilet circuit.

•

One of the four leading characters in Ingmar Bergman's ***The Passion of Anna*** is a cynical architect (Erland Josephson) who designs modern cultural centers he describes as "mausoleums over our meaninglessness." Making photographic studies of people eating, sleeping or acting out violent impulses is the architect's hobby, and he seems to speak for Bergman when he says, "I don't imagine that I reach into the human soul with these photographs . . . I can only register an interplay of forces, large and small." With the writer-director's arctic futility about life glistening between the lines, *The Passion of Anna* marks a new stage in the maturation of a film genius. Rounding out his world-weary quartet, who lick their wounded psyches in self-imposed seclusion on a bleak island off the Swedish coast, are Liv Ullmann and Bibi Andersson, each, in turn, paired off with Max Von Sydow, the definitive Bergman hero. As a vaguely identified recluse whose despair seems rooted in a questionable past and a forlorn future, Von Sydow surpasses his previous screen performances in conveying the agony of efforts to establish contact with Bibi, as the distracted wife of the architect, and Liv, as the widowed Anna, a woman who prattles about spiritual truth and beauty while everything she touches is poisoned by deceit. Virtually without music and filmed in the most muted color ever seen, *Passion* abounds in ruthless close-ups of lovers so consumed by fear and self-hatred that they cannot long endure the luxury of feeling. The insane hostility of the world beyond their ever-narrowing circle is expressed in a conventional way by TV coverage of casually committed atrocities in Vietnam but takes a bizarre turn with scenes of gruesome violence done to animals (a dog is hanged, a horse set afire) by a madman at large on the island. Some of Bergman's subplot becomes needlessly elliptical; he even inserts a set of rather modish interviews with his four principal actors, who dislocate the line between fact and fiction by offering comment on the characters they portray. Yet there is absolute clarity in Bergman's vision of a world ruled by "vast armies of victims and hangmen," where the language of love often sounds like gibberish.

•

Made in Copenhagen, where sex-for-export is becoming a major factor in the balance of trade, ***Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach*** rides the flood of documentaries that treat all human sexuality as a product peculiar to the region, like painted pottery or bleu cheese. Practically nothing is omitted from San Francisco film maker Alex deRenzy's display of coupling and sucking as performed by porno models, prostitutes, Lesbian threesomes and—in one instance —by an off-duty sailor who spends his shore leave earning extra bread in pornographic movies. The film-making sequence is explicit from first kiss to final ejaculation and includes an oddly memorable moment when the sailor's businesslike companion has to perk him up for the next take by stroking him with a hand-held vibrator. *Censorship in Denmark* (originally titled *Pornography in*

TAILORED BY SILVER MFG. CO., INC., MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

AVAILABLE AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES

CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles • Eagleson's—Big/Tall

FLORIDA
Tampa • Martins

GEORGIA
Atlanta • Ray's Center
Savannah • Feldman's
Valdosta • Irvin's

ILLINOIS
Cicero • Jack's Men's Shops
Melrose Park • Ed Ross Men's Store
Oak Lawn • Mal's Men's Shop
Oak Park • Wm. Y. Gilmore & Sons
Park Ridge • Kyles Men's Wear
Peoria • P. A. Bergner

INDIANA
Elkhart • The Mr. Shop
Evansville • Weinbach Men's Shop
Gary • Bob Weaver Tailors
Gary • Mac & Dewey's
Goshen • Klines Dept. Store
Indianapolis • John Davis
Logansport • Greensfelder Bros.
Michigan City • Carson Pirie Scott
Terre Haute • Schultz & Co.
Winchester • Bobs Men's Wear

IOWA
Dubuque • Graham Store for Men

KANSAS
Topeka • Starbuck's

LOUISIANA
New Orleans • LaBiche's

MARYLAND
Baltimore • K. Katz & Sons

MASSACHUSETTS
Shrewsbury • World Apparel

MICHIGAN
Kalamazoo • Kooi-Knapper Co.

MISSOURI
St. Louis • Big Mans Shops

NEW MEXICO
Gallup • Glenn's Men's Wear

NEW YORK
Newburgh • Al Weiss Clothes, Inc.

OHIO
Akron • Lang's
Cincinnati • Mabley & Carew
Columbus • F & R Lazarus Co.
Steubenville • The Hub
Warren • Gus Orwell's

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown • Bohlen Gross & Moyer

TEXAS
Beaumont • George Wilson
Dallas • Titche-Goettinger
Fort Worth • Washer Brothers

WEST VIRGINIA
Parkersburg • Hornor & Harrison

WISCONSIN
H. C. Prange • All Stores
Milwaukee • Holtzman's
Whitefish Bay • Stock Brothers

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215.

SHEPLERS
OF WICHITA
The World's Largest Western Store

We have the three most wanted items in America!

FRINGED LEATHER JACKET
by JO-O-KAY

The original "Western Fringe" jacket with a modern touch. 10-inch fringe and a large helping of it. Made of top-grade split cowhide with snap closures, and luxurious rayon lining. AND WE HAVE LARGE QUANTITIES. So order today! Dark brown color only!

Men's sizes: 36-46 reg., 38-46 long..... $69.95
Ladies' sizes: 8 to 18..... $65.00

Guys and Gals
Here they are and we have them by the thousands.

RIBLESS UN-CORDUROY
BELLS by H. D. LEE

Do you take your corduroy ribless, un-cut or clipped? Here's our all-cotton clipped corduroy, so velvety to the touch. Wash or dry clean them. Western cut with a generous flare to the bottom. Great with boots. Waist sizes (26-29) short, med., long. (30-34) short, med., long and ex-long. (36-38) med., long, and ex-long. Colors: Deerskin, suede brown, chocolate brown, rally red and cavern blue. Gals allow 3 to 4-inches over actual waist size as they're worn around the hip area.

$11.00

Guys and Gals
We come "Square to the point"
Sheplers' HALTER BOOT

Terrific, isn't it? A real comfortable boot, tough enough to work as hard as you do. Yet, good looking enough to go along when you take time off to play. Full 14 in. high square toe design in natural leather with harness strap at the ankle. Leather lined, leather insole and outersole. It's everything you could want in a boot. Sizes 6 to 13, B and D widths. Ladies sizes 4 to 10.

$29.95

IMPORTANT
For packing and handling, add $1.00 for jacket or boot . . . 75¢ for jean.

Send check or money order to
SHEPLERS OF WICHITA
6501 West Kellogg, Wichita, Kansas 67209
☐ Please send me your Free Catalogue

Add sales tax for Okla., Colo., Mo., Neb., Kans.

Quan.	Item	Size	Price

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State..... Zip.....

Denmark) is ostensibly a filmed report of Sex 69, the world's first sex fair. Considering the tone of the narration and the crudity of DeRenzy's filming techniques, the movie's seriousness remains in doubt despite a final pitch about everyone filling out questionnaires (pro or con the benefits of pornography) in the lobby.

•

Jon Voight, totally in command of an oddly pitched voice and an awkward, ambling gait for his role as ***The Revolutionary***, should hearten those fans who consider him the best movie actor since Brando. While it's true that Voight goes a long way with whatever the moguls give him to do, they don't give him nearly enough in this adaptation of a novel by Hans Koningsberger. Edward Pressman and Paul Williams, the young producer-director team responsible for Voight's very first picture, *Out of It*, seem beyond their depth in Koningsberger's study of a student activist named "A" (we're in Kafka country, you understand —a nameless place in the so-called Free World at an unspecified time in history) who leaves school to join a more radical workers' movement and ultimately comes to his moment of truth when he is asked to back up his revolutionary zeal with an act of violence. The movie gets into trouble because the particular revolution at hand appears to be taking place in a social vacuum. The decadent society "A" seeks to overthrow remains an abstraction. Filming in England, Pressman and Williams create a dreary gray world of slums and slag heaps, but the character Voight plays so well is simply a cliché dressed up in the fashionable jargon of dissent. *The Revolutionary* is aggressively boring from first to last, despite some nice naturalistic touches in the love scenes between Voight and Collin Wilcox-Horne, as a comrade-in-arms, and comely Jennifer Salt, as the rich upper-crust girl who symbolizes—you can be damned sure—the hero's sentimental attachment to his bourgeois past.

•

As ***Two Mules for Sister Sara*** opens, three drunken desperadoes are about to rape a nude Shirley MacLaine. They are foiled by Clint Eastwood, and Shirley slips into a nun's habit. Few of her other habits would do credit to a holy woman, however, for she sneaks a smoke now and then, drinks redeye, refers to her demurely draped hindquarters as her ass and is not above muttering "Goddamn it" under pressure. Sister Sara, it turns out to nobody's surprise, is actually a politically militant prostitute wanted by the French army for helping Mexican rebels in the time of Juárez. How the disguised doxy and the mercenary (Eastwood) join forces to destroy a French garrison in Chihuahua remains a source of amusement long after the supply of jokes has begun to congeal. Director Don Siegel and his inventive chief of photography, Gabriel Figueroa, are the men who keep *Two Mules* moving. Siegel is a seasoned pro with a cinematic sense of pace that functions quite independently of both plot and dialog, and Figueroa's way of plunging a camera into the action gives this frail Western comedy energy to burn.

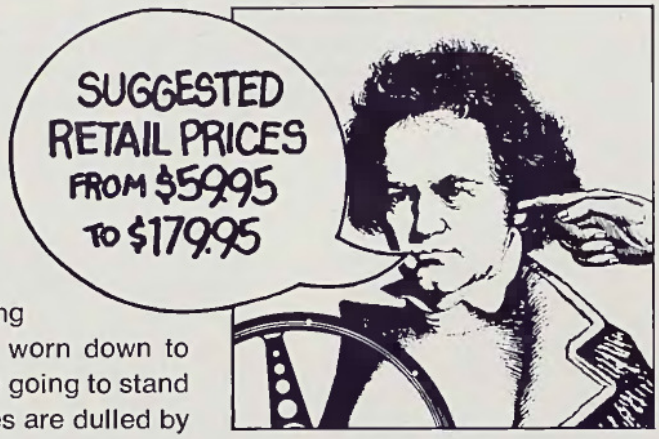
•

France's answer to Shirley MacLaine is Marlene Jobert, a gamin with a spark of impudent humor that lends color and warmth to everything she does. Playing a rape victim who slays her maniacal attacker, disposes of his body and thus opens a Pandora's box of inexplicable evil, Marlene would seem to have very few chances for exercising her charm in ***Rider on the Rain***. But she is charming, nonetheless, in director Rene Clement's intricate thriller, laced with references to *Alice in Wonderland*. The film's literary ambitions are mostly a pointless conceit, except for Marlene's childlike spontaneity as a young wife who passes many a dull hour in Cap-des-Pins, waiting for her husband, an airline navigator, until one dark night, when lightning strikes in the form of a bald, handsome intruder carrying a TWA flight bag. The fascination of the tale lies in a cat-and-mouse game between the woman with a secret and the curious American visitor (Charles Bronson), who refuses to disclose just what it is he wants. By the time all false clues and incomprehensible motives are sorted out, the plot has been fetched so far that no author of sound mind would set out to retrieve it. Director Clement knows his stuff, though, and creates an atmosphere of aural and visual terror with impeccable style.

•

There are moments in ***I Am Curious (Blue)*** when one suspects that the movie was assembled on the cutting-room floor from the remains of Swedish director-actor Vilgot Sjöman's celebrated companion piece, *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. Nothing is new in *(Blue)*, for a lot has happened in the film world since Sjöman established a precedent as to how far moviemakers dare go in depicting sex acts on the screen; those who found the first half of his double bill dull may have still more difficulty enduring less of the same. Explicit sexuality is all but omitted from *Curious (Blue)*. Sjöman's dumpy heroine (Lena Nyman) remains his mistress, though he shares her with leading man Börje Ahlstedt in the movie within the movie that lumbers drearily along an old line between what's real and what's reel. As a militant investigating the structure of modern socialism in Sweden, Lena conducts interviews, visits a school and a prison and becomes

ear pollution solutions



Friends! Motorists! Countrymen! The ears of America have taken such a beating lately that they're worn down to the drums! Are we going to stand by while our senses are dulled by the ugly din of ear pollution? No! We're going to fight the threatening noises on our streets and highways with the ear pollution solution—a Craig Car Stereo Tape Player.

With a Craig in the car, you control what you hear. Listen to tape cartridge albums of your favorite recording artists whenever you want to. Just roll up the windows and your car becomes a beautiful stereo sound chamber.

Act now! Visit your Craig dealer's Ear Pollution Control Center and see the many different Craig Car Stereo Tape Players on display. Your Craig dealer knows he must make sacrifices, too, if we're going to end ear pollution, so he's featuring special prices on all models beginning at just $59.95, suggested retail for the 8-track model 3126. You'll find a Craig for every car including models with AM and FM Stereo radios. Choose your weapon now while the price is right and make music, not noise. Remember Craig.

The Ear Pollution solution!

CRAIG CAR STEREO

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215.

He agreed to tell about our tire. We agreed not to tell his name.

This is a true story about a tire almost too good to be true. A tire that's 33% stronger—that gives 30% better mileage—than even our fiberglass-belted tire.

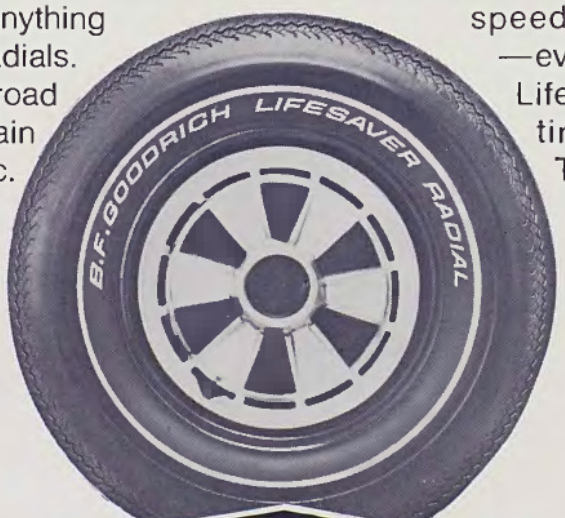
The story's from a state trooper. An expert on highway driving...and highway safety. We can give you his story but not his name. Because neither the trooper nor his state can lend their names to any product. So his face is masked, his uniform disguised.

"I've been driving a patrol car for 14 years now, and I guess I've tried every kind of tire. But never anything like these Lifesaver Radials. The way they hold the road on curves and in the rain is . . . well, it's fantastic. But the amazing thing is the mileage. *We get three or four times as much wear out of Lifesavers as we do from special patrol tires."*

You can hear the same kind of testimony from troopers across the country now riding on B. F. Goodrich Radials. Exactly the same tires you can buy.

Lifesavers are like no other tires you've ever ridden on. They're made a whole new way with a belt of Dynacor® Rayon Cord. So they corner better. Take curves better. Stop quicker. Lifesavers handle better and run cooler at high speed than fiberglass tires—even our own.

Lifesavers are the safest tires we've ever made. They're the tires your life should be riding on.



B.F.Goodrich

The New BFG Lifesaver Radials.
Your life should be riding on them.

sweet dreaming

Surprise her with this bedtime confection. Candy-striped playmate nightshirt with cap makes for sweetest dreams, all of you. Warm cuddle-soft cotton flannel makes a great gift for favorite sleepy-time gals, retiring playmates. One size fits all. Use order no. MY20101. **$6.**
Please add 50¢ for handling.

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

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.

increasingly involved with problems of sex and self—searching for her long-lost mother, encountering sadists and Lesbians and bedding down with Sjöman, Börje and an impotent former lover named Hans. Her odyssey ends, pretty much as before, in a state clinic, where she and Börje solemnly undergo treatment for crabs. If he is to be taken seriously at all, Sjöman evidently means to imply that human beings are fallible creatures, no matter which ideology they adhere to—but isn't that what he said the first time around?

•

One of the lesser events of the Broadway musical theater several seasons ago was ***On a Clear Day You Can See Forever,*** with flimsy libretto and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner. The movie version is even worse than the play and might serve as a textbook illustration of what can go wrong (just about everything) when big-time Hollywood producers and agents put together a package of superstar names, any one of which is supposed to spell money in the bank—Lerner, veteran director Vincente Minnelli, Yves Montand and Barbra Streisand as the *schleppy* girl with extrasensory perception, who may or may not be the reincarnation of an 18th Century English adventuress. Though *Clear Day*'s merits were always dim, stodgy direction by Minnelli amid a slew of Hollywoodized New York settings completes the disaster. As the impressionable psychiatrist, Montand mutters a lingo that sounds like fractured Franglais and looks deservedly embarrassed at being overpaid for his role opposite Barbra, who appears doomed to keep repeating her ugly-gawjus Lower East Side *shtick* ad infinitum. La Streisand seems sorely in need of career guidance, lest Hollywood make her a has-been before she gets out of her 20s.

•

Connoisseurs of offbeat screen classics are hereby advised to attend ***The Passenger,*** an unfinished masterpiece by Poland's writer-director Andrzej Munk, who died in an auto crash in 1961. At the time of his death, Munk enjoyed a measure of fame as one of the men chiefly responsible for the New Wave of Polish films that was finally stifled by political repression. *The Passenger,* though uncompleted, is still one of the most powerful dramas of its kind in this 60-minute version, edited by a professional associate from filmed sequences and production stills, with a narrative linking the episodes into an artistic whole. Two well-dressed women aboard a luxury liner are the central figures of the tale told in harrowing flashbacks, when one cruise-ship passenger—comfortably married to a doctor, who knows nothing of her Wartime career as overseer in a Nazi concentration camp—spots the familiar face of a Jewish woman among her fellow travelers. Whether the conscience-stricken lady subtly persecuted her former prisoner or saved her from certain death depends on whose point of view is taken in looking backward. Munk's answer to the much-debated subject of individual *vs.* collective guilt is not a simple one, for he views complex problems of conscience and moral compromise as if through a prism, challenging the viewer to consider the alternatives.

•

Another long-delayed import from Poland is Janusz Morgenstern's ***Jovita,*** a blend of heady romance and realism notable mainly for the presence of Barbara Lass, Polish sex symbol (the first wife of director Roman Polanski, she now lives in Hollywood in undeserved anonymity with her second husband). A deliciously sensual kitten, Barbara provides the key to the hang-ups of *Jovita*'s hero, a celebrated track star who meets a marvelous creature at a masked ball and cannot get her out of his mind. Based on a novel titled *Disneyland,* the movie charts the foolish young lover's romantic quest from bed to bed, from friend to foe, whereby he loses sight of himself in seeking to fulfill an ideal that slips out of reach because he doesn't know a real live dream girl when he sees one. Such notions probably sounded provocative during the latter half of the 19th Century but somehow lack zing today. Morgenstern almost breaches the gap, nonetheless, with his appreciative footage on Barbara, plus a number of acute side glances at the sporting life in modern Warsaw—all set to a pop score based on music by Khachaturian.

•

Pornography without the pretense of redeeming social values gives a wallop to ***Events,*** which raises one or two questions about the new morality while the screen explodes with erotica. Semiprofessional acting, so-so camerawork and a muzzy, at times even incomprehensible sound track are handicaps unlikely to divert attention from this brazen little sex epic. The superclimax of *Events* is a filmed orgy, for which two earnest would-be moviemakers (portrayed by Ryan Listman and Frank Cavestani) hope to collect ten grand, presumably in order to do bigger and better things. Instructing his young protégés, a middle-aged entrepreneur of dirty movies says: "The more you can show, the more you can get people in the back seats to play with themselves, the better. Tits and guns, that's what sells." The sequence as shown delivers kicks to order, with some deftly edited footage of five performers (two male, three female) in an improvised *Arabian Nights* setting, testing Kinsey's thesis that nothing is unnatural unless it cannot be done. One might question the motives of Fred Baker, a former

IF YOU'VE GOT MORE HAIR, YOU'VE GOT MORE PROBLEMS.

You've let your hair grow in. And it looks great.

Sometimes.

Because what used to be just a small cowlick is now a very large problem.

What formerly amounted to a stray strand at the side, has turned into a flying wing.

And that dumb wave in the front now seems to go on and on and on.

What are your choices?

You can use grease or hairspray or some other kind of gook to hold it down. Or, you can consider our alternative.

The REMINGTON Hot Comb.

It runs on electricity, which produces hot air, which provides a comb-blower effect. Which makes a big difference. For instance, if the only problem you have is that you'd like to look like you have more hair, that's the least The Hot Comb can do.

Or, if you want to take care of stupid cowlicks, flying wings, or that wave in front, heat plus the brush attachment will put them down in seconds.

And, if you've got the kind of curly hair every girl you've ever known has secretly envied, the instruction book can show you how to tone it down.

Try it. After all, the things you've got to lose, you'll never miss anyway.

THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON™

THE HOT COMB, REMINGTON TRADEMARKS OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION. PATENTED U.S.A. ELECTRIC THEATER DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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.

Free

WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRONIC KIT CATALOG!

The latest edition . . . with more kits and more color. Includes over 300 kits for unique creative fun at 50% savings. You can build your own solid-state color TV, stereo system, electronic organ, home protection system, portable and shortwave radios, ham equipment, marine electronics, metal locator and many more. No special skills or knowledge needed. Millions of others have done it already — you can too! Mail the coupon today and see how easy it is.

HEATHKIT a Schlumberger Company

HEATH COMPANY, Dept. 38-9 CL-388
Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022
Please send FREE Heathkit Catalog

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Broadway stage manager who conceived and directed *Events*. But Baker beats us to the punch by questioning himself. It's Listman's girl (Joy Wener, billed in *Brand X* as Joy Bang) who objects to the "sellout" of making porno flicks, particularly when friend Frank casually puts his girl (Marcia Rossa, a department-store buyer in her off-hours) in front of the camera while she's sky-high on LSD. Though the rest of his cast are laying one another for bread, Listman angrily tries to justify it as a beautiful thing for beautiful people and rejects the idea that making love might possibly have something to do with emotional involvement. His argument dwindles against the ruthless truth captured on film, however, and the freshman pornographer seems utterly unsure of himself at the fade-out, as the sound track thrums a ballad about lost love. After turning audiences on, *Events* quick-cools them with some rather skeptical second thoughts.

•

Conflict between a trio of U. S. Army public-relations men and hidebound conservatives in a one-horse town near a military base gives impetus to ***Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came,*** as far as we know the first movie comedy to borrow its title from a bumper sticker. As the three PR men, Tony Curtis, Brian Keith and Ivan Dixon clock up a reasonable score on the laugh meter, considering the script. "Give us an insight into the needs of these men," says one of the local dinosaurs. "Broads," answers Curtis. A traditional approach, obviously, in which booze and birds are the chosen weapons against the all-too-familiar boredom of Army life. Until *War*'s strenuous climax, when some disgruntled boys in uniform commandeer a couple of old Sherman tanks to destroy the town, the fun is verbal rather than violent, and intoned in a minor key, thank God, by such supporting stalwarts as Ernest Borgnine, Tom Ewell, Don Ameche and (as the principal broad) velvety Suzanne Pleshette.

•

In his latest contribution to the history of the world, Charlton Heston pilots a ship carrying Chinese menials and the first pineapples to Hawaii, marries an island princess (Geraldine Chaplin) and grows old defending Western-style free enterprise against periodic outbreaks of revolution and plague. Heston's vehicle, this time out, is ***The Hawaiians,*** the second chunk of James Michener's epic novel (following *Hawaii,* which took its title from the book) to reach the screen. The sequel is a marked improvement over its predecessor—not that there's any special reason to choose between a ludicrous movie and a half-plausible but entirely conventional one. Among *The Hawaiians*' cast of thousands, the most memorable and expressive face is that of Tina Chen as a plucky Chinese girl who escapes delivery to a Hawaiian brothel and produces five illegitimate sons as bedrock for a merchant dynasty. Director Tom Gries, who guided Heston through the shamefully neglected little Western *Will Penny,* doesn't find any way to affix his own signature to this ritualized spectacular—the sort of superproduction in De-Luxe color that overwhelms individual talents.

•

Kelly's Heroes, another feather in the cap of cinematographer Gabriel Figueroa, is an expertly filmed World War Two comedy in which, again, the action churns around the great stone face of Clint Eastwood. Also on hand are Don Rickles, the sultan of insult, as a conniving supply sergeant named Crapgame, and swinging Donald Sutherland, as a bearded tank corpsman called Oddball. *Kelly's Heroes* are a company of raffish volunteer soldiers on an undercover mission—their aim is to thrust 30 miles behind enemy lines and snatch 14,000 bars of gold bullion (worth $16,000,000) from a Nazi-held bank in France. *Heroes* proceeds on the assumption that men who are completely cynical about fighting for ideals—or against fascism—may be considered funny, recognizable and human if they slaughter Germans and destroy villages purely for financial gain. It's an oddly corrupt idea for comedy, particularly in the character played by Sutherland as a don't-bug-me forerunner of the love generation who happens to be a carefree killer, spewing death from an armored tank.

•

Negative expectations are apt to be aroused when an Irish author (Gabriel Walsh), an Indian-born director (Waris Hussein) and an American actor (Gene Wilder) who is about as Irish as a *bar mitzvah* pool their talents on a whimsical comedy set in modern Dublin. In plucky defiance of the odds against it, ***Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx*** comes up a winner—with a surprisingly relaxed and believable performance by Wilder (the scene-stealing clown of *The Producers* and *Start the Revolution Without Me*), who conducts himself as if a bit of brogue were his birthright. Wilder's title role is that of an agreeable clod who earns his livelihood by following horse carts through the streets of Dublin, collecting manure to sell as fertilizer. The dung gatherer's view of the world, and his lowly place in it, changes appreciably when he meets a pretty American student (Margot Kidder) who is initially interested in him only as a kind of sociological missing link. *Quackser Fortune* is Wilder's one-man show, and he proves more than equal to the challenge —whether gently bedding his American

You can fit a lot of important things in Toyota's $1876* Wagon.

(Especially when the surf's up)

Despite appearances, the $1876* Corolla wagon was not expressly designed with surfers in mind. Even though a seven foot surf board fits conveniently inside.

At Toyota, we're aware the wave of the day waits for no man, but that's not why we gave Corolla its zippy performance. Or its ability to deliver around 28 miles per gallon. It's certainly not why Corolla has a chassis that never needs a lube.

The nylon carpeting that spreads from wall-to-wall in the Corolla wasn't put there just to pamper sandy feet. And we didn't install a luxurious, all-vinyl interior just to protect Corolla's reclining bucket seats from damp bathing suits.

What, precisely, did we have in mind when we designed the Corolla wagon? Something more spectacular than sand and sea. Like, all the great things that tend to congregate around the Corolla wagon.

Providing, of course, the surf's not up.

TOYOTA

We're quality oriented

*POE price. White sidewall tires, accessories, options, freight and taxes extra. Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 2055 West 190th Street, Torrance, Calif. 90501

PJ

Don't go near the water without P.J.

Smooth, subtle P.J.
The bright whiskey with the taste that's right for all parties.
Right price, too.
Don't go near the water, near the mixers, near the rocks without P.J.

P.J. is Paul Jones. And smooth.

Blended Whiskey, 80 Proof, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Paul Jones Distilling Co., Louisville, Kentucky.

bird, at her suggestion, or whisking her away from a snobbish social affair on the back of his bicycle.

•

Filmgoers who fail to tumble out of their seats laughing at the witless display of sex and violence in ***Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*** will probably be nauseated by this so-called sequel to the movie based on Jacqueline Susann's best seller. Producer-director Russ (*Vixen*) Meyer, who made a fortune peddling flesh in low-budget skin flicks, collaborated with scenarist Roger Ebert (*Chicago Sun-Times* film critic) to create a monumental but altogether original piece of trash. The movie boasts little except what meets the eye—most of which was vividly summed up in a pictorial in the July issue of PLAYBOY—as the story told by Meyer and Ebert is so far out that authoress Susann sought an injunction against release of the film, claiming that it might damage her reputation as a writer. As if the original novel hadn't inflicted damage enough. *Beyond the Valley* follows the careers of three groovy girls in a rock trio called The Carrie Nations. PLAYBOY Playmates Cynthia Myers and Dolly Read—who turn in credible acting performances—join black beauty Marcia McBroom to play the musicians, whose numerous bed partners and business associates tend to express themselves exclusively in hip clichés. Let someone say, "I'm getting my thing together," another hard-breathing someone is sure to respond, "Are you putting me on?" Following several interludes of finger-licking lust dominated by such statuesque predators as Erica Gavin and Edy Williams, the action comes to a climax—you should pardon the expression—with an orgy scene in which a maniacal, gay record impresario (John LaZar) decapitates a muscular gigolo, impales a Nazi butler, blows the head off a Lesbian while she is performing fellatio on a pistol, brutally murders poor Cynthia Myers and so startles the girls' former manager (David Gurian) that he regains the use of his legs (lost a reel or so earlier in a particularly nasty fall). According to the narrator of an unctuous epilog, it's a story about people who need people. But who needs those kinds of people?

RECORDINGS

Recorded in three continuous sessions of 18 hours each over a period of three and a half days, the six sides of ***Woodstock*** (Cotillion; also available on stereo tape)—"music from the original sound track and more"—serve as a boss monument to the vibration culture created by American youth, 1969, in the shadow of Apocalypse. The 112 minutes, 21 seconds of music are launched by John B. Sebastian's *I Had a Dream*, which states the humanistic assumptions of Woodstock Nation, and Canned Heat's *Going Up the Country*, which gives the road directions; the finale is Jimi Hendrix' unaccompanied *Star-Spangled Banner*, which brings the proceedings to a fiery close by dramatizing—at some length—the "bombs bursting in air." Along the way, one hears crickets, rainstorms, announcements from the stage by Wavy Gravy and other New World characters, and offhand comments by the musicians, such as Crosby, Stills & Nash's admission that it was only their second live gig: "We're scared shitless." The quality of the music is uneven, to say the least, but it doesn't matter in the least; the dominant feelings generated by these recordings are the tension created by the sheer density of the Woodstock crowd and the impossibly open-minded spirit in which they embraced one another. Even if America succeeds in devouring its unwanted children, even if there never is another Woodstock, the filmed and recorded images of this one justify the whole bad trip. The cover art, perhaps, tells the story best. In a composite of photos, the 400,000 folks faced by the performers are wreathed in a haze of Ehrlich purple; in another shot, the crowd is frozen by white light, as if the photographer had used a nuclear bomb for his flashbulb.

•

Duke Ellington's 70th Birthday Concert (Solid State; highlights available on stereo tape), recorded in England in the fall of last year, provides a marvelous memento of an incredible talent. It also marks a half-century of musical activity for Duke, and in that time span he has done it all. But this concert, captured on two LPs, demonstrates that he and that wondrous extension of himself, his orchestra, are still growing. New tunes are added to the seemingly endless repertoire, old tunes are glowingly refurbished, soloists and ensemble work are nonpareil (sadly, however, it may have marked the last recorded efforts of the late Johnny Hodges). An amazing milestone.

•

There's nothing too heavy on ***C. J. Fish*** (Vanguard; also available on stereo tape); Country Joe and his friends go easy on politics and serve up light musical textures as they deliver a program of smooth-moving rock tunes and love ballads (*The Baby Song* has the most to say, but *Rockin' Round the World* hits a good groove and *The Return of Sweet Lorraine* features an aptly evocative arrangement). It's pleasant listening throughout.

•

Any number of rock poets can hang it up now that Eugene McDaniels is out front with ***Outlaw*** (Atlantic; also

P.J. towel offer

Surf, sauna, shower or pool. "Don't go near the water without P.J." Rub down (or give a rub-down) with a big (34" × 62"), P.J. beach towel in knockout colors. A $3.50 value, it's yours for just $2.00. Offer limited. Mail coupon today.

Allow 3 weeks for delivery. Offer void where prohibited; not available to minors.

P. J. TOWEL S
P. O. Box 309
New York, New York 10046

Enclosed is a check or money order for $_____ for _____ towel(s) at $2.00 each.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

(OFFER ENDS DECEMBER 31, 1970.)

available on stereo tape). "The Left Rev. McD.," who had some hits in the early days of rock (*100 Pounds of Clay*), found himself on a comeback when both Les McCann and Roberta Flack recorded his *Compared to What*. On this set, a combo that includes bassist Ron Carter keeps things moving as the versatile McDaniels eulogizes the liberated woman of the title track ("She's a nigger in jeans, she's an outlaw, she don't wear a bra"), cries out to the *Silent Majority* about *Welfare City*, commiserates with a misunderstood *Black Boy* and prophesies Armageddon in *Unspoken Dreams of Light*: "Time will come when death will ride a mean and bloody train / From the smogbound coast of California to the rock-strewn coast of Maine."

•

From ***The Real Thing*** (Perception; also available on stereo tape), it's very obvious that John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie is just that—a man who knows exactly what he wants to do and has the ability to do it. The Gillespie trumpet has never been more clarion nor the surroundings more felicitous as he joins reed man James Moody, pianist Mike Longo (who turned out most of the tunes) and a changing rhythm section of uniformly high quality. It will make you sorry you didn't vote for Dizzy for President.

•

Sax man *extraordinaire* Bud Shank joins forces with the Bob Alcivar Singers on ***Let It Be*** (World Pacific Jazz; also available on stereo tape) and the merger is a decided success. Shank's alto sax and the beautiful harmonies of 5th Dimension arranger Alcivar's group display a right-on rapport through the likes of the gospel-flavored title tune, George Harrison's *Something*, *Didn't We* and *Games People Play*. Behind Shank and the Singers is a crew of highly competent jazzmen lending its support to the occasion.

•

Mel Brown, a guitar player of great funkiness and dexterity whose previous LPs were misproduced, gets it all together on ***I'd Rather Suck My Thumb*** (Impulse!). After playing along with himself on the hard-driving title track, Brown swaps ideas with harmonica player Matt Kelly on *Scorpio*, then gets into a straight-ahead, off-center, elusive and unforgettable groove on *Eighteen Pounds of Unclean Chitlings* (which take 11 minutes to consume). There's another gem on side two: a satiric *Dixie*, done up with a wah-wah pedal.

•

Brown's guitar is on the left, that of Earl Hooker on the right and the soulful piano of Charlie Brown smack dab in the middle: That's the line-up on Jimmy Witherspoon's ***Hunh!*** (BluesWay; also available on stereo tape) and C. Brown's own ***Legend!*** (BluesWay), a pair of indigo sets well worth having. Witherspoon is his dependable self on the undulating *Bug to Put'n Yo' Ear* and the modernistic *Thoughts of Home*—the latter track produced by Bill Cosby—but the Brown LP is a revelation. One of the main influences on the young Ray Charles, both as a singer and as a pianist, Brown is the quintessential bluesman as he redoes his classic tunes—*Drifting Blues*, *Merry Christmas, Baby*—and turns on the soul for *I Want to Go Home*, an eight-and-a-half-minute medley that takes you right into a superfunky blues club, at about three A.M.

•

The Isaac Hayes Movement (Enterprise; also available on stereo tape) is an undeniably potent force among today's sounds; but while Hayes's singing is low-keyed and dramatic on the four ballads thereon, his charts are weighed down by nonessential and overly slick sounds. His Memphis stablemate, Rufus Thomas—Carla Thomas' father and a 40-year veteran of showbiz—has a more vital set on ***Do the Funky Chicken*** (Stax; also available on stereo tape); outstanding are *The Preacher and the Bear*, a rustic fable, and a thoroughly modernized rendition of the Bullmoose Jackson classic, *Sixty Minute Man*.

•

When his first recording appeared last year, Anthony Newman was widely hailed as the most startlingly original Bach performer to come along since Glenn Gould. The second ***Bach / Newman*** album (Columbia) should earn him even more enthusiastic kudos. In it, the young American organist plays the *Trio Sonata Number Five* and sundry preludes and fugues with a flamboyant virtuosity and crisp vitality calculated to gladden the most resistant heart.

•

Want a 45-minute pause that refreshes? Settle back with ***King Kong / Jean-Luc Ponty Plays the Music of Frank Zappa*** (World Pacific Jazz; also available on stereo tape) and catch up on the new ecumenism that—led to a large extent by the aforementioned Mr. Zappa—has erased most of the borders between rock, jazz, pop and the so-called serious stuff. The major work is *Music for Electric Violin and Low Budget Orchestra* and Ponty's playing is wondrous. The violin heretofore has hardly provided the most fecund field for the exploration of contemporary sounds, but Ponty has carried the instrument amazingly far. Zappa, of course, is unique and his compositions defy classification but demand attention.

•

The way Zappa's Straight label is progressing, the Warner Bros. subsidiary is headed for a special niche in pop. Among its current mind-bending goodies are The Persuasions' ***A Cappella***, on which a well-drilled r&b group comes up with memorable, unaccompanied versions of *Old Man River*, *Up on the Roof*, *Since I Fell for You* and ten other tunes; ***Easy Action***, a full dose of the nihilistic sounds served up by Alice Cooper, the rock group that performs in drag; and ***Zappéd***, a crazy-quilt selection of tracks from Mr. Z's diversified library, including material by such noteworthies as balladeer Tim Buckley, comic Lord Buckley and superfreak Wild Man Fischer.

•

It's the age of the troubadour; and this month's stack of albums includes offerings by such minstrels as Canadian folkster Gordon Lightfoot, whose love ballads on ***Sit Down Young Stranger*** (Reprise; also available on stereo tape) contain both insightful lines and corny ones but whose performances give them consistency; reliable old Tom Paxton, whose lyrics on ***Tom Paxton #6*** (Elektra; also available on stereo tape) illuminate the ironies of environmental destruction, war, the high cost of funerals, etc., with lucidity and lyricism; young Melanie, whose rough-edged, emotional style on ***Candles in the Rain*** (Buddah; also available on stereo tape) does wonders for James Taylor's *Carolina in My Mind*, the Rolling Stone's *Ruby Tuesday*, A. A. Milne's *Alexander Beetle* and her own imagistic compositions, such as the title tune; Dylanesque newcomer ***Jesse Winchester*** (Ampex; also available on stereo tape), whose neo-rock tunes (*Quiet About It*) and moody ballads (*Black Dog*) have been sympathetically produced by Robbie Robertson, guitarist of The Band; and Bobby Hebb, best known as the composer of *Sunny*, whose ***Love Games*** (Epic) establishes him as a first-rank songwriter with the vocal expertise to match his muse.

•

The uniformly first-rank quality of Peggy Lee's albums is continued with ***Bridge Over Troubled Water*** (Capitol; also available on stereo tape), a superlative session arranged and conducted by Mike Melvoin, who echoes Miss Lee's impeccable taste. Witness what's done on the title ballad and—as a study in contrasts—*Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head* and the compelling oldie *I See Your Face Before Me*. If you need any further convincing, try the capper, *What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?*—the Academy Award contender by Michel Legrand and the Bergmans that was one of last year's loveliest tunes. Peggy shows why.

THEATER

The Me Nobody Knows started out as a book by Stephen M. Joseph, inspired by

Get Going.

WITH DYNAMITE BUCKLES.

BUCKLES. BIG. BRASSY. HIP. BUCKLES ARE TODAY. BUCKLES ARE. AND WE'VE GOT 'EM. IN OUR BOOTS AND BUCKLES COLLECTION. IN FINEST LEATHERS OF FULL GRAIN CALF SKIN. FASHIONED BY HANOVER, A MAN'S SHOE. $12.95–$22.95

Hanover®
a man's shoe

FOR LOCATION OF YOUR NEAREST STORE OR AUTHORIZED DEALER, WRITE HANOVER SHOE, HANOVER, PENNSYLVANIA 17331

EA
1

How far will she go?
Under every chick lurks a little Women's Lib. Secretly itching to lay her hands on the last stronghold of the male mystique . . . Canterbury belts. Like these virile twists and beefy leathers with potent studs and steely buckles. So be prepared. Don't let her borrow your belt unless she's willing to burn her bra. Canterbury belts, from $10, at men's stores everywhere. Canterbury Belts, Ltd., 36 East 31st Street, New York, New York 10016
CANTERBURY
. . . dares to be different

Löwenbräu costs more than beer.

IMPORTED IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383, BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK. THE HAND-BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU CRYSTAL GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL $2.00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO CLASSIC IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 57, WESTBURY, N.Y. 11590. PLEASE ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

PEOPLE SHOULD DRIVE CARS. CARS SHOULDN'T DRIVE PEOPLE.

MAN DRIVING TRIUMPH TR-6.

They've given you automatic cars with automatic features and automatic options, and taken away something pretty important.

Your feeling of control. Of driving your car, instead of it driving you.

To bring back your self-control, we suggest a Triumph.

A Triumph Spitfire or a Triumph GT-6+ or a Triumph TR-6.

Any one of which gives you all the hardware you need for taking over again. To illustrate:

Racing-type rack and pinion steering. Four-wheel independent springing. Competition-proven engines. Front disc brakes. Four-forward-speed gearboxes.

And on and on.

But a Triumph is a lot more than just hardware. It's what amounts to a whole philosophy:

You control the machine.

The machine doesn't control you.

You realize, of course, we can help you pick up a Triumph overseas. And maybe save you some money in the bargain.

Give a Friend the World of Playboy

Why not start your Christmas shopping today?

Here's your chonce to pick out a luxury-lined kingdom populoted with luscious, loving-core Bunnies . . . to wrop up a wining and dining poro-dise thot covers this continent and beyond . . . and to put the perfect male dreom under the Christmos tree with that favorite friend's nome on it.

How?

With a Playboy Club Key. How else?

Now, for only $30, you con hand thot hard-to-pleose man on your holi-doy list o passport to the entire Playboy Club world—a world which in-cludes the plush surroundings, gourmet dining, mon-size drinks, top flight entertainment and the unmotchable service of Playboy's fomous Bunnies at 17 Playboy Clubs* and two Club-Hotels. (A new Club-Hotel is sched-uled to open next year at Great Gorge, N.J.) Furthermore, not until the end of his first yeor os a keyholder will he be billed his Annual Key Fee, currently $6.

. . . AND HE WILL ALSO GET VIP FOR ONE YEAR!

As o new keyholder, your friend will receive o one-yeor subscription to VIP, the Ployboy Club's own quorterly mogozine, which outlines Club facilities, news and entertainment schedules, os well as carrying eye-opening features on our beautiful Bunnies. Included in his issues of VIP will be free PLAYBOY mogazine redemption certificotes that can be pre-sented for 12 consecutive issues of PLAYBOY at all U.S. (ond Conadion) Clubs except for Clubs in Colifornio ond Michigon. (Sorry, but for legal reasons we cannot redeem certificates for the Clubmaster Bar Selection or for PLAYBOY mogozine in the Californio and Michigan Clubs.)

This offer expires January 31. Orders received by December 21 will be filled by Christmos Eve. (Tax deductible as o business gift to the extent provided by law.) *In Mossachusetts, it's Ployboy of Boston.

AND AS A SPECIAL SANTA CLAUS BONUS . . .

he will also be able to recreate The Ployboy Club otmosphere ot home with the **Clubmaster Bar Selection!** With his Playboy Club Key, he will receive o certificate redeemable at his fovorite stateside (or Conadian) Club (except for Clubs locoted in Californio and Michigan) for this hond-some party time outfit that includes: eight 12-ounce Robbit-crested glasses; eight 7-ounce Robbit-crested glasses; 16 tortoise-shell leother-groined coosters; 50 Robbit Heod bar stirrers; 100 Rabbit Head cocktoil picks; 250 Playboy Club nopkins; and o deluxe four-piece rosewood ond stainless-steel bor tool set. The set feotures o cocktail knife, o corkscrew, o bottle opener and o can opener.

To: **PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC.** 919 N. Michigon Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611

Gentlemen:

In the spirit of the holiday season, I would like to order The Playboy Club Christmas Gift for a friend. The gift is $30 ($30 Canadian in Canada), the cost of the initial key fee alone. In addition to a Playboy Club Key and VIP, the Club magazine, he will also receive a certificate redeemable for the Clubmaster Bar Selection at any U.S. (or Cana-dian) Club except for Clubs located in California and Michigan. I also understand that he will not be billed for the Annual Key Fee (currently $6 U.S.; $6 Canadian) until the end of his first year as a keyholder.

Enclosed is a check for $_____, for _____Playboy Club Gifts; or charge to my credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

My Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip Code

PLEASE SEND THE PLAYBOY CLUB CHRISTMAS GIFT TO: 9544

Recipient's Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip Code

CHECK APPROPRIATE BOXES

☐ Send the gift card and certificate for his Clubmaster Bar Selection to the recipient.

☐ I wish to present the gift personally. Send the unsigned gift card to me.

☐ I am a PLAYBOY magazine subscriber.

Gift card to read from _____

Use separate sheet of paper to order additional gift Keys.

KEYHOLDERS MAY DIAL A BUNNY FOR SPEEDIER CHRISTMAS SHOPPING . . . WE CONFIRM BY MAIL. Atlanta (404 525-4626) • Baltimore (301 837-1111) • Playboy of Boston (617 536-7900) • Chicago (312 944-3010) • Cincinnati (513 241-8580) • Denver (303 292-1300) • Detroit (313 962-0011) • Jamaica (Oracabesso 222) • Kansas City (816 421-5080) • Lake Geneva (414 248-8811) • London (Mayfair 6666) • Los Angeles (213 657-5050) • Miami (305 751-7543) • Montreal (514 288-5181) • New Orleans (504 523-5001) • New York (212 752-3100) • Phoenix (602 264-4314) • St. Louis (314 652-4700) • San Francisco (415 434-2550)

Every woman alive loves Chanel N°5

CHANEL

©1970 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York

Perfume from 8.50, Eau de Cologne from 4.00

his days as a ghetto schoolteacher in New York City. It was a paste pot of observations, anecdotes, fantasies, daydreams and scraps of poetry, written by street kids, some of them as young as seven. The naïveté and the honesty of the writings were its charm. Then someone had the idea—in the program, Herb Schapiro is credited with "original idea" —to make a rock musical out of the book. The lyrics, by Will Holt, are partially based on the kids' writings. Many of the cast are affecting and, as an entertainment, this revuelike show has its moments. But it also has its problems. Like most of the cast, Gary William Friedman's music has a showbiz background; it seems removed from the concrete. The spoken words, off the printed page, seem banal. It's one thing to read these small sincere notations, another to hear them soliloquized and acted out under stage lights backed by enormous projections on a mock-up of a city street. A half hour into *The Me Nobody Knows* and it already has exhausted its observations on ghetto life: It's not much. At the Orpheum, 126 Second Avenue.

•

Athol Fugard, South Africa's foremost playwright, delineates down-and-outers —economically and emotionally. The two people in his new play, ***Boesman and Lena,*** the last of a trilogy that began with *The Blood Knot*, are the most down-and-out he has contemplated, yet they display a stoicism not typical of Fugard characters. Boesman and Lena are black squatters, forced to lead a nomadic existence. Their last in a series of shacks has been bulldozed and they find themselves once again wandering—this time through the mud flats of South Africa. The two are linked, not by a blood knot but by a shared condition, a sort of state of bind. To Boesman, Lena is a drag: She walks slower, talks more, is a bore. For Lena, Boesman is a bully. On the stark stage in this production, they wear on each other. Then an old man wanders in and acts as a catalyst. One feels by the end of the play that all has been said, although not always demonstrated, about this sad pair. You know them and you can practically taste the environment. Credit director John Berry. The performances are felt, by Ruby Dee as Lena and, particularly, by James Earl Jones as Boesman. Jones disguises his native intelligence and ebullience behind a mask of near animality. Boesman doesn't think; he just is. Unfortunately, the play moves as slowly, and sometimes as tediously, as Boesman and Lena move across the mud flats. But whereas their journey is merely mechanical—as characters, they live to move—the play's journey is cumulative and climactic. At the Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

...and you thought all vodkas were alike.

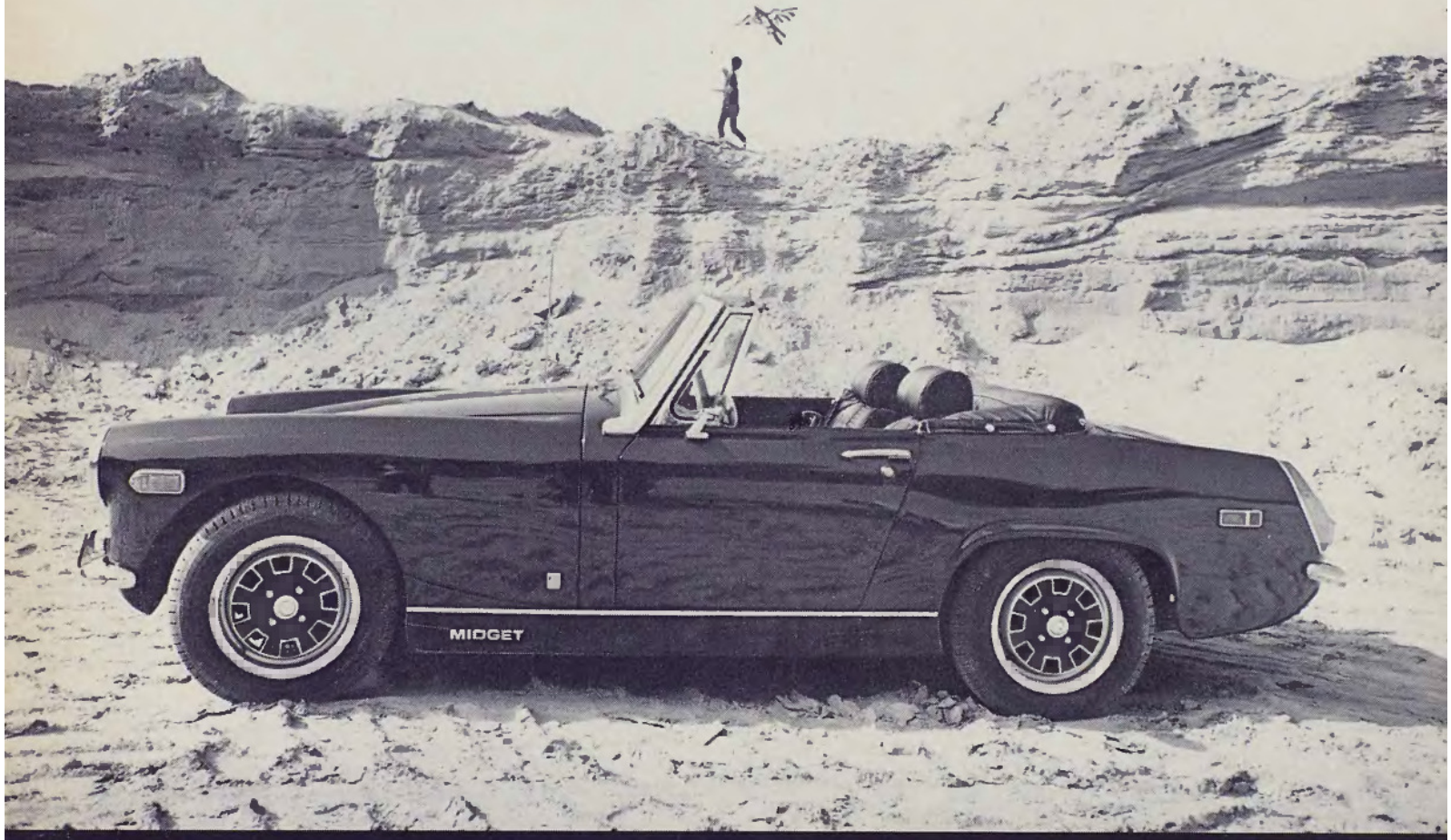
It's the only vodka in the world with a patent on smoothness

Gordon's® Vodka is screened 15 times by an exclusive U.S. patented process (No. 2,879,165) which makes it the smoothest, clearest, most mixable vodka you can buy.

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

MG MIDGET

A lot more sports car than sporty cars costing a lot more.



The MG Midget gives you more sports car than a lot of sporty cars around. Track-tested features like rack-and-pinion steering, racing suspension, radial-ply tires, and 4-speed gearbox. Plus the great Midget look. Lower and longer, with a new matte black recessed grille. Price? $2279* including radial-ply tires. So pay a little less and get a real sports car—the MG Midget.

BRITISH LEYLAND

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price N.Y.P.O.E. Does not include transportation charges, dealer preparation, state and local taxes, if any. Radio is optional at extra cost. For overseas delivery information, write British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How can I get my girlfriend to talk to me? She's quite intelligent, but she seems barely able to manage a hello, let alone a goodbye. In answer to direct questions, she's apt to indicate a positive or a negative answer with a nod of her head. Her silence bothers me and when I try to discuss the problem with her, she explains in a matter-of-fact way that she is quiet with family, friends, co-workers and strangers and that this is her nature. Where do I go from here?—F. B., Seattle, Washington.

To a party—with someone else. Silence is golden, but who wants to be that rich?

I read that the British navy has discontinued the custom of serving seamen a daily ration of rum. In the newspaper account, the rum was referred to as "Nelson's Blood." Could you tell me the origin of this rather gruesome name, if there are any mixed drinks that approximate it today and just when the British navy started serving a rum ration in the first place?—S. A., Dallas, Texas.

The custom started in 1650, when brandy was doled out to sailors, presumably to curb thoughts of mutiny; by 1731, however, the navy had switched to rum. The half-pint ration was later ordered diluted with water by Admiral Edward Vernon, nicknamed "Old Grog" after his cloak of grogram, and the mixture was called—not unexpectedly—grog. Vernon was also responsible for serving a mixture of rum and lime juice—a forerunner of our modern daiquiri—as a scurvy preventive. Admiral Nelson unknowingly added a macabre note when his body was shipped home from Trafalgar in a cask of rum (there were no embalming facilities on board) and thirsty sailors tapped the cask for a tot tinged with Nelson's blood, which quickly became a popular name for rum itself. The rum ration is now optional in the British navy; the sailor who forgoes it will have three cents a day added to his pay.

My fiancé and I are planning to be married within six months. During the past year, sexual intercourse has played an important part in our activities. Usually, our romantic setting is his house, when his parents are out, or a car on a dead-end road. Recently, however, we were caught in the back seat by the police and I was humiliated. We've been saving for the wedding, so we can't rent a motel room almost every night. How can we find a pleasant, private spot in which to make love?—Miss F. D., Akron, Ohio.

If you can't afford to advance the date of your wedding, then you'll have to have less intercourse in the meantime. Although the best things in life are free, "pleasant, private spots" aren't always among them. However, if sexual activity during those six months is so important to you, have your boyfriend rent an apartment—even if it means delaying your nuptials. It certainly wouldn't hurt in preparation for marriage for either or both of you to be living on your own.

Some of my friends are experimenting with speed; and while, in one sense, it is none of my business, I am still worried about them. I think it's dangerous to their health, but aside from warning them that "speed kills," I don't know what to say, since I have no hard information. Can you tell me what physical damage the amphetamines cause?—R. F., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

There is no clinical evidence that use of amphetamines results in actual physical damage to the brain or to any other organ. Psychologically, it's a different story. A chronic user of any amphetamine drug progresses from his initial increased alertness, insomnia and loss of appetite associated with moderate use to increasing restlessness, irritability, weight loss, hallucinations and delusions (in part caused by prolonged sleeplessness) with increased consumption. This condition is entirely reversible when a person stops taking the drug and receives proper medical and psychiatric treatment. "Speed kills" is therefore somewhat of a scare slogan, but habituation to speed is nonetheless a bum trip. There's a lot of damage that can be done short of death.

A friend of mine, who is a successful composer of some very groovy music, claims he never indulges in sexual intercourse during periods of creativity, some of which may last for weeks, and attributes his success to this fact. Is there any scientific evidence that abstaining from sex heightens the powers of creativity?—F. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Historically, there have been many creative people who have believed this. Balzac, for example, was reported to feel that his ability to write depended on his retention of sperm, and once bitterly complained that he had lost a "masterpiece" the previous night because of an unwanted and uncontrollable orgasm. However, there is no scientific basis for a cause-and-effect relationship, nor for relating abstention to creativity.

My girlfriend—whom I've been dating steadily for about three months—invited me to a semiformal dance presented by the company for which she works. After

Revelation hasn't changed since Gramps helped make "The Perils of Pauline."

Revelation's not made of sugar and spice, boys. Just tobacco: 5 great tobaccos. Revelation's for the experienced pipe smoker.

A quality product of Philip Morris U.S.A.

the event (during which I paid for all incidentals, such as transportation and drinks), she told me I owed her the price of the tickets. I was considerably taken aback but decided not to argue and handed over the dough. Was I wrong?—J. M., Troy, New York.

You were right in handing over the money; but you were also justified in being surprised by her demand, since she had extended the invitation. Does she charge you for the groceries when she invites you for dinner?

In high school, I was editor of the school paper, in the top ten percent of my graduating class and considered one of the better all-around athletes. Unfortunately, I was more of a "man's man" and didn't date very much. Now I'm in college and there have been several girls I've dated, but the relationship always ends with the girl saying, "You're like a brother to me, and that's the only way I could love you." Recently, I've fallen for a girl in one of my classes, but I hesitate to ask her out for fear of hearing that old brotherly-love refrain again. How can I change my image?—C. T., Omaha, Nebraska.

If a girl says she loves you like a brother, perhaps it's because you're treating her like a sister. Your success as editor, student and athlete came through experience, effort and clear thinking. The same things apply in the dating area. If you're interested in the girl, invite her out and treat her as something other than a close friend or near relation. Nothing blights a romance so much as treating a girl like a member of the family—before she is one.

A salesman in an exclusive men's shop told me that the number of stripes sewn into the lining of some ties indicates the amount of workmanship that went into it. Is this true or was the salesman pulling my leg?—D. C., Seattle, Washington.

Consider it only a slight tug. The stripes on the inside of a tie indicate the weight of the lining. Generally, manufacturers using a heavyweight tie material use a lighter lining and vice versa; occasionally, some will use a heavy (even double) lining with heavy material for the bulkier feel that some men prefer. One stripe indicates a very light lining, six the heaviest. Gold stripes indicate a better-quality lining than do silver stripes.

Is it possible to catch V. D. via anal and oral intercourse?—N. R., Rochester, Minnesota.

Yes. The anal area is as susceptible as the genitals to syphilis and to gonorrhea. The oral area is susceptible to the former but rarely to the latter.

My wife and I have moved to the city in which my parents live, which is also the location of the law school I now attend. Even though my wife works, we are partially dependent on my folks for school expenses. Unfortunately, in addition to giving us money, they constantly offer advice and try to influence our social decisions and engagements. We find this annoying but cannot bring ourselves to hurt them by saying so. Can you help us?—D. M., Kansas City, Kansas.

Discuss the situation with your parents, making no connection between their meddling and their money; very possibly, you'll come to an amicable agreement. If the connection is made by them, say that because you are partially dependent on them financially, it is most important that you do not become dependent on them in other ways as well. If they're paying your expenses, they would be less than human if they didn't think you could use some advice as well —and expect you to follow it. Or, as Harry Cohn, former head of Columbia Pictures, once said: "Whoever eats my bread sings my song."

I have an older-model Volkswagen that has a six-volt battery system. I would like to install a cartridge tape player, but the ones I've investigated operate from a 12-volt supply system. What can I do so I don't have to roar down the freeway limited to the sounds—and commercials —from my car radio?—W. L., Long Beach, California.

Contact a radio-supply house and purchase a D. C. converter that will adapt your six-volt supply to 12 volts for the tape unit.

A year and a half ago I broke up with a girl but have begun to date her again. We were very much in love then and I feel I am in love with her once more. We've talked of the deep feelings we once shared, but I don't know if her emotions have been as fully rekindled as mine have. How can I be sure that she's in love with me again?—T. K., Corpus Christi, Texas.

As Shakespeare put it, "What's past is prolog." Don't trap yourself amid dead memories or your present romance may turn into a stroll through a wax museum. Measure your current relationship by how your girl feels about accepting dates, and whether she's responsive to your needs and wishes.

What's the correct procedure if the host proposes a general toast and your glass is empty? Should you raise the glass or just leave it on the table?—H. M., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Raise your glass with the other guests.

During a discussion in my night school psychology class, a woman student said she thought that psychiatrists had problems as great as those of their patients. I disputed that, but another woman said she had spent 12 years as a medical technician, had met many psychiatrists and considered them to be as sick as any of their patients. What does *The Playboy Advisor* have to say on the stability of psychiatrists?—R. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

Possibly as an indication of the pressures of their job and the difficulty of walking a tightrope between empathy and objectivity, the suicide rate among psychiatrists is twice that of doctors in general and seven times that of the population as a whole. In addition, according to Dr. Walter Freeman, consulting neurologist at Agnews State Hospital, San Jose, California, some doctors, unstable to begin with, go into psychiatry to resolve their own personality conflicts. Others, particularly young psychiatrists, find that the psychoanalysis that they themselves have to undergo "induces crises of insight that prove unbearable."

Some of my friends claim they have two or even three orgasms during a single lovemaking period. I am able to have a second erection and gain entrance, but eventually I lose it without a second ejaculation. While I can achieve two orgasms daily, I never seem able to in rapid succession, and since I am only 24 years old, this worries me. My girlfriend says she doesn't care, but I feel it is of more importance to her than she is admitting. I love this girl and hope to marry her; naturally, I do not wish to be a source of disappointment to her, so my incompetence in the sex department has become something of an obsession with me. What would you suggest I do to improve my performance?—J. F., Houston, Texas.

Every man should establish his own frequency pattern of orgasm rather than try to force a multi-ejaculatory response, if this is not his particular facility. If a man can regain an erection shortly after ejaculation and maintain it for a satisfactory length of time, his partner will have been provided every opportunity for sexual satisfaction. You seem considerably more concerned than your girlfriend, however, which leads us to suspect that you are more interested in keeping score (and keeping up with what your friends claim they do) than in the quality of your sexual activities with your girl.

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.

185843

191734

191809

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.

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! That's right . . . 5 STEREO TAPES for only $1.00, and all you need to do is agree to purchase as few as five more tapes during the coming two years.

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.

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB

Terre Haute
Indiana 47808

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please accept me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the 5 tapes I wish to receive for only $1.00, plus postage and handling. Include the self-threading take-up 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 two years, 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.

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss (Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address .....

City .....

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

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

470-7/65

© 1970 CBS Direct Marketing Services T-510/F70

JAYMAR

SLACKS
with BAN-ROL*

Wide-waistband Jaymar Slacks of 100% wool, as shown, about $23. Other Jaymar all wool slacks from $20.

Belt-Loop Slacks...
Big Loops...
Side Buckle...
Front Buckle...
Flares...
Side Adjustments...
Wide Waistband...
Extension Waistband...

It's No Longer A Question Of Which Style To Wear!

Today's man is many men. He's the executive and he's the golfer. He's the host and he's the guest. He's the viewer, he's the doer.

And that's why Jaymar offers you over 800 distinctly different ideas in fashion, colors and patterns. All with that finely tuned sense of taste that marks the look of Jaymar.

Jaymar Slacks are made by people who care...how you look. Try on a pair today. Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana.

A JAYMAR® SLACK
by the makers of Sansabelt®

* Reg. T.M. of Ban-Rol Co.

©Jaymar-Ruby, Inc. 1970

Jaymar Slacks available at these and 5,000 other fine stores coast to coast . . .

ALABAMA
Bessemer — A. J. August Clo. Co.
Bessemer — Sokol's
Birmingham — Richard Bennett Custom Tailors
Birmingham — Jones-Lawless—All Stores
Birmingham — Parrisian—All Stores
Decatur — Parrisian
Dothan — Blumberg's
Homewood — The Squire's Shop
Mobile — Stoll's

ALASKA
Anchorage — Kloplensteins

ARKANSAS
Blytheville — Day's
Conway — Ed Camp's
Warren — The Squire Shop

CALIFORNIA
Canoga Park — House of Lords
Costa Mesa — Gentry Ltd.—All Stores
Fresno — Walter Smith—All Stores
Fullerton — Dante For Men
Mission Hills — Oliver's Ltd.
Northern California — Hastings of San Francisco
Oakland — Mendesa's
Oakland — Strom's
Oakland — Top Drawer—All Stores
Sacramento — Bonney & Gordan
Sacramento — Weinstock-Hale
Salinas — Dick Brehn
San Francisco — Bachester's Big and Tall
San Jose — Murphy-Inman
San Jose — Eli Thomas
Santa Rosa — Keegans
Southern California — Silverwoods
Stockton — John Falls

COLORADO
Canon City — Havens
Colorado Springs — Kaufman's
Denver — The Boys' Store—All Stores
Denver — Mr. R. Shop
Ft. Collins — The Sutler
Greeley — Otis Bros.
Pueblo — Howard's

CONNECTICUT
Ansonia — Silberbergs
Avon — Frank Ross Men's Shop
Bloomfield — Town Square
Bridgeport — Greenwald's
Bridgeport — Skydel's
Bridgeport — Wallachs
Bristol — Land's
Bristol — Raphael's
Cheshire — Dudley's
East Hartford — Sherman's Men's Wear
Greenwich — Carlo Brothers Clothiers
Groton — Goodson's
Hartford — Sage-Allen
Hartford — Slossberg's
Hartford — Wallachs—All Stores
Meriden — Harry Heidl
Middletown — Herbert's
Naugatuck — Breen's
New Britain — Raphael's
New Canaan — Martins
New Haven — Enson's
New Haven — Edw. Malley Co.
New Haven — Stag Shop
New London — Outlet Co.—All Stores
Norwalk — Jeffrey's
Old Saybrook — Connolly's Mens Shop
Plainville — Garfield Jones
Seymour — Isaacson's
Stamford — Michael Dean Ltd.
Stamford — Frank Martin & Sons
Stratford — Dobby's Men's Shop
Torrington — Mason & Johnson
Trumbull — Ray Pacific
West Hartford — William F. Powers Co.
West Haven — Nicotra's
Westport — Ed Mitchell
Wethersfield — Lewison's
Wethersfield — Regent Men's Shop
Wethersfield — Saga-Allen

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — Louis & Dan Brown Ltd.
Washington — Excalibur Inc.—All Stores
Washington — Bruce Hunt—All Stores
Washington — S. Kann Sons
Washington — Latt's Country Squire
Washington — Dave Margolis

FLORIDA
Fort Lauderdale — John Irwin Ltd.
Jacksonville — Levy-Wolf
Miami — London Shop
North Miami — London Shop

GEORGIA
Albeins — Gibson's
Atlanta — Fisher's Mens Store
Atlanta — Zachry—All Stores
Augusta — Oxford Shop
Columbus — Tillman's—All Stores
Columbus — B. Young Inc.
La Grange — Manour's
Macon — R. S. Thorpe & Sons
Rome — J. Bailey's
Savannah — Morris Levy's
Thomasville — Hicks Clo. Co.
Tifton — The Big Store

HAWAII
Honolulu — Kramer's

IDAHO
Idaho Falls — Brown & Grsas

ILLINOIS
Alton — Bartleff's
Arlington Hts. — I. Svoboda & Sons
Aurora — Lytton's
Bensenville — Tioga Toggery
Blue Island — Bayo's Store For Men
Calumet City — Baskin
Calumet City — Broadstreet's
Calumet City — Lytton's
Calumet City — M. L. Rothschild
Champaign — Karoll's
Chicago — Baskin—All Stores
Chicago — Brighton Clo.
Chicago — Broadjanc Clothiers
Chicago — Broadstreet's
Chicago — Cohn & Stern
Chicago — Karoll's—All Stores
Chicago — Lytton's—All Stores
Chicago — Morris Mens Shop
Chicago — M. L. Rothschild—All Stores
Chicago — Saper's Store for Men
Chicago — Wirbolt's—All Stores
Chicago — Wolnberg's Kingston Shop
Cicero — Jack's Men's Shops Inc.
Danville — Rees-Strauss Co.
Decatur — Muirheid Men's Shop
Deerfield — Courtley, Ltd.
De Kalb — Holly's
Dundee — Bethke Clothiers
Elgin — Ackemann's
Elmhurst — Leonard's Store For Men
Evanston — Baskin
Evanston — Lytton's
Evanston — M. L. Rothschild
Evergreen Park — Park Men's Shop
Glen Ellyn — Dean Olson Men's Wear
Harvey — Karoll's
Joliet — Wolfson's Clothing
La Grange — Mr. Floyd's
La Grange — Village Toggery
Moline — Masenfelder's, Inc.
Mt. Prospect — M. L. Rothschild
Northbrook — The Jones's
Oak Brook — Broadstreet's
Oak Park — Baskin
Oak Park — Lytton's
Park Forest — Lytton's
Peoria — Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Peoria — Schradzki Co.—All Stores
Quincy — Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Rockford — Chas. V. Weise Co.—All Stores
Rock Island — Baskin
Rock Island — Masenfelder's, Inc.
Skokie — Broadstreet's
Skokie — Lytton's
Skokie — M. L. Rothschild
Springfield — Myers Bros.
Waukegan — Durken & Durken—All Stores
Waukegan — Storey's Men's Wear

INDIANA
Angola — Strocks Men's Wear
Bloomington — Wholesales
Crown Point — Falveys
Elkhart — Myers Men's Wear
Evansville — Gordons
Ft. Wayne — L. S. Ayres & Co.—All Stores
Ft. Wayne — Major Gentlemen's Attire
Ft. Wayne — Meyers & McCarthy
Ft. Wayne — Patterson-Fletcher
Gary — Frank's Store For Men
Gary — H. Gordon & Sons
Gary — Mac and Dewey
Goshen — Snyder's Men's Shop
Hammond — Joe Harsch Inc.
Highland — Zandstra's Store For Men
Indianapolis — L. S. Ayres & Co.—All Stores
Indianapolis — Big and Tall
Indianapolis — Edrich Ltd.
Indianapolis — The Mans World
Indianapolis — Squire Shop
Kentland — Band & Stern
La Porte — Lew's
Michigan City — Griegers
Mooresville — Habig's Casuals
Muncie — Beall's Inc.
South Bend — Gilbert's
South Bend — Robertson's Men's Store
Valparaiso — The Oxford Shop Inc.

IOWA
Ames — The University Shop
Carroll — Eddie Quinn Clothier
Cedar Falls — A. J. August Clo. Co.
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Council Bluffs — Iowa Clothes Shop
Davenport — Bratt's Mens Wear
Des Moines — Bodin Van Dorn
Des Moines — Frankejis—Both Stores
Des Moines — Kuchuras
Fort Dodge — The Mr. Shop
Fort Dodge — Eddie Quinn Clothier

KANSAS
Kansas City — C & S Fashions
Kansas City — McFeeld's Tailor Shop
Leavenworth — J. Michaels, Ltd.
Liberal — Kelly's Men's Wear
Overland Park — Louis Barry Ltd.
Overland Park — Todd's—All Stores
Topeka — Garrett's Inc.
Topeka — Barnett's Mens Fashions
Topeka — Ray Beers Clo. Co.
Wichita — A. J. August Clo. Co.
Wichita — Kern's Parklane
Wichita — Macy's

KENTUCKY
Louisville — Kaufman-Straus
Louisville — Stewart Dry Goods
Murray — Graham-Jachson

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplan's—Bath Stores
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner
Baton Rouge — Goodchaux's
Baton Rouge — B. H. Holmes—All Stores
Franklinton — Simmons'
Golden Meadow — Dad & Lad
Kenilwood — Simmons'
Lafayette — Abdalla's
Lafayette — Gadby's—Both Stores
Lake Charles — The Village Squire
Leesville — Caplan's
Monroe — The Oxford Shop
Natchitoches — Caplan's
New Iberia — The Model Corp.
New Orleans — D. H. Holmes—All Stores
New Orleans — Porter's
Ruston — Lewis Stagg Shop

MARYLAND
Annapolis — Peerless Clothing Co.
Baltimore — Dudley's Father & Son
Baltimore — Kavanaugh's—All Stores
Baltimore — Stewart & Co.
Bethesda — Lawrence Reed Ltd.
Cumberland — Kapton's Young Men's Shop
Frederick — The Young Men's Shop
Hagerstown — DeVono's Men's Wear
Hillcrest Heights — Lawrence Reed Ltd.
Hyattsville — Fred's Mens Shop
La Plata — P. S. Bowling & Co.
Lutherville — Andrew's Men's & Boy's
Rockville — Larry Alan, Inc.
Rockville — Lawrence Reed Ltd.
Silver Spring — David's
Wheaton — Embassy Father & Son

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston — Wallachs—All Stores
Boston — Webb's—Both Stores
Brockton — Allegro's
Chatham — Puritan Clo. Co.
Dennisport — Puritan Clo. Co.
Fall River — Empire Mens Shops—All Stores
Falmouth — Empire Mens Shops
Framingham — The Wardrobe
Haverhill — Barrett's—Both Stores
Hudson — Gould's
Hyannis — Puritan Clo. Co.—All Stores
Methuen — Barrett's
Natick — Wallachs—All Stores
New Bedford — Gollys of New Bedford
N. Adams — Roberts Co.
N. Cambridge — Congress Mens Store
Orleans — Puritan Clo. Co.
Pittsfield — Berkshire Hills Shop
Springfield — Wallachs
Waltham — Byron's Inc.
Waltham — Riseberg's
Worcester — Lupin's
Worcester — Al Vuona's

MICHIGAN
Adrian — Michael Roberts Mens Store
Big Rapids — The Collegiate Shop
Big Rapids — Towne & Country Men's Shop
Dearborn — Ted's of Dearborn
Detroit — Crowley's—All Stores
Detroit — Riley's
Farmington — Fredrick's
Flint — Binder's Big & Tall Store
Flint — Marvin's
Flint — Smith Bridgman's—All Stores
Flint — Mitt Weiss Apparel
Grand Haven — The Big Store
Holland — Ambassador Shop
Holland — Lokker-Rutgers
Kalamazoo — Kool Knapper
Lansing — H. Kositchek
Marquette — Stern & Field
Muskegon — Friend's Friendly Clothier
Niles — Pauls Toggery
Oak Park — Shulman's—All Stores
Oneosto — Storrer's
Rochester — Mitzelfeld's
St. Clair Shores — Larry's Men's & Boy's Wear
St. Clair Shores — North Shore Vales Cleaners
Southfield — Van Horn's Men's Stores—All Stores
Trenton — O'Connor's Men & Boys Wear
Ypsilanti — Darbys Mens Wear

MINNESOTA
Brooewington — Cedric's
Detroit Lakes — Norby's Dept. Store
Duluth — Morterud-Koneczny
Mankato — Wilson Clothing Co.
Minneapolis — Liemandt's
Northfield — Perman's Inc.
No. St. Paul — Mr. B's Men's Wear
Rosemount — Cedric's
St. Paul — Cedric's
St. Paul — Field-Schick
St. Paul — Johnson-Dodds
St. Paul — Liemandt's
Shakopee — Bill's Toggery & Shoes
Willmar — R. E. Torgerson Clo. Co.

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi — Gene Ware's
Canton — Rupe's
Grenada — The Stag Shop
Hattiesburg — Essex House
Hattiesburg — Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
Jackson — Emporium
Jackson — Jim's of Jackson
Jackson — McRae's—All Stores
Laurel — Hamilton-Graves
Tupelo — R. W. Reed Co.—Both Stores
Yazoo City — D. A. Swayze

MISSOURI
Butler — The Country Squire
Columbia — Harry Smith Men's Wear
Jefferson City — Czarlinsky's
Kansas City — Indin's Plaza Men's Wear
Kansas City — Macy's—All Stores
Kansas City — Mr. Gent's Mens Wear
Kansas City — Rothschild's Varsity Shop—All Stores
Kansas City — Syl's Mens Fashions
Maryville — Haage's
Overland — Lewison's Mens Wear
Rolla — Vern's Mens Wear
St. Joseph — A. J. August Clo. Co.
St. Joseph — Ed Cowman's Custom Shop
St. Louis — Boyd's—All Stores
St. Louis — Bryant's Esquire Mens Shop
St. Louis — Caesar's
St. Louis — The Specialty Shop
St. Louis — Wolff's—All Stores
Springfield — A. J. August Clo. Co.
Springfield — Cole's Mens & Shoes

MONTANA
Great Falls — Kaufmans

NEBRASKA
Grand Island — Brandeis
Lincoln — Brandeis
Lincoln — Miller & Paine—Both Stores
North Platte — Hirschield's
Omaha — Brandeis—All Stores
Omaha — Morrys' Men's Clothes
Omaha — Ross' Red Hanger Shop

NEVADA
Las Vegas — Silverwoods

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester — Easler's

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City — Jules for Men & Young Men
Bayonne — Posner's
Bellville — Louaire's Mens Shop
Bergenfield — The Gentlemen's Quarter
Bloomfield — Barry's Town & Suburban
Bound Brook — Archie's Men's Shop
Burlington — Polsky's
Caldwell — Geisman's
Carteret — Price's
Clark — Country Squire
Closter — Cicerio Bros.
East Orange — Mink's
Elizabeth — Beckett Men's Wear
Freehold — Millers Stag Shop
Hackensack — Kartich's
Hackensack — Krieger's
Haddon Hts. — Bodd's Country Store
Hoboken — Geisman's
Irvington — Ralf Clothes
Jersey City — Barrett's Men's Shop
Linden — Palmer's Men's Shop
Menlo Park — Wallachs
Montclair — Frost & Son Inc.
Moorestown — Wayne Burke Ltd. of N.J.
Mount Ephraim — Ergood's
Newark — Browning 5th Ave.—All Stores
Newark — Tall Mens Stores Inc.
Newark — Wallachs
New Providence — Adams Haberdashers Inc.
Paramus — Wallachs
Passaic — Geisman-Kaplan
Passaic — Max Goldstein & Sons
Paterson — Kasen's Pants Store
Paterson — Scotty Levinthal
Pennsville — Sendrow's Mens Apparel
Plainfield — Browning 5th Ave.—All Stores
Pleasantville — King Richard
Pleasantville — The Stag Shop
Red Bank — Clayton & Magee
Salem — Prince's For Men
Toms River — Feldman's Inc.
Trenton — Browning 5th Ave.—All Stores
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop
Upper Montclair — The Olympic Shop
Vineland — Dom Michael's Mens & Boys Wear
Wayne — Browning 5th Ave.
Wayne — Wallachs
West Caldwell — The Male Shop
Wildwood — Allen's Men's Wear
Willingboro — Stanford Reed

NEW YORK
Albany — McManus & Riley—All Stores
Albany — Specter's
Auburn — Homick's Men's Shop
Bronx — The Clothes Shack
Brooklyn — Ruby Berman
Brooklyn — The Bounty Shop
Brooklyn — Castle Clothes
Brooklyn — Field Brothers—All Stores
Brooklyn — Forward Fashions
Brooklyn — Gentlemen's Quarters
Brooklyn — Ho-Man Shops Inc.—All Stores
Brooklyn — Richfield Clothes
Buffalo — Adam Meldrum & Anderson
Buffalo — The Kleinhans Co.—All Stores
Buffalo — Riverside Men's Shop
Buffalo — United Men's Stores
Canton — Barbour's
Clinton — Robert L. Rinne Ltd.
Cortland — Harold's Men's Store
Delmar — Paul Mitchell's Men's Wear
De Witt — The Mr. Shop
Dunkirk — Town-N-Country
Freeport, L.I. — Hunter's—All Stores
Garden City, L.I. — Wallachs
Glens Falls — Mico's Clothes Shop
Glens Falls — The Outlet
Grahville — Wilson Clothing Co.
Hempstead, L.I. — Browning 5th Ave.
Hempstead, L.I. — The Hutch
Hempstead, L.I. — Tall Mens Stores Inc.
Huntington, L.I. — Wallachs
Ilion — Warner's Men's Shop
Kingston — Flanagan's
Lake Grove — Browning 5th Ave.
Liberty — Sullivan's
Lockport — Clarke H. Glover
Long Beach — Weinberg's
Mahopac — Jacques-Jodino
Medina — Walk & Sons, Inc.
Mt. Kisco — Cohen's Mens Shop
Nanuet — Wallachs
New Hartford — Wicks & Greenman
New York City — Breitbart's
New York City — Browning 5th Ave.—All Stores
New York City — Casual-Aire
New York City — Joseph M. Klein
New York City — Mr. Caesar Ltd.
New York City — Wallachs—All Stores
Niagara Falls — Frank's Men's Shop
North Tonawanda — J J Mens Shop
Ogdensburg — Joseph Fisher & Son
Ossining — Ross Men's Wear
Oswego — Shapiro's
Plattsburgh — Austin's
Pleasantville — Talbot Ltd.
Riverhead, L.I. — Edward Archer
Rochester — Len David Ltd.
Rochester — William David's
Rochester — E. W. Edwards & Son—All Stores
Rochester — McCurdy & Co.
Rochester — National Clothing Co.—All Stores
Rome — Sam Simpkins, Inc.
Saranac Lake — Wilson Clothing Co.
Schenectady — Nusbaum's
Spring Valley — Mat Kaplan
Syracuse — E. W. Edwards & Son
Syracuse — Gary's
Troy — Nachman's Men's Wear
Utica — Gerald's
Utica — Wicks & Greenman
Watertown — Boys' & Men's Specialty Shop
Watertown — J. R. Miller Co.
White Plains — Wallachs
Woodmere, L.I. — Richfield Clothes
Yonkers — Browning 5th Ave.
Yonkers — Wallace-Corning
Yonkers — Wallachs
Yorktown Hts. — Towey's Mens Shop

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Man Store
Asheville — J. Presley Ltd.
Boone — Reten's Town & Campus
Burlington — Belk-Beck Co.
Charlotte — J. O. Jones Inc.
Concord — Hoover's
Durham — The Hub Ltd.
Durham — Van Straaten's
Eden — Towne Square Ltd.
Fayetteville — Capitol Dept. Store
Fayetteville — Howard & Whitaker
Gastonia — Warren Gardner's Inc.
Goldsboro — Weil's
Greensboro — The Hub Ltd.
Haveiock — Tryon Clothiers
Henderson — Grady's Varsity Mens and Boys Shop
Hickory — West-Deal Co.
High Point — Arnold Craven
Jacksonville — Jacksonville Dept. Store
Kinston — Brody's
Louisburg — Town & Campus
Lumberton — Weinstein's
New Bern — Hill's
Oxford — Grady's
Raleigh — Hudson-Belk Co.
Raleigh — McLeod, Watson & Lanier—All Stores
Raleigh — Nowell's
Reidsville — Hooper & Moore
Rockingham — Bill Wallace Inc.
Rocky Mt. — Epstein's
St. Paul — Joe Sugar's
Salisbury — Goodnight's
Sanford — Morgan's Ltd.
Southern Pines — Sir Richard's, Ltd.
Wilmington — Ed Fleishman & Bros.
Wilmington — Fay-Nee Co.
Wilmington — Payne's
Wilson — The Country Square
Wilson — Moss & Co.
Winston-Salem — Hine-Bagby Company

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo — Straus Co.

OHIO
Akron — Koch's—All Stores
Cincinnati — Pogue's—All Stores
Cleveland — B. R. Baker —All Stores
Columbus — Harry's King Size Clothes
Columbus — Walkers—All Stores
Dayton — Elder-Beerman
Dayton — Walkers
Euclid — Guenik's
Fairview Park — Shaltter's Men's Wear
Findlay — Findlay Toggery
Fremont — Lytle's
Hamilton — Elder-Beerman
Mansfield — Komito's
Marion — Walter Anthelm's
Marion — The Toggery
Newark — Mitchell's Men's Wear
Rocky River — Ford's Men's Shop
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Tiffin — Tiffin Toggery
Toledo — Harry's King Size Clothes
Wapakoneta — Zoffin's

OKLAHOMA
Edmond — S. K. McCall's
Enid — Richard's Ltd.
Muskogee — Plaza Clothiers & Square Shop
Oklahoma City — Parks Apparel
Okmulgee — Toppers
Stillwater — Bates Bros. Campus
Tahlequah — The Brass Lantern
Tulsa — Clarke's Good Clothes
Tulsa — Vandevers

OREGON
Eugene — Ellingsworth's
Eugene — Rosenblatts
Klamath Falls — Frank Drew Men's Wear
Portland — Rosenblatts

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Bunten Gross & Meyer
Ambridge — Tenner's
Aronmore — Spreitzer's
Beaver — Balint's Men's Wear
Berwick — Vincent's Mens Shop
Bethlehem — George's Mens Shop
Bloomsburg — Al's Mens Shop
Butler — McCarren's
Camp Hill — Stark Bros
Carlisle — Kronenberg's
Charleroi — Frank's Men's Shop
Clarion — Wenn Bros.
Clearfield — Jacobson & Etzweiler
Easton — Judson-Bricker Inc.
Ellwood City — Jake Oswald
Erie — P. A. Meyer & Sons
Gettysberg — The Village Shop
Hanover — Eisele & Weikert
Harrisburg — Stark Bros
Hollidaysburg — T. H. Suckling & Son
Huntingdon — English's Store For Men
Johnstown — Miller's of Johnstown, Inc.
Kittanning — Moesta & Son
Lancaster — Lawn's
Latrobe — Mike Hughes
Lebanon — DeVeno's Men's Wear
Lebanon — Lawn's
Leechburg — Bennett's Men's Shop
Levittown — Pomeroy's
Lewistown — Bob Davis
Media — D. Gross
Monessen — Gaudio's Store For Men
Nanticoke — Al's Clothes Shop
Narvana Hts. — Herbert's Men's Shop
Northumberland — M. Gobin & Son
Palmyra — Houtstter's
Philadelphia — Jack Parrish
Philadelphia — Strawbridge & Clothier—All Stores
Prospect Park — Torrelli's
Reading — Croll & Keck
Scranton — Si Ferber
Scranton — Schreiber's Inc.
Sharon — Cappy's Mens Shop
Somerset — George W. Schenck Co.
Tolusville — Ross & Lee
Uniontown — H. Kaufman's Inc.
Washington — The Hub
Wilkes-Barre — Louis Rosenthal Inc.
Williamsburg — House of Sidley
York — DeVono's Mens Wear
York — Flinchbaugh Bros.

RHODE ISLAND
Cranston — Outlet Co.—All Stores
Providence — Donnelly's—All Stores
Providence — Outlet Co.—All Stores
Providence — Paramount—The Man's Shop
Providence — Philip Wolfe—Both Stores
Warwick — Donnelly's—All Stores
Warwick — Outlet Co.—All Stores

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston Hts. — John Tryon Clothiers
Cheraw — W. F. Baker Ltd.
Columbia — Graysen's
Columbia — Lourie's
Florence — Belk of Five Points
Florence — Rice's Men's Shop
Florence — Singleton's
Florence — Stein's
Greenville — Heyward Mahon
Greenville — McDonald's Men's Shop
Myrtle Beach — Nelson's Men's Shop
Rock Hill — Langston's
Sumter — The Capitol Dept. Store

TENNESSEE
Bristol — Quality Shop
Chattanooga — Leveman's
Chattanooga — Ira Trivers
Memphis — James Davis
Memphis — Louis Lettes Clothier
Memphis — Lowenstein's—All Stores
Nashville — Belmont Men's Shop
White Haven — The Oxford Shop

TEXAS
Abilene — Crissom's
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Amarillo — Colbert's-Harry Holland
Arlington — Parisian Peyton's
Austin — Bingquist-Clark
Austin — Britton's Clothiers
Austin — Dillard's
Austin — Merrell, Schaefer & Brown
Beaumont — Barnes Apparel Mart
Bryan — Iva Starnes Men's Wear—All Stores
Corpus Christi — Dillard's
Dallas — Dad & Lad's
Dallas — Dutch's Mens Wear
Dallas — Irby-Mayes Co.—All Stores
Dallas — Parisian Peyton's—All Stores
Dallas — Jos. K. Wilson—All Stores
Denton — Bomar's
Denton — Varsity Shop
Eagle Pass — Lancer's Men's Wear
Eagle Pass — Mr. Jobu's
El Paso — Al's Shop For Men
Fort Worth — The Bull Pen Inc.
Fort Worth — Clyde Campbell
Galveston — Levy's
Galveston — Walter Pye's
Garland — Ken's Man Shop
Houston — Leopold Price & Rolle—All Stores
Houston — Oshman's—All Stores
Houston — Walter Pye's
Houston — Rodney's—All Stores
Hurst — Paul Turner Mens Wear
Killeen — Stanley Weiss
Orange — Tony Griffin's
San Antonio — Dillard's—All Stores
San Antonio — Frank Bros.—All Stores
San Antonio — Hy Marcus
Sherman — Linewiler's
Temple — Johnson's
Tyler — J. Massad's
Waco — The Charles Shop
Wichita Falls — Perkins Timberlake

UTAH
Logan — Leven's
Provo — Clark's
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank
Salt Lake City — Stevens Brown

VIRGINIA
Alexandria — Man's World
Annandale — The Quality Shop
Arlington — The Quality Shop
Charlottesville — Young Mens Shop
Chesapeake — The Hub of Virginia
Danville — J. Berman For Men
Danville — Sater's Men's Shop
Franklin — Hastings, Inc.
Hampton — The Hub of Virginia
Harrisonburg — Charles L. Faulk, Inc.
McDean — Embassy Father & Son
Newport News — Claytons
Newport News — The Hub of Virginia
Norfolk — The Hub of Virginia
Norfolk — Cohen's Dept. Store
Petersburg — Shevet's
Petersburg — Ungers
Portsmouth — The Hub of Virginia
Richmond — Bart-Garland
Richmond — Shevet's—All Stores
Roanoke — Mitchell Clothing Co.
Springfield — Wolff's For Men & Boys
Suffolk — G. S. Hobbs Clothier
Virginia Beach — Claytons
Virginia Beach — The Hub of Virginia

WASHINGTON
Auburn — Rottle's of Auburn
Bellingham — The Toggery
Everett — Smalley's
Kirkland — The Stein
Port Angeles — Widsteen's
Puyallup — Elvins Department Store
Redmond — The Stein
Seattle — Kloplensteins—All Stores
Seattle — Mimugh's
Spokane — Emry's
Tacoma — Kloplensteins
Yakima — Rainiers Ltd.

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston — Kelley's Men Shop
Huntington — Amsbary & Johnson
Huntington — Robert A. Kopp
South Charleston — Salamin's

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close
Ashland — Stern & Field
Chippewa Falls — The Baston
Eau Claire — Muldoon's Men's Wear
Kaukauna — S. J. Berens
Kenosha — Chappelta—All Stores
Lacrosse — Mader's Store For Men
Lacrosse — Newburg's Men's Wear
Madison — Clarks
Madison — Gumbels
Milwaukee — Berman-Bach Ltd.
Milwaukee — Friedman's—All Stores
Milwaukee — Gieringer's—All Stores
Milwaukee — Gumbels
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Grlow-Stumpfs—All Stores
Neenah — Hardt's Men's Wear
Oconomowoc — The Country Squire, Ltd.
Oshkosh — W. A. Close
Prairie Duchien — Kozelka's Men's Wear
Racine — George & Lester's, Inc.
Racine — Levin Bros.
River Falls — Halstad Bros.
Sheboygan — S. J. Berens
Stevens Point — Parkinson's Clothes
Waukesha — Sullivan's Men's Shop

WYOMING
Laramie — Gordon's

First we tailor these Van Heusens to your body: the sleekest, most scientifically-fitted shirts we've ever made. Then we go beyond fit and *create* them for the feelings in your head – in dozens of unexpected colors and patterns, a variety of collar styles and cuffs for the way you feel. '417' body shirts... for every mood, every occasion, for all the different men you are.
At Van Heusen, We Make Body Shirts For Your Head.
VAN HEUSEN® 417 with DACRON®
THE VAN HEUSEN COMPANY, A DIVISION OF PHILLIPS-VAN HEUSEN CORP. *DuPont Reg. T.M.
SHIRTS SHOWN, 65% DACRON* POLYESTER AND 35% COTTON.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

BATTLEFIELD COMMUNIQUÉ

As I write this, my university has turned into a battleground. I am sick of looking down the barrel of a shotgun. I am sick of being tear-gassed. I am afraid that someone will be killed. Is this the way a student should feel in the United States of America?

I have some advice for parents who have a son or a daughter in college. Don't phone them and tell them not to take part in demonstrations; let them make up their own minds. Your responsibility is to function as citizens of this country. The cops and the troops are supposedly working for you. What you should be doing is demanding that all troops and police be taken off the campuses. The National Guardsmen are nervous kids who don't know the first thing about controlling a crowd and they have loaded weapons in their hands, pointed at your children.

It's been a long day and I am going to bed scared.

Jerry Mickelson
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

WAR-RAVAGED NATIONS

What has happened to America? Whenever I open a newspaper or magazine from home, there it is again: another dead body, another row of soldiers with their rifles turned on their fellow citizens rather than on a foreign enemy, another cloud of tear gas. What the hell is going on?

Please, everybody, try to cool off a bit. I want to return to the America I remember, not to a duplicate of the war-ravaged nations of Indochina. Please, let America survive; let me return to a home that is worth living in.

Sgt. Bob McAndrew
APO San Francisco, California

STUDENT DISSENT

The notion that students have the right to protest, challenge authority and create disorder on campuses is totally false. If the police have to beat in a few more heads or shoot someone else to keep people from committing these criminal offenses, then so be it. Campus uprisings accomplish nothing other than to interrupt the process of education, which many responsible people want and have paid for. When students are shot by those whose job it is to enforce the law, it's the fault of those who provoke the shootings. Policemen and National Guardsmen are only human, and it doesn't take too many rocks and bottles —or, as in the case of the 1968 Democratic Convention disorders, spiked golf balls, chunks of wood and human feces —to get them hot under the collar.

If the police don't take care of these people, the silent majority will rise up to do the job. I feel murder in my blood when I hear how certain people degrade and disgrace the flag, and I'm not the only one. If this sounds like I'm advocating violence, then tell me whether the kids and their elders who back them understand anything else. In order to get rid of violence, it's necessary to use violence.

Sgt. Daniel F. Serrano
APO San Francisco, California

PLASTIC-HATS

I've been reading in *Stars and Stripes* about the construction workers in plastic hats who have attacked, beaten and injured anti-war demonstrators in New York City. I can't help but feel that this violence and excess energy could be put to better use. If they love the Indochina war so much, why don't those characters come over here, put on real steel pots and replace some of the boys who don't believe in this war and would like to go home?

Sp/4 Keith A. Witherow
APO San Francisco, California

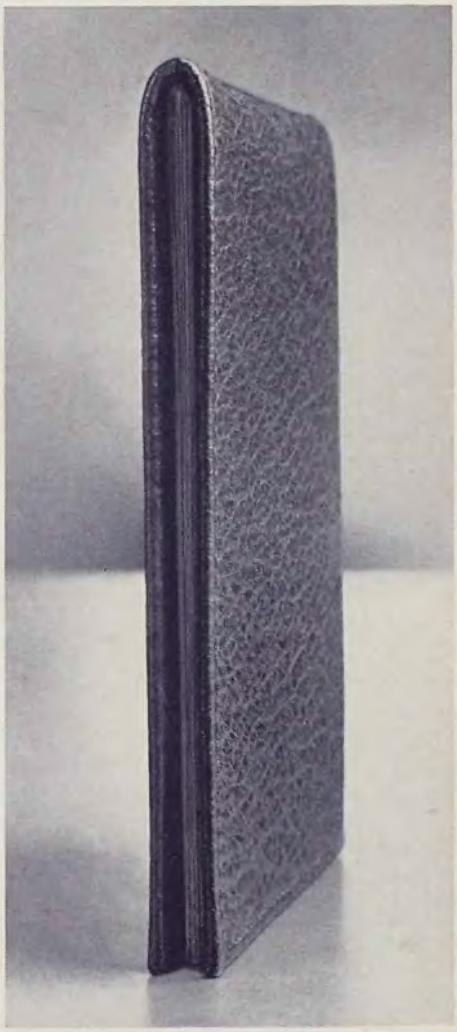
SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

On Saturday, May 9, 1970, I flew my country's flag upside down at half-staff, as a signal of distress and a symbol of mourning for the young people killed in Vietnam, at Kent State University and Jackson State College. Some of my neighbors bitterly complained, called the police and even threatened violence against my person and (paradoxically) my flag.

It's ironic that those who complained most vehemently have not fulfilled a basic responsibility: Of 153 registered voters in my precinct, only 66 cast ballots in the last Presidential election.

I have also noted that the apathetic older generation is conspicuously absent from public meetings sponsored by both partisan and nonpartisan groups. Nevertheless, both out of respect for the sensibilities of these people and to protect them from the consequences of their

The fat free wallet.



We've stripped away the excess linings, fillers folds and flaps that make a billfold bulge. Super Skinny holds your cards, thumbs your cash, kids' pictures. It takes inches off your hips because it's all wallet without an ounce of fat. Good ideas for the new shaped-in clothes, eh? $5 to $35.

The Super Skinny by Enger Kress

Enger Kress Company,
West Bend, Wisconsin 53095 EK

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215.

own possibly irrational actions, I removed my flag last May. Flying the flag as a signal of distress is my lawful right; it's also a nonviolent way to attempt to communicate with members of the plastic generation and get their heads out of the sand before it's too late to save America.

Denis Pistoresi
Kent, Washington

STUDENTS REACH OUT

With the hardening of generational and political differences in America, there has been no bridge linking rebellious youth with the rest of the population. For the students at the University of Minnesota and the people of Minneapolis, a national crisis provided that link.

Hours after President Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia, hundreds of University of Minnesota students decided to strike. Their slogan was "Shut it down—open it up." Their aim in suspending normal academic activities was to turn the university's resources to the business of trying to solve the national crisis. Projects were launched to channel the energies released by the strike in creative directions. Besides first-aid, food and child-care projects, the strikers set up a printing center, a permanent campus-wide picket blockade, a speakers' bureau, community-action programs, a strike film cooperative and a Midwest strike communications center. Some strikers worked with the Twin Cities Draft Information Center in an action in which 99 draft cards were turned in. Faculty enthusiastically joined the students to speak at schools, churches and private homes. They rang doorbells, fielded questions ("Doesn't that leaflet come from Hanoi?") and spilled out into the state college system. Eight hundred campus workers joined the strike; money collected at university parking lots was turned over to the strike. The university senate condemned the war, prohibited academic reprisals and voted full credit for strike work.

Many felt free for the first time in their lives—free to learn things through action, such as how to cooperate in solving collective problems, how to find congenial rhythms of work, how to establish deeper trust between men and women. The strikers created an alternate university called the University of Life, which held a strike graduation, to the accompaniment of blues rock, for several thousand students in white headbands, who received degrees of commitment. The University of Life offered courses on environmental pollution, male supremacy, the orgasm, and the psychotechnology of social change, as well as urban- and rural-community-action programs. The latter directed students toward organizing

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

PORNOGRAPHIC OVERDOSE

SAN FRANCISCO—*After watching stag films and reading hard-core pornography for 90 minutes a day, five days a week, for three weeks, a group of male college students became so weary of it that they began showing a marked preference for such non-prurient items as* Life *magazine and* Reader's Digest. *Dr. Clifford B. Reifler, a University of North Carolina psychiatrist, reported his study in a paper delivered at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association. He found that pornography's erotic appeal wore off quickly and that it caused his subjects no anxiety or psychological problems—other than boredom.*

PORNO IMPORTATION

The Federal Court of Appeals in New York has held that citizens have a right, under the First Amendment, to import pornographic materials for personal use. The ruling declared Section 305 of the Tariff Act unconstitutional but left standing other sections of the act prohibiting commercial distribution of pornography. The court reasoned that while "legitimate public interests . . . outweigh the distributors' right to freedom of speech and press . . . they do not outweigh the individual's right to personal freedom."

A similar decision by a Federal court in California is now on appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court.

ILLUSIONS SHATTERED

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Americans who believe that Swedes have freer and busier sex lives are either underestimating themselves or not getting invited to the right parties. While visiting the U. S., Sweden's Prime Minister Olof Palme told the National Press Club that Kinseylike studies in his own country indicate that the "sex habits of the Swedish population and the sex habits of the American population are almost exactly the same." He added, "That might reassure somebody one way or the other."*

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

Militant feminists have correctly assessed male chauvinism to be a capitalist plot, says the Communist Party, U. S. A., but their indiscriminate attacks on any and all males is counterrevolutionary. Pamphlets recently published by the C. P. U. S. A. assert that capitalism also exploits men and that sexual rivalry must not be permitted to divide the country's workers now engaged in the great class struggle.

Taking a different stand in an article published in Redbook, *anthropologist Margaret Mead warned the feminists that their real enemies are not men but the mothers who raise children to play traditional male and female roles.*

MARXISM AND THE MILITARY

The U. S. Army suffered defeats in two recent court decisions upholding the right to dissent:

• In New York, Federal Judge Charles H. Tenney ruled that the Army erred in its undesirable discharge of a soldier because of his alleged "close and sympathetic association with the Communist Party" and his relationship with a woman who belonged to the Socialist Party. Noting that the Serviceman had a good-to-excellent conduct record, Judge Tenney held that "it is impermissible for the military to punish an admittedly competent soldier merely because it disapproves of the company he keeps."

• In Washington, the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional a section of Federal law that allows the use of military uniforms theatrically only "if the portrayal does not tend to discredit the Armed Forces." At issue was the case of two protesters who attired themselves in modified Army shirts and caps and performed a satirical anti-war skit in front of an Armed Forces induction center in Houston in 1967. Writing for all eight Justices in a unanimous decision, Hugo Black said sharply, "The [exemption] clause, which leaves Americans free to praise the war in Vietnam but can send [them] to prison for opposing it, cannot survive in a country which has the First Amendment."

THE NUDE LEFT

AMSTERDAM—*Dutch voters have elected* Kabouters *to 12 city-council seats in Holland's country-wide municipal elections. The* Kabouters *("gnomes," or "little people") happen to be flamboyant Yippie-style protest candidates who campaigned in the nude, promising to transform the Netherlands into an anarchist utopia. They received 37,800 of the 344,600 votes cast in Amsterdam, winning five council seats in that city, two seats each in The Hague and Leeuwarden and one each in Leiden, Alkmaar and Arnhem. Dutch Premier Piet de Jong called the* Kabouter *victories a "whiff of perfume in the stale cabbage air of politics."*

ART AS DESECRATION

NEW YORK—*By a close three-to-two verdict, a state court of appeals has upheld the conviction of Stephen Radich, proprietor of a New York City art gallery,*

in a case that posed the question whether using the American flag in a work of art can be a desecration. Radich's offense: exhibiting for sale certain constructions by artist Marc Morrel in which pieces of what was or looked like an American flag were used in conjunction with images of lynching, atrocities and the human penis. Although the art editor of The New York Times *defended the works (and* Life *magazine reproduced some of them), the majority of the court held that this type of artistic irony violated flag-desecration statutes. In a dissenting opinion, Chief Judge Fuld argued, "The First Amendment is designed not merely to prevent prosecutions but to foster free dissemination of ideas," and that all prosecutions that "will have a chilling effect" upon freedom of expression violate the Constitution.*

OBJECTION OVERRULED

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*No sooner had the Supreme Court expanded the grounds on which persons may claim conscientious-objector status—by citing deeply held moral and ethical convictions, not just religious beliefs—than the Government moved to close the loophole. Curtis W. Tarr, director of Selective Service, explained that a personal moral code is not enough, unless accompanied by "some kind of rigorous training" and a "system of belief." In response, one editorial writer has suggested calisthenics while reciting the Biblical Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill."*

HOW TO MAKE MONEY ON DOPE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs expects to spend an average of $18,600 per drug-peddler arrest during the current fiscal year, the bureau's director, John Ingersoll, told a House appropriations subcommittee. The high cost of arrests stems partly from the cost of purchasing drugs for evidence, Ingersoll explained, and partly from the high prices charged by high-level informants, some of whom get $50,000 or more in a single case.*

V.D. ON THE INCREASE

NEW YORK—*Gonorrhea has reached its highest level in 20 years, according to* The New York Times; *worse yet, hundreds of thousands of women are carrying the disease without their knowledge, since in most cases it does not produce the same conspicuous symptoms in females that it produces in males. Among communicable diseases, only the common cold strikes more victims each year; in San Francisco, officials predict, one out of ten young people will be infected. The causes of this new V. D. epidemic, public-health officials believe, include: decreased use of the condom (due to the popularity of birth-control devices that guard against pregnancy but not against disease); a general continuation of sexual ignorance; more casual sex than ever before. Other causes, the* Times *adds, are insufficient funds to trace persons known to have been exposed to the disease; unwillingness of private doctors to cooperate with public-health officials (one Memphis M.D. said bluntly, "I'd be crucified by sundown if I reported a case to the health department and a case-worker showed up at the husband's office the next morning!").*

DEATH OF THE UNBORN

SAN FRANCISCO—*In the case of a man accused of beating a pregnant woman and causing the death of her unborn child, the California Supreme Court ruled that the attacker could be charged with various crimes, including forcible abortion, but not with murder. The court dismissed the homicide charge on the grounds that murder is the malicious killing of a human being and that a fetus does not attain the legal status of a human being until after birth. The decision reaffirms the common-law position on the unborn and rejects the theological argument that a fetus is a person.*

ATTACK OF THE "FETUS PEOPLE"

Distressed by the country's progress toward legalizing abortion, those who oppose liberal laws have resorted to symbolic protest and physical violence.

• In Washington, D. C., a militant Catholic youth group attired in red berets, khaki shirts and rosaries and calling themselves the Sons of Thunder staged an abortion-protest march on a George Washington University Hospital clinic, where they engaged security guards in a cross-wielding, club-swinging melee that resulted in at least five arrests and a number of minor injuries.

• In Hawaii, Robert Pearson, who led the fight against that state's liberalized abortion law, announced plans to set up a national cemetery for aborted embryos. "It will be similar to the cemetery for unknown soldiers," he explained, "only it will be for unknown souls."

• In Illinois, at the state's constitutional convention, abortion foes attempted —unsuccessfully—to thwart any future moves to void or liberalize the state abortion law by proposing that the new Illinois constitution's due-process clause be extended to include "the unborn."

Meanwhile, a three-judge Federal court in Dallas voided the abortion law of Texas on grounds that it was not only unconstitutionally vague but violated individual rights protected by the Ninth Amendment. (See "The Abortion Revolution," by Robert Hall, M.D., in this issue.)

opposition to war and repression throughout the city and state.

At the height of the strike, 50,000 people marched the ten miles from the university to the state capital. For the first time, students went en masse into the community to talk to residents about the war, inflation, high taxes, unemployment and the kind of society that could exist if America redirected its resources. The strike film co-op and the speakers' bureau share a storefront off campus. Faculty and students are planning a writers' cooperative to put their knowledge to work.

Many students drift away; those who remain are less optimistic as they realize that their efforts may take years. But for all who participated in the strike, the message is clear. In order to force a highly centralized and unresponsive Government back into its proper role of servant of the people, students must go out into the community and form an alliance with laborers, farmers and white-collar workers. Students at the University of Minnesota have seen the beginnings of such an alliance in the months since the Cambodian crisis arose and they are now preparing to wage a long struggle to strengthen and expand this alliance and bring life back to our death-oriented political and social system.

Annette Kornblum
University of Minnesota
Strike Committee
Minneapolis, Minnesota

STRIKE NETWORK

On behalf of the staff and management of radio station WWUH, operated by the students of the University of Hartford, may I extend my sincere thanks to Playboy Enterprises for its financial aid to the Strike Network, which originated from WNYU. We were proud to be an affiliate of this temporary network, and more so because Playboy was involved in it. It is gratifying to find an organization that puts its money where its mouth is and is willing to get involved in controversial issues. Our listener response was tremendous and amazing. I say amazing because we are not just a campus station; we have a broadcast range of over 35 miles and reach over 500,000 people.

Once again, thank you.

William A. Crepeau
Station Manager, WWUH
West Hartford, Connecticut

The Strike Network was a temporary network of student radio stations that provided continuous coverage of anti-war activities during the weekend of May 8–10.

NO GENERATION GAP

I am 60 years old, but I couldn't agree more heartily with the ideas, the passion and the anger of our college generation. Even though I should be part of Nixon's fan club (I never finished high school

and have worked as a welder for most of my adult life), I have no resentment against the bright and dedicated young men and women who are trying to save this nation in spite of itself. The hypocrisy of the Government repels me and I almost vomit when I hear that great ever-reiterated lie that America is a peace-loving nation; as far back as I can remember, this has been one of the most warlike countries in the world.

As for student violence, I have watched young people follow the same path as the blacks—trying nonviolent tactics year after year and getting no response but police brutality and public hostility. It is no surprise to me that some of them, like some blacks, have lost faith in nonviolence and are trying the only language the Government seems to understand—the language with which it has spoken to the rest of the world for two generations—brute force. Did the rulers of this society really think they could maim and murder our youth in one war after another without the same violence finally coming back at them? If so, they are not only hypocrites but fools.

Richard S. Osser
Manteca, California

BUSINESSMEN FOR PEACE

Peace is beautiful. It's like a lovely woman, a song or a mountain sunset. Modern weapons have turned war into a mass atrocity whose symbol is the hideously burned child. War is a plague of locusts on the economy and on social welfare. It breeds police states in which dissenters are shot, set upon by goon squads or jailed. Man has to learn the difficult art of nonwar. The U. S., in particular, must give up the game of rich uncle and armed cop to the world.

This is the theme of Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace and New National Priorities. We are several thousand presidents, chairmen of the board and executive managers of American corporations of all sorts, from large banks and manufacturing companies to small shops. Our adoration of peace is based not on soft, mushy sentiment but on hard experience. As Louis B. Lundborg, chairman of the board of the Bank of America, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "The war distorts the American economy; it is a major contributor to inflation; it draws off resources that could be put to work toward solving imperative problems facing this nation at home. . . . An end to the war in Vietnam would be good, not bad, for American business."

We see this truth in our own businesses. War has raised costs enormously. The spurt in the cost of living—some estimate it as high as 20 percent since the start of the Vietnam war—has brought demands for higher wages at a time when sales are down and profits squeezed. Taxes have gone up all along the line. As city, county and state needs grow, and as less Federal funds are available, property and sales taxes rise. This hits business right on the chin. We do not mind paying taxes for growth, such as a better water system, but for death and misery, no.

Business needs a stable and happy society in which to grow. Poverty, racism, pollution and internal divisions are bad for business. Yet, as the president of the Association of the Bar of New York City, Francis T. Plimpton, said: "We can't abolish poverty . . . racial inequality . . . inflation or pollution overnight. But we can't start on any of them unless there is an end to the war in Southeast Asia."

An end to war in Indochina will not bring a miraculous instant solution to our ills, but it will heal the stab wound draining away our treasure, our energies and our unity. We see a long educational job ahead. Essentially, this means pacifying the belligerent American spirit. If we do not end our vigilante ethic, we might stop the war in Asia and six months later rush into a brush fire that will blaze even higher. We must get rid of the national egomania that leads some to think we are specially chosen to organize and lead the whole world. We must pull down the huge pile of armaments growing like weeds throughout the world, one monstrous system of mass destruction upon another.

We must also restore the balance of power in Washington. The authors of the Constitution thought they had settled the question by giving the warmaking powers to Congress. Alexander Hamilton, who favored a strong Presidency, nonetheless said, "The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be a President of the United States." Today, the President and his ally, the military-industrial complex, have usurped power while Congress slept.

We need many more to join us in the cry "Peace is beautiful."

Robert A. Maslow
Executive Secretary
Business Executives Move
for Vietnam Peace and New
National Priorities
Washington, D. C.

A KISS IS STILL A KISS

I have been charged with aggravated assault and remanded to jail on $1500 bond merely for kissing a girl during a confrontation between pro-military and anti-military factions at the University of Texas. The incident occurred on the day of the R. O. T. C. annual Federal inspection and the pacifist forces were in a lighthearted mood. As my own gesture of gentle protest against militarism, I broke into the ranks of the Cordettes, an R. O. T. C. female auxiliary, and kissed the young lady in question.

She has refused to press charges against me, so the state has done so in her behalf. I face possible imprisonment of two years and a $1000 fine. I have also received threats on my life from people who think my act was tantamount to rape; I wear a beard, which in Texas is equivalent to a black skin, and we undesirables aren't allowed to touch "nice" white girls.

As the lawyer said in *Easy Rider*, "This *used* to be a hell of a good country."

John S. Lane
Austin, Texas

SAVING AMERICAN LIVES

In April, three astronauts on a mission to the moon experienced mechanical difficulty with their spacecraft and the mission was aborted. The hearts and minds of the American people were with those men; bringing them back was the primary objective of all concerned.

During the same week, 101 American men were killed and 698 wounded in Vietnam. We have, so to speak, been experiencing difficulty with our mission for six years, but it has not yet been aborted. It seems strange that the people of the U. S. would show so much concern over bringing three men home from space when, at the same time, they have allowed nearly 42,000 Americans to be killed in a senseless war.

We were overjoyed at the safe return of Apollo 13. Think of the overwhelming joy and gratitude we would feel at the safe return of over 400,000 American men.

(Signed by nine Servicemen)
Tanan, Vietnam

WOUNDED VETS FOR PEACE

I am soon to be released from military service, after 17 months at Valley Forge General Hospital, working with the rehabilitation of Vietnam returnees who have lost limbs in combat. I have engaged in lengthy conversations with many of the patients about the conflict in Vietnam and I think it's disgusting that no mass media have taken the time to ask these men how they feel about the war. If they were able, the majority of them would be out on the streets asking for peace along with the rest of the "effete corps of impudent snobs."

Sp/5 Steven K. Hollingsworth
Fort Campbell, Kentucky

DRAFT RESISTANCE

The military draft is a subject of personal concern to so many PLAYBOY readers that I thought they would be interested in an up-to-date account of

the Hardwick trail blazer

For a revealing color autographed picture of the lovely Hardwick Trailmate and the name of your nearest dealer, mail coupon.

Hardwick CLOTHES
Cleveland, Tennessee 37311

The Challenge—Meet the grueling high-speed test of the Giant Slalom and win by hundredths of a second.

The Ensemble—Classmates—with natural shoulder styling in a four piece coordinate that mixes and matches to suit the occasion. About $85.00.

TO MERCHANDISING MGR. DEPT. A

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215.

resistance to it. Within days after the Cambodian invasion, the organized anti-draft movement was resuscitated in the form of the Union for National Draft Opposition (UNDO), with headquarters at Princeton University. A nationwide UNDO convocation was hastily called, attended by representatives of more than 120 colleges and a score of peace groups. One of the first activities, held in June, was a national draft-card turn-in. The more than 6000 cards returned far exceeded the total of all the cards collected by resistance organizations in the previous three years.

Since then, one of the many activities of UNDO (which is also engaged in college and high school draft counseling) has been to circulate the so-called Charlottesville Pledge, which will be seen on campuses all over the country this fall. The pledge reads, in part:

> I feel that the present draft system in America is in violation of my constitutional rights and/or simply immoral. I pledge that, when 100,000 draftable men have signed pledges like this, I will return my draft card. . . . I pledge that after that time, I will cease to cooperate with any type of draft system in any way.

At present, the rate of draft-violation indictments (as a percentage of men inducted) is about six times higher than during World War Two or the Korean War. By this fall, the number of Americans indicted for draft-law violations since mid-1965 will exceed 12,000. The trend is enlightening. In fiscal 1965, there were 369 indictments; in 1966, 642; in 1967, 1388; in 1968, 1698; in 1969, 3455; and in 1970 (as of June 30), about 4000. Between 1965 and the present, the annual number of criminal indictments for Selective Service violations increased over ten times. Right now, draft cases are in the fourth highest category of Federal cases, following auto theft, unlawful immigration and drug offenses. About 30,000 draft-law violations have been under investigation by the Department of Justice during the Vietnam war.

By no means are all the men investigated eventually tried, convicted or jailed; many cases end without trial. But by the late summer of 1970, well over 4000 men (and some women accused of destruction of draft records) had been convicted of Selective Service violations and 3000 or 4000 indictments are awaiting trial. Roughly 2500 men have served time in prison during this period and around 500 are there now. This resurgence of organized draft resistance is paralleled by unorganized resistance that until recently has been a relatively well-kept secret of the Pentagon. The fact is that while some boldly confront and oppose the system, a far greater number find ways, like the Good Soldier Schweik, to fuck up or slip through the bureaucratic machinery. Those who go to prison are the vanguard of the movement—the top of the iceberg. Tens of thousands of others find ways to frustrate the Selective Service System by appealing decisions, refusing to show for induction, obtaining postponements, securing C. O. status or leaving the country.

Were it not for these "safety valves," convictions would no doubt be many times higher. Early this year, after a trip to Canada, Congressman Edward I. Koch reported that there are between 45,000 and 60,000 who since 1965 have emigrated to Canada.

But perhaps the greatest problem at present for Selective Service is the increase in the number of men who simply do not show up for induction. In late spring, NBC reporter Don Oliver disclosed that during the previous six months at the Oakland Induction Center, more than half of the men who received their "greetings" failed to show. Many of those, of course, had legitimate reasons; others were evading the draft. Moreover, of those who did show, ten percent refused to be sworn in. During one typical day at Oakland last May, 338 men were called, 163 reported, 15 refused induction, some were disqualified for medical and other reasons and 94 were finally inducted. It has been necessary to send greetings to over three men for every one inducted there.

Says one official: "The situation is serious but by no means disabling." This appraisal appears to be correct, with two big ifs: If the present resistance to the draft continues to grow and if the nation's military-manpower requirements suddenly increase in Indochina, then the Selective Service System might, indeed, be faced with a full-scale manpower crisis.

Walter Schneir
Pleasantville, New York

HELP FOR CAPTURED GI'S

Regardless of how Americans feel about the war, one cause that can unite all of us is working for more humane treatment of our captured soldiers in North Vietnam. Many American citizens are now working to persuade Hanoi to treat prisoners as human beings.

For example, here in Atlanta, our organization sponsored an "I Care Weekend" in which 35,000 people participated. The event included petition signing in shopping centers on Saturday and in 155 churches on Sunday. Also, prayers for the health and solace of American prisoners and their families were broadcast during church services on local media. Dr. John Linder, Atlanta dentist and local chairman of I Care, explained that the petitions were being mailed to Hanoi and that clippings covering the event would be mailed at the same time.

I Care believes that the North Vietnamese government is concerned about public opinion in the U. S. and that it will be moved by evidence that the American people expect their men imprisoned in North Vietnam to be treated decently. This organization also seeks the release of the names of all prisoners and inspections of prisons by the International Red Cross.

Pat Lynch
I Care, Inc.
Atlanta, Georgia

HAPPY IN THE ARMY

As a regular *Playboy Forum* reader, I've read complaints about military life until I'm weary of them. I am a veteran with 13 years' service and I think I know more about the Service than most of these whining draftees. To be brief, I'm happy in the Army.

But I do agree with one criticism: The draft is unfair because it doesn't get everybody. There was a Roman principle that every citizen owed the Republic a few years of his life in service. I would like to see that rule revived, with every American male serving his country for a year or two immediately after graduation from high school. Those whose religious convictions or health do not permit their bearing arms should do some other work—medical or personnel work in the Army, Peace Corps or whatever. But a man who doesn't serve his country at all, in my opinion, has no right to the benefits of citizenship.

There's much talk about military men being deprived of their constitutional rights, as well as of commanders' stretching military regulations. Well, let this be clearly understood: The Army is an organization whose life depends on the discipline of man by man. Laws and regulations are secondary; it is the personal authoritarian relationships, the habits of giving and obeying orders, that keep the Army going. There is no room for political agitation in military life, no room for disagreement of any kind. The Armed Forces take their orders from the Commander in Chief—the President—and he is the only civilian who has any business criticizing the Services. America's military forces are necessary for national survival; civilians pay us through their taxes and appoint our leader every four years. Other than that, let them leave us alone and we'll do the jobs we're trained and paid to do.

S/Sgt. Donald T. Brown
Augusta, Georgia

MILITARY JUSTICE

I work in the administration-discharge section at a large Navy station and I have seen many persons suffer disciplinary action or receive discharges under less-than-honorable conditions because they are unaware of one simple fact: There is no such thing as privileged

communication with a medical officer in the Armed Forces. Many people have gone to a medical officer in hope of receiving treatment for drug problems such as LSD-related flashbacks and have ended up either serving time in the brig or receiving an undesirable discharge.

PN/3 James A. Triplett, U. S. N. R.
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Letters in *The Playboy Forum* about military justice lead me to report an incident here at Calumet Air Force Base. While inebriated, an airman made a phone call that was taped by military phone operators and turned over to the Office of Special Investigation, because certain phrases were construed to refer to illegal drugs. Immediately, the O. S. I. searched the man's room and automobile, without a warrant (the Army approves of this tactic as long as an officer is present during the search), and found nothing. The airman was not on base at the time but arrived shortly afterward and was placed "under apprehension." That night, the O. S. I. agents grilled him for two hours; he stated that he couldn't remember exactly what he said during the monitored phone conversation but was certain it didn't refer to drugs of any sort. Lacking evidence, they released him—but a week later, they came back and rehashed the same questions with him. He got fed up with the inquisition and said he was leaving the room unless they arrested him. They let him walk. Soon after, he was transferred to a remote post in Alaska.

That's the story. They tap your phone without cause, search your belongings without a warrant, arrest you without evidence and, if no incriminating facts turn up, they still ship you out. Let me add this: Nothing whatever is secret in an outfit like this; everyone who knows this man is sure he has never had any connection with drugs, as seller, as user or in any other way.

Sgt. Michael K. Noble
Calumet, Michigan

THE PATH TO PEACE

We are two American GIs, one white and one black, presently stationed in Germany. Back home, we were each raised in a way that created feelings of fear and hostility toward the other's race, but now we are the best of buddies.

How did this miracle happen? It wasn't the result of Christianity, or psychoanalysis, or sociology, or any kind of preaching to us by clergymen or by movies about the "race problem." We became friends because we turned on together with marijuana and learned how to communicate without the usual defenses and hang-ups.

If it worked for us, it can work for others. Would it be too fantastic for the leaders of nations to sit down at a table and pass around a few joints? We're sure

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

they'd finally start to understand one another, instead of hiding behind their old ideological fears and hatreds.

(Names withheld by request)
APO New York, New York

LEGAL SPEED, ILLEGAL POT

I have had the privilege of serving as special counsel to the House Select Committee on Crime, chaired by Congressman Claude Pepper. Last October, we conducted hearings on the production, distribution and use of both legal and illegal dangerous drugs. While there was considerable media coverage of these hearings and some shocking revelations came to light, the public conscience appears not to have been affected by the cruel disparities in our drug laws.

We documented, for instance, that the *legal* production of amphetamines and barbiturates exceeds any acceptable known or legitimate medical need. This excess is on the order of several hundreds of millions of pills annually. Both of these drugs are seriously addictive and both are sold in this country through the thriving underground market. We discovered that the excess products of legal drug firms are exported to Mexico and are then smuggled back into the United States to feed this black-market clientele. One manufacturer sent these pills to a fictitious consignee in Mexico, whose address turned out to be the 11th hole of a golf course in Tijuana!

Furthermore, export control on these drugs is practically nonexistent; and many legally produced pills, supposedly intended for export, are diverted to the black market in Southern California.

This situation exists because of: (1) lack of laws, or ineffective laws, regulating registration, reporting, manufacture, production quotas, etc.; (2) heavy overproduction of these dangerous drugs; and (3) the dubious voluntary control measures of the drug industry.

As one deeply interested in the subject, I hope the general public will begin to study and understand the real facts about drug abuse. It is pathetic to see a college youngster sentenced to 20 years for possession of marijuana, while major producers and distributors of amphetamines and barbiturates continue to legally overproduce millions of dangerous pills, which are going to the street market.

I would like to add that the public should also learn that drug abuse cannot be handled solely through a crime-and-punishment approach, and that we are going to have to involve ourselves more with medical treatment, rehabilitation, research and education.

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

PROVIDING FOR PRISONERS

Fifteen years ago, after practicing law in Washington, D. C., for ten years, I decided to move to Wyoming and practice there. For reasons unsatisfactory to me, the Wyoming supreme court refused to issue me a license. For this, I criticized that august body and was held in contempt and sentenced to six months in the Cheyenne jail plus a $1000 fine.

Since I was a political prisoner, I served the full six months, without a day off for good behavior. Afterward, I returned to Washington, D. C., and resumed my former practice.

The food in the Cheyenne jail consisted of two starchy meals a day and I never saw a fruit or vegetable unless it was smuggled in. The sheriff permitted no reading matter whatsoever, not even the Bible. Apparently, his conviction was that boredom and sickening food would be the best way to rehabilitate his charges. One can imagine the destructive effects of this treatment on long-term prisoners who do not have a profession to get back to once they are returned to the outside world. No wonder the rate of recidivism is so high!

J. Norman Stone
Attorney at Law
Washington, D. C.

BONDING EX-CONVICTS

Norman Riddiough of the Department of the Solicitor General in Ottawa, Ontario, wrote in the June *Playboy Forum* about the Ottawa program to provide bonding for otherwise unemployable ex-convicts. Your readers should be informed that such a program also exists in the United States, as part of the Federally sponsored Bonding Program for the Hard Core Unemployed. It is available to all persons who have a problem with insurance-company bonding coverage due to a criminal record. The Federal Government will bond such persons up to $10,000, thus making it possible for them to find legal employment.

Robert N. Simmons
Simmons Detective Agency
Boston, Massachusetts

FINGERPRINTING WORKERS

A letter from John M. Cates in the June *Playboy Forum* describes a program for fingerprinting stock-exchange employees and checking the possibility of their having criminal records. Mr. Cates calls this a "witch-hunt" conducted by my office.

The statute requiring fingerprinting for certain employees of national stock-exchange firms was proposed by member firms of the New York and American stock exchanges after thefts of securities from such firms had reached staggering proportions. The role of my office is simply to administer the statute. Fingerprints are processed and the results are made available to employers to enable them to verify information already submitted by an individual at the time of employment.

When this statute was enacted by the state legislature, I made a clear recommendation that cases should be considered individually, with due regard for all extenuating circumstances. I have been advised that this recommendation has been followed. I regret this misunderstanding and appreciate the opportunity to reaffirm my expressed belief that an arrest record, per se, should not disqualify from employment one who is presently a contributing member of society.

Louis J. Lefkowitz
Attorney General
State of New York
New York, New York

CROWDED OUT

In Louisiana, as in many other states, the death penalty, though not officially abolished, has fallen into disuse. Now, however, it's about to be revived and the reason given, in the Baton Rouge *Morning Advocate*, is something that can't be forgotten:

> Although Governor McKeithen has not signed a death warrant since taking office in 1964, Eugene J. Murret, the governor's chief legal counsel, said he will begin to sign two death warrants a month, beginning with the prisoners who have been [on death row] the longest.
>
> At present, 42 prisoners are confined to death row at Angola, Warden Murray Henderson said this week, with two of them currently out under court orders.
>
> Murret said McKeithen and other officials are concerned about the cramped size of death-row living quarters.

Michael Baham
New Iberia, Louisiana

CRIMINAL-MINDED CHILDREN

Last spring, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare was evaluating Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker's proposal that children be tested and treated for criminal tendencies. Describing ways of correcting "the more disturbed, the more angry, rebellious, undisciplined and disruptive boys, especially those who show criminal tendencies," Dr. Hutschnecker wrote, "There are Pavlovian methods, which I have seen effectively used in the Soviet Union." HEW turned down the suggestion, but there is still cause for concern in the fact that people in power gave it serious consideration.

According to this proposal, children's lives would be irrevocably affected by the state before they are guilty of any crime, on the supposition that decades hence, their behavior would be criminal. This would appear to violate a fundamental premise of the American legal system—that a man is presumed innocent until found guilty of a committed crime.

Criminal behavior is, by definition,

The tailored idea, personified by Clubman's turn-of-the-century knickerbocker suit of salt and pepper or brown and white Donegal tweed. The jacket is interpreted with belted back and inverted pleat. The entire suiting is made doubly serviceable with the inclusion of a pair of slightly flared, single pleated trousers along with the knickers. About one hundred twenty-five dollars with both pairs of trousers. Matching "big apple" cap also available at slight extra cost.

clubman®
the tailored idea

1290 avenue of the americas n.y. 10019

socially deviant behavior, arbitrarily defined by the state through legislative edict. But the term deviancy also applies to superior intellects, artists, musicians, inventors, scientists and humanitarians, to people who buy strange cars, eat exotic foods or read *Alice in Wonderland* at the age of 37. The clinician who thinks he has discovered criminality in his prepubescent subject will be discovering creative energy that can be used for evil or good. Dr. Hutschnecker's program would not merely eliminate criminals; it would also eliminate the force behind change, growth and movement.

It is true that a world of robots would make things easy for the people in power, and it is tragic that man is so conditionable that such a world could become a reality.

Jon R. Davidson, Ph.D.
Palo Alto, California

SHOCK THERAPY

Dr. William L. Mikulas implies that electroconvulsive therapy derives from the old philosophy of treating mental illness as a sin to be punished (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Actually, ECT is the outgrowth of the serendipitous discovery that patients suffering from both epilepsy and psychotic depression often showed significant improvement of the psychoses following an epileptic seizure. ECT is designed to create a similar convulsion under controlled conditions.

Nor is it true, as Dr. Mikulas states, that anesthetics and muscle relaxants are not always given to the patient before the treatment; the use of these safeguards is mandatory.

Finally, there are only two alternatives to ECT in treating depressive psychotics: talk therapy and drug therapy. The talk therapy has proved itself almost worthless with this class of patient. Pharmacological agents, though somewhat better, are still less ameliorative than ECT, which has a proved efficacy of 86 percent.

Robert D. Zimmerman
Albert Einstein College of Medicine
Bronx, New York

As previous correspondence from psychiatrists, psychiatric nurses and former mental patients has made clear ("The Playboy Forum," October 1969 and January 1970), the use of anesthetics is not mandatory with ECT and is, in fact, ignored in many hospitals.

THE ADLERIAN ALTERNATIVE

PLAYBOY performed a valuable service for its readers in publishing Morton Hunt's *Crisis in Psychoanalysis* and Ernest Havemann's *Alternatives to Analysis* (October and November, 1969). As these articles showed, a more useful and optimistic concept of man is gaining against the pessimistic and discouraging Freudian approach, which previously dominated American psychiatry.

I would like to point out that the original alternative to psychoanalysis was offered by Alfred Adler; and the new developments in therapeutics have so much in common with Adler's Individual Psychology that reading his works is an excellent introduction to them, especially since he is easy to read and readily available in paperback editions.

Havemann pointed out that the new schools of psychology have "optimism and fervor"; Adler described Individual Psychology as "a gay and optimistic science." Havemann noted that "the great move today is toward groups" and group treatment; likewise, Adler refused "to . . . examine an isolated human being" and preferred to treat family groups. For Adler, as for the moderns, all problems are of a social and interpersonal nature.

Also, Havemann wrote that Dr. Joseph Wolpe's school recognizes that the neurotic symptom "is in some way rewarding to the patient," and Adler earlier highlighted the self-serving aspect of neurotic behavior and designed his therapy to deprive each symptom of its rewarding quality. And, just as the modern post-Freudians recognize that "the key to successful treatment is a warm, close human relationship between therapist and patient," Adler (the first Freudian heretic) insisted that the patient be given "a good human relationship with the physician."

Adler, however, is not merely an interesting historical figure. There are in the United States three Adler institutions, local societies and a national organization, which publishes the *Journal of Individual Psychology*. In addition, an Adlerian influence has been acknowledged by Frederick Thorne (directive psychotherapy), Wilson van Dusen (existential psychotherapy), O. H. Mowrer (learning theory), J. L. Moreno (psychodrama) and Albert Ellis (rational-emotive therapy).

Since 1970 marks the 100th anniversary of Alfred Adler's birth, it might be a good time for many to re-examine his humanistic psychology, which is a significant contribution to the broad stream of development toward greater freedom, equality, responsibility and harmony in society.

Heinz L. Ansbacher, Ph.D.
University of Vermont
Burlington, Vermont

TAXATION AND COERCION

I was pleased to read your intelligent statement to Howard L. Chapman that "no person has the right to initiate the use of force against the body or property of another" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). But why don't you follow this principle consistently?

To my knowledge, PLAYBOY has never taken a stand against taxation. But taxation is clearly the initiation of force against the property of an individual. If the use of force is, indeed, unjustifiable, how can the Government, which is composed of persons, have the right to tax?

Let me point out that being without taxation does not mean giving up the services now provided by the Government; all the necessary functions now performed by the Government could be done far more efficiently by free enterprise.

The principle of freedom from coercion, as you have stated it, is sound; and if one percent of the individuals in this country would take it seriously, America would be a better place to live.

Jerry Emanuelson
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Taxation is a form of dues, such as one pays to a church or lodge or any other organization that one willingly joins and supports. It is erroneous to say that taxation is based on force, since taxes are only collected from those who voluntarily "join the club," either by declaring citizenship or by residing within a given nation long enough to become a de facto *citizen (and reap the benefits thereof). Anyone who finds the rewards of citizenship not worth the "dues" (taxes) remains free to emigrate and try another government or to seek a remote spot (there are several left in the world) where no government has jurisdiction. In short, only when borders are sealed and emigration is forbidden can taxation truly be identified as an invasion of liberty.*

HIRSUTOPHOBIA

The obsessive insanity of the military when it comes to people's hair is well illustrated by a recent experience of mine. Thieves at this naval air station got away with over $18,000 in burglaries of the Post Exchange. Subsequently, two men were arrested, turned over to civil authorities and charged with the crime. They have been released on bond. Since then, they have been allowed to make purchases at the same exchange they allegedly burglarized two weeks earlier—which is fair enough; but when I tried to enter that exchange to make a purchase, I was kicked out because my hair needed trimming.

DK/3 James W. Byrne
Naval Air Station
Imperial Beach, California

The many letters in *The Playboy Forum* during the past year concerning what you have amusingly called hirsutophobia—fear and rage directed toward long-haired youth by their elders—suggest something that goes beyond a mere change in fashion. Sociologist Philip E. Slater, in his new book, *The Pursuit of Loneliness: American Culture at the Breaking Point*, suggests that what is involved is crucial to the psychodynamics of the whole country. Professor Slater writes:

If you just want to look good, don't light it.

On the other hand, if you'd like to taste the small, mild cigar with all the flavor of a large cigar, go ahead.

White Owl Miniatures and Demi-Tips.

In the midst of a dramatic confrontation between the generations, [the elders] are distracted by the unorthodox use of a religious symbol. In the midst of a dramatic confrontation between blacks and whites, they are distracted by a four-letter word. In the midst of a dramatic confrontation between those who espouse and those who oppose the Vietnam war, they are distracted by the long hair of some of the participants.

The young are baffled, amused and enraged by these bizarre responses. They alternately view the middle-aged as hopelessly detached from reality and as willfully perverse. What they overlook is the terror. The young are challenging the fundamental premises on which their elders have based their lives and they are attacking at all of the weakest points. . . . This is a way of saying, "There is nothing important or disturbing going on here—this is just my child, who is mischievous or careless at times—it is just a family affair" ("But, Mother, I'm going to jail—I'm a political prisoner." "Well, at least they'll give you a decent haircut.").

This is precisely the way the parents of schizophrenic children typically respond to emotional crises of a personal kind. Lidz and his colleagues illustrate this pattern by telling of a patient who, after much struggle and resistance, finally was able to pour out her anguish and bewilderment to her parents and plead for their understanding and help. At the height of her plaintive entreaty, her mother "offhandedly turned to one of the psychiatrists, tugged at the waist of her dress and blandly remarked, 'My dress is getting tight. I suppose I should go on a diet.'" The kind of communication pattern that characterizes the families of schizophrenics appears in a number of contemporary dramas, suggesting that it speaks to a much larger social phenomenon. How, for example, can matters so intrinsically trivial as hair length or apparel arouse reactions of such intensity in people who present themselves as the most sane, stable and effective members of our society? The answer is that two incompatible processes are taking place at once: The elders are expressing anger, while pretending to themselves that the causes of that anger do not exist.

The pattern of communication (or, rather, noncommunication) typical of the families of schizophrenics is, in fact, becoming more and more common in America. The classic example occurred when the President himself ignored nearly 1,000,000 peace marchers in Washington last November and announced not that he had more important business but that he was watching a football game. The "my dress is getting tight" syndrome, we might call it.

Warren Robertson, Ph.D.
Cuernavaca, Mexico

The Playboy Forum has published several letters from white youngsters who complain about being persecuted for wearing long hair. I am black and work for the Chicago Police Department and I have the same problem because I wear my hair in the Afro, or natural, style. I've received many ass chewings, criticisms and even suspensions from my superiors, who tell me that an officer's hair should be "neat and trim." By black standards, my hair is neat and trim, so what they're really saying is that I should wear it according to their own white standards.

The only way I can make my hair lie close to my scalp, white style, is to have a process job, an expensive treatment that disguises a black man's hair to look like Caucasian hair. This was once very popular, at the time when black self-hatred drove young men to try to be as white as possible, but to wear it that way now would go against my conscience, as well as make me an object of contempt to other blacks and, hence, decrease my effectiveness as an officer.

The latest excuse for the anti-Afro policy is that the police department is a semimilitary organization. Will somebody please inform the Chicago Police Department that now, *even in the military*, blacks are allowed to wear their hair in naturals?

Clyde A. Lindsey, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

Someday, I hope to become a policeman. If I do, I hope to be the best. But even as a policeman, I'll be a black man first and an officer second, for two reasons: because I'm proud of being black and because white people won't let me forget that I am. I'm not a hatemonger and I have many white friends. I don't go along with blacks' killing whites, but I do believe it's time the black man stood up for himself.

Today, the Black Panther Party is being called the most dangerous group in the U. S. and the whole weight of Federal and local governments is being brought to bear to destroy it. All this horror about the Black Panthers seems unfair when compared with the way the K. K. K. has been permitted to flourish and with the way black people have been killed, robbed and raped for hundreds of years.

If white people really want to put an end to fears of a black uprising, let them work among their own kind to overcome racial hatred. It may be too late for those who are adults now, but if we can just help the next generation to grow up without hating, this country can be saved.

Ruben Whittington
Pottstown, Pennsylvania

ONE FATAL FLAW

PLAYBOY receives—and deserves—great praise for its fine interviews, thoughtful articles, excellent fiction and generally superb editorial content. But you have one fatal flaw: your encouragement of luxury consumption.

If we and our earth are to survive, we must learn to live a simple life again. The present ecological havoc has to be reversed or we will witness the collapse of earth's life-support cycle, followed by the death of all living species, including man. This is scientific fact. But, while the return to a simple life is our most pressing need, we are invited to Playboy Clubs for gourmet meals—as half the people of the earth remain undernourished. PLAYBOY readers are offered dreams of mansions and airplanes glittering with fancy gadgets, but many millions have no adequate shelter at all. Throughout the world, most people can barely afford a few tools to keep themselves alive, yet America uses up the remaining resources of the planet building huge automobiles that poison the air.

What good are all of PLAYBOY's fine points in the face of this obscene contradiction?

Gary Reed
La Mesa, California

The contradiction, it seems to us, exists only in your way of stating the problem. A return to a simple, preindustrial society (in which everybody mutually settles for a meager standard of living) will not solve our difficulties in the 1970s, just as it did not in an earlier age. Men's conditions have improved as men have demanded more, not as they have resigned themselves to less; for instance, the luxuries of the 1930s were the commonplaces of the 1960s. As R. Buckminster Fuller points out in his "Utopia or Oblivion," a standard of living that only one percent of the human race possessed in 1900 had reached about 45 percent by 1965; and this sudden upsurge in material prosperity occurred in nations that were officially capitalistic (the United States), officially communistic (Russia), and had "mixed economies" (Sweden). The common causative factor was technological advance. It is the preindustrial nations that have most of the miseries mentioned in your letter; and they also have the highest rates of infant mortality, child mortality and disease in general.

It is not technological advance that has produced pollution and ecological havoc; it is the abuse of technology, which can be (and should be) corrected. Abandoning technology is throwing out

(continued on page 212)

The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears.

It has a contoured collar, tapered sleeves & tapered body. It's only fitting.

The-Comfort-Shirt has tapered sleeves and a tapered body because you have tapered arms and a tapered body. And it has a contoured, C-shaped Band in the collar, because you have a contoured C-shaped neck. Sounds simple enough, right? Wrong. Instead of having a C-Band® collar like ours, other dress shirts have a band in their collar shaped like an "I." And that not only seems anything but fitting to us, it seems anything but comfortable.

The-Comfort-Shirt. Very fitting in a Perma-Prest® fabric blended from 50% Fortrel® polyester, 50% cotton. In all sorts of solid and striped colors, cuff and collar styles. The collar shown here is the long point buttonless button-down, the one that comes with removable, flexible collar stays. Available, along with gotogether ties, at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and in the Catalog.

Buy a few—they're always a great value at Sears low prices.

SEARS PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

Ask for a free copy of the "Mark of Fashion" booklet at a Sears Men's Store near you.

Sears The Men's Store

A lot of people who are now saying Schlitz Malt Liquor served on the rocks with a lemon twist is a spectacular, refreshing, neat, great, wonderful idea, used to say it was a lousy, stupid, bad, dumb idea.

Also very good straight.

© 1970 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee and other great cities.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETER FONDA

a candid conversation with the easy-riding actor, producer and youth-cult superstar

As we enter the Seventies, the decade's first authentic cult hero has already emerged: Peter Fonda, who personifies —on screen and off—the radical life style that has gained increasing currency among young Americans. Not since James Dean's "Rebel Without a Cause" and Marlon Brando's "The Wild One" has a movie actor so captured the imagination and admiration of a generation. In "Easy Rider," Fonda projected the polarized mood of young America with such forcefulness that the film has become a requiem for the short-lived Aquarian Age.

Though his new-found superstardom was catalyzed by "Easy Rider"—which he conceived, produced, co-authored and acted in—popular success had long eluded him. In fact, until "Easy Rider" was released in the summer of 1969, Fonda's career had been a monumental bust. But not without cause: Son of one of America's most celebrated actors, Fonda was born in New York City and spent his early years being shuffled in and out of various schools on the East Coast, in California and Europe. When he was ten, Peter's mother (Henry Fonda's second wife, socialite Frances Seymour Brokaw), confined to a mental institution, committed suicide by slashing her throat. Several months later, Peter also tried to commit suicide—by shooting himself in the stomach.

Fonda's adolescence was a classic in the annals of teenage maladjustment. He began drinking at 14 and, two years later, was bounced out of an exclusive prep school for punching a teacher in the mouth. The widening generation gap between him and his father had by that time become unbridgeable and Peter went to Omaha to live with his father's sister and brother-in-law. He remained there for more than three years, by which time his sister Jane was gaining fame as an actress; Peter decided to give acting a try himself and began appearing in plays at the University of Omaha and the Omaha Community Playhouse. By the time he was 21, he had received good notices for his first Broadway role (in "Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole"); six days after the play opened, he married Susan Brewer, a Sarah Lawrence student he had met in California.

Peter and his wife headed for Hollywood soon after "Stanley Poole" folded early in its 1961 run. Fonda's first movie role was in "Tammy and the Doctor," which he instantly rechristened "Tammy and the Schmuckface"; he didn't think much of the movie and said so publicly. Next came Carl Foreman's "The Victors," in which he played "a dude who loves a dog—I could have done the role blindfolded." In "Lilith," Peter finally impressed the industry with his acting—but also with his capabilities as a disruptive influence on the set, where he argued constantly with star Warren Beatty. Fonda was getting to be known as a genuine kook, and after his next film, "The Young Lovers"—which gave him four flops in four tries—he was virtually persona non grata *at every Hollywood studio.*

As his professional life faltered, Peter's personal life—with the exception of his marriage—was reaching new lows. When he was a teenager, he'd been in love with Bridget Hayward, the daughter of theatrical producer Leland Hayward and the late Margaret Sullavan (who had been Henry Fonda's first wife); Bridget had later killed herself by taking an overdose of sleeping pills. Peter was still trying to forget that tragedy when, in 1965, Eugene (Stormy) McDonald, his best friend, shot himself to death. Fonda later commented to writer Rex Reed: "There's never a day that I don't think about my best friend putting a bullet in his head. There's hardly a day I don't think about my mother cutting her throat. There's hardly a day that I don't realize this girl whom I was in love with, and who was almost like my sister, took pills and did herself in. And all the other people I knew who tried to do themselves in. I have no sympathy anymore. Compassion, but no sympathy."

In 1965, Peter began taking LSD, wearing his hair down to his shoulders, dressing exclusively in blue jeans and cowboy shirts and establishing a solid reputation as a dropout. He probably would have been finished in movies if not for American International Pictures, which specialized then in youth-exploitation films; AIP put Fonda astride a motorcycle for "The Wild Angels," which proceeded to make money and also

"What you must do is take your own life. I don't mean shoot yourself; I mean grab it. Don't hand your life to a book, a dictionary, a church, a boss, a father or a mother. Don't hand it out."

"I've never taken a trip to get high, although acid produces an incredibly wild high. But if I just want to get high, I can smoke grass or drink some wine; I even get high sailing a boat, man."

"Vietnam can't be happening, because we've just cut to an Ajax commercial. The sight of our planes napalming a Vietnamese village doesn't fit our image of ourselves, so we refuse to believe it's real."

something of an underground hero out of its star. Peter in shades riding a Harley was soon a hot poster in virtually every head shop across the nation. Peter next starred in AIP's "The Trip," a commercially flawed depiction of an acid experience. By 1968, he had become disgusted with the exploitation-film genre. Looking for alternatives, he got the idea for "Easy Rider" and picked another Hollywood outcast, Dennis Hopper, to direct and co-star in the film. Fonda then took off to visit Jane and her husband, director Roger Vadim, while they were filming "Barbarella" in Paris. On the set, he met scenarist Terry Southern, who volunteered to list himself as a co-author for "Easy Rider"—which would aid Fonda in raising money for the film. (Southern finally served as a part-time script supervisor, but the film's 12-page outline was written by Dennis Hopper, and almost all of the dialog was created by Hopper and Fonda.) Fonda then formed Pando Productions, assembled his collaborators and crew and hit the road with a 16mm camera and a shoestring budget of $375,000. The rest, as the cliché goes, is film history.

Convinced that multimillion-dollar budgets have been responsible not only for the movie industry's financial disintegration but also for the pablum produced by the major studios in an effort to earn back their inordinate investments, Fonda felt that gifted film makers should be allowed to produce uncompromised movies on budgets so low that profit is virtually assured, thus fostering originality and eliminating such expensive disasters as "Star!" and "Doctor Dolittle." The film industry has since emulated Fonda's example—with mixed results. To further prove his point, he recently contracted to produce, write, direct and star in a Western called "The Hired Hand"—on a budget well under $1,000,000.

Though multiplying responsibilities have made him increasingly unavailable to the press, we were able to persuade the 30-year-old actor to take time out for this exclusive interview, which was conducted at his unpretentious home in Los Angeles' Coldwater Canyon by PLAYBOY *Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman. Reports Linderman: "Adjoining the house is a swimming pool, which Fonda uses, and a tennis court, which he doesn't. The latter serves as a playground for Fonda's two children, Bridget, 6, and Justin, 4; and the family's two cats, Tiger and Fat Cat. Peter came to the door dressed in a bathrobe, introduced himself, had his wife make me some coffee and then left me alone in the living room while he went to get dressed. Like the rest of the house, the room is furnished in Goodwill Industries'* moderne; *it's about as far from movie-star* ambiance *as one can imagine. But Peter has tacked up two large advertising posters for 'Easy Rider'—one in English, one in French; and the motorcycle helmet he wore as Captain America sits atop a child's piano. I didn't notice any pictures of Jane in the room, but there was a photo of his father on the wall near a doorway.*

"When Peter reappeared 15 minutes later, I was struck by how thin he is—140 pounds stretched over a six-foot, two-inch frame. At moments, he looks exactly like his father, at times like his sister; but when he's totally involved in a subject, he resembles only himself—a disarmingly frank and friendly man with a keen nonlinear intelligence. As we sat down to begin the first of two six-hour tapings, he received a call from his office, advising him that he was scheduled to begin a promotional tour of Japan for 'Easy Rider.' The subject provided a logical opening for our interview."

PLAYBOY: *Easy Rider* has made you what used to be known in Hollywood as a "first-magnitude star." And several critics have begun to call you a "cult hero." How do you feel about those labels?

FONDA: I don't give a shit about any of that stuff. Becoming a cult hero or a superstar is a suicidal step. Man, when you get to be John Wayne, you suddenly *believe* that you're John Wayne. He really *believes* that he's a superstar. He doesn't go around saying, "I'm a great actor," because that's not part of his ego. But his ego does demand that he think of himself as a superstar. That's a trap. John has removed himself from life.

PLAYBOY: Even if you don't want to be an image hero, there's no denying that you're in a position to influence people.

FONDA: Oh, sure, I'm very sensitive to that, because I find myself suddenly preaching to people. On the one hand, I say I don't want to teach or lead anybody anyplace, but I find myself preaching at them anyway.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile that?

FONDA: I reconcile it because it won't go any further than that. I don't want to be a leader, and though there are people who will be led by me, I'll continue to reject that. I suppose there will be people who'll say I'm speaking for them whether I want to or not, people who'll worship me whether I want them to or not. But I don't control their psyches and it would be a waste of my energy to spend my time denouncing it. All I'm saying is that I don't want to be a star. It's ironic, too, because before *Easy Rider*, I had just about had it with making American movies.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done if *Easy Rider* hadn't happened?

FONDA: Who knows, man? I knew acting; maybe I would have gone to work in summer stock—like a gypsy, move around the country. It would have been difficult on my old lady and my children, but we would have adapted. Maybe I would have gone to Europe and made some funky films, and socked the money into a farm in Madagascar and sat there growing grass and getting high for the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: What soured you on Hollywood?

FONDA: When I started acting, I didn't mind being in straight films. *Tammy and the Schmuckface* was my first and it was a mistake, of course. Then I was in *The Victors*, an anti-war war movie, which was better because it was trying to get to something that *Tammy* wasn't even interested in. Then I did one called *The Young Lovers* that Sammy Goldwyn directed and produced about college kids; it would have been all right when *he* was in college, but it didn't relate to what was happening on campuses when we made the movie. I liked my performance in *Lilith* best of all until *Easy Rider*. Those were the straight flicks. Then I made *The Wild Angels*, a motorcycle picture I did stoned the whole time. But it wasn't until after *The Trip* that I considered dropping out of movies. I was really disillusioned by what happened to that film—*bitterly* disillusioned.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FONDA: Because American International Pictures screwed up what should have been a beautiful movie. Jack Nicholson, who is in *Easy Rider*, wrote the script for *The Trip*. I sat here reading it one night and I started to cry. My wife asked, "What's the matter, baby?" I said, "This is just so fucking beautiful you have no idea. Listen to this page of jump cuts. There's a hundred and fifteen of them just on this page. Listen." Though Susan hasn't taken acid, she knows from my own descriptions the various bombardments of images your brain manufactures. I read her the page and she got as emotional about it as I was. I said, "I don't believe it. I don't believe that I'm really going to have a chance, that *I* get to be in this movie. This is going to be the greatest film ever made in America." It was *so* beautiful—some of the ideas were so far out. Like, halfway through the film, Nicholson started to show the ending. This big light would go *blink!*, then, a little later, *blink! blink!*, and soon the blinks would get closer and closer together until that blinking light became predominant and then became the blinking light outside a motel room, where the last scene took place. When I finished reading Nicholson's script, I went to see him. We'd met a couple of times, but we didn't know each other as friends. Straight out, I said, "Listen, that's the greatest thing I've ever read. I think Fellini wrote it." "Are you serious?" he said. "You really understand it?" I said, "I understand every single fucking

THE PROFESSIONAL CASSETTE.

It gets the most out of your recorder.

Cassettes look a lot alike from the outside. But what counts is the tape inside them. We've loaded "Scotch" Brand Cassettes with our best. With "Dynarange", the professional recording tape. Superbly sensitive and long-lasting. So whether you're taping rock or Bach, you'll get all the fidelity your recorder can deliver. And plenty of encores.

For music taping, school, business, travel or just plain fun, you can count on "Scotch" Cassettes to perform like a "pro". We don't just claim they're dependable, we guarantee every one.

Take your choice of 30, 60, 90, or 120-minute lengths; album cases or postal-approved mailers. It costs no more to "turn pro" with "Scotch" Brand, the professional cassette.

Professional tips: Ask your dealer for our helpful booklet of recording tips, or send 25¢ coin to: 3M Company, P.O. Box 3146, Dept. A, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

"Scotch", "Dynarange" and plaid design are registered trademarks of 3M Co.

BUY THREE, GET C-60 FREE!

Save with "Scotch" Brand's special 4-pack offer. But hurry, your dealer's supply is limited!

Magnetic Products Division 3M COMPANY

"SCOTCH", "DYNARANGE" AND PLAID DESIGN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF 3M CO.

word of it. It's absolutely right on the nose." And we began to have meetings with the studio and with the director, Roger Corman. But after we'd signed contracts, people were suddenly talking about "clarification," and Jack and I would tell them, "Don't say that word. You don't *need* to clarify, no exposition, no explanation. It's a trip and that's it. It's got the right taste, the right quality, the right *everything*." But we didn't shoot that film. We shot a predictable film, a film with a beginning, a middle and an ending, and a moral at the end of it—it shows a frozen frame of my face and then the image shatters. I was livid.

PLAYBOY: Did you do anything about it?

FONDA: I said publicly that AIP blew it, and they really hated me for that. I was in the middle of promoting the film and I was telling everybody, "Well, the ending's a cop-out, but there's about three reels that are just unbelievable, that will batter you so much it's worth seeing the movie just to catch those three reels—including the last fuck, which is really beautiful." But that was the only thing I could sell about the film. By signing a contract and trusting AIP to make a beautiful flick, I had put my balls on the table—and they got lobbed right off. I had taken next to nothing for the film—$25,000 and five percent of profits they'll never see. I was up in Toronto, out of grass, depressed, sitting in this hotel room. And all of a sudden, *Easy Rider* came to me.

PLAYBOY: How?

FONDA: I was sitting around, really tired—I'd been working very hard selling their thing, and I didn't *like* selling the fuckin' thing. I drank a few Heineken's and popped a sleeping pill, because there was a big noisy convention of exhibitors and I wanted to fall out quick. I was a little bit loaded, and I looked at a picture that had been left on a table for me to sign for somebody's cousin. It was a photograph from *The Wild Angels* of me and actor Bruce Dern on a chop. I looked at the photo for a while and then thought about what it would look like if, instead of two guys on one cycle, I had each of the guys on a bike. And suddenly I thought, that's it, that's the modern Western: two cats just riding across the country, two loners, not a motorcycle gang, no Hell's Angels, nothing like that, just those two guys. And maybe they make a big score, see, so they have a lot of money. And they're gonna cross the country and go retire in Florida. Maybe they want to buy an orange ranch and grow some shit and get high. Maybe they want to get a boat and go sailing off in the Caribbean and fish and groove on an island—all the dreams that all of us have, all the escapist fantasies that all the loners have in common. Anyway, they get to Florida and they've got the money, and it's together, and they're about to get to the farm or to the boat when a couple of duck poachers in a truck rip them off 'cause they don't like the way they look.

PLAYBOY: Just like that?

FONDA: Just like that. First, the poachers get the first guy. And the second one, me, I go back and pick him up. Like Lennie says to George in *Of Mice and Men*, he says, "I can see it, I can see it." The guy's going crazy. He's dying, half of his insides are blown out from a shotgun blast, but he's seeing the ranch. And I drag him to my bike and strap him onto myself and he's saying, "We're gonna get there, we're gonna get there." I answer, "It's gonna be all right," and we're riding down the road and he's dying. Meanwhile, one of the guys in the truck says, "We'd better go back." The other one answers, "Yeah, you're right," and they turn around. We're riding down the road and—*pow!*—they kill me. The audience would think the guys were going to help us—and they were going to kill us. It would be such a shock, and it would be the end of the film. We changed a lot of details later, of course; and there was no Captain America or anything yet. But I thought, fuck, it's *right*, because we've got all the things that backers want: We go for dope, we go for motorcycles, we go riding across the country, we'll even get some sex here and there—but we can do all these things really honestly.

I saw it all in my mind, and to me it reflected the anarchy of the individual, which I think is beautiful, as opposed to the anarchy of society, which is so incredibly awful. The powers that make society's rules break them better than we can imagine—much better than I could by copping a joint, whether it's somebody's cock or somebody's reefer. Compare breaking rules like that with our Government denying civil rights, killing innocent people, doing nothing about the hunger and disease among the poor, destroying our environment. Dennis Hopper was the only guy crazy enough to know what I was talking about, even crazier than I am, so I called him up. I said, "What do you think?" And he says, "Man, wow, Jesus, I'm glad you called me." We had had a fight and he'd sworn never to talk to me again. "Fuck that, man," I said. "What do you think?" And he says, "Yeah, it's great." I asked him if he'd like to direct it and act in it, too, and he said, "Are you kidding?" Then he thought for a second and said, "Listen, man, the score—we gotta make it a *cocaine* score." Hopper was already thinking about details. I said, "Sure, man, right, a cocaine score. I'll talk to you tomorrow, when I get back to L. A." That's how *Easy Rider* started. I looked at that photograph and I went for it.

PLAYBOY: What made you think that Hopper—who'd never directed a feature—could direct *Easy Rider*?

FONDA: Dennis had directed the desert sequences in *The Trip*—and if he had directed the whole thing, we would have made the movie Nicholson wrote. I thought we needed the script's desert sequences—which Corman had decided not to shoot—so I told Corman that I'd gotten some cameras and a friend who could operate them and that we needed the footage. I knew that if I just asked him for some money, he'd say no, so I said I had part of it covered, and Roger bought us the film. Then I rented a camera and found a cameraman and we drove out to the desert, and Dennis directed it. I ran up and down dunes and stood there and did freaky numbers—whatever he wanted me to do. The footage was beautiful. Dennis could have done the whole movie like that, which is why I knew he'd be perfect for *Easy Rider*.

PLAYBOY: Did you get together with him when you returned from Toronto?

FONDA: Yes, I did. I have a home movie of how we worked: Dennis and I out on my tennis court, walking around and goofing off. That movie's funny, man; I'm long and gangly and he's short and fat and he's almost like *boxing* me out there, and the whole time my daughter, Bridget, is riding her tricycle in and out and between us and we don't even see her. And if I come up with a scene, you see Dennis jump up and slap my hand, and when Dennis would come up with a scene—like the lawyer being drunk in jail—I'd do the same thing. That's how we wrote the whole movie. "Dennis," I said, "we can't lose, because the movie's gonna be made so cheaply. We'll get it in for $300,000, maybe less. It'll cost so little we've *got* to make money. You starred in *The Glory Stompers* and that did $3,500,000 worth of business. I did *Wild Angels* and that did $16,000,000 in this country alone." We both thought this was a beautiful start, because we knew we'd prove we knew what to do, and this would mean we'd be able to do other films. I kept thinking about this 17-year-old coming up to a couple of his friends saying, "Hey, man, you got to see this flick. These guys, they smuggle coke across the border, and then they get on these chops, these wild, far-out bikes, and then they ride and they get high—I mean *really* get high—and at the end of the movie, well, they just get shot. Like *that*, man, just because they're there at the wrong time." And then the other kids are gonna go see the flick. We knew we had all the bike people who went to see *The Glory Stompers* and *The Wild Angels* in our bag and maybe a few others, too. Well, we took a crew from L. A. to New Orleans and back and it still cost us so little money—$375,000—that it just freaks out this industry.

PLAYBOY: Was there any friction between

Avis serves more airports than American Airlines, Delta, Eastern, Pan Am, TWA, United or Hertz.

Avis. We try harder.

Avis rents all cars, features Dodge.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

you and Hopper while making the film?

FONDA: I love Dennis no matter what difficulties went down between us, and there *were* difficulties at first. I think it was tough for him to relate to me as the producer. He insisted, and rightly so, that the director is the guy who runs the thing, but I think he may have felt a predisposition that I might start saying, "I gave you the job." Never. I was so happy to share my gig with somebody it was unbelievable. But that in itself very often disrupted our relationship as friends and made it difficult for us to get along all the time, and we would bark at each other. But all that will heal and mend. Much of it has already, because neither of us could have gotten it together without the other one. And we both realize that. I play a part in Dennis' new film, *The Last Movie*, so you can see that we're straight with each other. Of course, him directing and acting and me being the producer and acting, and moving around with about 23 people from state to state almost had to produce some tension. We went from California to Arizona to New Mexico, Texas and Louisiana. We shot the New Orleans sequences first. It took us a week, probably our most expensive week, to do the New Orleans LSD sequence, working with our friends and a 16-millimeter camera. Then we took about two months to write and prepare the rest, and then we spent six more weeks on the road completing the film. But before we went out on the road again, we saw what we'd shot in New Orleans and we knew we were going to have the film we wanted.

PLAYBOY: What was it you wanted in the New Orleans footage?

FONDA: To create an effect of disorientation and paranoia with religious overtones. Of course, the hallucination scene and the joint-smoking scene have become as cliché as the fight scene and the shoot-out. But we didn't make it a joint-smoking scene as such. We never said anything about it. We were just smoking. There was only one time when I said to Nicholson, who was smoking a cigarette, "You should try this; it's better for you." Every other time, we were just smoking dope, and that's all there was to it. Just as natural as we could be. But in its own way, that was spectacular—much more spectacular than in *Alice B. Toklas* or *The Trip* when we pass the joint around. In *Easy Rider*, this was seen as a way of life, no ritual at all.

PLAYBOY: Hopper, Nicholson and you were the only professional actors in *Easy Rider*. Did you have trouble persuading local people to appear in the film?

FONDA: No, not at all. Do you remember the café sequence in the movie? Well, that was in the town of Morganza, Louisiana. Dennis had been there earlier, scouting for locations, and seen this little restaurant. It had CAFÉ—HOMEMADE PIES AND COCA-COLA outside, which he dug 'cause he's a sign freak; and inside it had booths on one side with a mirror on the wall above them. All he could think of was the opening shot: The camera moves along and you can see us moving behind them in the mirror. He liked that shot. So we moved in two months later, and as we arrive, there are these guys standing around making comments. "I can smell him. You smell him?" "Yeah, I can smell him. Look at that long hair. You ever seen hair as long as that?" Dennis says, "Those are the guys." The advance men had already picked several other people who were willing to appear in the picture, and Dennis says, "No, no, I want *them*." And got 'em. They gave great performances, man. Dennis and I had been in the camper truck getting high, and he came out and said to these guys, "We're really bad-ass people. We raped and killed a little girl outside of town, so there's nothing that you can say about us that's too bad. You can talk about our long hair. You can talk about the beads around my neck. You can talk about how we smell. Like, you can say we're Yankee queers, anything you want to say, because we're the villains in this film; we're the heavies; we're *terrible* people." Well, they began rapping, man, right off the top of their heads. And it was just what we wanted.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't difficult to get good performances out of them?

FONDA: No, because the guys had been talking about "them freaks" for 20 years, and those chicks had been there all their lives drinking Coca-Cola. Dennis sat down and talked to the girls for about 20 minutes, telling them how they should be; they were the most difficult ones, because they were the most self-conscious. Finally, one of the little girls said, "You mean you-all want us to *flirt* with you?" And Dennis nodded. "Oh, we know how to do *that*." Well, they started flirting and it was beautiful. The truth was that those girls would never come outside and ask to ride with the three grubs that Dennis and Jack and I played; but in that scene, we wanted to show that youth could connect with youth in a way that transcended parental conditioning.

PLAYBOY: How closely do each of you identify with the characters you played in *Easy Rider*?

FONDA: Well, I'm personally into a lot more than Captain America got into. I get into discussions and arguments with people, and Captain America—a very uptight cat—would never do that; so, like, that's not my character. And Dennis, he's some parts of his character, but he's hardly just an inarticulate, paranoid goof like Billy is most of the time. Jack Nicholson was born in New Jersey and does a different gig; he's no drunken Southern A. C. L. U. lawyer.

PLAYBOY: Which of you do you feel turned in the best performance?

FONDA: Most people say Nicholson gave the best performance in the film. Well, he was certainly good, but it was also the most predictable role. I think the best performance in *Easy Rider* was Dennis Hopper's. His timing was perfect, he was subtle—*everything* was going for Dennis in that movie. He's truly one of our greatest actors, and don't let anybody tell you it's impossible to direct and act in your own film, 'cause Dennis pulled that off brilliantly. But audiences went for Jack Nicholson; they thought Hopper was crazy.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think audiences responded so strongly to Nicholson?

FONDA: Because he was someone they could identify with, who gave audiences something they could see and feel personally—and audiences went with him. We started *Easy Rider* very slow; there was a lot of behavior going on to explain Billy and Wyatt and their relationship and what was happening, but it was goofing around, kind of, to most of the audience. Until suddenly Jack Nicholson comes in, rides with us, gets stoned for the first time and the audience is right with us, because Jack's part—as Dennis conceived it and wrote it—was brilliant. We've lulled our audiences with beautiful scenery, great rock music, identification with Jack—and then we suddenly rip it away from them: The lawyer is killed. They have no alternative but to go with either me or Dennis after that. That was a dramatic plan on our part, even though this is intellectualizing after the fact. We felt Jack's character had to die, because he was the innocent; the *only* reason he got destroyed was because he was with us. If he'd gone through town on his own, they wouldn't have touched him. That's the message I wanted to put down there.

PLAYBOY: What was the message you wanted to convey as Captain America?

FONDA: I wanted to create an existential hero, and in a sense, I think I accomplished that. But the more I got into the film, the more I began to re-examine my original premise—to show the beauty of the anarchy of the individual versus the decrepit anarchy of society. And then I wondered about the beauty of this individual anarchy and what meaning it really had. I wondered, in fact, if what these guys were up to had *any* reflection of freedom. And then I found that it didn't. What I feel I shot down—which most people didn't pick up—was the idea that I represented anything that should be glorified or emulated. Well, I didn't, which is why Wyatt finally says to Billy, "We blew it."

PLAYBOY: What did that line mean?

FONDA: Many things, almost as many as you can come up with. Literally, within the story, we blew it when we went for

If it sounds great, what do you care how much it costs.

$99.95*

Don't fall for the myth that you can't get anything good these days unless you spend a fortune.

That's absurd, and our new stereo proves it.

First, let's consider speakers, the most important part of any stereo system.

Well, the new MM12 contains a pair of matched air suspension speakers with wide-angle sound—the kind you usually find only in the most expensive component systems.

They reproduce your records as well as standard speakers two sizes larger. And they let you sit almost anywhere in the room and still get the full stereo effect.

You could spend a lot more than $99.95 just for speakers and probably not do as well.

Then there's the turntable. It's an automatic, 4-speed unit with a precision, low mass tone arm. So you get smooth, distortion-free sound.

And our solid-state amplifier puts out 40 watts of peak music power to let you hear all the music at any sound level.

You also get a pretty good-looking piece of machinery, complete with a dust cover. All for $99.95.

But, if you're afraid your friends won't be impressed, don't tell them the price.

Just turn it on.

SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

*Mfr.'s suggested retail price for Model MM12 shown above.

the easy money, and then thought we could retire. And we thought that was the basis of freedom. Look, there are two parts to the American dream. The first is: Get it all together, no matter who goes down. The no-matter-who-goes-down idea isn't spoken too loudly, sometimes not at all, but it's there. The second part is: And then retire. To me, both of those are untenable positions. I can't, in good conscience, get it all together no matter who goes down, nor can I retire. In a broader sense, we blew it because liberty is just a statue in New York harbor—a polluted harbor. We've blown it because we've spent so much money on so many insane endeavors—germ warfare, ABM, MIRV, Vietnam, Cambodia. We've blown our freedom in the books we don't read and in the universities that don't teach. We've blown it around the world—and not just Americans. *Everybody*'s blown it. We've gotten it together only on an economic level and only in some parts of the world, and not for any other reason. Well, I promise you that when you base your life solely on economics—as Wyatt and Billy did in *Easy Rider*—you blow your life right out the window.

PLAYBOY: The two lead characters in *Easy Rider* may have symbolically blown their lives because of that premise, but they were literally blown apart by Southern shotguns. One of the criticisms of your film is that it unfairly characterizes the South.

FONDA: People accuse us of that, but I say no. The South has very little to do with the movie. The idea is that we're traveling from Los Angeles to Florida to retire. We have to go through the South. But we could have gone through Detroit or Buffalo and been ripped up just as easily by a bunch of geeks up there. So, for me, it's not an indictment of the South at all. People down there were generally friendly. We had only one bit of trouble—in a restaurant where I was swearing over the phone and these guys pulled guns on me because I'd said "fuck" in front of this cat's wife, and I didn't even know she was there. No, I don't think we treated the South any differently than we would have any other part of America.

PLAYBOY: Ads for *Easy Rider* stated, "A man went looking for America. . . . He couldn't find it anywhere." In view of what you just said—and as some film critics have suggested—do you feel the film is basically anti-American?

FONDA: No, man, not at all. I'm chauvinistic about the picture; it's a very *American* flick. When Hopper and I started out on *Easy Rider*, I remember us saying things like, "Fuck those Europeans, man, they ain't *never* gonna see a movie like this. We're gonna have jump cuts going from left to right, right to left, up and down, in and out—they're really gonna wonder what the hell's happening." I thought *Easy Rider* could be a hit in America, but it's also done very well in Europe, which surprised me. It's shown there with subtitles, but the Europeans pick up on everything that's going down. It played capacity business in places like Stockholm and Helsinki for between six months and a year. Now, what kind of identification do those people have with the U.S.? None. But they have a great deal of identification with what the movie's about—people who are afraid and searching for something to live for. Which is why the film has done so well.

PLAYBOY: It was a huge hit among the younger generation everywhere. Do you think it's reached older people, too?

FONDA: Sure it has, and for a lot of reasons. A couple of obvious ones: The establishment magazines all said wild things about the film, and it's making so much money that the establishment wants to know about it, because they're heavily into the economic process. What actually happened is that younger people talked so much about it that it brought the older people in. I thought older people would put it down, but they haven't; I've heard people in their 40s comment, "Even though I don't totally understand it, this film is saying something important." That keeps their eyes and ears open; they're listening to what their kids say. I liken it to *Rebel Without a Cause*, which was such a big success. All the kids went to see *Rebel*, which without Jimmy Dean wouldn't have been a very interesting movie. But the kids went to see *Rebel* and went home and said, "That's what's happening in our house." And the parents went to see the film. And this is happening with *Easy Rider*.

PLAYBOY: Did you think it would?

FONDA: No, and if it wasn't for Bert Schneider, our executive producer, it wouldn't have happened. First of all, he gave us the money to make the flick and left us alone. Bert protected us all the way, because Columbia was very insecure with the film; they didn't know what it meant. They kept asking us and we'd say, well, look at it; what you *think* it means is what it means. They weren't ready for that answer. We took it to the Cannes Film Festival and Columbia sent about 41 of their executives, and when they saw everybody at Cannes give us a standing ovation at the end of the film, they thought, "Now, wait a minute. Maybe we got something here." The film opened in New York and started breaking records from the first day. Same thing in Los Angeles, Stockholm, Paris. At that point, Columbia got behind us, and now we're the number-one film they have, the top-grossing non-road-show film in Columbia's history. *Easy Rider* hasn't yet surpassed some of their films like *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, with about $28,000,000, but it will.

PLAYBOY: How much do you think you'll get to keep for yourself?

FONDA: A lot. At least a couple of million bucks over a couple of years.

PLAYBOY: How much importance does that money have for you?

FONDA: It's important in this way: I like to sail. I used to ski anyplace there was snow, but I tore my ankle up playing tennis here one day, so I had to give it up. I was so aesthetically into skiing that it was great for me—I could make a turn last for hours. I'd be going down a slope quite fast, and then I'd go into a slow turn and just turn and turn and turn and then hop around and do those turns again. Anyway, because of the ankle, skiing and tennis both went. When I was younger I dug sailing, because it was involved with action, life and survival. Well, I just went sailing again and it was like skiing used to be for me. I've wanted a boat for a long time. I even went down the tubes so far as to make a deal with American International to make three flicks if they bought me a boat and paid me some bread on top; they went for it, bought me the boat and everything. But the first flick they wanted me to do was such shit, I said forget the boat. I could have taken it and sold out to AIP. Instead, I went for *Easy Rider* and dropped the boat. But I still want it; that's why the money from *Easy Rider* is important.

PLAYBOY: How much is the boat going to cost?

FONDA: About $200,000, maybe $250,000. I'm gonna have it built; I want a fiberglass sailboat about 65 feet long. Sailing is a highly expensive sport and I don't intend to be a miser about it. I intend to circumnavigate the globe with my two children and my wife, and on different parts of the journey, take along people who are my close friends. That's expensive, but it's what I want to do; that's part of my life style. It's like making movies, which is expensive, too. Well, I think that the way I live is my art. I'm not saying that everybody should go sailing, but I know that when I do it, all the stress, the problems and the competition leave me. In all of my sea experiences I've related to the natural surroundings that I've been in; I'm basically a naturalist. Rather than taking off to the hills and hiding in a mountain shack and grooving on birds, I want to take my children around the world on a boat. That's my on-the-road number. Not as a hippie or a beatnik or anything like that, either. Now that I've got the bread to do it, I feel like I've got it all, like I'm sitting on top of it. I've already got another production started and I'm working and grooving.

PLAYBOY: On *The Hired Hand*?

FONDA: Right. It's a very simple film. People may wonder why I'm doing it,

Woodstock Music Festival, 1969.

If there's one thing Anvil does understand, it's what you wear.

We don't pretend to understand everything that's going on in your world today.

But there is one thing we do know.

We make slacks and jeans that a lot of guys go for. For a lot of good reasons. Like the way they fit. The way they'll stand up through any occasion. The fabrics they come in, made with Celanese Fortrel®. And how little they sell for, starting at $7.00.

Granted, we're not hip to everything that's happening today, but what we are hip to, you might like.

Our company may be 72 years old, but our slacks and jeans are definitely for the under 30.

Anvil BRAND

Anvil Brand. For the under 30.

Anvil Brand Inc., a Glen Alden Company. Empire State Building, 67th Floor, New York City 10001.

CELANESE® FORTREL®

Fortrel® is a registered trademark of Fiber Industries.

especially after *Easy Rider*, which seems to be such a contemporary statement of our problems. It's what I call a classical Western, about a cowboy who's on the road, who cut out on his old lady when she was pregnant and for seven years now, he's been riding up and down the West, punching cows here, doing a gig there. He gets tight with an old guy and a young cat and the three of them ride out toward California, where the old guy can be a sheriff and they'll be the deputies, or whatever their dream is. Early in the film, the youngest guy gets killed and I shoot his murderer in the feet as we're getting away, crippling him. The kid's death makes me realize that punching cows is bullshit, and then my character figures he blew his first responsibility and feels he has to go back home. So I go back and make it all over again with my woman, when suddenly a finger belonging to my other partner, the old guy, arrives in the mail—with a note that says, "If you don't come, you get a finger a week." Well, I realize that the cat I crippled has gotten hold of my older partner and is sending me his fingers 'cause I'm the one who shot him up—and he wants my ass. So he's calling me out and here I am: I split from my chick when she was in need once before, as many cats will do—especially when their lady is pregnant. And yet I've had more of a relationship with this guy I've been riding with. What do I do? Well, I go. And I get killed, and the old cat lives.

That's the story. To me, it relates; I talk about people who were on the road and tried to settle down but can't because it's too late. Like, I'm sure all those people in the Tate case wish they could go back, just go back home. One girl who was wanted by the police said, "I've got to go home"; it's the most human thing for a drifter to think. And that's where they caught her. In the same way, my character in the movie gives in to his human emotions and, because of them, gets trapped. He has to make an incredible decision—and, like so many others he's made, it's the wrong decision. But how can we moralize about it, you know? He feels his responsibility is not to stay with his wife but to go and save his friend. To me, that becomes a valid statement about the way things are. It creates questions; it doesn't answer any. I'm writing, directing and acting in it and my company is producing it. I have final cut, full autonomy—no questions, no studio control. I even own the rights to distribution.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend to take off in your boat as soon as you finish *The Hired Hand*?

FONDA: I'm not sure, because after *The Hired Hand*, I plan to make a feature-length documentary about environmental pollution on all its levels—from automobile exhaust to mental exhaust. Whether it takes the form of DDT or racism, it pollutes the environment. It's a big gamble for me, because I'm just going to make the film and not worry about distribution or anything like that until it's completed. If it can't run in motion-picture theaters, then it'll have to be television. I want to reach as many people as I can with this one; I really want to shake people's minds. If it makes money, too, that'll be fine, but the main thing is that I want maybe 50,000,000 people to see it and discuss it, and I want to create an economic interest in ecology within the movie industry. If the film is successful, the studios will say, "My God, here's a guy who made a total information film—and made money on it. Let's make more like it." I intend to come up with an *Easy Rider* on an information level. I want to show the rise and fall of the earth and I want people to come out of a theater and—just like they did after *Easy Rider*—say, "Christ, what happened? Did *we* cause that?" One of the countries we'll be going to on this one is China.

PLAYBOY: What do you expect to get out of a visit to China?

FONDA: Part of the pollution I'm going to deal with when I get to China is that Chinese-versus-Caucasian bag. There are 800,000,000 Chinese out there who are so freaked out that they think they got enemies all over the world, and they're arming themselves and getting ready for all-out war. The film will show the insanity of it all—and part of the insanity is that we're making the Chinese more uptight instead of cooling the situation. Same thing in Africa. A lot of African nations are starting to get their governments moving, but this country isn't helping them out, because we play off their black-and-white problems politically, in the same way we do with the Arabs and Israelis. We'll also bring it home to the spiritual pollution of racism here in America.

PLAYBOY: Will the film be simply an indictment or will you be proposing any solutions to these problems?

FONDA: The solutions will be implicit. The movie will suggest that race, for example, will remain a problem as long as we keep thinking in terms of black and white. Our problem transcends black and white. There's no question that black people have been excluded from many parts of American life; their grievances are real and *must* be redressed. But my personal belief is that armed revolution by black people is not the answer; I totally reject that notion.

PLAYBOY: For that reason, do you reject militant black groups such as the Black Panthers?

FONDA: Yes, I do. They're reactionaries—they're out there reacting against something, not acting *for* something. It's too late for black identity—or white identity or green identity. That's all past. The world is too polarized already along those lines. Black people are looking for an image when there's no time left for them to find it—not in black terms. The only identity they can have now is *human* identity, which has nothing to do with pigmentation. This doesn't mean I don't have compassion for the Panthers, of course, even if I don't agree with them. I know very well that the Man's down on them. There have been ten or fifteen separate raids on Panther headquarters all around the country. Smacks a wee bit of harassment to me when you got 100 cops shooting at six Panthers at five in the morning. But this is a tough area to get into, because I'm a Beverly Hills, uptown white. I suppose my views would seem more valid if I were living in the ghetto.

There's only one way I can relate it to you: I know this cat who plays flute; his name is Charles Lloyd. He's a good flute player, sells a lot of records, well liked. OK, outside of that, he's also a beautiful cat. He's a left-handed Pisces—and I'm a left-handed Pisces. There ain't no *difference* between me and Charles Lloyd, you know? Lloyd, he knows there ain't no difference; he calls me brother. That's a black term, nowadays, but a long time ago, it was a white term, too. What I'm trying to say is that the black people I know aren't black—and it's not just uptown blacks I'm talking about. They're not black in the same sense that I'm not white to them, in the same sense that neither of us can afford to think of ourselves as Americans anymore. Knowing what I know of the state of the world and its polluted environment, societies and political systems, how *can* any of us afford to be merely Americans or Russians or Chinese or anything else? We can't. We can only afford to be human beings.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't many blacks reply that their worth as human beings will never be recognized until their dignity as blacks has first been asserted?

FONDA: Look, I know many beautiful black cats who are spending their energies solidifying the black community, giving it black identity, black honor. But what they're doing is just a black version of what *we're* doing—solidifying the white community from a *white* point of view. As long as there are white people who insist on being white, there are going to be black, yellow and green people who will pick up *their* banners. And vice versa. This hurts me, man, because those *brains* aren't black or white or yellow. It can't be us and them anymore; it has to be just *us*. We don't have time for separatism; and it doesn't work.

Not too long ago, a cat came to me with a problem. Black cat. Called me on

THE 8-TRACK STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYER OF YOUR CHOICE

FREE*

YOURS AS A GIFT JUST FOR JOINING NOW

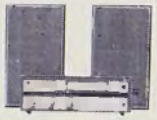
Stereo Tape Club of America

*with one year membership and minimum tape purchase, six now and one a month for a year; speakers extra

†

PICK ONE FREE *

NEWEST FINEST SOLID STATE AUTOMATIC 8-TRACK STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYERS



$119.95 reg. price

COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM

With built-in amplifier and 2 deluxe stereo speaker units in handsome walnut cabinets. THE PLAYER IS FREE. We will bill you only special member's price of $29.95 for speakers. ☐ check HOME SYSTEM in coupon.

1970 MODELS

$79.95 reg. price

HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM

Pre-amplified model. Plugs into your present stereo record system. Beautiful walnut grain finish. THE PLAYER IS FREE. No speakers needed, plays through your own stereo system. ☐ check HOME PLUG-IN in coupon.

$89.95 reg. price

DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM

Complete with easy installation kit and 2 deluxe flush mount speakers (no drilling holes). THE PLAYER IS FREE. We will bill you only special member's price of $11.98 for speakers. ☐ check AUTO SYSTEM in coupon.

SELECT ANY 6 STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGES TO START MEMBERSHIP

Only Stereo Tape Club gives full selection of all labels, artists, new releases.

POPULAR

- ☐ 1311—THE BEST OF NANCY WILSON (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 1316—HONEY, Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists) 6.98
- ☐ 1318—ELVIS' GOLD RECORDS, Elvis Presley (RCA) 6.98
- ☐ 1319—WHEN YOU'RE SMILING, Nat King Cole (Pickwick) 5.98
- ☐ 1321—FRANK SINATRA'S GREATEST HITS (Reprise) 6.98
- ☐ 1324—PROMISES, PROMISES, Dionne Warwick (Scepter) 6.98
- ☐ 1326—AGE OF AQUARIUS, 5th Dimension (Liberty) 6.98
- ☐ 1328—THIS IS TOM JONES, Tom Jones (Parrott) 6.98
- ☐ 1330—A MAN ALONE, Frank Sinatra (Reprise) 6.98
- ☐ 1331—I TAKE A LOT OF PRIDE, Dean Martin (Reprise) 6.98
- ☐ 1332—FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, Vikki Carr (Liberty) 6.98
- ☐ 1338—ENGELBERT, Engelbert Humperdinck (Parrott) 6.98
- ☐ 1339—LIVE, Glen Campbell (Capitol) (twin pack) 13.98
- ☐ 1340—HURT SO BAD, The Lettermen (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 1343—LIVE IN LAS VEGAS, Tom Jones (Parrot) 6.98
- ☐ 1344—RAINDROPS KEEP FALLIN' ON MY HEAD, B. J. Thomas (Scepter) 6.98
- ☐ 1347—THE RAY CHARLES STORY VOL. II, Ray Charles (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 1348—THE GOLDEN SOUNDS, Pop, Various Artists, Campbell-Letterman-Wilson Lee-Others (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 2318—GREATEST HITS, Herb Alpert And The Tijuana Brass (A & M) 6.98
- ☐ 2319—THE MAGIC PIANOS OF FERRANTE & TEICHER (Sunset) 6.98
- ☐ 2320—SOUNDS OF PARADISE, Martin Denny (Sunset) 6.98
- ☐ 2323—LET THE SUNSHINE IN/ MIDNIGHT COWBOY, Paul Mauriat (Phillips) 6.98
- ☐ 8307—COWBOYS & COLORED PEOPLE, Flip Wilson (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 8316—BEST OF BILL COSBY, (Warner Bros.) 6.98
- ☐ 8321—LIVE AT SING SING, Moms Mabley (Mercury) 6.98

ROCK AND FOLK

- ☐ 3301—LADY SOUL, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3312—THE BEST OF WILSON PICKETT (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3314—HISTORY OF OTIS REDDING (Volt) 6.98
- ☐ 3325—CLOUD NINE, Temptations (Gordy) 6.98
- ☐ 3326—FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, O. C. Smith (Columbia) 6.98
- ☐ 3327—BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS, (Columbia) 6.98
- ☐ 3328—LOVE CHILD, Diana Ross and the Supremes (Motown) 6.98
- ☐ 3330—THE BEATLES 1 & 2 (Apple) (twin pack) 13.98
- ☐ 3335—ARETNA'S GOLD, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3342—THE BEST OF CREAM, The Cream (Atco) 6.98
- ☐ 3350—GREEN RIVER, Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy) ... 6.98
- ☐ 3351—THROUGH THE PAST DARKLY, Rolling Stones (London) 6.98
- ☐ 3352—SANTANA, (Columbia) ... 6.98
- ☐ 3355—HEY JUDE, The Beatles (Apple) 6.98
- ☐ 3356—BAND OF GYPSYS, Jimi Hendrix (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 3357—DEJA-VU, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3358—AIN'T IT FUNKY, James Brown (King) 6.98
- ☐ 3361—ALIVE-ALIVE-O! PART I, Jose Feliciano (RCA) 6.98
- ☐ 3362—PSYCHEDELIC SHACK, The Temptations (Gordy) 6.98
- ☐ 8319—LADIES OF THE CANYON Joni Mitchell (Reprise) 6.98
- ☐ 8320—BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER, Simon and Garfunkel (Columbia) 6.98

COUNTRY AND WESTERN

- ☐ 4301—TIME I GET TO PHOENIX, Glen Campbell (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 4309—JOHNNY CASH AT FOLSOM PRISON, (Columbia) 6.98
- ☐ 4313—JOHNNY CASH AT SAN QUENTIN, (Columbia) 6.98
- ☐ 4317 THE BEST OF CHARLEY PRIDE, (RCA) 6.98
- ☐ 4318—I LOVE YOU MORE TODAY, Conway Twitty (Decca) 6.98
- ☐ 4319—TAMMY WYNETTE'S GREATEST HITS, (Epic) 6.98
- ☐ 4321—THE BEST OF JERRY LEE LEWIS, Jerry Lee Lewis (Smash) 6.98
- ☐ 4322—THE GOLDEN SOUNDS, Country, Various Artists: Haggard, James, South, Owens, Others (Capitol) 6.98

JAZZ

- ☐ 5307—THE BEST OF WES MONTGOMERY, (Verve) 6.98
- ☐ 5312—MEMPHIS UNDERGROUND, Herbie Mann (A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 5313—SOULFUL STRUT, Young-Holt Unlimited (Brunswick) 6.98
- ☐ 5317—BUDDY AND SOUL, Buddy Rich Big Band (Liberty) 6.98
- ☐ 5319—LIVE AT THE WHISKEY A-GO-GO, Herbie Mann (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5320—SWISS MOVEMENT, Les McCann, Eddie Harris (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5321—SOUNDS GREAT, Jimmy Smith (Sunset) 6.98
- ☐ 5322—DOWN TO EARTH, Ramsey Lewis Trio (Mercury) 6.98

SHOW AND CLASSICAL

- ☐ 6301—DR. ZHIVAGO, Original Sound Track (MGM) 7.98
- ☐ 6309—FUNNY GIRL, Barbra Streisand, Orig. (Columbia) 7.98
- ☐ 6310—HAIR, Original Broadway Cast (RCA) 7.98
- ☐ 6312—ROMEO & JULIETTE, Orig. Sound Track (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 6314—PAINT YOUR WAGON, Original Sound Track (Par) 7.98
- ☐ 6316—HELLO DOLLY, Barbra Streisand Orig. Sound Track (20th Cent.-Fox) 7.98
- ☐ 6317—THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY, Original Soundtrack (Sunset) 6.98
- ☐ 7301—MY FAVORITE CHOPIN, Van Cliburn (RCA) 6.98
- ☐ 7303—GERSHWIN RHAPSODY IN BLUE, Lon. Fest. Orch. (Lon.) 6.98
- ☐ 7313—2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, Orig. Sound Track (MGM) 6.98
- ☐ 7317—BEETHOVEN'S GREATEST HITS, Bernstein Ormandy, (Columbia) 7.98
- ☐ 7318—THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG, Michel Legrand (Phillips) 7.98
- ☐ 7319—THE GOLDEN SOUNDS, Classics, Various Artists (Capitol) 6.98

If coupon removed write to: Stereo Tape Club of America 1480 W. 178th St., Gardena, Ca. 90247

† Trademark of Stereo Tape Club of America ©1970

WHY WE GIVE YOU THE FINEST 8-TRACK STEREO PLAYER FREE

We are America's largest all-label, all-artist stereo tape cartridge club. We hope to win you over to the newest, most advanced, most convenient way to enjoy music in your home, car and office — with trouble-free, compact stereo tape cartridges that play continuously, switch tracks automatically, and last practically forever. They never scratch, warp or wear out. They never tangle.

If you like the system, you'll buy your stereo tape cartridges from us. You never pay more than regular price. You can pick free bonus tapes immediately, without waiting. You can enjoy up to 50% savings.

To guarantee your continuing interest, the equipment must be fine enough to give you brilliant high fidelity performance over many years of trouble-free service. That's why we give you our STEREOMATIC unit FREE. It's premium equipment. The best. We know you will be delighted. That's why we are willing to send it to you at no risk or obligation on your part. If you like it, KEEP IT. It's yours FREE just for buying stereo tape cartridges you would want to own anyway. If not, return it and your membership is cancelled. You pay nothing and owe nothing. To take advantage of this fabulous new membership offer, complete the coupon and mail now.

SEND NO MONEY • JUST MAIL

Stereo Tape Club of America
P.O. Box 520, Gardena, Calif. 90247

Please enroll me as a member and send the FREE Stereomatic 8-track tape cartridge player checked below.

- ☐ **HOME SYSTEM** (speakers $29.95)
- ☐ **HOME PLUG-IN** (no speakers)
- ☐ **AUTO SYSTEM** (speakers $11.98)

Also send the 6 stereo tape cartridge albums I am buying now to start my membership. (Select 6 from list, print numbers below.)

Bill me for these, plus shipping and handling charge. I may pay in 3 monthly installments if I wish. If I am not 100% satisfied, I may return player and cartridges in 10 days and my membership will be cancelled. I owe nothing.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Area Code _____

Credit References _____

Military: Include serial number, military address and home address with application.

Credit card: Charge above order to my credit card.
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge ☐ Amer. Express
Acct. # _____ ☐ Diners Club

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS: (check one)
☐ Popular ☐ Rock & Folk ☐ Show & Classical

In addition to the 6 cartridges I am buying now to start my membership, I agree to purchase a cartridge a month during the coming year at the regular club price, plus postage and handling. (Albums you'll want to buy anyway; thousands to choose from.)

SIGNATURE (REQUIRED) H-9 7D P

the phone and said, "Man, I gotta talk to you." He'd met my sister and Jane gave him my telephone number and told him, "Call my brother. You'd like to talk to him." So he came to me, and he was bitter the whole time he was talking to me, really uptight; and when he finally came down to it, the cat's problem was: He was in love with a white chick. He'd been programed for years to *hate* those white devils—and he was in love with a white chick. It was causing him such grief that he couldn't eat. And I said, "Wow, you've just stumbled onto it, man, you understand? Why *shouldn't* you be in love with a white chick?" He says, "How can I tell my braves this? They'd *kill* me." But there's no reason why he shouldn't be involved with a white chick. Or her with him. If he wants her, that's cool, that's fine, go with it, don't feel hung by it. But here was this cat, *totally* hung because he was convinced he had to be black in all things, and he's a militant leader, man, *militant*. Walks around with a loaded gun, has 600 or 700 braves. What's he gonna do? This guy has energies, he's intelligent, *really* intelligent, and yet he's strung out by being black—and not from Whitey's point of view; he's strung out by being black from the *blacks'* point of view. But how can he possibly *not* be in love with a white chick, black chick, green chick or any other chick?

This is one of the things I'm going to try to put across in my film, because it's a big part of mental pollution and it affects me deeply. I've got two hostages to fortune, as Jack Kennedy said—my two children. Not only do they have to grow up surrounded by an atmosphere of hate and misunderstanding, but they also are growing up in an atmosphere so polluted it may poison them to death, which is what the environmental part of my pollution movie will be about. It's all right here, too: Living in Los Angeles is living in ground zero as far as the air is concerned.

PLAYBOY: Have you or members of your family ever actually been physically affected by air pollution?

FONDA: Sure we have. My little girl gets nauseated when the smog gets bad at school; her school's down on Santa Monica Boulevard, where it's very thick. Out here it's supposed to be clear, but I get sick because of it once in a while. When I go to Maui, where there's no smog or very little of it, in four days I can go to sleep at nine o'clock at night, without even getting stoned, and I wake up refreshed at five in the morning. I wake up and it's a groove. There's the difference. I breathe fresh air.

PLAYBOY: Many ecologists feel that pollution has advanced to the point where the death of our planet is imminent. Do you agree?

FONDA: I don't know if I'm as pessimistic as that. Society's attitude toward air pollution is changing, but whether or not the changes will come quick enough is something else again. I think that when the truth of the situation hits people, they'll begin to take corrective action. And the truth of the situation is simply this: On a proper fast, we can go weeks without eating, with maybe just a little water here and there. We can also go a long time without exercise. And even a few days without sleeping, although it'll get you crazy. But only a few minutes without air. So why are we schmucking up the air? Seventy percent of the world's oxygen is made by diatoms, microscopic organisms that live in the ocean. The rest of the world's oxygen is made by plants, through their leaves. And that's it, folks. Those are the only two ways we get it together for top-priority air.

Fact: Even if the pollution rates of the James River, the Hudson River and the Delaware River don't rise from their present levels, within 50 years most of the Atlantic Ocean will be uninhabitable by living organisms. And diatoms are living organisms. So are our forests; we just don't *have* great forests like we used to have. So what are we going to breathe? With the population rising, people are wondering what we're going to eat and where we're going to live. But I've talked to a couple of the technocrats, and we'll eat; we might not like the taste of what we eat, but we'll eat. And we may have to live 20 stories down in the ground, but we'll live. But what are we going to breathe? You can't make it on carbon monoxide—only on oxygen. Second problem: People don't give a damn about water pollution. Well, sooner or later, the people who bottle pure, unchlorinated water are going to run out and the demand is going to go way up. What are we going to drink then? In 15 years there won't be any fresh-water lake or stream that won't be polluted.

PLAYBOY: How do you think the public can be mobilized to begin demanding solutions to these problems?

FONDA: Television works very well—for three-year-olds. But how do we get adults to listen? We have to couch it to them so they learn themselves, so that we don't have to *tell* them anything. They're going to have to experience a direct perception of what it is we're doing to ourselves. When they have a direct perception, it'll become something they believe in and identify with. Somebody may tell you, with great emotion, that we're crapping up our world, but you will only understand that intellectually. To *perceive* it, however, and make it change your life and let it operate in your life, direct perception is needed.

PLAYBOY: What course of action would you suggest for non-moviemakers who feel as strongly as you do about pollution?

FONDA: I'd advise them to do the same thing that I'm doing—try to convince people that by poisoning our air and our water, we're poisoning ourselves. And not to sit back and let somebody *else* do the talking. I spend a great deal of energy doing just that, even if it's only on a person-to-person level, but I spend it—sometimes talking to 20,000,000 people at a shot on one television show, sometimes to just a tiny fraction of that on a little radio talk show in the middle of the night. I even spend time talking with my father about it, because he can influence a lot of people who might automatically tune me out.

PLAYBOY: Is your father receptive to your social and political convictions?

FONDA: As time goes by, I find that he is, more and more. It's a great thing for me, because I had a lot of trouble with my father while I was growing up.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

FONDA: Everybody has a problem with their parents, and I had a very typical problem, the "nobody understands me" kind of routine. I dramatized it more because I was in a more dramatic setup. I enjoyed having been born with a platinum spoon up my ass, but I remember being very down on my father for not speaking to me. He was a busy man and I was a hypersensitive kid who needed somebody to talk to, so I reacted quite bitterly to him. I guess the first big shock my sister Jane and I experienced about my father was discovering that Henry Fonda wasn't perfect. It really disoriented us.

PLAYBOY: All children discover that their parents aren't perfect. Why should that have been so traumatic for you?

FONDA: Because my father was *presented* as perfect; the man who played Abe Lincoln and Mr. Roberts and Tom Joad, the man who carried everybody's honesty and integrity on his shoulders, turned out to be a hollow man to us. Now, I didn't wake up one morning and say, "My God, the old man has been lying to me," because he never lied to me, really. He just didn't say *anything*. To me that was very important. I needed to have things said to me. But I think he felt I was a failure. And that feeling of rejection, added to problems like my mother's death, helped me toward some pretty self-destructive acts.

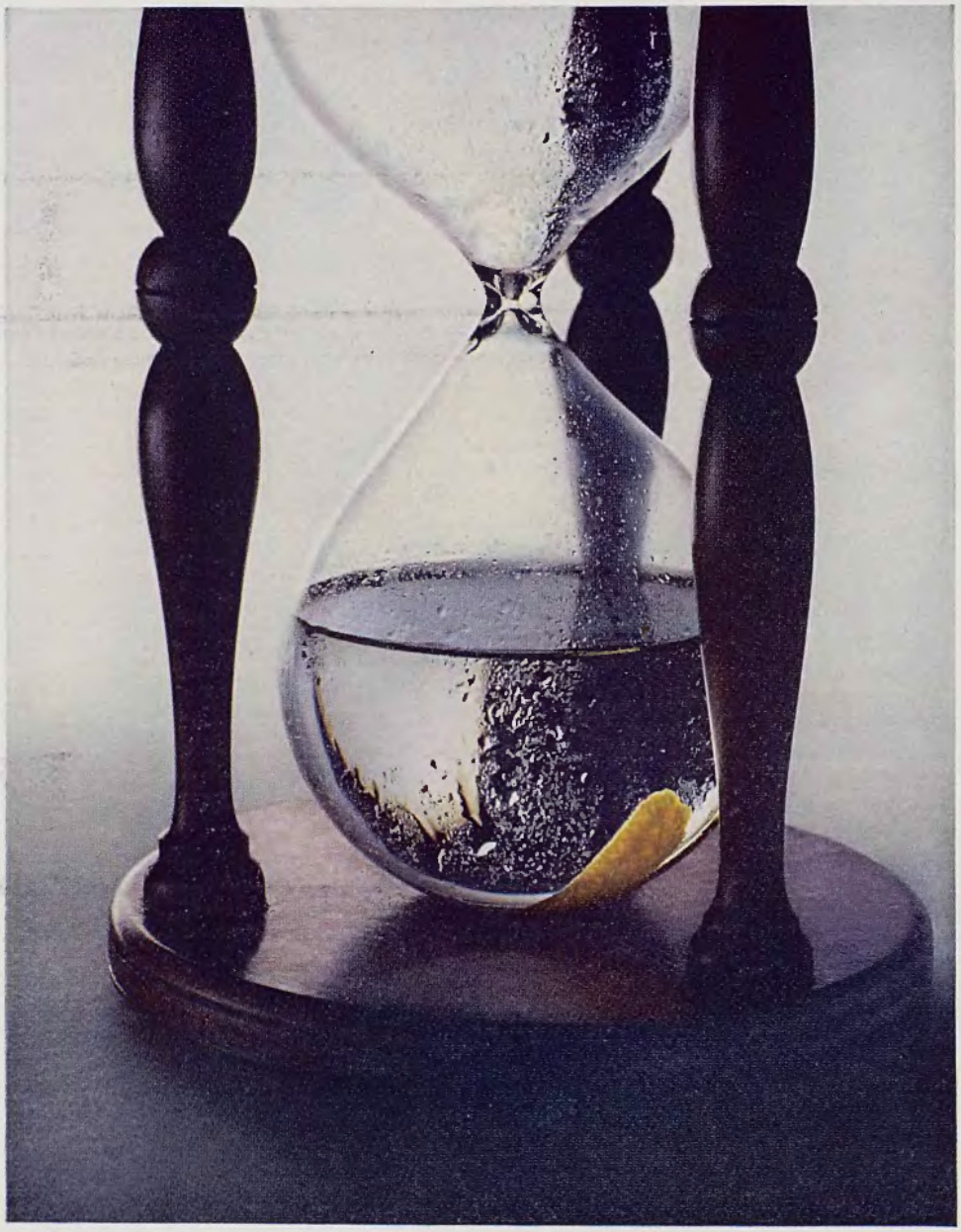
PLAYBOY: Such as?

FONDA: Attempting to commit suicide, for one thing. When I was ten, I shot myself in the stomach with a .22-caliber pistol. I was in a hospital for four weeks under intensive care.

PLAYBOY: Why did you do it?

FONDA: I blanked that completely. I can remember everything else about it,

The dry martini was born 100 years ago.



Back in 1870, Fleischmann created the world's first dry gin... the gin that made the dry martini possible. Of course, we were a little ahead of our time.

But today when most people want to make their martinis as dry as they can, we're still the gin that does it.

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin. For the last 100 years. And the next.

1870 1970
FLEISCHMANN
100 YEARS OF QUALITY AND VALUE

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., N.Y.C.

though. I was visiting the R. H. Kress estate in Upstate New York. I'm not sure if I was really trying to kill myself or not, but I do recall that after I shot myself, I didn't want to die—and I came very close to dying. Jane tells me that the doctor came out of the operating room and said I was dead, that my heart had stopped beating. My sister is prone to dramatize, as I am. He may have said things were looking tense; but regardless of what the doctor said, that's how she took it. She thought it was all over for me. Anyway, I was conscious after I shot myself; I was also very scared, and I got the chauffeur to drive me to a hospital in Ossining. It took the doctors a while to understand it was a gunshot wound; there wasn't a lot of blood. They rolled me over to see if they could find anything in the back, and the guy saw a little lump and said, "I think that's a bullet." Then he felt it and it *was* a bullet. But they didn't know what to do. They were giving me shots for gangrene and shock and pain and I was beginning to get a little dopey, but I remember that they didn't know what to do. There was just one doctor around who knew how to operate on bullet wounds and they finally got him on the phone. I remember looking down at the floor and seeing all these legs walking by all the time, different legs belonging to nurses and doctors, and then suddenly there was a set of legs with mud-covered hunting boots on. That was the man. He had just come back from duckhunting, a Dr. Sweet. He had been the Sing Sing prison doctor for years, and Ossining hospital at that time was right next to Sing Sing. Anyway, the cat saved my life. I guess my father's distance from me had something to do with that incident, but now I know that the life of an actor is a very strange thing and I can see how it interferes with raising children. But my father's nature is, or was, incommunicative. Today we communicate.

PLAYBOY: What changed that?

FONDA: He got older and I got wiser, or I got older and he got wiser. I'm not sure which happened; but it's still not a hunky-dory relationship. I don't see him enough—only when he's here in Los Angeles, every week or so. And I talk to him on the phone a lot.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a good deal of contact.

FONDA: I don't know what enough is. I'd like to sit down and be straight with him. That's a two-way street, of course. I can sit down and be straight with him and if he doesn't return it, that blocks it for me. I have a feeling he thinks that in order to tell me the truth, he'd have to confess the past, which would be terribly difficult for him. We've made so much noise—Jane and I—about his past and our past that he probably feels we would demand he confess all his sins of omission. That isn't the case. All we'd have to do is start right at that moment being straight with each other. I'm radically different from Dad in many ways, and that hasn't always gone down easily with him.

PLAYBOY: Does he disapprove of the way you live?

FONDA: He did. I smoke grass. I smoke a *lotta* grass. I smoke grass every day, or at least every night. He was quite opposed to the fact that I smoked grass for a long time. Until finally, I said, "OK, I can understand your being opposed to it, but don't call *me* guilty. There are laws against oral copulation and you choose to break those laws without feeling guilty. Well, I choose to break the law against the consumption of marijuana without feeling guilty."

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try to turn him on?

FONDA: I passed some joints to him, but whether he turned on or not I don't know. I heard that he did, but he never told me. Another big disagreement we had was over Vietnam. He went over there at the Government's expense and when he came back, I went to see him. I told him that if he had gone over there on his own, as a private citizen, if he had paid for his own ticket, I would have felt differently. But by going over there on the Government's ticket, he was supporting something that is insupportable. All he could say was something about "those peaceniks." Well, my hair was down to my shoulders and I told him, "That's *me*, Daddy. *I'm* the peacenik. You've got to talk to *me*." He told me I didn't know what's going on over there and if I did, I wouldn't say things that only demoralize our troops. And I told him that if we were to have a televised debate about the war and I was going to debate the political reasons why we *should* be there, I could find better reasons; I could be more convincing than he could, and he'd *been* there. "Politically, I can prove better than you can why we should be in Vietnam," I said, "but there's one thing I can't do: I can't find one realistic, logical, humanistic reason why we should be there. And I'm dealing in a realistic, logical, humanistic world these days, Dad. I'm not dealing in a political world. If you deal in a political world, you must take the political consequences. But I refuse your consequences. If one Vietnamese baby gets bombed to death in her back yard, I feel as if my own two children have been killed, because they're innocents, too." And those were the days before everybody knew about things like the My Lai massacre and soldiers shooting kids. "Oh, that's idealistic," he said. And I said, "You might feel it's idealistic, but I find it quite logical to understand that the world is capable of destroying my children for purely political reasons. There's no way I can rationalize that. There's no way a government can convince me to salute a flag, to pledge allegiance. No way." And I walked out on him. We didn't talk too much about it after that. Then, one night in New York, when I was doing some stupid television show to make some money, I got a call from him. He said, "Well, I'm on my way to Houston," as if it had some great meaning. I had no idea what he meant. "I'm going down there to help support Gene McCarthy. I don't know what good it will do, but it's the only thing I guess I can do." Well, I wasn't out supporting Gene, because I wasn't interested in supporting *any* of the schmucks, and McCarthy wasn't going anywhere *near* where I had to go.

PLAYBOY: But, in supporting McCarthy, your father had completely reversed his views about the war. Weren't you expecting too much of him?

FONDA: Probably so—but he started it, because he's a perfectionist, and I get that from him. When he works in the theater, that's his trademark—being a perfectionist. He is a very hard worker and rarely relaxes. Jane and I got that drive right away; he passed it on to us. Another thing he passed on: I know he wanted me to be something other than what I was, and also that he didn't *know* what it was he wanted me to be. And he was unaware, in his own stoic American way, of a lot of the things that Jane and I were going through. An example: A women's magazine did a story about Jane in which they interviewed her and me and Dad and some other people. When they interviewed Dad, he was talking about himself and he said, "You know, I'm a terribly shy person, really. I'm an introvert. I'm so afraid of boring people." The woman who was interviewing him said, "Oh, really? Jane just said that about herself." And he reacted strongly. He said, "Jane, *she* feels that way?" He was unaware that Jane also felt that terrible fear of boring people at parties, meetings, all over. I have the same feeling. Using the fact that we share that same fear seems like a weird thing to put down, but there it is. He had so little knowledge of Jane and me and what our own life was and what we felt.

PLAYBOY: Have you and your sister always been very close?

FONDA: No; until recently we were quite far apart. We traded information, but we had very little communication. That was due mostly to the fact that we were miles apart as far as geographics were concerned. When we were kids, we did a lot together, until we moved East to Greenwich, Connecticut. I was seven, she was nine. We went to different schools then and we began to get different friends and separated. Plus the strain of

Your father might not like them, but your grandfather will.

NUNN BUSH

From $19.95 to $50.00; Nunn-Bush Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

what was happening within the family. My father was about to divorce my mother, who was very sick, and we were moving from one house to another house to another house in the same town. And Greenwich is one of the most prejudiced towns in the world. I remember one time we were going to meet David O. Selznick, who was coming to pick us up to go sailing on the biggest yacht that ever hit Greenwich. Selznick had the biggest of everything, and this was the biggest thing in Long Island Sound. Well, there was David O. with his full crew and everything, approaching Greenwich Harbor to pick us up, and Margaret Sullavan and Jennifer Jones, among others. This fucking boat was as big as the Empire State Building and there was plenty of room for it in Greenwich Harbor, but they wouldn't let him dock because he was Jewish. That's a minor example of the many insipid and deceitful things that happened to us in Greenwich.

PLAYBOY: How many years were you there?

FONDA: Three years. My mother died, I shot myself in the stomach, my father remarried and we got out of there. Our family life completely disintegrated after that.

PLAYBOY: When did you re-establish contact with your sister?

FONDA: Well, we always were able to talk to each other, but we didn't get close again until the last few years—I guess when she met Roger Vadim.

PLAYBOY: How do you get along with him?

FONDA: Fine, I like him fine. Needless to say, I don't know him as well as Jane does, but I've met him many times. I knew Vadim when he and Jane lived together for three years before they got married. He's a very gentle person and was good for her.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Jane's recent and deepening involvement in social causes is in any way due to your influence?

FONDA: Partly, I guess; we've talked a lot in the last couple of years about the state of this country and what we can do to change it. But Jane has gone through her own set of changes; she was just as lonely and insecure as I was when we were growing up. But I think she's very together now as a person and very sure of herself. We're getting tight, *very* tight, and I like that. I'm only tight like that with my sister and my father. But I have cousins and aunts and uncles who are very kind and good to me whom I don't see enough. My father's sister and brother-in-law especially were very important in my life. They really helped me.

PLAYBOY: How?

FONDA: Well, I went to high school at Westminster in Simsbury, Connecticut, but I quit before the end of my junior year. It was more the fault of my psyche than the school. I couldn't make it under the circumstances of living in that community, and of my family disintegrating. I started developing great neuroses. This I understand now, but then it was just what's this, what's that, what am I doing, my God, I gotta get out of here. And I split, went to live with my uncle Jack and aunt Harriet in Omaha, Nebraska. They felt that it was necessary that I complete my high school education and perhaps go to college. I didn't want any part of it, but they convinced me that I should at least see where I stood. So I went out to the University of Omaha and took a series of achievement exams, I. Q., personality-evaluation and various psychological tests. The man who ran the testing, Dr. William Thompson, a psychologist, was also the dean of liberal arts and he became very friendly with me. After he saw the results of my tests, he suggested that I shouldn't go back to high school—I should go to college. Which was great for my ego, because I'd been told I'd been a fucking failure all my life, and here was a guy who said, "Well, actually, you should be a sophomore in college. But we have a problem: You haven't graduated from high school." So I did. I got my certificate of graduation from a girls' boarding school called Brownell Hall in Omaha, which I attended for a few months. It was really neat. Then I went right into the University of Omaha under the guidance of Dr. Thompson. He was a great help to me during the three years I went to college.

PLAYBOY: Did you like it there?

FONDA: No. I enjoyed a lot of the people I met and some of the experiences I had; but as far as the educational system, no. I didn't have it in for the University of Omaha, just for the American method of education. Plus the fact that there's very little incentive for teachers: The pay is shit. They don't usually get involved past the level of conditioned response; students are conditioned to respond with the right answers, pass the exams and that's the end of it—which has nothing to do with the educational process. Very little actual learning goes on in college. I think classes should be discussion groups, where the teacher winds up learning as much as the students and where both are more concerned with questions than with answers. I think answers are irrelevant. People might call that anarchistic, but I saw hundreds of students at the peak of their learning lives wasting their time by looking for answers in the back of their books—where the answers are, answers that already have been answered. I think answers are inherent in a question, so that if you understand a question, you begin to know the answer yourself. Anyway, by that time I was becoming involved in acting.

PLAYBOY: Did you find that being Henry Fonda's son was a help or a hindrance?

FONDA: Inside the business, I found, when I started, a general interest in me as Henry Fonda's son, because it meant a commodity that producers might be able to sell. But the big word "might" was always in there; they *might* be able to sell me. As for investing a great deal of money in me, they weren't up to that. But they *were* up to seeing if I could read the lines. Beyond that, I had to carry it myself. In other words, I was able to get the ear of a producer, having probably already met him sometime in my life. After that the trouble would start, sometimes from fellow actors who felt that I was given breaks. That didn't happen the first time I acted—at the Omaha Community Playhouse—but it did when I got to Broadway in *Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole*. A lot of people felt I was given the part because I was Henry Fonda's son. Well, the first time I read for the play was in October of 1960. I was turned down because they were looking for Bobby Morse. I'm tall and skinny; I'm a whole different kind of personal gig than Bobby Morse. But he was the hot item then and they figured that's how they wanted to go with the part. So I didn't hear from the producers for more than six months.

By that time, I had already left college and was in summer stock, where I was freaking out; I went around punching walls until my knuckles were bloody—but walls rather than people. I still felt like a failure; I was really feeling *weird*, so I called my uncle in Omaha and he wired me $150 to come home, so I could spend some time with Dr. Thompson, who acted as more of a friend than a shrink. It was during this time that my agent called me to say that the producers of the play wanted me to read for the part a second time and that they were willing to fly me from Omaha to New York. That was fine with me, because I knew this chick, Susan Brewer, who was going to Sarah Lawrence, and I wanted to see her, 'cause I thought I wanted to marry her. I *did* marry her, and it was probably the smartest thing I've done in my life. I don't think we needed a wedding, because I don't think of Susan as my wife; a wife gives you trouble and bitches at you. Susan is my old lady; your old lady is the person who loves the hell out of you, who takes care of you. I don't know if you can separate loving someone from liking someone, but I really *like* Susan; she's my best friend. Anyway, I married her within a week after the play opened on Broadway. I was 21, I had my chick, I had my part and I didn't need Thompson anymore.

PLAYBOY: Were you using drugs at that stage of your life?

FONDA: No, I wasn't into smoking at all. The only thing I knew about the stuff

Lee Fastback® Flares put you in control, send you out into the world with a look of dynamic independence. Top to toe. You're into super-deep, super-plush, wide wale corduroy. To top it off, you can have a matching waist-length jacket with snap-closure front and cuffs and high slash pockets. In now, action colors like Thistle, Navy, Camelot, Off-White or Chestnut Brown. Slacks $11. Jacket $12. Available at better stores everywhere.

Lee®
One up in style

A COMPANY OF VF CORPORATION

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

came out of jokes my first stepmother used to tell about dopeheads who were always walking around saying things like, "Yeah, man, cool," and, "Right, baby." Now, of course, I *know* what she was talking about. But I was in no way into dope until I was 22, when I first smoked grass.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

FONDA: Well, it sure got me stoned. First time I ever smoked grass was in the Carlton Tower Hotel in London. I knew nothing about it, really. The guy who gave it to me, Jim Mitchum, asked me if I'd ever smoked pot before. Oh, yeah, I said. Then he told me I had to clean it. Clean it? I told him I'd never had to clean it before. Well, Mitchum said to crunch it up between my hands and take the seeds out. So I went up to the hotel room and I told Susan we were going to smoke grass—no, it was *pot* then. I was sitting at a desk and I had all this grass laid out there and I had a pair of tweezers and I was taking a seed out here, a twig out there—that's how I was cleaning it. Anyway, I stuffed it into a little pipe, knowing nothing about rolling, and then said, "OK, here we go." I told my old lady that I'd smoked it quite a few times and that it wasn't habit-forming. But I was just a little bit afraid; the first time I'd heard about people smoking grass, it was in the context of dope addicts and weirdos who blow their minds. All the while, you understand, I was pouring down *gallons* of vodka. I'd started on wine, gone to Scotch and then to vodka, because all I wanted to do was to get drunk.

Anyway, my wife was very skeptical, but she believes in me, so I passed her the pipe. Now my in-laws are gonna know that I turned their daughter on: She took a hit and then she coughed and told me that she couldn't hold the smoke in, that it hurt her throat. "No, it can't hurt your throat," I told her. I must have taken close to 30 hits trying to show my old lady how to smoke grass. The great teacher. Well, she just coughed and coughed and coughed, and she didn't get high. But I got *very* high. Giggled and laughed, jumped under the covers and got cold. When I looked at her, she would say to me, "Oh, honestly, Peter." And I'd say, "You're talking *behind* yourself," because it sounded like her voice was coming from some century or universe behind her, even though I knew she was right there; it was a great hallucination and I was digging it. And then I got very hungry. That's what really got to me the most, because I have no appetite. I got very hungry and I ordered up all this shit from that great hotel; and then I got very paranoid, which is the second thing I learned about grass. I started worrying that the waiter was going to smell it, that he'd know what had been happening. But the guy came in, laid the food down and split. There was no problem at all. I ate everything and had a ball.

I turned on a few times again; this was late '62. Turned on again in '64, so it was like a two-year span after the first time I got stoned. Meanwhile, I went right back to drinking, which was my habit. Like, I would come home and say, "I gotta have a drink." I *never* come home and say I gotta have a joint. Sometimes I'll think, Oh, man, I'd love to get stoned, but that's a different number. Anyway, like I said, for the next two years I fell back into my habit of drinking, and then one day I got pleasantly stoned. I relaxed, I felt good; there was some paranoia, but I could deal with it. And it was great for me, because at the time I was still very uptight, trying to be the perfect image of young America, the ultimate David Eisenhower—and it wasn't working. I carried a gun and I probably wanted to kill somebody—myself, I guess. I knew I needed something, but I didn't have the patience for the type of meditation that was preached in those days and I didn't—and don't—buy the shrinks. So I began to smoke regularly, every day. And I started calming down.

PLAYBOY: Critics of marijuana usage would point out that you were using the drug to escape from reality—and that you weren't really calming down but only copping out.

FONDA: That escape *is* a cop-out, not facing up to it—right. But I felt that if I could escape such insidious things as fear and doubt, hate and anger—emotions I was constantly feeling in those days—then I was right in what I was doing. The way we now live, "facing up to it" means a confrontation. Confrontation keeps this neurotic life we lead going—feeds it. So perhaps escape is an acceptable antidote within this kind of social system. Listen, if you're out in the middle of some great place, like Yosemite, and you gotta get stoned every moment, then you've gone too far, you're like an alcoholic, and that's no good. I don't say you *can't* be in Yosemite and be digging it and want to get stoned. But the difference is if you *have* to get stoned all the time. I've also found that when my mind is quiet, I assimilate things, I learn. Sometimes grass will quiet your mind down a bit; that doesn't mean grass is necessarily the way to do it, but I'm just saying it's an example of a way to get past some of the daily abrasion of living that can hang you up.

PLAYBOY: What would happen to you if you could never get any more marijuana? Would you revert to drinking?

FONDA: No. No way. I couldn't go back, but not because of the joints. I dropped some acid, which opened my mind to the possibilities of so many different ways of looking at things and also opened my mind totally to relating to life.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could have arrived at these perceptions without LSD?

FONDA: Maybe, but I still would have had to expose myself to the possibility of other existences for myself. Before my first trip, I believed in American institutions. Like I said, I was a conservative, a registered Republican: short hair, suits, act in whatever shit the agency told me to, pick up the money, fur coat for my old lady, house in Beverly Hills, tennis courts. I wasn't Hollywood all the way, because that kind of finger-poppin' slicky wasn't my style; I was basically an Eastern cat who was just tolerating it. But I thought of myself as upright, American and straight. I was into acting out other people's ideals, doing the right thing, joining the right party, meeting the right people. Being a socialite, the bluebook thing, I believed in it. I *accepted* it.

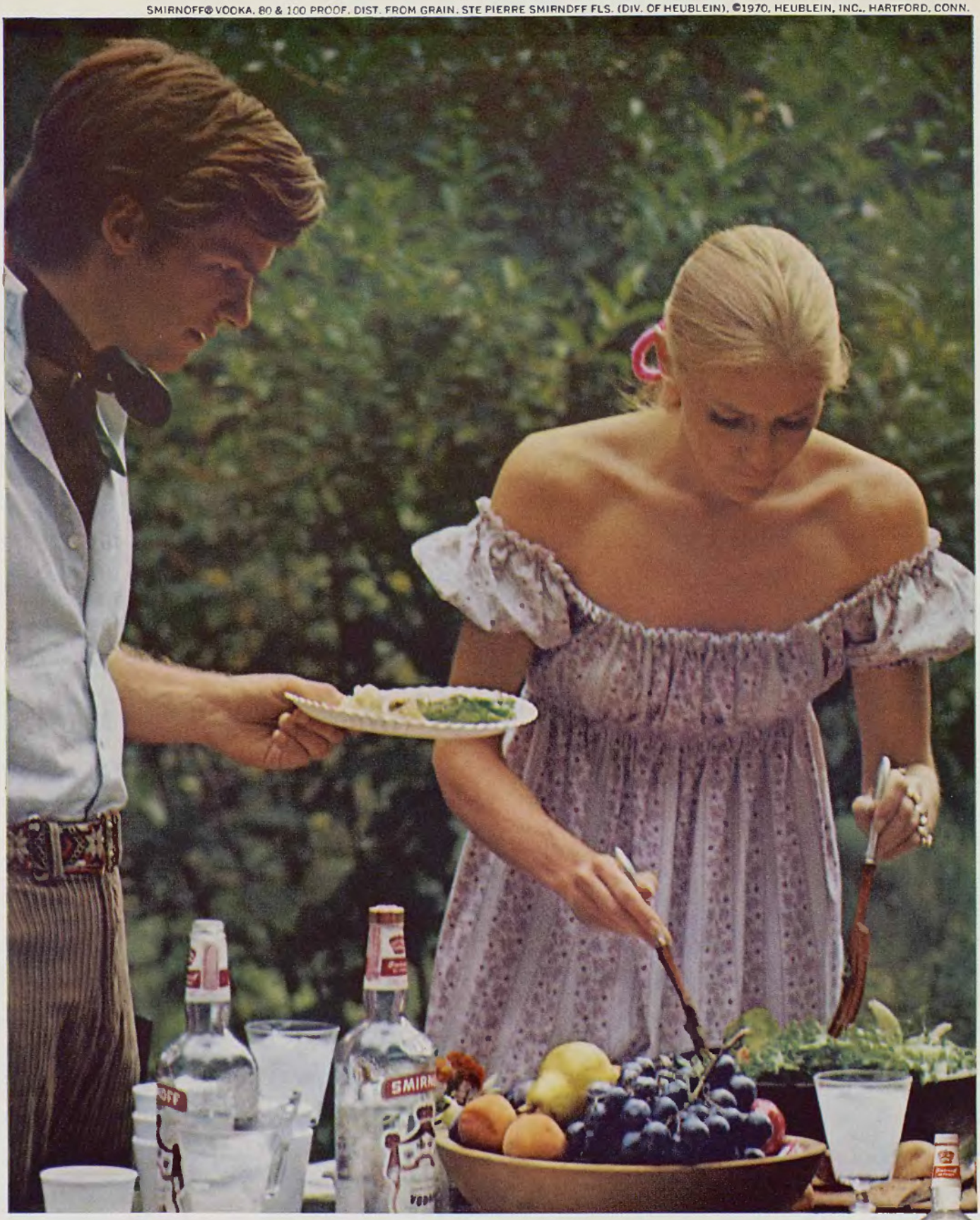
PLAYBOY: Totally?

FONDA: Oh, yeah. The right clothes from the right shops, the right clubs to belong to. I would have been the perfect number if I'd eventually grown to be an attractive, groovy-looking guy rather than a skinny, aesthetic kid. I had an HK500 Facel Vega, Jaguar XK-E, Mercedes 300SL Gullwing, Buick Riviera, two motorcycles and a superduper station wagon with a big V8 and a shift and wide wheels that really held it to the road—all right here in River City and all at the same time. I came back after my first acid trip and I looked at that shit and I thought: Man, I can't even decide what the fuck to *drive* today. The whole pile was gone in two weeks. Now, I still love machinery; I jump into Vadim's Ferrari or Polanski's Ferrari and I groove. I love it; it's a great car; it's one of the best cars I've ever driven. But I drive a Volkswagen convertible; love the fuckin' thing. Cops don't see me in a Volkswagen, and I don't want to get stopped. It's a simple life; I live in this house, which is no great mansion. The tennis court is full of tricycles and electric cars and swings and old pussycats. Fuckin' around, that's my life today. Before acid, I was thinking about flying around in 320 Cessnas, traveling the world over like I was James Bond. Always trying to create an elegant, conservative, graceful fashion thing. Trying to emulate my father, whom I saw as an elegant, graceful, conservative man. That all went after I took LSD.

PLAYBOY: When did that first LSD trip take place—and what was it like?

FONDA: In September of 1965—I was 25—and it was pretty freaky. A friend of mine—he wasn't a doctor or anything like that—knew that my head was really fucked up, really self-destructive, and figured I should take an acid trip. Looking back now, I know he was right, but

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DIST. FROM GRAIN. STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN). ©1970, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.



Smirnoff people splurge...

On the pure, sweet pleasure of living. Sure it costs more for the best of foods and the lightest of liquors. But in the Smirnoff life style, that's what money's for. And when Smirnoff people sit down to lunch, who's going to audit a grocery list?

Smirnoff leaves you breathless®

I wouldn't necessarily recommend it to other people; that's a move they have to consider for themselves. I'll just tell you what happened. The first part of the trip was a real downer; we didn't have the word "bummer" in those days. But I was used to downers. I felt very alone and my body ached a lot, almost as if I had a fever. There were some oatmeal cookies to eat and they looked as if they were worm-infested; I guess because the texture of an oatmeal cookie is bumpy and irregular. Under LSD, of course, the cookies immediately began to move: Worms were crawling in and out of them, but I didn't figure anything was really wrong with them even though they were alive. Then I ate a plum and it was alive, too, and it tasted fantastic. After that, I didn't want to eat anything more, so I wandered around a bit and did a lot of interior contemplation. I remember at one point I crawled onto a shelf in the linen closet; although I'm six two, I'm rather skinny and able to kinda compress myself. Anyway, there I was on the shelf, and I was scared. I was thinking of my mother and I was thinking of her womb, and I didn't want to be in there. And then I saw my little daughter, Bridget, who just popped out of my stomach and looked at me. When I got out of the closet, I stopped being scared. As the trip progressed, I thought more about my father and about my relationship with him and my mother and my sister. And suddenly I busted through that whole thing and I related to *everything*. There was no more worry about my father, mother and sister. I began to feel really on top of it. I had no further relationship with the past; I'd kicked it. I walked out of the house where I'd dropped the acid—and the road was erupting and trees were falling, but that didn't bother me, and I walked back here to my house. I looked at it and realized I'd never really seen it before.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

FONDA: I didn't understand until that moment that I had cut down four magnificent sycamore trees because they were dropping leaves on the cars. I had chopped down these trees, beautiful living things, and suddenly I saw the devastation that I had done to my life. I was looking at what the image of me had done and what the real me was feeling and I understood that up until then, my life had been based on a lot of bullshit.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

FONDA: I knew I had to make a lot of changes in my life. And the truth of where my head had been was brought home every time I took LSD after that. My worst acid trip, in fact, was about nothing else: I fell asleep, which is terribly frightening on LSD, because there's no way to guard yourself—to hold onto *any* type of viewpoint or constructive idea or label. I had to go with it, totally. My head was flying and I saw myself as the worst piece of commercial shit in the world. I saw myself as a strange little man named Henry something or other, but it wasn't Henry Fonda and I don't think it was related to my father. Then I changed from this person into a Claes Oldenburg hamburger; the bun was made of Styrofoam and the hamburger was made of foam rubber and the lettuce was plastic. And then I saw myself as a bologna container. Have you ever bought bologna in a supermarket—you know, sliced bologna? The container has a plastic bottom and there's covering over the bologna that you can peel off. Well, I felt that I was an empty bologna container that had been thrown away—plastic garbage. That was the eventual outcome of the ego existence that I was involved in: I was a packaged product.

PLAYBOY: Your transformation into plastic garbage seems rather tame compared with many tales of bad LSD trips.

FONDA: Well, I don't have those types of demons in my body. The type of fears that I've had to deal with are on a totally different level: mother-father fears, my own potency—not through my cock and balls, but as a living, breathing, functioning organism. My fear was that I was a failure and that I was worth nothing. That's what I had been trained to accept: that I was totally mistaken all the time, that I knew nothing and that I would amount to nothing; that I was a physical failure because I wasn't the big strong halfback type. That was *my* dragon—failure.

PLAYBOY: In what way has LSD helped you to slay that dragon?

FONDA: First of all, I've never taken a trip to get high, although acid produces an incredibly weird and wild high. But if I just want to get high, I can smoke grass or drink some wine; I even get high sailing a *boat*, man. The point of all the trips I've taken—about 25, including lighter, smoother hallucinogens like mescaline and psilocybin—has been to suffer ego loss. To me, the hallucinogenic experience is a concentrated sensitivity encounter between your image and your real self—in which you devastate your image. For many people that can be quite terrifying, because all they have, all they understand and all they're able to relate to is the image they have of themselves—and that image is what relates to everything around them. So if they do away with that image, they become terribly vulnerable and terribly paranoid.

Take a guy in Kenilworth, Illinois, with his three-car garage and his house on the right street, and rip him out of that; put him in Darwin's world, Thoreau's world, a natural world—not just as a lark, but really drop him into it, which is what these hallucinogens do to you—and suddenly he finds himself relating to it, and it's a mind-blowing experience. Under LSD, when you perceive a new set of relations, you either go with it or freak right out. Most people freak right out. Like, Pavlov's dog responds to a bell. It would get freaked out if it had to respond to a whistle, unless you *condition* it to respond to the whistle. Well, we condition ourselves to respond to dwellings and we place our dwellings where people can see how we live, what we drive, what we wear. Do away with those things and it freaks people right out. The thing I've found that freaks people out most, whether it's LSD or marijuana, is losing control. And the one thing you most have to lose is control.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FONDA: Because the control that we practice has nothing to do with awareness. It's a reactionary point of view, holding onto what we've got. The ego comes on hard and strong and fast and fortifies itself very well. We don't just present a false image to other people; we lie to ourselves as well. We do so consistently, to keep an ego image of ourselves alive. We lie that the grossly inequitable distribution of income in our country isn't bullshit, that the welfare system in this country isn't so bureaucratic and so fucked up that the people who need help don't get it. I'm not copping a New Left slogan; this is the truth, this is the way it is. All this stuff happens, but we lie about it; it's not really happening. The war in Vietnam *can't* be happening, because we've just cut to a commercial to sell Ajax. The sight of our planes napalming a Vietnamese village doesn't fit our image of ourselves as a nation, so we refuse to believe that it's real, to think about what it really means. We say to ourselves: See how great we are; look at our Tower of Babel, look at our pyramids, look at our Bill of Rights. What Bill of Rights? Look at our Revolution, say the Russians; I'm looking. Look what we're doing here, say the Israelis; I'm looking. Look at our federation, says a new African nation; I'm looking. It's all bullshit. Take that away from them, take away their control, and you're taking away what they relate to—not what they *can* relate to but what they've decided is relatable to their lives. If we're going to survive as a species, though, we've got to lose that control, let go of those false self-images—one way or another.

PLAYBOY: Are you prescribing LSD as a global panacea?

FONDA: Hell, no. But we've got to get rid of our phony conditioning *somehow*, individually as well as nationally, or there's no hope for us. I'm not saying that LSD is a cure-all, or that everyone should try it, or that it can't be dangerous if the wrong people use it. I get very worried

Give-n'-Take Slacks from Sears.

They fit better because they give a little here and take a little there.

It's the stretchable fabric that does it. A blend of Trevira® polyester, Avril® rayon and Lycra® spandex. Just enough of each so when you bend and stretch, they bend and stretch. It's a Perma-Prest® fabric, too. Which means the slacks do a lot to keep you looking fit, but you don't have to do the same for them. Just machine washing and tumble-drying, but no ironing. Ivy stripes and solids in Trim n' Tight, Trim Regular or Full Cut. At most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and in the Catalog. Buy a few pair—they're always a great value at Sears low prices.

Ask for a free copy of the "Mark of Fashion" booklet at a Sears Men's Store near you.

Sears The Men's Store

SEARS PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

when people say they're curious about it, because I know of guys who have walked through glass doors because they didn't think they were glass. I heard of one case where a cat jumped in front of a train. He thought nothing could hurt him, and the fucking train wiped him right out. I know another guy who jumped off a cliff, broke both of his legs and his arms, got up and walked three miles into an Indian village in Mexico. He was totally ripped out of his head, figuring nothing was wrong with him. But I also know of many beautiful changes that take place under LSD—or grass. I remember seeing a film that the Army made, showing soldiers who were under the influence of pot. They looked at their guns, put them down, looked at the sergeants and started *laughing*. Well, the reason the Government, all governments, oppose even pot is that our system refuses to condone or even *tolerate* something that makes us question the authority of the system.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that system will change?

FONDA: It's changing now; that's why we're in such a great upheaval right now. Half of the people rely on security as their basis of life and can't afford to let the system change. A quarter of the population reacts against that half and says, "Fuck you, man. We're gonna change your ass." And the other quarter says, "Hot diggity, man, look at this change we're into." There's a big difference between changing and trying to force change on other people. The first two factions, the one that says "Change, you motherfucker" and the guy that says "Stay where you are and put your hands up," are reactionary. They're both reacting out of fear of each other and of situations they're in. But the last quarter is out there saying, "My God, the whole universe changes drastically every day—not just the weather but things we can't even see. *We're* changing, for Christ's sake—every day of our lives. What a gas to be part of that." Rather than relating to the static, unimportant things we've gathered around us, we've all got to learn to relate to the changing world. Relate to the trees, the birds, the plants, our children, ourselves. LSD is a teacher, mescaline is a teacher. They teach you because they stimulate you to the idea that there are many ways of looking at things, that life exists in many forms, whether it's you, a glass, a table, a chair or the air around you. If you observe the atomic structure and you look at an atom, with its protons, neutrons and electrons, and then look at the solar system, what's the difference? If that's true, if the atomic structure is such a common denominator, then you and I are just like the planets in the universe. Like us, they're moving and changing and they die and are born again. Within the order of this universe, there's incredible disorder, but that's part of the system, and that system is greater than anything we've come up with here on earth.

PLAYBOY: Do you think those who believe as you do will be able to bring about basic changes in American life?

FONDA: They can't help but affect the rest of the people; they already have. Psychedelics—an inadequate word for that wipeout, that color exchange, that cosmic awareness, whatever label you want to give it—have affected our advertising, our music, our art. Music and art are becoming our basis for communication—they've begun to supersede the printed word, à la McLuhan. We demonstrate with our life styles. At the moment, in the midst of this change we're in, the demonstration is reactionary: Kids drop out into communes and that's their life style. But I don't think communes are an alternative. I think they're great places to go for a while, like summer camp. But you can't function in a commune like it's a camp. At this point in time, a real commune is something we're incapable of keeping together—not only the people inside the commune but the people outside. They can't tolerate it.

PLAYBOY: Is there a viable alternative to current American society, then?

FONDA: I'm not in favor of a counterculture, because I don't think we really need one. What we need is to relate differently to what we already have. What you must do is take your own life. I don't mean shoot yourself in the head; I mean *grab* it. It's yours. Don't hand your life to a book, a dictionary, a church, a boss, a father or a mother. Don't hand it out. But that doesn't mean *reject* it; you shouldn't just walk away and live in a little tent in the hills.

PLAYBOY: What about those who genuinely like what they're doing and how they're living within the present system?

FONDA: If a man likes being a stockbroker or a real-estate agent, if that's his gig, then that's his art. But if all you think about is making money, then not only won't you eventually care, to a degree, how you make your money, but you won't care about any other part of your life *except* making money. And if making money is your art, then you're fucked. I don't agree, on the other hand, with people who think money is some kind of evil to avoid at all costs. When you're going around the board in Monopoly, pick up the $200 when you pass Go; if you don't, you're just a fool, because you're in the game. Pick up the 200, but don't cut your wrists if all you own is Mediterranean and Baltic avenues and you never get a chance to erect a hotel. Just take it as a game.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you don't want to play the game.

FONDA: No choice: Just being born puts you into it. Economics plays a part in our lives. We've got to buy our food; we just can't go out and shoot it or grow it all ourselves. That doesn't mean you ignore the natural life, which may be so good that you never need medical attention—but what happens if, while you're out there grooving on your farm, growing natural organic foods and feeling healthy, your old lady suddenly gets appendicitis or your children need a doctor or a dentist or you maim a hand and need to get it fixed? So you need the money. But as long as the need for money exists for you only in a game structure, you'll always be able to handle it and it'll never become a burden. Once again, however, here I am in Beverly Hills, and it's probably easy for me to say that. But I've had this discussion with cats who feel this way and ain't got nothing, and you can find them over at somebody's house, painting some furniture, putting up some wallpaper, laying some bricks—they're making their money. It doesn't have to be like *Midnight Cowboy*; hustling your ass on the street, man, is neurotic. Being a slave to making money will finish you. Look at a far-out character like Howard Hughes. You want *his* life?

PLAYBOY: Do you know enough about Hughes to talk about his life?

FONDA: Yes, I do. My father-in-law was his right-hand man from the time he began until 1958, when he quit him. He said, "I can't take it anymore, man. I can't take your four-o'clock-in-the-morning phone calls and I can't take your sticking me in a hotel in New York for three weeks to wait for a call from you. That's bullshit." And he left him. Hughes is interesting, but I don't want to be Hughes. He's done some far-out, groovy numbers, but he holds himself up: armed guard, marries a great chick and stuffs her in a barn someplace and gives her all the booze she can drink. That's living? No, as far as money, I have to take it as a game. I take it the way I take the difference between Frisbee and tennis. I used to go out on that tennis court trying to beat that other motherfucker; had to beat his ass. I was so competitive that I tore up my right ankle; it'll *never* be as good as it was, all because I was an asshole, because I sprained it trying to win that game. Frisbee, well, I throw that Frisbee out there and even if it sails way away from the guy I throw it to, what that Frisbee looks like when it goes sailing through the air is beautiful. I'm involved in a sport, I'm out grooving around on the beach, I'm running much more than in a tennis game, with no mental concentration or competition—just grooving. The same should be true of whatever work you do: Enjoy it, don't get hung up by

(continued on page 278)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who majors in success. A bright young guy with plans even brighter. And when he goes from campus to career, one magazine goes along. PLAYBOY. The continuing guide for men who do more, spend more—on everything from sports cycles to sound systems. Fact: Seven out of ten men on campus read PLAYBOY. More than any other magazine. To insure your success, take a bolder course. Advertise in PLAYBOY. (Source: *Reader's Digest College Survey, Marplan Research.*)

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London • Tokyo

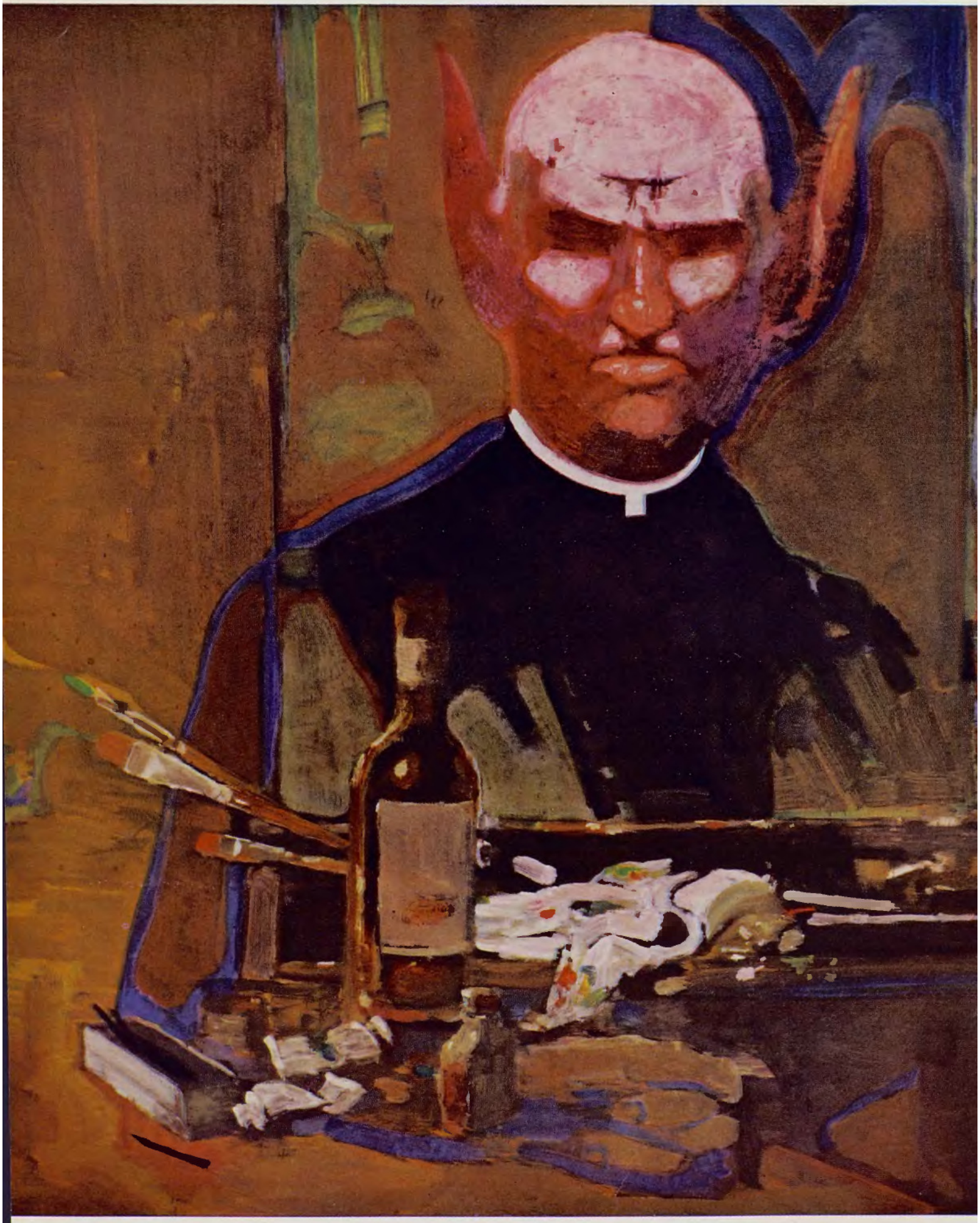


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HILL

OF SANCTITY AND WHISKEY

hidden all these years in a dim corner of the painter's mind, the bitter memories of his subject began to work their way onto canvas

fiction **By SEAN O'FAOLAIN**

AS LUKE REGAN drove down to Saint Killian's for the first sitting, he kept shifting around the fading cards of his memories of the place and wishing the press had never got onto this thing. It was a pleasant idea, of course, and he could understand the columnists' playing it up—but the stupid things they wrote about it! "Former pupil returns 40 years later to his old school to paint his old teacher. . . . This portrait of a distinguished headmaster by a distinguished academician is certain to reflect two sensibilities in perfect rapport with each other. . . ." "This new portrait by Mr. Luke Regan, R.H.A., of Brother Hilary Harty, the retired head of Saint Killian's College, should record two journeys from youth to maturity. . . ." He had already confided to his boozing friends that he found the whole bloody thing extremely embarrassing, not least because he could see that they thought he was just boasting about it. He had been in that school for only three years, between the ages of 12 and 15. It was 40 years ago. He had not the slightest recollection of this Brother Hilary Harty and he felt sure that the old man could not possibly remember him.

Hilary Harty? He hoped he was not that old snob they used to call Dikey, a fellow with a face like a coffin and eyes like a dead hen. Could he be Flossy, who used to collect jokes in a notebook as fat as a Bible: a head and a face like a turnip; purple, orange and green—that would be a nice palette to have to work with! Without affection, he remembered Popeyes, always blinking at you like the flicker of a motorcar that the driver had forgotten to turn off. But his name was Hurley. Now, little Regis would be a marvelous subject—a pink-and-white angel face with a fierce furrow between the eyebrows. That would be a challenging puss—if you were lucky enough and had time enough to get him talking about himself. But Hilary? The name rang no chime, sweet, cracked or otherwise. "Two sensibilities in perfect rapport with each other." Had none of these fellows ever been to school themselves? Didn't they know well that no boy ever knows anything human at all about his teachers? Men dressed in black soutanes and bony collars, with names like ships or stars or horses—Hyperion, Aquarius, Berengaria or Arkel—floating into your classroom every morning, saying, "Irregular verbs today!" or, "Did we polish off Queen Anne yet?" and, if you didn't know your stuff, giving you three on each hand with the leather strap stuck into their black belts like a policeman's truncheon. All any boy ever wants from any teacher is that he give you a bit of a chance now and again; understand or guess that the real reason you did not know your history or your math was not because you lost the book or had a headache or broke your pen but because you saw Molly Ryan yesterday with high leather boots halfway up her fat legs and you simply had to dodge out that night to be gassing with her under the gas lamp by the back gate, watching her swinging her pigtails and admiring her toes just to provoke you. Little Regis would have understood; he was the only one of them who understood anything. He would give you a good clout on the ear, look at you hard and say, "I'll give you this one chance, Master Regan, but if you ever do it again, I'll have the hide off you." And you loved him for it. But the rest of them? Human? The shock he got the day he saw Popeyes talking and laughing with a woman in the main street! (Jesus! I must have been a right little prig in those days!) Not to mention the evening he saw Monsieur Joffre, their French teacher, coming out of a pub wiping the froth off his Clemenceau mustaches. And, by the same token, not a drop must pass his lips while he was doing this portrait. Not with 200 quid from the Past Pupils' Union depending on it. Anyway, he had been off the booze for four months now. "Drop it, Luke!" —his doctor's last words. "Or it will drop you into a nice, deep, oblong hole up in Glasnevin. Ninety percent of your blood stream is pure alcohol, and you know where that finally lodges?"—and he had tapped his forehead. "D.t.s. Epilepsy. Neuritis. Insanity. God knows what!" The memory of it frightened him so much that when he was passing through Kilcrea, he halted for one last, one absolutely last quick one before he arrived. And, just for precaution's sake, he packed a bottle of Paddy Flaherty in

his holdall, in case he got a cold or needed a little nightcap to send him to sleep after a day's revving up at the easel.

• • •

The only change he could see, guess, presume or infer in Coonlahan was the rows of cars parked on each side of the main street. Surely, in his time, there were only a few horse-drawn carts or donkey butts? Chromium everywhere now and neon strips. The street's surface, asphalted, recalled mud and cow dung on market days. With relief, he saw a neat-looking hotel called The Shamrock and booked himself in there.

"How long, Mr. Regan?" the fresh-faced young woman said with a welcoming smile.

"How did you know my name?"

"Ah, sure, the whole town knows about the painting."

He winced.

"Four nights, please."

"Only four?"

He winced again. In the academy, his colleagues called him Luca fa Presto, after a certain Neapolitan painter who could finish any picture in 24 hours.

"It's a small portrait. Head and shoulders."

Did she think he was going to live in the monastery? All the same, he felt a bit ashamed that he was not. There were painters who would have done it, toiling to reveal the habits of a lifetime in a face. Degas must have done it before he began his *Uncle and Niece*. Manet must have known every damned thing about those three people he imprisoned behind the green railing of *The Balcony*. Courbet had put a whole countryside into those three men in *Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet*. Still, when he had driven out of the town and came to the big iron gateway, with SAINT KILLIAN'S COLLEGE half-mooned across it in gilded lettering, and saw the half mile of avenue leading straight as a ruler up to the barracks-bare front of the college, grim as a tombstone against the sinking sun, he wondered whether Degas or Manet or Courbet or Rembrandt or Holbein or any of them would have wanted to soak himself in so dreary a joint as this, in the name of either literal truth or ideal beauty. Wishing that he had had another drink in The Shamrock before facing this Brother Hilary Harty, he rang the bell.

A cheerful little lay brother, spry and bright as a monkey, showed him into the front parlor, where, with painful clarity, he remembered the evening his mother had handed him over there to a matron named Miss Wall and with a face like one. The literal truth of the room leaped to the eye: linoleum on the floor, horsehair chairs, a round table glistering with a mock walnut veneer, a gas fire unlit. As for ideal beauty: pictures in monochrome, *The Agony in the Garden*, the ghostly face of Christ on the pious fraud called *The Veil of Veronica*, somebody's *Annunciation*, and was that Brueghel's *Tower of Babel* lifting the clouds? The Past Pupils' Union was going to make him earn every penny of that 200 quid. The door was hurled open, a powerful-bodied old brother strode in, jolly-faced and beaming, and on the spot, the setting sun hit his face and everything became joyous and splendid and OK.

"Luke Regan!" he all but shouted. "After all these years!"

And the two of them were laughing and shaking each other's hand with all the effusiveness proper to a reunion between two men who had long since forgotten each other. But what a head! Ripe for marble! For marble and porphyry! Nose rubicund, eyes blue as gentians and an astonishingly protruding lower lip, the sure sign of a born talker. Hair white, thin on top but curling like the last of the harpers around his neck. Manet be blowed! Poor old Rembrandt! It was going to be the portrait of his life. Green curtain behind, ocher streaks of sunlight, buckets of carmine, lumps of it laid on with bold hard brush strokes—half-inch brushes, at that. Energy, strength, tenderness, humor! No more of that blasted pink tooth-paste enamel that he had been floating all over the gobs of endless company directors for the past ten years. Not, to be fair, to flatter them but to flatter their stupid wives. "Oh, Mr. Regan, I think Eddie is much younger than you are making him out to be!" Or, "D'ye think, Mr. Regan, you could make the tie a bit smoother, like? The way you have it makes him look old and careless, like." Meaning, "My God, man, do you want people to think *I'm that old*?"

"Brother Hilary, when do you think we can begin?"

• • •

He was so excited that when he got back to The Shamrock, he had to go into the bar for a large one to calm his nerves. In its gold pool, he saw the title on the catalog of the academy, where the portrait would be shown publicly for the first time. *The Old Dominie*. By Luke Regan, R. H. A. Not for sale. Or, what about *The Good Shepherd*? Or, maybe, *Ex Cathedra*? Or *Post Multos Annos*? With a neat gold tab at the bottom of the frame, saying, GLADLY WOLDE HE LERNE AND GLADLY TECHE. Tactile values? His fingers involuntarily began to mold the face. The man sitting beside him said, "Hello, Mr. Regan." He sighed and did not deny it.

"My name is Halligan. Harry Halligan. We all knew you were coming. All Ireland knows about the painting. You have a great character there in old Leatherlip."

"Leatherlip?"

Far away, a bell chimed harshly, curtains parting, a small red light at the end of a mile-long corridor.

"Don't you remember? Or didn't ye call him that in your day?"

"How extraordinary! We did call one fellow that. But, surely, not *this* man?"

"*Tempus fugit*. It's twenty-five years since I was at Saint Killian's. He was slim then, bushy black hair, eyes like a razor blade. You knew him in his thirties. And you really can't remember him?"

"He will come back to me. I'll quarry him out. That's how a painter works, working in and in, burrowing, excavating. It's like archaeology; you don't know what you are looking for until you find it. Sooner or later, the face speaks."

Halligan half turned to the woman on his left: a bosomy, high-colored little blonde. Horsy type.

"Let me introduce you to my wife. Valerie, this is Luke Regan, the famous painter."

She gave a cool hand and a cooler "How-d'ye-do?" in a loud Anglo-Irish voice. No smile. Regan could feel the antagonism in her and wondered at it. They had two more quick ones together before Mrs. Halligan abruptly hauled her husband off with her. Regan took a last one by himself, for the road to sleep.

• • •

Because of the light, he decided to use the front parlor for a studio. It had three tall windows facing north. He could come and go without bother. By two o'clock, when his man was free and the light would be good for two hours or so, he had managed to get a throne fixed up, a green curtain hung for background, his easel and worktable ready and the lay figure that he always traveled with (one of his neatest Fa Presto tricks) draped with a black soutane that he could be working on in the mornings.

"I can't believe, Brother Hilary," he laughed as his charcoal lightly and rapidly sketched in the outline, "that you are really seventy-five. You look about fifty."

He always talked while he worked, to keep his subject from stiffening or sagging.

"Aha!" the old boy laughed triumphantly. "Mixing with youth all my life, that's what does it. That," finger magisterially aloft, "and the regular life. A dull life, I suppose, not like you, out in the world, traveling, meeting interesting people, doing interesting things. But I have had my compensations. No worries, no regrets, no tensions. The rut, Luke. The beaten path. The ascetic discipline. Good country air. Constant exercise. No

(continued on page 280)

"Perfect response! It was such a shame for a man of your genius to waste his time on dogs, Dr. Pavlov."

THE ABORTION REVOLUTION

article By ROBERT HALL, M.D.

a doctor's chronicle of the bitter and continuing battle to abolish our obsolete laws against terminating pregnancy

UNDER THE 19TH CENTURY laws still in force in most of our states, a doctor may legally perform an abortion only to preserve a woman's life. Carried to its illogical extreme, this provision would, today, require the termination of every pregnancy for the simple reason that now a woman is ten times more likely to die from pregnancy or childbirth than from a hospital abortion.

This farfetched interpretation serves to illustrate the absurdity of governing the 20th Century practice of abortion by laws based on 19th Century medical conditions. For in the 1800s, before anesthesia, antibiotics, blood banks and modern surgical techniques, abortion was a medically hazardous procedure. Indeed, it was this medical hazard, not moral compunction, that originally prompted the passage of these laws. And now that abortion is safe, the argument for the repeal of these laws can be based on one of the oldest principles of common law: *Cessante ratione legis, cessat et ipsa lex* (When the reason for the law ceases to exist, the law itself ceases to exist).

Unfortunately, this basic legal point has been lost in the heated debate about a separate, nonlegal issue: the alleged rights of the fetus. The controversy derives from theological metaphysics—and, in a nation founded on the principle of separation of church and state, should never have been introduced to our courtrooms and legislative chambers.

By the early 1900s, medical science had advanced to the point where hospital abortions were fairly safe. They were performed for such conditions as diabetes, tuberculosis, heart disease and pernicious vomiting—conditions that did then pose a threat to a pregnant woman's life. The decision to do an abortion for any of these reasons was not easy, however, for usually the patient wanted the baby, and doctors had to weigh her desire against risks that were difficult to determine with accuracy. Such Solomonic wisdom is rarely needed now that most of these diseases can be controlled or cured.

A new dilemma appeared in the early Forties, when doctors learned that rubella, or German measles, can cause fetal deformities. Unfortunately, the profession cannot take much pride in its reaction to this discovery. For a time, the danger went unpublicized; only when rubella threatened their wives or nurses would most doctors perform abortions—usually under some psychiatric pretext. When news of the rubella danger eventually reached the public, creating a demand too strong to ignore, the profession timorously refused to press for legislative change. Instead, doctors formed therapeutic-abortion boards to diffuse the responsibility for breaking the laws.

Up to that point, the medical profession was not directly confronted with the problem of premarital or unwanted pregnancies; it could stand behind the shield of laws that were restrictive and explicit, leaving the pregnant teenager and most other women to the traditional fates of forced marriage, illegitimate childbirth or back-alley abortion. "Respectable" doctors had only to grapple with those cases where some extenuating circumstance—the woman's life or possible fetal deformity—required the exercise of legal and ethical judgments. But times were changing; increasing public knowledge of abortion policies in other countries, of the simplicity of the operation, of the loopholes in the law, led more and more women to seek termination of their pregnancies for personal or economic reasons. For some, the solution lay in psychiatry. If a psychiatrist would certify that a patient was suicidal due to her pregnancy, the vagueness of many laws would allow for an abortion to save her life. So this became the ruse for performing most "legal" abortions—on private patients who could afford a psychiatrist who would lie for them. As long as the magic word suicide appeared in his recommendation, the abortion board was satisfied.

These boards were a step backward. They permitted doctors to avoid any exercise of personal conscience by passing the buck to a hospital committee, where bureaucratic protocol usually took precedence over humanitarian considerations. I saw one teenager's request for an abortion approved on psychiatric grounds by a committee that later rejected a second request from the same girl, just because she dared to get pregnant twice. I saw a 13-year-old, impregnated by her mother's lover, turned down because her story could not be officially authenticated—the eyewitness testimony of her half brother having been ruled

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER HANE

inadmissible because he was only nine years old. I saw a rubella victim turned down because she lived a few miles across the state line: The hospital would have readily accepted cases of trauma or disease from another continent, but it wouldn't accept an abortion case from a nearby town.

Of course, such laws and policies discriminated heavily against the poor. In the early Sixties, New York City's private hospitals aborted one pregnant woman in 250; the municipal hospitals, one in 10,000. The rate for white women was five times that for nonwhites and 30 times that for Puerto Ricans. If a debutante could not find a compliant psychiatrist, for $1000 she could always go to a competent M.D. abortionist or fly to Mexico or Puerto Rico (where abortions are illegal but available), England or Japan (where they are legal). These women almost never suffered medical aftereffects. If, on the other hand, a lower-class woman became unwillingly pregnant, her options were less attractive. She could have the baby (which was often illegitimate and virtually unadoptable if black) or she could, by herself or with the help of a friend, resort to using Lysol or a coat hanger and end up very, very sick—or dead. Over 350,000 clinic patients were admitted to our hospitals every year with complications resulting from abortion. Every year, more than 500 of them died.

Naturally, the illegal-abortion business involves big money and has attracted organized crime. So one of the objectives in legalizing abortion has been the same as the reason for legalizing off-track betting. Since both will go on regardless of the law, the public interest will be better served by legitimizing them.

As I have indicated, the argument for legalizing abortion could stop right here, for it is predicated on legitimate concern for the health and welfare of the pregnant woman—just as were our original abortion laws. As it happened, however, some theologians, particularly Roman Catholics, gradually developed equal concern for the fetus. And it is over this difference in the priority of human values that the abortion battle has been waged.

Curiously enough, this is a recent development. In previous centuries, the Catholic Church had no answer to the conundrum of when the soul enters the embryo. Saint Augustine admitted that he didn't know. Saint Thomas Aquinas thought that it might occur at the time of quickening—about halfway through pregnancy. Not until 1869 did the Church decide that the embryo is ensouled at the moment of conception and that abortion at any time is therefore equivalent to murder.

So while new medical discoveries and new social concepts dictated freedom in abortion, a new religious tenet called for stricture. And virtually the entire legislative debate became mired in this completely tangential issue—tangential because the question is *not* whether the fetus has a soul (which is unanswerable) nor whether fetal life is as sacrosanct as existing human life (which is a uniquely Catholic contention). The question is whether women have a fundamental right to bear or not to bear children and, incidentally, whether a church should be free to impose its beliefs on the state.

Ironically, most Catholics do want reform; one out of three favors total legalization, and among college students [see *Playboy's Student Survey* on page 182], this figure rises to almost 50 percent. Many polls have shown this. It is primarily the celibate Catholic leaders who denounce abortion—just as they denounce contraception, sterilization and divorce. But the power of this relatively small body of men is disproportionately great, based as it is on such overwhelming dedication, organization, wealth, resources and access to millions of people. For example, on several occasions during the legislative battle to repeal New York's abortion law, the state's eight Catholic bishops issued a joint pastoral letter that was read from the pulpits of 1700 churches, reaching an audience of 6,500,000. The same tactic was also used in other states, usually with devastating results.

The advocates of abortion reform have had no such power. Two national groups were organized, but they had little money and no pulpits. Local groups sprang up—idealistic and eager but usually unable to raise the money or the manpower to wage an effective campaign. Most people, although admitting privately that they wanted reform, would not readily lend their time, open their purses or sign their names for a cause so controversial.

Faced with 1000 letters branding him a murderer if he voted for abortion reform and 100 letters demanding female rights, the unknowing legislator of five years ago was led to believe that reform was not wanted—until he polled his constituents, as many eventually did. Then he invariably found that his mail had been misleading.

Whenever a Catholic legislator debated an abortion bill, his oratory typically began with the admission, "I am a Catholic" (which made him seem ingenuous), then proceeded to the qualification, "But I am not speaking as a Catholic" (which was disarming but untrue), and ended with the assertion, "Abortion is murder" (which he learned from his earliest religious training). Constantly referring to the fetus (or even the embryo) as a child, he would then reach the height of his polemic by equating the legalization of abortion with the genocidal atrocities of the Nazis and predicting that easing the abortion laws would lead to infanticide, euthanasia, the eradication of social misfits and complete disintegration of American morality.

At the end of the New York debate, Senate Majority Leader Earl W. Brydges rose, actually in tears, to recite a pile of doggerel, long known to participants in the abortion battle, titled *The Diary of an Unborn Child*. In it, the "child" proceeds to rhapsodize about the prospect of extrauterine life, until, one day—pause—"My parents killed me!"

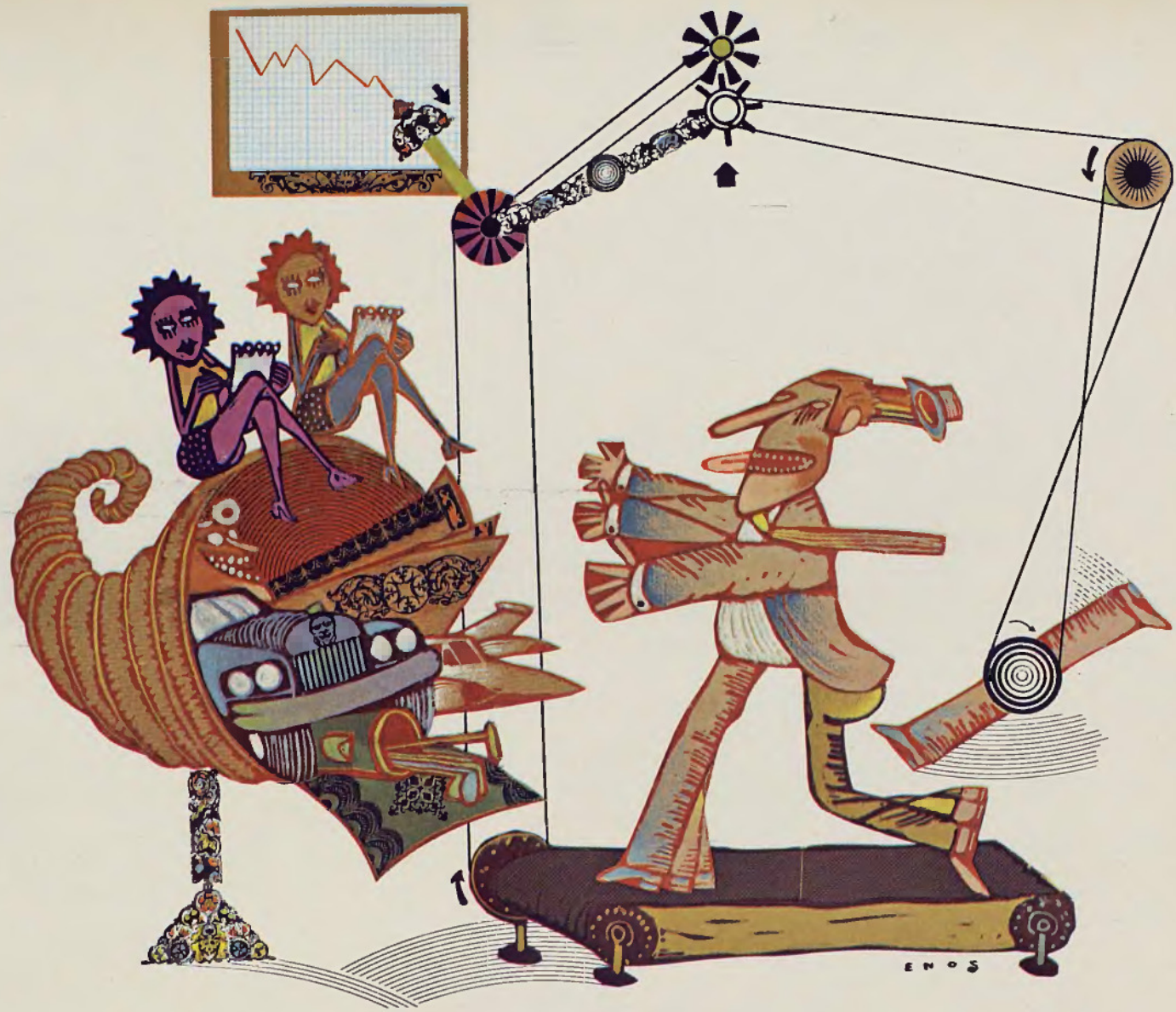
Ultimately, these tactics offended even some of the Catholic legislators, who this year rose for the first time to say, "I, too, am a Catholic. And I, too, do not believe in abortion. *But* I also believe my religious convictions should not be imposed, as law, upon those who believe otherwise." And this, of course, is the nub of the issue. Throughout these battles—in New York and elsewhere—it has never been sufficiently stressed that no matter how liberal the law, it can never force a woman to have an abortion against her will. This is what opponents of abortion always seem to imply—that its legalization would somehow make it mandatory. And the silence traditionally surrounding the subject has helped foster the notion that abortion laws somehow have protected society from some sinister urge to cease procreating.

Ten years ago, abortion was not a subject suitable for polite conversation. Women who terminated their unwanted pregnancies did so in fear and silence, often risking their lives and suffering the shame and guilt that surrounds such back-street activity. Society tolerated illegal abortion as a necessary evil, sufficiently costly to individual sinners to leave the public conscience clear. Then a series of events took place that no thinking person could ignore.

First there was the Sherri Finkbine incident, in 1962: the young housewife from Arizona who had taken Thalidomide, a tranquilizer found later to often cause serious birth defects, and who had to go to Sweden for an abortion because no American doctor had the guts to bend the law.

Next came the rubella epidemic of 1963–1965, leaving 30,000 deformed babies in its wake. Hospitals were by this time permitting abortions for rubella—but not often enough.

(continued on page 150)



BEYOND THE FRINGES

a dollars-and-sense guide to the multifarious forms of seductive noncash compensation—from stock-option plans to country-club memberships—advising the intelligent executive to take the money and run

article **By DON SCHANCHE**

PITY THE OVERCOMPENSATED superexecutive. As he gets up from lunch in his private dining room for a quick trip to the airport and then a long weekend at the company's Aspen condominium, he's as worried as a nonunion garbage man agonizing over how to make his $2.25 an hour meet the spectacular rise in the cost of living. He thought he was building a fortune in a pay plan that was relatively low on salary but high on such tax-sheltered supplements as deferred stock bonuses and options; but suddenly, the clever compensation gimmicks have gone sour. As he revels in the ego-boosting frills with which his firm has surrounded him, he wishes he had asked for more cash instead. The long-downtrending stock market and drastic changes in the tax laws affecting income and capital gains have turned the whole field of executive compensation upside down. After two decades during which thousands of corporate executives made fortunes on pay plans that leaned heavily on stock devices, the once-lucrative alternatives to high-taxed salary have lost much of their luster. For many men, they have proved to be costly mistakes.

Consider, for example, the woeful rise to financial failure of an executive who works for one of *Fortune*'s top 500 companies. He was transferred to New York from California, where he had lived in upper-middle-class splendor on a salary of $30,000 a year. With his new job, he got a $10,000 raise, but that was the least of it. The company bought his ten-year-old, $35,000 California house for its appraised value of $45,000 and absorbed agents' fees and closing costs as well, so it seemed profitable to pull up stakes. Before the move, they flew him and his wife to New York—no work, virtually unlimited expenses and three free weeks in the company suite at the Barclay Hotel—to look for a new suburban house. It was fun. A few weeks later, they shipped his two cars East by rail, picked up all of his household moving expenses, flew him, along with his wife and three kids, across country first-class and gave them *(continued on page 134)*

BIRD-AND-BOTTLE BARBECUE

elegant fare for an alfresco affair

food and drink By THOMAS MARIO USED TO BE that the marriage of bird and bottle was consummated only during the darkling days of late fall and winter—when game was in season. But contemporary terracemen and patio hosts, making the most of fair weather, have found fowl to accompany their bottles that are often more tempting and exciting than game birds: split squabs marinated in mustard,

quietly sizzling over white-hot coals, or plump capon roasted on an outdoor spit with port-wine gravy. Naturally, it takes more time to cook a duck on a charcoal rotisserie than to flip a hamburger a few times over a flame; but at least half the fun at an alfresco party is the spectacle of birds turning brown and crisp under the open sky while the watch on the Rhine wine continues, in the knowledge that the Niersteiner buried in ice will soon reach cool perfection.

When you're planning an outdoor party, remember that not all fowl are birds of a feather, even though they carry the U. S. Grade A coat of arms, a stamp of approval whose blessings are sometimes mixed. Birds vary in flavor,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA
CERAMIC BARBECUE BY ROSENTHAL

meatiness and tenderness from one poulterer to the next. Even frozen birds vary; the shorter their hibernation in the freezer, the better. If you must forage for a poultry shop or a counter with superior offerings, it will be well worth the effort.

The keynote to cooking on the grill and the turning spit is to consciously and carefully bide your time. The rule holds whether you're grilling skewered chicken livers that get done in a matter of minutes or large ducks that take several hours over the coals. If your fire breaks out in fierce flames, the flesh of any bird will turn tough and dry. The bed of charcoals should be well built, giving forth a steady but diffident glow. Coals should be added sparingly from time to time, and then only to keep the fire uniform. The birds should be placed on a rack at least six inches above the source of heat; larger birds on a turning spit should be racked even higher. Check the browning of the birds from time to time. No matter how much you love that crisp charred skin, if your capon does a fast burn, your dream of a capital feast will go up in smoke. In some cases, it's wise to build your fire and have the bird rotating on the spit before your guests arrive.

Don't forget that the code of the great outdoors encourages everyone in the crowd to have a hand in the general merriment. Any female will be flattered if you ask her to spoon out the caviar, pass the pilaf or offer the tray of warm garlic bread. There should be a salad made for Brobdingnagian appetites, glossy with olive oil but not so sharp with vinegar that it fights the wine. When planning dessert, bear in mind that meaty Elberta peaches, incredibly sweet plums and rich ripe blueberries—now in season and all compatible with wine—are prime candidates for the compote bowl and fresh tart that are so perfectly suited to outdoor feasting. If cheese is offered with the wine, it should be a soft creamy type, such as camembert, brie or gourmandise, rather than an aged hard cheese that can overpower a delicate bouquet.

There are so few restrictions these days on which wines go with which foods that the possible combinations at an outdoor party are limitless. Light, fruity beaujolais is offered with either red or white meat and only the most affected wine pedant would quibble about its appropriateness. The wide offerings of roses are appreciated not just because they go with all foods but also because their easygoing nature fits in smoothly with all types of informal fetes. But at a bird-and-bottle party, wines from the vicinities of the Moselle and Rhine rivers are especially apropos. They're white wines from the northernmost vineyards of Europe and, as sheer thirst quenchers, even between meals, they have no equal. In France, they're from Alsace, in the lovely hills along the Rhine River. In Germany, they come from both the Moselle and the Rhine valleys. The riesling is the leading grape, although others grow there in abundance. But all of the wines that come in those tall bottles with tapering necks—however much they differ from one another—have certain flavor idioms in common. You can go into any good wineshop in this country, pick three Rhine wines at random and it's more than likely you won't find a dud—their average excellence is extremely high. When you hold them to the nose, their fragrance in the glass is often modest; but when they reach the palate, they come into their own. What makes them particularly pleasing with fowl is their full fruity flavor. Most have a trace of sweetness; if they lack this modicum of sugar, they seem unbalanced. The older, richly sweet wines of the last-picked grapes go best with dessert and after coffee.

Americans often look upon many German wine labels as something to be decoded rather than read. On some bottles, there's so much minutiae that the buyer may forget that the winegrower's intention is to be precise and not to befuddle. You needn't read any German to tell if a wine comes from one of the two great river areas in Germany. Those from the Rhine are in brown bottles; those from the Moselle, in green. As far as quality is concerned, the best Rhine wines tend to have strength, grandeur and vividness; the Moselles are distinguished by finesse and softness. In the Rhine valley, there are three large wine areas whose names appear on bottles—the Rheingau (the greatest), the Rheinhessen and the Rheinpfalz. Connoisseurs look first for the name of the town, the vineyard and the year, if it's a vintage wine. Usually, an "er" is added to the town's name. Thus, a wine from Brauneberg on the Moselle River becomes Brauneberger; and if it's from a vineyard such as the Juffer, that also appears. The Brauneberger Juffer, which Thomas Jefferson once warmly praised, is still sold at a modest price in this country. Hock, a word used loosely in both Britain and this country to describe any German wine or German wine type, is simply a shortening of Hochheim, a town in the Rheingau.

When you see *Naturwein* printed on a German label, it means the wine was made without added sugar, and this is often a guide to quality. Although there are some pleasant wines that are sugared for fermentation, the better ones aren't. These are the ones marked *Originalabfüllung*, meaning bottled at the vineyard in which the grapes were grown, equivalent to estate bottling elsewhere. Among other unsugared wines, *Kellerabfüllung* or *Kellerabzug* means the wine was bottled or drawn off in the wine maker's cellar. *Schloss* means castle and *Schlossabzug* means, as you might guess, bottled at the castle itself. The two best-known castles and their vineyards whose wines are sold here are Schloss Johannisberg and Schloss Vollrads.

Of prime importance are those German words ending with "*lese*," which means picking or harvest; these tell you when and how the grapes were gathered and they all apply to unsugared wines. *Spätlese* means a late picking, after the regular harvest. *Auslese* means a late picking of selected bunches. A still higher classification, *Beerenauslese* indicates wine made from grapes individually picked from the bunch. The top of the *lese* ladder is *Trockenbeerenauslese*, or grapes so ripe they were shriveled, resulting in a long-lived wine of immense bouquet and concentration of flavor; actually, a wine liqueur.

As though they were rebelling against their own penchant for particularity, many German wine makers and shippers call their wine simply Liebfraumilch. It means milk of the Virgin Mary and was originally produced only by the vineyard of Liebfrauenkirche in Worms. Today, the term is used to describe similar Rhine wines from other parts of Germany. There are superb, good and fair Liebfraumilchs, and the only key to their quality is the shipper's name or trademark.

In contrast with German nomenclature, the labels on the light, fragrant Alsatian wines (put up in tall green bottles like the Moselle) could hardly be simpler. They tell you the name of the grape, the year and the shipper, sometimes the name of the village. Only rarely is the name of the *Clos*, or vineyard, indicated. The monarch of the best Alsatian vineyards is, again, the riesling grape, with the *Gewürztraminer*, a grape with spicy overtones, and the prolific, light-flavored sylvaner following in that order. Both German and Alsatian wines—except for the sweet dessert wines—should be drunk young. The German 1966s and 1967s are both very good; the Alsatian 1966s and 1967s are equally outstanding. From California, where vintages have none of the big ups and downs of those of Europe, the rieslings of the well-known vineyards are delightful as patio potables. Like their European cousins, they should be served cool but not overchilled for the hot birds that now follow. Each recipe serves six.

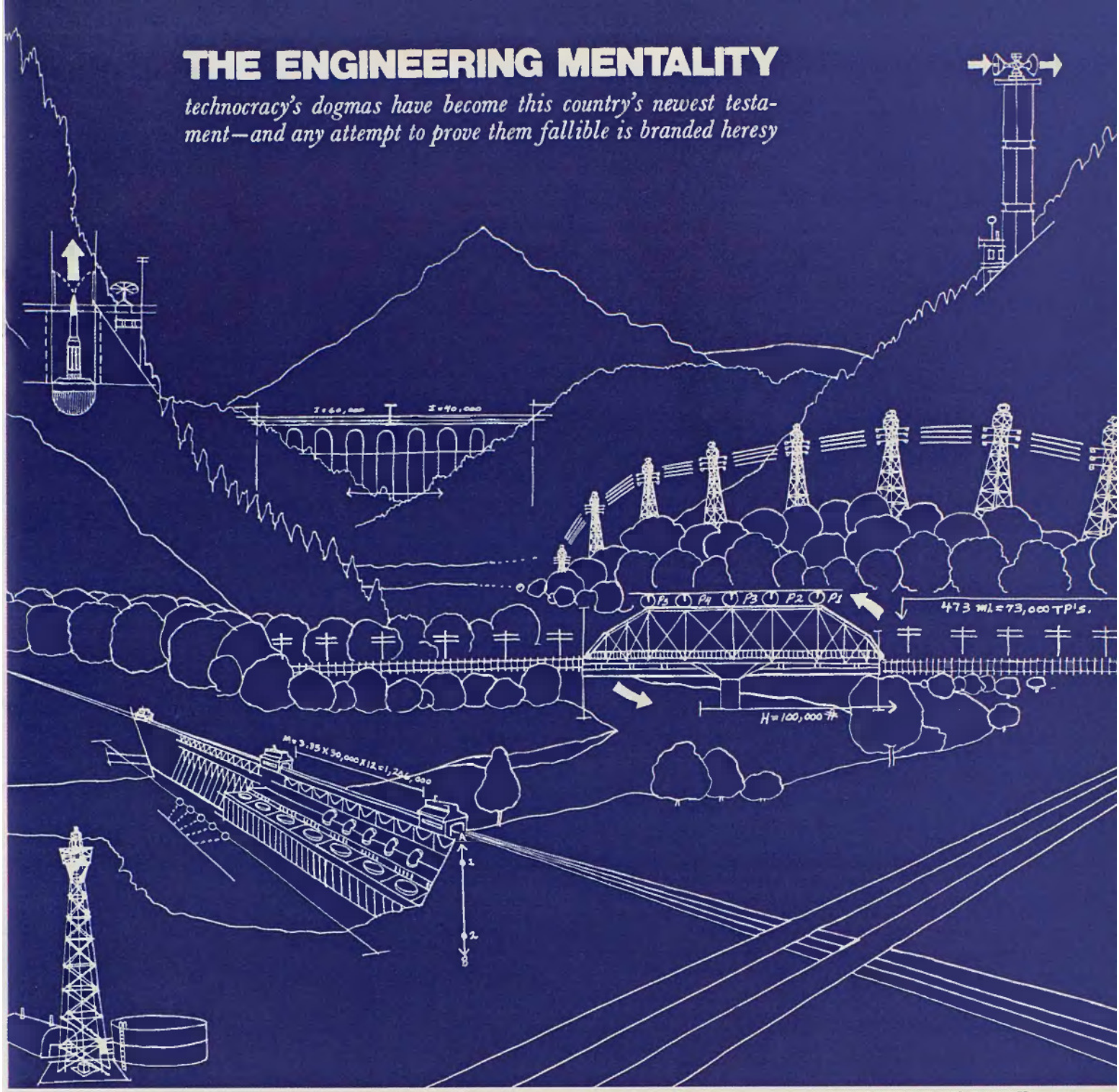
(concluded on page 186)

"I think he tries to squeeze too much into a forty-second pit stop!"

article **By GENE MARINE** THE AD AGENCY for Shell Oil Company used to be fond of making television commercials depicting the passage of automobiles through paper barriers slung across a highway—which was supposed to prove something about Super Shell and a "mileage ingredient" called Platformate. A later campaign, however, turned to the hidden camera and an offensive young man named Tom O'Malley, who posed as an attendant and badgered customers about the product; if they defended it, they were put on the air, complete with residuals. In one of the commercials, O'Malley effectively destroyed the earlier campaign. Hectoring a customer with Spanish surname and accent, he belligerently demanded, "What's Platformate?" The annoyed gentleman responded, "How do I know what's Platformate? I like the gas." Years of commercials down the drain. Young Mr. O'Malley and his backers did not, unfortunately, succeed in killing off magic-ingredientism in advertising, a gimmick that to my own knowledge goes back a long way. I can remember learning to pronounce sodium acetylsalicylate along with the man doing the Alka-Seltzer commercials on radio, and I recall Johnny Mercer's Pepsodent commercial: "Poor Miriam, poor Miriam, neglected using irium. . . ." On another front—while brash Mr. O'Malley was knocking off Platformate—Colgate announced something even better than stannous fluoride in its tooth paste. As we all know deep in our hearts, it's a con (despite the fact that Platformate—a form of platinum used in a compound—and stannous fluoride are both very real and very beneficial, which is why they're in most gasolines and tooth pastes, respectively). How do we know

THE ENGINEERING MENTALITY

technocracy's dogmas have become this country's newest testament—and any attempt to prove them fallible is branded heresy



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEROME WALKER

what's Platformate? We buy the gas. The con, however, is based on something very real: the fact that we Americans have a vague knowledge of something called science, which to most of us is the same as something called magic. And I suspect that whole areas of our lives are shaped by the same kind of con, the same kind of dependence, more or less unconscious, on science as on magic. Polls, we are told repeatedly, are pretty scientific things—and, indeed, taken correctly and reported correctly, and confined to things they can handle, they *are* both scientific and accurate. But you have to know how to use them and how to read them, and most Americans do not—as Arthur B. Krim, Jr., knows very well. Arthur B. Krim, Jr., is a big attorney (Louis Nizer's partner), a big motion-picture executive and a big Democrat; in 1967, he was the finance chairman of the Democratic Party. In those days, big Democrats wanted Lyndon Johnson to run again, but Messrs. Harris and Gallup were demonstrating that almost nobody else did. Of course (as Gallup, especially, showed), there were regional variations—but most of us just read and accepted the totals, or the headlines: "L.B.J. POPULARITY AT NEW LOW." So Mr. Krim hired the Crossley people and had *them* investigate the President's popularity—asking Mr. Krim's questions and asking them only where he wanted them asked. The poll was confined to the strongest Democratic areas (including one county only in New Hampshire) and it asked only for a choice between Johnson and some Republicans. To make it even better, the questionnaire used in New York left Nelson Rockefeller off the Republican list. Guess who won. The poll was accurate *(continued on page 128)*

The no-bra look can be as simple or as *soignée* as an accasian demands. Equestrienne Vicki Peters (above) proves herself an ingenious clatheshorse by giving an au courant twist to an old eyesore—the standard men's undershirt. A clinging, crocheted party dress can add a note of enticing elegance ta an afternaan outing (belaw left), while the unfettered appeal of the no-bra look adds saphisticated new dimensions to the peasant mode (below right). Opposite page: An early-morning stroll on a beach just outside Las Angeles perks up an all-night partygoer spectacularly clad in diaphanous chiffon.

THE NO-BRA LOOK

a fond appraisal of the venus-unbound approach to feminine fashions

SINCE LAST SUMMER, when 5000 women held a "Ban the Bra" rally in San Francisco's financial district, a growing number of U. S. women have opted for the see-through approach. The first manifestation of the women's liberation movement, "Ban the Bra" has since become both a feminist rallying cry and a chic contemporary fashion trend—which may well evolve into the look of the Seventies. In a pictorial shot especially for PLAYBOY, we present the most recent development in this movement: fashions designed specifically for braless wear.

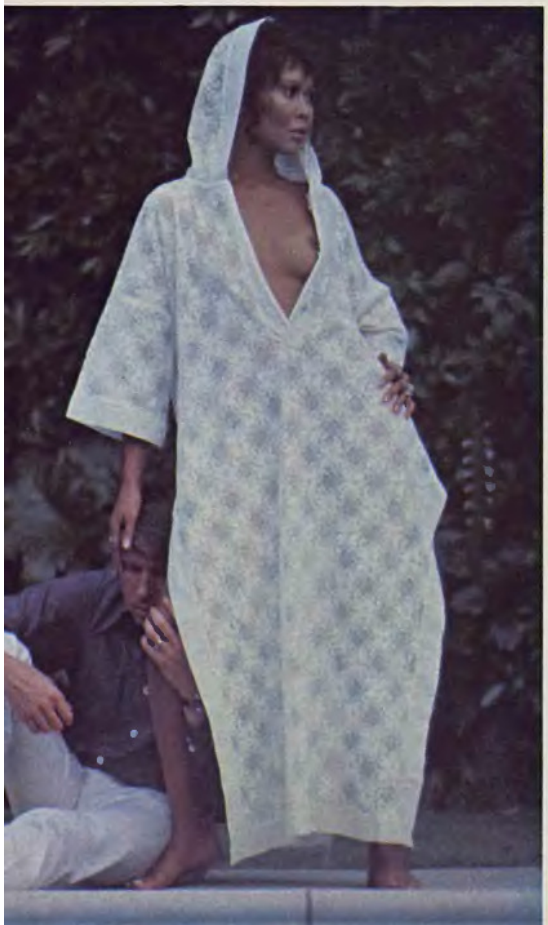
Sans-bra styles promise to sensualize the Seventies. Above: Two comely cable-car riders help beautify San Francisco, as does a secretary en route to work (below left); 1969 Playmate of the Year Connie Kreski gets set for a day at the beach (below right) in a plunging Polynesian shirt. Opposite page: A transparent body sweater is a traffic stopper at L.A. International Airport. Far right, top to bottom: A leather vest lends itself beautifully to the no-bra look; minitop/maxiskirt styles are in fashion at L.A.'s Pleasure Dome *boutique*; and a fish-net shirt proves you can meet the nicest people on a Honda.

EXPRESS
CHE
PASSENG
BAGG
PR

HONDA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

Any well-endowed woman can now build her entire wardrobe oround the no-bra look. Above left: A leother jumper makes the sporting life even sportier. Above right: An East Indian cotton shirt can be o sheer delight; for a dinner dote at Son Francisco's elegant Top of the Mark, Vicki Peters chooses an open-sided black crepe cocktoil dress. Below: Worn braless, a caftan becomes both exotic and erotic—and a conventional cardigan is suddenly provocative. Opposite page: Miss Peters doffs a see-through dress to reveal the most flattering feminine design yet creoted.



ENGINEERING MENTALITY

(continued from page 121)

—for those questions, in those areas. What the press and the people got was something else. Headlines reported that the new figures were in sharp contrast to the Harris and Gallup polls, and columnists worried publicly about the fact that pollsters could arrive at such startlingly different results (oddly, a lot of us lost our faith in polls as scientific magic only when we were wrongly informed about them). The mighty *New York Times* even ventured a guess about the New Hampshire results—not bothering to find out, nor to figure out, that a one-county sample of 241 people meant that you had to allow eight percentage points for possible error in either direction, aside from its being a stacked county in the first place. Only much later did the Washington papers dig out the facts.

It was, in other words, an elaborate piece of political Platformate. The only difference was that it wasn't enough to put Johnson through the barrier. But it would have had no effect at all unless Americans, from *The New York Times* on down, had been willing, as they were, to accept scientific-sounding double talk as magic formulas.

This profound gullibility originates somewhere very deep inside us. All the fuss over heart transplants continued long after it became apparent that, like color television, they were introduced to an eager world some years before being anywhere near perfected. Somewhere in the back of our heads, the idea took hold that if we could somehow avoid getting in front of trucks and keep from slipping in bathtubs, we might yet prove to have found the magic potion of immortality, the Fountain of Youth.

Beyond even that: Almost daily, we can read solemn pronouncements that tomorrow will bring not only desalinization of sea water (which, if you're talking about large enough quantities to offset the rate at which we are fouling our fresh water, is pure nonsense) but marvelous underwater scenes in which trained dolphins cheerfully herd schools of protein-bearing fish as Scottish dogs herd sheep—all so that we won't worry about the fact that in 20 years or so, the world's population will have so far outrun its food supply that a world-wide famine is virtually inevitable.

This mystic faith in trained dolphins has nothing to do with science. Enchanted as I am by the austere elegance and the exciting adventure of real science, I must distinguish not only between science and technology but between science and "science." There is, hanging out there in space, a brilliant hydrogen-fusion phenomenon we call the sun; and there also exists a sun that has at times been worshiped as god at dawn and twilight. Our devotion to "science" is not to science, it's to magic—and what we see as evidence that the magic works is not scientific advance but is, from hydrogen bombs to heart transplants, technology.

The evidence on which we most often rely is the proliferation of goods. America, the most "scientific" nation on earth, produces for its citizens (or for the more affluent three quarters of them, anyway) an astonishing array of goods. The cassette recorder, the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, the plastic coffee-can cover, the hydroelectric dam, the billy club that dispenses Mace from its handle, the radial tire, the Grateful Dead with accompanying light show, the rechargeable triple-headed shaver—all are the products of what we erroneously call scientific advance; and all are enjoyed, by those who use them, with a silent prayer of thanks for such magical manna.

And—to steal a pun whose origin I have forgotten—we all look at the goods and pay no attention to the bads.

The 19th Century composer Robert Schumann was a great believer in technology. Unable as a concert pianist to play certain pieces, because his fingers were too weak, he invented an elaborate mechanical finger strengthener. It paralyzed one of his fingers and he never played again. In a small way, Schumann was the victim of the engineering mentality. French sociologist Jacques Ellul has written an overwhelming book (*The Technological Society*) about the total subjection of man to the idea of technique; and conservative British philosopher Michael Oakeshott has worried the idea from his tradition-oriented point of view. In America, however, where technique is most openly worshiped, we have hardly begun to think about its consequences—which are a lot worse than paralyzed fingers.

In 1960, the citizens of California authorized the largest bond issue ever floated by a single state: financing for something usually called the California Water Plan. Ten years later, it is still worth a close look, not only for its own faults but for what it says about how we think about our lives—and how we let others think about them. The whole point of the California Water Plan can be grasped from a quick look at two maps of the state—a relief map and a population map. Almost all of the water is in the north; the overwhelming majority of the people (and, hence, of the bond-issue voters) are in the south. Problem: Get the water to the people.

If you accept the problem, you have already been conned by the engineering mentality. In the first place, it could as easily be stated, "Get the people to the water"—a program that would be physically easier, financially cheaper and ecologically wiser. Setting that aside, however, why get the people and the water together at all? State it as a problem and your thinking starts in on solutions. But who says it's a problem to begin with?

The engineering mentality does not deal with things like ecology—the science (real science) of the interrelationships among all the living and nonliving things on earth, of the interdependence of man and rock, river and desert, microbe and moose. Ecology deals particularly with life and the land, and we know very little about it except that the interrelationships it studies are crucial.

Many of California's rivers are already studded with dams and irrigation diversions; the California Water Plan will alter virtually every remaining body of water in the state, leaving none in its natural condition. No one knows what this will do to the complex ecology of the California land and wildlife. What can possibly be so important that billions of dollars must be spent on so chancy an experiment?

As a Californian, I have long been a political opponent of the California Water Plan, because only a small part of the water will go to crowded population centers; most of it is quietly intended to enrich men who hold land, now arid, along the route. Some of it, however, will go to Los Angeles and to the people of surrounding communities—who already get their water from faraway places such as the Colorado River and the Owens Valley in the Sierras. The population in the Los Angeles area is, as we all know, increasing rapidly. So, of course, they'll need more water.

Of course?

Los Angeles does not, today, ration water. Palm Springs still uses millions of gallons of water to keep the greens green on its famous golf courses—in the middle of a desert. But figures show that the population will grow by such and such a percentage, and the water supply is so-and-so, and therefore. . . .

We've been conned again, with the Platformate of the engineering mentality. Under the guise of meeting a need we can't do anything about, someone has actually made a decision. Going ahead with the California Water Plan means that, as citizens of California, we have decided we *want* Los Angeles to grow by that percentage.

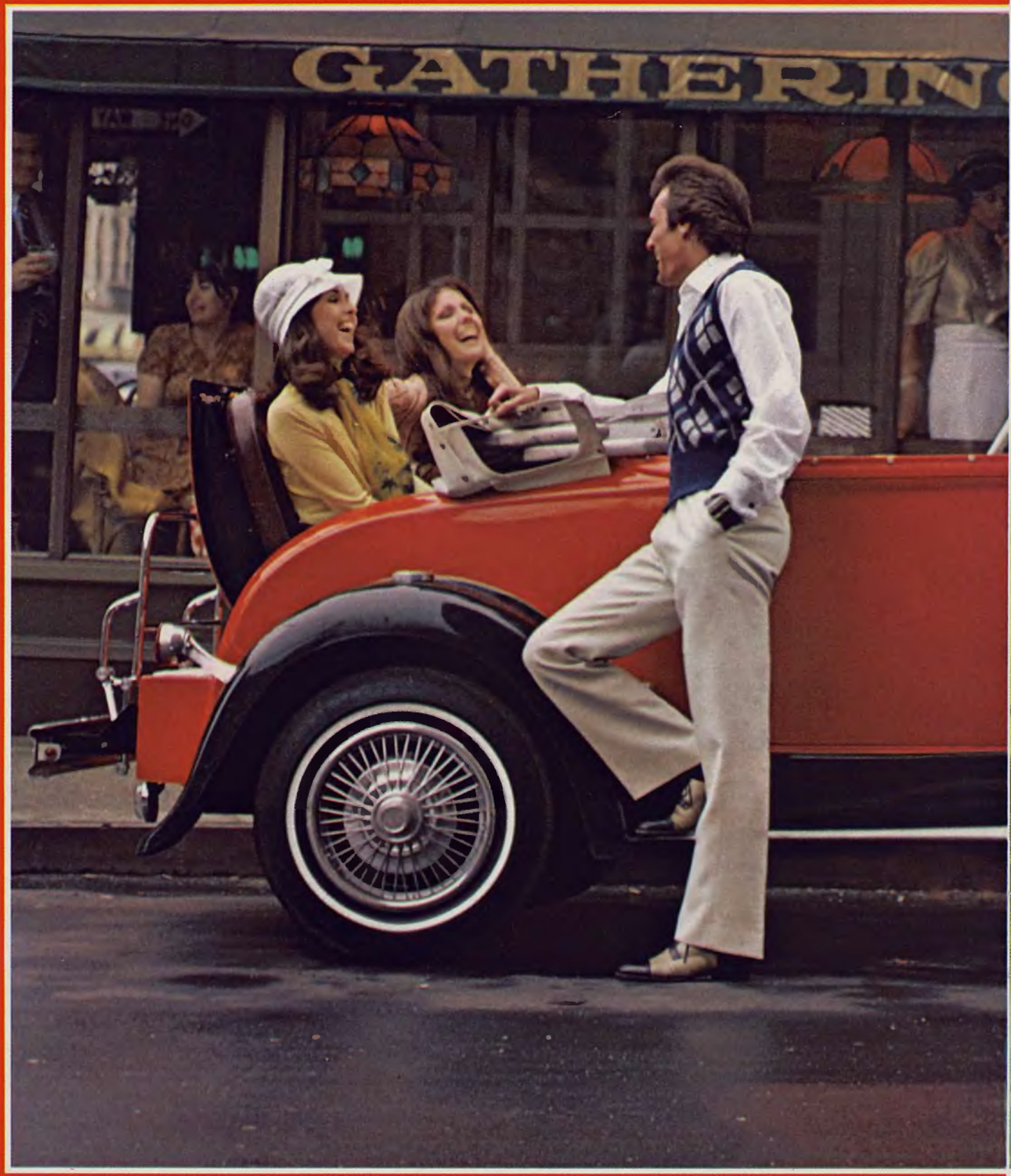
Don't build the massive dams and aqueducts, don't supply the water, and the population of Los Angeles will *not* grow by such and such a percentage. People and industries, learning that the area faces a water shortage, will go elsewhere. Some land speculators, of course, will lose out; but there's enough water so that

(continued on page 266)

"I'm not jealous, but isn't that cherub getting a bit old to be hanging around all the time?"

MODERN-DAY MODEL A

a fiberglass facsimile of ford's rumble-seated classic boasts a host of surprises under its skin



THESE ARE VINTAGE TIMES for replicas of vintage motor vehicles. Now a modern-day version of Henry Ford's doughty little Model A—built in Palm Beach and distributed by the Glassic Motor Car Company of Princeton, New Jersey—joins the roster of distinguished revivals currently on the market. With its rumble seat and twin fender-mounted spare tires, the Glassic version of the Model A looks every inch the chariot that filled the best years of Andy Hardy's life. From the outside, only the increased tire width and greater number of spokes in the wheels hint at the machine's modernity. Under the one-piece molded-fiberglass skin, however, everything's very much up to date; instead of the original's 40-horsepower, 65-miles-per-hour four-banger, there's International Harvester's 111-hp Comanche engine mounted on the same company's lightweight but durable Scout chassis. With a gross weight *(concluded on page 242)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

"I believe in black pride,
but there are some things
I'd rather take lying down."

Vargas

BEYOND THE FRINGES

(continued from page 115)

a generous resettlement allowance to pay for replacing carpets, bookshelves, drapes and other lares and penates that had to be left behind.

His new status as a corporate vice-president was a heady improvement over his inelegant old title of division group manager. Far more important, the new job provided his first entry into the company's management incentive program, a tantalizing combination of rewards, fringe benefits and perquisites that made the salary increase seem almost inconsequential. He received an option on 5000 shares of stock, with promises of more to come as he progressed. They offered him the further incentive of a $12,000-to-$15,000 annual bonus, to be paid in shares of restricted stock, if profits continued to rise. He also got a new company-paid $120,000 ordinary-life-insurance policy with growing cash value that accrues to him if he stays on the job at least five years. His executive medical insurance covered not only normal surgical and hospitalization costs but dentalwork and psychiatric outpatient care as well. In addition, they gave him "termination of employment" insurance worth six months' salary to cushion the fall if he happened to get fired. The company also picked up half the initiation fee at his new country club in Westchester County and added a few other plums that the specialists in this sort of thing like to call psychological income—an office completely redecorated to suit his color and furniture preferences, two secretaries, a charge account at "21," frequent access to the company's executive jet for "business" trips with his wife, and a chauffeured car that calls for him in the morning and drops him off at home in the evening. Adding his new salary to what he believed to be the worth of all his fringes—what the specialists call his executive compensation package—his total haul amounted to more than $60,000 annually. In the old job, his fringe benefits had been pretty routine—group insurance, Blue Cross and a contributory retirement plan—so he figured that his real income more than doubled as a result of the move. He thought he was on the road to riches. Now, two years later, he's sorry he left California. Here's why:

• Company profits slipped, through no fault of his or of his division. Thus, the bonus never materialized. As we shall see, it was just as well, because by the time the restrictions on the bonus stock would have lapsed (restricted means he couldn't sell it for five years), he probably couldn't have afforded the ordinary income tax he would have had to pay, and the shares weren't worth much by then, anyway.

• In his eagerness to show his faith in the company, he lost more than $25,000 on his stock options. It was his own mistake, really, but it hurt just the same. His option was granted at a market price of $80 a share, callable in blocks of 1000 shares a year for five years. His accountant warned him that most men prudently wait almost the full five years, to see which way the stock price goes, before picking up any of their options, even though they are eligible to buy chunks of them earlier. But he wanted to impress his president by buying an equity in the company at the first opportunity. The stock was selling at 87 when he exercised the first 1000 shares; and in a rising market, it looked like a good move. To make the purchase, he took $20,000 out of a college fund he had saved for the kids and borrowed another $60,000 at 7¼ percent, using the stock as collateral for the loan. Right away, he had a paper profit of $7000. Then the market price began to slide. When it reached 57, his bank called to tell him the stock was no longer sufficient collateral on the loan. After wasting a trading day getting written authorizations to and from his banker and his broker, he finally unloaded the stock at 55. The bank took the $55,000 and wrote a new $5000 loan to cover the difference, leaving him with a loss of $25,000, plus brokerage fees and interest. The remaining 4000 shares of the option are worthless unless the stock climbs above 80 in the next three years, which is doubtful. Now he's worried about college for the kids. They're bright, but he makes too much salary for them to qualify for most scholarships. Yet the money he saved to send them to school is gone. Unless he borrows heavily or sells his house, they'll most likely have to work their way through.

• Although it seemed highly profitable at the time, he also lost money on the move to New York. While he enjoyed the illusion of a $10,000 gain on the painless sale of his California house, it cost him more than he gained—$62,500—for a smaller and much less pretentious place in a comparable Westchester community near enough to Manhattan to make the daily ride in the company Cadillac worth taking. Moreover, interest on his new and bigger mortgage was two percentage points higher than on the old one.

• The $10,000 salary increase was no blessing, either. It vanished even before he had time to congratulate himself on becoming a $40,000-a-year man with options. Here's where it went:

State income tax jumped from $1200 to $3000 a year	$1800
City earnings tax, peculiar to New York	72
Sales taxes, up from about $350 to $600 a year	$ 250
Higher mortgage payments and property taxes	3200
Private school for teenaged son, who suffered an academic depression from the move	2000
Club initiation and dues over and above company's share	1750
High cost of the culture gap between the West, with its easygoing home, beach and tennis-court entertainment, and the East, where "good life" necessities include Broadway shows, high-priced restaurants, Caribbean winter vacations, etc.	3500
Total	$12,572

In a way, he was lucky. Some of the new expenses were deductible, so his Federal income tax went up by only $1200. But his net loss in the first year for accepting higher status and a lower standard of living in New York was $28,772. All that extra insurance didn't help, either, since he had to die, get sick, be fired, go crazy or have his teeth knocked out to get much benefit from it. Even the cash value of the life insurance was dubious, because all of his troubles have left him with an urgent desire to quit before he is qualified to pick it up. He still had the company Cadillac, but that tasted of gall, too. By the time the limousine got into the city and threaded its way through nerve-racking cross-town rush-hour traffic, it took him almost an hour and a half to get to work in the morning. The commuter train from his community took 35 minutes. The company jet wasn't much of a boon, either. Although he was free to take his wife along whenever he flew out of town, he knew that he would have to pay for her hotel, food and entertainment himself. He couldn't afford it.

Half a dozen corporate executives I know have undergone identical traumas. All of them suffered one or more of these dismal misfortunes when they moved into the executive suite. To a man, they insist that when the opportunity to change jobs comes again, they'll ask for every bit of their compensation in cash, period. If they can't have it that way, each one says he'll sit down with one of the nation's growing number of executive-compensation specialists before he takes a new job and try to work out a foolproof pay plan.

The problems of these melancholy executives are typical of the tax and stock-market headaches created by many compensation programs designed in the

(continued on page 243)

when you've been put in jail for a political crime, there's some satisfaction in knowing you're guilty

THE PRISON DIARY OF JACK FAUST

fiction

By PAUL THEROUX

SHORTLY AFTER I discovered America (the word defect suggests error rather than flight to me), it became known that I had in my possession a valuable smuggled manuscript, and I was whisked to New York and interviewed on a number of early-morning and late-night television shows. At some point during every interview, I found myself mumbling through my marmot of a mustache, "Being a member of the party was for me like being in prison." This awkward simile, intended as a slur on a bungling but well-intentioned organization, was misleading; in fact, I spent all my card-carrying years in real prisons of one sort or another. My convictions, moreover, have always been political. More of this later.

Speaking in a glare of arc lights, with the snouts of television cameras sniffing my face, and of course exhausted by what the newspapers correctly described as my ordeal, I tend—I think most people do when speaking off the cuff—to oversimplify. To oversimplify is to falsify; I am grateful for this opportunity to set the record straight.

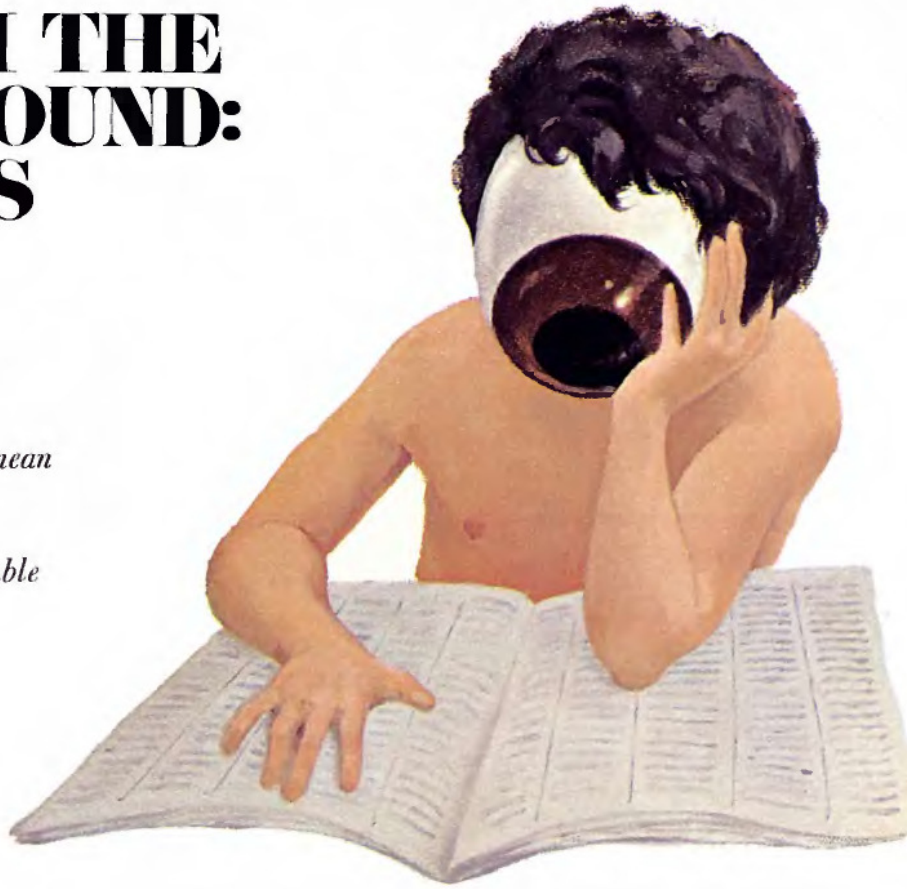
I am frankly tired of being badgered by sneering interviewers about the mistress whom I am suspected of having abandoned, the dozen or so children I am supposed to have fathered and my so-called Nazi connections (I will certainly get to the bottom of this last fabrication and make the inventor pay). Oh, all sorts of lies about my part in the Writers Union ado over a writer of clearly libelous novels; my mother—rest her soul—has been mentioned as having unkindly informed on my dad; I *(continued on page 138)*

CONSTRUCTION BY WILLIAM KORALEWSKI

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND: CLASSIFIEDS

parody **By LARRY TRITTEN**

playboy presents only slightly exaggerated samples of those personal ads from the subterranean journals, proffering goods and services that range from the unmentionable to the unfathomable



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GAUNA

Hip, bi U. S. Senator would like to meet hung single guys, couples, animals (with trainers) or still-warm corpses. Discretion vital. Call 555-1000.

SAN FRANCISCO FREE UNIVERSITY: Wide variety of courses available—Bread Sculpture, Fundamentals of Mendicancy, Improvisational Astral Projection, Scientology (prenatal child training), Japanese Cherry-stone Carving, The Swiss Cinema, etc. Call 555-7337.

Young single guy with slightly kinky taste, but sincere, would like to meet girl with whom he can "do his thing." Essential that she have no objection to minstrel attire and know something about vulcanization. 555-5094.

Dr. Marion Volstad, Berkeley veterinarian, conducts animal-human encounter group sessions aimed at creating better rapport between pets & owners. Quadrupeds preferred—no fish. 8:30 P.M. Mon. & Fri. Information—555-8041.

GROOVE WHILE YOU GRIEVE! Psychedelic mourning bands—$2. The Wild Shape Mod Shop, Telegraph Ave., Berkeley.

SEXY UNDERGROUND MOVIES—*Son of Fanny Hill Meets Copenhagen High School's Girl Tumbling Team, Lashed but Not Leashed, Son of the Bride of Frankenstein Meets Fanny Hill's Daughter's Son's Masseuse.* $5 CINE CLUB, Owens St., San Francisco, Sat. 8 P.M.

SADOMACH AGENCY
Need immediately: girl who looks like R. Reagan, $450–$650 per mo. Lady wrestlers, farmers' daughters, $50 per day. Towne Bldg., San Francisco, 555-7634.

Aggressive, excessively energetic giantess wishes to meet male choruses, road gangs, soccer teams, etc., for mutual enjoyment & edification. 555-3423.

Adventurous, virile male, 29, currently in traction, wishes to meet attractive, imaginative groovy girl with acrobatic experience. 555-2921.

Moody, temperamental, intellectual songwriter (*Blue Hegel, My Karma Done Tole Me*) seeks wealthy, middle-aged female patron who will sponsor and indulge him. Goal: Creation of a grand opera based on the many uses of Scotch tape. 555-9413.

Athletic young psychology major wishes to meet Freudian girl in lighthouse tower or in ditch to compare views on sexual symbolism. 555-2679.

Betty Sue: Don't come home. Your mother is ecstatic. I feel free for the first time in 20 years. Will pay you and your creep boyfriend $25 a week to stay and rot in San Francisco. Dad

---

Gloria: Have you ever thought about what Eros spelled backward is? Phil

---

HELP WANTED: Foreman for maggot ranch. Must be 3'8" tall or shorter, white, with B. A. and long fingernails. Box GG348, Weeping Belly, Kansas.

SOCIETY OF GOD
BARGAIN SALE
- Splinter from Cross .....85¢/splinter
- Core from Apple Eaten in Garden of Eden $2.49/core
- Chips from Tablet of Ten Commandments .....25¢/chip
- Six Renaissance Popes (in brine in a plastic bag) ...$3000/all six
- Sea of Galilee .....32¢/gallon (plus state & Federal tax)

Send to: SOG, Sunset Strip, Hollywood, Calif.

Young man, horny, just wants to fuck. The old way: him on top, her on bottom. Isn't there anybody? Bruce, Box 24, Danville.

Occult Pet Shop: Vampire bats, trained howling wolves, black swans, snakes of all kinds, blind and yellow-eyed dogs. This week only—Tasmanian devils. We buy and trade. No insects, please. Telegraph Ave. 555-3938.

GAY, REALLY HUNG AMPUTEE desires meaningful, bizarre relationship with hung, understanding three-legged man. Send photo and sample poem. Box 88, Oakland. (No freaks.)

WANTED: Girl with figure like R. Welch and face like L. Chaney available for nude modeling. Have experience in avant-garde stag films. Call Rita, 555-4136.

Tired of the hassles at the free clinic? Don't trust Dr. Hip? Can't take the celibacy trip? Now cure yourself and your friends: Grow your own penicillin. Instructions. Write P. O. Box 377737, S. F.

Real Hep Cat just in from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, would like to meet sharp young dude to show him around town and introduce him to some real classy babes. You know what I mean. Call Red at the Y. M. C. A., 555-3211.

Free. Copy of Charles Manson's new book, *The Family That Slays Together Stays Together*, with each poster purchased from the Love and Peace head shop. Broadway. 555-8495.

Fem Lib. Meet us on Market Street for a screech-in. Uniform of the day: steel-toed boots, jockstraps, brass knucks and motorcycle helmets. Roll call at 1530 hrs.

Gay Lib. Market Street as soon as those *dreadful dykes* finish. Will assemble around the police station and blow it down. Refreshments afterward.

LOST—Six-pack, blonde wig & wild boar in vicinity of Sexual Freedom League, Berkeley chapter. Call 555-7474.

Tall, good-looking male, 34, seeks companionship with mature, attractive woman who shares his interests: Zen taxidermy, choral gargling, transcendental meditative sky diving, Al Smith. P. O. Box 6658, San Jose 95134.

Attractive, lonely, well-to-do male, 34, seeks experienced, understanding lady flamingo to live in, share each other's problems & pleasures. 555-5083.

WANTED! Dwarfs, strong men, braceros, soda jerk, fashion model, armadillo & trampoline for underground film. Good pay. 555-4329.

LOST—Hell's Angels momma, somewhere in vicinity of Oakland railroad yards. Black collar, nick in ear, swastika tattoo on left buttock, answers to name Tantor. Reward. Contact H. A. Hq., Oakland.

Thin, frail masochist—looks like mature Freddie Bartholomew—would like to meet fat lady who will fall against me in gravel pit while I wear my hair shirt. No photo necessary. Send weight, dimensions. Box 174912, San Francisco 94121.

FETISHISTS! MONOGRAMMED MANACLES FROSTING MIXES REALISTIC RUBBER FREUD & HITLER MASKS EXPLODING CONTRACEPTIVES APE SUITS ELECTRIC NEGLIGEE Your order discreetly handled. Frolich & Gambol, P. O. Box 62543, Oakland.

Drum lessons given by experienced pro; worked with Eucharistic Chicken Fat, Blood, Sweat & Milk, The Chambers Sisters, The Heart Transplants, Mosaic Orgasm, Psychedelic Phlegm. Call 555-3000.

MARGE

The tattoo of *The Last Supper* can be removed. It was my parents' idea. Can't we try again? CRAIG

Anyone knowing the identity of the clown who put plastique explosive in the silicone injections of the Condor's topless dancers, please contact management, Condor, N. Beach, San Francisco.

IS THERE BALM IN GILEAD?

Is the drug bag becoming a monotonous drag? Fed up with the same old routine of pot, laughing gas, TV, fly agaric, booze, etc.? Are your trips something less than orbital? Speed less than supersonic? Visions myopic? Do you find it a waste to get wasted? Looking for a really *new* high, something really different, that will put you *up* there where it's all balmy? WE HAVE THE ULTIMATE HIGH—cheap, quick! Write PF Lobotomy, Box 6006, L. A. 90028.

FOLK GUITAR LESSONS—$4 per hour, plus free remarkable series of timed photographs that record an ethnic folk singer hatching an ostrich egg by singing 150 pro-labor folk songs. Call 555-3495.

FOUND—Woman's diaphragm with embossed comedy & tragedy masks design. Owner call 555-5594.

TRANSCENDENTAL DIETING

New! Revolutionary!

My regimen of fasting accompanied by meditative exercises teaches you how you can transcendentally send the weight you lose to STARVING ASIAN CHILDREN. $4 week. Start today. *They* will be glad you did! Transcendental Diet, M. T. Tung, Suite 3215, Russ Bldg., San Francisco.

PRISON DIARY *(continued from page 135)*

have been made out to be a perfectly horrible old menace. One interviewer asserted that I received a phone call late one night from our party chairman, who asked, "What shall we do about Osip?" My alleged reply to this was a silence resulting in Osip's banishment and death. Rubbish! This fantastic concoction is made all the more crazy when one knows, as I do, that our party chairman, a superstitious soul, would never touch a telephone: He thought the mouthpiece of the receiver was a source of deadly germs. Another interviewer had the impertinence to ask, "Why was it that you were known as the Mephisto of the 20th plenum?" Spurning the assistance of the translator, I shot back quickly, "Could I help it if I was all things to all men?" smartly putting a stop to *his* nonsense. I am especially sick of these interviewers looking over their clipboards into the camera lens and solemnly prefacing their questions with my full name—something that would be done in my country only in a courtroom or a school. Is this intentional ridicule (perhaps my name sounds a bit silly to the American tin ear), or is it done for the benefit of viewers who have tuned in late and wonder, in their ample distraction, who is the hairy chap on the stool being abused? I know I lost my temper in front of (or so I was told) 10,000,000 viewers. There was a simple explanation for that. I had, at that point in the program, reached the conclusion that I was not being interviewed but having my head examined. I have more than compensated the studio for all breakage and all injuries sustained.

On my arrival, I graciously consented to the interviews, and now I am terminating them. I have four lawyers working day and night on what I believe are serious breaches of contract; it would be unfair of me to make more work for them by engaging in yet more of these abusive television shows. Editorial innuendo has not escaped my notice either. You are not easy with strangers, you are not above the petty suspicions of your peasant ancestors who left their plows and groped toward these shores as stowaways.

It is not as if I came to this country, cap in hand, pleading for asylum. Far from it. A narrow-shouldered Italian publisher of Iron Curtain horror stories dogged my heels throughout Europe. He tossed lire my way and, alternately whining and shrugging in the Italianate style, pestered me for a peek at the manuscript I kept photographed on a roll of film in my pocket. Others, French, German and English, each clamored for a hearing. I lunched with each but said no and fled west, leaving in my wake many a crestfallen editor. I am nagged by the thought that my negatives—the ones on my lips, not in my pocket—were a mistake. Both *Stern* and the London Sunday *Observer* offered particularly good terms, and *Paris Match* dumped lashings of francs beside my plate. My accountant is understandably furious and keeps reminding me that on Jersey, in the Channel Islands, I could be living like a king, whereas here in America, I am subjected to your spiteful taxes. But let this pass. The early brouhaha here has, after the expensive legal tangle, neither soothed nor enriched me. The bungalow that was so grandly presented to me after my arrival has a leaky roof and a perpetually flooded cellar; and my television is, as you say, on the fritz. Still, I can't complain.

My concern is the diary. It is to this I now turn.

The manuscript that caused so many powerful Europeans to cluster about me is, indeed, a rare document and deserves patient study. I am happy to report that my present editor has consented to print it in full and has paid a substantial sum for the American rights. This is especially gratifying, for, after getting to know you better, I find that you have really no taste for literature at all. Not like my country, where any garbage collector can sing grand opera or quote you whole cantos of the classics. You make a whole literature out of the sordid and silly nuances of Jewish behavior and, ironically, the writing style you most admire sounds like a direct translation from Perplexed Old Teutonic. You love obvious symbols and popular science. Long sentences annoy you, sentiment embarrasses you; you feel safe with alliteration —you think that is a sign of genius. Your heroes are as unlettered as their creators, your gods are all dogs, you have no appreciation of the simple human story.

The following diary, if published in my country, would be unacceptable and might land the author in jail. But this is not to say that we are an artless people. Other books have readerships in the millions, they go through 40 editions in a matter of weeks and have workers banging through the doors of bookshops at all hours. They are read in factory and on farm; the authors are mobbed on the pavement, their names are household words, they get proposals of marriage in the morning mail.

Mind you, the present manuscript is an exception. The author is not heroic; he never did a stroke of work in his life. That he is a simple soul is apparent in every craven line he writes. He is not to be emulated, only studied. His story shows just the sort of quaint dilemma expressed in grumbles that is common to a certain sort of person—though no more common, I repeat, no more common in my country than in yours. Frankly speaking, when I left, I was under the impression that this was someone only our system chucked up; but since being warmly welcomed in your very lovely country, I have noticed that you get these deluded cranks, too. So take this as a cautionary tale; read it to those unkempt sons of yours who stuporously slope along, wearing garish beads around their filthy necks; read it to your daughters, who lick at drugs and keep condoms in their handbags, and to those uncles of yours who, when their god failed, began striking out, cursing us with the sorry wrath of the recently reconverted. And those of you who chaffed me about my "convenient departure" and "untrustworthy explanations," remember that although I am hesitant to use this manuscript as a *visa de voyage*, I am aware that it gained me access to your country; and with it in my pocket, I know I am welcome anywhere. You need me much more than I need you.

The pseudonymous author of this diary was known to me from youth. As the poet Drunina puts it so skillfully, "We were as twinned lambs that did frisk in the sun, and bleat one at the other: What we changed was innocence for innocence. . . ." The difference, a large one, was that he made at least one big mistake and possibly more. This is clear in the text. The diary requires very little explanation except the following two points.

Number one, his name was not Jack Faust. Another Slav scurrying westward dropped half the letters from the dozen of his name and, in doing so, earned a permanent place in English literature (would anyone seriously believe a man called Korzeniowski capable of writing a story called *Because of the Dollars*?). I have taken that hint and expunged his real name and, on the advice of my present editor, adopted this crisp two-syllable alias. It is intentionally symbolic: A jack is used to hoist a heavy object; he is Jack, the object a weighty truth he was too simple to wholly grasp. For consistency, I will name neither the country nor the prison in which this diary was written. This will not confuse anyone. Western readers are not unfamiliar with this prison, despite its edited anonymity. Our dungeons are as familiar to students of east European political fortunes as our boarded-up synagogues are to anxiously vocal Western Jews who have never set foot in our country (name-calling is easy at that distance!). One has the impression that any regular reader of the current crop of frenzied memoirs by ex-Bolsheviks ("The man of steel took me onto his lap and cooed, 'My little sparrowchik.' ") would have no difficulty at all finding his way about in a penal colony in Pskov, though would probably

(continued on page 258)

PATTERNED FOR SUCCESS

a brace of boldly lapelled suits offers fresh evidence of fashion's geometric progression

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN THIS FALL, urban males will be patterning their thinking along geometric lines woven into a variety of fabrics. The gentleman on the left digs the look of a bold-geometric-patterned two-button single-breasted wool suit with wide peak lapels, by Bidermann of Paris, $100, worn with a Jacquard-weave polyester and cotton shirt, by Sero, $13, and an Indian silk tie with spaced floral design, by Ditz, $8. The man on the right has made a slightly different fashion move, having donned a subtle-geometric-patterned two-button suit featuring deep flap pockets, trousers with high waistband, pleated front and wide straight legs, by Pierre Cardin, $240, complemented by a minifloral-print polyester and Avril rayon fitted shirt with long-pointed collar and three-button cuffs, by Career Club, $8.50, and a French *bouclé* knit tie, by Hut, $5.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BURT GLINN

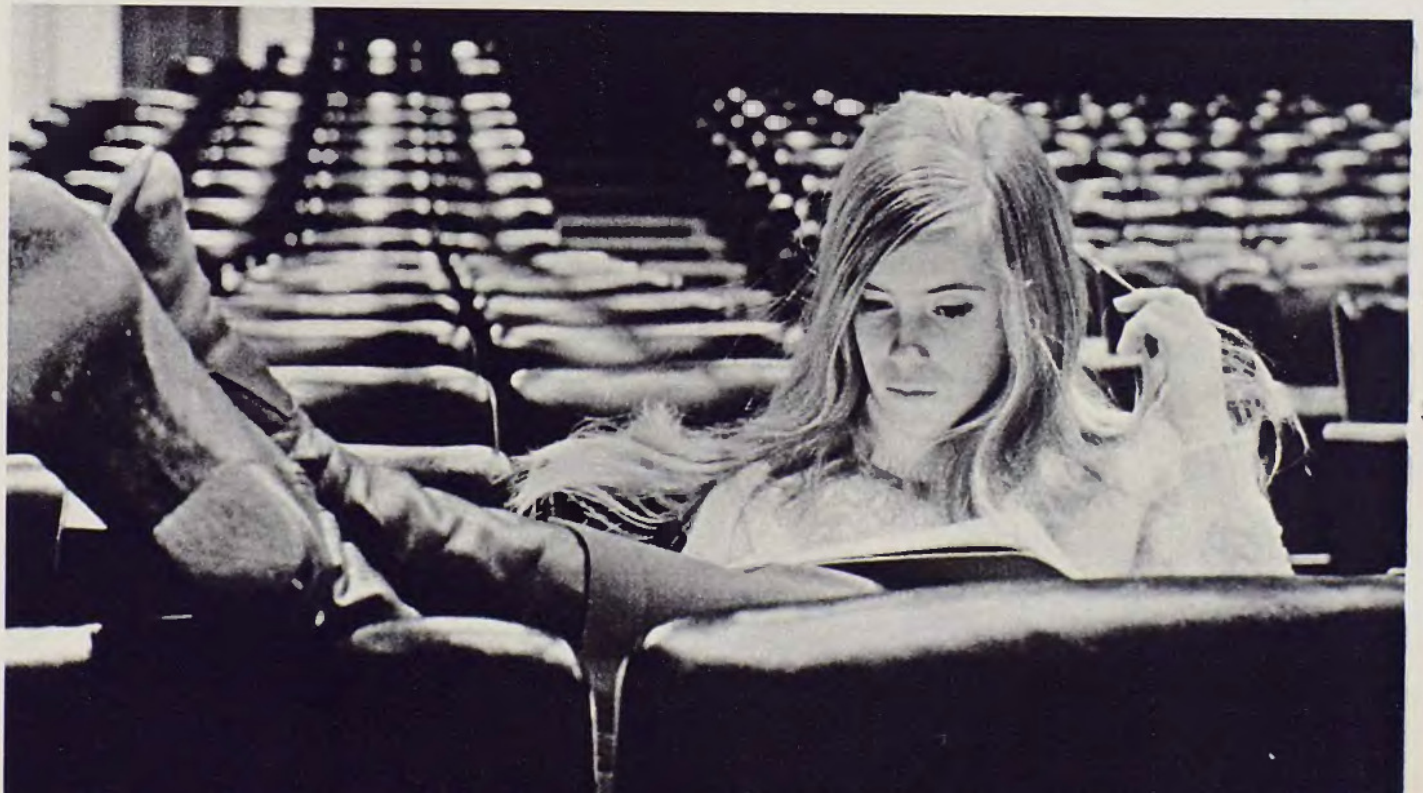
FOR THOSE unfamiliar with Boston, that city's name conjures up images of Brahmins sipping tea in elegant *salons* on Beacon Hill or old-lady censors clucking in righteous indignation as they pencil out passages in the latest best seller. Wrong. Beacon Hill today is populated for the most part by liberated young people, and the arts are flourishing in Boston despite the bluenoses. In fact, with upwards of 130,000 college students in its vicinity, the 340-year-old seaport has become to the East Coast what San Francisco is to the West: regional capital of the Woodstock Nation. It's a perfect setting for 21-year-old Debbie Ellison, who typifies the diversified creativity and political awareness of her contemporaries. Debbie grooves on the ever-present contrast between new and old that marks her adopted city, but she's been disturbed lately by the mounting tension that's in the air: "The establishment," she says, "seems to be coming down harder all the time on far-outs and dissenters." She recently joined a group of students who went down to Washington to discuss national priorities with their elected representatives, and returned to Boston with the uneasy feeling that the legislators had given them the brush-off: "A lot of Congressmen refer you to their aides or have their secretaries tell you they're not in—but they're not very convincing." Political lobbying, however, is only an occasional activity for Debbie. Now living across the Charles River in

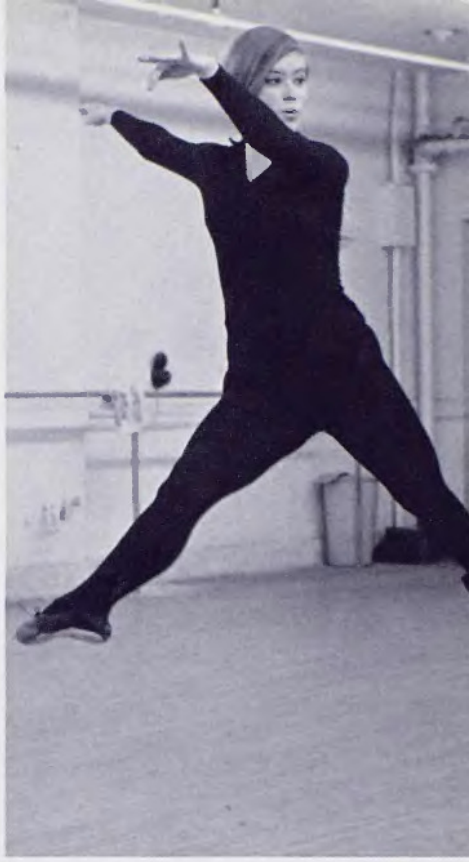
For blonde, blue-eyed Debbie Ellison, a typical day begins (left) with a formidable battery of exercises. A dancer with nine years' experience, Debbie had thoughts of writing when she migrated from Florida to Boston, but found that she wasn't ready to give up ballet.

kinetic boston coed
debbie ellison
majors in ballet and minors
in campus activism

CURRICULUM: VITAL

Exercises over, Debbie dresses, then bicycles from her pod in Cambridge to the cluster of ivy-covered, red-brick buildings that is Horvard Yard: "It takes quite a while to leorn your way around here," she says, "because all the streets in Cambridge look olike." After attending a lecture, Debbie—with some free time on her hands—lingers in the empty holl to look over a few chapters in her text.

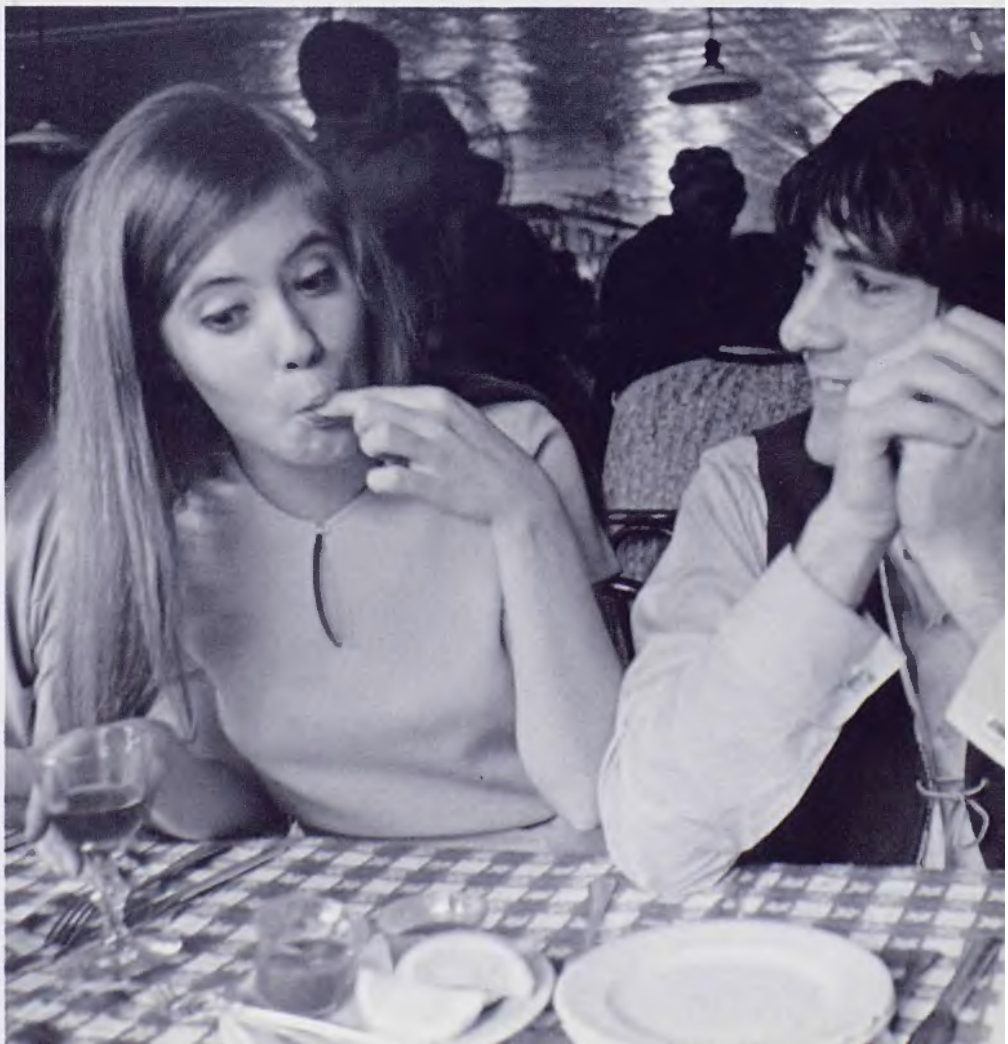




Cambridge (which is part of Boston's sprawling metropolitan area), Debbie has centered her current scene on studies at the Boston School of Ballet and English lit classes at Harvard. A dancer since the age of 12, Debbie inherited her artistic bent from her father, a former jazz musician who's now a free-lance writer and painter. Her stage credits in Florida, where she grew up and attended college for two years before moving up the coast, included dancing roles in Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* ballet in Fort Lauderdale and *The Impossible Years*, starring Milton Berle, at Miami's Coconut Grove Playhouse. Nonetheless, Debbie is skeptical about her chances of making it as a professional dancer; when she went to Boston, she was more interested in following her father's example and developing her talents as a writer; in the back of her mind was the thought that she might someday find employment as a dance critic. Her friends, however, prevailed on her to resume her terpsichorean career, and thus far, Debbie hasn't regretted it: "Even if my name never gets on a marquee, I think I'll be a better critic for having been a participant." Guess whose name is on *our* marquee this month?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Later in the day, Debbie does her thing at the Boston School of Ballet, where she practices basic positions and movements under the critical gaze of her instructress. Debbie's opinion of the school couldn't be higher: "Besides training you in different types of dancing, they put it all in perspective with related studies such as anatomy." After class, Debbie reconnoiters with Jim, a frequent escort; they head for Durgin-Park restaurant, where they whet their appetites on a plate of oysters while waiting for roast beef and Indian pudding.



MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Debbie gets a special treat: Later that evening, Jim takes her to Boston's Savoy Theater, where her favorite prima ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, is appearing ("After so many triumphs, she's just as agile—and humble—as ever"). The journey home after the performance includes a subway trip back to Harvard Square, where Debbie and Jim buy some ice-cream cones, and a bus ride through Cambridge to Debbie's apartment.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I'd like to buy some gloves for my girlfriend," the young man said, eying the attractive saleslgirl, "but I don't know her size."

"Will this help?" she asked sweetly, placing her hand in his.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Her hands are just slightly smaller than yours."

"Will there be anything else?" the clerk queried as she wrapped the gloves.

"Now that you mention it," he replied, "she also needs a bra and panties. . . ."

We know a $100-a-night callgirl working the Minneapolis–St. Paul area. Customers nicknamed her the tail of two cities.

Several members of a temperance league approached a 90-year-old teetotaler for a testimonial declaring that his longevity was due to a life of abstention from alcohol. The old gentleman said he would be pleased to sign such a statement and was in the process of making his mark when sounds of a riotous party came from an adjacent room. "My God, what's that?" gasped one of the visitors.

"Oh, that's just my dad," the teetotaler laughed. "He's probably getting drunk again."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *adultery* as when a husband is too good to be true.

The distraught female patient exclaimed to her psychiatrist: "I have no talent! I can't act! I can't sing! I can't dance! I want to quit show business!"

"Then why don't you?" asked the shrink.

"I can't," she sobbed. "I'm a star!"

And, of course, you've heard about the nymphomaniac who got stoned on pot one night and found herself in a strange apartment—her own.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *G string* as a gownless evening strap.

When a funeral procession passed a golf course where four men were preparing to tee off for their regular Saturday-afternoon game, one of them turned toward the street, removed his cap and held it over his heart. "Why did you do that?" asked his partner.

"Well," replied the fellow, "I thought it was the least I could do for my wife."

The buxom country lass had gone to town to do some shopping and, on her way home after dark, encountered one of the neighboring farm boys returning from a day at the market. The two had walked together for a while when the girl said shyly, "I'm almost afraid to be alone with you like this—you might try to take advantage of me."

"Take advantage of you?" the handsome lad gulped. "Here I am, carrying a pitchfork and a chicken in one hand, a washtub in the other and leading a goat. I could hardly take advantage of you."

"Well," she continued, "you could always stick the pitchfork in the ground, tie the goat to it and put the chicken under the washtub, couldn't you?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pimp* as a fornicaterer.

An Italian cabdriver was telling a passenger that only real men like himself drive taxis in Rome. "We use our left hand for signals and our right to wave at women," he proclaimed.

His passenger finally asked, "But how do you steer?"

"I told you," the cabby shouted, "only *real* men drive taxis in Rome."

Before his daring escape from prison, an infamous criminal had been photographed from four different angles. The FBI sent copies of the pictures to police chiefs all across the land, with orders to notify Washington the moment an arrest was made.

The next day, the Bureau received a teletyped reply from the ambitious sheriff of a small Southern town: "PICTURES RECEIVED. ALL FOUR SHOT DEAD WHILE RESISTING ARREST."

Shortly after arriving at their honeymoon destination, the still-nervous groom became worried about the state of his bride's innocence. Deciding on a direct confrontation, he quickly undressed, pointed at his exposed manhood and asked his mate, "Do you know what that is?"

Without hesitating, she blushingly answered, "That's a wee-wee."

Delighted at the idea of instructing his naïve wife in the ways of love, the husband whispered, "From now on, dearest, this will be called a prick."

"Oh, come now," the girl chided. "I've seen lots of pricks and I assure you, that's a wee-wee."

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.*

"Satisfied?"

ABORTION REVOLUTION

(continued from page 114)

And in 1965, the momentous decision of the U. S. Supreme Court declared the birth-control laws unconstitutional on the ground that they infringed upon a newly enunciated right—the right to marital privacy.

In addition, the sexual revolution, the population explosion, the decline in religiosity and the demand for equality of the sexes helped change the climate of thinking about abortion. Finally, in the age of modern contraceptives, women were beginning to regard sex without pregnancy as a natural and personal right. As this concept firmly took hold, the pill could be viewed as a safeguard against unwanted pregnancy and abortion as the simple solution to contraceptive failure.

By the mid-Sixties, abortion—like contraception and sex itself—was no longer a taboo subject and the first real efforts at reform were getting into gear. But what could such a movement hope to achieve five years ago? Its leaders, who had wrestled with the problem, professionally and personally, favored outright repeal of the laws; but most laymen and legislators, who had not thought much about it, were not yet ready to go that far.

With foresight, the prestigious American Law Institute (A. L. I.) had proposed a Model Penal Code to update the entire book of criminal law. Its recommendation about abortion, made in 1959: that it be permitted for mental and physical health, fetal deformity, rape and incest. Although this A. L. I. package would have merely legitimized the hospital abortions already being done by many respectable doctors in reputable hospitals, it provided the thin edge of the wedge on which the movement could begin to hammer.

The first legislative breakthrough occurred in 1967 in Colorado. If this initial victory had happened in Nevada—with its reputation for divorce, gambling and prostitution—the movement could have been set back ten years. Even a Southern state would have been unfortunate, for some militant blacks might have charged genocide—as, indeed, they did when Georgia changed its law the following year.

Now, 12 states have A. L. I. reform laws—four in the West, one in the Midwest, six in the South and one in the East. And, as is usually the case with halfway measures, they have solved much less than half the problem. Hospital abortions are up 25 times in Colorado and California, but criminal abortions still abound. In Georgia, the hospital rate hasn't changed at all. Once it became clear that the liberalized statutes were mostly paper reforms, that particular movement died. The states with reform laws can be congratulated for having achieved all that was possible in those times and circumstances, for having helped awaken the country to the inequities of the older laws and for having proved that "reform" is a futile compromise. Now the movement is calling for outright repeal.

Hawaii led the way. And then New York and Alaska. Ironically, repeal may now be easier to achieve than reform. In a reform bill, legislators must agree on the reasons for which an abortion may be performed. And it has been repeatedly demonstrated that legislators, playing amateur doctors and theologians, can debate these stipulations indefinitely—and then abandon the effort. But with repeal, they pass this responsibility on to the medical profession. Neither legislators nor doctors are willing to concede that this responsibility rightfully rests with the woman herself. This was the real issue in the long and bitter fight to reform, and later to repeal, the 140-year-old New York law that had survived as long as it did through religious and political skulduggery hardly rivaled in American legislative history.

The most recent fight began in 1964. I received a clue to its future course when I testified that year before New York's Temporary State Commission on Revision of the Penal Law and Criminal Code, which was considering reform of the laws pertaining to every crime, from homosexuality to homicide—but not abortion. When I urged the adoption of the A. L. I. proposals, the commission candidly conceded that "it would be most unrealistic for any assemblyman who had dreams of a political future to put a bill vis-à-vis abortion laws [before the legislature] of New York."

Heedless of this admonition, Assemblyman Percy E. Sutton did introduce such a bill. And the following year, when Sutton left Albany to become Manhattan's borough president, Assemblyman Albert H. Blumenthal took over. Every year there were public hearings. Every year the legislators voted according to their religion or their erroneous appraisal of their constituents' will, and the bill was ultimately defeated. This despite the support of Governor Rockefeller, Senators Javits and the late Robert Kennedy, Mayor Lindsay and virtually every non-Catholic medical, legal, religious and civic group in the state—and over 80 percent of the New York electorate, according to polls.

In 1969, Blumenthal, a Democrat, finally lined up enough votes to guarantee passage of his reform bill. At the same time, however, he vigorously opposed Governor Rockefeller's budget cuts. Perhaps in retaliation for this unrelated stand—although ostensibly in response to an emotional speech by a polio-crippled Republican assemblyman, whom many assumed to be a victim of a birth defect—13 Republicans switched their votes and the bill died again.

During the five years the New York assembly debated abortion reform, it was never even considered by the senate—largely due to the opposition of Majority Leader Brydges, a Roman Catholic. Then, in 1970, a total repeal bill—one that would leave abortion a matter to be decided only by the woman and her physician—was drafted by none other than Brydges himself. His intent, evidently, was to head off the growing reform movement by proposing a bill so radical that it had no prospects of passage—and whose defeat would, by implication, buttress the existing New York law. He even announced that he would vote against his own bill.

Senator Brydges first scheduled debate on the bill for March 17, Saint Patrick's Day, until *The New York Times* suggested that his timing might be more than coincidental, whereupon he rescheduled the debate for the following day. Perhaps because the bill's opponents were confident of its defeat, and because the debate lasted only one day, the Catholic leaders did not mobilize their usual campaign before the vote was taken. To the surprise of everyone, and especially Senator Brydges, the repeal bill passed, 31 to 26.

In the assembly, the bill was successfully bottled up in the Codes Committee, whose chairman opposed reform. Momentum was lost and the opposition was able to rally its forces. Amendments were introduced. Easter intervened. The blistering pastoral letters were read from 1700 pulpits and pressure began to mount against Catholic assemblymen—some of whom were denounced by name in their own churches for having indicated their support for the bill. Seventy-six votes were needed for passage. Those present at roll call, on March 30, cast 73 yes votes, and two assemblymen who had left the chamber had instructed the clerk to record their votes in favor of the bill—a routine practice. Speaker Perry B. Duryea had promised to cast the 76th vote for repeal if it was needed; but, instead, he made the unprecedented move of refusing to count the votes recorded by the two absentees. So the bill went down, 73 to 71.

Enraged by this denouement, reformers demanded a revote. Another week elapsed. Catholic pressure intensified. On

(continued on page 272)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation

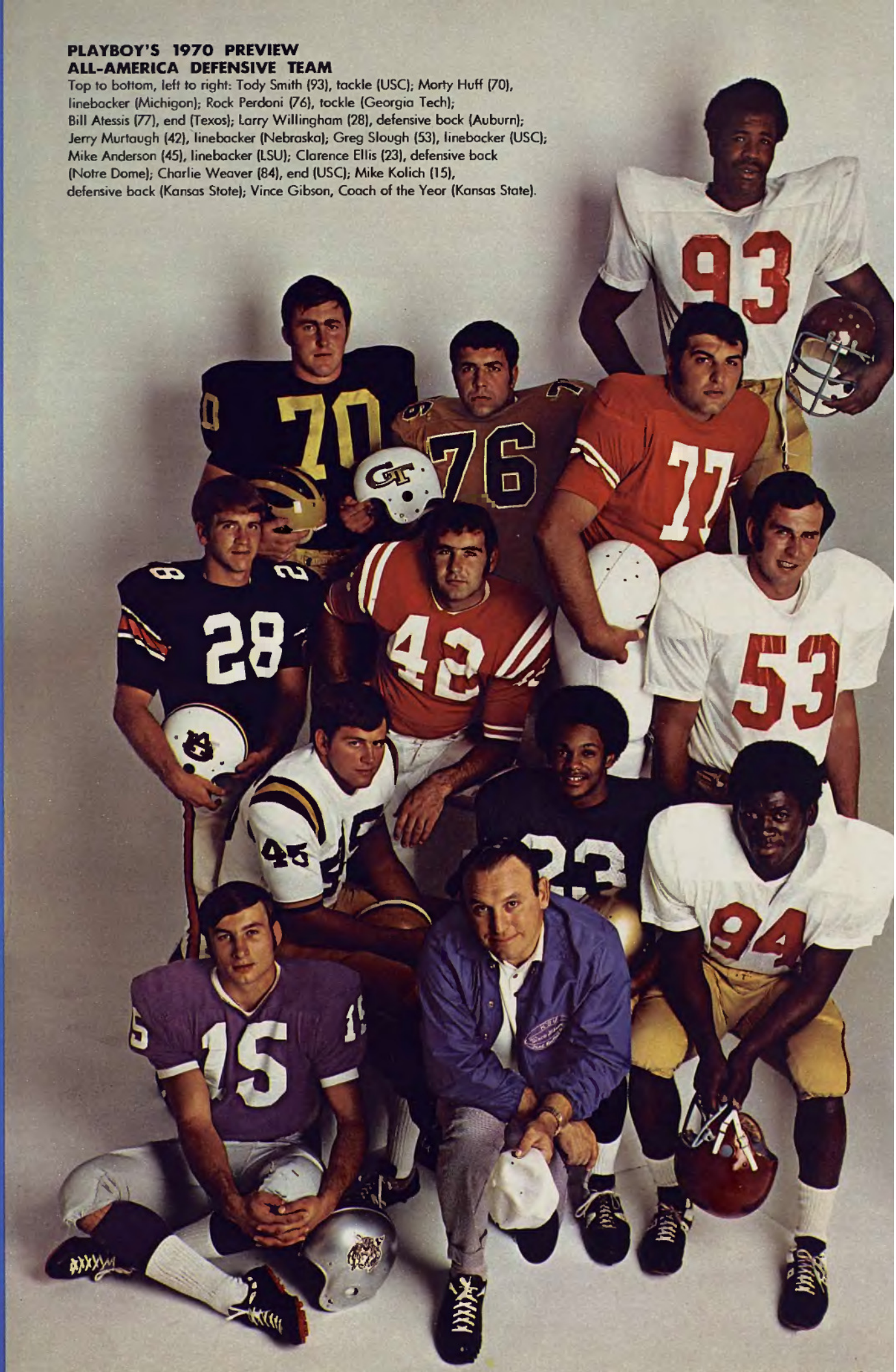
PLAYBOY All-America defensive players Tody Smith (93), Charlie Weaver (84) and Greg Slaugh (53) clobber runner Mickey Curetan before he even reaches the line of scrimmage as Southern California, PLAYBOY's pick for top team in the nation, defeats UCLA in last year's Pacific Eight Conference championship showdown.

sports **BY ANSON MOUNT** COLLEGE FOOTBALL, like most other verities of our times, is changing. Only a couple of wars ago, each team had 11 first-stringers, who played seven definable positions (end, tackle, guard, center, quarterback, halfback and fullback). Now there are 23 first-stringers, who may be divided, depending upon the coach's style of attack and defense, among a lexicon of positions, each of which demands highly specialized skills: split end, tight end, flanker, wingback, slotback, running back, drop-back quarterback, roll-out quarterback, offensive tackle, pulling guard, strong guard, center (at least *that* hasn't changed), defensive end, defensive tackle, noseguard, outside linebacker, inside linebacker, rover back, corner back, weak safety, strong safety, kicker (which, in turn, is subdivided into place kicker and punter), plus a long list of minor variations. To make things even more complicated for the already confused fan, some of these positions occasionally merge with others; a defensive end may become a linebacker, a flanker may become a running back, or a tight end may become a split end, depending upon the game situation. If fans are dazed by all this, they should pity the poor pre-season prognosticator who must assemble an All-America team. Since picking one with 40 or 50 members would be unwieldy, if not absurd, we opted for a 12-member offensive unit comprised of guards, tackles, center, receivers, running backs, quarterback and kicker, and a defensive unit of tackles, ends, linebackers and defensive backs, and have let the positional nuances fall where they may.

If football as entertainment has profited from the American compulsion for complexity and superspecialization, it has also been a victim of the no-less-fashionable preoccupation with social issues and race relations. Player strikes, radical demands and grievance *(text continued on page 154)*

PLAYBOY'S 1970 PREVIEW
ALL-AMERICA DEFENSIVE TEAM

Top to bottom, left to right: Tody Smith (93), tackle (USC); Morty Huff (70), linebacker (Michigon); Rock Perdoni (76), tockle (Georgia Tech); Bill Atessis (77), end (Texos); Larry Willingham (28), defensive bock (Auburn); Jerry Murtaugh (42), linebacker (Nebraska); Greg Slough (53), linebacker (USC); Mike Anderson (45), linebacker (LSU); Clarence Ellis (23), defensive back (Notre Dome); Charlie Weaver (84), end (USC); Mike Kolich (15), defensive back (Kansas Stote); Vince Gibson, Coach of the Yeor (Kansas State).



PLAYBOY'S 1970 PREVIEW
ALL-AMERICA OFFENSIVE TEAM

Top to bottom, left to right: Bobby Wuensch (50), tackle (Texas); Don Dierdorf (72), tackle (Michigan); Carlos Alvorez (45), receiver (Florida); Don Popplewell (59), center (Colorado); Joe Moore (45), running back (Missouri); Elmo Wright (23), receiver (Houston); Chip Kell (50), guard (Tennessee); Bill Burnett (33), running back (Arkansas); Chuck Dicus (20), receiver (Arkansas); Lorry DiNordo (56), guard (Notre Dame); Bob Jacobs (90), kicker (Wyoming); Archie Manning (18), quarterback (Mississippi).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. Southern California	10–1	11. Alabama	8–3
2. Texas	9–1	12. Stanford	8–3
3. Houston	10–1	13. Mississippi	7–3
4. Michigan	9–1	14. Notre Dame	7–3
5. Ohio State	8–1	15. Penn State	8–2
6. Arkansas	9–2	16. Louisiana State	8–3
7. Kansas State	9–2	17. Tennessee	7–4
8. Georgia	8–2	18. Missouri	7–4
9. Oklahoma	8–3	19. Florida	7–4
10. Nebraska	8–3	20. California	8–3

Possible Breakthroughs: *Georgia Tech (8–3); North Carolina (9–2); Virginia Tech (9–2); Arizona St. (9–1); Auburn (6–4); Colorado (6–4); Air Force (8–3); San Diego (10–1); Syracuse (7–3).*

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Each of whom has a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

ENDS: *Tom Reynolds (San Diego), Mel Gray (Missouri), Charles Speyrer (Texas), Tom Gatewood (Notre Dame), Bobby Moore (Oregon), Sammy Milner (Mississippi State), Jan White (Ohio State), Ken Fleming (SMU), Bob Moore (Stanford), Doug Dieken (Illinois), Herb Orvis (Colorado), Walt Patulski (Notre Dame), Brad Bourne (Georgia Tech), Dennis Coleman (Mississippi), Jack Youngblood (Florida)*

TACKLES: *John Vella (Southern California), Ernie Janet (Washington), Larron Jackson (Missouri), Alvin Hawes (Minnesota), Craig Robinson (Houston), Joe Ehrmann (Syracuse), Rocky Wallace (Missouri), Ron Curl (Michigan State), Jimmy Poston (South Carolina), Sherman White (California)*

GUARDS: *Dave Thompson (Clemson), Skip Jernigan (Mississippi), Jim Stillwagon (Ohio State), Henry Hill (Michigan), Bill Richardson (North Carolina)*

CENTERS: *Wimpy Winther (Mississippi), John Sande (Stanford), John Ruthstrom (TCU), Brian Donovan (Ohio State), Dave Dalby (UCLA)*

LINEBACKERS: *Ralph Cindrich (Pittsburgh), Jack Ham (Penn State), Tom Graham (Oregon), Steve Casteel (Oklahoma), Dick Biddle (Duke), Bill Zapalac (Texas), Chip Wisdom (Georgia), Rick Kingrea (Tulane)*

BACKS: *Jim Plunkett (Stanford), Lynn Dickey (Kansas State), Chuck Hixson (SMU), John Reeves (Florida), Bill Montgomery (Arkansas), Rex Kern (Ohio State), Leo Hart (Duke), Joe Theismann (Notre Dame), Jimmy Jones (Southern California), Dennis Dummit (UCLA), Leon Burns (Cal State at Long Beach), Clarence Davis (Southern California), Jim Bertelson (Texas), Ed Marinaro (Cornell), Don McCauley (North Carolina), Billy Taylor (Michigan), Tommy Casanova (LSU), Franco Harris (Penn State), Steve Worster (Texas), Jim Braxton (West Virginia), Curt Watson (Tennessee), John Brockington and Jack Tatum (Ohio State), Dave Elmendorf (Texas A&M), Tyrone Hudson (Southern California), Jeff Ford (Georgia Tech), Jack Whitley (North Carolina State), Chris Farasopoulos (Brigham Young)*

THIS YEAR'S SUPERSOPHS

(Listed in order of potential)

Eddie McAshan, quarterback, Georgia Tech
Isaac Curtis, running back, California
Mike Wells, quarterback, Illinois
John Hannah, offensive tackle, Alabama
Greg Pruitt, receiver, Oklahoma
Greg Marx, defensive tackle, Notre Dame
Charley Byrnes, receiver, Indiana
Joe Wylie, running back, Oklahoma
Tom Jackson, linebacker, Louisville
George Hasenohrl, defensive tackle, Ohio State
Raymond Rhodes, running back, Texas Christian
Gerald Tinker, receiver, Memphis State
Tom Clark, offensive guard, Kentucky
Don Jackson, quarterback, Columbia
Lewis Grubbs, running back, Mississippi State
Keith Nosbusch, tackle, Wisconsin
Johnny Rodgers, running back, Nebraska
Dave Leffers, defensive guard, Vanderbilt
Cecil Bowens, running back, Kentucky
Willie Osley, receiver, Illinois
Willie Viney, defensive tackle, Pacific
Joe Petroshus, running back, Arizona
Jim Kropf, linebacker, Alabama
Gary Keithly, quarterback, Texas
John Edmondson, offensive guard, New Mexico State
Don Ratliff, tight end, Maryland
Godwin Turk, linebacker, California
Bob Hines, running back, Army

committees, which only five years ago would have been unthinkable, are disrupting practice sessions from coast to coast. Several teams had their seasons ruined by racial strife last fall and more schools will probably suffer the same fate this year.

Some examples of this social turmoil have taken on a ludicrous quality. Not a few coaches have created player dissension by boneheadedly insisting that all their minions be close-shaven and short-haired (like all clean-cut, patriotic, moral, red-blooded, mother-loving American boys who dig apple pie with a dollop of vanilla ice cream on the side). At Indiana last fall, a group of black athletes boycotted the football team midway through the season because, they said, the coach was treating them unfairly and was otherwise guilty of racist attitudes. This stunned the football community, because Johnny Pont is almost universally envied by other coaches for his ability to command the devotion of *all* his players, black and white. When Pont—in tears—asked his striking pupils to specify their complaints and to give him examples of his sins of omission or commission, they were stuck for answers. Finally, they said that they just "had a feeling" that he wasn't treating them fairly. Obviously, Pont can hardly be expected to cope with whatever seeming paranoia crops up on his squad.

The reason for this Kafkaesque behavior (not only at Indiana but also at Iowa, Syracuse and Washington, plus some schools where the coaching staffs have managed to keep the lid on) is that black athletes are being subjected to extreme pressure by black campus militants. Football, the argument goes, is a flagrant example of the white man's capitalistic exploitation of blacks, and black athletes are enjoined to "stand up like men and demand your rights." Black athletes at such schools as Indiana and Iowa are put in a tough situation; with nothing concrete to rebel against and no apparent grievances to redress, they become rebels in search of a cause. Sometimes the pressure is intolerable and the victims, caught between their loyalty to the coach on the one hand and to "the cause" on the other, quit football or even leave school. Some of the stronger ones rebel in a different way. One black athlete at Iowa, in the process of telling his tormentors to get lost, said, "Who's exploiting who? I'm exploiting this school for a college education and I'm going to exploit football for a $100,000 pro contract. And you want me to *quit*? You better go back and tell your momma to give you the rest of your marbles, 'cause you ain't got 'em all now."

Many coaches, of course, bring much of this misery on themselves. A depressingly large segment of the college-athletic profession is made up of authoritarian right-wing *(text continued on page 196)*

"Was that three or four strokes, Mr. Bishop?"

all hail the sovereign duchy of nieuw amsterdamme!

humor By JEAN SHEPHERD *a ringing declaration of independence from the united states of america, its uncouth democracy and its bumpkin booboisie*

IN HIS RECENT and abortive campaign for the mayoralty of the city of New York, the honorable Norman Mailer proved once again that his thinking, though often well intentioned, is nonetheless pitifully deficient in scope. While not without merit, his plan to turn New York City into a separate state of the Union—due to its myriad distinguished attributes—was redeemed mainly by the fact that, in keeping with Mr. Mailer's usual modesty and astute self-appraisal, he implied that he would be available for the governorship when statehood came to flower. This appetite for public office, of course, is based on the enlightened contemporary concept of total talent: A gifted novelist would obviously be a brilliant statesman; a great fullback could unquestionably play a superb Hamlet; a renowned pediatrician could easily master

ILLUSTRATION BY BURT SILVERMAN

the complexities of global policy; an incomparable but self-effacing New York humorist, broadcaster, *bon vivant* and *boulevardier* is eminently qualified to become—— But I'm getting ahead of myself.

The purpose of this proclamation—perhaps Magna Charta would be a more fitting name for it—is to set forth a visionary plan for the city and the citizens of New York, a revolutionary manifesto beside whose Byzantine grandeur the sand-castle daydreams of a minor novelist pale to the insignificance they deserve. Let it be known, therefore, that the undersigned, having full grasp of his faculties and with sober knowledge of the consequences that may arise from said proposal, issues the following call to arms for all right-thinking citizens and men of good will.

It is unconscionable to propose that the unique and splendid city of New York, with its component boroughs, be reduced to the sorry condition of statehood—no better than Rhode Island or Wyoming—and demeaned by inclusion among that ill-conceived and motley union of states known as the U. S. A. We hold these truths, therefore, to be self-evident: that New York City, and particularly Manhattan, has long been the abode of the true elite of this hemisphere—beings different in spirit and breeding from the oafish and truculent outlanders who swarm beyond its pillared gates; that by virtue of its superior citizenry, the city of New York can no longer abide the tyranny of that graceless form of self-government known as democracy; that the concept of said democracy, which presumptuously grants a Senator from

Indiana or Mississippi a vote in the affairs of men that is equal to the vote of the jet set, the literati and the other Beautiful People of New York, is repellent and contrary to the laws of nature; and that the tide of indignation is rising against the humiliation of continued subservience by the people of the city of New York to the dictates and clamors of the barbarous hordes that stretch from the Hudson River to the shores of the Pacific.

Any nation that contrives to allow a bumpkin wood chopper, a pedestrian Virginia farmer, a Midwestern haberdasher or an unsuccessful California gubernatorial candidate to become its leader is obviously repugnant to creatures of gentle taste and cultivated sensibility. The hour, then, has struck; the time has come for all who honor human decency to right the wrongs that have prevented America's true aristocracy from governing those less wise, beautiful and fortunate than they. Toward that worthy end, I hereby declare that the city of New York shall henceforth be not a separate state but an independent country—removed, detached, severed and liberated from the chains of servitude that bind it to its enemy and oppressor, the United States of America. From this day forward, the former city of New York shall be known as the Sovereign Duchy of Nieuw Amsterdamme and shall take its place among the nations of the world.

In view of the established attitudes and aspirations of the citizenry of Nieuw Amsterdamme, the form of government that shall prevail in this beautiful island kingdom shall be a patriarchal, hereditary, absolute but enlightened monarchy. The nostalgia for and adherence to our last great king, George III, must be recognized and revived—with a new ruler on the throne who embodies the nobility and compassion of that late-lamented leader. Upon restoration of the monarchy, of course, the social arbiters and autocrats who have long ruled New York in everything but name will become members of a titled aristocracy with all the power, privileges and perquisites that redound therefrom.

The rest of New York's citizens—an unruly mob that needs the iron hand of a stern but just monarch to save it from itself—will provide the king and his court with a plenitude of what will henceforth be known as "loyal subjects," replacing the outmoded and misleading term "citizens" which pertained under so-called democracy. Lifelong and irrevocable classification as a subject will end forever the unrest and frustration that inevitably result from egalitarian brainwashing, which cruelly conditions the *booboisie* to believe that they deserve the same rights and opportunities enjoyed by their betters. With its unbridgeable gulf between highborn and *hoi polloi*, the new social order will also bestow upon the latter a reassuring sense of identity presently denied them in the automated anonymity of urban America.

As loyal subjects, they will no longer be compelled to endure the indignities and inconveniences visited upon the hapless denizens of that human zoo known as New York City. Exorbitant rents for cramped quarters in badly maintained buildings will be a thing of the past. Except for a few of the most luxurious old mansions and condominium apartments—which will be reserved for the nobility—every edifice on Manhattan Island will be razed to the good earth; all the streets will be cobblestoned; and the peasantry will be housed in cozy but unpretentious thatch-roofed earthen hovels with dirt floors and curbside toilet facilities. Garbage collection, too, which has been crippled on countless occasions by striking sanitation workers, will no longer be a problem; there won't *be* any garbage collection. This will serve the triple purpose of avoiding a needless drain on the Royal Treasury; of providing an ideal breeding ground for plague, which will help hold down the population and thus minimize environmental deterioration; and of feeding the stray dogs and rats which will serve as a nourishing staple in the diets of the populace. In return for an honest day's work —and unswerving loyalty to the king—each subject will also be dispensed a weekly allotment of gruel and mead, and he will be granted the privilege of fishing in the East River for all the healthful catfish he can eat.

An uncompromising champion of the fight to decontaminate the air, the king will take a historic step no other world leader has had the courage even to contemplate: Rather than campaign for such ineffectual stopgap measures as lead-free gasoline or anti-pollution devices on car exhausts, he will ban all automotive transport forever from the realm. The noxious fumes that now assault the nostrils and blacken the lungs will be replaced by the healthy, basic scent of horse manure and the sweat of the yeomanry as they proceed about on foot, restored to the robust health that nature intended. Persons of noble rank will travel the streets by sedan chair, coach-and-four or horseback. And the grimy, humiliating ordeal of the subway —both literally and figuratively the lowest form of human locomotion—will become an unlamented relic of the past. Royal fiat will convert the tunnels into catacombs which will provide a final resting place for the martyrs without which no decent monarchy can survive.

The other depredations of modern technology which have brought such psychic and economic grief to the common man—electric washers, driers, stereos, eight-track tape decks, can openers, vacuum cleaners, toasters, rotisseries, refrigerators, air conditioners, radar ranges, corn poppers, automated martini swizzles—all will be swept away with a visionary stroke of the king's quill. Any private generation or use of electricity—another major source of air pollution—will be strictly forbidden. Divested of such household "conveniences," and of the repair bills that accompany them, the populace will be able to enjoy once again the hearty satisfactions of living by homemade tallow candlelight, the comfort of warming themselves by a sputtering fire of dung, the health-giving exertions of honest labor—cutting their own meat, washing their own clothes, passing the time by recounting folk tales of the past over tankards of rich ale. But the greatest blessing wrought by the ban on electricity will be the abolition of television, movies and telephones in Nieuw Amsterdamme—no more reruns, no more Walt Disney pictures and no more obscene calls, another curse of so-called free speech.

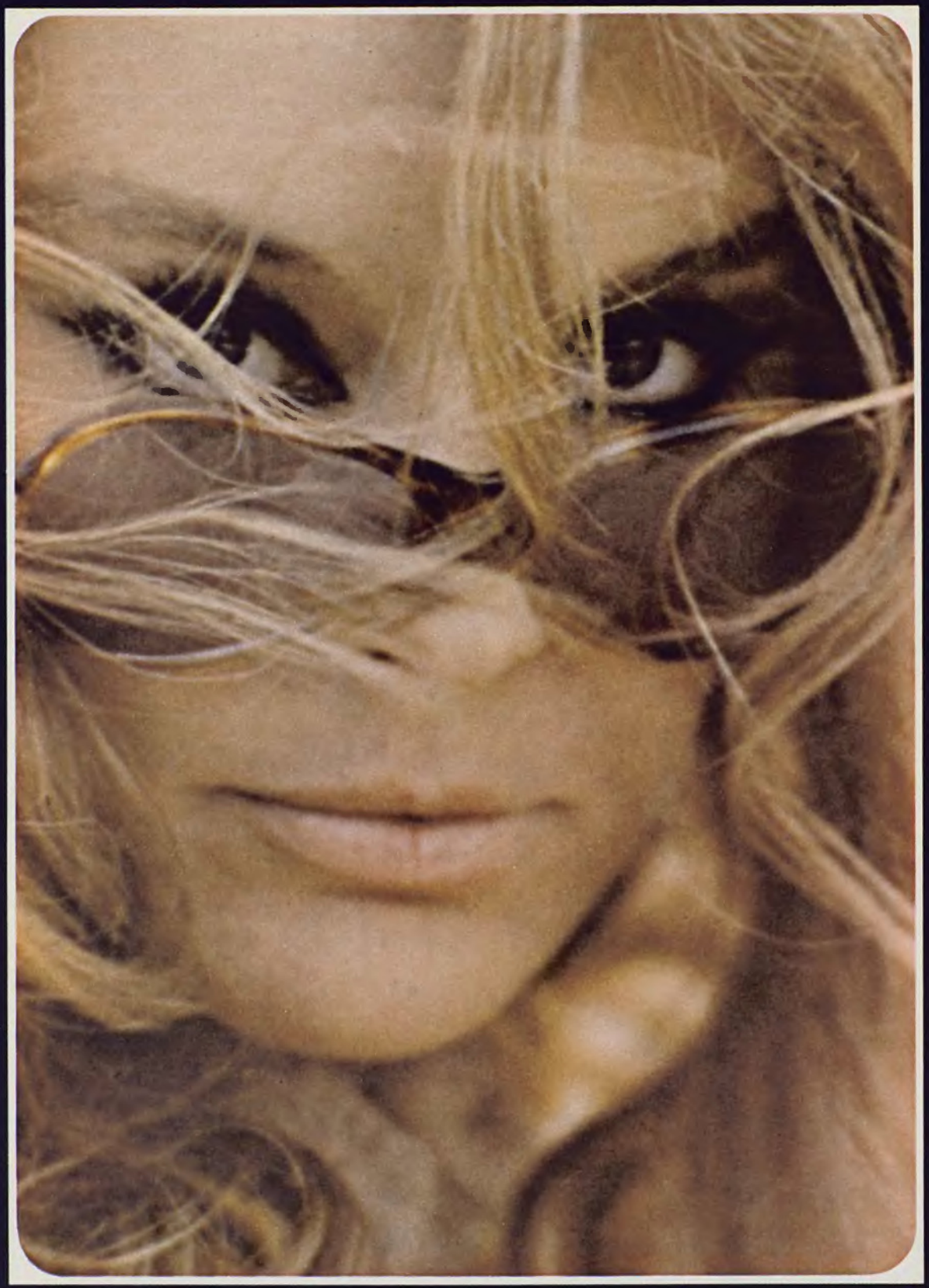
In his beneficence, the king will liberate the common populace from the yoke of servitude to crass material gain and corporate self-aggrandizement which characterize what its ulcer-ridden victims so aptly call "the rat-race." For love of their ruler, rather than for monetary reward or for personal advancement, the king's subjects will toil joyfully at the simple labors for which they are *truly* suited: spinning, weaving, washing down the streets, tending the royal stables, cowherding, wick trimming, pot scouring, mane braiding, ash raking, forelock tugging and other such honest pursuits that are so necessary to the well-being of one and all.

Just as they will be spared the worrisome, onerous burdens of worldly ambition and decision-making responsibility, none of the peasantry will be subjected to the rigors of any useless longhair book learning beyond the elementary manual training required for satisfactory performance of their duties. Recognizing that universal education has turned America's schools not only into battlegrounds but into a howling Tower of Babel populated by half-literate clods who move their lips when they read and scrawl crudities on the walls of their cities, the king shall decree that ignorance *is* bliss and that the common herd will be privileged to work and sleep with minds untroubled by the abstract—and sometimes negative—thoughts brought about by reading.

In order to avoid Louis XVI's fatal blunder of turning the entire populace into a potentially rebellious minority group, the untitled citizenry of Puritania (formerly known as Manhattan) will also be divided into two distinct classes, each of which—though equally plebeian

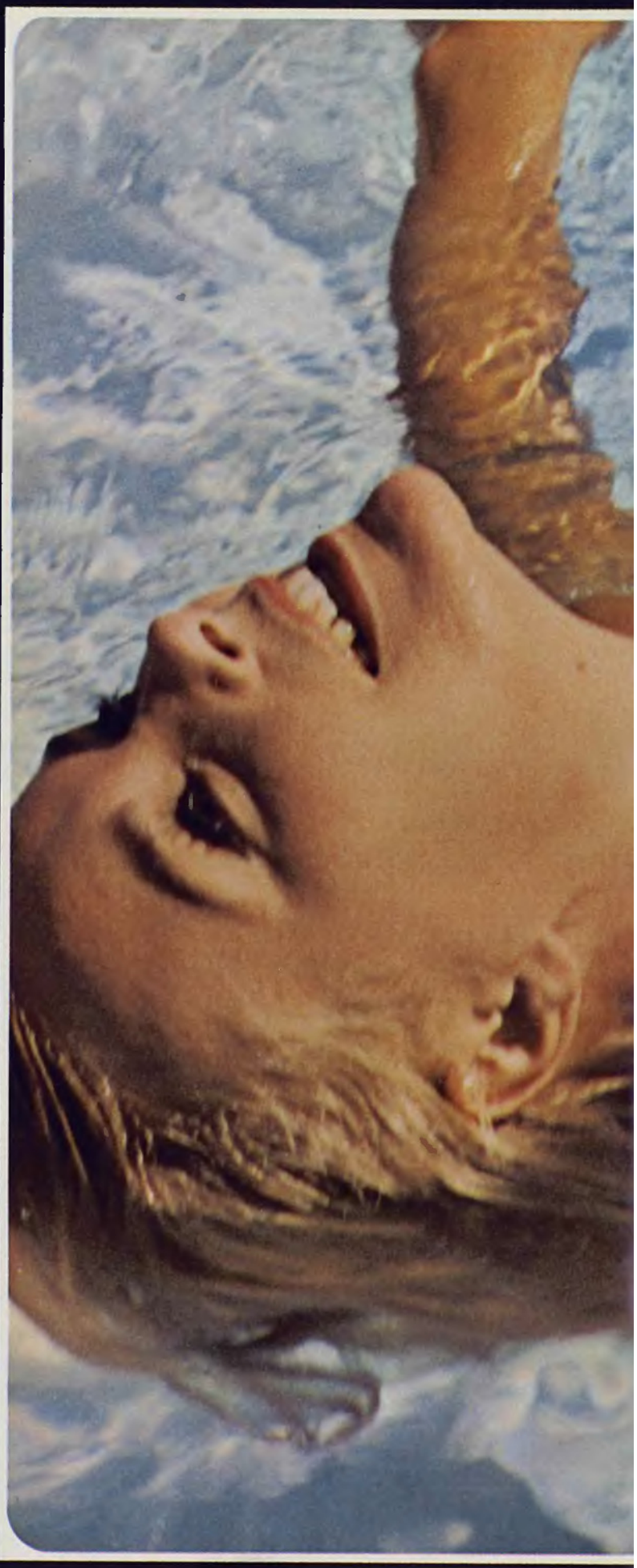
(continued on page 250)

Elke



from their family photo album, a loving and candid tribute to eye-filling screen star elke sommer by her writer husband

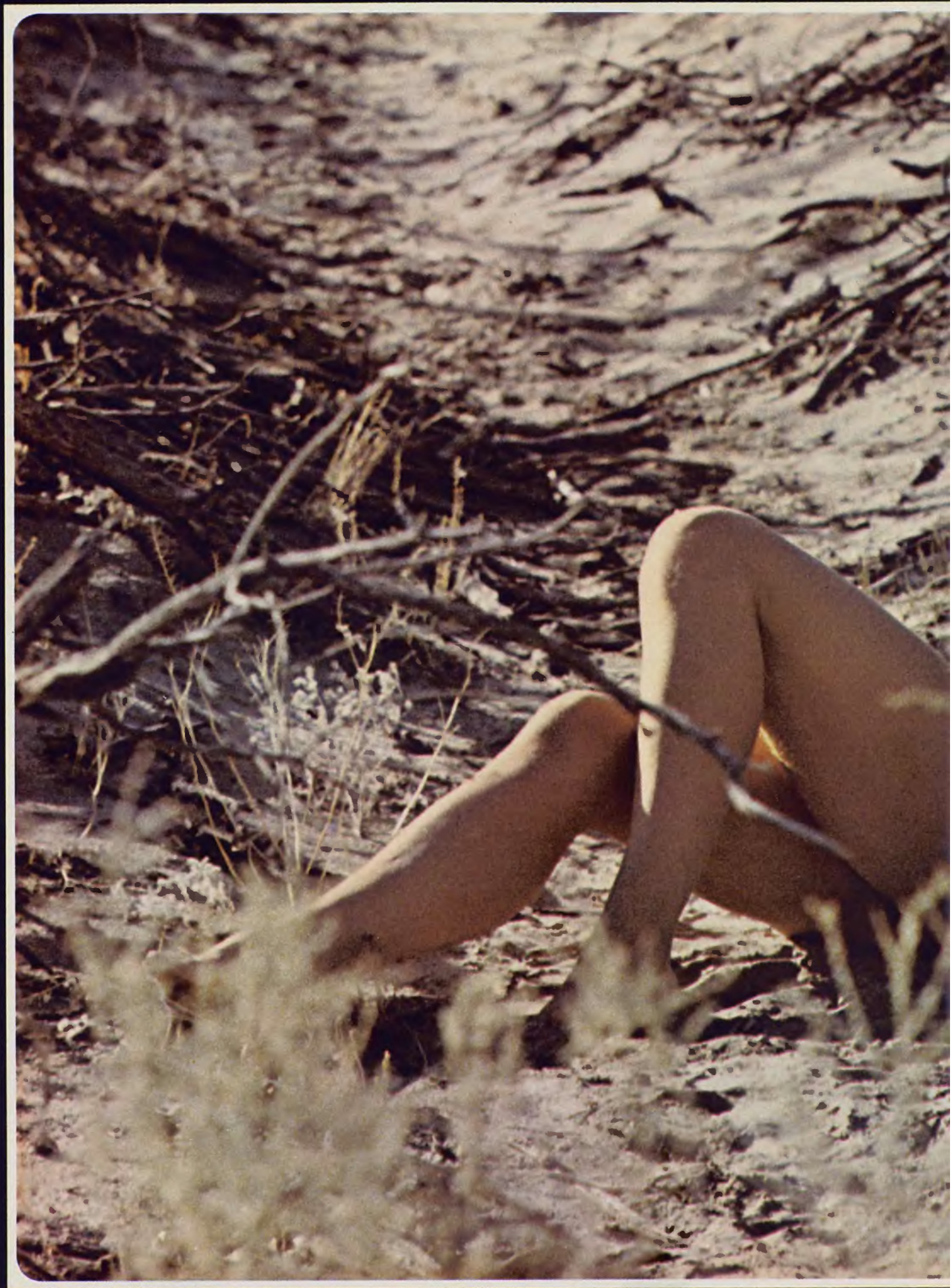
Elke is the perfect wife—inexpensive to dress. A one-woman show, she's also had several exhibits of her paintings.

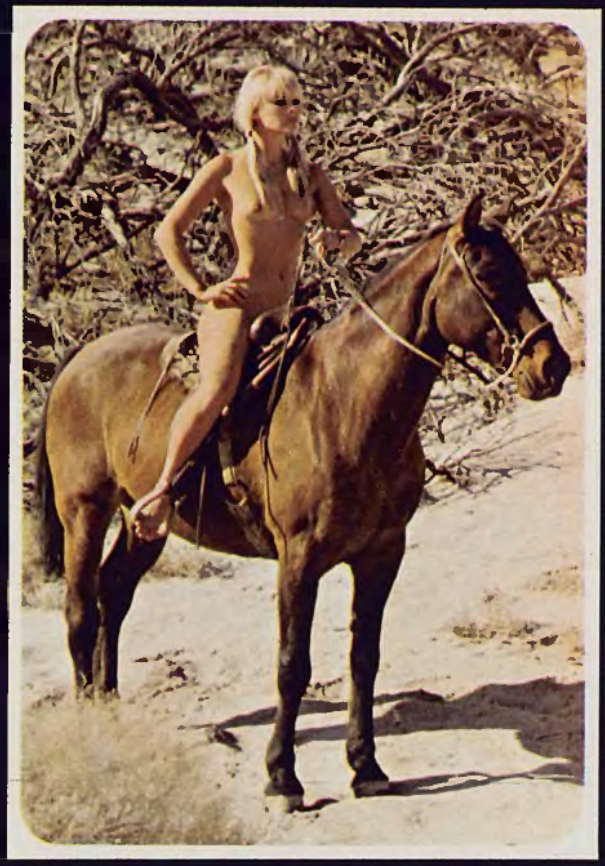


pictorial essay by JOE HYAMS

THE PHOTOS I've taken of Elke for this family album consist mainly of nudes—for a very good reason: It's almost impossible to catch her with her clothes on. She rarely wears anything around the house, and she paints nude by the swimming pool. When the doorbell rings, I have to scramble madly to find her a towel or a dressing gown, because I'm quite sure this would never occur to her; she's proud of her body and unashamed of displaying it.

As I write this, Elke is sitting cross-legged on the floor, wearing only a bikini bottom and listening to Leonard Cohen singing tunelessly, for the fourth time this evening, a song about Suzanne, who takes you down to the river and feeds you tea and oranges. She is painting while listening and asking me for the dozenth time today whether I think her painting is good, do I love her and why don't I write a song for her like *Suzanne* or maybe *(concluded on page 166)*





Elke rides like an Indian, runs the mile in 6:12, which is no surprise; she went to school with 500 boys, one girl.

Elke is unpredictable—a combination flower child and femme fatale. Flirting is as natural to her as breathing. The mystery of her turns me on. I blow my mind when I see her because she is for me the essence of nature, beauty and love.

Bridge Over Troubled Water.

I look up from the typewriter with annoyance, which fades quickly into admiration, because, in any pose, my wife is so much more beautiful than her pictures. If I *were* to write a song for Elke, it would celebrate her childish simplicity and devilish innocence, qualities that make her an occasional torment when I'm playing husband to her wife.

Before we met, married and truly loved each other, in that order, I was convinced that any man wed to a film star, especially a sex symbol, could expect to be emasculated and squeezed emotionally dry. Files kept over the 18 years I chronicled Hollywood for the *New York Herald Tribune* proved that most film actresses remained married an average of less than two and a half years, or about as long as a new toy interests a bright child.

"The simple truth is that actresses shouldn't marry and any man who marries a film star is an idiot," I wrote in 1963, just before I met Elke, who was in Hollywood to promote *The Prize*, her first American film. It was at a cocktail party given in her honor by MGM. I made notes such as, "She is astonishingly beautiful . . . makes Bardot look like a schoolgirl and Loren like a hawk . . . try an outline for *S. E. P.* profile."

Given the *Post* assignment, I suggested to Elke's press agent that I do an unusual story about his client. Rather than base the article on a few interviews, I wanted to spend a couple of days with Elke, who was a foreigner, noting her reaction to Americans and their reaction to her. We had lunch that first day. My notes read: "She speaks seven languages . . . is intellectually cold as an IBM machine but says she has 40 stuffed animals in her bedroom and sleeps in the nude with a Teddy bear named Brumm Brumm, whom she has had since childhood. . . . She's a study in contradictions . . . lucky bear, that Brumm Brumm."

Obviously, I was falling in love.

Our courtship was a thing to remember: dramatic, beautiful and unbelievable. An ex-suitor wanted to kill me in Los Angeles; we raced in a Porsche together at the Nürburgring. She rolled the car over and protected my face with her hand; we went skindiving off the island of Kvar in Yugoslavia, where she picked up the language in less than five weeks; in London, we visited the fishmonger and his wife who had hired Elke as an *au pair* girl three years earlier to take care of their four kids; she took me to the small café in Viareggio, Italy, where she had been crowned Miss Viareggio (her first and only title) and De Sica had signed her for a film; we fought in Paris because I was jealous after seeing one of her early films in which an actor had a hand on her breast; we walked for miles in the Alps, seeking the rare blue Enzian flower. We found it hidden in rocks covered with snow; she cried. And every night, I had to tell her a fairy tale or she couldn't go to sleep.

It was Hedda Hopper who announced we were going to get married when my divorce was final. "I'll wait ten years for him," Elke said, defying Hedda, who publicly berated us for falling in love without her permission. My friends were caustic. "Marry Elke and you'll end up as the tail of the dog," said director Eliot Silverstein. Otto Preminger, who has always taken a dim view of his fellow countrymen, solemnly told me, "You'll never write anything worth while again if you marry that actress." (It pleased me when he asked for galleys of my most recent book, but it had already been sold to films.)

I was 17 years older than Elke, who was only 21. As if the age difference wasn't hazard enough, I was broke at the time, with little more than a credit card, a typewriter and an old Rolls-Royce salvaged from my divorce. The *Trib* was folding and I would soon be out of a job. Elke's career, meanwhile, was rising along with her income. She was a sex symbol, an exhibitionist and an optimist, while I am by nature shy, jealous and cynical. In short, I foresaw disaster; but I told Silverstein not to be concerned.

"Our marriage won't last a year," I said.

"Then why get married?"

My answer was honest. "I figure it'll be a helluva good year, and at my age, one great year is to be desired."

I believed then, as I still do, that any marriage is nearly impossible. Also, I had no illusions about the difficulty of being married to a film star. "Profiles of Disaster" I called the 250 case histories I had collected about film-star romances that bloomed into marriage and died public deaths in the divorce courts.

My ability to predict problem areas in Hollywood marriages was awesome. I had underestimated one factor, though. Elke doesn't like to fail in anything. She had made up her mind she was going to be married only once. From the beginning, she seemed instinctively aware of the unique difficulties that face any Hollywood couple.

Problem: The film-star wife's earnings often dwarf her husband's. The usual controls a husband maintains over the family budget don't apply when a wife can counter, "All right, I'll use my own money." Financial independence means emotional independence. And because the wife earns so much money, the tendency is to live on her income in a style befitting her standing in the film community—which means that the husband is often the guest in his wife's home.

Our solution: Elke buys her own clothing and jewelry. She invests most of the money she earns from films. I give her a household allowance and she manages on it. Thanks to her childhood, when she walked five miles from her home in Erlangen, Germany, to the American PX to pick up butts for her father (a sixth-generation minister) to roll into cigarettes, she is frugal and will not throw anything away if it can be eaten, worn or salvaged.

Problem: Because the film-star wife's career is glamorous and lucrative, many husbands tend to involve themselves as managers, agents, producers or hustlers. When the careers go well, so do the marriages. But career problems mean marriage problems when the wife needs a scapegoat.

Our solution: I don't read Elke's scripts, nor do I project myself into her career. She has people who are paid to make decisions for her. If a film doesn't work out properly, their heads are on the block, not mine.

Problem: Whatever the husband of a film star does for a living, his own success is likely to be overshadowed by his wife's, so he puts her down in an attempt to build himself up. Before the California divorce laws were changed, lawyers called this popular game Hollywood people play "mental cruelty."

Our solution: When I was having a difficult time free-lancing, I fell into this trap, but Elke was patient and understanding. Now we complement each other. When she does interviews, she makes it a point to mention my current book, thus building up both my ego and my work.

Problem: Location romances are responsible for most Hollywood divorces. As one divorce attorney said, "By and large, most actors are little more than barnyard roosters." Without the restraints of home, family and society, film people tend to view locations as excuses for drinking and debauching.

Our solution: Elke insists I go on location with her. Luckily, as a writer, I can take my work with me. I think nothing is more degrading to a wife than to have her husband appear to be a policeman, so I rarely visit the set. I trust my wife to tell me if she's interested in another man.

Having predicted that our marriage would die within a year, I'm delighted to have been proved such a lousy prophet. We celebrate our sixth wedding anniversary this November.

BACK TO CAMPUS

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

our annual autumnal survey of classic revivals and new directions for the academic year

LOOKING OVER the national campus scene, one is immediately aware that the majority of men now attending our colleges and universities bear almost no resemblance—sartorially as well as politically—to the undergraduates of the past. By and large, what today's collegians wear as well as espouse reflects the spirit of youth that calls for change. Self-expression is their trademark.

Just how liberal the wardrobes of students are, of course, varies from campus to campus. But the prevailing fashion winds of

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY: On the Picasso-dominated University Plaza, four well-dressed students sport stylishly original garb that's tailor made for with-it men about campus. From left to right: Michael Grais has donned a skinny-ribbed acrylic knit U-neck pullover, by Mike Weber for Boutique Sportswear, $12; Dacron and cotton broadcloth body shirt, by Byron Britton for Aetna, $12; and geometric-weave wool worsted slacks with wide straight-cut legs, by Austin-Hill, $25. Barry Frischer stands out stylishly in a melton eight-button double-breasted outercoat with wide peaked lapels, flap patch pockets and high center vent, by Fox Hunt, $90; Dacron and cotton shirt, by John Weitz for Excello, $12; silk tie, by Ditz, $5; and wool blend slacks with flared legs, by Broomsticks, $11. Kenneth Weiss sports a glen-plaid two-button wool suit with peaked lapels, deep center vent and trousers with quarter top pockets, by Tiger of Sweden, $165; patterned Dacron and cotton broadcloth body shirt, by Byron Britton for Aetna, $10; and silk twill tie, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, $12.50. Barry Isaacs tickles Etienne Scott's fancy with an Orlon fur pile maxicoat with greatcoat lapels, by Fox Hunt, $170; worn over polyester and acetate thick-ribbed crew-neck sweater, by Robert Schafer for Burma Bibas, $25; Orlon knit long-sleeve shirt, by Jockey, $14; and acrylic check-tweed slacks with straight-cut legs, by Paul Ressler, $16.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

RICE UNIVERSITY: In the school's Memorial Center courtyard, five tuned-in undergrads sport turned-on garb that demonstrates where their heads are at. From left to right: Jerry Carter leads the way in a skinny-ribbed Trevira and cotton knit pullover with wider-ribbed shoulder yoke, by Forum, $11; checked wool blend slacks with wide waistband, flapped bellows/button-through patch pockets and flared legs, by Contact, $17; and big-buckled cowhide belt, by D'Naz, $8. Thomas Brown goes way-out Western in a sueded-cowhide fringed shirt jacket with zipper front, by Buckroe Country, $40; sueded-cotton jeans with straight-cut legs, by Landlubbers, $15; and print cotton knit shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, by Puritan, $11. Coed Mary Ann Jameson digs John Kaiser in a belted water-buffalo-hide jacket with epaulets and flapped bellows pockets, by Ericson of Sweden, $165; worn with paisley cotton knit pullover with long-pointed collar, two-button cuffs and placket front, by Robert Bruce, $11; and multicolor striped wool blend slacks with two-button extension waistband, Western pockets and flared legs, by Esquire Sportswear, $27.50. Antonin Aeck likes a sueded-cotton single-breasted suit featuring wide notched lapels and stovepipe legs, by Haspel, $85; Dacron and cotton broadcloth fly-front shirt with two-button cuffs, long-pointed collar and back darts, by Byron Britton for Aetna, $12; and wide Indian silk paisley tie, by Ditz, $8. Josh Pailet starts the new term in a cotton corduroy three-button single-breasted jacket with wooden buttons and deep center vent, by Haspel, $55; zigzag-print wool challis shirt, by Liberty of London for Sero, $40; and cotton ribless corduroy jeans, by H. D. Lee, $11.

change and individuality, it would seem, are strong enough to be felt at all schools, to degrees ranging from brief gusts to hurricane force. In compiling information for this, our tenth *Back to Campus* forecast, we've talked to undergrads across the country and, predictably, received a rich variety of answers to our fashion queries. In interview after interview, however, the students made the following observations:

1. Today, most collegians consider themselves ultracasual and are more involved in doing their own thing than in being caught up in *any* specific fashion trend. But almost all commented on the total change that has come about in men's fashion during the past four years

and celebrated the fact that males now sport colorful plumage.

2. Fraternities have all but undone whatever was left of their staid, old-school-tie approach to fashion in favor of more contemporary attire.

3. Students attending even the most conservative of Deep South schools are finally getting it all together and sporting garb that they once considered outlandish—flared slacks and body shirts, for example.

4. Style-conscious students at Midwestern and Western schools make the point that many local haberdasheries fail to keep abreast of fashion changes and cater to a small, ultraconservative group

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI: On the plaza outside this Florida university's chemistry building, four freethinking scholars hang loose in the latest garb for Southern compus weor. From left to right: Dove Winn scores fashion points with Diona Kuhen in o cotton corduroy Eisenhower-type jacket with snap closures on the front, pockets and cuffs, $12, and matching corduroy slacks with Western pockets, belt loops ond flored legs, $11, both by H. D. Lee. Jeff Feldman's casual wordrobe includes o double-knit Docron and wool cordigan sweater coot with sueded-leather shoulders, long-pointed collor, front placket ond sash belt, by McGregor, $55; multicolor geometric-weove cotton knit body shirt with long-pointed collor and barrel cuffs, by Sebring, $14; cotton knit sleeveless U-neck pullover, by Robert Reis, $4.50; and striped wool herringbone slacks with quarter top pockets, belt loops and stovepipe legs, by Asher, $14.75. Kothy Keenan lends shopely support to Jerry Bohne; despite the distraction, he keeps his fashion balonce in a cotton upholstery-cord two-button single-breasted suit with peaked lapels, flap pockets, deep center vent and trousers with extension waistbond, Western pockets ond flored legs, by McGregor, $50; multicolor striped Dacron and cotton shirt with long-pointed collor ond borrel cuffs, by Gant, $11; and wide tapestry-weave silk tie, by Bert Pulitzer for Gant, $10. Anchormon Mark Witt relaxes in tweedy polyester and wool knit, high-woisted slacks with wide two-button extension woistband, on-seam top pockets ond flored legs with high cuffs, by Monn & Goodstuff, $25; worn with Arnel jersey body shirt with snap-closure front and cuffs ond long-pointed collor, by Viceroy, $16.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS: This quintet of Midwesterners chooses the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts to stage a stylish wear-in. From left to right: James O. White digs a cotton denim Swedish army–type coat with Orlon shearling lining and stand-up collar, two-button flap patch pockets and tab closures, by H.I.S., $55; multicolor stripe wool blend slacks with flared legs, by Mann & Goodstuff, $20; and long-sleeve cotton turtleneck, by Robert Reis, $6. Sandi Goldberg is up front at center stage with Tom Freund, who wears a cotton knit body shirt with snap-fastened front and sleeve cuffs, by Viceroy, $16; and cotton corduroy jeans with belt loops and flared legs, by H. D. Lee, $11. Gail McConnell relates to Terry Alsberg in a striped wool, two-button single-breasted suit with wide notched lapels, flap pockets, deep center vent and straight-cut legs, by Clubman, $100; cotton broadcloth shirt with high spread collar and French cuffs, by Excello, $14; and Swiss wool challis wide tie, by Ditz, $8. Gary Levinson should garner applause in a wool herringbone tweed double-breasted jacket with leather belt, wide peaked lapels and deep center vent, by Franklin Bober for Clinton Swan, $65; poisley print wool challis shirt with long-pointed collar and barrel cuffs, by Gant, $35; and wool twill slacks with Western pockets and flared legs, by Asher, $13.75. Charlynn Chamberlin gets the fashion message from James C. Wilson, Jr., who sports a wool melton cloth-belted short coat with peacoat collar, off-center buttoning, slash pockets and center vent, by Fox Hunt, $55; sueded-cotton jeans with flared legs, by Viceroy, $20; seven-foot Orlon knit scarf, by Himolaya, $9; and a pair of sueded-cape fringed gloves, by Gates, $12.

with predictable—and dated—tastes in clothing.

This year, PLAYBOY once again visited five schools in five distinctive sections of the country—East, South, Midwest, Southwest and West—in order to meet as well as photograph undergrads. New York University was the most urban-oriented of the five schools, and, as might be expected, the men tended to have broader wardrobes (including several suits, topcoats and other outerwear, such as bush jackets, short leather jackets or canvas jackets lined with shearling) that would satisfy both the variety of dress options in a metropolis the size of Manhattan and the extremes of weather.

We would characterize the University

of Miami in Florida as the most fashion-conscious school we visited. Most of the men interviewed expressed awareness of and interest in current clothing styles and trends. Flared slacks, colorful shoes and tight-fitting body shirts were frequently seen.

On the surface, Rice appeared to be the most conservative campus on our list. But, according to our sources, the school is divided almost equally into short- and long-haired types, with the latter group, as you might guess, favoring the more extreme styles.

At the University of California at Santa Cruz, casualness, comfort and appropriateness for the easy-does-it outdoor California life were the major

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: Five long-haired collegians who prefer the informality of West Coast living do their own fashion thing in the redwood forest near the campus at Santa Cruz. From left to right: David Pettigrew staunchly maintains his fashion independence in cotton velvet jeans with Western pockets and flared legs, by Mann & Goodstuff, $24, held up with wide stretch suspenders, by Hickok, $6, and striped polyester and Avril rayon shirt, by Strobe, $10. Don Becker comes on cool but strong in a natural shearling-type Orlon vest, by H.I.S., $20; split-cowhide slacks with fringed flared legs and back patch pockets, by Peters, $55; acetate satin body shirt in multicolored floral Japanese pattern, by Strobe, $12; and Moroccan-style belt of metal-riveted leather, by Madonna, $15. Dane Olsen digs a cotton corduroy, three-button single-breasted suit with notched lapels, deep center vent, belt loops, quarter top pockets and straight-cut legs, by Haspel, $70; worn with acetate satin star-spangled body shirt with long-pointed collar, by Strobe, $12. Lawrence Mire is head and shoulders above his campusmates in a long-fringed split-cowhide Captain America jacket with snap front closures, snap cuffs and a long-pointed collar, by Hideout, $140; and rayon velvet jeans with flared legs and four patch pockets, by Sebring, $18. Mike Sheo's casual wardrobe includes this sueded-leather belted bush jacket with four button-through flap pockets, by Cresco, $120; striped herringbone acrylic and wool blend slacks with flared legs, by Paul Ressler, $16; cotton knit body shirt with snap front and cuff closures, by Mike Weber for Boutique Sportswear, $14; and multicolor Mexican striped rib-stitch wool knit sleeveless pullover with U neck, by Himalaya, $12.

concerns when selecting clothes. Many students there also added personal touches by having designs hand-embroidered on a jacket or a pair of jeans.

The quad of the University of Illinois was a wild sight. Undergrads, their hair shoulder length or longer, sailed Frisbees. Braless coeds were in abundance. The clothes we saw ranged from moderate to ultra-extreme; however, we were left with the impression that many U of I students consistently wear colorful offbeat attire to class as well as to weekend parties on and off campus.

So much for capsuled impressions; here, then, is a regional rundown of the aforementioned five sections of the country. While checking out the garb, keep in mind that our recommendations for a specific number of items in a category (six pairs of slacks, for example) are average figures and certainly not absolutes; you may wish to adjust the number up or down, depending on your present clothing requirements and your current life style.

THE EAST: Fashions in this area are an interesting combination of old and new. Some body shirts are being worn to class, but there are also plenty of buttondowns still around. Undergrads aren't buying any new ones; they're just getting maximum mileage out of what's left of their Ivy shirt collections. On some campuses, longer sweaters are expected to take hold. Wide ties are everywhere, with four inches the minimum width. Norfolk and bush jackets continue to be worn in varying fabric weights and colors.

Below are our suggestions as to what Easterners will need in the way of clothes to see them through the coming academic year.

Suits: two or three; a glen-plaid two-button with peaked lapels and deep center vent; a four- or six-button wool pin-striped double-breasted; and, perhaps, a solid-color two- or three-button in a range of fabrics from corduroy or poplin to flannel.

Sports jackets: two; a single- or double-breasted navy-blue blazer—if you're the blazer type—and a tweed Norfolk jacket with bellows pockets or a lightweight bush jacket.

Slacks: six pairs; five should be cuffless, flared-leg styles in whatever patterns and shades are currently being worn on your campus; the other pair should have wide straight-cut legs with two-inch-high cuffs.

Shirts: a total of a dozen dress and body shirts in direct proportion to your suit wardrobe; dress-shirt collars should be long; cuffs with double or triple buttons are preferred to the single-button style; bright solids and bold stripes are both popular.

Sweaters: six—a figure that can be adjusted up or down, depending on the number of body shirts you own; choose from turtles and mock turtles in body-hugging knits, long cable-stitch styles and U-necked models, some belted.

Outerwear: one dressy overcoat and two or three jackets—perhaps in fringed suede or buckskin, corduroy—or an inexpensive import, such as a Swedish army–type coat.

Shoes: three to five pairs; boots are a must in both cowboy and demiboot styles; also a pair each of sneakers and loafers; and one pair of plain-toed bals or bluchers to wear with a suit.

Hats: floppy leather slouch models, bush hats and *Then Came Bronson* navy-blue watch caps that can be pulled down over the ears.

THE SOUTH: Until recently, this college area was the last stronghold of uptight coat-and-tie traditionalism. Now, Southern students are also enjoying a new-found fashion liberation and are reconstructing their wardrobes with such good-looking wearables as these:

Suits: three; a bright-colored cord two-button with peaked or notched lapels and a deep center vent; a dark single- or double-breasted solid or chalk-stripe model; and a three-button windowpane plaid.

Sports jackets: four; the variance of styles from campus to campus is so broad that you'll want to hold off doing any shopping until checking out the local scene.

Slacks: eight pairs; two or three should be more expensive cuffless flannels that range from basic grays and browns to subdued patterns; you'll also want a pair or two of tie-dye jeans and a number of cuffless, flared-leg styles in lightweight, inexpensive fabrics; most slacks, incidentally, are held up with a two-inch-wide leather belt sporting a large buckle.

Shirts: Tapered dress shirts with long-pointed collars in wild prints and wide stripes are often worn to class, as are cotton knit body shirts; on some campuses, puffy-sleeved Tom Jones shirts are being combined with fringed leather vests; bright-colored five-inch-wide ties are big, although a few diehards still are knotting up neck scarves apache fashion.

Sweaters: six to nine; two should be ribbed-knit body styles; at many Southern schools, big-stitch—the bigger the better—sweaters are worn in place of a winter jacket; turtlenecks in both heavy- and lightweight materials also are favored, as are long-sleeved and sleeveless U-neck pullovers.

Outerwear: Check out double-breasted polished leather and suede; also poplin windbreakers, bush jackets and nylon sailing parkas; long Army coats are worn by surplus-store casual types; for more formal occasions, try a three-quarter-length camel's-hair topcoat with leather buttons.

Shoes: four to six pairs; choose from sandals, demiboots, two-tone tassel and lace-up models, wing tips and loafers; on many Dixie campuses, Italian soft-leather moccasins, too, are a stylish shoe-in.

THE MIDWEST: Students in the heartland of America no longer protect themselves from winter winds and snow by donning drab, monochromatic wearables with zero degrees of style. From Kansas State to Ohio State, the fashion words to the wise Midwestern undergrads are color and versatility.

Suits: three; a wool two-button in either a double stripe or a bold plaid; a very shaped dark double-breasted with peaked or notched lapels; and a lightweight whipcord or corduroy two- or three-button with an action-back pleat, half belt and a deep center vent.

Sports jackets: The British country look is popular, as seen in mediumweight Norfolk jackets and shaped tweed coats with very wide lapels; some corduroy and a few polished leathers and suedes also are worn, as are six-button double-breasted three-to-button models.

Slacks: eight pairs; stovepipe-legged pants are still being purchased by sartorially restrained Midwesterners who are not yet ready for the flared-leg look; in flares, Jacquard prints and geometric patterns are everywhere in a variety of colors, including rust, gray and such intrepid shades as British-officer pink; jeans, of course, are Midwestern favorites—especially on cold winter mornings when there's snow in the air; elephantine bell-bottoms (cuffless) with Navy-style button fronts have some campuses well buttoned up.

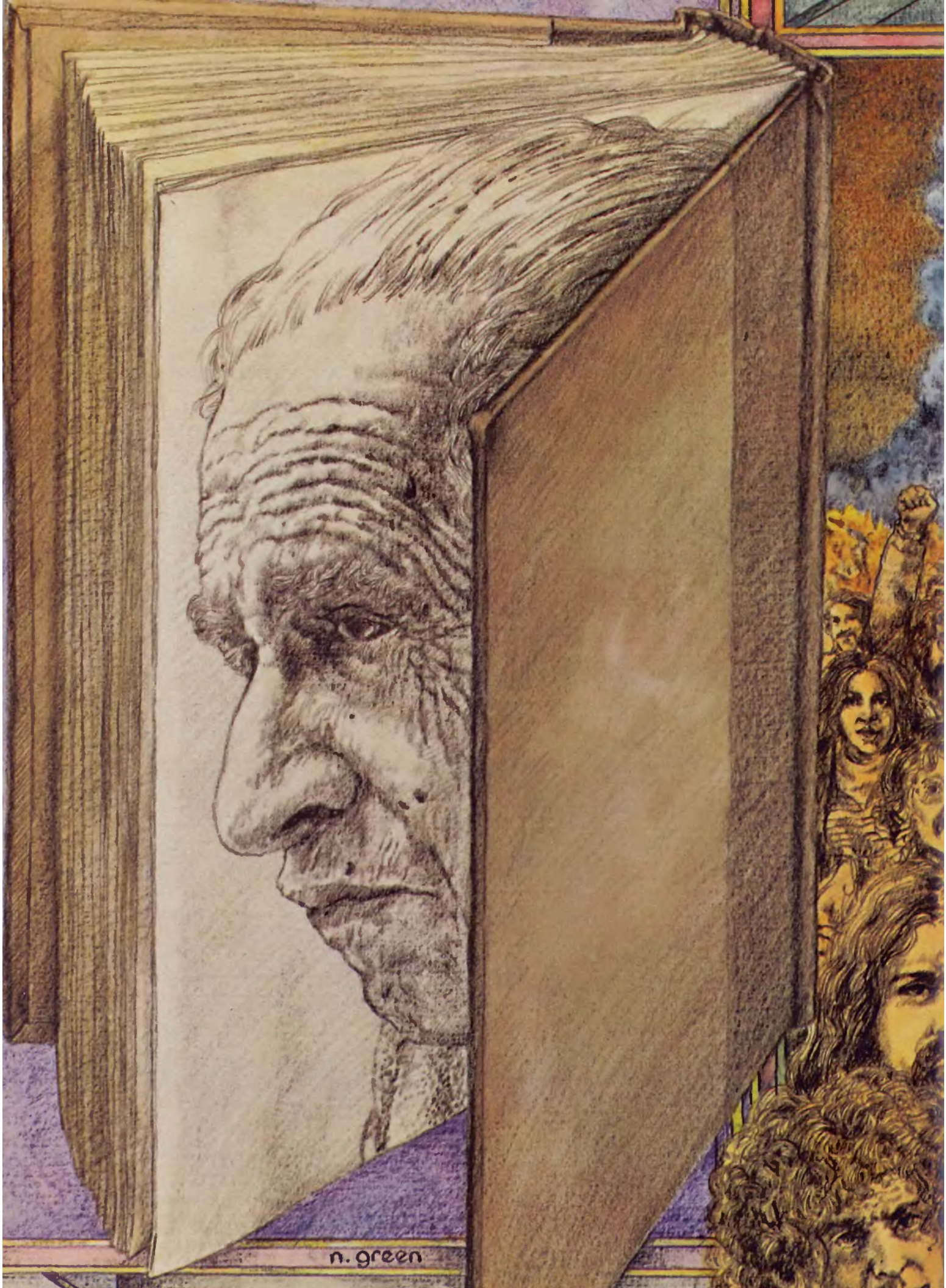
Shirts: at least a dozen dress shirts plus three to five body shirts; the ubiquitous buttondown in both solids and stripes is still seen, but there are also plenty of long-pointed- and medium-spread-collar shirts around; pullover sweater shirts with a polo collar and two-button neck placket will continue to be worn.

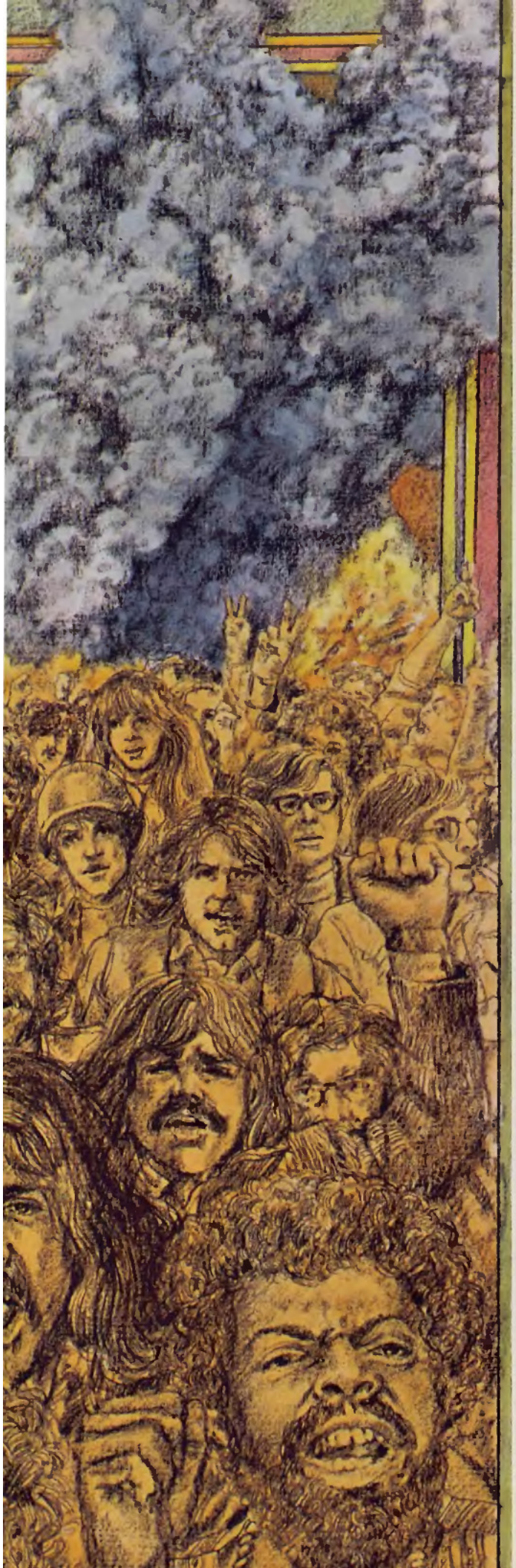
Sweaters: six to ten; the V neck has all but vanished from most Midwestern campuses and in its place, you'll find such European-inspired offerings as the body-hugging U neck, which shows more of the shirt you're wearing; very long cardigans that extend almost to the knees are being donned by a venturesome minority; big-stitch cables with turtle and crew necks rise in popularity as the temperature drops.

Outerwear: three to four; Army field jackets and ultraheavy lumberjack shirts in red, green and blue help cut the chill

(continued on page 270)

"He's an inspiration to the rest of us!"


n. green



when herbert marcuse—
septuagenarian superstar
of the revolutionaries—
plays the
up-against-the-wall circuit,
it's strictly s.r.o.

PORTRAIT OF THE MARXIST AS AN OLD TROUPER

personality By MICHAEL HOROWITZ Not since the days of F. Scott Fitzgerald had young intellectuals flocked so fervently to the estate of F. Ambrose Clark. The gatekeeper can tell you about the time the Prince of Wales supped with Ernest Hemingway, H. L. Mencken and the indefatigable Tallulah Bankhead. But by the Thirties, Long Island was too near the Wall Street corpse to be fashionable and, if you didn't jump off Hart Crane's Brooklyn Bridge, you went out to Hollywood to peel grapes with Mae West.

But now the Clark estate was once again the center of the action. Three years ago, a liberal lawyer from the Kennedy clan, Harris Wofford, had come to claim the place for the State University of New York. And with the Old Westbury campus in smooth operation and barrister Wofford comfortably installed in the Main House, it was only natural to invite the nation's hottest political philosopher to commiserate with the local literati. A week before, Wofford had put writer Jay Neugeboren up for display and attracted only a handful. But Herbert Marcuse spelled Theory and the New Left—and that was bait that no young man worth his ascot could afford to pass up on a balmy April evening.

They came in droves. In a wire-wheeled Triumph came The Most Wanted High School Radical this side of Levittown in a silk, solid-color shirt carefully opened three buttons down, the better to seduce P. T. A. housewives and keep latent principals unusually gentle. Beside him, his microdressed Sweet Sixteen rapping sensuously about Marcuse's possible program. "I hope he talks about *Eros and Civilization*," she sighed, while fondling her beau's curls. "It's so *Reichian*!"

"Don't be ridiculous!" Most Wanted retorted, pulling himself away. "It'll all center around *One-Dimensional Man*. Capitalism is collapsing and all you can think about is your damned orgasm!" Acch, women! Useless in a revolutionary situation! Why'd he bring her along, anyhow?

Just behind him came a dented Volkswagen bearing the big boys from the city—the SDS politician, the *Rat* reporter, the *Newsreel* photographer. The SDS politico, complete with angular

granny glasses and stern mustache, looked out the window phlegmatically, while his friend from the underground press fumbled with a tape recorder. "Why the hell did you have to bring a tape recorder, schmuck? The main thing is to see if Marcuse is radiating revolutionary vibrations."

"Screw you!" came the reply. "You think I'm blowing a Marcuse story? I just might sell this tape uptown, you know."

"Cool it!" whispered the vaguely stoned, definitely paranoid *Newsreel* photographer. "The gatekeeper wants to check us out!" With that, he cautiously concealed his beat-up movie camera under his faded paisley shirt and waited for the interrogation he didn't know was purely routine.

Inside the president's new home, the ballroom filled with students and visitors alike. Frank Miata, campus Marxist, took a seat close up to the speaker's armchair. Standing defiantly in the back was bearded Michael Sheridan, a former East Village Digger who had been wooed to campus by a scholarship and a leaflet. Sitting quietly in one corner was Jonathan Kottler, son of a maverick Brooklyn politician, whose affiliations at Old Westbury had so far spelled only alienation.

The faculty arrangement was no less revealing. Catholic theologian Michael Novak, whose arguments for the New Left were giving the Vatican a coronary, sat penitently on the floor, so as to be at Marcuse's feet. "Of course Marcuse is a theologian," Novak tells you softly, fingering his beads, "even if he doesn't admit it." Reverently on foot in the corner was Richard Jones, whose Freudian notions on education have put him in Dutch with Organized Psychology. "*Eros and Civilization*," Jones intones earnestly, "is a book that has changed my life." Only Pete Orleans, the visiting sociologist from UCLA, took his ease in one of the armchairs. "Some of what Marcuse says is right," young Orleans remarks casually, "and some of it is dead wrong."

Wrong Marcuse may often be, but never dead wrong—his revolutionary broadsides have always been too delightfully apocalyptic to be anything but explosively alive. It is Marcuse's very vivacity that renders his outlandish dialectic so palatable. In brief, the philosopher sees history as an endless confrontation between reason and imposed ignorance. To hear Marcuse tell it, reasonable men would automatically agree on everything from equal distribution of wealth to bisexual orgies, if it weren't for the professor's version of the blue meanies—fat-cat power elitists who've been hoarding everything for themselves since the Stone Age. The ruling class, Marcuse insists, will resort to anything to preserve its privileged position, from the artificial creation of pointless wars and weapons to the maintenance of a sterile morality to a massive bread-and-circuses campaign designed to numb you into bliss with new cars, football and moon landings. It all adds up to a grim view of the future, with the blue meanies manipulating aggression and domination with cybernetic efficiency, while the rest of us smoke more and enjoy it less. The hope is for the victory of reason through a student-worker revolution that will be, in Marcuse's words, "as violent as the violence it combats."

Meanwhile, back in the dining room, Herbert Marcuse and President Wofford were finishing their dinner. It never for a moment occurred to Wofford that his Kennedy ideology or his recent authoritarian directives to his student body—on student power and drug use—were in direct conflict with Marcuse's rhetoric. The important thing was that Marcuse was a big name and that meant prestige for the fledgling Old Westbury addition to the State University of New York: Nelson Rockefeller's "Pyramids to Learning."

"I think your fans are just about ready for you," Mrs. Wofford informed Marcuse.

"*Ja*, tell them I'm coming in a minute." *Fans!* What the hell was he, anyway—a visiting scholar or a touring rock star? Yet fans they were, as crass in their adoration as the crowd cheering Johnny Winter that night at the Fillmore East.

It will always be a fact of supreme irony that popularity should have come to Herbert Marcuse as he turned 70. Born in Berlin in 1898, he received his doctorate from the University of Berlin in 1922. He taught there at the height of the Weimar Republic, a culture of brilliant professors and a Neanderthal middle class. Berlin was alive with the genius of Einstein, Mann, Brecht and the nearby Freud, and young Marcuse simply took accurate notes. But by 1933, the Neanderthals were in power and the following year Marcuse took his wife, Sophie, and his son, Peter, to New York. For seven years, he toiled as a research assistant at the Institute of Social Research at Columbia University. In the Thirties, he was something of an American patriot, finding much to admire in the New Deal. When the War came, the German scholar willingly served the State Department as a senior analyst of (Nazi) War information. He continued to work for the department until 1950, a fact that both he and the State Department would now like to forget. In 1950, the Cold War policies of the United States obliged Marcuse to return to intellectual pursuits in New York. As an associate of the Russian Institute, he entered the American classroom, lecturing to the blue bloods of Columbia and Harvard on the corruptions of Soviet Marxism. One year later, Sophie Marcuse was dead; but the book Marcuse wrote in her memory may be among the 20th Century's greatest visions. *Eros and Civilization*, published in 1954, reveals the theoretical groundwork for Marcuse's critique of modern society. It proposes the merger of the Freudian and Marxist philosophies, sexual as well as economic liberation. But the author underscores the idyllic nature of the proposal, claiming that, in reality, the trend in "advanced" society is toward exploitation and puritan repression.

With the publication of *Eros and Civilization*, Abram Sachar—president of Brandeis University, in Waltham, Massachusetts—in a rare display of courage, decided to flout McCarthyite opinion and hire an avowed Marxist as professor of politics. At Brandeis, Marcuse flowered, giving lectures—stridently critical of American civilization—to packed student audiences. During his 12 years there, he reached many of today's most influential young, the most notable being Abbie Hoffman. In 1955, Marcuse married his present wife, Inge Werner, and settled down to write his definitive critique of American culture, *One-Dimensional Man*.

Under the circumstances, President Sachar's liberalism proved less than immutable. With the emergence of Socialist Cuba, the Waltham campus became more polarized than ever. Faculty support for Castro, though confined to a minority, threatened for the first time to stamp a Marxist label on Brandeis. At that point, the mostly Jewish, mostly moderate-to-liberal philanthropists who had founded and funded the 22-year-old university, threatened to sever the purse strings if Brandeis turned firebrand. Sachar got the point. His first head-on challenge came during the Cuban missile crisis, when the highly acclaimed anthropologist Kathleen Aberle opened an address to the student body with the words, "*Viva* Fidel! Kennedy to hell!" The following week, Sachar turned on her savagely, Aberle resigned and Marcuse was in the forefront of a student-faculty move to censure Sachar publicly. It was the aging Marcuse's most significant political act in America and it eventually cost him the position he had waited years to attain. With Marcuse, it might be added, went the intellectual front line of the faculty, and the university has never quite recovered from the exodus.

During his final year at Brandeis, when his contract was being terminated, Marcuse became a vociferous critic of American policy in Vietnam. After the U. S. began its intensive bombing of North Vietnam in February 1965, he delivered his most scathing polemic. "When I came to this country in the Thirties," Marcuse exclaimed in an unusual show of emotion, "there was a spirit of hope in the air. Now I detect a militarism and a repression that calls to mind the terror of Nazi Germany." Needless to say, that sealed his departure, but he wasn't

(continued on page 228)

PAYMENT OVERDUE

fiction

By ROBERT GOLDMAN

stanley asked the devil to make him a rock-'n'-roll star—but he wasn't fated for showbiz

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SLACKMAN

SAN FRANCISCO WAS STILL three states and 16 hours ahead when I pulled into the small gas-station café on the road between Loma, Colorado, and Harley Dome, Utah.

I was dawdling over the remains of my cheeseburger and contemplating the decline of the American French fry when the man who pumped gas and poured coffee put down his newspaper and started talking to me.

"I don't mean to bother you," he said, "but I couldn't help noticing your overbite. You really should have someone look at it. I could give you the name of a top guy in Los Angeles. That is, if you were going to Los Angeles."

The man was maybe as old as 40, fat as a turnip and smelled of grease and gasoline. In better circumstances, he could have passed for a certified public accountant.

"I know a good man in Phoenix," he continued, "if you were going to Phoenix. Or Seattle. I know a genius in Seattle."

I sucked up the dregs of my milk shake and promised to have someone look into my mouth at the earliest opportunity.

"Listen," he said, "I don't care about your overbite. I only said that to get the conversational ball rolling. What I need is a ride out of here. Now, how about it?"

I told him I never give rides to strangers.

"Good policy," he said, coming around to my side of the counter. "But if you can give me a few minutes of your time, I can tell

you a little bit about myself. Then we won't be strangers anymore and you can give me the ride."

I wasn't anxious to start driving again and I have never refused a story, no matter how dull it promised to be. I told him I'd be glad to listen and then decide about the ride. The man poured me a free cup of coffee and started talking.

• • •

From the day I bought my first Buddy Holly record, I knew it was my destiny to be a rock-'n'-roll star.

I spent every minute of every day dreaming of the time when my name would top *Billboard*'s Hot 100 and my face would be plastered across record-store windows. At night I would lie awake, imagining myself at Fillmore East, in a gold-lamé T-shirt and tight leather hip-huggers, madly whirling and gyrating, king to a nation of teenage nymphs. And had I not had the misfortune to be born fat, ugly and totally without musical ability, my dream might have come true.

It all could have happened. It just didn't.

So, instead of standing before the screams and lights in a black-satin jump suit, I became a record clerk and spent my days shelving Tito Puente albums and mentally nuzzling each and every one of the unending procession of mind-altering, gonad-tugging young ladies, all wearing short, tight skirts and skintight sweaters. All completely uninterested in me. And all on their way to buy the latest hit record by their latest pop idol, to whom, I knew, they would eagerly sacrifice their sweet young bodies without a moment's hesitation.

The days passed slowly and by closing time, I could hardly wait to rush home to my record collection and the magnificent stereo system I had painstakingly assembled from the finest components available. In fact, the night it all started, I was in such a hurry I had turned off the lights and locked the front door before I realized there was still one customer left in the store.

He was a dapper little man with a fringe of white hair over each ear and a well-trimmed fringe over his upper lip. He wore a blue pin-stripe suit with old-fashioned lapels and his shoes, I remember, were black and shiny. Not our type of customer at all.

"I have a most beautiful and unusual record," he told me. "Very old. Very rare. This is classical music," he said. "Been in the family for years." And how much would I like to offer him for it?

Impatiently, I explained that if he had an early Elvis on Sun, I might consider it. Or an original Screaming Jay Hawkins acetate. But other than that, I was in the business of selling records, not buying them; and if there was nothing he wanted to buy, would he mind letting me close up and go home.

Well, he didn't mind. He also didn't move. He just looked at me and started to smile.

"I'll give you a dollar," I said, finally. "Take it or leave it."

The old man laughed.

"A dollar's too much," he said. "Make it a quarter. We'll discuss it. I'll ask for seventy-five. You'll say fifteen. We'll settle for fifty."

"We'll discuss nothing," I said, closing the door behind us. "Here's your dollar. Here's my record. Thank you very much and good night."

Later that evening, after a perfect five hours with Ritchie Valens, Chuck Berry, the Big Bopper and Jerry Lee Lewis, not to mention Little Richard, Little Eva and Little Milton, I remembered the old man.

As I put the record on my turntable and just before it started spinning—at exactly 78 revolutions per minute—I happened to catch a glimpse of the title. It was written in red script on a black label. The record was called *One Last Wish*.

I sat back in my chair in the exact acoustical center of the room. The old man was right. This record was unusual.

There was no tune, no rhythm, no lyrics. The singing was more like . . . more like very melodic screaming. The voices were tortured. Horrifying. Yet, somehow, very musical. For no very good reason, I found myself smiling; and before I knew it, my foot started tapping. Thanks to the superiority of my equipment, I could hear the faintest background noises: strange sizzling sounds, hisses and groans. Cosmic crashes that filled the whole room with thunder. Gradually, the music—if you could call it that—grew louder. Cries and screams became overpowering silences and then great explosions and then colors and fire, and then there was a great flash of light and the room filled with smoke.

I sat riveted to my chair. If I had a muscle, I was too scared to move it.

When the smoke had cleared, the room was permeated with a faint smell of sulphur. And that wasn't all. Standing before me was a giant gray electronic monster. I was surrounded on all four sides by wall-to-wall computer.

"Thank you so much for calling," the computer began, in a very well-modulated and mechanical voice. "I am the Diagnostic Exponential Visualizing and Integrating Laboratory computer. You may call me the D. E. V. I. L."

When I came to, I found out the rest.

Due to a recent influx of very young men, many with backgrounds in data processing, hell had started to modernize.

"Computerization is only one part of the picture," the D. E. V. I. L. told me. "But I really don't know why we didn't think of it centuries ago!"

In the next few minutes, I learned that the D. E. V. I. L., while still a prototype, was nevertheless equipped to grant me one wish. One last wish in exchange, of course, for the eternal possession of my immortal soul.

"It's not a bad fate," the D. E. V. I. L. continued. "You will be assigned to an insignificant job in a small division of a larger corporation. You will be totally obsessed with success and will work compulsively to claw your way to the top. We will provide wife and children whom you will ignore and friends whom you will stab in the back. You will struggle and sacrifice and every time you climb to the highest rung of the corporate ladder, you will be immediately returned to the bottom to start working your way to the top again."

The computer sputtered for a moment and then fell silent. I knew it was waiting for my answer.

"I don't care about the consequences," I said. "I want to be the biggest star with the biggest hits. I want to make a million dollars a year. I want women to love me and I want three appearances on the *Ed Sullivan Show*."

The D. E. V. I. L. began to spin its memory disks.

"Right now," the D. E. V. I. L. explained, "I am running your personality profile through my guidance module. This way, we don't waste valuable time trying to make you something you're not. Which is inefficient, impractical and, in general, very bad business. This way, I can make you something much better than a rock-'n'-roll star."

"What could be better than being a rock-'n'-roll star?" I wanted to know.

"Being," the D. E. V. I. L. told me, "what you were always meant to be."

The computer started flashing and clicking. Lights lit. Buzzers buzzed. Right before my eyes, punched cards punched and were punched right back.

"Don't you ever get the feeling," the D. E. V. I. L. continued, "that somewhere along the line, you took the wrong turn in the right road or the right turn in the wrong road? And that because of this one little mistake, things never really worked out right for you?"

"I knew it!" I cried. "If only I had practiced my piano lessons!"

"We'll have the answer in .00632 seconds," the D. E. V. I. L. announced. "Not bad for a problem that would ordinarily have taken six hundred and sixteen devil-hours."

"Just compute," I said, sinking back into my chair. "Just compute."

The D. E. V. I. L. had the answer .00632 seconds later.

"Stanley Lippincott," it said, for that is my name, "in return for possession of your immortal soul, I, the D. E. V. I. L., will make you what you were always meant to be. An orthodontist."

(continued on page 232)

portable playhouse

it's a flying-saucer-shaped hideaway designed for whirlybird delivery and instant livability in any clime

SHOULD THERE BE a noticeable increase in UFO reports during the next few months, it might well be caused by the sudden appearance of the airborne Futuro—a Finnish-designed fiberglass mobile pad, above, that looks more like a spaceship than a weekend *pied-à-terre*. Although this funhouse—which has a 26-foot diameter—can be purchased as empty as an eggshell, we prefer the de luxe completely furnished model, with its wall-hugging curved sofa, deep-shag carpets, dimmer-controlled indirect lighting and hooded fireplace that doubles as a barbecue grill. The interior lay-out of the Futuro, as you may have guessed, is exceptionally compact; a combination kitchen-dining-living area makes up two thirds of the pad, while the remainder is a bedroom and bath. Overnight guests can be quartered in the living area, as the two cocktail tables adjacent to the sofa convert into double beds. The Futuro is virtually maintenance-free; its sealed-up saucer shape and unique ventilation system all but eliminate dust and humidity; and an optional—and recommended—air-conditioning unit keeps the hideaway cool in summer. When winter arrives, built-in electric heating coils maintain a constant and comfortable 72 degrees. And we're sure you'll agree that the $14,000 price tag F.O.B. Futuro Enterprises in Philadelphia for a furnished saucer is definitely down to earth.

The Futuro's steel-legged base is adoptable to virtually any terrain, from flat ground to a 20-degree incline. An entrance foyer is located between the bedroom and the bath; a counter-balanced flip-down front door forms the staircase. Sixteen elliptical windows ring the module; two floor-level viewing windows also are located in the dining area.

The floor plan at right gives you additional insight on just how wisely the Futuro's 500 square feet are utilized. Buyers choose from four exterior shades—blue, gold, green and white—that have been color coordinated with the interior. *For more information on where model Futuros are located, write to Playboy Reader Service, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Top: The sealed-up configuration of a Futuro makes it an ideal beach hut: There are no openings through which sand can seep. Above: A pedestal dining table and four matching, molded chairs are conveniently located just a salad's toss away from the completely equipped kitchen area. Below: Futuros can also be used as ski cabins; the pad's polyester-resin exterior skin is virtually impervious to wind and snow. Bottom: *Après-skiers* relax near the hideaway's hooded fireplace—which also doubles as an indoor barbecue grill.

in a search for the reality buried beneath mass-media rhetoric, we've polled college campuses across the nation to find out where young america stands on society's most explosive issues

AN IMAGE OF THE SEVENTIES STUDENT as a freaky radical haunts the American mind: His hair is down to his shoulders and there's a psychedelic gleam in his eye as he tosses a tear-gas canister back at a thick olive line of Guardsmen protecting the R. O. T. C. building. After the confrontation, he splits for an apartment where he spouts Ché and Mao, smokes dope and then tears off his clothes and leaps into a tangled erotic pile. Later, he wearily plans the revolution—to overthrow mom, the flag, Agnew and apple pie—while the Jefferson Airplane sings "Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker!"

That's the stereotype, anyway.

It came about from watching hours of bloody clashes between students and cops/Guardsmen/hard-hats on the evening news; from hearing national leaders denounce student dissenters as "bums," "agitators" and "dupes of Hanoi"; from overkill coverage of sex scenes such as the free-love-in-the-mud trip at Woodstock; from local reports of drug busts on nearly every campus in the country; from the confident prophecies by radical leaders that the revolution is about to get it on. Of such stuff is the image created. But is it accurate? Are the majority of students at the barricades, either physically or ideologically?

To find out, PLAYBOY conducted one of the largest student opinion polls ever taken—a survey of attitudes on major issues on nearly 200 campuses across the country. The results—compiled from the responses of 7300 students—indicate that those on the ramparts stand a much lonelier vigil than one is led to expect. The majority of students may not be silent, but they have yet to stampede the nearest Weatherman recruiting table.

To begin with, students were given a list of 11 issues and asked to pick the one they felt was most serious. Here are the priorities they set.

SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT ISSUE

The war in Indochina	39%
Racial conflict	15%
The environment	15%
Government repression	7%
Overpopulation	7%
The economy	6%
Crime	3%
Drugs	3%
Student rights	2%
Nuclear disarmament	2%
Women's rights	1%

It's no surprise that most students choose the war as America's most pressing concern. What seems most significant is the fact that more than 60 percent of the students feel that something *other* than the war is most troublesome. From this, it appears that student political activity is not, as many have called it, a single-issue protest but, rather, a reflection of a deep and wide-ranging concern for America's problems that is not likely to wane when the war ends.

THE WAR: Among the issues covered, a majority take a seemingly radical stand on only one: Vietnam. (The students were given four possible positions on the war; the numbers indicate the percentage of students who chose that statement as the one closest to their own position.)

THE WAR—SOLUTIONS

Should pull out now	**36%**
Should speed up withdrawal	29%
Should follow the Administration's timetable for honorable withdrawal	26%
Should fight for total victory, no matter what	9%

These figures clearly reflect a widespread antagonism to the war. Nearly two thirds (65 percent) of students polled believe that the Nixon Administration should quickly withdraw all U. S. troops; and more than a third (36 percent)

PLAYBOY'S STUDENT SURVEY

feel that the war should be ended immediately. The depth of anti-war sentiment has shown itself repeatedly in the form of demonstrations, marches and the strikes that followed the move into Cambodia. The discontent is not equally distributed among all types of students. We analyzed four important variables: sex, age, religion and family income—each of which might influence a student's position on the war—and found that his religious affiliation, or lack of it, most affects his position on the war. The following table breaks down by religion those who want to pull out of Vietnam now.

PULL OUT NOW—BY RELIGION

Protestant	27%
Catholic	30%
Jewish	51%
Other	40%
None	63%

Protestants show the least support for the radical choice. A further analysis (not shown on the table) demonstrates that anti-war feeling on campus is so strong that even among the Protestants, who are usually thought of as the backbone of Nixon's silent majority, more than half (56 percent) want the war brought to a speedy close; only a modest 32 percent support the Administration's program in Vietnam. At the other end of the spectrum are those students claiming no affiliation with organized religion; this group leans farthest to the left on almost all issues.

STUDENT UNREST: Because of the thoroughgoing—and extremely visible—campus distaste for the war, many observers have expressed fears that the U. S. has bred a generation out of control and committed to tearing down the system. But the response to a question on campus unrest suggests a far less Draconian outlook.

CAMPUS TURMOIL

Most students are satisfied with conditions on campus; trouble is being fomented by agitators	18%
Students are concerned, but dialog, not demonstrations, is the answer	33%
Dialog has broken down; we need vigorous peaceful protest	42%
University is part of a corrupt system; we must tear it all down	7%

The overwhelming majority of students (82 percent) believe there are serious deficiencies in the educational system that urgently require reform. The most striking figure on this table may well be the tiny percentage (seven percent) opting for the revolutionary alternative. Three quarters of the students expressed a desire to find solutions to campus problems through legitimate methods of dissent, either dialog or peaceful protest.

Answers to two related questions further establish the predominantly liberal-moderate character of student political opinion. In the area of Government reform, responses are remarkably similar to those on campus unrest:

U. S. SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT

U. S. system is fine as is	12%
The system isn't perfect, but working within it is the most effective way to change it	73%
The system needs complete overhaul; violent revolution is the only way	15%

After what most students saw as the nightmare of the 1968 Democratic Convention—both in the Chicago Amphitheater and on the streets—there was fearful speculation that students had become disillusioned about the fairness and legitimacy of the democratic system in practice. Many commentators even predicted that this disaffection might well lead to violent revolution. According to our results, no such development has occurred. The disillusion is real enough, as the general results of the poll reflect. However, nearly three quarters (73 percent) believe that although the system is flawed, its evils and inequities can be remedied by constructive work from within—not through wholesale destruction from without. There is, in fact, a pronounced bias against violence as a political tactic.

At Kent State last spring, and a week later at Jackson State, the disastrous potential of campus disruptions became real. We asked the students where the blame for the four Kent State deaths should be placed.

KENT STATE KILLINGS

Were the inevitable result of violent demonstrations; fault lies mainly with students	19%
Were an unfortunate accident; no one's fault	38%
Were attributable to the Nixon Administration's hostile attitude toward dissent	43%

On this question, students were responding to an issue that was vivid to them (the poll was taken two weeks after the incident). Their response was angry: A plurality (43 percent) laid the blame for the killings on the Nixon Administration's hostility toward student dissent; 38 percent thought the killings were an accident; while only 19 percent blamed the violent character of the demonstration and the students who led it.

What is particularly interesting here is that the Administration seems to have succeeded, by a series of speeches and comments berating campus demonstrators, in pushing students to a position far left of the one they would otherwise have held. This is indicated by the response to a question about violent demonstrations in general.

(continued on page 236)

VIOLENT DEMONSTRATIONS

Violence is unjustifiable under any circumstances	53%
Violence is justified only when provoked by authorities	33%
Violence is the only way to make the establishment respond	14%

how the fourth rule was invented

from the tales of Hsing shih heng yen

Ribald Classic

IN SHANTUNG PROVINCE during the Ch'eng-hua period of the Ming dynasty, there lived an affluent family with 12 children. The youngest of these was Flowering Mulberry, who possessed a delicate charm, a silken skin and a lovely face, and who had reached the age of 18 when my story begins.

One day, en route to visit an uncle in a nearby village, Flowering Mulberry was overtaken by a heavy downpour of rain and had to run for shelter into a semi-ruined temple near the road. Lying down, the youngster soon fell asleep and so did not notice when a woman traveler came into the temple seeking refuge from the storm. This woman quietly approached the sleeping girl and, attracted by her beauty, soon began to caress her. She let her hands flow over the supple body and, finally, could not resist sliding her hand beneath the robe to stroke in the most private place.

Then the woman was astonished and she gave out a sharp cry. Flowering Mulberry awoke and looked at her with fear and confusion. "Why is it," the woman demanded, "that you seem by your dress and your looks to be a girl, but underneath I discover the virile root of a young man?"

"It is not my fault," said Flowering Mulberry. "Because I was the slightest child in the family and because I was said to be so pretty, my mother took the notion of dressing me so. I dare not displease her, and yet I am most unhappy." Flowering Mulberry paused and looked curiously at the stranger. "But why should a woman wish to fondle someone who appears to be a girl? Is that not unnatural?"

It was the woman's turn to look discomfited. At last, she said, "To tell the truth, I was raised by my mother even as you have been. I wore girls' clothes and learned to mimic the ways of women, though I am, in fact, a man with the desires of men. When young, I learned to do needlework with great skill; and when I grew up, I began the life of a wanderer, going from house to house, doing fine sewing. In rich houses, there are many idle women with licentious thoughts; so at night I practice another kind of needlework in bed—sometimes with a lady attendant, sometimes with a wife. When things get too touchy or dangerous, they bribe me to go. I've had much gold and many silken stuffs that way and I've never been found out. I've enjoyed the bountiful pleasures of highborn ladies in two capitals and nine provinces."

"What an astonishing tale!" cried Flowering Mulberry. "Could these houses you speak of use two seamstresses? For I embroider rather nicely, myself."

"Anything is possible for a girl as beautiful as you and a boy as manly as you," said the impersonator. And so they set out.

Once they had left the border of Shantung behind, they found quite a few rich manors that would take them in for a week or two. The master taught the apprentice every trick of feminine mimicry, and Flowering Mulberry won the hearts of everyone. The rich husbands were pleased by her demure charm and the rich wives were overjoyed with his stallion potency in bed at night.

At last, the master grew ill and determined to part from his apprentice. "Remember the three sacred rules of the game," said the master as they bade goodbye. "Never stay in one house longer than two weeks. Never put your hands on servant girls, for they chatter. Avoid young virgins, for they have a deplorable tendency to scream and weep."

When Flowering Mulberry came to the province west of the river, he approached a fine mansion and was taken in. He soon discovered that there were 15 women in the household, all young and beautiful; whereupon his emotions grew so strong that he could barely refrain from making his robe into a most unwomanly kind of tent. Better yet, the master of the house was old and semi-invalid. On the first morning, when Flowering Mulberry was sent to sew in my lady Shining Dawn's chamber, he began at once to make intimate conversation. Later, the secret was revealed and caresses were exchanged. That evening, Shining Dawn came to his bedroom and joined in deeds of lust more thrilling than she had ever thought possible. She promised to return the following night.

The next day, unexpectedly, the old gentleman's younger brother arrived to visit the invalid. He was a powerful and sullen-looking young man who barely spoke to his relatives, stared rudely at Flowering Mulberry and bullied the servants.

When all was quiet that night, Flowering Mulberry lay on his mat, awaiting Shining Dawn. A form slipped silently into the room, crossed the floor and lay down. Suddenly, instead of the soft, teasing hands of Shining Dawn, Flowering Mulberry felt a pair of powerful male hands seize him. He tried to escape, but the crucial discovery was made.

In astonishment, the brother—for, of course, it was he—began to yell for servants and lights. When they came, he was holding Flowering Mulberry by his noble member and shouting, "Look at this needle I found by chance! Who knows what holes it has been mending?" Again he showed himself quite lacking in good manners and elegant speech.

In the governor's prison, awaiting execution, Flowering Mulberry scratched on the wall these characters: "Fourth rule —when a rude and robust brother enters by the front door, ostensible seamstresses must leave at once by the rear."

—Retold by Robert Mahieu

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAO HOLLAND

BIRD-AND-BOTTLE

(continued from page 118)

HONEY-BASTED CHICKEN BREASTS

3 whole chicken breasts
½ cup honey
¼ cup fresh lime juice
¼ cup salad oil
1 medium-size onion, diced
Salt, pepper

Have chicken breasts cut into 6 halves, boned, with skin on; shoulder bone may be left on. Mix honey, lime juice and oil until well blended. Add onion and pour over chicken. Marinate ½ hour. Remove chicken from marinade and place on a well-greased hinged broiler rack. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil over charcoal fire until medium brown, turning frequently to avoid scorching. Baste with honey mixture several times during broiling. Serve with avocado dip below. If chicken breasts are small, increase quantity to provide seconds.

CURRIED AVOCADO DIP

2 cups diced ripe avocado (1 large avocado)
2 teaspoons fresh lime or lemon juice
2 teaspoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
¼ cup heavy cream
¼ cup pineapple juice
½ teaspoon curry powder

Force avocado through a large wire sieve. Add remaining ingredients and mix until well blended. Chill.

SKEWERED CHICKEN LIVERS WITH SESAME

1½ lbs. chicken livers
⅓ cup white sesame seeds
Salad oil
½ cup soy sauce
3 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup sake or very dry sherry
2 teaspoons sesame oil
½ cup very finely minced onion
¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
2 large peeled cloves garlic
1 lb. button mushrooms

Place sesame seeds in a large, heavy ungreased skillet. Heat over a low to moderate flame, stirring constantly, until toasted to medium brown. Pour seeds into blender and blend at high speed until pulverized. Mix with ⅓ cup salad oil, soy sauce, sugar, sake, sesame oil, onion and black pepper. Force garlic through garlic press into mixture. Heat 3 tablespoons oil in a large skillet and sauté mushrooms 5 minutes, until partially cooked. Cut livers, if necessary, to make pieces of uniform size. Fasten livers and mushrooms alternately on 6 long skewers. Fifteen minutes before cooking, brush livers generously with sesame mixture. Broil over charcoal until brown, turning once.

CHARCOAL-ROASTED DUCK, POIVRADE SAUCE

2 4-lb. ducks, thawed
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 medium-size onion, diced
1 carrot, diced
1 piece celery, diced
½ small bay leaf
¼ teaspoon tarragon
2 tablespoons flour
1¼ cups hot chicken broth
¼ cup tomato juice
1 tablespoon red-wine vinegar
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
¼ teaspoon freshly crushed whole peppercorns
½ teaspoon sugar
Brown gravy color
Salt

Indoors, heat butter and salad oil in saucepan until butter melts. Add onion, carrot, celery, bay leaf and tarragon. Sauté until onion is medium brown. Stir in flour and continue to heat until flour is light brown. Add chicken broth and tomato juice, stir well and simmer over low flame ½ hour. Strain. Add vinegar, mustard, peppercorns and sugar. Add brown gravy color and salt to taste. Prepare charcoal fire. Fasten ducks on spit, tying or skewering legs and wings close to body. Sprinkle ducks with salt. Put spit in place over charcoal fire. Place a shallow oblong pan (or two, if necessary) slightly in front of ducks, to catch drippings. Roast ducks approximately 1½ to 2 hours or until very tender. A half hour before ducks are done, baste lightly with prepared sauce. Heat remainder of sauce and serve with ducks after carving.

GRILLED SQUABS WITH MUSTARD

6 squabs, about 1 lb. each, split for broiling
1¼ cups salad oil
¼ cup wine vinegar
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon dried summer savory
2 tablespoons finely minced parsley
Salt, pepper

Singe squabs, if necessary. Wash and dry with paper toweling. Put oil, vinegar, both kinds of mustard, summer savory and parsley in blender. Blend at high speed ½ minute. Pour over squabs in large shallow pan. Marinate 1 hour. Remove squabs from marinade and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fasten legs and wings with skewers, to keep birds in flat position. Broil over charcoal fire until brown—about ¾ hour—turning frequently and basting occasionally with marinade.

TOMATO-BASTED ROCK CORNISH HENS

3 2-lb. or 6 1-lb. Rock Cornish hens, thawed
¼ cup olive oil
4 large peeled cloves garlic
¼ teaspoon oregano
¼ teaspoon rosemary
8-oz. can tomato sauce
2 tablespoons dry white wine
2 teaspoons sugar
Salt, pepper

Indoors, heat oil and garlic in saucepan over low flame until garlic turns brown. Remove garlic from pan and discard. Add oregano and rosemary; simmer 1 minute longer; remove from fire. In mixing bowl, combine oil, tomato sauce, wine and sugar, stirring well. Tie or skewer legs and wings of hens close to body. Fasten hens on spit and place in position above prepared charcoal fire. Use skewers, if necessary, to keep hens turning in unison. Sprinkle hens with salt and pepper. Place a shallow pan or pans in front of hens to catch drippings. Brush hens with tomato-sauce mixture every 15 minutes until done. Roast large hens about 1½ hours or until tender; small hens, about ¾ to 1 hour. Heat remainder of sauce and spoon over hens before serving.

CHARCOAL-ROASTED CAPON WITH PORT-WINE GRAVY

6-lb. capon
Salad oil
Salt, pepper
1 cup chicken broth
¼ cup tawny port
2 tablespoons heavy sweet cream
1 teaspoon sugar

Have butcher tie capon for roasting, fastening legs and wings close to body. If frozen, it should be completely thawed and then tied; or wings and legs may be fastened close to body with skewers. Fasten capon on spit above charcoal fire. Brush with oil; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place shallow pan on grill somewhat in front of capon to catch drippings. Pour chicken broth into pan. Care should be taken that drippings do not burn out during roasting. If necessary, place asbestos pad or several layers of aluminum foil beneath drip pan to further protect drippings. Roast capon 2½ to 3 hours or until very tender. When done, remove from fire and let set a few minutes before carving. Skim fat from drippings and pour drippings into saucepan. Add port, cream and sugar and heat slightly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve gravy with capon after carving.

Fresh air and fine fare form a well-nigh unbeatable combination when it comes to making the most of an inviting evening; and, we aver, a bird-and-bottle barbecue will ensure your status as a superhost.

POSTEROTICA

commercial art catches up with the sexual revolution to deliver a universal message

Photographer Paul Kagan's *Yab-Yum*, a paisley portrait of man's libido, epitomizes a new direction in graphic arts that has won him an international reputation.

© PAUL KAGAN

THE POSTER has had a long if uneven history. Toulouse-Lautrec's *fin-de-siècle* paeans to La Goulue and Jane Avril transformed advertising into fine art, but the medium lost almost all but the message in ensuing years. James Montgomery Flagg's Uncle Sam poster for World War One recruitment typified an era that was to be brightened only by Germany's Bauhaus. The sexual revolution changed all that, however. Today's liberated new breed of poster—which often combines sensuality with social comment—is more likely to be found decorating a pad than a subway stanchion as it communicates *and* entertains.

Frank Amari did it.

Frank Amari conceived this pregnant idea for a tongue-in-cheek poster to publicize his photography. In the advertisement, put together by designer Ken Kimura, a leering Miss America exhibits the result of Amari and amore.

Photographer George Adams liberates
a long-hidden but well-formed virginal limb in his
wryly oppealing *Girl with Nun's Habit*.

© 1968 PERSONALITY POSTERS

In an Artists Guild of Chicago poster,
John Carafoli satiricolly depicts the hord
and grueling grind of the commercial artist.

Phillip Leonion won o top award in the New York Art Directors'
1970 show for this poster, characteristic of his sense of bodies in fluid motion,
thot onnounces his studio's move to a new Fifth Avenue address.

© 1969 PHILLIP LEONIAN

Kermit Johnson employs pure color and photo techniques for his promotions.

M. Richard Kirstel's Karen exhibits his sensitivity for the female form.

The Man at Ease won o Chicago Three award for its interracial statement.

Photographer Isi Veleris makes the most of a striking subject in a classically sensuous poster, *Marie Three*.

Owen Deutsch treats erotica with a fervor rare among abstractionists.

A hip men's *boutique* takes off an Rubens to decry police brutality.

© THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER

A Las Angeles fashion photographer uses "Theda Bara" to publicize his studio.

© 1969 PERSONALITY POSTERS

Ron Mesaros' inviting nude bespeaks the host of soft-sell seductions that are a specialty of his Los Angeles photography studio.

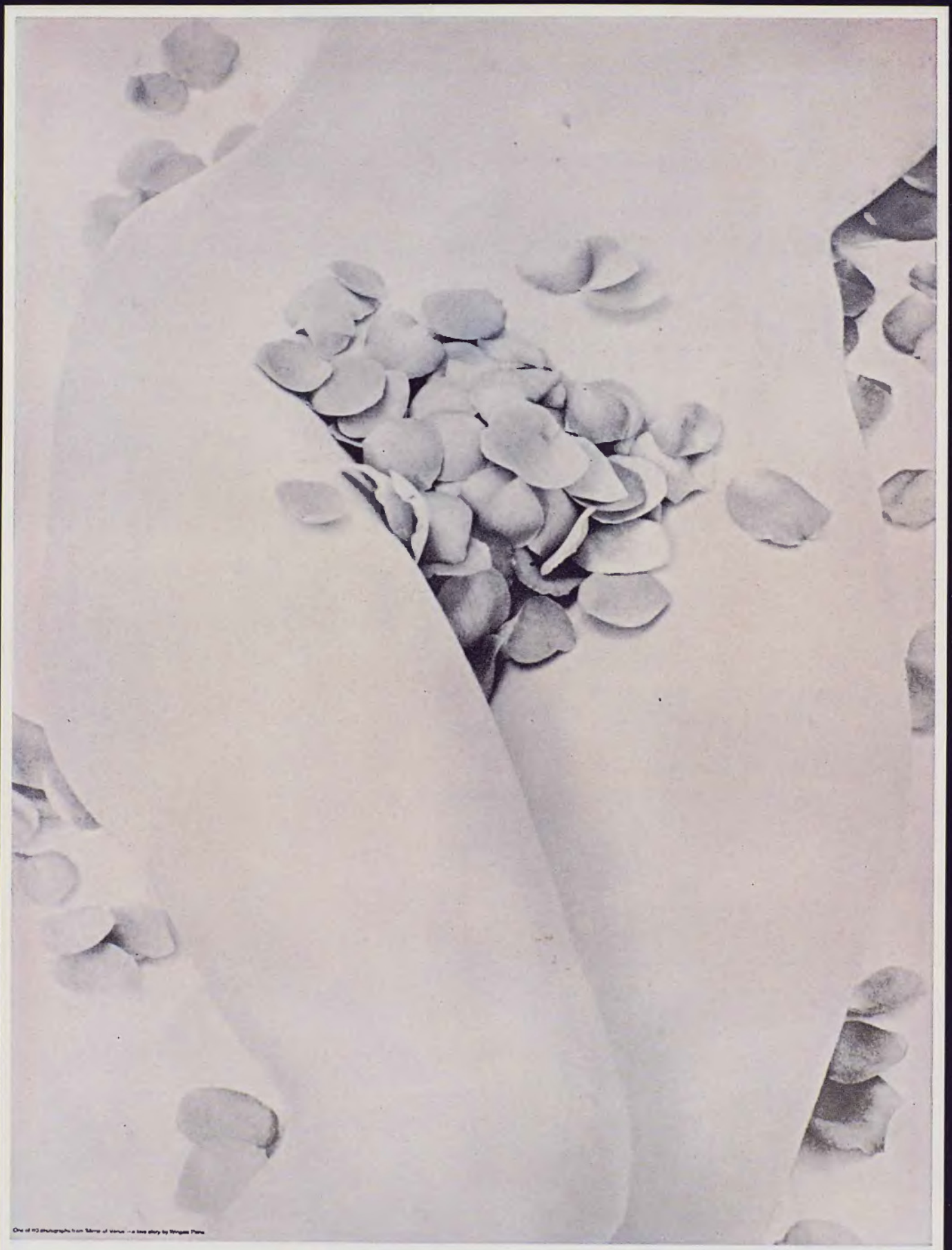
Lensmon George Adams' celebrated poster gives Girl Scouts a belated warning to heed their code—or stick to their compfire.

© 1969 PERSONALITY POSTERS

SHE COMES IN COLORS

Artist Roberta Weir, a pioneer on the body-painting scene, uses light and color to project the figure in an explosive fusion of psychedelia and sexuality.

© OVERGROUND ART



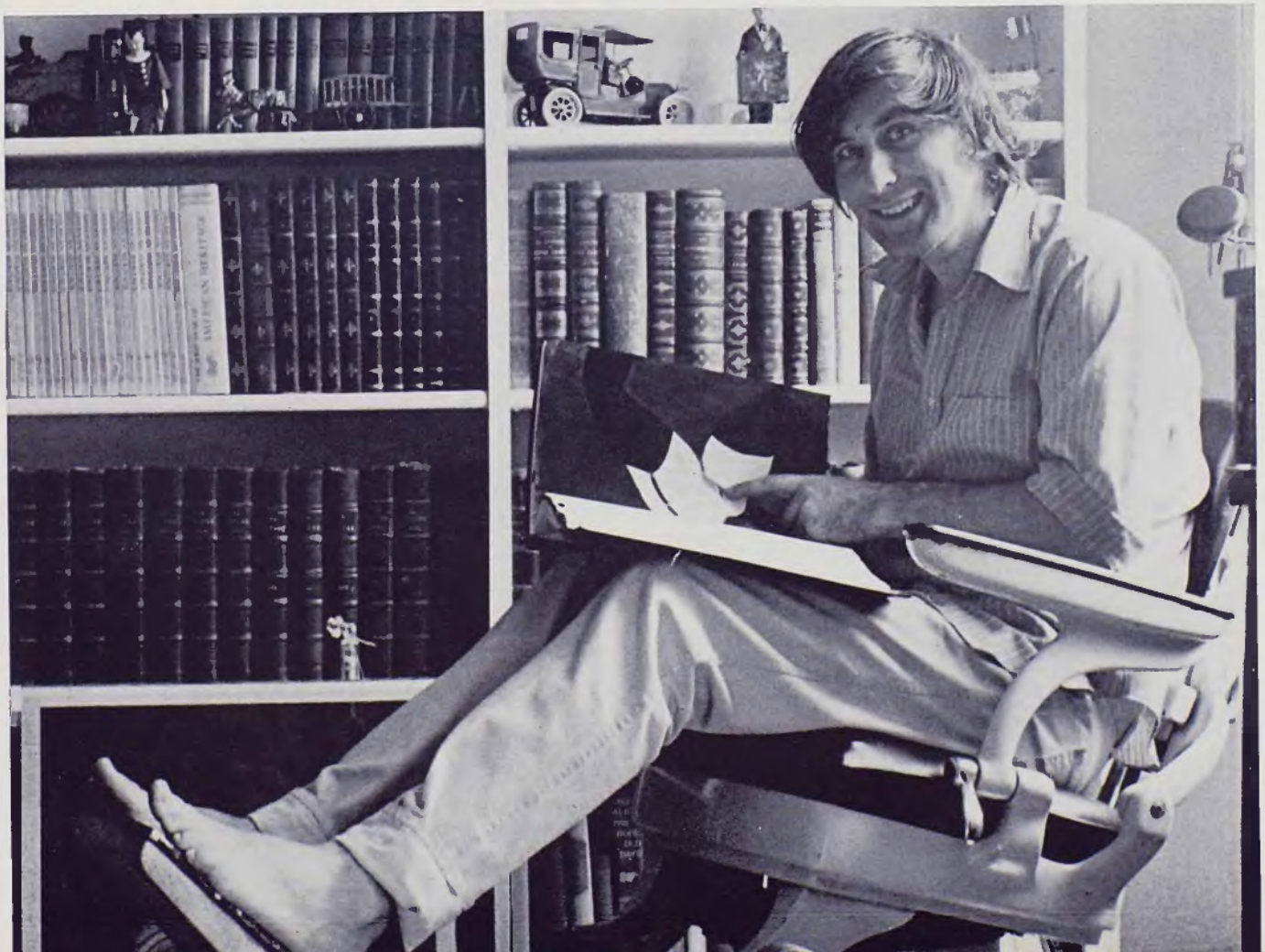
In *Rose Petals,* photographer Wingate Paine delicately adorns the *mons Veneris.* The paster is fram his book *Mirror of Venus,* a poetic explaration of the female form in all its infinite variety and myriad beauties.

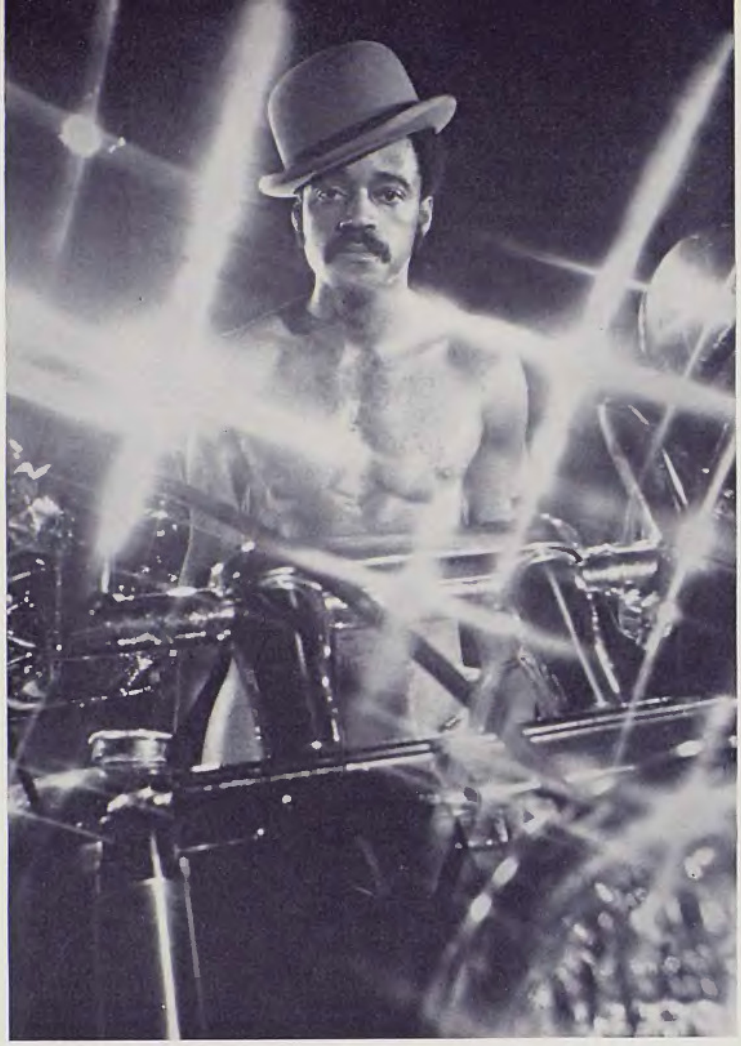
© WINGATE PAINE, "MIRROR OF VENUS"

ON THE SCENE

TOMI UNGERER *top drawer*

ALTHOUGH HIS FELLOW ARTISTS unhesitatingly compare him with such masters as Brueghel and Grosz, Tomi Ungerer has never received comparable recognition from the mass media. This is surprising, because Ungerer, 38, reaches a wide audience as a painter, sculptor, cartoonist, textile designer and author; the 70-odd books he has written and/or drawn range from picture stories for children to the macabre social satire of *Compromises*. Ungerer has produced illustrations (including work for PLAYBOY) and more than 200 posters, one of which depicted Black Power and White Power in the act of devouring each other and has become a symbol of America's politically ulcerous condition; he also helped design the Canadian exhibit at Expo 67 in Montreal. His family never expected him to pursue such a career; they were counting on him to take over the astronomical-clock factory owned by his Alsatian ancestors in his native Strasbourg. But his premature departure from school led to a picaresque interlude that found him hitchhiking across England and around Italy and Holland, working on fishing boats out of Scandinavia and serving on camelback with the French army in Algeria. It was shortly after his discharge that Ungerer—who had been drawing since early childhood—decided that fine art was his métier. By 1956, he was en route to America, where he settled in Greenwich Village and secured a commission for his first children's book, the award-winning *Mellops Go Flying*. Since then, Ungerer has produced his lethal line drawings and erotically inspired sculpture at a prodigious rate. As the international journal *Graphis* accurately observed, "Every new task he undertakes is a new trial of strength [which] makes his work exciting and gives one the certainty that the last word has yet to be said."





MELVIN VAN PEEBLES *brer soul*

WHEN MELVIN VAN PEEBLES occupied an executive suite at Columbia Pictures, he had a sign on his wall that warned: PLEASE, FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, DON'T TRY TO UNDERSTAND ME TOO FUCKING QUICKLY. It's an apt admonition, for Van Peebles, 38, the first black to have had complete creative control over a $1,000,000 feature film made in Hollywood —the satiric *Watermelon Man*, starring Godfrey Cambridge in whiteface—has more angles than a geometry book. A Chicago product, Van Peebles migrated to San Francisco, where he made several short films and put together a photo essay about the city's cable cars (he was working on one at the time). When no doors opened, he was off to Europe, where he studied astronomy and toured with a Dutch repertory company; then Van Peebles moved to Paris. Between such adventures as editing the Gallic edition of *Mad* and dancing on street corners for centimes, he wrote five novels in self-taught French. In 1967, his first full-length movie, *Story of a Three-Day Pass*—made on a $200,000 budget—dazzled critics at the San Francisco Festival, where it was ironically listed as a French entry. Hollywood was now interested; but during the negotiations that ensued, Van Peebles found time to get into yet another bag: He recorded two unique LPs for A&M, *Brer Soul* and *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death*, on which his idiomatic monologs on ghetto life were set against mind-blowing jazz backgrounds—of his own composition. Then came *Watermelon Man*, which was shot in 21 days and earned him a three-picture option with Columbia. Van Peebles chose to let that expire and formed his own production company, Yah, Inc.; his first film under his own banner, *Sweet, Sweet Back's Baad Asssss Song*, is about the radicalization of a pimp. We expect it's a baad-asssss flick.

ALICE TEPPER *she rates*

WITH AN ECONOMICS DEGREE from Wellesley and a few years' experience as a financial analyst, 26-year-old Alice Tepper has launched the Council on Economic Priorities, a nonprofit research and information center dedicated to fostering a sense of social responsibility on the part of American corporations. "The idea started in 1969," says New Jersey–born Alice, "when I was working for a Boston investment firm and a synagogue asked us to place its funds in nonmilitary securities." Thus, she created a "peace portfolio." After her company-placed *New York Times* ad offering information on the peace portfolio to similarly inclined investors received 600 responses, Alice went to Washington, D. C., and organized the council. "We exist," she says, "to disseminate unbiased and detailed information on the policies and practices of big business in four major areas: fair employment, environmental quality, military production and overseas trade and investment." From C.E.P.'s office at 1028 Connecticut Avenue, Alice and a small staff of research fellows and advisors (plus ten students working as summer interns and over 75 volunteer consultants) periodically issue an "Economic Priorities Report"—sort of a Dun & Bradstreet of corporate conscience. Available by subscription, the reports (and supplemental in-depth studies) are compact job-hunting, buying and investment guides to companies with a sound social as well as financial balance sheet. The council has also published its first book, *Efficiency in Death: The Manufacturers of Anti-Personnel Weapons*, and has another in the works, tentatively titled *Student Guide to Corporations*. As Alice puts it, "Public accountability on the part of corporations will lead to an increased awareness of the need to be socially responsible for the simple reason that it will be good business."

PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 154)*

types, some of whom have been sent packing by player revolts in recent seasons.

But there is another side to the issue. A football team is *not* a democracy and never can be, because of the very nature of the game. Which brings us back to basics and to what we think is going to happen this fall. Here, then, is a long look at the various teams across the country:

THE EAST

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	8-2	Army	6-5
West Virginia	8-3	Boston College	5-5
Syracuse	7-3	Navy	3-8
Pittsburgh	6-4		

IVY LEAGUE

Dartmouth	8-1	Pennsylvania	4-5
Yale	7-2	Columbia	4-5
Cornell	7-2	Harvard	3-6
Princeton	4-5	Brown	2-7

OTHER INDEPENDENTS

Buffalo	8-3	Colgate	6-5
Villanova	8-3	Lehigh	5-5
Boston		Temple	4-6
University	7-2	Bucknell	3-7
Gettysburg	7-2	Lafayette	3-7
Rutgers	7-3	Holy Cross	3-8
Delaware	7-3		

TOP PLAYERS: Ham, Harris, Mitchell, Koegel (Penn St.); Braxton, Gresham, Williams, Farley (West Virginia); Coonan, Johnson (Army); Ehrmann, Newton, Lachowicz (Syracuse); McNallen, Winslow (Navy); Cindrich, Weston, Esposito (Pittsburgh); Harris, Willis (Boston College); Babinecz, Siani (Villanova); Vigneau, Henley, Zelmanski (Buffalo); Ferrughelli (Rutgers); Lennon (Colgate); Hayman, Hall (Delaware); Jamula (Lehigh); Singletary (Temple); Chasey, Bowden, Short (Dartmouth); Gallagher, Jauron (Yale); Marinaro, Lubozynski (Cornell); McCullough (Princeton); Jackson, Pyszczymucha (Columbia); Fuddy (Pennsylvania); Farneti, Varney, Harrison (Harvard); Bennett, Franke (Brown); Jordan (Holy Cross).

Penn State has dominated Eastern football for so long it's hard to remember that the role of the perennial giant was once filled by Syracuse. There's a chance the Syracuse legions could recapture Eastern supremacy this year, but it won't be easy. Despite the fact that seven members of perhaps the best defensive platoon ever assembled in college football have been graduated, Penn State still has enough muscle to maintain its reign. The Nittany Lions' defense won't be as impregnable, to be sure, but high-powered reserve manpower may make up the difference by midseason. Any defensive unit with linebacker Jack Ham will be a good one. Runners Lydell Mitchell and Franco Harris will make the Penn State ground attack as awesome as ever; the only question mark on the offensive side is quarterback. If a good one can be found, the Nittany Lions will renew their lease on the Orange Bowl.

Nearly everybody returns from one of the most successful seasons in West Virginia history. (One exception is coach Jim Carlen, who split for the flatlands surrounding Texas Tech.) New coach Bobby Bowden inherits an ably-manned and talented squad and his debut should be a happy one; the Mountaineers possess one of the speediest backfields in the nation and should finish the season in a bowl game.

On the theory that no one's luck can be bad all the time, Syracuse coach Ben Swartzwalder should have some breaks this year. The Orange had inexorable problems last season when eight halfbacks and the number-one quarterback, among others, were sidelined with assorted miseries. Consequently, the offense was so erratic that the defensive platoon carried the burden for eight and one half games and then more or less collapsed. But all hands are now healthy, and sophomore halfback Ron Page shows promise of being another Floyd Little, thus giving Syracuse a long-needed breakaway runner. With the defenders as sturdy as ever (Joe Ehrmann will be the best defensive tackle in the country before he graduates) and a juiced-up offense, the Orange could make it big in '70. They might be even scrappier if nine black players hadn't boycotted spring practice without explanation.

This may be the year when Pittsburgh at last regains credibility. Each autumn since 1967, we've been saying that the Panthers are ready to roar; but so far, it hasn't happened. The problems have been related more to coaching than to available material, but coach Carl DePasqua, who took over last year, seems to have brought order out of chaos. He took a team that had won three games in three years and made it believe in itself. With a year to install his system and with the heart of last year's squad returning, Pitt seems to be back in business among the major college powers. DePasqua has a potent stable of running backs, best of whom are Tony Esposito and Dennis Ferris.

Army will also be rougher. The loss of halfback Lynn Moore won't be noticed much, because of the arrival of supersoph Bob Hines, who should be one of the top runners in the East during his first varsity year. The '69 Army team was heavily populated with underclassmen, resulting in a large contingent of battle-tested veterans returning for 1970. This, plus the arrival of a promising pack of plebes, heralds happiness on the Hudson this fall.

If coach Joe Yukica can construct a merely adequate defensive platoon, Boston College could have a big year. The Eagles already have a splendid passer in Frank Harris, who may be a better quarterback for BC than Jack Concannon was —and who will almost certainly break every Boston College passing record this season. But *the* big man for the Eagles will be Fred Willis, probably the finest all-purpose runner in Boston College history. The Eagles will have an offense as varied and colorful as a three-ring circus. All they have to do to win is figure out how to stop the other teams.

It's entirely possible that Navy could be vastly improved and still show a disheartening won-lost record. It's simply that the Middies have a long way to go (they won just one game last year), and the schedule looks like something dreamed up by a hawkish admiral with delusions of grandeur. Last year's plebe team was the best in nearly a decade; at least 10 of the 22 starters will be sophomores. One refreshing change is that quarterback Mike McNallen will have some receivers who can catch a ball. Two soph halfbacks, Bob Elflein and Andy Pease, will rev up the ground attack.

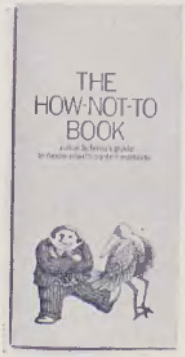
Dartmouth is once again favored to win the Ivy League championship. With Jim Chasey throwing and John Short carrying the ball, the Indians will look just like '69's squad. Sophomore soccer-style kicker Ted Perry will probably make the difference in a few close games. If Dartmouth drops the championship, Yale will probably be the team to pick it up. The Eli offense will be well balanced and the running game will be accelerated by speedy newcomer Dick Jauron. The Yalies have unusual heft and agility in the defensive line, key assets in the offense-minded Ivy League. Dark horse of the league will be Cornell, largely because of the return of shifty halfback Ed Marinaro, who will at last have the support of an adequate passing attack. The defense should be much more miserly, so if coach Jack Musick musters an offensive line that can give Marinaro some help, Cornell may be the surprise of the league. Since 13 of last year's 22 Princeton starters now have diplomas, the Tigers—at least at the start of the season—will be noticeably weaker. Last year's undefeated freshman team sent up several aggressive sophs, but without spring practice (*verboten* in the Brain Chain), it will take a while to integrate them with last year's leftovers. Columbia will definitely be the most improved team in the Ivy circuit, which isn't saying a lot, since the Lions won only one game last year. Sophomore quarterback Don Jackson will join a long string of Columbia greats at this spot, and soph receiver Jesse Parks will make Jackson's debut a grand entrance. Pennsylvania, like nearly every other team in the league, has an adroit group of sophomores. Injuries scuttled the Quakers' hopes last year, but fortunately, that rarely happens to a team two seasons in a row. Harvard's decline in 1969 was mostly the result of troubles at quarterback and in the offensive line. The

The day you learned how to make babies, a new problem was born.

How not to.

We're sure we don't have to remind you how much of a problem it can be .

Maybe our How-Not-To Book can make birth control a little less of a problem. Send for it. It's free.



Julius Schmid, Inc., Box 7-P,
423 West 55th Street, New York, New York 10019.

Send me ( ) copies of The How-Not-To Book.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

JULIUS SCHMID, INC., Makers of XXXX (Fourex)®
Ramses®, Sheik®, and other fine birth control products.

© Julius Schmid, Inc. 1970.

quarterback problem remains, and coach John Yovicsin may have to go to a sophomore in an attempt to solve it. The defense will be better, but not dramatically so. If Brown had possessed a semblance of a passing attack last year, the Bruins would have won several of the close games they dominated statistically. Help has arrived; a ready bunch of sophomores, led by quarterback Nino Moscardi and tight end Chip Regine (who broke all the frosh pass-receiving records), has generated a great deal of euphoria in Providence.

Delaware suffered severe graduation losses, while nearly everybody returns from last year's Villanova squad, and the fortunes of both teams will be accordingly affected. Temple, easing its way into a major football program, has a new coach, Wayne Hardin, who worked such wonders with Navy a few years ago. Hardin was delighted with the results of spring practice and is optimistic about his first season. Rutgers' partisans insist that fullback Steve Ferrughelli is the best in the nation. If that is only approximately true, and if new quarterback Mike Yancheff lives up to his advance billing, Rutgers' offense should carry it through to a batch of victories. Colgate's schedule is a weirdie: Nine of its eleven games will be played on the road. Coach Neil Wheelwright has had two tough frosh teams in a row and has another good one entering this fall. Buffalo was heavily populated with rookies in '69 and most of last year's performers have returned. The defense, led by two fine ends—Prentis Henley and Tom Vigneau—should again be superb; the Bulls will have a big year. In 1969, the Boston University defensive unit was spectacular. This season, the Terriers will have a totally contrasting look; nine members of the offensive team return, while all except two of the defenders have departed. Holy Cross faces a grueling rebuilding task. An epidemic of infectious hepatitis hospitalized the entire squad after the second game last fall and forced cancellation of the remaining schedule. The Crusaders had spring practice in 1970 for the first time in 20 years, and coach Bill Whitton has been making happy noises. We would take much delight in seeing the Crusaders come back.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	9-1	Minnesota	5-5
Ohio State	8-1	Indiana	4-6
Purdue	6-4	Illinois	3-7
Iowa	6-4	Northwestern	3-7
Michigan State	5-5	Wisconsin	3-7

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Toledo	10-1	Kent State	5-5
Miami	6-4	Bowling Green	4-5
Western Michigan	6-4	Ohio University	4-6

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	7-3	Xavier	3-7
Marshall	7-3	Northern Illinois	3-7
Cincinnati	6-5		
Dayton	4-6		

TOP PLAYERS: Huff, Dierdorf, Taylor, Doughty, Seymour (Michigan); Tatum, Brockington, Zelina, White, Stillwagon, Donovan, Kern (Ohio St.); Allen, Curl, Triplett (Michigan St.); Bell, Brown, Cooper (Purdue); Wright, Mayer, Hawes (Minnesota); Clemons, Mitchell (Iowa); Andrews, White, Maguire (Indiana); Thompson, Nosbusch (Wisconsin); Sikich, Adamle, Pearson (Northwestern); Dieken, Wells (Illinois); Harris, Cole (Toledo); Flaska, Davis (Western Michigan); Ealey, Nottingham (Kent St.); Adams, Bengala (Miami); Villapiano (Bowling Green); DiNardo, Ellis, Patulski, Theismann, Gatewood, Marx (Notre Dame); Shoebridge, Harris (Marshall); Willson, Johnson (Cincinnati); LaLonde (Northern Illinois); Kosins (Dayton).

"We've come to you with this problem, Reverend Denton, since you're our spiritual leader."

Ohio State's Woody Hayes is still hip-deep in talent. The only difference is that the climate in the Big Ten has changed radically since January first. Woody, the consummate military tactician, will find his troops operating on more hostile terrain: The whole Conference, with the possible exception of Purdue, will be significantly stronger this fall. Opponents won't roll over and die quite so readily as last year, when the Buckeyes played one good team (Michigan), one nearly good team (Purdue) and seven pushovers. Result: They lost only one game. Nevertheless, look for Woody to spend next New Year's Day prowling the side lines of the Rose Bowl. There's no way, short of communal suicide, that the Buckeyes can avoid the Pasadena trip; Michigan is ineligible and Hayes has so much talent in his stable that he could lend enough substitutes to Alex Agase of Northwestern to make the Wildcats second-best team in the Big Ten.

The only conceivable problem Woody might have is finding replacements for

graduated interior linemen, but the rookie crop bulges with bulky bodies, the best of which belongs to George Hasenohrl, who should grow into one of Ohio State's great defensive tackles. Strong running by quarterback Rex Kern and fullback Jim Otis was the major factor in the Buckeyes' strong offense last year; and although Otis has been graduated, he will be capably replaced by John Brockington, a fine inside runner who will team with Kern and versatile Larry Zelina to continue the powerful running game. Jack Tatum and Mike Sensibaugh will anchor a defensive unit as skillful as last year's. Too bad the Buckeyes play only nine games.

The Michigan team should be even more durable in 1970 and should win the Conference championship by again beating Ohio State in the final game of the season. The Wolverines' superlative quarterbacking and running will still be evident (we may be treated to Billy Taylor and Glenn Doughty running in the same backfield), but it will be difficult to duplicate last year's crushing offensive blocking, now that Garvie Craw, Jim Mandich and both starting guards have been graduated. The offensive line, rebuilt around PLAYBOY All-America tackle Dan Dierdorf, will be adequate; and the defense, led by PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Marty Huff, will resemble a rock pile.

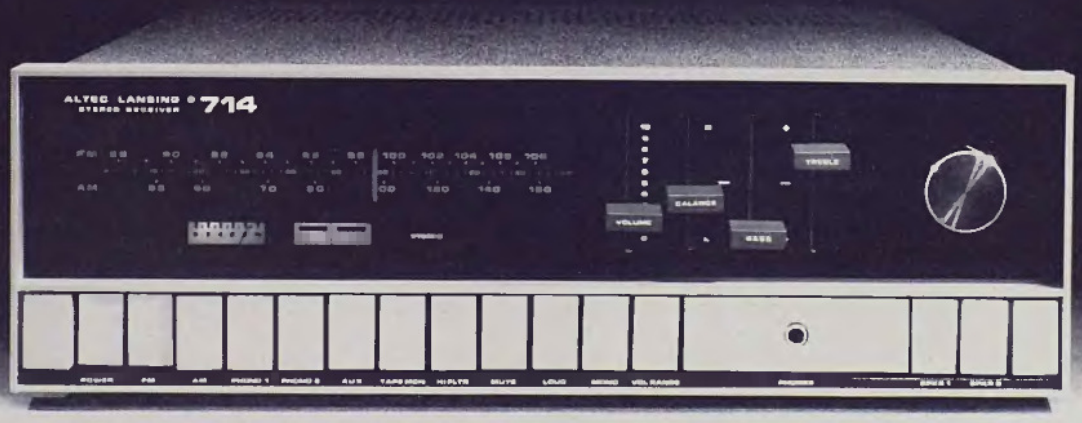
Bob DeMoss, the new head coach at Purdue, who tutored Boilermaker quarterbacks for 20 years, has exhibited an uncanny ability to come up with a supersoph slinger every three years. But if he has a new whiz waiting in the wings to replace graduated Mike Phipps, he's certainly keeping him under cover. In fact, the lack of a sharp operator at the throttle seems to be the only thing that can keep the Boilermakers from championship contention. Ashley Bell and Stan Brown are superb receivers who know what to do after they catch a pass, but getting the ball to them will be a problem. The Boilermaker defense, usually mean and massive, is very young and inexperienced.

The sleeper team in the Big Ten could be Iowa. After last season's debilitating racial conflict and this year's dissent among the coaching staff, tempers seem to be cooling; squad morale seems to have gone from an all-time low to a new high and one senses a determination to put all that high-grade beef together and prove that the Hawkeyes can once again be a great team. One thing about coach Ray Nagel: He's a gutsy guy. Former athletic director Forest Evashevski, who made a career out of being an authoritarian tough guy, made the fatal mistake of hiring a head coach who was even tougher. Nagel is no one's patsy. We have a feeling he will justify the fierce loyalties of his players and the Hawkeye fans, which saved his job last spring when the Iowa faculty athletic board made a clumsy effort to fire him. The psychological implications in this situation are numerous, and if a few of the pieces fall into place, the Hawkeyes could pull a couple of big upsets and throw the Conference championship race into turmoil. The Hawkeyes certainly have the horses: Defensive back Craig Clemons and tailback Levi Mitchell are on the threshold of greatness and new quarterback Roy Bash could be a real surprise.

Coach Duffy Daugherty thought he had another winner at Michigan State last fall, but injuries in the offensive backfield and an abortive passing attack scuttled his hopes. The lame are now healed and there are even more quality rookies this year than last. The all-important quarterback job is a tossup between soph George Mihaiu and junior college transfer Mike Rasmussen. Either way, the job will be well done. The running game, with Eric Allen at wingback and Bill Triplett at tailback, will be first-rate, and the defensive platoon will be a bruising bastion.

It's the same old Minnesota: herds of huge linemen, a good supply of power runners, quarterbacking that will be

Introducing a stereo receiver that filters out the double talk.



All receivers are built with filters in their FM tuner sections. They're used to filter out noise and unwanted station signals. To eliminate station overlaps—to eliminate the double talk.

But filters differ.

Ordinary receivers are built with wire-wound filters. They require pin-point tuning. And unfortunately, they let a lot of noise leak through between stations. So we built Altec's new 714A AM/FM stereo receiver with 2 crystal filters. Because they give you wider station bands. Better selectivity. More precise tuning. And no double talk.

In addition, we precision align our crystal filters and guarantee they'll stay that way—forever. Why don't all receivers use 2 crystal filters? Because they're expensive. But we think they're worth it. They're one good example of how our new 714A stereo receiver is built a little better. Write for a complete, new catalog. Altec Lansing, 1515 South Manchester Avenue, Anaheim, California 92803.

ALTEC LANSING

A QUALITY COMPANY OF LTV LING ALTEC, INC.

Altec's new 714A AM/FM stereo receiver sells for $399.00. It's rated at 180 watts IHF music power. And it's at your local Altec dealer now.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215.

unimaginative at best and ineffectual at worst, and a bull-pit style of play. It all adds up to a strong defense and a plodding power offense. In short, just the sort of team that can beat anybody in foul weather on a muddy field. Both lines are big and experienced, so the Gophers will probably win some games by simply chewing up the opposition.

The situation at Indiana is an intriguing replay of recent history: Just three years ago, two sophomore backs, Harry Gonso and John Isenbarger, and a promising rookie receiver, Jade Butcher, gave the Hoosiers a talent transfusion that enabled the squad to climb out of its accustomed place in the Big Ten basement and go on to the Rose Bowl. This year, with that trio graduated, prospects might have seemed bleak. They're not: The Hoosiers have two fine soph quarterbacks in Ted McNulty (who was voted the number-one high school player in Ohio) and Dan Grossman (who received the same honor in Indiana). To make the repetition of history complete, Charley Byrnes, a sophomore who came from Jade Butcher's Bloomington High School, looks to be every bit as good a receiver as Jade. Match all this with the best group of upcoming linebackers in Indiana history, plus quality veteran linemen, and the Indiana team seems to be as strong—and colorful—as ever.

In 1967, Wisconsin retained the services of one of its more illustrious football alumni, John Coatta, and gave him the assignment of reversing the Badgers' miserable football fortunes. Coatta worked his tail off for three years, recruiting and rebuilding; in 1969, he pulled off a minor miracle by winning three games. But minor miracles weren't enough for Wisconsin alumni, so athletic director Elroy "Crazy Legs" Hirsch unceremoniously gave Coatta the boot and brought in Tommy Prothro's protégé, John Jardine. There's a good chance that Jardine can make a respectable showing his first year, thanks to the plethora of talent assembled by his predecessor. Alan Thompson will probably be the best runner in college football before he graduates, sophomore running back Rufus "Roadrunner" Ferguson isn't far behind, and newcomer Keith Nosbusch is an unyielding tackle. This should be the most exciting Wisconsin team in many years; but all the opponents are tougher, too.

The most dramatically improved team in the Big Ten should be Illinois. The Illini have at least two and perhaps three supersophs; that's more than most teams get in a decade of recruiting. Tab Bennett at defensive tackle and running back Willie Osley are capable of winning national honors in their sophomore year. Most impressive of all the new Illini is quarterback Mike Wells, possessor of a 6'5", 220-pound frame and a slingshot throwing arm. And Wells has three prep school All-America receivers among his classmates. As all this would indicate, Illinois has the best sophomore contingent in the country this year. Unfortunately, the returning lettermen from last year's woeful squad—with the exception of tight end Doug Dieken—won't be much help. But you can count on one thing: Illinois will be nationally ranked in another year or two.

At Northwestern, coach Alex Agase faces the same old problems—too few bodies and not enough talent. Happily, Alex has more depth than in recent seasons and a shift to the quarterback option will make the offense more noteworthy. Passer Maurie Daigneau showed flashes of excellence last season and runner Al Robinson and receiver Barry Pearson could both turn out to be scoring surprises. If, by some fortuitous fate, the Wildcats can escape their usual attrition by injuries, it could be a pleasant fall in Evanston. The opening game could be the key to the season; an upset over Notre Dame (and the Wildcats have given the Irish scares in recent years) could be a catalyst for the finest season since Ara Parseghian's heyday.

Speaking of Ara, that jolly Armenian is still grazing in high clover. Notre Dame's schedule isn't quite as Mickey Mouse as it was in '69; however, the Irish forces are powerful enough to hopelessly outclass all but two or three opponents. But Ara still hasn't found the blazing speedster he needs: For years, Irish runners have been bullish types; and without an outside threat, it's tough to make the rest of the offense work at top efficiency. Ara must rebuild the offensive line, which will be noticeably weaker. Fortunately, PLAYBOY All-America guard Larry DiNardo is without equal anywhere. Also keep an eye on receiver Tom Gatewood; he and quarterback Joe Theismann could provide Irish fans with the most explosive aerial fireworks since the Hanratty-Seymour duo. Notre Dame's strong suit this year will be defense. Most of last year's hard-nosed crew returns, with the exception of Mike McCoy, whose place in the line will be competently handled by sophomore giant Greg Marx. PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Clarence Ellis covers enemy receivers like a compulsive cop. No one's going to score a lot of points on the Irish.

The Mid-American Conference championship race will be just as it was last year: no contest. Toledo will be even stronger—and last year's Rockets were 11–0, including their Tangerine Bowl victory. After Toledo, there will be a

"He's some kind of sexual athlete—whatever that is. . . ."

disorderly scramble among the other M. A. C. teams for second place. All seem about evenly matched. Ohio U took an anticlimactic nose dive after tying Minnesota last year and it now must face a rebuilding season. The best chance to challenge Toledo belongs to Kent State. The Flashes finally have experience and depth at quarterback to go with fabulous runner Don Nottingham; Kent State could have a banner season. Western Michigan will have experience, depth and a toned-up defense to go along with last season's explosive running attack. The prospects have never been brighter at Marshall. After seemingly endless years of nonstop losses, Marshall suddenly won three straight games at the end of the '69 season. Last year's team was almost totally made up of sophomores, so nearly everybody's back (and the new sophs look hungry). The passing of dandy quarterback Ted Shoebridge will be greatly supplemented by halfbacks Art Harris and Joe Hood. The Thundering Herd will win most of its games this year and the city of Huntington may never recover from the celebration.

Cincinnati has opted out of the Missouri Valley Conference and is now going it alone as a Midwestern Independent. Last season's unbelievably inept defense will presumably be better; it couldn't possibly get worse. A defensive coach has been imported from Penn State and 11 warm bodies have been located to man the barricades. The offense, adequate last year, shows greater potential for '70. The Bearcats should enjoy their first year of independence.

Northern Illinois University will be entering major college football competition this season. The Huskies began their social climbing last year by hiring head coach Doc Urich. The schedule is more ominous than the squad, however, so the Huskies will have to take their lumps for a while until they get used to playing with the big guys.

• • •

One thing about Georgia: It's consistently inconsistent. In years when the Bulldogs are supposed to be loaded, they flop. In years when they're supposed to be mediocre, they're great. We've picked them right the past couple of years and we have a hunch that they're going to be tabbed for mediocrity this fall by everyone. Except us: We think the Bulldogs look like Southeastern Conference champions—and the Conference is going to be uniformly tougher than during any season in its history. In 1969, Georgia was a sharp team through its first six games, but then injuries hit just as the meaty part of the schedule arrived. Poor line play impeded the offense, but the injured players are now recovered and several fine sophs will lend them support. The Bulldogs want to make up for '69 and they'll probably do it.

"I don't mind your crying in your beer—what I don't like is your crying in my beer!"

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Georgia	8-2	Florida	7-4
Alabama	8-3	Auburn	6-4
Louisiana State	8-3	Mississippi St.	5-6
Mississippi	7-3	Vanderbilt	5-6
Tennessee	7-4	Kentucky	4-7

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

North Carolina	9-2	South Carolina	4-7
Clemson	6-5	Duke	3-8
Virginia	6-5	Maryland	3-8
N. C. State	5-6	Wake Forest	2-9

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Davidson	7-3	Virginia Military	3-8
Citadel	7-4	William & Mary	3-7
Furman	4-7	East Carolina	2-9
Richmond	3-7		

INDEPENDENTS

Virginia Tech	9-2	Florida State	5-6
Georgia Tech	8-3	Miami	5-6
Tulane	6-5	Southern Miss	5-6
Chattanooga	5-6		

TOP PLAYERS: Lyons, Wisdom, Nash, Darby (Georgia); Musso, Wade, Hannah, Bailey (Alabama); Anderson, Casanova, Truax (LSU); Manning, Winther, Coleman, Jernigan (Mississippi); Kell, Watson, McClain (Tennessee); Alvarez, Reaves, Youngblood (Florida); Willingham, Beasley (Auburn); Milner, Smith, Grubbs (Mississippi St.); Brown, Weiss, Leffers (Vanderbilt); Roller, Bowens, Clark (Kentucky); McCauley, Mattocks, Richardson (North Carolina); Thompson, Yauger (Clemson); Lestyk, Ryczek (Virginia); Smith, Whitley (North Carolina St.); Hart, Biddle (Duke); Meister, Ratliff (Maryland); Headley (Wake Forest); Poston, Suggs (South Carolina); Duncan, Davitt (Citadel); Mikolayunas (Davidson); Richards (Richmond); Davis, Kopp (East Carolina); Herb (William & Mary); Hall, Simcsak (Virginia Tech); Perdoni, Ford, Bourne, McAshan (Georgia Tech); Moulton, Mikel (Southern Mississippi); Stawarz, Schmidt, Foreman (Miami); Kingrea, Walker (Tulane); Smith, Payne (Chattanooga).

Last season was an off year at Alabama: The Crimson Tide won only six games and went to the Liberty Bowl. Bear Bryant doesn't have many off years. Some furious rebuilding went on in Tuscaloosa this spring and a promising bunch of soph linebackers will make last season's puny defense an unpleasant memory. Coach Bryant—who can be a convincing tragedian when talking about his team's prospects—moans that Alabama has the toughest schedule in the country this year, meeting seven of 1969's top 20 teams. The opening game against Southern California gives some validity to his anguish, but the Bear has better talent on hand than he's had in years; and if it jells early enough, the Tide will be a great team. Quarterback Scott Hunter is a rare gem of a quarterback, Johnny Musso is among the top tailbacks in Alabama history and back Dave Brungard, an Ohio State transfer, is a hard-nosed ground gainer. Sophomore offensive tackle John Hannah will probably turn out to be the greatest lineman in Alabama history; when he pulls out to lead a runner, Hannah forms a one-man wall of blockers. After all these years, coach Bryant has apparently decided that quick fast big players are better than quick fast little players.

LSU's Tigers will be nearly as strong as last year, when they were one of the best teams in the nation but, incredibly, didn't get a bid to a post-season bowl game. Although virtually the entire offensive platoon has graduated, LSU's legions are so deep that many of 1970's subs may have more ability than '69's starters. Three Tigers to keep an eye on are tailback Tommy Casanova, sophomore tight end Jesse Truax and PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Mike Anderson.

Ole Miss will be a seasoned reissue of last year's team. There aren't enough superlatives to describe PLAYBOY All-America quarterback Archie Manning, who returns with all except one of his

'69 offensive platoon, so Mississippi will be at least as lethal as last season. But the defensive platoon has to be reassembled and that may not be so simple. The first few games will tell; the Rebels will be great if they don't trip coming out of the chute.

Florida's offense will be a near duplicate of the '69 squad, except for one all-important element: The surprise factor will be missing. Last year's fabulous sophomore backfield of quarterback John Reaves, tailback Tommy Durrance, fullback Mike Rich and PLAYBOY All-America flanker Carlos Alvarez returns, but this year they have a serious—and potentially crippling—problem: They'll be operating behind a grass-green line. If new head coach Doug Dickey has the blockers, the Gators will hang tough.

The team that Dickey left behind, Tennessee, has been taken over by coach Bill Battle. Like Mississippi and Florida, the Tennessee offensive platoon will be a near duplicate of its 1969 self, but the defensive ramparts will be manned by untested troops. If their passing game develops, the Vols will be as potent as they were in '69, when they averaged 29 points a game. But last year's top receivers have been graduated and the newcomers simply aren't in the same league. Superspeedsters Curt Watson and Lester McClain will be joined by rookie tailback Kevin Milam, and this impressive infantry will operate behind blocking led by PLAYBOY All-America guard Chip Kell.

At the end of last season, Auburn was the strongest team in the South. If the Plainsmen are to repeat their performance, they'll again have to avoid serious injuries—which would be doubly serious, since the reserves are subpar. Led by able quarterback Pat Sullivan, Auburn will score often; but the defensive platoon—rallying around PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Larry "Sugar" Willingham—can't match last year's crew.

For several years now, Vanderbilt, Mississippi State and Kentucky have formed the Southeastern Conference's pigskin poverty belt. Although all three teams will be markedly improved this season, their records will be just as dismal as ever; the opposition all three clubs will face is much tougher. Vanderbilt coach Bill Pace says, "We have closed the talent gap," but all his promising raw material must be welded into a cohesive football machine, and that takes time. Pace is one of the brightest young coaches in the nation and he might turn the trick earlier than his opponents think. Quarterback Watson Brown, several promising sophomore runners and tight end Karl Weiss will form a stinging offense. The defense will be shored up with the arrival of soph guard Dave Leffers, who may be an All-American before he graduates.

Mississippi State had the best freshman team in the school's history last year and among the sophs to come up from that group are the first two black athletes—Frank Dowsing and Robert Bell—ever to play football for Mississippi State. Dowsing will probably earn stardom this year in the defensive backfield. Another blue-chip rookie, tailback Lewis Grubbs, is the best runner in Starkville since Ode Burrell. Joe Reed will inherit Tommy Pharr's quarterback job and he will still have graceful receiver Sammy Milner as his primary target. The Mississippi State squad will be overrun by sophs this fall and if they all get together soon enough, Bulldog fans can expect a few pleasant late-season surprises.

The same is true at Kentucky. Coach Johnny Ray's rebuilding job is ahead of schedule: Although 17 of the 22 Wildcats who started the final game last year are returning this fall, many of them will be pushed aside by new recruits such as sophomore lineman Tom Clark. Look for Cecil Bowens, a 6'3", 230-pound rookie runner with surprising speed, to trample a few hundred people.

If at least one of these teams—Mississippi State, Vanderbilt or Kentucky—congeals before the end of the season, the

Tareyton Charcoal

Southeastern Conference championship race will be a riotous one and will provide Southern fans with their most interesting season in decades. Like the Big Eight, the S. E. C. may wind up having many fine teams who'll systematically knock one another off—and nobody will wind up without at least a couple of defeats.

It's been a long time since an Atlantic Coast Conference team finished the season in the ranks of the top 20, but it may finally happen in 1970. North Carolina, in particular, is beginning to reap the rewards of a long and painful rebuilding campaign. Thirty-five of last year's 42 lettermen return, so there will be plenty of experience and maturity on the Tarheel squad. The arrival of sophomore passer Mike Mansfield should solve the quarterback problem, and tailback Don McCauley, who ripped apart opposing defenses last year, should be even better now that there's a passing threat to take some of the pressure off him.

Both Clemson and Virginia will be rejuvenated. At Clemson, new coach Hootie Ingram inherits a squad full of mauling movers, best of whom is offensive guard Dave Thompson. The most noticeable change at Virginia will be the passing attack. Two excellent rookie quarterbacks, Larry Albert and Mike Cubbage, will be heaving passes at a collection of proven receivers. This aerial onslaught will be matched with some solid running and should give the Cavaliers the highest-scoring offense in the Conference; last year's capable defensive crew returns nearly intact. Virginia could wind up as A. C. C. champion.

Although South Carolina will again be strong, its non-Conference schedule is a lot tougher and the league opposition is stronger. Result: a less impressive record for the Gamecocks than '69's 7–4, including their Peach Bowl loss. The graduation of fullback Warren Muir would appear to be devastating, but rookie Chuck Mimms may turn out to be nearly as good.

North Carolina State suffered a dismal season in '69, due to defensive weaknesses and an ineffectual passing game. The air attack will be stronger this year, but the defense will be as hapless as ever. Nevertheless, the Wolfpack will win more games this fall, because its schedule is softer. Coach Tom Harp has been "rebuilding" at Duke for years, but not much progress will be evident in '70. Duke's schedule may be part of the reason: The Blue Devils might well be physically and spiritually destroyed in their games against Florida and Ohio State. Three reasons for a measure of optimism are Leo Hart at quarterback, Dick Biddle at linebacker and rookie fullback Steve Jones.

Maryland has had more coaches than top-notch players during the past few years. This year's head coach, Roy Lester, has a few stellar players, but the squad's depth is woefully thin. Even so, it will be an improvement over the '69 Terrapins.

Wake Forest will be much stronger, although that isn't saying an awful lot. Remembering last season, one Wake Forest staff member remarked, "When we were bad, we were probably one of the worst teams in the nation; but when we were good, we approached mediocrity." Wake Forest's offense will be aided by a group of junior college transfers, but fans won't notice much difference, because the schedule is murderous.

Davidson and the Citadel will again be the strongest teams in the Southern Conference. At the Citadel, Terry Widel, a junior college transfer quarterback, could provide the missing ingredient and give the Dogs the best team in their history. Citadel coach Red Parker is making pessimistic noises, because graduation took some of his blue-chippers, but Bob Duncan is still one of the best runners in the South, so the offense should be as potent as last year. Richmond will suffer greatly from the graduation of fabulous receiver Walker Gillette and nine other All-Southern Conference performers; don't

is better.
is why.

Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

expect much. In a couple of years, East Carolina will probably begin dominating the Southern Conference the way West Virginia once did. New coach Mike McGee has launched an ambitious recruiting program and proposes to make East Carolina a football power that can compete with the likes of Duke, North Carolina and North Carolina State. There is a lot of young talent on the squad, but the extraconference schedule is much too severe for the Pirates to make an auspicious showing this fall. Coach McGee is abandoning East Carolina's ineffectual single-wing offense and junior college transfer quarterback John Casazza will give the Pirates a sorely needed aerial threat. VMI will exhibit more muscle this season, but the Keydets still have a long way to go. The squad will be manned largely by last year's standout freshmen—who bring to VMI more speed, depth and over-all ability than the team has had in many years.

Atlanta is a city of great expectations this September. At Georgia Tech, coach Bud Carson seems to have built a winner, and it is significant that a key ingredient in this Deep South reconstruction job should be the arrival of a black quarterback. Eddie McAshan (pronounced McShan) is the most heralded rookie quarterback in the South since Archie Manning began matriculating at Ole Miss. A tremendous performer who was pursued by virtually every school in the South (if you're going to break the color barrier, you might as well do it sensationally), McAshan will provide the passing needed to make Georgia Tech one of the best teams in the country. The defense will again be led (dominated, really) by PLAYBOY All-America tackle Rock Perdoni, who, pound for pound, is the most ferocious tackler we have seen in a lifetime of watching the game. Perdoni terrorized opposing quarterbacks last season and, with the help of a healthy Brad Bourne at defensive end, will do his thing again this year. With 41 returning lettermen, this will be the best Georgia Tech team in more than a decade; and if the Yellow Jackets get by either Notre Dame or Georgia at the end of the season, look for them to wind up in a bowl game.

Luck abandoned Virginia Tech last year, but the Hokies finished strong, despite a slew of severe injuries. Skilled coach Jerry Claiborne doesn't figure to suffer through many seasons like '69, when they were 4–5. Look for kicking specialist Jack Simcsak to provide the winning edge in a few games.

The surprise team of the South could (but probably won't) be Tulane. This is supposed to be the year of the Green in New Orleans, because the Greenies have their most talented and most experienced team in eons. One interesting and possibly confusing oddity about Tulane: There will be two Mike Walkers playing this year, one a promising new quarterback and the other a star defensive tackle. The man to watch, however, is Rick Kingrea, a linebacker who could earn All-America honors if the Green Wave has a rewarding season. If coach Jim Pittman can get some consistency in the offensive backfield, Tulane will be one hell of a football team.

Florida State will miss departed quarterback Bill Cappleman, of course, but his replacement (either Tommy Warren or Frank Whigham) will be at least adequate. The Seminoles have several big strong runners, such as Tom Bailey and Paul Magalski; and since both quarterbacks are excellent scramblers, the Seminoles will move primarily on the ground. It will be the other way around at Miami, where talented tosser Kelly Cochrane will advance the Hurricanes through the air. He will operate behind a revamped line and the defense, built around All-America candidate Tony Stawarz, should be less generous than in '69.

• • •

We've been saying for the past three years that the Big Eight is the strongest Conference in the country; and even though the Big Ten and the Southeastern Conference have both made great power strides in the past 12 months, the Big Eight is probably still the nation's strongest circuit. At least six of its eight teams would lose no more than two games if they were playing in most other leagues. As usual, they will spend this fall knocking one another out of the national rankings. One or two Big Eight squads will probably wind up with only five or six victories—and still be among the strongest teams in the country. The question of exactly who survives this fratricidal situation will make for an interesting autumn in the flatlands. Because of the peculiarities of scheduling, Kansas State may wind up with the Big Eight's best won-lost record, but Oklahoma will probably be the strongest team in the loop. Most of the Sooners' big guns are returning and will be joined by a gilt-edged group of newcomers. This is the second consecutive Sooner crop of 14-kt. rookies; Oklahoma

"I was raped by a willowy blonde from the women's liberation movement."

may have more sheer talent than any other team in the country. Every back who will carry the ball has breakaway speed, and the Oklahoma linemen are much more massive than in years past. The Sooners could be a year away from greatness, but we have a hunch they'll put it all together this fall; we'll certainly know after the Texas game. This should be the year when much-heralded quarterback Jack Mildren achieves his full potential, and he should be aided mightily by two sophs, split end Greg Pruitt and runner Joe Wylie. If so, Oklahoma could be unbeatable.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Kansas State	9-2	Colorado	6-4
Oklahoma	8-3	Kansas	6-5
Nebraska	8-3	Oklahoma State	3-8
Missouri	7-4	Iowa State	3-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas	9-1	Texas Tech	5-6
Arkansas	9-2	Rice	4-6
Texas A&M	6-5	SMU	3-8
TCU	5-6	Baylor	2-9

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Memphis State	8-2	Tulsa	4-6
Wichita State	5-6	Louisville	4-7
North Texas St.	4-6		

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	10-1	West Texas St.	9-1

TOP PLAYERS: Dickey, Shaternick, Kolich (Kansas St.); Mildren, Pruitt, Bell, Grady, Wylie (Oklahoma); Murtaugh, Newton, Rodgers (Nebraska); Moore, Jackson, Wallace (Missouri); Riggins, Brown (Kansas); Popplewell, Orvis (Colorado); Eben (Oklahoma St.); Stowe (Iowa St.); Wuensch, Atessis, Worster, Bertelsen, Speyrer, Zapalac (Texas); Dicus, Burnett, James (Arkansas); Ruthstrom, Judy (Texas Christian); Elmendorf, Philley (Texas A&M); Odom (Texas Tech); Hixson, Fleming, Hammond (SMU); Watson (Baylor); Bomer, Gowen, Tinker (Memphis St.); Jackson, Hoheisel (Wichita St.); Dunlap (North Texas St.); Ashton, Duncan (Tulsa); Jackson (Louisville); Wright, Robinson, Hall, Lewis, Heiskell, Newhouse, Mullins (Houston); Anderson, Holwig (West Texas St.).

This is the big year Kansas State has been looking forward to since coach Vince Gibson arrived in 1967. The perennial door mat of the Big Eight Conference, Kansas State began to emerge last year and for most of the season was just a hairbreadth away from brilliance. Now the squad is deeper, more experienced and more confident. It's tough to shake the loser syndrome, but if anyone can do it, Gibson can. The main problem at Kansas State this year is that the club is heavily dominated by seniors and that is always a psychologically dangerous situation. But Gibson is one of the shrewdest, most mature and inventive coaches in the country and he has a close personal relationship with his players. He isn't about to allow his pupils to suffer from unrealistic expectations nor to think that victory is automatic. Thus, we believe he will avoid the psychological pitfalls of playing the unaccustomed top-dog roll. For this, and for the magnificent rebuilding job he has done at Kansas State, we have named Vince Gibson PLAYBOY's Coach of the Year.

"Miss Arkansas is fairest of them all!"

If the Wildcats make it big in 1970, it will probably be due to the presence of passer Lynn Dickey (who in almost any other season would have been everybody's All-America quarterback) and PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Mike Kolich, whose abilities and leadership should help Kansas State survive the onslaught of some of the most proficient offensive teams in the country.

Nebraska, Missouri and Colorado have an increasingly common problem: All three teams will be stronger than last fall, but the opposition is so much better that they will all have difficulty matching last year's records. Nebraska has the best chance to survive, Colorado the worst. The difference, of course, will be non-Conference opponents. Colorado could conceivably win only half its games and still take the Conference championship.

The major reason for Nebraska's high hopes is the return of bulldozing runners Joe Orduna and Jeff Kinney, plus the arrival of sophomore halfback Johnny Rodgers. Nebraska fans may be treated to the sight of two equally good interchangeable offensive backfields; with that kind of depth, it's hard *not* to win.

The Nebraska, Missouri and Colorado teams will all have a surfeit of hefty but agile linemen. Missouri's usually thunderous running game this year will feature PLAYBOY All-America halfback Joe Moore, who is probably the best in Tiger history. Coach Dan Devine's offensive headaches, if any, will be aerial ones: He was busy this spring trying to locate an adequate passer to throw to classy receiver Mel Gray. Devine's biggest worry, however, is that his legions must face their five toughest foes on consecutive weekends, and it's hard to imagine any team escaping that gauntlet unscathed.

Can Colorado survive the graduation of All-America runner Bob Anderson? Perhaps; nearly all the other members of the attack corps return; and if one of 1969's two alternate starting quarterbacks can emerge as a team leader, the Buffaloes will field another prime offense. Colorado's brutish beef trust will feature PLAYBOY All-America center Don Popplewell and defensive end Herb Orvis.

By now, Kansas fans don't know *what* to expect. The Jayhawks went from a 9–1 record in 1968 to a 1–9 record in 1969 with almost the same roster of players. Exactly what happened still has coach Pepper Rodgers scratching his head. Said one assistant coach, "We were strong at throwing the ball to opposing backs and our blockers were adept at evading enemy tacklers." But coach Rodgers is determined to find out whether the 9–1 record or the 1–9 record was a fluke. Most of his regulars are returning and it's hoped that fullback John Riggins will return to the form he displayed as a sophomore. If an accurate passer can locate the three fleet flankers (Ron Jessie, Xerk White and Marvin Foster), Kansas will be unstoppable through the air.

When a new coach was appointed at Oklahoma State last year, everybody

asked, "Who's Floyd Gass?" But after the 1969 season, when his team won five games (most observers thought the Cowboys would be lucky to win one), everybody now knows who Gass is. His is still a frustrating job: In most other conferences, Oklahoma State would enjoy a banner season; but in the Big Eight, it'll be lucky to break even. The defensive gang lost some sodbusters via graduation, but the offense will be avaricious, due partly to the arrival of soph fullback James Williams and the return of several flashy receivers. If a first-rate quarterback can be found, the Cowboys will pull off as many upsets as last year.

Coach Johnny Majors is still trying to turn Iowa State into a winner. And he still has a long way to go. Last year, the offense was so flaccid that the defensive platoon was on the field for 70 percent of each game. Sophomore quarterback George Amundson, however, may help alleviate that problem. Coach Majors has used mostly underclassmen during his first two seasons in Ames, so he will have more depth and experience to work with this year. George Amundson and receiver Otto Stowe could emerge as one of the most exciting aerial duos in the country.

It looks like an exact replay of '69 in the Southwest Conference. Texas and Arkansas will be about equally strong and will overpower other Conference teams. Arkansas could wind up with a better record because of an easier non-Conference schedule. Both teams will get a chance to prove themselves in their first game of the season, when Texas takes on a vastly improved California team and Arkansas meets Stanford.

At Texas, the major loss from graduation is quarterback James Street. Street's backup man, Eddie Phillips, however, looks nearly as good and rookie passer Gary Keithley has the mark of greatness. The Longhorns' running will be as penetrating as ever with the return of fullback Steve Worster and phenomenal Jim Bertelsen. (Ironically, the two best junior runners in the country could be Jim Bertelsen of Texas, who comes from Wisconsin, and Allan Thompson of Wisconsin, who comes from Texas.)

One portly observer of Texas football says, "Hell, *I* could gain a thousand yards a year running behind *that* offensive line." He isn't overstating the case by much: PLAYBOY All-America tackle Bobby Wuensch leads a push-'em-out line that would do credit to some pro teams, and the defensive forces, led by PLAYBOY All-America defensive end Bill Atessis, is just about as strong. The only possible cloud looming on the Texas horizon is the fact that, unlike last year, coach Darrell Royal may not be able to adequately fill in for starters if a rash of injuries develops.

Arkansas' main problem is the loss of most of the offensive line. Coach Frank Broyles didn't come close to solving this problem in spring practice, but the rest of the squad is so solid that fans may not notice the difference. PLAYBOY All-America running back Bill Burnett could conceivably break Steve Owens' all-time N. C. A. A. scoring record of 56 touchdowns; and if the offensive line shapes up, the already adept Razorback passing game could be further improved. Sharpshooter Bill Montgomery returns and his targets will be better and more plentiful than ever. PLAYBOY All-America receiver Chuck Dicus and speedster John Rees are backed up by several talented sophomores. Like last season, the Conference championship will be decided on the final Saturday of the season, when the Razorbacks meet Texas at Austin.

There will be a scramble for third place among the rest of the Conference members, with only Baylor seeming to be out of contention. Texas Christian will probably gain that honor because of the presence of so many top-grade sophomores. These youngsters—especially running backs Larry Harris and Raymond Rhodes—will enter into battle immediately. As a result, they could mature fast and by the end of the season, Texas Christian could raise some hell.

Head coach Jim Carlen takes over at Texas Tech with hopes of doing as complete a rebuilding job in Lubbock as he did in West Virginia. Progress will be difficult his first year, because lack of depth—especially at quarterback and linebacker—could prove an insurmountable obstacle.

The dark horse of the Conference is Texas A&M. Both lines are so deep and able that an opposing coach remarked this spring, "If the Aggies could find some good backfield hosses, they'd walk all over everybody." That just may happen. Coach Gene Stallings has unearthed a stylish soph quarterback, Lex James, and a top-notch rookie runner, Brad Dusek, to go along with returning fullback Marc Black. Dusek is a converted quarterback, so watch for the halfback pass to give the Aggie attack added sting. The A&M pass defense will be a stingy one, since safety Dave Elmendorf is among the nation's top performers. The Aggies will pull off some spectacular upsets in 1970.

And while you're looking for upsets, keep an eye on Rice. Coach Bo Hagan is busily resurrecting the Owls' gridiron fortunes, but his team is probably a year away from making it big. All but four of last year's 22 starters are returning, so the Rice squad will be an experienced one.

SMU will be a very young team led by a few, *very* few, outstanding veterans. Most heralded of the returnees, of course, is quarterback Chuck Hixson. His two most frequent targets, Gary Hammond and Ken Fleming, are also back, so the Mustang aerial show will be more breath-taking than in '69. Last year's disappointing season resulted primarily from an ineffective running game, but this could be cured with the emergence of tailback Gordon Gilder or by converting Hammond into a running back. The Mustangs' main weakness is a lack of depth, but if the youngsters mature soon enough, SMU could be the surprise team of the league.

It's unlikely that Baylor's Bears will suffer the almost incredible number of injuries that plagued them last year, when 29 players at one time or another were sidelined. The Bears will be a "representative" team if they stay healthy, but they are woefully undermanned at all positions.

Memphis State will once again dominate the Missouri Valley Conference, but not quite so handily as it did in '69. Only two of the Tigers' defensive starters are back, but the ground game, which was spectacular last year, may be even more so with the addition of sophomore Gerald Tinker, who runs the 100-yard dash in 9.3 seconds. Coach Spook Murphy also has a new quarterback, Steve Leech, and his development will have a bearing on how explosive the Tigers will be. But Leech has a great collection of receivers, all big and fast, so Memphis State will probably win most of its games simply by running up massive scores while the inexperienced defensive platoon gains maturity. North Texas State suffered disastrous graduation losses, so the Mean Green will be more green than mean. Tulsa will be greatly improved, but that's no surprise, since the Golden Hurricane was only a dusty whirlwind last year. Sophomore fullback Ed White should be a future star, and the kicking prowess of Ken Duncan will put points on the board for the Hurricane. Experienced signal caller John Dobbs and runners Josh Ashton and Ed White will help keep the offensive outlook a bright one. Graduation robbed Louisville of most of its starters, but the sophomores will come along quickly—especially linebacker Tom Jackson, who looks like a future Dick Butkus.

Houston was probably the best team in the country at the close of last season and could be again with a little luck this season. The Cougars floundered in early games because of quarterback trouble, but third-stringer Gary Mullins emerged as the best of the lot and handled the complicated Houston offense like a skilled pro. The squad is even more impressive this year and would be a good bet for the national championship if Mullins hadn't sustained a serious injury in a spring game; he may be lost for the season. If he recovers from knee surgery soon enough, Houston may go all the way. Unlike last year, the Cougars

"Come, Anthony—or we'll be late for the protest rally!"

begin the season with a veteran pass-defense unit and the over-all defense is one of the roughest coach Bill Yeoman has ever had at his disposal. Whoever the passer is, Houston should have one of the best air attacks in the country, due to the presence of PLAYBOY All-America receiver Elmo Wright and tight ends Earl Thomas and Riley Odoms. But Yeoman may be parsimonious with pass plays, because runners Ted Heiskell and Robert Newhouse return, and together they constitute an awesome ground attack. If the Cougars can get by Alabama on October 24, they should finish the season undefeated.

West Texas State is a real sleeper. The Buffaloes should have a fine year, due largely to the presence of two blazing-fast Thompsons (unrelated), Olan (100-yard dash in 9.7) and Rocky (100-yard dash in 9.2). Anybody who beats the Buffaloes in 1970 will have to catch them first.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Southern Cal	10-1	Oregon	6-5
Stanford	8-3	Oregon State	5-6
California	8-3	Washington	4-6
UCLA	6-5	Washington St.	2-9

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Arizona State	9-1	New Mexico	5-5
Colorado State	7-4	Wyoming	5-5
Arizona	5-5	Texas at El Paso	5-5
Brigham Young	5-5	Utah	4-6

INDEPENDENTS

Air Force	8-3	Idaho	4-7
New Mexico St.	4-6	Utah State	3-8

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

San Diego St.	10-1	Pacific	5-6
Cal State—		Santa Barbara	5-6
Long Beach	8-3	San Jose State	4-7
Fresno State	6-6	Cal State—L. A.	1-9

TOP PLAYERS: Slough, Smith, Weaver, Jones, Vella, Chandler, Davis, Hudson (Southern Cal); Plunkett, Moore, Sande, Tipton, Lazetich (Stanford); Richards, Croyle, Curtis (California); Dummit, Cureton, Dalby (UCLA); Hanneman, Haag (Oregon St.); Moore, Graham (Oregon); Janet, Cornell (Washington); Thomas (Washington St.); Spagnola, Buchanan, Olivo, Hill (Arizona St.); McCutcheon, Stevenson (Colorado St.); Lewis, Petroshus (Arizona); Puishes, Mack (Texas at El Paso); Jacobs (Wyoming); Farasopoulos, Coon (Brigham Young); Long, Ross (New Mexico); Jennings, Bierie, Bream (Air Force); Wicks, Strycula, Garnett (Utah St.); James, Edmondson (New Mexico St.); Olson, Riley (Idaho); Reynolds, Delaney, Van Gorkum (San Diego St.); Burns, Severson (Cal State—Long Beach); Chaney (San Jose St.).

Southern California has played Big Daddy to the Pacific Eight for so long that few people can remember what it's like to see another West Coast team in the Rose Bowl. This season will be no exception: The Trojans will probably be back at their familiar stand on New Year's Day for the fifth straight year, even though coach John McKay is griping about an inexperienced secondary to defend against the glittering procession of passers his team will have to face. Southern Cal is so gifted with able performers that it will enter every game of the season as the odds makers' choice. The Trojans' severest trials will come in their first two contests—against Alabama at Birmingham and against Nebraska, one of the few teams that can match USC in muscle and tonnage. It's uncanny how coach McKay and his staff manage to recruit such outstanding players with only an average of 21 football scholarships to pass out each year (most major college coaches have twice that many at their disposal). Said one of McKay's star players who resisted Big Ten blandishments, "You think I want to spend my winters wading around in snow and slush up to my armpits?" The Trojan defense, led by PLAYBOY All-Americas Charlie Weaver, Greg Slough and Tody Smith, is absolutely terrifying. The offensive squad should be even more productive, due to the maturation of quarterback Jimmy Jones (who will be ably backed up by soph Mike Rae) and sophomore running backs Sam Cunningham and Rod McNeill, who are capable of replacing (and perhaps displacing) Clarence Davis and Charlie Evans. At least a dozen Southern California players have a good chance of making All-America. Because of all this, Southern Cal looks to us to be the strongest team in the nation and our best bet to wind up number one.

The only threat to the Trojans' chances lies in the fact that the entire Pacific Eight Conference—with the possible exception of UCLA—will be much more formidable this season. Only a last-minute loss to Southern California and a leaky pass defense kept Stanford out of the Rose Bowl last January. The Indians' chances of cashing in their chips this fall will depend on how quickly some new offensive linemen and linebackers mature (Stanford coaches, incidentally, say that converted linebacker Jeff Siemon is potentially another Tommy Nobis). Regardless of how the rookies turn out, Stanford will be a major power. Any team with quarterback Jim Plunkett, the most coveted pro prospect in years, has to be top-notch. A pro-type passer, Plunkett has the throwing skills of Joe Namath and the size and strength of Roman Gabriel. In the college game, which requires a good deal of running, he is surpassed only by Archie Manning.

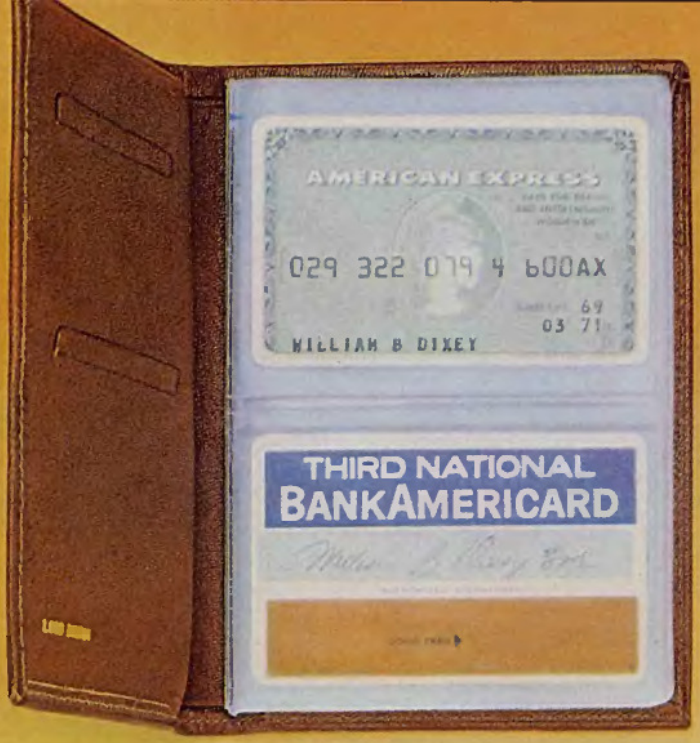
Plunkett's passing will be ably abetted by backs Jackie Brown, Hillary Shockley and speedy sophomore Eric Cross. All of Plunkett's receivers return, so look for the Indians' offense to be spectacularly varied. Their opening game on September 12 with Arkansas could be the most fascinating gridiron spectacle in a decade.

This season will culminate coach Ray Willsey's long rebuilding campaign at Berkeley. If California doesn't make it big this year, it will be because of an oppressive schedule. Most of last year's better players will return, and Willsey has several hot-shot sophomores and a horde of junior college transfers who will demonstrably enhance his squad. The best of the new arrivals is Isaac Curtis, who will add enormous acceleration to the already excellent California running attack. Curtis, in fact, could be the nation's outstanding running back in his sophomore year. Cal has always had a tight defense under coach Willsey and, with the addition of rookie linebacker Godwin Turk, the Bear barricades will be as inhospitable as ever. If California can mount anything more than a mediocre passing attack to go with its sizzling running game, the Berkeley Bears will have a lot to say about who makes the trip to Pasadena.

The situation at Oregon parallels the one at California: Coach Jerry Frei's reconstruction efforts have reached fruition, a breath-taking runner (tailback Bobby Moore) sparks the offense, a great soph prospect (defensive tackle Charlie Cobb) will help shore up the defense and, if quarterback Tom Blanchard has an outstanding year, the Ducks can be in the middle of the Conference race. The weakest link will be the defensive line, but coach Frei saw that problem coming a couple of years ago and recruited a few fierce tons of linemen (who are now sophomores) to go along with linebacker Tom Graham.

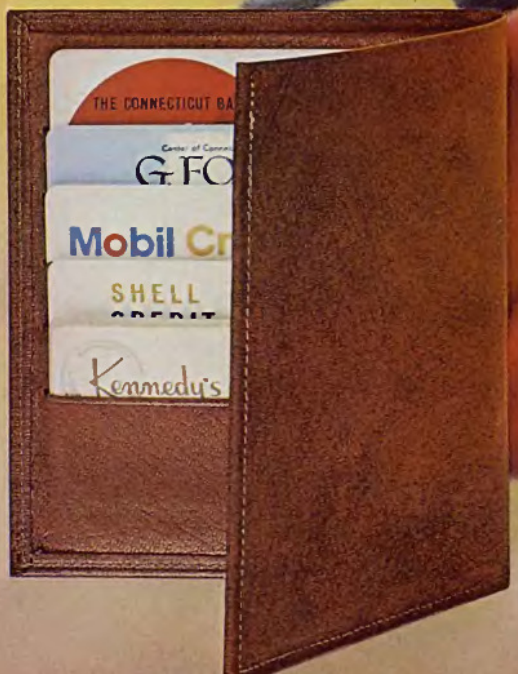
If one judges a team's chances by such finite factors as graduation losses, squad experience, skilled returnees and the quality of recruits, UCLA would seem to be perceptibly weaker this season. But don't bet on it. Another factor one has to consider is coaching expertise, and Tommy Prothro is the wiliest tactician and manipulator of available talent in the West. Only six of last year's first 22 starters return, but they include quarterback Dennis Dummit, elusive and exciting runner Mickey Cureton and Dave Dalby, probably the best center in UCLA history. A new machine must be constructed around these stalwarts; although no one is quite sure of the talent Prothro has waiting in the wings, he is a master at producing sudden sensations when he needs them. But a general lack of depth could hamstring the Bruins if injuries strike.

Oregon State will be made up basically of juniors, and junior teams sometimes can be dangerous, especially when they are playing for coach Dee Andros. The Beavers will have a familiar look: The offense will again feature a rampaging fullback (Dave Schilling) and the offensive line, anchored by 6'7", 280-pound tackle Chris Haag, will again be of dreadnought dimensions. Steve Endicott is a productive passer, so look for the Beavers to throw the ball more than



Buxton - for aficionados of fine leather

Enter the fashion ring – with Buxton's Toreador Kid collection. Tanned to a rich Old Gold in supple Antique Kidskin. Slim, masculine billfolds. Handsome, matched accessories. Only a few pesos each: $4.50 to $12.50. Shown here: (top l.) Three-Fold $10.00; (top r.) Hipster $12.50; (center) Key-Tainer® $4.50; (bottom) Cardmaster $12.50 See the whole exciting show at all fine stores. The Toreador Kid. Olé.



BUXTON®

in the past. If they can survive some of their early tussles, they will be the usual gristle-tough Andros squad by the end of autumn. Andros has never had a losing season since he came to OSU in 1965; he won't have one in 1970.

The gloom is dispelling at Washington. Lack of a great quarterback and a bit of bad luck have ruined the Huskies in recent years, but last season's freshmen were the best in Husky history, and they join 36 returning lettermen from 1969's sound but offensively impotent squad. The rookie who will do most to hypo Washington's offense is junior college transfer Darrell Downey, a halfback who had coaches' eyes popping during spring drills. The missing ingredient is an outstanding quarterback, and either of two sophomores, Greg Collins or Sonny Sixkiller, could be the answer. The trick, of course, is to integrate all these new faces into the Washington squad effectively. That takes time, so the Huskies will probably start slowly and finish fast.

It's going to be a frustrating year for coach Jim Sweeney at Washington State. A laborious recruiting campaign has produced a vastly superior team this fall, but the opposition is so strong that victory may be as elusive as it was in 1969. The happiest development is the arrival of two seemingly superb new quarterbacks, sophomore Ty Paine (who runs as well as he passes) and junior college transfer Hal Chealander, a whiz in junior college last season. Speedster Bernard Jackson will make the attack versatile. Graduation depleted an ineffectual defensive line, so the Cougars' spruced-up offense will have to score an awful lot of points if this is to be a winning year in Pullman.

If Oklahoma isn't the fastest team in the nation this fall, Arizona State will be. Coach Frank Kush has recruited platoons of halfbacks with afterburners, but he has been short on linemen in recent seasons. This year's lines, however, will have more high-quality starters—and subs—than Kush has ever seen gathered at Tempe. And passer Joe Spagnola will have a selection of agile receivers to throw to, a refreshing change from last year. Seven all-Conference players are returning from 1969's title-winning team. With all these offensive guns on hand, the Sun Devils should be one of the country's most enjoyable teams to watch; they could wind up in the top 20. The most improved team in the Western Athletic Conference will be Colorado State. Thirty-nine of last year's top 44 players return to greet a new coaching staff directed by Jerry Wampfler, former offensive-line coach at Notre Dame.

The other teams in the Western Athletic Conference look about equally matched. Who challenges the leaders will probably depend on breaks—lucky ones and otherwise. The heartening news at Arizona is that last year's missing link—a topflight quarterback—is no longer missing: Sophomore Joe Petroshus makes his debut with unimpeachable credentials and heavy advance billing. If the offensive holes can be tied up—another of last year's liabilities—Arizona will be the dark horse of the Conference. This will be a cold, cold winter at Wyoming. The Cowboys lost entirely too much beef in their spring graduation stampede. The fastest gun in Laramie will be the toe of PLAYBOY All-America kicker Bob Jacobs. But that's still only one gun.

Brigham Young, beset by scheduling problems—many schools won't meet it because of the Mormon Church's doctrinal racism—will be led this year by a supersoph quarterback named David Coon; no bad jokes, please. BYU has some outstanding individual players, such as defensive back Chris Farasopoulos (now, there's a good Mormon name), who could be on everybody's All-America team if the Cougars have a winning record.

New Mexico is now back on the road to success. Coach Rudy Feldman's 1970 squad will have depth at every position, and several rookies may start ahead of

returning veterans. Two sophomore runners, Fred Henry and Randy Rhynes, will add new sparkle to the attack. At Texas at El Paso last year, coach Bobby Dobbs started ten sophomores; with a year's play behind them, the Miners should be ready to strike gold. New punch will be added by rookie fullback James Baker. But vital losses through graduation—fullback Dave Smith, plus many defensive stalwarts—will probably keep Utah from repeating its great performance of 1969.

The Air Force Academy illustrates the incongruity often found in college football: The team could be weaker but the victories more numerous than last year. The Falcons lost games by narrow margins in 1969; so if the breaks even out and the sophomores—who man most positions on both second teams—grow up fast, everything will be A-OK for the Flyboys. One schedule advantage is that their two toughest opponents at season's end—Stanford and Colorado—will be played in the lung-busting icy altitudes of Colorado Springs, a distinct liability to teams accustomed to a better oxygen supply. New Mexico State features a great running offense led by tailback Ron "Po" James, who could break the all-time N. C. A. A. career rushing record this fall. But the Aggies probably won't have much more success than last year, because the pass defense will be less effective than in '69—when it was disastrously porous.

Utah State lacked depth last year and, with the squad drained by graduation, 1970 will pose unconquerable problems.

Idaho, always an unknown quantity, is even more of a puzzle this year. Head coach Y C McNease was a casualty of his own overemphasis on discipline during spring practice and has been replaced by former assistant coach Don Robbins. Our guess is that the change has resulted in uplifting squad morale and this, combined with the return of facile flinger Steve Olson and junior college transfer Fred Riley (who broke O. J. Simpson's junior college running records), will enable the Vandals to unleash a couple of stunning upsets. Idaho fans will enjoy watching sophomore center Larry Bosma, who, at 6'8" and 280 pounds, will surely be the biggest interior lineman in the country. Breathless rumors out of Moscow hint that Bosma runs the 100-yard dash in 9.2 seconds. We don't believe it.

The teams in the new Pacific Coast Athletic Association, still getting adjusted to playing as a league, have such varied schedules that their final records may have little relation to their relative strengths. An exception is San Diego State, a team that would be respectable in any conference. The Aztecs, despite the loss of passer Dennis Shaw, will be even stronger than the unbeaten '69 squad.

Long Beach State has Leon Burns, and not much else is needed for a decent season; pro scouts say Burns will be the most coveted runner in the draft this winter. The Long Beach–San Diego game near season's end will again decide the Conference championship. Pacific, with only five regulars returning, will be weaker until a fieldful of junior college transfers are assimilated into the squad. Soph Willie Viney will join Pacific's traditional list of great tackles. San Jose State's grid revival, begun last year, is on schedule and, with some luck, it could wind up with a winning season for the first time since 1961. Bad cess at California State—Los Angeles: Midway through last season, a number of players were dismissed for disciplinary reasons, several quit in protest, then others were sent packing, then some more quit. With not too many left —other than the water boy and some cheerleaders—the Diablos won't spook anybody this year. But new coach Bob Enger has earned a reputation for turning losing teams into winners, so come back for another look next year.

It isn't easy.
These five leading Scotches look pretty much alike.
They all look light.
And they taste light, too.
Where Scotches do vary is in smoothness.
And that's where we shine. People who know Scotch consider "Black & White" (second from right) the smoothest of them all.
Maybe you'll agree.
Maybe you won't.
But we'd like you to try it.

who know the difference.

Schneider Super Angulon lens at F/64. For names of other Scotches shown, write to The Fleischmann Dist. Corp., 625 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND 86.8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 82)*

the baby with the bath water. Not only will it not solve the problems of the industrialized nations—where two billion people would starve during the first six months if we tried this experiment, according to Fuller's calculations—but it would condemn the backward nations to remaining forever in their present condition. Only an acceleration of technology—to the point where 100 percent of the human race has the standard of living possessed by one percent in 1900 and nearly 50 percent today—will remove the last pockets of poverty, starvation and disease.

This can be accomplished either under capitalism or under socialism, given the necessary technological advances; it cannot be accomplished under either system without technology. But it most emphatically will not happen if people are convinced that no further industrial progress is possible or desirable and that the only decent system is to divide up the present gadgets equally among all people, giving each person a simple life—and none a life worth living.

We are actually not in the late stages but in the early stages of the Industrial Revolution. Only recently has it become obvious that one characteristic of increasing industrialization is, as Fuller says, ephemeralization, or "doing more with less." The old automobile reciprocating engine operates at about 15 percent efficiency and produces clouds of pollution as a side product, while the fuel cell used in moon flights operates at over 80 percent efficiency and produces no pollution. The tendency in all fields of industry is for machines to become more efficient, to produce less wasteful and destructive side products, to grow smaller in actual size, to accomplish more and, in a real sense, to become invisible. (This is also illustrated by the progress from electricity to electronics—from the huge generator to the tiny transistor.) Thus, the final flowering of industrialization will not be more factories belching more smoke into the atmosphere but energy sources that yield greater productivity than those in use in any factory today and are also harmless, cheaper, less visible and, eventually, not staffed by human workers at all. This society will be, like your projected future, more simple than the present, but it will have the simplicity of abundance, where yours offers only the simplicity of stagnation.

"It's from Johnny Carson."

BEAUTIFUL POISON

Two years ago, after a boating accident, I almost lost my leg as the result of an infection caused by the high level of pollution in one of our national treasures—the beautiful Rogue River in Oregon. This is still classified as a wild river, but it has enough sewage in it to have cost me an emergency operation and three weeks of silver-nitrate treatments.

Jim Biddle
Grants Pass, Oregon

REWARDING INFERTILITY

Since we already have a Mother's Day, why not establish a Nonmother's Day? Any female over 15 who hasn't given birth would be eligible for presents from friends and relatives. After all, those who are trying to curb the population explosion should be recognized.

Charles Lewis
Willard, New York

ALTERNATIVE TO THE PILL

The burgeoning controversy about the safety of the pill should turn public attention to other methods of contraception. Granted, the diaphragm, the condom, the I. U. D. and the various foams are all less effective than the oral contraceptive; but there is one alternative that is seldom discussed these days, yet it is even more certain than the pill and has no ill side effects. I refer to vasectomy, or male sterilization—an alternative that should be seriously considered by every couple that wants no children or no more children than they already have.

It seems that the reasons this method is generally shunned are either wholly superstitious or neurotic: Some men think it will make them impotent and others have a vague idea that sterility means loss of manhood. Since a man who has had this operation retains the same level of sexual desire as before and performs just as well in bed, these fears are groundless. If the population explosion is to be stopped, there should be a large-scale Government program to educate the public about vasectomy.

N. M. Kunkel
St. Louis, Missouri

FORCED MARRIAGE

I became pregnant at the age of 17 and even though I loved the boy, we decided that we were too young for marriage. When our parents found out, however, they put pressure on us to marry.

It can take care of any kind of sweat you can work up.

Any kind.

The Professional Thirst Quencher.

© 1970, STOKELY-VAN CAMP, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

My 18-year-old boyfriend quit college and joined the Army. I quit school, too.

I wanted an abortion, but when I told this to my parents, they were shocked and said it was out of the question. I then tried everything I could think of to bring on a miscarriage, at times even endangering my life. Nothing worked. I don't feel that I was selfish for not wanting the child. It has drastically changed the lives of everyone concerned.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

ABORTION AND HOMICIDE

Many people, and especially politicians, rage about the right to life when opposing abortion-law reform. They demand that every embryo, normal or deformed, conceived in love, lust or hate, be protected by the state from destruction. On the other hand, they cheerfully send men in the prime of life to die for an obscure cause in a distant land.

Instead of this illogic, why not work for a society that gives us the right to obey conscience rather than legislation? If an individual is against abortion, then she need not avail herself of it; but those who feel abortion is not morally wrong should be able to obtain it. If a person wants to die for some cause in a foreign land, let him go; but let those who feel that war is wrong stay here and live.

Rosemary A. Gillespie
New York, New York

ABORTION REFERRAL SERVICE

Abortion Counseling, Information and Referral Services, a division of the Family Planning Information Agency, offers aid to all women seeking safe, legal hospital and clinic abortions at reasonable cost. We also give counseling on the practical alternatives to abortion. We are referring women to those hospitals and clinics in New York City and New York State that will make abortions available routinely and without delay, in compliance with the highest medical standards. We refer a woman to the facility offering the least expensive service for which she qualifies.

The law in New York has no residency restriction and requires only the consent of the patient and the performing doctor for pregnancies up to 24 weeks. After that time, the operation may be performed only to save the life of the mother. However, because of various official guidelines, and out of preference, most doctors in New York will not perform the operations by dilatation and curettage nor by suction curettage for pregnancies beyond 10 to 12 weeks, so it is inadvisable for a woman to delay applying. All of our interviews with patients can be conducted over the telephone (at 212-873-6650) and every case is kept in the strictest confidence. Those who can afford it pay a small fee for this service; those who can't, pay nothing.

John Alden Settle, Jr.
Executive Director
Abortion Counseling, Information and Referral Services
New York, New York

The cost of abortions in New York will vary greatly. Although the guidelines for doctors issued by the Medical Society of the State of New York recommend $100 to $150 as fees for outpatient abortions and $200 to $250 for hospital abortions, it can be presumed that some doctors' fees will be much higher than that. Part of the cost can be recovered from some health-insurance plans.

HEFNERIAN REFERENCE

Hugh M. Hefner has found a place in the annals of law. The new *Medical Legal Dictionary*, by Edward J. Bander, LL. B., and Jeffrey J. Wallach, D. D. S., states, under the heading "Fornication": "Sexual intercourse between consenting unmarried adults in private. See Hefner, 40 *University of Colorado Law Review*."

Incidentally, the item goes on to say, "The classic distinction between fornication and adultery was enunciated by a law professor, who said that he tried them both and could not find any difference."

Avra Cohen
New York, New York

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

PLAYBOY agreed with Sharon Leibert in the June *Playboy Forum* that the desire for just social treatment and satisfactory sexual expression are not incompatible with femininity. I appreciate your objectivity and value your support for the efforts of women.

But there remains one area with which you didn't deal in detail. You end your reply to Mrs. Leibert with, "It will be a drab and dreary day if [women] surrender all female sexual characteristics, which form the basis for heterosexual attraction and love." I'm wondering just what you mean. Surely, you don't mean that women *must* go on wearing such artificial accessories as false eyelashes and uplift bras. Surely, you don't mean traditional behavioral mannerisms, such as pretended helplessness, passivity and incompetence. Assuming you refer to real and innate sexual characteristics, there is little chance that those will be abandoned, because that would require amputation of female breasts and other distinctive parts of the anatomy that differentiate women from men. If, as you seem to agree, more active female participation in business, in social encounters and in decisions about sexual activity does not necessarily result in decreased femininity, then the only femininity we need worry about losing are those bodily endowments with which females are born. Though there is a lunatic fringe in the movement for female liberation, I doubt that many of them would go so far as to want to surgically remove their sexuality.

Generally speaking, PLAYBOY's attitude toward female liberation has been friendly and fair. The hostility you observe among some women who want to be equal to men is irrational and unfounded and actually impedes the progress of the movement. It results from an immature attitude in many women who see man as an almighty master who has treated them badly and against whom they are now reacting with a large-scale temper tantrum. The defensive withdrawal from heterosexual activity by some militant feminists, out of hatred and resentment toward men, is pathological; but it's no more pathological than the use of heterosexual love as a weapon in a war game by women who see their sexual attractiveness as a device for wielding power over men. All such warfare between men and women is contrary to the ultimate purpose of female liberation—the union of men and women as equals.

If women desirous of independence would begin acting in an independent and responsible manner, and would stop blaming men for their past failure and unhappiness, the movement for female liberation would benefit noticeably.

Sandy Del George
Highland, California

To answer your query: By "female sexual characteristics," we did not mean any specific artificial beauty aids (such as false eyelashes) nor such culturally learned behavior patterns as submissiveness. We meant the kind of behavior that serves, in a particular community, to signal one's femaleness and distinguish it from maleness—in other words, sex appeal. The signals themselves vary from society to society and from age to age in a given society, but the presence of such a constellation of cues does not vary, in humankind nor among our primate relatives. We can't give you a detailed list of these signals, but we know them when we see them. And so, surely, do you. Just as you cannot imagine yourself attracted to a man who emits no specifically male vibrations, a functioning male will not be erotically responsive to a neuter woman. Indeed, in a prison or desert-island situation, the normal male or female would sooner respond to a homosexual (of the opposite or even the same sex) than to an asexual. Yet such a nonsexual being is what some of the extremists in women's liberation wish to establish as the norm. They don't suggest amputation of the breasts or other innate sexual characteristics, but they certainly have been trying hard to conceal these characteristics. Looking at the few nonsexual individuals who already exist—among the clergy of certain churches and among some of these liberationists—we repeat that heterosexual love could not survive were this type ubiquitous. As you are aware, it is only the man-haters among women and the woman-haters among men who

"You know, baby—you look good in black."

To make a better diver's watch, we made it outside-in.

Other divers' watches have their elapsed time bezel outside the crystal, where it can clog and corrode. So we made our ITB* 660 divers' watches with their elapsed time bezel tucked inside. It can't clog, corrode, or turn accidentally.

To protect against water, the ITB* 660 has our shrinkproof crystal case. It's tested to 660 feet. Guaranteed for life in writing.

See the ITB* 660 at your Wyler jeweler. Priced from $89.50.

*Inside Turning Bezel

Wyler
incaflex

Wyler Watch Corporation 315 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10010

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215.

retreat to this unsexual state; and they are in no condition, mentally or emotionally, to provide guidance for the rest of us.

I am not opposed to the liberation of women, but I wouldn't want my daughter to marry one.

Jerry L. Elmore
Monon, Indiana

MEN'S LIBERATION

The disabling effects of historical sex role definitions have been a political and economic obstacle to women, but they have been an emotional handicap to men. If two men feel affection for each other, any attempt to show it by kissing, hugging, holding each other's arm while walking or similar physical contact brings down severe social condemnation. If a man finds himself under attack verbally or physically, his only appropriate response is considered to be anger or violence. A man is not free to cry. He is ashamed to admit fear or weakness.

Men must learn to express their feelings honestly. They must learn to enjoy the emotionalism, softness and flexibility that are supposedly female traits. Perhaps when men are liberated from the strait-jacket notions of masculinity imposed by this culture, they will no longer need war, racism or sexism as outlets.

Phil Kawesch
Forest Hills, New York

HEFNER AND WOMEN'S LIB

The *Dick Cavett Show* on the night of May 26 was entertaining and thought-provoking, as usual, until the Clark Kent and Superman of women's liberation came on stage. These two women could not have done more to display the folly of their segment of the movement than they did with their game playing, name calling, churlish innuendoes and—most of all—their obvious hatred for Hefner.

Women in America have many just complaints. They are discriminated against when competing for jobs and promotions. They often do not receive equal pay for equal work. Male legislators have deprived them of the right to determine the course of their pregnancies. But the foolish fringe of women's lib doesn't stop there. They blame men for marrying them (ignoring the fact that many men view marriage as a relinquishing of freedom) and for causing them to have babies. They accuse men of psychologically suppressing them. The two women on the Cavett show gave the impression that their main purpose is to indulge themselves in verbal assaults on the male sex; they brushed aside Hefner's references to the ways in which PLAYBOY supports female equality; they evaded questions about what concrete suggestions they had for men and they were unable to define the term liberated woman. In fact, when confronted with a truly liberated woman, Dr. Mary Calderone, they were reduced to a pouting silence.

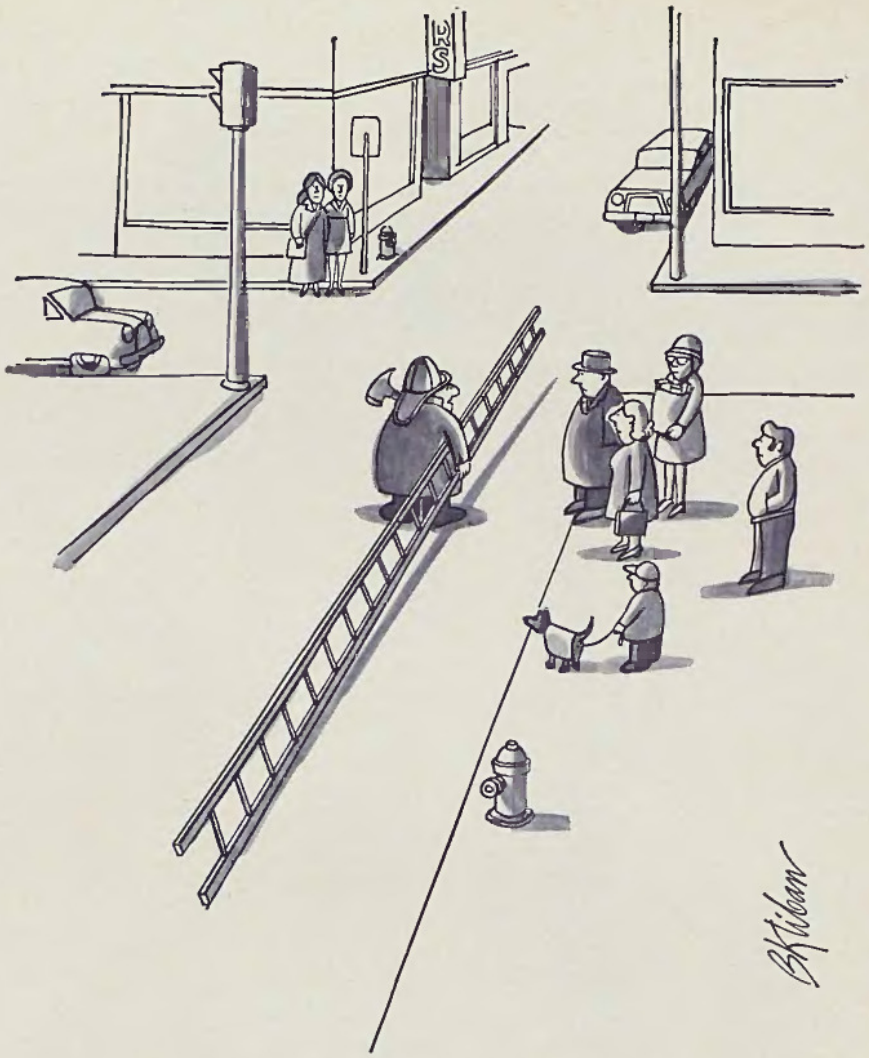
After watching these two women for about an hour, I had the feeling that they were simply unhappy and that instead of shouldering responsibility for their lives, they chose to shift all the blame for their woes to the male sex. While they have every right to air grievances and offer positive programs in public, they'd do themselves a favor by taking their neurotic hostility to the psychotherapists.

Christopher W. Ullman
San Diego, California

My husband and I watched the second debate between Hefner and the women's liberation members on the *Dick Cavett Show* and, in our opinion, Hefner won.

Being a woman, I frankly enjoy the difference in sex roles if it means having a door opened for me, my cigarette lit, a chair pulled out, a soft word spoken in my ear. I love being pampered and put on a pedestal. Thank you, Mr. Hefner, for taking up the cause of those women who still wear ruffles and perfume, not combat boots.

Carolyn Williams
Webster, Texas



"Well, it was red and shiny and had other firemen all over it!"

ANTI-SEX LEAGUE

The recent anti-PLAYBOY demonstrations by women's liberation reveal their basic motivations, their rage at anyone who doesn't accept their dogmas, and their puritanical fear, as Mencken once described it, "that someone, somewhere, may be happy."

The mentality of this anti-sex league is further elucidated in Orwell's *1984*:

> The aim of the Party was not merely to prevent men and women from forming loyalties that it might not be able to control. Its real, undeclared purpose was to remove all pleasure from the sexual act. Not love so much as eroticism was the enemy. . . . There were even organizations, such as the Junior Anti-Sex League, that advocated complete celibacy for both sexes.

Women's liberation hasn't gone that far yet, but some of its leaders who urge

Yours together. Playboy and playmate short-sleeve knit shirts in choice of six colors, with the miniature Rabbit embroidered tone-on-tone. Machine washable, 2-ply cotton lisle. Full-fashion collar. Vented sides for comfort; can be worn in or out. Colors: Bright White, Casual Black, Deep Ocean Blue, Terrific Tan, Sunglint Gold, Blue Sky. Playboy Shirt, S, M, L, XL, WA100, $10
Playmate Shirt, S, M, L, WA200, $10

For the wet set. His & Hers Wrap-arounds . . . always thirsty, 100% cotton terrycloth, with black Rabbit on white. For playboys, one size fits all. MM326, $5. For playmates (secured by buttons), in S, M, L, MM327, $6

Team up. Playboy Warm-up Shirts with the Rabbit in white on black; black on white, yellow or light blue. Soft, washable. 50% Kodel,® 50% Cotton. Sizes, S, M, L, XL. Short sleeve, WA106, $4.50
Long sleeve, WA107, $5

Playboy's sporting life

Putters . . . and pals. Two great Playboy Putters. The original mallet head or the left- and- right-handed blade-style longhorn. Nonslip custom grip, steel shaft. Rabbit-crested solid-brass head and black leather club cover.
Mallet head, MM321, $25.
Blade style, MM328, $22.
The pals . . . the Playboy Golf Balls. 90 compression liquid center championship balls with Cadwell cover. Conform to all U.S.G.A. specifications. Imprinted with PLAYBOY and the irrepressible Rabbit head . . . for luck. One dozen, MM340 $15

Playboy Products, Dept. MF14 Playboy Building,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611
Please use our code numbers when ordering products.

Quantity	Item Code no.	Size	Color	Cost

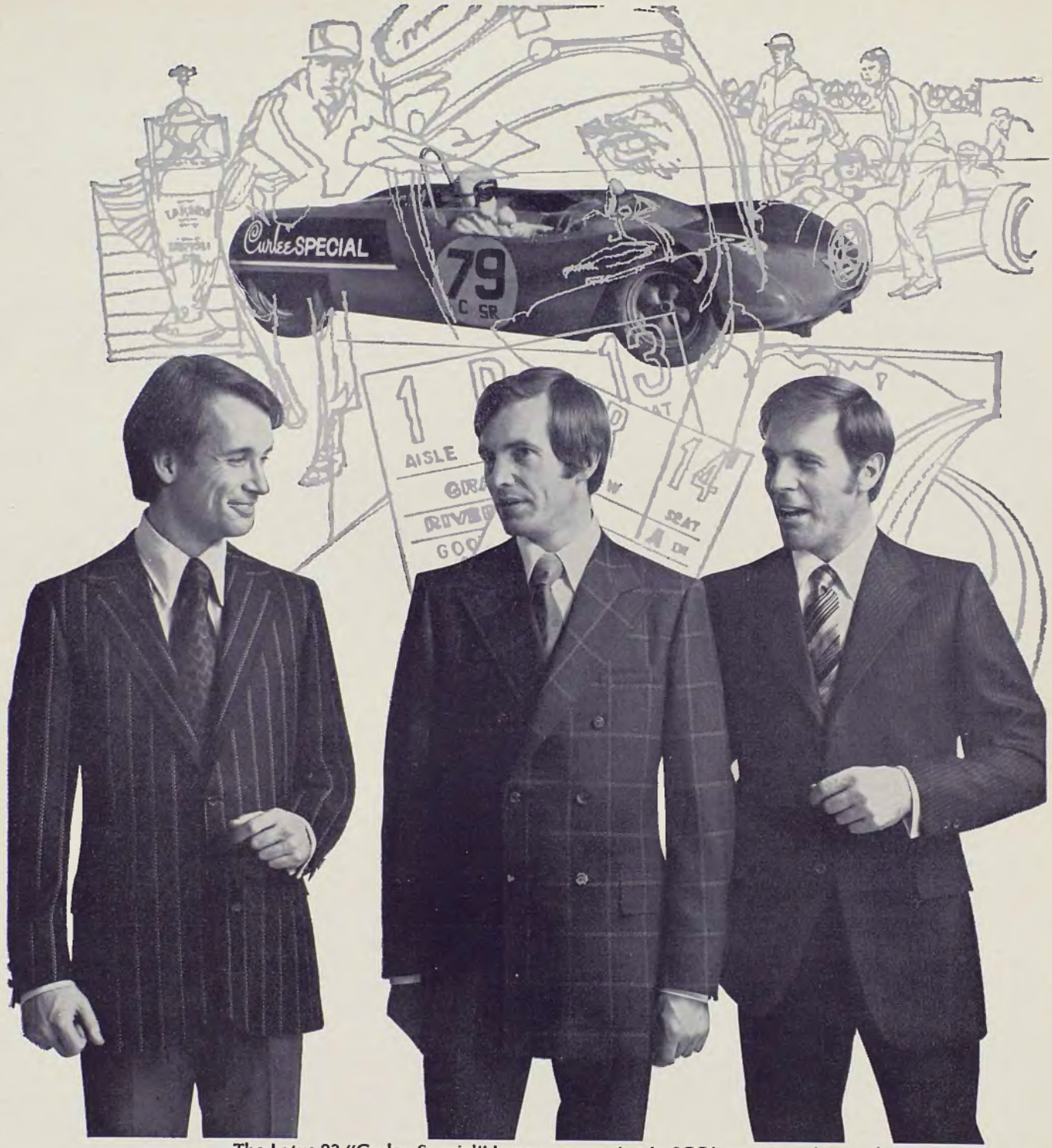
Please add 50c per item for handling and postage.
Total $

FOR GIFT USE (send to:)

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

MY NAME (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

Complete order here:
☐ Enclose gift card in my name.
☐ Payment enclosed. (Make check payable to Playboy Products.)
☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.



The Lotus 23 "Curlee Special" is now competing in SCCA-sanctioned races from coast to coast.

FASHION IS A FAST TRACK

Curlee's pace-setters keep you in the lead! For outstanding performance, check the front-running trio above: Sleekly modified styling. Subtly contoured shape. New wider lapels. Deeper Center vents. You can play the field in fabric and pattern —these three, like all Curlee fashions, sport the latest in solids, checks, plaids, stripes and multi-stripes. For a clincher, Curlee finishes 1-2-3 in the Economy Class. Sport Coats, from about $50.00. Suits, from about $80.00. Like to test-drive the '71 Curlees? Write Curlee Clothing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63101.

Curlee Canterfield

masturbation in preference to coitus, are obviously on the road. As one of Orwell's characters says later:

> Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. The sex instinct will be eradicated. Procreation will be an annual formality, like the renewal of a ration card. We shall abolish the orgasm.

Capitalistic puritanism is a weak and tame thing compared with the real hatred that can be created by socialistic puritanism. All the anti-PLAYBOY efforts of the Citizens for Decent Literature, Movement to Restore Decency and similar right-wing groups already look liberal —even libertarian—compared with what socialists can do when they see something in print they don't like.

Robert Wicker
Los Angeles, California

STUDYING DR. CALDERONE

I would like permission to reproduce in its entirety the *Playboy Interview* with Dr. Mary Calderone in your April issue. It will be included in a package of information discussing the issues surrounding sex education, which will be lent from our library on request to study groups and individuals who want to better understand these issues.

Darrell Spoon
Kansas State University
Manhattan, Kansas

Permission granted.

SEX EDUCATION

Sex education has been out of the schools for the past few thousand years and the consequences are plain to see: kids in their teens contracting venereal disease or becoming unplanned parents (sometimes both), because they knew neither what they were doing nor the risks they were taking. With all due respect to our elders, I would say they have done a pretty poor job of educating their children in one of the most important areas of human knowledge. Certainly, sex education should not be left out of the family learning experience entirely; this would be shirking one hell of a responsibility that every parent has. But children should also have access to competent educators who will not turn red in the face and mumble about birds and bees when a youngster asks where he came from and how he got here.

Ray Lyons
Bergenfield, New Jersey

Concerning the current turmoil about sex education, I think it's time the voices of the younger generation be heard. After all, we are the ones to suffer or profit by a school's decision in this matter. The distraught parents who are raising all the clamor seem to be just the types who blush, stammer or walk away when their own children ask sexual questions; if they also succeed in driving the subject out of the schools, they will merely guarantee that today's youngsters will grow up as ignorant and uptight as their mothers and fathers. Schools, on the other hand, have the facilities to obtain scientific information and to communicate it in an objective way.

The older generation has failed us too much already. By being deliberately ignorant and narrow-minded, they have created a society in which we must try to undo their errors and resolve the threats of nuclear war, increasingly dangerous air and water pollution, racism, etc., which they have left us as their legacy. This is enough of a burden for us to face as we approach adulthood. Must we also have the door to education slammed in our faces?

Art Higgins
Covina, California

THE BAWDY BARD

You might be interested to learn that the well-known Communist smut peddler, William Shakespeare, attempted to infiltrate Orfordville, Wisconsin, last year, and was roundly rebuffed by the clean, red-blooded Americans there. I quote from the Beloit, Wisconsin, *Daily News*, describing a board of education meeting:

> One mother objected to the *Romeo and Juliet* film attended by students. Another mother said after she read Shakespeare she considered he "was a dirty old man" and added, "I'll have the last say on what books my children read and what movies they see."
>
> It was agreed to set up a committee of parents to work with teachers on the required reading list. Parents will judge their books not on their literary value but on what they consider "filth."

Stan Smith
Madison, Wisconsin

SOMETHING HEALTHY IN DENMARK

On a trip to Denmark, during which I had a chance to see the effects of that country's much-publicized legalization of pornography, I was impressed by the low incidence of sex crime and amused by the Danes who distributed free pornography to soldiers. The most instructive thing I saw, however, was a page in a pornographic magazine.

On that page were four pictures—a still from the movie *Bonnie and Clyde*, a man being shot by a gun held to his head, some Vietnamese holding the severed heads of Viet Cong prisoners and a man and a woman making love on a bed. In a caption, written in English, because the magazine was intended for U. S. distribution, was the following paragraph:

> There is only one picture on this page showing normal human behavior. Yet it is the only picture which censoring authorities in the so-called civilized countries of the world would not allow in newspapers, magazines, films and TV.

Edward Benjamin
Glendale, California

BILLY GRAHAM ON SEX

I've just finished reading "What the Bible Says About Sex," by the Reverend Billy Graham, in the May *Reader's Digest*. I found many points with which I, and I'm sure a majority of PLAYBOY's readers, could not agree.

Graham quotes with approval a writer who says, "Modern lovers have learned to fornicate but not to love." Clearly, when an unsupported statement such as this can be presented seriously, man is still as gullible as he was in Barnum's day. Just how many unwed lovers did this author interview before arriving at his conclusion? What is his definition of love? To me, love is communication leading to understanding and affection. Now, one of the most important and natural media of communication is the sex act—"the friendliest thing two people can do," as the song says. Graham would have us believe that "nothing can etch such indelible scars of guilt as sexual sin." I would counter that nothing can so deepen and widen feelings of love as sexual union.

His article repeats the hoary myth that as nations become sexually promiscuous, they "decay." History, indeed, tells us that nations with low levels of morality are likely to collapse. But the connection is between social decline and the kind of immorality that involves violence—plunder, killing, enslavement. It will not be surprising if this country, which is trying to destroy the people of Vietnam and which deprives minorities of equality and individuals of freedom, decays. But it will not be sexual freedom that causes that decay. If there's any truth in the hypothesis that sexual frustration leads to violence, sexual freedom might be the one thing that can save our society from collapse.

Rhondal McKinney
Champaign, Illinois

SAVE THE MINISKIRT

Normally, I like women so much that any fashion they choose to follow pleases me; but I must protest against the widely heralded passing of the miniskirt. I feel strongly about this, not just because I like to ogle women's legs but because there are larger issues involved.

In the first place, fashion designers have been trying to do away with the miniskirt for the past three years. Now they've gathered all their forces to suppress it once and for all. I suspect that

"Is that what sex education teaches you in school, girl? To be uppity to yore elders?"

the motives for such a determined attack go beyond aesthetics; the designers are after the big profits that go with a change in fashion, are actuated by covert anti-sexual feelings and are desirous of asserting their power over masses of women. The authoritarian decree comes from the designers, the press swallows the line that the miniskirt is dead and the stores this fall will stock nothing but knee and calf-length skirts. This is tyranny.

In the second place, the miniskirt is part of the cultural revolution that swept the world in the Sixties. Openness, frankness, liberation, sexual freedom have been the ideals of the young, and the miniskirt has symbolized these ideals. Since Nixon's election, this country, at least, has been sinking into a bog of oppression. If women again cover their legs, this will signify that the forces of freedom are in retreat. Let's not forget that women's legs were last covered during the era of the New Look in the late Forties and early Fifties, a period marked by witch-hunting, conformism, intensification of the Cold War and the silencing of dissent.

I hope the freedom-loving women of America will resist the effort to force them into long skirts. Why give the blue meanies even a psychological victory?

Charles Owens
Chicago, Illinois

THE MARRIAGE GAME

Several years ago, my marriage ended in a no-holds-barred divorce action that I still shudder to recall. I took the same vow many men do at such a time, "I'll never marry again." About a year ago, I began dating a woman who attracted me deeply; six months later, we started living together. We started talking about getting married and I had to rethink the whole question.

After much discussion, we recognized that people make too big a deal out of marriage. Both men and women view it as a kind of proof that one has arrived at full adulthood and respectability, though men are less ready than women to acknowledge this. There was a time when marriage signaled the beginning of a couple's living together. Even today—as in this community, for instance—a couple who live together without being married risk economic and social sanctions. Society is still attached to the conventions (though hopefully this won't be the case when the present generation of elders dies off).

We concluded that marriage is merely a symbolic rite that for many people has outlived its usefulness. The important thing is whether two people love each other; and if this is the case, they don't need the approval of the state or the church. We decided to continue as we are and not get married.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

THREE IN A BED

One night in my favorite bar, I was approached by a middle-aged man. After some pleasant conversation, he asked me if I'd like to go to a great sex party, and I agreed. As it turned out, the party consisted of himself, his wife and me. After meeting the lady, who was very attractive, and getting the green light from him and some encouragement from her, I began to take liberties.

We indulged in many different kinds of sex play while the husband just lay there and watched. He made no move to participate in any way. Having him watch didn't bother me at all. As soon as the sex ceased, he asked me to leave.

I enjoyed the evening very much and feel no remorse; in fact, as far as physical pleasure goes, this sex was as good as any I've ever had. I presume the man and his wife liked it, too. There is no one pattern for rewarding sexual behavior; I think a person should be willing to try anything at least once.

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Barbara, California

ALL WOOL

It was ironic to read in *Forum Newsfront* last March that in California, neither homosexual nor extramarital heterosexual activity is any longer grounds for dismissal of a teacher. Soon after I read that item, I was fired from Casper College in Wyoming for my courtship of a young lady, which the administration said created "adverse public opinion."

Courtship is, of course, my own word. The board called it an affair and the president called it an illicit relationship. As for adverse public opinion, that amounted to the reaction of the girl's irate mother. At no point was it suggested that I had violated the law. There wasn't even a question of professional ethics, since the young lady wasn't a student of mine. Yet I'm out of a job.

That's Wyoming for you. Our citizens rage against the city laborer who strikes for higher wages and they devote equal time to seeking an increase in the subsidy

"I don't understand why we did this, Mr. Preslon, we're <u>both</u> Scorpios."

Some men can do anything...with great style.

This is a Gant button-down with longer collar points. For today's fuller ties. In exuberantly striped, no iron FORTREL® polyester and cotton. Precisely tailored. It's called Swagger. About $11. The go-with Gant tie, about $7.50.

GANT®
SHIRTMAKERS

FORTREL® TRADEMARK OF FIBER INDUSTRIES INC.

Wear them any place you'd wear shoes.

THE BOOT COLLECTION BY

Freeman®

SHOWN: FRESCO, GHENT, MASON. $26-$34 AT THE FINEST STORES. OTHER FREEMAN SHOES FROM $19.95. FREEMAN SHOE COMPANY, BELOIT, WISCONSIN 53511. A DIVISION OF THE U.S. SHOE CORPORATION.

for wool, though this is the era of synthetics that outlast wool and don't mold, shrink or fade.

I must now become a statistic in Wyoming's two-decade population decline, a loss mainly of "people in the productive age group and the 20–24 age group," to quote Wyoming's own statisticians.

Thomas M. Newell
Casper, Wyoming

MORALITY AND THE LAW

Every month, I read letters in *The Playboy Forum* in which people speak out against laws regulating or forbidding various kinds of sexual activity, abortion, pot or pornography. Now I'd like to add my own voice and tell why I'm particularly revolted by such laws.

I was raised a Catholic and attended Catholic schools for 12 years, by which time I had become an atheist and believed that man created God in his own image. I don't force my beliefs on anyone, but I find that through the medium of laws governing moral behavior, Christian beliefs are imposed on me. I feel that all laws not based on social utility but existing simply to enforce a tenet of religious morality violate the principle of separation of church and state and, thereby, infringe on the civil rights of anyone prosecuted under them.

As a husband and father, I would like to thank PLAYBOY for its efforts to make this country a better and freer place for people of all beliefs.

Sgt. Stan Sugrue
APO San Francisco, California

WAR ON MASTURBATION

The city of Tampa's vice squad has declared war against masturbators, according to *La Gaceta*, a weekly newspaper published here. The following is from *La Gaceta*'s story:

> Months ago, a major attack was launched against homosexual activities in public rest rooms in the bus stations, large department stores, in shopping centers, etc.
>
> But the high command wasn't satisfied. Great crime fighters should never be satisfied. Attention was focused on another criminal element, men committing immoral acts.
>
> Members of the vice squad were instructed in the art of how to catch tricky masturbators. (It's not easy, you know.)
>
> Suspect places coin in toilet stall, enters and locks the door. You walk out of the men's rest room and wait from three to five minutes before re-entering.
>
> Suspect is still in the locked stall. You listen for tiny and unusual sounds. Then you walk quietly up to the stall's door and try to look in through the crack. If unsuccessful, you must enter the stall next to the suspect, stand on the toilet seat and look over the partition.

The article says that recent masturbation cases have been thrown out of court, however, if the accused was in a locked toilet stall. It seems that a California supreme-court decision states that a person in a locked stall, even though in a public rest room, is entitled to the same rights of privacy as if he were in his own home, and Tampa municipal-court judges have accepted that precedent. *La Gaceta* concludes ironically: "Gosh . . . do the bad guys always win in the end?"

Alton R. Pittman
Attorney at Law
Tampa, Florida

Thanks for sending us the funniest letter of the year. It's like one of Alexander Portnoy's adolescent nightmares coming true: "You, there, I saw you groping it. . . . No, don't try to shoot it out, we've got this john surrounded. . . ." "Better come down to the station house, ma'am; we've got your boy on a whacking-off rap. . . ." "And, in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the people ask for a guilty verdict as a warning to youth everywhere that flagrant lawbreaking will no longer be tolerated. . . ."

At least it's comforting to know that in one large American city, the homicide, burglary, assault and other serious-crime rates are so low that the police have time for tomfoolery like this.

"How long have you had these feelings of inadequacy and frustration, boy?"

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

The greatest record and tape offer in our history... **FOR EVERYONE—EVEN THOSE**

Free... ANY 3 STEREO LP's or

WITH ABSOLUTELY NO OBLIGATION

31787 MAMAS & PAPAS—16 Great Hits
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

42665 CROSBY, STILLS & NASH
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS,

33077 JOAN BAEZ—
One Day At A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42673 LEO ZEPPELIN II
Atlan LP, 8TR

49705 B.B. KING—
Completely Well
Blues LP, 8TR, CASS

44368 PAUL MAURIAT
—Midnight Cowboy
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS

30602 JACKSON FIVE
—I Want You Back
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

42693 KING CRIMSON
Atlan LP, 8TR

33032 IAN & SYLVIA
—Nashville
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

17317 CASALS—
Plays Beethoven
Phil LP

34525 HELLO DOLLY
TwenCen LP, 8TR, CASS

42638 HERBIE MANN
Memphis Underground
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

33495 BLIND FAITH
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

33252 WES MONTGOMERY—Best
River LP, 8TR, CASS

31799 THREE DOG NIGHT—It Ain't Easy
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

17273 HANDEL—Water Music
Phili LP

17263 GREGORIAN CHANT
Phili LP

44365 JACQUES BREL
—If You Go Away
Phili LP

33486 CREAM—Best of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR

44309 BEST OF NINA SIMONE
Phili LP

44373 HAIR: French Original Cast
Phil LP

16759 TCHAIKOVSKY
—1812 Overture
Mercu LP

67503 SMITH—
Minus—Plus
Ounhi LP, 8TR, CASS

34506 ZORBA THE GREEK—Soundtrack
TwCen LP, 8TR, CASS

33065 JOAN BAEZ—
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

30606 TEMPTATIONS
Psychedelic Shack
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

33078 WEAVERS—
On Tour
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

17750 CONTEMPORARY MUSIC FOR GUITAR
MusGu LP

33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

66546 RARE EARTH—
Get Ready
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS

44369 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Merc LP, 8TR, CASS

32903 PDQ BACH
Vangu LP

31795 RICHARD HARRIS—Love Album
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

48782 APPLAUSE
—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

33487 BEST OF BEE GEES
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

42703—**ARETHA FRANKLIN**—This Girl's In Love With You
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

33044 RICHARD AND MIMI FARINA—
Memories
Vangu LP, 8TR CASS

33443 IRON BUTTERFLY—In A Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

31781 THREE DOG NIGHT—Suitable for Framing
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

30607 FOUR TOPS—
Still Waters Run Deep
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

43793 SPANKY AND OUR GANG—Greatest Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

30609 SUPREMES—
Right On
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

17064 MOZART: Sym Nos. 25, 29, 32—Lon. Sym, Davis
Phil LP

33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
—Gonna Be A Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44195 FOUR SEASONS—Gold Vault of Hits
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

31973 JOHN COLTRANE
—Selflessness
Impul LP

31798 MAMAS & PAPAS — Gathering of Flowers (2 records)
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

42733 DELANEY & BONNIE WITH CLAPTON—On Tour
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

PEOPLE WHO SWORE THEY WOULD NEVER JOIN ANOTHER RECORD OR TAPE CLUB!

ANY 1 TAPE Cartridge or Cassette SHOWN HERE Worth up to $20.94 TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!

Yes, take your pick of these great hits right now. Choose any 3 Stereo LP's (worth up to $20.94) or any 1 stereo tape (worth up to $6.98) FREE . . . as your welcome gift from Record Club Of America when you join at the low lifetime membership fee of $5.00. We make this amazing offer to introduce you to the only record and tape club offering guaranteed discounts of 33⅓% to 79% on all labels—with no obligation or commitment to buy anything ever. As a member of this one-of-a-kind club you will be able to order any record or tape commercially available, at savings up to 79%—guaranteed never less than 33⅓%. No automatic shipments, no cards to return. We ship only what you order. Money back guarantee if not satisfied.

See for yourself why over ¾ million record and tape collectors paid $5 to join Record Club of America when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free.

Compare Clubs and See	TYPICAL MANUFACTURER-OWNED RECORD OR TAPE CLUBS					RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
	Club A	Club B	Club C	Club D	Club E	
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP'S OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE, CASSETTE AND REEL-TO-REEL TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Hundreds of different manufacturers including Columbia, RCA, Capitol, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	10	12	6	12	6	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or none at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$49.80 TO $59.80	$59.76 to $71.76	$35.70 to $41.70	$83.76 to $95.40	$41.70 TO $47.70	ZERO DOLLARS! You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! You get discounts up to 79% off. Guaranteed never less than 33⅓% off. No exceptions.
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! No shipping on cycle.

TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

Savings of 50% And More From Recent Club Sales . . . Savings up to $3.49 per LP

	Label	List Price	Half Price
Simon & Garfunkel—Bridge Over Troubled Water	Col	5.98	2.99
Joe Cocker	A&M	4.98	2.49
Peter, Paul & Mary— Album 1700	War	4.98	2.49
Herb Alpert—Greatest Hits	A&M	4.98	2.49
Creedence Clearwater Revival—Willy & Poorboys	Fant	4.98	2.49
The Beatles—Let It Be	Apple	6.98	3.49
Hair—Original B'way Cast	RCA	5.98	2.99
Tom Jones—Tom	Parrot	5.98	2.99
Paul McCartney—McCartney	Apple	5.98	2.99
Jose Feliciano—Fireworks	RCA	4.98	2.49
Glen Campbell—Oh Happy Day	Cap	5.98	2.99
Barbra Streisand—Greatest Hits	Col	5.98	2.99
Miles Davis—Bitches Brew	Col	6.98	3.49
Leontyne Price—Verdi Heroines	RCA	6.98	3.49

Your $5.00 membership fee entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $2.50 each, with full privileges. You can split the total between you—the more gift members you get—the more you save! Special Note: gift members do not receive any FREE records or tapes.

40-R6

© 1970 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way you want it—the only record and tape club with no strings attached! Ordinary record or tape clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you a record or tape you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98 or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

We're the largest all-label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes) . . . on any label . . . including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You never pay full-price! You get bestsellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

No Automatic Shipments

With Record Club of America there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LP's or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). We send only what you order.

How Can We Break All Record and Tape Club Practices?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED . . . NOT CONTROLLED . . . NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are never obliged by company policy to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record or tape clubs, from offering the very newest records and tapes.

Join Record Club of America now and take advantage of this special INTRODUCTORY MEMBERSHIP OFFER. Choose any three LP's or any one tape shown here (worth up to $20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing charge for your free records or tapes will be sent later). This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. You are never obligated to buy another record or tape ever. Your savings have already MORE THAN MADE UP FOR THE NOMINAL MEMBERSHIP FEE.

Look What You Get

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card**—guarantees you brand new LP's and tapes at discounts up to 79% . . . Never less than ⅓ off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP Catalog**—lists readily available LP's of all labels! Thousands of listings; hundreds of labels.
- **FREE Giant Master Tape Catalog**—sent on request. Lists readily available tapes (cartridges and cassettes) on all labels.
- **FREE Disc & Tape Guide**—The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE Any 3 Stereo LP's or any 1 Tape shown here** (worth up to $20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

ALL RECORDS AND TAPES ARE GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE! Join over one million budget-wise record and tape collectors now. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CLUB HEADQUARTERS
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 **X970-0**

Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP Catalog (check box below if you also wish a Master Tape Catalog) and Disc & Tape Guide at this limited Special Introductory Membership offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LP's or 1 FREE tape which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my $5.00 membership fee. (Never another club fee for the rest of my life.) This entitles me to buy any LP's or Tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

☐ Also send Master Tape Catalog

3 FREE LP'S

☐ ☐ ☐

or 1 FREE TAPE

☐ ☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

Also add _____ Gift Memberships at $2.50 each to my request. (Attach separate sheet with names and addresses. Indicate Master Catalog request.)

I enclose $_____ covering my $5.00 lifetime membership and any gift memberships at $2.50 each.

☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

Make a check or money order payable to Record Club of America.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PORTRAIT OF THE MARXIST

(continued from page 176)

allowed to leave without a standing student ovation, a yearbook dedication and a gala student reception.

"Why don't you ever talk to your students?" Sada asked at the reception. Sada was Marcuse's short, fat, old, lovable secretary, for whom Brandeis alumni swear the Beatles' *Sexy Sadie* was written.

"But I *do* talk to them!" Marcuse insisted.

"OK, let's talk!" I interjected. At the time, I was a Brandeis sophomore. "What do you think about student power?"

"On Vietnam, on dormitory rules, I am with you. But in the classroom, I believe in only one power—faculty power. When we were students in Berlin, we never dictated to our professors, we listened to them!"

It was then that I realized that Marcuse is German first, Jewish second and contemporary American hardly at all. His basic approach to education has always been disturbingly authoritarian and I have since learned to turn to Thoreau on questions of tutorial policy. Since his alignment with the New Left, however, Marcuse has conveniently decided that not all professors are to be totally respected. Now it is possible to harass faculty members whose approach stifles "socialist rationality." This simply means that if Marcuse and his student friends decide an instructor is inimical to the Marcuse program, particularly on questions of war and poverty, the instructor need not be "tolerated," and should be actively harassed by pickets, and his classes should be boycotted.

There was also the time I overslept for Marcuse's ten-o'clock class. Although I arrived at Moskowitz Hall 40 minutes late, I decided ten minutes of Marcuse was better than nothing. Unfortunately, the door slammed as I entered.

"Do you realize you are forty minutes late!" thundered Marcuse.

"Yes," I replied.

"I assume that means 'I'm sorry!' " he retorted.

I was never really able to understand Marcuse's burst of anger until a German student told me that I had committed the fundamental Teutonic transgression of tardiness. Is this, I asked myself, any way to run a liberation?

In May 1965, Marcuse accepted a long-standing offer from the University of California at San Diego. Purchasing a house on La Jolla's fashionable Cliffridge Avenue, he set out with Inge, his beat-up Peugeot and his cigars to clip the reviews of *One-Dimensional Man* in the California sunshine. As usual, the reviews were mixed, but in this case, the reviewers were not Marcuse's most significant readers. For before the year was out, *One-Dimensional Man* had become the bible of the burgeoning New Left—from Prague to Sausalito.

One-Dimensional Man is actually nothing more than a rehash of Marcuse rhetoric for the wife and kids. The book characterizes American society as an industrial experiment in which "the logic of domination" has triumphed. American ruling capital is held responsible not only for robbing the coffers but for conditioning the voters to accept their impotence. Marcuse fears most the passive acceptance of limited affluence, which threatens to negate the lust for liberation that the author views as the ultimate life-affirming force. Had Marcuse continued to employ the stilted English he learned in German grammar school, *One-Dimensional Man* would have received a one-dimensional printing. But by using such prosaic American slogans as "They found their soul in a split-level home" to describe what was previously called "repressive desublimation," Marcuse, like McLuhan, made himself a salable piece of merchandise at the campus bookstore.

At first, Marcuse dismissed his new importance and concentrated on teaching 19th Century German philosophy. "If there's one thing the New Left doesn't need," came the word from La Jolla, "it's a new father image." But as the media—*Time*, *The New York Times*—began hailing him as the theoretician of the New Left, it became impossible to escape his new identity. The clincher came in 1968, when the student-worker insurrection in France canonized him as a 20th Century Karl Marx.

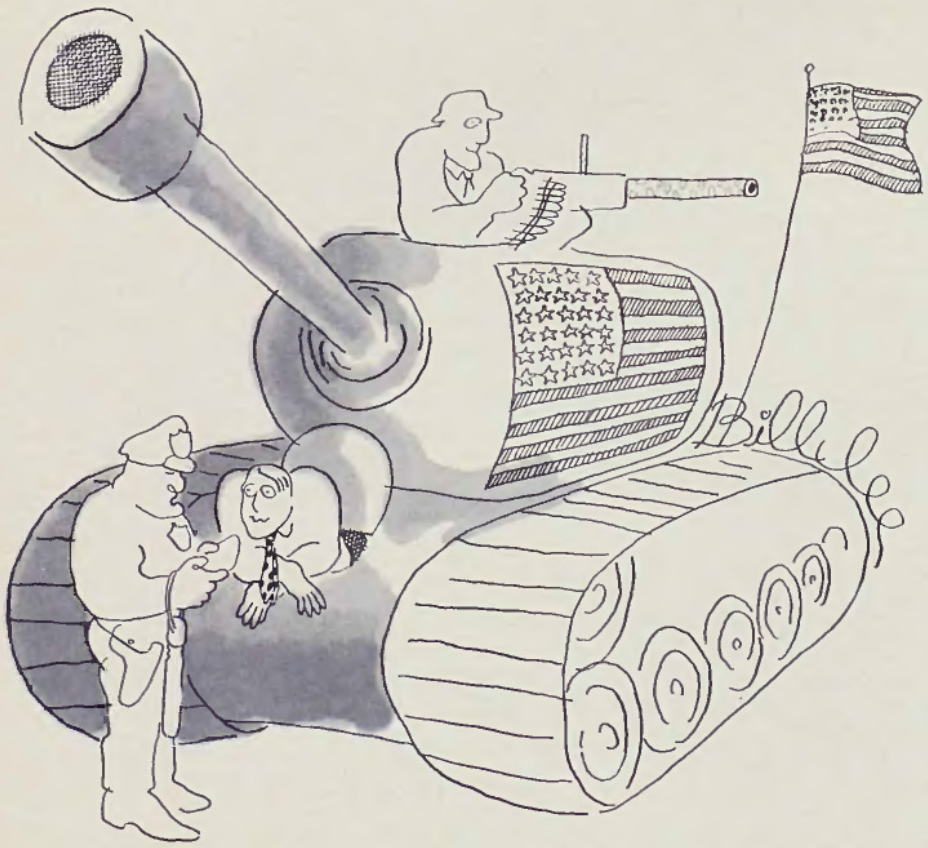
So here at Old Westbury was Marcuse at 71—energetic, alert and calmly amused at his sudden success. Tall and reasonably trim, he wore nothing more radical than a white shirt with French cuffs, a dark foulard tie, a black vest and a gray suit jacket. His long white hair left fully apparent his enormous ears and big, broad nose. With reading glasses tucked neatly into his breast pocket, his only visual eccentricity was his unceremonious munching of an apple. Picking up his coffee cup, he walked out to face yet another student interview.

"I assume I am to sit in this armchair?" Marcuse innocently asked his audience. There were nods of bashful assent. "I don't know if I dare!" he added, grinning.

"Well, what is on your minds?" An anxious hush fell over the group. Who would dare ask the Marxist mahatma the first question?

"What do you think about black studies?" someone shouted from the back.

Student interviews are almost always more revealing than the traditional journalistic têtes-à-têtes. The questions come intense and insolent, stripping off the outer layers of a personage with all the fury of a parking-lot gang bang. Max Lerner has said that after a bout with



"Your tank registration seems to be in order and you're not hippies or anything dangerous like that."

615. Stranger in a Strange Land, by Robert Heinlein. The No. 1 underground novel on college campuses. Tells how a young militant "harnesses" an irresistible Martian love secret and uses it to try to reform the Earth. Hilarious and thought-provoking. Pub. ed. $6.95

618. Dangerous Visions, ed. by Harlan Ellison. 33 far-out, wildly imaginative stories that were rejected by the slick magazines. By Sturgeon, Anderson, Aldiss, Leiber, Brunner and other top science fictionists on subjects of schizophrenia, homosexuality, racism, atheism. Pub. ed. $6.95

808. World's Best Science Fiction 1970, ed. by Donald A. Wollheim & Terry Carr. A collection of the finest stories of the year carefully selected by the editors. 13 way-out stories by Leiber, Silverberg, Niven, others. Includes Ellison's Nebula Award Winning tale "A Boy and His Dog."

622. The Foundation Trilogy, by Isaac Asimov. Extraordinary feat of fiction, science, and philosophy. Envisions consequences of "fall of Roman Empire" on a galactic scale. The universe's Dark Age would be overrun by corrupt mutant of man—called "Mule." Pub. ed. $10.50

623. 2001: A Space Odyssey, by Arthur C. Clarke. 5 men and a computer-gone-mad stumble upon secret of mankind's birth — only to trigger cosmic booby trap that could spell its death. Award winning movie. Pub. ed. $4.95

600. A Treasury of Great Science Fiction, ed. by Anthony Boucher. An anthology you've been waiting for. Two volumes—counts as 1 book. 1000 pages. Full-length novels, novelettes, and short stories by van Vogt, Heinlein, Bradbury, Anderson, Sturgeon, Clarke, Kornbluth, Wyndham, others. Pub. ed. $5.95

638. Nightfall and Other Stories, by Isaac Asimov. 20 probing tales by this best-selling highly acclaimed science fiction author. Covers: evil "fun" at a college reunion . . . man as an "experiment" at betterment that failed . . . memories of lovers come to life — 17 other subjects. Pub. ed. $5.95

637. The Left Hand of Darkness, by Ursula K. LeGuin. Finding love in a "unisex" world. Primitive alien creatures live under strangely sophisticated code of behavior. Winner of Nebula Award for Best Novel. Pub. ed. $4.95

805. A Princess of Mars, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. A love-starved American adventurer's odyssey to a dying planet. Burroughs' "Mars" is one of the most thoroughly conceived worlds in science fiction. Overlooks no detail of chemistry, geography, or life.

619. I Sing the Body Electric, by Ray Bradbury. 18 pieces of fantastic fiction. A sci fi world of "mechanical" grannies, "4-dimensional" babies, resurrected rulers, outer-space city-dwellers. Bradbury's first collection in 5 years. Pub. ed. $6.95

621. Three for Tomorrow, foreword by Arthur C. Clarke. Beguiling novellas by Silverberg, Zelazny, and Blish. Includes grimly realistic tale of tomorrow's New York City where everyone wears gas masks. Ironic, perceptive commentary on human nature. Pub. ed. $5.95

620. Childhood's End, by Arthur C. Clarke. Mankind's last generation on earth. Whole world's under the sway of benevolent rulers from outer space. They end poverty, ignorance, fear—why must they now end the human race? Modern classic. "Wildly fantastic." **Atlantic Monthly.** Pub. ed. $4.50

629. The Illustrated Man, by Ray Bradbury. 18 psychedelic "illustrations" on tattooed body come alive to re-enact human dramas of love, madness, greed, death, and loneliness. "Intensely real." N.Y. Times. Acclaimed movie. Pub. ed. $4.50

642. Stand on Zanzibar, by John Brunner. Remarkable 600 page novel envisages life in United States a hundred years from now. The result is believable, fascinating, and utterly terrifying. Hugo Award Winner for Best Novel. Pub. ed. $6.95

Read it slowly.

You'll want to. It's that good . . . it's *The Science Fiction Hall of Fame:* 26 science fiction stories picked as "favorites" by the Science Fiction Writers of America. (And they should know.) But you needn't trust them . . . judge for yourself. Form your own opinions about Asimov's masterpiece, "Nightfall," and Stanley Weinbaum's classic, "A Martian Odyssey," and Roger Zelazny's award-winner, "A Rose for Ecclesiastes," plus 23 more. They span more than three decades of writers . . . and present light-years of imagination for your mind to play with. So go ahead . . . play.

This exciting anthology of speculative fiction sells for $7.95 in the original publisher's edition. It's yours, if you wish, as one of three books for $1 (plus a modest shipping and handling charge), when you join The Science Fiction Book Club. As a member, you'll be offered other equally exciting books—to build your own hall of fame . . . your own science fiction library—at a fraction of the regular cost.

And here's how the Club works:

Each month, you'll receive *Things to Come,* the monthly Club bulletin that describes superb new works. Though these books may sell for as much as $4.95 and up, you pay only the special low price of $1.49 plus shipping and handling. (Occasional extra-value selections are slightly more.) Although book club editions are sometimes reduced in size, they are always full-length, hard-cover books that you'll be proud to have in your library.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

279. The Science Fiction Hall of Fame. Pub. ed. $7.95

Take any 3

including **The Science Fiction Hall of Fame,** *if you wish—*

for only $1.

when you join the Science Fiction Book Club and agree to accept only four books during the coming year.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB, Dept. 09-PLB, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership and rush the 3 books whose numbers I have printed below. Bill me $1 plus a modest shipping and handling charge for all three. Also include "The War of the Worlds and The Time Machine" as a FREE GIFT with trial membership. Each month send me the Club's free bulletin, **Things to Come,** which describes coming selections. If I do not wish to receive the monthly selection or prefer an alternate, I simply give instructions on the form provided. For each book I accept, I pay $1.49, plus shipping and handling. Occasional extra-value selections are priced slightly higher. I need take only 4 books in the coming year and may resign any time thereafter.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted with my introductory package, I may return it in 10 days and membership will be canceled. I will owe nothing.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss — Please Print
Address
City
State — Zip

If under 18, parent must sign here

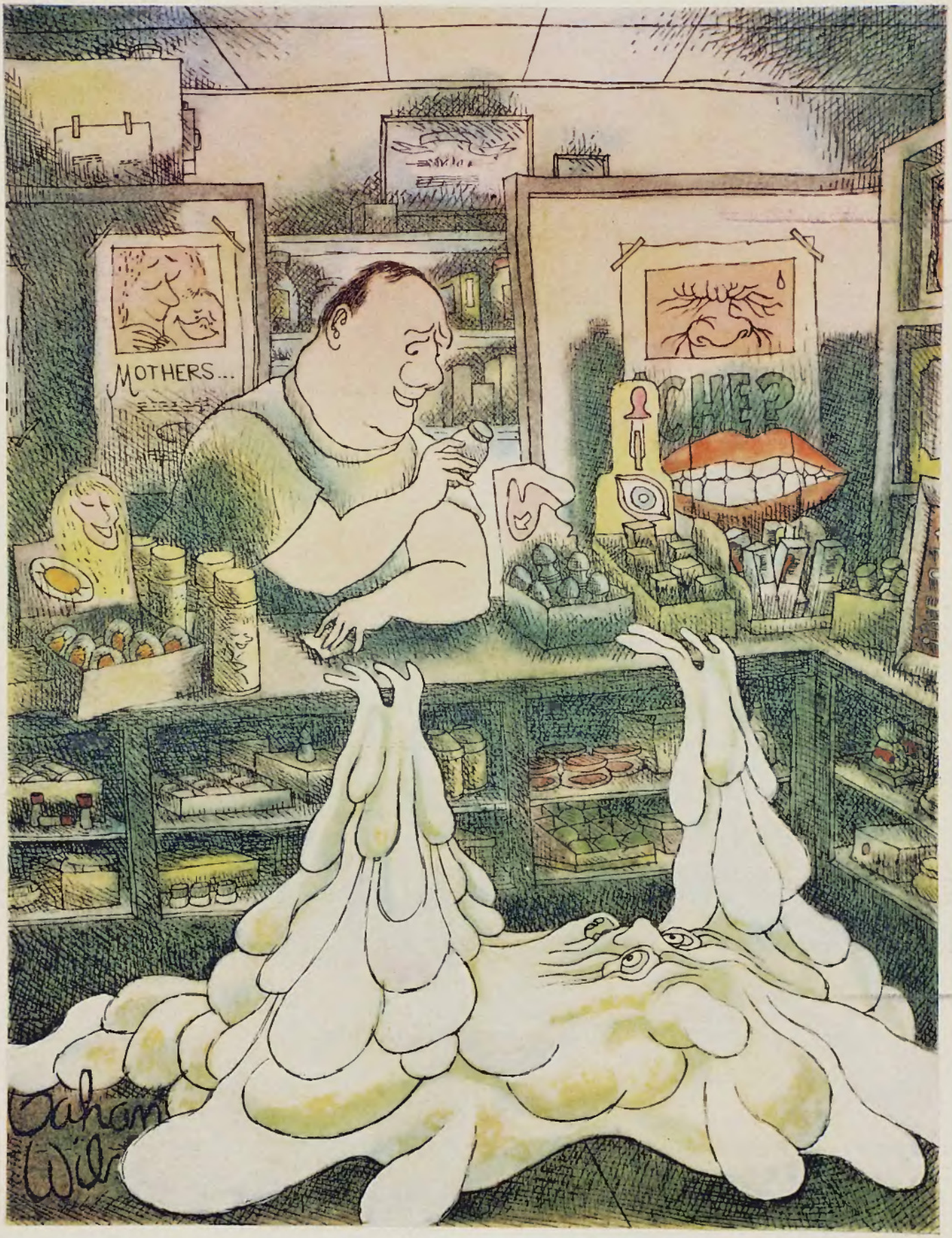
Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only.

17-S88

Extra Free Gift

with trial membership

Two classics in one volume. **War of the Worlds** — dramatized by Orson Welles into radio thriller which threw country into a panic. **The Time Machine**—inventor travels back to prehistoric times and ahead into the future.



"My goodness, Mr. Merryweather, we certainly did make a boo-boo with that prescription of yours!"

The $5 winter coat.

Slush and salt and freezing water can ruin a car's paint. Actually oxidize and erode it through microscopic pores and cracks.

A car needs a good winter coat.

Now is the time to give yours the protection of the hardest, most durable, most expensive wax in the world—carnauba wax—the secret of Classic Wax.

All you do is rub on Classic Wax lightly with a damp cloth, then dust off the dry haze with a dry cloth. Takes less than an hour for a full size American car.

Classic Car Wax. Keeps your car from freezing its paint off.

M-11

Classic Products, Ltd.
1101 Avenue "G", Arlington, Texas 76010

Please rush _____ tins of Classic Car Wax at $5 each. Enclosed is my check or money order.

Name

Address

City State Zip

1870
AMERICA'S CUP RACES
1970

A toast to America's oldest sailing classic.

From America's oldest lager beer.

The first America's Cup Challenge took place in 1870. At stake were the trophy and prestige the schooner *America* had won from the British nineteen years earlier. American sailors turned back that first challenge—and every challenge since. And now, the brewers of Schaefer proudly salute the 100th Anniversary of this classic sailing event and the historic schooner that began it all.

Watch the exciting story of the "America" in "Sail to Glory," a color TV special starring a full-scale re-creation of the original schooner, built by Schaefer. Coming soon.

Schaefer when you're having more than one

America's Oldest Lager Beer

Schaefer Breweries, New York and Albany, N.Y., Baltimore, Md.

TALON® ZEPHYR ® 1970 BY TALON, MEADVILLE, PA.

What did you feel like the last time your zipper broke?

If you want to start feeling more like a human being again, look for the Talon Zephyr® nylon zipper in all the slacks you buy. Our zipper is designed to be slip-proof, jam-proof, and hee-haw-proof, too.

ZEPHYR
Talon
THE QUALITY NYLON ZIPPER
DIVISION OF TEXTRON

students, a man emerges either a saint or a hypocrite.

"I don't believe in black studies or white studies," Marcuse replied. "There is a certain amount of material that every intelligent person should learn."

"What do you mean by 'material'?" a skeptic inquired.

"I am talking about the basics of history, economics, psychology, philosophy, and so on."

"Are these really relevant to the black student in a revolutionary situation?"

"I certainly can understand how irrelevant university life may seem to a black student coming from the ghetto. I suggest that several months be spent preparing these students, at Government expense, for their active and full participation in the university."

"But why bother 'preparing' him?" retorted SDS. "For what? The white man's economic courses? If he's seen rats, junkies and the General Motors Building, he knows all he has to know!"

There were shouts of support and Marcuse realized he was up against his most puzzling opponents—the young, anti-intellectual revolutionaries. As usual, the professor relied on his most winning tactic —patient, charming, rational persuasion.

"I detect here," he began diplomatically, "what I have found on many campuses I have visited: a growing anti-intellectual attitude among the students. There is no contradiction between intelligence and revolution. Why are you afraid of being intelligent?"

Poor Marcuse. Even in his popularity, he is out of step with the youth he seeks to guide. The campus left wants to burn libraries and he continues to defend reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic—albeit Marxist reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. The kids thrill to phrases like "undermine the foundations of the system" and "the liberation of instinctual needs," while the professor would have them temper such excitement with the reading of *Das Kapital* in the original German. The children want to fuck without guilt, while he wants them to study without shame.

"Let me tell you what the SDS kids at La Jolla are doing," Marcuse instructed slowly. "There was an economics professor on our campus who refused to acknowledge the importance of Marxist theory in his lectures. He discussed only empirical data and so-called value-free methodology. The SDS kids went to the library and at every lecture of this professor, they distributed a mimeographed sheet explaining the significance of this data from a Marxist viewpoint. After several weeks of this, the dean called in the SDS kids and said that if they would provide the name of a qualified Marxist economist, the university would hire such a man. So, you see, it can be done with reason and intelligence."

It took Michael Sheridan, Old Westbury's restless student Digger, to make apparent the chasms between Marcuse and the anarchic left.

"Have there not been revolutions in history," wondered Sheridan, "that have not been led by intellectuals—that weren't even intellectual in context?"

"What do you have in mind?" charged Marcuse defensively. "The French Revolution was the result of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau. The Russian Revolution was Marx, Lenin, Trotsky."

Sheridan was silent. He didn't have in mind Rousseau and Trotsky. He was thinking of Buddha, Lao-tzu and Christ.

Oddly enough, Marcuse, whose *Eros and Civilization* is a hippie favorite, has always refused to play spiritualist along with Alan Watts and Timothy Leary. Not that he isn't thoroughly conversant with the mystic tradition. (His favorite authors are Poe and Baudelaire.) It's just that when forced to choose between transcendence and reality, he always opts for reality. For Marcuse, revolution is a sober business and no amount of guru hocus-pocus is seen as a substitute for concrete political action. "Spontaneity is not enough," he argues. "It is necessary to have organization. I cannot imagine how one can combat a society that is mobilized and organized in its totality against any revolutionary movement, against any effective opposition—I do not see how one can combat such a society, such a concentrated force—military force, police force, etc., without any organization. It won't work."

"Are there any other questions?" Marcuse demanded.

I figured I'd change the subject to aesthetics, another Marcuse forte. It is well to keep in mind that Marcuse is a man of incredible scope, who could sooner lecture on Gustav Mahler than talk politics. As a matter of fact, he once opened his mouth on music at the wrong time and found himself saddled with an honorary degree from the New England Conservatory.

"What role can art play," I asked, "in building a socialist society?"

"In the affluent society, art is an interesting phenomenon. On the one hand, it rejects and accuses the established society; on the other hand, it is offered and sold on the market. There is not a single artistic style, however avant-garde, that does not sell. This means that the function of art is problematic, to say the least. There has been talk of the end of art and there really is among the artists a feeling that art today has no function. It must become an essential part of reality, to change reality.

"Look at the graffiti, for example. For me, this is perhaps the most interesting aspect of the events in France, the coming together of Marx and André Breton. Imagination in power, that is truly revolutionary. It is new and revolutionary to try to translate into reality the most advanced ideas and values of the imagination. This proves that people have learned an important lesson: that truth is not only in rationality but just as much and perhaps more in the imaginary!"

There was applause from the audience. Marcuse had managed, as usual, to end his half hour on a note of daring novelty, thrilling hippies and radicals alike with a dose of amphetamine metaphor. He rose from his chair, as if to invite the inevitable denouement of coffee and doughnuts.

"Just a personal note, Herbert," called out Richard Jones from the corner. Marcuse retook his seat, while Jones rambled almost in soliloquy.

"I've recently reread *Eros and Civilization* . . . it's a work of genius. . . . You manage to interpret Freud in a way nobody else had. . . . You must have felt very lonely——"

"Lonely?" cried Marcuse hotly. Jones had obviously meant "intellectually alone," but Marcuse smelled psychotherapy and reacted personally. "Let me make one thing clear. I have never felt personally 'lonely' or 'alienated' or anything like that. I'm very happy, thank you."

Is he really? Could this German Jewish exile, with all the idealistic accouterments of Marx and Freud, really be personally happy in modern America? *One-Dimensional Man* is so acidulous a work that one wonders whether Marcuse's cerebral venom never poisons the soul.

I went up to see Marcuse after the show.

"Hi . . . Michael Horowitz . . . a former student of yours."

"Ah, yes, I thought you looked familiar. When were you at Brandeis?"

"In 1965 . . . your last year . . . I was in your 196b class."

"What was 196b?"

How could Herbert Marcuse forget Politics 196b? 196b was the most advanced course in modern political theory ever offered and if you didn't commit Kant to memory, there was no point in taking the exam. Marcuse used to harangue about Hegel's concept of reason in history, and the liberals and the Marxists used to shout at each other until the janitor complained.

"You don't remember 196b?" I asked innocently. Then reverently, with head bowed: "It was your advanced course in modern political theory."

"Ah, yes," sighed Marcuse, and it was the kind of sigh my Yiddish grandmother gives when she reminisces about Eugene Debs. There was everything in that sigh —remembrance of friends at Brandeis, nostalgia for the lost role of anonymous scholar and a vague fear of the future.

"Brandeis is deteriorating, isn't it?" he queried, almost hopefully.

"Yeah, it isn't the same," I reassured him. "Manuel's gone, Seeley's gone, even Coser left!"

"*Ja*, I was speaking with Heinz Lubasz last week."

I almost said "*Nu?*" but realized we

were talking German Jewish Brahman, not peasant Yiddish. "Oh, really," I ad-libbed. "Does he want to leave, too?"

"*Ja*, but it's hard. He hasn't published much and. . . ."

So it comes to this? An interview with the father of the New Left turns out to be shoptalk about Brandeis academia. But it figures. For Marcuse is still basically a vagabond professor, spending most of his life paying mortgages, getting the car fixed, filling out Blue Cross forms, inviting friends over for coffee and telling his wife she shouldn't worry. The only difference between him and us is that, after he comes home from work, instead of watching *Laugh-In*, he goes into the den and types out a chapter of a book.

Yet he gives us more. Despite his age, Marcuse travels from campus to campus, from TV studio to magazine lounge, from lecture hall to peace rally. The doctors say no, but Marcuse says yes and the endless Marxist vaudeville act goes from city to city, from country to country, because a despairing youth intelligentsia needs constant resuscitation.

"What are your plans? Are you staying at La Jolla?"

"No."

"Oh, no? Where are you going?"

"Who knows?" Marcuse replied, throwing up his hands. "Who can plan anything anymore?"

That was the finale. "Who can plan anything anymore?" I'm just a wayfaring German professor whose hard life has suddenly turned to gold and I know as little about what's coming off as you do. Maybe I'll become a professor in Berlin, maybe I'll join the Apple Corps, maybe I'm Paul Goebbels in disguise. "Who can plan anything anymore?" The final confession of ignorance. O reason, why hath thou forsaken me? And with his bewilderment fully confessed, Marcuse could drift into the solitary garden of President Harris Wofford. For there, facing the clear Long Island sky, a philosopher knows only that he knows nothing, that he can say only what the first of his ilk said to the people of Athens over 2000 years ago—

> But now the time has come and we must go away—I to die and you to live. Which is better is known to the gods alone.

PAYMENT OVERDUE

(continued from page 178)

An orthodontist!

I tell you, I was furious. In a rage, I got up from my chair and started looking for the plug.

"STANLEY," the D. E. V. I. L. shouted. "STANLEY, I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU A SPECIAL DEAL."

I said I would listen.

"It's a limited offer we're trying out in this area for a short time only. Try being an orthodontist for six months. If you like it, fine. If you don't, there's no obligation."

"I'm not sure," I said. "I'm finding it difficult to relate to a machine."

"Don't worry about that," came the answer. "In six months, we send you a preaddressed stamped card, which I'd appreciate you didn't fold, bend or staple. Simply return the card and we take it from there."

"Six months, right?"

"And no obligation."

"As an orthodontist?"

"Sign here," said the D. E. V. I. L.

By the end of the trial period, I knew that the D. E. V. I. L. had been right and I had been wrong. My destiny was to have been an orthodontist. In my first six months of practice, I grossed over $75,000. And not only was my practice successful but my reputation, both professional and personal, began to grow and spread.

Dental schools invited me to lecture and the *Ladies' Home Journal* asked me to write an article on problems of the gums. *The New Yorker* was interested in doing a profile and I started appearing regularly in the leading tooth-paste commercials.

But even better than the money, the fame and the glory were the girls. Young, rich, beautiful girls. Girls who wouldn't look twice at Stanley Lippincott, record salesman, but who couldn't resist Dr. Stanley Lippincott, D. D. S.

Needless to say, when the letter from the D. E. V. I. L. arrived, I checked the box marked YES! PLEASE CONTINUE YOUR SERVICES! and, being careful not to fold, bend or staple, sent the card back in the very next mail.

The years that followed were beyond my wildest expectations.

I lived in a lush penthouse high above Fifth Avenue (my offices, of course, were on Park). I sat at the best tables and in the best seats. I was invited to all the very best parties and became a welcome visitor on late-night TV shows.

I had a mad affair with a fashion model and *I* broke it off. I took up golf and came in second in the Orthodontists' Invitational in Nassau. Once I was even flown to South America by private jet to consult on a special bridge being built for Maria Madruga, the new Peruvian superstar.

In contemplative moments, I still thought of being a rock-'n'-roll singer and occasionally I even played a record or two. But somehow, by then, even Frankie Lymon had lost his magic and my contemplative moments became fewer and farther between.

It was the beginning of my sixth year when it happened.

I had just received an offer to become technical advisor to the hit television show *The Young Dentists*. I was reticent at first, but when the producer explained that the program could do as much for dentistry as *Ben Casey* had done for medicine and how there might even be a part in the show for a handsome and sophisticated type, I began to pack my drills.

I was ready to leave for Hollywood when the first red envelope came.

Inside the envelope was a bill, the kind of bill prepared on a computer and printed by an automatic typewriter. (I knew this because I used the same system for my own bills.) The bill was made out to me "for services rendered" and demanded immediate payment of "one immortal soul."

At first, I was worried, but then I realized it had to be a mistake. I tore up the bill and moved to Beverly Hills.

One month later to the day, another red envelope arrived. This time, the bill was marked PAYMENT OVERDUE and contained a short note.

"Dear Dr. Lippincott," the note read. "Perhaps you've been too busy to settle this account or perhaps you've forgotten us under the pressures of your many other obligations. We understand how this can happen and hope we will have the pleasure of hearing from you soon."

The letter was signed, "With warmest best wishes, B. Z. Beel."

I ignored the second bill. And the third. And the fourth. But by the time the next bill came, I couldn't ignore the fact that I had become a nervous wreck.

By now, the letters that came with the bills had become abusive, threatening.

"Unless payment is made in ten days from receipt of this letter, we will be forced to turn the matter over for collection."

This time, there were no warm wishes.

I tried writing to B. Z. Beel. I explained that there had to be a mistake in his records and that while I was perfectly willing to keep my side of the bargain, I was still a very young man, hardly old enough to consider settling accounts.

My letters were never answered.

After that, it was boats and planes and buses and cars and sometimes even mules. I traveled alone and only at night. I spoke to no one and no one knew who I was.

Finally, a year after I had disappeared and by the most circuitous route possible, I arrived at the small, almost prehistoric village in a remote section of West New Guinea.

The red envelope was waiting for me.

"Dear Dr. Lippincott," the letter began. "This is to inform you that your account has been referred for collection. You will be contacted by our agents shortly. Sincerely yours, B. Z. Beel."

There was a P. S.:

"KINDLY NOTIFY THIS COMPANY OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS."

• • •

I put down my third cup of coffee and paid the check with a five-dollar bill. I gave the change to the strange, haunted man.

"I've been here almost two weeks," he said. "I've got to get moving. Please, will you give me the ride?"

"Sorry," I said. "Sorry."

And I left him there in the little gas-station café on the road between Loma, Colorado, and Harley Dome, Utah.

I wished I could have helped, but basically, it was a matter of principle. The way I figured it, there were only two possibilities. Either the man was a dangerous psychopath or he was a dentist. And I don't give rides to dentists.

BE PREPARED TO PAY AS HIGH AS $17.

Who'd ever think boots this handsome would have a suggested retail price of $17? They're light. Comfortable. Very much in. And we have other shoes styled just as smartly for a couple bucks less. Over the shock yet? Then visit your Weinbrenner dealer. *For dealer call free anytime, any day 800-243-6000. In Conn. 800-942-0655.*

weinbrenner

Weinbrenner Shoe Corp. Merrill, Wisc. 54452

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215.

For the Playboy Look... shop these

ALABAMA

ANNISTON
Hudson's
BIRMINGHAM
Squire's Shop
Stag Shop
CULLMAN
Stiefelmeyer's
OOTHAN
Blumberg & Sons
GADSDEN
Budd's
HUNTSVILLE
Bill's, Inc.
Budd's, Inc. - Holiday Plaza
Budd's, Inc. - Whitesburg Center
JACKSON
Bedsole-Fendley Dept. Store
JACKSONVILLE
Bob's Campus Shop
MONTEVALLO
Zane's Men's Shop
MT. BROOK
Budd's Inc.
PIEDMONT
The Fair Store
PRICHARD
Paulmont Clothing Co.
SHEFFIELD
Olim's "The Loft"
VESTAVIA HILLS
The Cambridge Shop

CONNECTICUT

BRANFORD
Horwitz Dept. Store
BRIDGEPORT
Stevens - Lafayette Plaza
CHESHIRE
Dudley's, Inc.
DANIELSON
Alan Clothes
GREENWICH
Carlo Brothers of Greenwich
GROTON
Mantown of Groton
HARTFORD
Slossberg's Inc.
Stieglitz Men's Shop
Udolf Clothiers
MANCHESTER
Regal Men's Shop
MERIDEN
Oscar Gross, Inc. &
The Varsity Shop
MIDDLETOWN
Regal Men's Shop
MILFORD
Eli Moore
The Gap
NEW BRITAIN
Bill Roberts Men's Shop
NORWALK
Greenberg's College Shop
NORWICH
Feister & Raucher, Inc.
PUTNAM
Kay's IV
SHELTON
Steinman's
SOUTHINGTON
G. E. Madison Store
STAMFORD
Greenberg's Youth Center
Sarner's
STORRS
Herb Smith Univ. Shop
WALLINGFORD
Rubin's
WEST HAVEN
Horwitz Dept. Store
Side Track
WESTPORT
Paul Zabin's Campus Shop
WILLIMANTIC
Hurley's Lincoln Shop

DELAWARE

DOVER
King's Quality Men's Cothing
NEWARK
Don Greggor Univ. Shop

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON
Georgetown VIP Shop
The Stag Shop, Inc.

FLORIDA

AUBURNDALE
Ed Crackel's Men's Shop
BRADENTON
Belk-Lindsey
COCOA BEACH
Stuff To Wear
DADE CITY
Williams Fashion Center
DELANO
The University Shop
FT. LAUDERDALE
King's Toggery for Young Men
FT. LAUDEROALE BEACH
Gerard's Men's Wear
HOLLYWOOD
Pilgrims Shops, Inc.
JACKSONVILLE BEACH
Village Store
KEY WEST
Island Beachboy
LAKE CITY
Bruce's
LAKELAND
Belk-Lindsey
The Wearhouse
LAKE WORTH
Fountain's
MIAMI
Pilgrims Shops, Inc.
Young's Pants Bar
MOUNT DORA
Larsen's of Mount Dora
PANAMA CITY
Belk-Hudson Co.
PENSACOLA
Douglas Allen
POMPANO
Pilgrims Shops, Inc.
QUINCY
Fletcher-Cantey Men's Wear
ST. AUGUSTINE
Benjamin's Men's Shop
ST. PETERSBURG
Arnold's Men's Wear
Moorefield's of Allendale
SOUTH MIAMI
Garber's
WEST PALM BEACH
Cy's Men's Store

GEORGIA

ATLANTA
Ray's "The Master's Closet"—
Toco Hills
BARNESVILLE
Deraney's
BRUNSWICK
Harold's Men's Shop Inc.
CANTON
Brown's Men's Shop
DOUGLAS
Harold's Men's Shop Inc.
FOREST PARK
Stanford's
HINESVILLE
LeRoy's, Inc.
MABLETON
Charles J. Ruff's Store for Men
MACON
Belk Matthews
The Oxford Shop
MARIETTA
Charles J. Ruff's Store for Men
ROSSVILLE
H & C Men's Wear
SAVANNAH
King and Prince
STATESBORO
The Oxford Shop
VALDOSTA
Irvin's The Man's Shop
WINDER
Carwood Mfg. Co.

MAINE

BANGOR
Allan Lewis Co.
BRUNSWICK
The Canterbury Shop
CARIBOU
Lupo's Quality Men's Wear
HOULTON
Michael A. Clark, Inc.
PORTLAND
Snyder's Men's Store
ROCKLAND
Gregory's
WATERVILLE
Sterns Dept. Store

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS
Peerless Clothing Co.
BALTIMORE
Norman Wetzler, Inc.
CATONSVILLE
Cy's Toggery
CHESTERTOWN
Bonnett's Town & Country Shop
FREDERICK
Henri's Men's Shop
GAITHERSBURG
Bernard's Ltd.
GLEN BURNIE
Raymond's, Inc.
Sidle's Dept. Store, Inc.
HAGERSTOWN
Hoffman's Inc.
Rosen's Downtown, Inc.
POTOMAC
The Gentry

MASSACHUSETTS

AMHERST
Thompson's
BEVERLY
Alcon's Alcove
BROCKTON
Linehan, Inc.
CAMBRIDGE
Russo & Sons
CHATHAM
Puritan Clothing Co.
CHELSEA
Nat Weiner
Wolper's Inc.
DENNIS PORT
Puritan Clothing Co.
FALL RIVER
Liss Dept. Store
Sawyer's Campus Shops
FITCHBURG
Kimball & Son Co.
GREENFIELD
Bartlett's, Inc.
Michelman - Carson, Inc.
HYANNIS
Puritan Clothing Co.
LOWELL
Martin's
LYNN
Feinstein's Men's Shop
NEWBURYPORT
Kray's
NORTHAMPTON
Carlson's
ORANGE
Orange Clothing Co.
ORLEANS
Puritan Clothing Co.
QUINCY
Sawyer's Campus Shops
SALEM
Colonial Men's Shop
TAUNTON
Goodnow's
WAREHAM
Coburn Brothers

MISSISSIPPI

CLEVELAND
Kamien's Squire Shop
COLLINS
Speigle's
COLUMBUS
Crossley's
Egger's Dept. Store
EUPORA
Wilson's Wharf
GREENWOOD
Phil's Squire Shoppe
HATTIESBURG
Donovan - Lane Men's Wear
JACKSON
Persons
The Rogue
Wilton's Men's Store
MENDENHALL
Stephens Squire Shop
MERIDIAN
Bud's Men's Shop
MONTICELLO
Gerry's Shop
NATCHEZ
Benoist Brothers
POPLARVILLE
Apple's Ltd.
TUPELO
Village Corner - Black's
VICKSBURG
The Hub
WAYNESBORO
Watkins Heritage Shop

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BEDFORD
Lynch's
CLAREMONT
Marsons
DOVER
Stuart Shaines', Inc. - Dover -
Durham
EXETER
Stone's Men's Shop
FRANKLIN
Benjamin's—Reliable Clothing
KEENE
Roussell's of Keene, Inc.
LACONIA
Benjamin's—Reliable Clothing
Lynch's
MANCHESTER
Ben Richards
Lynch's
NASHUA
Coburn Brothers
PENACOOK
Spearman's
PLYMOUTH
Benjamin's—Reliable Clothing
TILTON
Achber's Dept. Store

NEW JERSEY

ASBURY PARK
Bob and Irving
ATLANTIC CITY
Jules for Men & Young Men
ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS
Tumen's Dept. Store
BRICK TOWN
Britt's Dept. Store
BRIDGETON
The Enterprise
CARTERET
Hammer's Men's Store
Price's Men's Store
CHERRY HILL
Levy's Lampost
DOVER
Friedland's
ENGLEWOOD
Mac & Oave Men's Wear
FREEHOLD
Miller's Stag Shops
GLASSBORO
Levy's Lampost
KEARNY
Towne Clothiers
LINDEN
Palmer's Men's Shop
Region Formal Wear
MANVILLE
Dave's Men's & Boys' Store
MATAWAN
Miller's Stag Shops
MENLO PARK
Archie Jacobson
MORRISTOWN
Salny Bros.
NEW BRUNSWICK
Snellenburg Clothes Shop
NUTLEY
Franklin Men's Shop
OAKLAND
The Wardrobe
PASSAIC
Ben Krones, Inc.
Geismar-Kaplan
Max Goldstein & Sons
PATERSON
Kasen's
PENNSVILLE
SenDrow's Men's Apparel
PLAINFIELD
Varsity Shop
POMPTON LAKES
Feinbloom's Men's Shop
Singer's Gentry Shop
PRINCETON
Princeton Clothing Co.
RAHWAY
Sargent's Men's Shop
RAMSEY
Irv Lerner's Fashions for Men
& Boys, Inc.
RED BANK
Goldin's Men's Shop
RUTHERFORD
Berlin's
SALEM
Prince's
SECAUCUS
Smart Men's Shop
WAYNE
Modes for Men & Boys
WEST NEW YORK
Schlesinger's

NEW YORK

AUBURN
Marshall's Clothing Store
BATAVIA
Beardsley's of Batavia
BAY SHORE
Robert Matthew Clothiers
BINGHAMTON
Bates Troy, Inc.
BRONX
Topp's Men's Wear
BROOKLYN
Bauman's
Links Men's Shops
BUFFALO
Kleinhans
Moreys Ltd.
Riverside Men's Shop
CANASTOTA
Canastota Men's Shop
CARMEL
Brook's Male World

PMOC stores

PLAYBOY MAN ON CAMPUS PMOC FASHION APPROVED 1970

Scan this list for the store nearest you that features campus clothes fashion-approved by PLAYBOY—the quality brands advertised in this issue. You can spot a Playboy-Man-On-Campus store: Playboy Rabbit Head and PMOC sign in the window.

CATSKILL
Winans Men's Shop
CORTLAND
A. Louis
Harold's Men's Store
DANSVILLE
Charles A. Reinholtz, Inc.
EAST SYRACUSE
Reichert's Toggery Shop
ELMIRA
Jerome's
Werdenberg's Inc.
ENDICOTT
Alexander Harvey Clothing
Vaughn's Men's & Boys' Clothing
FOREST HILLS
David's—Forest Hills
FREEPORT
Hunter Clothes
HIGHLAND FALLS
Shorter's Men's Shop
HORNELL
Murray Stevens
ITHACA
Morris' Men's Wear
JAMAICA
B & B Lorry's—Jamaica
JAMESTOWN
Pearson's Men's Wear
KENMORE
Roger Lewis Shops
KINGSTON
H. G. Rafalowsky, Inc.
Yallum's
LYNBROOK
Weber Stores
MEDINA
Kennedy Bros. Inc.
MONTICELLO
Hammond and Cooke
NEW ROCHELLE
Frost Men's Shop
Paul Scott Ltd.
NEW YORK
Everybody's Shop, Inc.
Phil's Style Center
NIAGARA FALLS
Allens Men's Wear
NORTH TONAWANDA
J T Men's Shop
NORWICH
Winans Men's Shop
OLEAN
Carnahan's Men's Store
The Printz Co.
ONEONTA
Winans Men's Shop
PENN YAN
Donaldson-Jensen Co.—Clothes for Lad & Dad
PLATTSBURGH
Merkel's
PORT JEFFERSON
Woodfield's
QUEENS
Phil's Style Center
ROCHESTER
A. Knobler, Inc.
Len David Ltd.
ROCKVILLE CENTRE
Hunter Clothes
ROME
Goldbergs of Rome Inc.
SARANAC LAKE
Wilson Clothing Co., Inc.
SCHENECTADY
Lafayette Clothes, Inc.
SILVER CREEK
Borland's Men's Shop
SOUTHAMPTON
Oak's of Southampton
SPRINGVILLE
Simon Bros.
STATEN ISLAND
Archie Jacobson
Garber's
SYRACUSE
Bostonian Shoe Shop
Fred's
Gary Clothes
UTICA
Maher Brothers
YONKERS
Wallace - Corning
YORKTOWN HEIGHTS
Vinny's Men's Shop

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEBORO
Moore's Dept. Store
BELMONT
The Closet, Ltd.
BURLINGTON
Currin & Hay, Inc.
CHARLOTTE
Providence Men's Store
FARMVILLE
Lang's Inc.
FAYETTEVILLE
Chateau Fashions for Men
The Quality Shop Is The Place
HAVELOCK
The Men's Shop
MONROE
Frank's Ltd. of Monroe
MURFREESBORO
George W. Evans, Inc.
RALEIGH
Hudson-Belk Co.
RANDLEMAN
Pickett's Men's Shop—The Thread Shed
REIDSVILLE
Lane's Shoe Store
ROCKINGHAM
R. W. Goodman Co.
SOUTHERN PINES
Sir Richard's, Ltd.
SPRUCE PINE
Wellborn's For Men and Boys
WARSAW
M. H. Barr Men's Shop
WELDON
L. Kittner's Dept. Store, Inc.
WHITEVILLE
J. S. Mann's
WILSON
Belk Tyler
WINSTON-SALEM
Miller's Variety Store

PENNSYLVANIA

ALLENTOWN
Kuhns & Shankweiler
ALTOONA
Lester's varsity-man
AMBRIDGE
Davidson's Stag Shop
AROMORE
Spritzler's
BEAVER FALLS
Zeiden's Inc.
BLOOMSBURG
Bart Pursel Men's Clothing
BRADFORD
James R. Evans Co., Inc.
BRYN MAWR
The Manly Store
CARLISLE
S. Kronenberg Sons, Inc.
CLARION
Wein Bros.
CLARKS SUMMIT
The Attic Men's Shop
COATESVILLE
Clinton R. Mosteller, Inc.
Davy's Men's Store
COLLEGEVILLE
Powers Men's Shop
EBENSBURG
J. Covitch & Son
ELIZABETHTOWN
Robert Lowman's Men's Shop
ELLWOOD CITY
Keller's Dept. Store
ERIE
Edward Parks Sportswear
L. Press & Co.
HANOVER
Sears, Roebuck & Co.
HARRISBURG
Doutrich & Co.
HELLERTOWN
Stehly's Men's and Boys' Wear
HUNTINGDON
Poser's Young Men's Shop
INDIANA
Leon's Men's Wear
Waxler's Men's Wear
JOHNSTOWN
London Mall
LANCASTER
Sayres, Scheid & Sweeton
LATROBE
The Hub
LEWISTOWN
Bob Davis Inc.
MALVERN
Englund's Apparel for Men, Inc.
MC KEESPORT
Kadar's Clothiers
MEADVILLE
The Printz Co. Inc.
MONACA
Monaca Men's & Boys' Store
MOUNT CARMEL
Matlow's
OAKMONT
Lou Kumer - Men's & Boys' Store
OIL CITY
Ray L. Way Menswear
PHILADELPHIA
Edco Men's & Boys' Wear, Inc.
Kovnat Men's Shop
PITTSBURGH
Gentry
Herman's Stylegate
The Male Box, Inc.
Morgan & Kaufman
PUNXSUTAWNEY
Albert's Men's Wear
READING
Paul's Men's Shop
ST. MARYS
John Gross Men's & Boys' Shop
Ivan's Men's Shop
SAYRE
Jim Paluzzi's Toggery
SCOTTDALE
Morris Men's Shop
SCRANTON
Carl's Stag Shop
SELINSGROVE
J. Kleinbauer, Inc.
SHIPPENSBURG
Galen Gates & Son
SMETHPORT
C. Russell Johnson Clothiers
SOMERSET
George's Men's Shop
STATE COLLEGE
Lester's varsity-man
STROUDSBURG
Ted Getz Clothier
TUNKHANNOCK
Fitze's Dept. Store
TYRONE
The Squire Shop
WAYNE
Englund's Apparel for Men & Boys
WEST CHESTER
Mosteller's Inc.
WILLIAMSPORT
Carroll House
Varsity Shop
Wilsons
YORK
Gregory's
Newswanger's Shoe Stores

PUERTO RICO

MAYAGUEZ
Patricio Martinez, Inc.

RHODE ISLAND

EAST GREENWICH
Ben Solomon
NEWPORT
Newport Men's Shop
NORTH KINGSTOWN
Jay's Men's Shop
PAWTUCKET
London Shop
PROVIDENCE
London Shop
The Peerless Co. - Men's Dept.
WARREN
Gob Shops
WOONSOCKET
Kornsteins Dept. Store

SOUTH CAROLINA

ABBEVILLE
The Oxford Shoppe at Rosenberg's
AIKEN
Manning Owen's, Inc.—Kalmia Plaza
BAMBERG
Kearse-Padgett Co.
BEAUFORT
Martin's Men's Shop
CHARLESTON HEIGHTS
Henry's Men's Wear
GAFFNEY
Hallman's Men's Shop
GREENVILLE
Bob's Men's Shop
GREENWOOD
Rosenberg's
HAMPTON
Harry's Men's Shop
NEWBERRY
Bergen's
ROCK HILL
Robin's Men's Shop
UNION
J. Cohen Co.
WAGENER
Tyler Brothers

TENNESSEE

BRISTOL
The Quality Shop
CLARKSVILLE
Rankin's on Franklin
COOKEVILLE
Ideal Men's Shop
DICKSON
Arnold's
HUNTINGDON
Dilday's of Huntingdon
KNOXVILLE
The Knox Dept. Store
MEMPHIS
Goldsmith's
I. Rosen's
Louis Lettes
Mannie & Karl's
Oxford Shop
Stag Men's Shop
Stamm's Top Drawer
Tatum Shoe Stores
NASHVILLE
Petway-Reavis Co.
UNION CITY
Bennett's Inc.

VERMONT

BELLOWS FALLS
Claud Dexter
MONTPELIER
Nate's Inc.
RUTLAND
Economy Dept. Store

VIRGINIA

ALEXANDRIA
Man's World
The Stag Shop, Inc.
Steven-Windsor
ARLINGTON
The Stag Shop, Inc.
DANVILLE
Southern Dept. Store
EMPORIA
Bloom Brothers, Inc.
FAIRFAX
Phillip York, Ltd.
FRONT ROYAL
Weaver's, Inc.
GLOUCESTER
Southern Dept. Store
LEXINGTON
Adair-Hutton, Inc.
MANASSAS
The Stag Shop, Inc.
MARTINSVILLE
Ted's
NORFOLK
Terry's College Shop on Campus/O.D.U.
NORTON
Dave's
PETERSBURG
Ungers
PORTSMOUTH
Rogers Clothes, Inc.
RADFORD
Copenhaver's, Inc.
RICHMOND
Newman's Trend Shop
SALEM
Ken Platt Sportswear
SMITHFIELD
Southern Dept. Store
TAPPAHANNOCK
Anderton's Dept. Store, Inc.
WILLIAMSBURG
Casey's, Inc.

WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY
E. M. Payne Co.
Silver Brand Clothes
CHARLESTON
Curly's Men's Shop
Silver Brand Clothes
ELKINS
The Men's Shop
HUNTINGTON
Lambros & Sons
KENOVA
Zachem's Inc. Men's & Boys' Clothing
KEYSER
Shapiro's Men's Store
LOGAN
Silver Brand Clothes
MARTINSBURG
Stag Shop
MORGANTOWN
Biafora's
L & G Shoppe
PRINCETON
The Stag
WELCH
Belcher & Mooney Men's Store
WHEELING
Davids Ltd.

STUDENT SURVEY

(continued from page 184)

Though a disturbingly high total of 47 percent of the students polled condoned the use of violence under certain circumstances, a majority (53 percent) declared they are against violence as a tactic, under any circumstances—a clear repudiation of the claims of SDS and other far-left groups. So it appears that the widespread demonstrations and strikes (the most massive in U.S. history) following Kent State did not represent an affirmation of radical philosophy but were, rather, an extraordinarily broad-based condemnation of Administration attitudes and repression that had resulted in the wanton slaying of four students.

What emerges from the pattern of answers so far is a picture of a student body that is basically liberal but not radical. If this is the case, then the overwhelming antagonism to the Vietnam war must be reinterpreted. In the context of a prevailing liberal student perspective, the fact that a plurality (36 percent) chose the extreme option—to pull out now—indicates that distaste for the war runs so deep that in a very certain sense, immediate withdrawal has become a *liberal*, not a radical, solution to ending our involvement in Indochina. This is especially apparent when one remembers that five years ago, this position was virtually a monopoly of the hard-line SDS elite who now openly express a desire for a Viet Cong victory.

DRUGS: Ten years ago, the only drugs commonly used by college students were alcohol, aspirin and NoDoz. A little "tea" was smoked by hipsters in New York and California, but between those frontiers, getting bombed on booze was the headiest habit around.

Things are more complicated now: pot, peyote, psilocybin, DMT, mescaline, STP, amyl nitrite, LSD, THC, hog, coke, belladonna, angel dust, heroin, Benzedrine, codeine, Methedrine, hash, opium, MDA, nutmeg, morphine, Librium, nitrous oxide, Valium, morning-glory seeds, Darvon—plus alcohol, aspirin and NoDoz.

The drugs are abundant and available; and the soaring number of campus busts indicates that students are, indeed, using them. In some eyes, youthful drug abuse amounts to a national crisis. As a good indicator of community concern, one has only to look to the anti-drug ads that have begun to appear on television; such warnings were nonexistent a couple of years ago. To find out if the fears behind such ads are justified, we asked students about their drug-taking habits.

DRUG USAGE

	Pot	Speed	Barbiturates	Acid	Hard Drugs
Never	**53%**	**82%**	**85%**	**89%**	**93%**
Occasionally	34%	16%	14%	10%	6%
Frequently	13%	2%	1%	1%	1%

As it turns out, students seem to have a healthy awareness of those drugs that can put them on long-term bummers. They apparently believe that speed kills, barbiturates can bring you down for good and acid may eat permanent holes in your chromosomes. The habitual use of hard drugs—heroin, cocaine, etc.—on campus is nearly nonexistent (one percent reporting frequent use). In general, drug use (we'll consider pot separately and in detail later on) is not as widespread as might be expected—or feared. This is particularly true of LSD. The fact that nearly 90 percent of all students have never tried it and that only one percent can claim the dubious distinction of being confirmed acid users certainly belies the tremendous cultural impact of the drug. The word psychedelic became one of *the* vogue terms in the American vocabulary during the late Sixties; but our national fascination with the phenomenon and its style has, fortunately, not led to widespread experimentation with the drug. That so many students have avoided LSD clearly reflects the fact that several serious questions about its long-range effects remain unanswered—and that students in general are still cautious about drug taking.

There is a relevant point to be made here concerning the use of hard drugs on campus. One of the standing arguments against the use of marijuana has been that it leads to the use of heroin and other addicting drugs. Our figures do not seem to support this theory: While nearly half of all college students have used marijuana, less than one percent report the frequent or habitual use of *any* hard drug.

POT: Nearly half of all respondents say they smoke pot sometimes; 13 percent classify themselves as frequent users. Despite continued heavy penalties in most states for possession of marijuana, the sweet smell of grass is wafting ever more thickly across the land.

(continued overleaf)

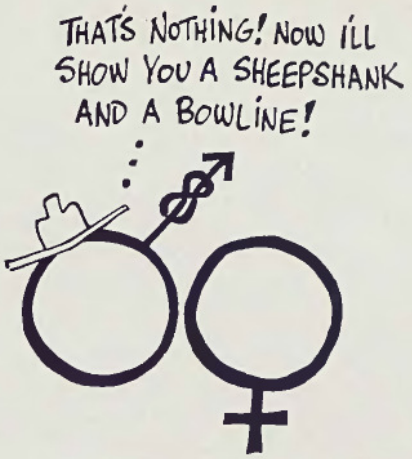
MARIJUANA USAGE

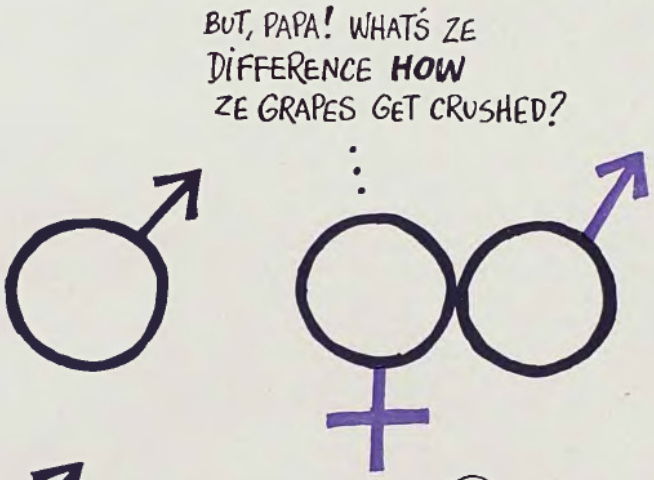
	Never	Occasionally	Frequently
Total	53%	34%	13%
Sex			
Male	**49%**	37%	14%
Female	61%	29%	10%
Family Income			
$5000–$10,000	57%	32%	11%
$10,000–$15,000	56%	34%	10%
$15,000–$25,000	48%	39%	13%
Over $25,000	44%	34%	**22%**
Age			
17	59%	24%	**17%**
18	55%	32%	13%
22	53%	36%	11%
Religion			
Protestant	**63%**	29%	8%
Catholic	57%	35%	8%
Jewish	32%	44%	24%
Other	53%	32%	15%
None	26%	42%	32%

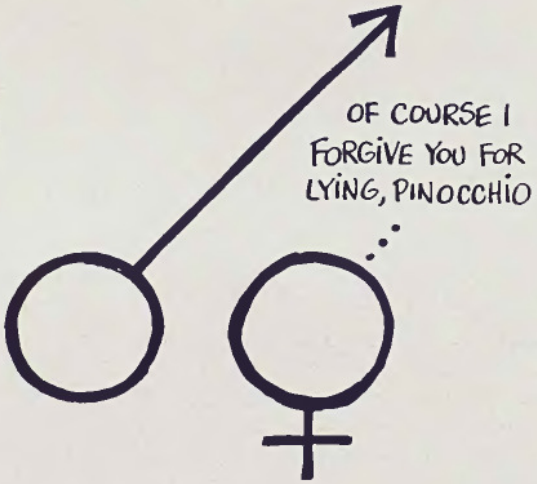
SYMBOLIC SEX

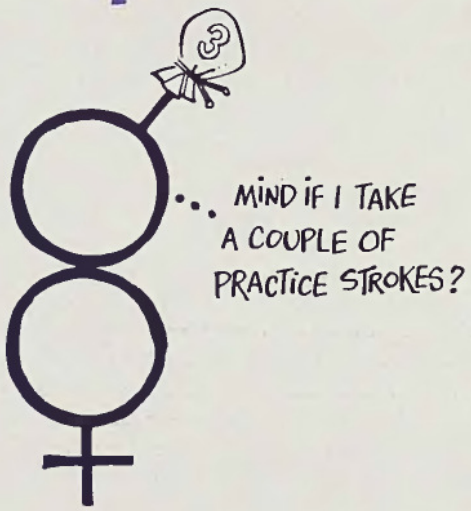
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

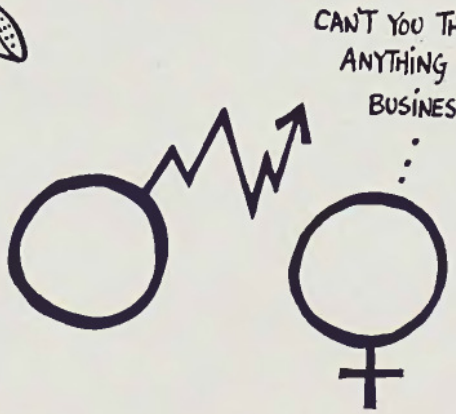
humor By DON ADDIS











Our survey indicates that men are more adventurous pot users than women. This pattern holds for all other drugs except barbiturates, of which women are slightly more frequent users. When students are classified according to family income, a reversal of a traditional trend appears. Thirty years ago, young people from lower-income groups were considerably more likely to smoke marijuana than were those from the upper-middle class, primarily because it was available almost exclusively in lower-class and minority-group areas. Today, however, students in the lowest family-income bracket use pot slightly less than the average of all students, while those in the highest income group smoke considerably more than the average. Clearly, pot has become part of the life style of the affluent young.

As for the legalization of marijuana, smokers and nonsmokers differed widely —and predictably.

LEGALIZATION OF POT

	All Students	Nonusers	All Users	Frequent Users
Pot should be sold with no restrictions	14%	4%	24%	41%
Pot should be sold like cigarettes and liquor	32%	21%	43%	41%
Government should lessen penalties and conduct studies	41%	51%	31%	17%
Pot is dangerous; leads to hard stuff	13%	24%	2%	1%

There is a clear-cut and easily understandable relationship between marijuana use and opinions regarding its legalization. Not quite half (46 percent) of all students feel that pot should be legalized —either without restrictions or with the same regulations that now apply to cigarettes and liquor. It should be noted that this figure is almost the same as the percentage of students who have tried pot. And, as one might expect, those who have never smoked it hold the most conservative views regarding its legalization: A quarter of the nonusers believe that pot is dangerous and leads to hard-drug usage—while only two percent of all users and one percent of frequent smokers concur with this opinion. Conversely, 67 percent of the users are for legalization, while only 25 percent of the students who have never tried pot want it legalized. Experience with weed clearly tends to lessen fears about it.

Since nearly half the students in America smoke pot, nearly half the students are criminals. Possession of marijuana is a major crime—a felony in most states. Some sociologists have argued that smoking it tends to radicalize the user, since by lighting up, he considers the laws against it invalid; and this, it's argued, leads to a critical examination of the other laws and policies that regulate society. Whether or not pot smoking does, in fact, cause students to become more radical is moot; but those who do smoke are far to the left—politically and socially—of those who don't.

POLITICS OF POT

	All Students	Nonusers	All Users	Frequent Users
U. S. Government system fine as is	12%	16%	7%	3%
Working within system is effective	73%	75%	71%	58%
Should get out of Vietnam now	36%	22%	51%	70%
U. S. needs violent revolution	15%	9%	22%	39%

Smokers and nonsmokers share a belief that working within the system is a viable, effective way to bring about change; but on other political issues, they differ considerably. Among frequent users, for instance, 70 percent believe that we should pull out of Vietnam immediately. This is almost twice the average of all students and more than three times as high as the percentage among nonusers. Similarly, frequent users are far more inclined to believe that revolution is the answer to America's ills. This association of pot and radicalism is a tempting premise for sociological speculation. But since it's impossible to establish that one leads to the other, all that can be said is that pot is as much a part of the radical life style as long hair and hard rock.

SEXUAL ACTIVITY: Our survey shows a dramatic departure from the degree of permissiveness among the college students who were surveyed by Kinsey more than a generation ago. While many authorities have suggested that the sexual revolution of the Sixties was more a matter of increased frankness in speech than of significant changes in behavior, our data reveal a major change in sexual activity on campus. Kinsey reported that 49.4 percent of the males and 73 percent of the females in his college samples had not had premarital intercourse by the age of 21. We found that these figures, for our total sample, have dropped to 18 percent for males and 49 percent for females. These figures are even more impressive when it is realized that few of our subjects have reached their 21st birthday.

FREQUENCY OF PREMARITAL INTERCOURSE

	Never	Occasionally	Frequently
Male	18%	57%	25%
Female	49%	36%	15%

Since a relationship appeared earlier between heavy pot use and political radicalism, we investigated the possibility of a relationship between heavy pot use and sexual activity. The two tables that follow measure the frequency of sexual intercourse among those students who said they never use marijuana and its incidence among those who said they use pot often.

The most startling correlation here is among females: 62 percent of the girls

INTERCOURSE AMONG THOSE WHO NEVER USE POT

	Never	Occasionally	Frequently
Male	28%	52%	20%
Female	62%	26%	12%

INTERCOURSE AMONG THOSE WHO USE POT OFTEN

	Never	Occasionally	Frequently
Male	6%	51%	43%
Female	14%	48%	38%

Playboy's Party Kit 'n' Kaboodle

A. The Playboy Rug . . . jaunty Rabbit in plush deep orange on light gold; royal blue on avocado; and hot pink on bright orange. Available in 2′x3′ or 3′x′5 size; backed with nonskid TEX•A•GRIP; machine washable, machine dryable. Background is 100% nylon, Rabbit overlay is 100% rayon. 2′x3′ MM336, $7.95; 3′x5′ MM337, $19.95

B. The plushy Playboy Hand Puppet in black serge twill is a party icebreaker. MM314, $7

C. Playboy Throw Pillow . . . made of 100% cotton poplin, cord edged and kapok filled. In black, with permanently flocked white Rabbit. MM329, $6

D. Our spirited Playboy Rabbit covers a fifth or quart of your favorite brand. Head slips off for easy bottle access. MM330, $8.50

E. The Playboy Party Pack . . . four glass ashtrays, 50 books of matches from all the Clubs, 50 Rabbit picks, 25 Rabbit stirrers, 50 Playboy Club napkins and two sets of Rabbit-crested plastic glasses—eight 8-ounce, and eight 14-ounce. MM317, $7.95

F. The Playboy Pipe . . . custom-styled for Hugh Hefner . . . made from select, imported, aged briar. Hard-rubber bit, removable filter. Ebony finish. MM324, $15

Playboy Products,
Dept. MF1601, Playboy Building,
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611

☐ Send the items to me. I prefer to give them personally.
☐ Send a gift card in my name. (Attach recipients' names and addresses by item.)
☐ Payment enclosed. (Make check payable to Playboy Products.)
☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

Quantity	Item Code No.	Description	Color	Cost

Please add 50¢ per item for handling and postage. _____
TOTAL $ _____

My Name _____ (please print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

who have never used pot have never had sexual intercourse, while only 14 percent of the girls who use pot frequently remain virgins. Most interesting of the statistics applying to men: Only 20 percent of the men who never use pot reported that they have intercourse frequently, while more than twice as many (43 percent) of the male marijuana users said they frequently make love.

Another correlation: a test of the political attitudes of those students who said they engage in intercourse frequently. These students come out slightly to the left on most issues and take significantly more left-wing positions than the average on two particular questions.

POLITICAL ATTITUDES AND SEX

	Frequent Intercourse	All Others
Pull out of Vietnam immediately	49%	36%
Need violent revolution	25%	15%

As we noted earlier, a cause-and-effect relationship cannot be inferred from the correlation we found among pot smoking, sexual activity and political attitudes. It does seem, however, to indicate that those students who are personally liberated also tend toward political radicalism. Their life style consistently reflects a viewpoint that is at variance with virtually all accepted norms.

POPULATION CONTROL: There are too many people in the world—at least that's the message from population biologists such as Dr. Paul Ehrlich (see last month's *Playboy Interview*). Crowding already amounts to a crisis, they say, and we must take active steps to slow down the birth rate if we are to survive. One such step is legalized abortion. It is still, however, a highly controversial issue. To the liberal audience, the good guys are everyone in favor of repeal of anti-abortion laws; and because their Church is officially and rigidly against abortion under any circumstances, Roman Catholics are widely cast as the villains: This situation makes student responses to the question regarding abortion especially relevant.

ABORTION—ALL STUDENTS

All abortion should be illegal; it's murder	7%
Therapeutic abortion should be made legal	31%
Women should be free to have abortions for any reason they want	**62%**

Students' predominant support for unrestricted abortion indicates that on campus, at least, the fight has been won by the liberals. Proof that society as a whole is at least beginning to think this way as well lies in the fact that three states—Hawaii, Alaska and New York—have repealed their old, restrictive abortion laws and now permit abortion on request. In addition, 12 other states have enacted modified abortion-reform statutes. (For more information on the subject, see *The Abortion Revolution*, by Robert Hall, M.D., on page 112.)

More surprising here than the totals, however, is the breakdown according to religion.

ABORTION—BY RELIGION

	Murder	Therapeutic	Unrestricted
Protestant	5%	33%	62%
Catholic	12%	**40%**	**48%**
Jewish	3%	22%	75%
Other	7%	33%	60%
None	3%	11%	86%

The Catholic response is the surprise. If Catholic students were holding the orthodox line, 100 percent would consider abortion murder. Instead, almost 90 percent favor abortion of some sort and nearly half believe that voluntary abortion for any reason should be legalized. The men in the Catholic hierarchy who are struggling to liberalize the Church's stand on abortion clearly have the support of the young, who are most likely to be affected by that position.

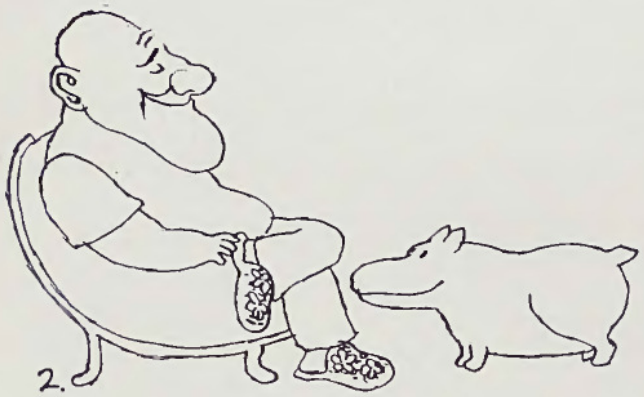
A final point on student opinion about population: Despite the urging of men such as Ehrlich that people who want large families should adopt children, the idea remains unpopular with students. It has never been a fashionable practice and, in keeping with tradition, over 70 percent of all students say they plan to adopt no children. As for having their own, 63 percent say they intend to have two children or fewer.

From the statistics, today's college student emerges as a concerned, reasonable and angry citizen—concerned about Vietnam, the environment and the racial crisis. He is reasonable about drugs and ways to reform America, and angry with an unresponsive political structure. And he is markedly different from his parent generation in all these things.

In his personal style, he is open and eager for change. He accepts marijuana as a pleasure and is sexually less inhibited than any generation in this country's history.

Politically, he's a liberal: not a middle-of-the-roader, not a radical. He refuses to believe either that he is politically ineffectual or that the only way to restructure the system is to tear it down. Despite countless violent eruptions on campuses in recent years, he is ideologically opposed to violence—whether it takes the form of an Asian war, a campus demonstration or authoritarian repression. But he is dangerously frustrated, and it's not hard to understand why. Three quarters of the students polled want a swift withdrawal from Indochina; and their President derides or ignores them and invades Cambodia. Fewer than 15 percent feel that marijuana is dangerous; and there is talk in Congress of no-knock laws and stiffer pot-use penalties. Environmental problems rank third on the students' list of vital issues, yet no one seriously believes that we have even begun to wage the war for ecological survival. And students are being killed as well as condemned for their views.

Under the circumstances, it is almost incredible that their sense of isolation and frustration has not led to more extensive violence and bloodshed than it has. That the young apparently have not lost faith in their country and its Government is a testament to their good sense, self-confidence and tenacious humanity.



Gahan Wilson

MODERN-DAY MODEL A

(continued from page 131)

of less than 2400 pounds, the Glassic tops out at more than 100 mph. In contrast to its ancestor's primordial three-speed gearbox, the present-day Model A comes with either a four-on-the-floor or an optional automatic transmission.

To preserve the Glassic's exclusivity, plans call for turning out only 500 reproductions of the 1931 Model A roadster and touring phaeton each year. Normally, both body styles are obtainable in red or yellow finish only, with black trim and white-vinyl roof and side-mount coverings—but special paint jobs are applied on order. The frame and bows supporting the top are of aluminum alloy, the floor boards are carpeted in heavy pile and the seats are covered in Naugahyde. Nostalgic and functional are the car's snap-on side curtains and—for easier cold-weather starts—an ever-dependable hand choke. Chromed wire wheels and trunk rack, whitewalls, wind wings and fold-flat windshield are standard equipment. Other standard features such as independent front and rear self-adjusting braking systems, seat belts, dual outside mirrors, running and backup lights and calibrated leaf springs are designed to meet Government regulations.

It comes as no great surprise to find the Model A joining the reproduction ranks that include such memorable marques as Mercedes-Benz's SSK, Auburn's boat-tailed Speedster and the Cord 812, all of which have appeared in our pages. Produced from 1928 to 1932, the original Model A was the heir to the fame earned by Ford's Tin Lizzie, the Model T, which revolutionized manufacturing techniques in the auto industry during its 19-year existence. Though Edsel Ford, Henry's son, was one of the first to admit at the time of its introduction that there was "nothing radical about the new car" as there had been with the Model T, over 5,000,000 of them were sold during its short life span. The Model A's tremendous appeal was due to its over-all utility—and practical price tag (as low as $495)—rather than to any one feature of its design.

Thanks to their devoted owners, there are many original Model A's looking as good and running as well today as they ever did. However, while demand for them has continued to grow, few owners seem willing to part with them—at any price. Hence, the Glassic Motor Car Company and its contemporary copy. The $5995 tag is a long haul from what the A went for in those dim, dead days, but it hasn't deterred prospective buyers who are willing to wait six weeks for delivery. Obviously, time and money are of little concern to one in love.

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.

matchless pair

Soft, supple glove leather encases her cigarettes and Playboy Lighter. Rabbit-patterned lining. JX20801, **$7.50.** Please use 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,** The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

keeper of the keys

Ring the keys to your kingdom with the Playboy Key Chain in fine rhodium and black enamel. order no. JW10545 **$3.50**

Please add 50¢ for handling. Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products,** The Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

BEYOND THE FRINGES

(continued from page 134)

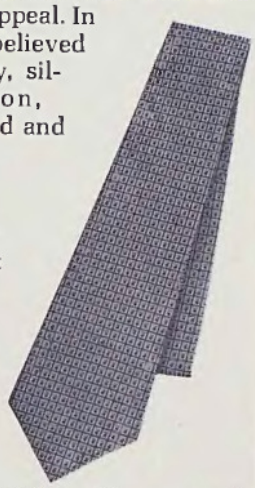
past two decades to increase motivation and to give salary-rich but tax-poor businessmen a chance to build private fortunes by steering some of their income through generous gaps in the tax laws. At the same time, many of the pay gimmicks were designed deliberately to bind executives to their companies with what were called golden handcuffs—deferred awards of money and stock whose future delivery was contingent upon continued company loyalty. But changes in the tax laws—most recently, the tax-reform law passed by Congress late last year—and an almost cataclysmic yearlong slump in the stock prices of publicly held corporations have turned many of the once-lucrative fringe benefits into anti-incentives.

According to one management consultant who specializes in devising executive pay plans for big companies, thousands of top management men are stuck with worthless and, in some cases, money-losing stock options that have gone down with the plunging market. "Smart recruiters have had a field day in the past year, going after executives whose options are valueless," says Robert B. Pursell of Coloney, Cannon, Main and Pursell, New York–based management consultants. Another high-level Manhattan pay specialist, Reed Roberts of Sibson & Company, says, "What once was a very important part of a top executive's income has ceased. In fact, options have become a burden." But Roberts doesn't lament the loss. "We've felt for the last couple of years that stock options are inappropriate for large, mature companies. The individual executive had to put up too much money in front to get too little income in the end, because growth in these companies tends to be slow. Now, many of the men who have borrowed money to buy their option stock must either sell at a loss or put up more collateral to cover their loans."

Even in their heyday, when the market was up and pre-1964 tax laws permitted capital-gains tax treatment on stock held for only six months, options were a mixed blessing for quite different reasons. In many cases, particularly in the fast-growing "hot" companies such as Xerox and IBM, generous options granted at low prices turned dozens of salaried executives into millionaires within a very few years. Instead of inspiring greater incentive to work harder for the company that made them rich, the overnight fortunes led some of the top men to quit and set up their own businesses, often in competition with the old boss. Options were counterproductive in other ways, too. I remember a vice-president who got a whopping stock option to join the Curtis Publishing Company when *The Saturday Evening Post* was sinking in the

get width it

Our 4¼" Playboy Tie makes much of the new, wider "in" look. Rich Rabbit-patterned silk and polyester for that tied wide and handsome appeal. In knot-to-be-believed colors: navy, silver, maroon, green, gold and brown. WY10201, **$6.50.** 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, The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Keys.

EAT & DRINK, SWIM, RIDE, PARK, PLAY, LAUGH, SING, KISS, FIGHT, MAKE UP, LOVE, FLIRT, HUG, DANCE, CELEBRATE, DO EVERYTHING... TOGETHER!

BINACA® IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.

VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.

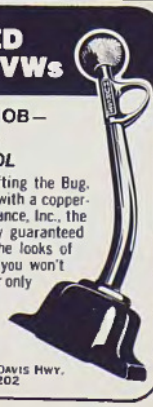
COPPER-FINISHED GEARSHIFT FOR VWs

WITH GENUINE WOOD KNOB—

INSTALLS IN MINUTES USING ONE SIMPLE TOOL

Take the pain and problems out of shifting the Bug. You can have economy and smoothness with a copper-and-wood floor shift from Hurst Performance, Inc., the leading manufacturer in the field. Fully guaranteed to work, fully guaranteed to improve the looks of your car's interior. So easy to install, you won't believe it. Turn the Bug into a Porsche for only $39.95, including postage and handling.

Send certified check or M.O.
Allow two weeks for delivery



AUTOMAIL SUITE 301 1911-A JEFFERSON DAVIS HWY. ARLINGTON, VA. 22202

early Sixties. The purpose of the option, granted at a price of 5⅝, was to motivate this business genius to do all that he could to turn the company's fortunes upward. The stock's price hardly moved for two years, until reports of a bonanza ore discovery by the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company on land adjacent to Curtis property in Canada sent the price soaring on a wave of wild speculation. When it reached 18, the Curtis vice-president exercised about half of his option. Then he turned right around and sold the stock on a put—a device that allowed him to collect the present market price but hold the stock for delivery in six months, thereby qualifying for capital-gains tax treatment. His profit, after taxes, was more than $100,000.

"At last I've got my mad money," he boasted to me. "Now I can afford to quit these bastards whenever I want to."

Unhappily, he stayed on, in the hope that he could make another killing on the remainder of his option, but his attention was focused more on making his newly won capital grow than on helping Curtis, which may be one of the less important reasons why the *Post* eventually slid into oblivion.

For almost 20 years, stock options ran a close second in popularity to the oldest and most widely used form of incentive pay, the year-end cash bonus. Options began to fade as a source of quick riches in 1964, when a change in the tax laws extended the capital-gains holding requirement from six months to three years, thereby magnifying by six times the risk of executives who kept a nervous eye on the stock market while waiting out the new holding period. Some specialists predicted that the use of stock options as an incentive device would die as a result. Paradoxically, the number of companies granting them continued to grow. New executives, impressed by stories of the fortunes made by their option-rich predecessors, demanded them. "You'd be surprised how many of those guys never really understood what their options meant, or even what their total packages amounted to," says Pursell.

The 1969 tax-reform law makes it clear even to the ignorant, however, that most stock-compensation plans, especially stock options, have at last been mortally wounded. Any such device to qualify for capital gains has lost some of its attraction simply because capital-gains taxes under the new law are higher than they were, up to as much as 35 percent. Stock options suffer an even greater penalty under a new clause that defines the appreciation on optioned stock as "tax preference income" and adds a ten percent surtax to the already higher capital-gains assessment.

"This law is a ring-tailed stinker," says McKinsey & Company's Arch Patton, the dean of compensation specialists among international management consultants. "It's so complicated that it will make millionaires out of a lot of tax men. It may be months before we understand the full effects of the new law on all the different forms of executive pay, but one thing is already perfectly clear: It makes cash more attractive and almost every other compensation device less attractive."

There are almost as many varieties of payment as there are of top executives receiving them. The most popular, after immediate cash bonuses and stock options, are these:

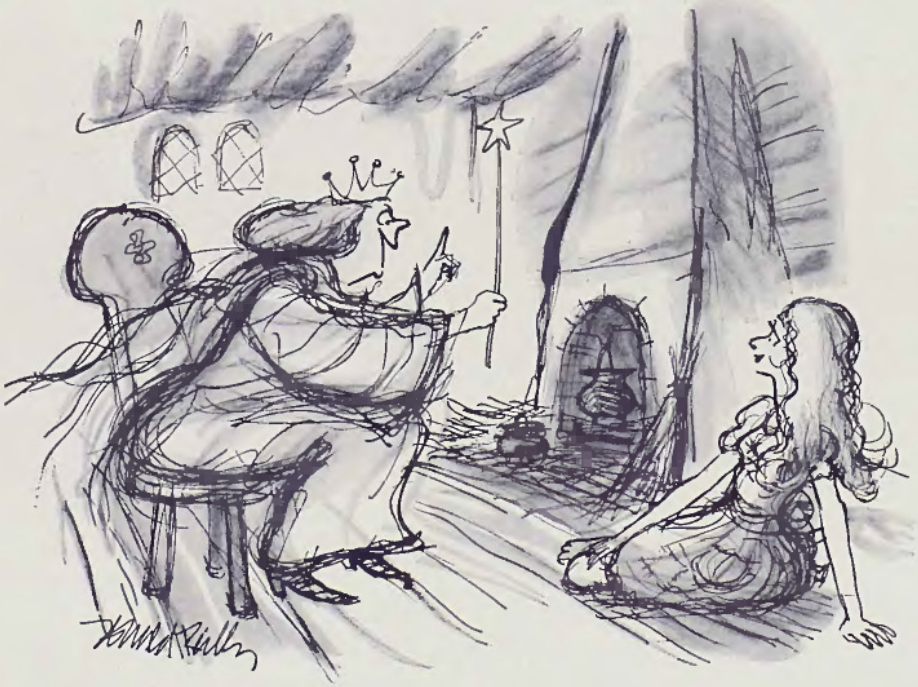
• Current stock bonuses, on which the value of the stock is immediately taxable at ordinary income-tax rates.

• Deferred cash or stock bonuses, on which payment is staged over a period of years, usually five to ten. They are particularly attractive to older executives, who benefit by taking their deferred income after retirement, when their taxes aren't as high.

• Nonqualified stock options, which allow an executive to buy his company's stock at a bargain price at any time during a set period of years. However, the executive does not qualify for capital-gains tax treatment when he sells.

• Restricted stock, which is granted on either a stock-bonus or a bargain stock-purchase plan. The restriction usually means that the executive can own the stock, thus vote it and receive dividends, but he cannot sell it for a specified period, sometimes not until he retires; and even then, he must sell in increments, not all at once. Until recently, the advantage in addition to dividend accumulation was that the stock had no market value until the owner was free to sell it; therefore, he postponed paying tax until that time. Then he was taxed on either the value of the stock at the time it was given to him or on the current market price, whichever was lower. Moreover, he qualified for capital gains on any appreciation above the market price at the time he got the restricted stock. But the new tax law has closed that capital-gains loophole, too.

There were and are many other less popular compensation devices—omitting pension plans and the increasingly fashionable profit sharing, which really is no more than a supplement to or substitute for a retirement program—but none of them has been more widely copied in the past couple of years than the restricted-stock gambit. Many companies, among them American Cyanamid, National Cash Register, Uniroyal and Dow Jones, used restricted stock for incentive bonuses and incidentally strengthened the golden handcuffs on their top executives, since the payoff on restricted stock was subject to continued employment. Other companies—the most prominent was International Telephone and Telegraph—set up restricted-stock purchase plans whereby executives above $20,000 a year could buy the stock at half its market price, which



". . . So you marry this prince, then, whammo!—you take him for everything he's got!"

amounts to a sort of 50-50 contributory bonus.

A more esoteric device that caught on was something called phantom stock, an Alice-in-Wonderland trick in which executives were given imaginary stock. Instead of getting real shares, thereby diluting the stock of the company shareholders, the executives received make-believe stock units entitling them to both dividend payments and the rewards of capital growth: If the value of the real shares went up during the time they held the phantom stock, the employees received the appreciation in cash. Some companies even tied phantom shares to stock-option plans, so that if the market value of the stock went down and the options became worthless, the executive at least got the benefit of dividends while he waited to see if his options were worth exercising.

The almost bewildering variety of pay devices invented during the past decade inspired a few companies to establish what amounted to compensation cafeterias for their senior executives. Instead of simply giving a man so much salary, so many stock options, so much insurance and so much bonus, they said, "Here's X thousand dollars; take it any way you want it, in any combination of compensation schemes that fits your needs." The cafeteria approach wasn't widely copied, however, because trying to cope with a different pay plan for every man in management created too many administrative headaches. Some of the gimmicks wouldn't have looked very good in a cafeteria line, anyway.

Not long ago, *Fortune* discovered an especially juicy-sounding device then taking hold in a few medium-sized companies on the West Coast. The company would use borrowed capital to buy into a speculative land-investment partnership and make its executives limited partners. All they had to pay was tax-deductible interest on their gratis shares of the borrowed investment capital. As long as real-estate values went up, they had a perfect capital-gains tax shelter with guaranteed profits on virtually no investment. The company, too, stood to make a killing while, at the same time, giving huge incentive awards to its executives, at no cost to itself. Unhappily, the scheme washed out in at least one case, when local land values slumped. The company was stuck with a loss that was hard to justify to its stockholders and the executives were left empty-handed after holding what had looked for a time like a golden goose.

"Large, publicly held companies wouldn't touch a plan like that with a ten-foot pole," says Reed Roberts. "Quite aside from the possible conflict of interest, it practically guarantees that management will spend at least some of its time looking after real-estate holdings, instead of tending to the company's business."

"Most people are better off with pure cash on the barrelhead," notes Pursell. "The new tax law essentially takes capital-gains treatment away from long-term gimmicks. And with a little wisdom, a man can usually do as well or better, in terms of capital growth, by getting immediate cash, paying the tax and investing what's left."

Carl Nagel, a top executive recruiter at Antell, Wright & Nagel in New York City, tells of one high-ranking vice-president he was trying to lure with fat incentive benefits from an unspectacular salaried job to the presidency of another company. The man was reluctant to take the offer seriously until his prospective new board chairman said, "We have a compensation plan worked out that will make you a millionaire in a few years."

"That got his attention," says Nagel wistfully. "Then the six-figure salary transfixed him. There's just a huge psychological plum in being on the list of guys who make more than $100,000 a year."

Arch Patton recalls another newly recruited company president to whom a high cash salary seemed superfluous. He was a wealthy man with a huge personal

Phono. Radio. Tape.
We've pulled ourselves together.

To give you everything you want in one component system. The VS 6060. Stereo phonograph. FM/AM and FM stereo radio. Stereo cassette recorder/player.

The sound comes through sealed speakers. Backed up by an amplifier with 60 watts of peak power.

The phonograph turntable is so friction-free, it continues to spin for nearly a minute after it's shut off.

The stereo tuner was carefully designed to pull in hard-to-get signals and separate crammed-together stations.

The tape cassette lets you record or play back in full-bodied stereo. For your special memories.

Visit your RCA dealer and see our matched component systems. You'll be glad we got together.

New vibrations from an old master.

RCA

For your nearest RCA dealer, call this special number toll free 800-243-6000. (In Conn., 800-942-0655)

income from inherited family resources. The board of directors that was wooing him to his new job understood this and thoughtfully worked out a package that included a low salary and large restricted-stock bonus and option arrangements, in order to shift the bulk of his compensation away from cash, on which he would have to pay the maximum 70 percent income tax, into the far more beneficial capital-gains area. "He refused the elaborate stock package," says Patton. "He wanted almost all of his compensation in salary, even though he could keep very little of it. Money wasn't important to him. He wanted the psychological boost of being one of the highest-salaried executives in the country. A man's salary, after all, is a large measure of what his superiors and his peers think of him."

Under the 1969 tax law, such salary-rich executives probably will be better off, anyway. It's too new and too complicated to have generated widespread changes yet in corporate pay policies, but most of the experts foresee a much greater reliance on old-fashioned cash as the principal executive incentive of the future. "The trend is, and should be, away from gimmicks," says Pursell. "They were a mixed blessing, anyway, even before the so-called tax reform. They tended to take management's eye off the ball, to encourage a greater preoccupation with stock-market performance than with day-to-day company goals."

But the trend to cash creates some problems. One of the reasons behind the plethora of stock schemes was the need to help executives build proprietary interests in their companies, thereby strengthening motivation and, again, tightening the corporate grip on them. The same need for an executive equity stake continues, regardless of the tax laws. In many cases, restricted-stock plans and deferred-stock bonuses will continue to fill the need, as they have in the past. Free or half-priced stock, after all, is worth money, even if the market is down and capital-gains taxes aren't what they used to be. But there are some other methods, too, for building proprietary interest.

Pursell recently invented an ingenious plan for one of his clients. It was a mature company whose stock performance was unspectacular even before the slump, and the executives were unenthusiastic about stock options and stock bonuses, because there was little chance that the price level would change. He worked out a new kind of phantom equity based on the convertible debenture, a corporate bond that pays interest and has a face value callable either in cash or in shares of stock when it matures. By giving its executives what amounted to make-believe debentures, the company guaranteed that—at the very least—they would receive interest and a cash bonus equal to the face value of the phantom bond when it matured. If the company's stock appreciates during the maturing period, the executives will gain even more by exercising the convertible feature and taking the bonus in stock.

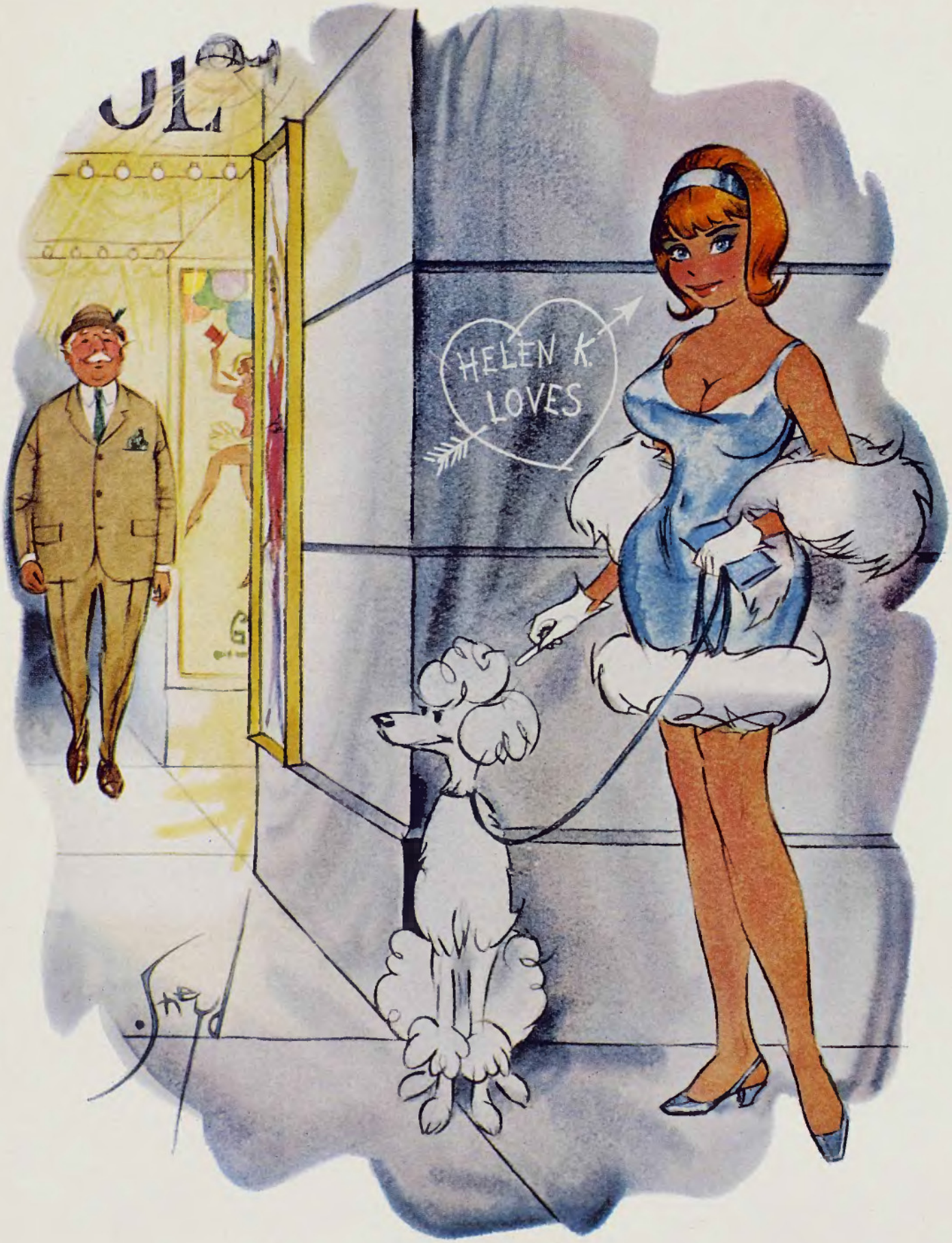
Another new angle devised for one of Sibson & Company's clients is a leveraged, closed-end mutual fund that creates a capital-gains shelter for what is, in effect, an elaborate executive bonus plan. Like the unhappy real-estate-investment gimmick, it has pitfalls; but when the fund device works, it does so at no cost to either the company or its executives, and it benefits both. The fund's closed-end feature means that the executives are not permitted to sell their shares in it. Leveraged means the fund can work on borrowed capital; thus, the company doesn't have to dip into its own reserves to finance it. The borrowed capital is invested in a diversified portfolio that includes some of the company's own stock. While the fund exists, the executives receive regular dividends, as does the company. At the end of a set period, perhaps five years, the fund will be liquidated and its capital gain will be divided among the executives according to a pre-established formula that pegs each man's payout to the company's own performance, thereby building in-house incentive. If the fund is successfully managed, everyone profits from it; but, like the real-estate deal, it's subject to the whims of the stock market.

Under the new tax law, however, cash reigns supreme. One salutary effect of the law will probably be a spate of fat pay increases for top executives, particularly board chairmen and presidents whose salaries have remained relatively static while their stock bonuses and other kinds of compensation have climbed. Albert L. Nickerson, the chairman of Mobil Oil, for example, has been drawing an annual salary of $225,000 for years, taking his income boosts in forms other than a simple raise. Assuming that he has been paying the maximum 70 percent income tax, a salary boost worth only 30 cents on the dollar obviously wouldn't be very rewarding. But under the new law, the maximum personal tax rate drops to 60 percent next year and 50 percent in 1972. By then, 50-cent dollars should look pretty good, better in many cases than deferred bonuses in cash or stock.

It's difficult to get enthusiastic about big raises among highly paid company presidents, but the increases will have a beneficial effect on thousands of men with smaller ambitions, because even lower-level executive salaries are directly related to the annual pay of the top man. The relationship follows a consistent pattern in most companies, according to the *1970 Dartnell Survey of Executive Compensation*, published by the Dartnell Corporation of Chicago, one of a number of firms and trade associations that survey compensation schemes each year. Quite simply, if the president's salary is $100,000 a year, his executive vice-president rarely earns more than $70,000; his top marketing man, $55,000; his top financial executive, $52,000; and so on down the line. If the president doesn't get a raise, neither do the rest, because increases would upset the pay differences and, therefore, the pecking order separating the ranking executives.

Until the new tax law, these static salary levels at the top didn't matter much to the president and his major subordinates, because they got their annual raises in other forms. But they had a depressing effect on middle-management men who usually work for straight salary and don't qualify for the other goodies. Robert Pursell calls this phenomenon the middle-management sag and believes it has become particularly acute right now in many industries. The sag is especially distressing to the $20,000-to-$30,000 middle-management man who has adopted an upper-middle-class standard of living and finds the cost of the good life rising spectacularly while his salary stands still, simply because the corporate salary hierarchy can't raise him without bumping themselves into prohibitive tax brackets. Most of the experts agree that the upper-middle-class cost of living jumps during inflation at a rate at least double that shown by the blue-collar-based Consumer Price Index. A Sibson & Company survey not long ago indicated that it climbed as much as three times as fast. Thus, while the cost of living for a semiskilled laborer in New York City jumped about seven percent last year, the costs of a middle-management man who finds such things as finer clothes, dining out, club memberships, golf, yachting and theater tickets essential to his life style jumped at least 14 percent. If he earned $30,000 and didn't get a $4200 raise in 1969, he should either lower his standard of living or look for a better-paying job.

Pursell and others believe that relief can't come soon enough, because there is a growing shortage of qualified people in the middle to upper-middle levels of management. Because of low birth rates during the Depression, there just aren't enough people to meet industry's needs in the 35-to-45 age group, from which most middle-level executives come. Thus, if business is to avoid a new wave of job jumping for better salaries, the sag must be corrected. Lucky company presidents now can justify raises for themselves on compassionate grounds; they're making room


HELEN K.
LOVES

"Of course, they're all wearing body stockings underneath."

for a better deal for the poor middle-management men.

They may soon find other reasons to stop worrying about job jumping, however. There are indications that the buoyant post–World War Two era of job mobility is coming to an end. Carl Nagel says that since about July of last year, his firm and other executive-recruiting outfits have run into an increasing wave of resistance among executives they seek to entice away from one job to another. "These people seem to be digging in their heels," he says. "Suddenly, there's much less mobility than there was and things like higher salaries and clever incentive compensation plans don't seem to make a difference." In most cases, he says, the reluctant recruits cite family reasons or explain that with so much unasked-for change going on about them, they don't want to rock the boat. A number of them have cited a fear of upsetting their teenaged children by pulling up roots at a time when young people already seem rootless, even on long-familiar home turf.

Pursell goes a step further. "There's a growing reluctance to change jobs even within a company, if it involves a change of location. I think it reflects a general change of values throughout our society, the beginning of a new era."

The president of a large investment firm who has noticed the same growing resistance to change among his own people feels that middle- and high-level executives, like everyone else in the country, are feeling increasingly insecure as they see the nation's troubles burgeoning both at home and abroad. "In a sense, they're developing a womb complex," he says, "hanging onto the security of a familiar job in familiar surroundings, even at the cost of passing up higher pay and greater challenges. As security fades away all around them, they try to shore up what they have by standing pat."

The same kind of change seems to be going on in the realm of management compensation, quite distinct from the movement toward more and more cash as a motivator, according to George Petitpas, a top compensation specialist with Cresap, McCormick and Paget consultants in New York City. "Actually, there are two important trends running opposite each other," he says. "First, there's a great leveling, a decrease in the importance of marginal money. The idea of knocking yourself out for a couple of extra dollars is weakening. Money isn't what it used to be. It's even frowned upon by growing numbers of young people. The second trend is a greater emphasis on relating pay to performance, not because the extra dollars are useful as incentive but because pay is a yardstick and people see the justice in different rates of pay for different levels of performance."

A major problem a company faces in motivating people is to find ways to make the jobs more meaningful, irrespective of rewards. Some of the nation's big law firms, for example, are having trouble attracting top law-school graduates, even with starting salaries of $16,000 and promises of early consideration for partnerships. So several New York firms sweetened the kitty by offering generous allowances of business time and facilities for socially satisfying outside efforts such as volunteer legal work in the ghettos. In more prosaic industries, where social consciousness is probably less profound than among lawyers, companies try such devices as paid sabbatical leaves, special graduate courses at Harvard and other schools, longer vacations with pay (Ford gives its executives six weeks) and company support for prestige- and status-building civic activities.

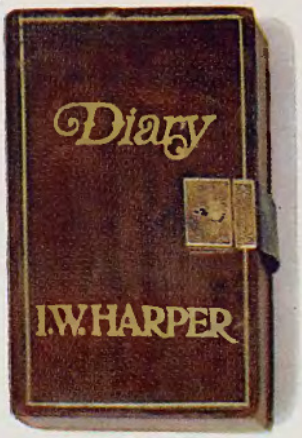
One executive who graduated from Stanford 20 years ago thought he would never see the campus as a student again. Recently, his company sent him back for a ten-week executive-development program. His fees, salary and expenses cost the company more than all four undergraduate years had cost his father in the Forties. He's so grateful now that he won't even entertain the thought of changing jobs. As these so-called leadership rewards and job-enrichment programs grow in popularity, so do other morale-building extras, such as company cars, unlimited expense accounts, husband-wife business trips abroad, company-subsidized housing, club memberships and private dining rooms. One measure of the steady spread of such psychological income is the booming business in leased executive cars in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities. New York alone absorbs more than a third of Cadillac's annual limousine production.

However, none of the specialists thinks the presence of such status-building fringe benefits has much effect on whether a man will take a top-management job or on how well motivated he will be once he gets it. "The absence of these perquisites might mean something to a man after he's worked out the rest of his compensation package, but their presence doesn't necessarily increase his incentive," says Nagel. "The strongest motivators are the challenge of the job, the opportunity to run something and to associate with people he admires. After that comes money. And, after everything else, the perquisites play a small part."

The only executive he has ever come across who was crucially influenced by such a bonus, Nagel recalls, was a prospective company president who got everything he wanted from his new employer in the way of salary, options, bonus and insurance programs. The additional sweeteners—a company airplane, chauffeured limousine, private dining room—were good, too. In the end, his decision whether to accept or reject the job hinged on his board of directors' willingness to offer one final perquisite. "He wanted a third secretary to work overnight for him. The board was really sold on the guy, so they gave her to him. But he never even saw the girl. All he wanted was the assurance that someone would be in the office to take his dictation by telephone when he had an idea in the middle of the night."

Does bourbon have to be brash to be bourbon? No! declared Mr. I.W. Harper.

Bourbon was born in a bumptious, backwoods society. So it's not surprising that it needed polish. How to take the brash out was a challenge to I. W. Harper. One of his secrets was "fresh air." Natural ventilation around the barrels so the aging whiskey could breathe freely. This helped to mellow it, without losing its true taste. Just one reason why Mr. Harper's whiskey became known as honest bourbon—but with manners.



FROM THE HARPER DIARY
"January 26, 1874. I have concluded that fresh air is vital to aging. It is apparently the extra oxygen working on the wood sugars of the oak barrels."
I. W. H.

I.W. HARPER

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND
BOTH KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • ©I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

nieuw amsterdamme!

(continued from page 158)

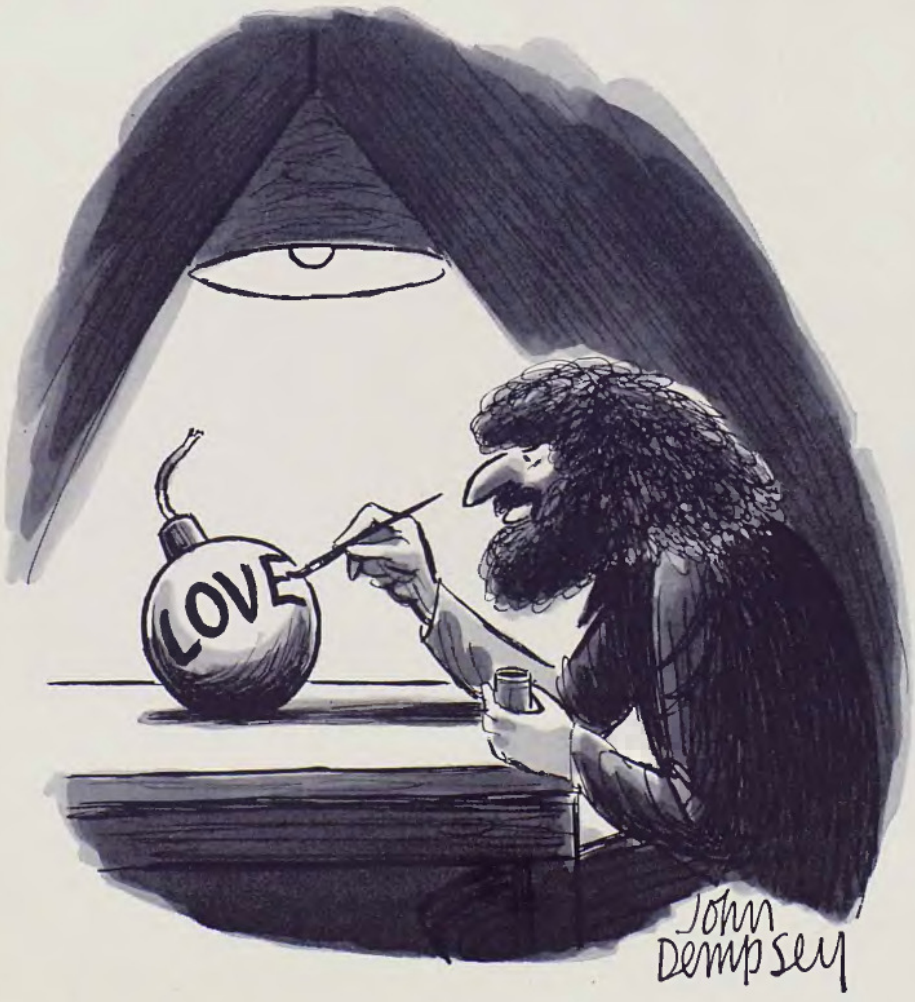
in status—will be taught to regard the other as an inferior breed. Rather than sow the seeds of racial, economic or generational discord by segregating white and black, rich and poor or young and old, a geographic division will be enforced: All commoners who reside north of 34th Street will be known as *vassals*; and all those south of this arbitrary demarcation line—which will be designated by a crenelated stone wall, manned by archers, all the way across Manhattan Island—will be known as *serfs*. (Those savages who hunker beside their campfires in the outlying provinces of Queens, Brooklyn, Staten Island and the Bronx will be called *churls* or *varlets*—according to the king's whim—and officially classified as game for the royal huntsmen.)

A simple but distinctive regulation costume for each group (designed by the college of heraldry expressly for the lower classes) will be worn at all times, not only to distinguish them from each other but also to discourage the kind of sartorial social climbing fostered under the old economic system by the availability of fashionable attire to any presumptuous lout with a passable credit rating. Vassals will be outfitted in hand-hewn wooden shoes and a simple one-piece, dun-colored tunic woven from the hair of the sheep. Males will also wear a brown skullcap; and females, a black woolen scarf tied over the head and under the chin. The serf ensemble will be equally serviceable and attractive: for men and women alike, a garment of unbleached muslin, its colour that of the offal of the fields, extending to the knees and closed with a length of hemp at the waist; functional leathern sandals secured by a thong to the great toe; and a large brass ring, no less than one and a half inches in diameter and 3.2 imperial pounds in weight, permanently encircling the neck. (Churls and varlets will be allowed to wear breechclouts made from leaves, vines and animal skins, *or* to remain as nature made them, if such devisings are beyond their capability.)

Recognizing that a sense of healthy competition among his subjects is the key to a vital society, the king will also nurture a robust rivalry between the serfs and the vassals of his realm. In keeping with the monarch's maxim that "Honest Hatred Cleanseth a Man's Soul," drunken brawling, invective hurling and working-class jousts and tourneys will be encouraged—uninhibited contests in which lusty adversaries bowl one another about and knock heads with staves, while partisan galleries roar approval for their favorites and pelt the losers with road apples. From childhood onward, each class will be taught rhymes, fables, limericks and drinking songs that hymn the joys of serfdom and vassalry, respectively, while mercilessly deriding the weakness, ugliness, stupidity and degeneracy of their lowly counterparts. Such merrie melodies as *I Knocketh a Serf to the Turfe for Thee, My Love* and *Vassals Arre Passels of Manurre* will be hummed and sung throughout the land.

The true measure of statecraft being to effect a self-perpetuating balance between national unity and civil discord, the king will also instruct the Royal Musik Master to compose ringing patriotic songs—celebrating the superiority of the homeland and reviling the bestiality of its eternally hostile neighbor and archenemy, the United States of America—which the entire populace will sing each morning. While singing—and saluting the beautiful green, purple and baby-blue flag of Nieuw Amsterdamme (dollar-green denoting the most honored value of our city-state, purple celebrating the royal house and baby-blue because the king likes that color)—they will face the life-sized, hand-painted plaster busts of their beloved ruler which shall occupy by law an honored place in every home of the kingdom. The production of these busts—which will be sold to each family—will be a major national industry employing many thousands of peasants. Others will toil in the royal printing plant, where equestrian likenesses of the king—copied from the massive bronze and marble statues that grace each public park—will be embossed in gold leaf on commemorative stamps that promise to become philatelic collector's items throughout the civilized world. Each stamp, of course, like each bust and statue, will be inscribed with the royal motto of Nieuw Amsterdamme: IN EQUALITY THERE IS TYRANNY.

As a boon to supplement the peasantry's generous annual earnings in potatoes from the crown and the simple, handcrafted goods they have been able to acquire through barter with their own kind, the benevolent monarch will recompense his subjects for their fealty and industry in a supreme act of human charity. The virtues of this new welfare system will be immediately evident to those who rightly deplore the demeaning impersonality of the present system, which rewards the unemployed for their noncontribution to society—a privilege



Last seen wearing a Jantzen.

Singer Andy Parks refrains from the ordinary in Jantzen's new Boot Suit. The knit jersey belted shirt and flared pants are in perfect harmony with today's styles. And they're comfortable too—made of bonded Orlon* acrylic and wool. Flared pants about $15, belted shirt about $18.

jantzen

*DuPont Reg. TM.

MAKE THE SOUND MOVE WITH ORLON®

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 215.

"Leave it to Lisa. She knows how to break the ice."

that should be enjoyed only by the aristocracy. Once each year, on the king's birthday—an occasion of joyous celebration throughout the land—the populace will assemble at high noon, along with the full concourse of nobles, in what is now known as Times Square. There, amid the pomp and panoply of his exalted office and attired in the robes of state, the ample person of His Royal Highness will be weighed upon the Great Scale of Nieuw Amsterdamme. His weight, whatever it shall be, will be counterbalanced by an equal weight of pearls; when the scale balances, a flourish of trumpets will signal to the populace that the king's bounty is about to be cast before the multitude. But not before every jackdaw and guttersnipe, of course. The largesse will be divided equally among the most loyal of the king's subjects—loyalty to be determined by the head count of *dis*loyal subjects turned into the authorities since the king's last birthday. And the number of recipients each year will be equal to the monarch's age, thus providing a heartfelt personal incentive for the people to wish their beloved king long life.

As milord giveth, of course, milord taketh away. Such manna cannot long be proffered—nor will the king be able to continue making the countless other sacrifices for his people that the throne demands of him—unless the royal coffers are kept full. Proceeds from the export of souvenir coins, stamps, busts of the monarch and battle-ax letter openers will have to be augmented with patriotic contributions from each loyal subject in the realm. Once a year, therefore, on Thanksgiving Day, every hut in Nieuw Amsterdamme will welcome a contingent of heavily armed tithe collectors—the term tax having fallen into well-deserved disfavor—whose happy task it will be to receive the tangible appreciation of a grateful people to their king. Sparing his subjects the ordeal of deciphering labyrinthine 1040 Forms, and democratically eliminating the inequities of the graduated income tax, the monarch will decree that every commoner in the kingdom donate a flat seven eighths of his annual income, with no deductions. Those who may consider this amount excessive fail to perceive the king's compassionate understanding: Since misery loves company, the knowledge that all their brothers are crushed under the same millstone will give comfort to serf and vassal alike. The tithe will be paid in whatever worldly goods each subject may possess: pearls (if he happens to be one of the year's lucky winners), pigs, chickens, goats, headcheese, chattels, animal skins or offspring (which will be indentured into servitude in neighboring provinces, thus solving a major contemporary domestic problem: the generation gap).

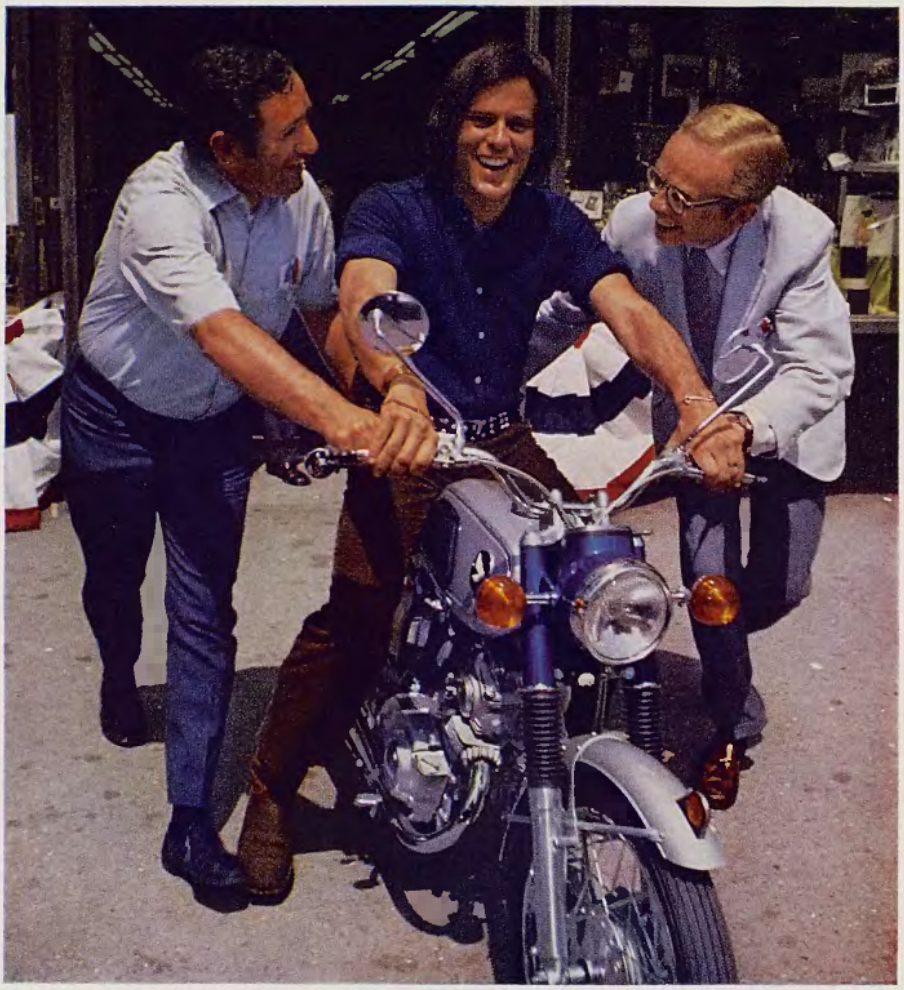
For the guidance of those few citizens who may not fully appreciate the wisdom and beneficence of the new social order, the Minister of Education and Propagation of the Faith will be empowered to resolve any and all misunderstandings by whatever means he deems necessary. Restoring law and order to the universal respect in which it was once held will be quickly accomplished through the judicious use of such time-tested educational aids as the stock, the rack and the thumbscrew for those who commit such minor misdemeanors as toothbrushing and unauthorized guitar playing. But the king, in whose person resides all reason and justice, will with heavy heart be forced to overcome his natural compassion and deal *harshly* with those who do not share the affection of the people for their monarch. It is not for selfish motives that he will so act but to protect the God-given right of the citizenry to continue flourishing under his benevolent rule.

Those who commit impieties against the crown, who speak irreverently of the crown, who betray by their facial expressions their irreverence for the crown or who witness such impieties, remarks or expressions without reporting them to the crown, therefore, will be regarded as enemies of the people. Those who merely aid and abet in treason by their silence will be sentenced by the arresting officer—thus eliminating the middleman—to life imprisonment in The Tower, a 370-foot edifice of soot-blackened granite that will be built in the heart of what is now Central Park to house those who would betray the people. The piteous wails of the blackguards within, echoing from the dungeon walls through the barred gun slits and out over the rolling greensward, will carry a heart-warming message to all within earshot.

Bleeding-heart liberals, an equally pernicious criminal class, will have an opportunity to live up to their name when they are locked into the embrace of an Iron Maiden. But the ultimate safeguard for patriotic, law-abiding citizens will be the restoration of public executions for those who act or speak most heinously against the throne. Summoned by royal pronouncement, a vast multitude will gather once a week to watch as a malefactor, garbed in sackcloth and ashes, arrives by tumbrel at the Plaza of Justice and is led by two men in black hoods, accompanied by the solemn drumbeat of the horse marines, to a straw-covered platform atop a massive scaffold festooned with bunting. Above him looms the waiting blade of the guillotine, gleaming in the noonday sun. At a signal from the monarch on the royal balcony, the blade descends, the head rolls into the basket, a cannon booms and the crowd roars its approval. This magnificent spectacle, which will be revived in all its glory, will ensure right thinking in every quarter.

None of these disciplinary measures, of course, will be used on miscreants among the nobility, lest the unwashed be tempted to lose respect for the innate moral and spiritual superiority of

If you walk into a Remington dealer, you might not have to walk out.



We have 50 twin cylinder, 4-speed Honda 125SS Motorcycles just waiting for people to win them.

All you have to do to make yourself eligible is fill in the coupon below and take it to your nearest participating Remington dealer. (Of course, while it would be nice if you also buy a *Remington*® shaver, you don't have to.)

And just in case you'd like to stick around so that you can ride out if you happen to win, fine. (Let us warn you, however, our first drawing will be held in October. So bring a few changes of clothing along with your coupon.)

Otherwise, if you win, we'll be more than happy to deliver your Honda to wherever you want it delivered.

Incidentally, so that you don't feel bad if you don't win a Honda, we also have a consolation prize. Five thousand M-G-M Zabriskie Point albums, featuring groups like the Grateful Dead, the Kaleidoscope, the Pink Floyd, the Youngbloods and others. (Enough albums so that every participating dealer has a winner.) If we can't do something nice for your legs, maybe we can at least do something nice for your ears.

So, walk over to a Remington dealer right now. It could be the last time you'll ever have to.

REMINGTON SHAVER SWEEPSTAKES

No Purchase Required—Here's how to enter:

Complete the official entry form and deposit it at a participating Remington Shaver dealer by October 1st, 1970.

Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final on all matters concerning this offer. Winners will be notified by mail. Limit one prize to a family.

Offer open to residents of the United States except employees and their families of Remington Electric Shaver Division Sperry Rand Corporation or its advertising and sweepstakes agents. Offer void in Washington and wherever prohibited by law. Subject to all Federal, State and local regulations.

Name _____

Deliver my Honda 125SS to

(address) _____

_____

The Remington Motorcycle Giveaway
Let us put you on the driver's seat.

REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SPERRY RAND®

REMINGTON, SPERRY RAND CORP. © 1970 S.R.C.

the ruling classes. Those members of the aristocracy, therefore, who show disrespect for the sovereignty of the crown—by attempting to assassinate the king, for example—will be quietly stripped of their titles, estates, concubines and manservants (save for a minimal staff to attend to the horses, the table and the bath) and made to suffer banishment to the wilderness. New Jersey will be the usual destination; but in cases of grave and unforgivable crimes against the state—such as seducing the king's mistress—the traitorous knave will be outfitted in a suit of tar and feathers and cast out forever to the barren fastnesses of Chicago or Duluth, there to be set upon by dragons.

Responsibility for control of the local dragon population, for the preservation of peace and tranquillity among the proletariat and for defense of the duchy from foreign aggression will be vested in the Royal and Ancient Army, Navy and Cavalry of Nieuw Amsterdamme, of which the Generalissimo and Supreme Commodore will be the king himself. Presiding at all martial occasions, the monarch will be attired in the traditional trappings of that office: over the white-and-gold uniform of the Maximum Leader, a finely wrought German-silver breastplate emblazoned with the Sublime Sunburst of Reason and Might, which will serve both as the emblem of his authority and as a bulletproof vest.

Accoutered in less regal but equally resplendent uniforms—replete with ostrich plumes, regimental sashes, jewel-encrusted scabbards, damask ruffles, Siberian furs, French velvets and brocades in peacock shades—his field generals and fleet admirals will restore to the theater of arms both the high drama and the public esteem that are so sadly lacking in this dark day of lackluster attire and low reputation for the military. The abuse now heaped upon the Pentagon for its extravagant appropriations and ill-advised adventures will vanish with the announcement of the duchy's first annual military budget, which will be earmarked exclusively for costuming, medals, horse grooming, jousting lances, valets, banquets, balls, teas, diplomatic receptions, breakage during officers' drinking bouts and other such top-priority expenditures essential to the national security.

Though the sovereign's top-ranking officers will be chosen from among the most trusted members of the aristocracy (in return for the services of their most cherished and toothsome daughters as ladies in waiting to the king), the lance corporals, dragoons, musketeers, mounted sabers and other patriots who constitute the backbone of the armed forces will be manned by volunteers conscripted from peasant stock—mostly first-born sons, upon reaching their majority (age 12). The ranks between Fusilier Sergeant Major and Queen's Chevalier, finally, will be open to any able-bodied, patriotic young commoner with the intelligence and ability to qualify, plus the wherewithal to purchase a warrant—rank to be determined by the amount donated to the Royal Treasury. This will entitle him to enjoy all the perquisites granted to those who thus serve and protect the crown, foremost among which will be rapine-and-pillage privileges in the outlying provinces and that supreme desideratum—the heartfelt gratitude of his king. This royal benison will afford each and every subject in the realm that golden opportunity for self-advancement, which is so essential to the fostering of human dignity. The monarch has even devised a fitting name for this enlightened experiment in progressive social engineering: Participatory Despotism.

The compassionate hand of His Royal Highness will also be extended to those commoners who dare to dream of rising even higher above their humble station. In gratitude for generous contributions to the crown, deserving peasants of comely aspect, high moral character and unblemished medical history may be selected by the monarch for indentured service as a faithful family retainer in the home of whatever nobleman may take a fancy to him or her. If the chosen rustic gives his master satisfaction—in every sense of that delightful word—there is no limit to the heights he may attain: scullion, squire, page, footman, stableboy, perhaps even factotum or major-domo if he performs with joyous will, nimble foot and sealed lips.

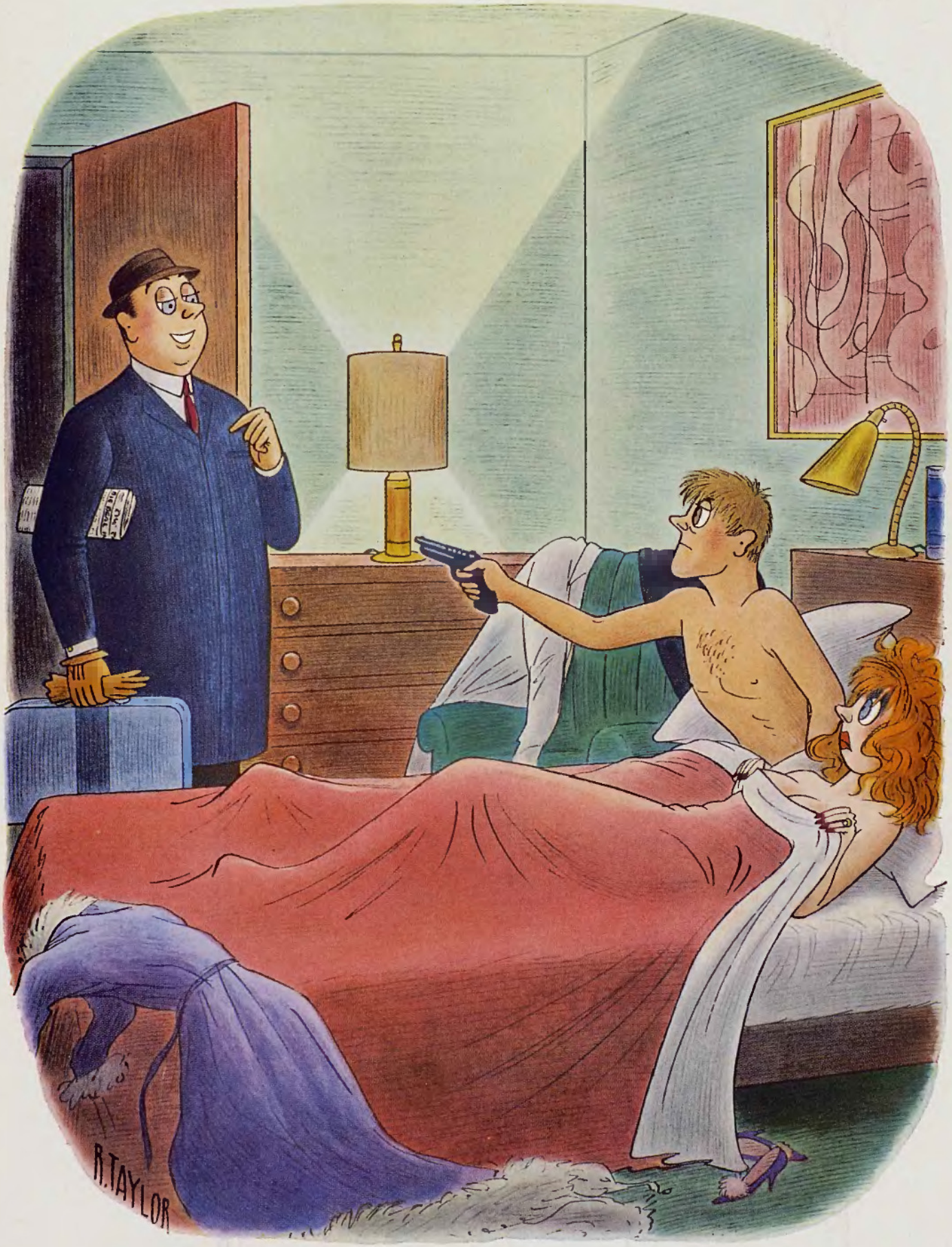
He will have much about which to remain silent. Recognizing that countless monarchies of the past would have been colorless and forgotten chapters of history if the ruling classes had been celibates and teetotalers, the king will decree that advanced profligacy and carousal be included, along with the minuet, needle point, fencing and rapier badinage, among the social graces taught to each member of the aristocracy from the day he is old enough to thrash his first lackey. Unburdened of the lingering guilts and inhibitions that afflict those caught between the Scylla of America's puritanical codes and the Charybdis of their biological urges, Nieuw Amsterdamme's emancipated gentry will be encouraged—indeed, compelled by royal fiat, hereafter known as *noblesse oblige*—to vie with one another as both hosts of exotic revels and subjects of titillating romantic intrigue.

Week-long saturnalia paying homage to Bacchus, Pan and Dionysus will be the order of the day, and favor with the king (as with his ladies in waiting) will be determined less by wit and wisdom than by prodigious endowment and herculean prowess. After-dinner entertainments will be staged by troupes of Priapic dwarfs, house pets and irrepressible guests, and the hilarious couplings, triplings and quadruplings that result—faithfully conveyed to the populace by the king's messengers—will set tongues awag and acluck throughout the kingdom.

Such innocent sport will be regarded as unspeakable depravity by the common herd, who will lead by law a life of unswerving rectitude and moral piety, with stoning as the people's punishment for those who engage in such licentious premarital excesses as handholding and reckless eyeballing. As in all other matters affecting the welfare of the king's subjects, kindness will be the guiding impulse behind this royal dictum. In addition to giving them something worth while to talk about in their hovels, the uninhibited behavior of their betters will brighten their lives with vicarious enjoyment of the fleshly pleasures in which they are not permitted to indulge themselves. And, most importantly, it will permit them to savor a prideful sense of superiority—if only morally—over those who rightly rule their destinies.

Which brings us to the king's proclamation of those illustrious personages who will be elevated to the noble rank for which their bloodline, breeding, wealth, wit, talent, aspirations and manifest superiority so ideally suit them. Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye: Be it known that the title Archbishop of the Most Holy Reformed Church of Nieuw Amsterdamme, Doctor of Casuistry and Machiavellian Advisor to the Crown is hereby bestowed on the Far Right Reverend William F. Buckley, Jr., who will finally get the chance for which he has been longing to teach a richly deserved lesson in manners to the rabble that rejected him at the polls. Another bloodied but unbowed aspirant to the seat of power, that soldier of misfortune, the redoubtable Norman Mailer, Esquire, will vie with the archbishop for the royal ear in his new capacity as the Baron of Greenpoint—two-fisted roisterer, free-style polemicist, patron of gladiators, always ready for a joust or a coup. Completing this truculent triumvirate will be Lord Gore Vidal, the elegant and sinister King's Poisoner, Effete Intellectual, scion of gentility, court chronicler of erotic aberration and archrival of the archbishop, who still bears the scars of a legendary confrontation with this deadly duelist.

No self-respecting monarchy has ever lacked a Bastard Pretender to the throne, and Nieuw Amsterdamme will be no exception. Deposed for the good of the duchy but still beloved by the people, the Duke of Silkstocking, John Vliet Lindsay, will occupy an esteemed place in the king's court—beside the royal mascot—and a comfortable cottage on the grounds of the Royal Palace, once the site of his pleasant but modest home,



"But I'm not mad. Why should you be mad?"

Gracie Mansion. His chief official duty, when he isn't out of the country as Ambassador to the Bahamas, will be to present visiting dignitaries with ceremonial keys to the kingdom, which will admit them to the Royal Privy.

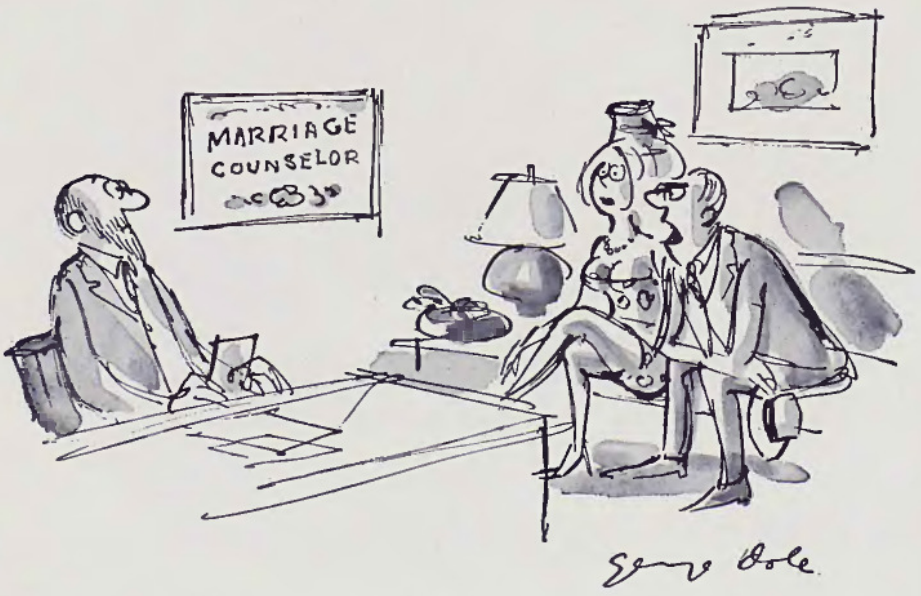
Court galas, a weekly ritual, will be orchestrated by the king's Master of the Revels, Supreme Social Arbiter, Diction Coach and Scandalmonger, Mr. Truman Capote, hereafter known as the Duchess of Sutton Place. Testifying not only to the duchess' fashionably exotic tastes but to his admirable disregard for palace gossip will be his social secretary and technical advisor at the king's debauches, the amusing and erudite Black Knight and Emissary to Haarlem, Sir James Baldwin, who will have the honor of throwing out the first grape at royal bacchanalia. But the most ubiquitous guest at these glittering galas will be the brawling, Falstaffian Earl of Bayside. With a foaming flagon in his hand, a fulsome oath on his lips and a saucy trollop on his knee, the former Jimmy Breslin will be the life of the orgy throughout the social season.

Among the monarch's personal courtiers, finally, will be a veritable *Who's Who* of the peerage: Mr. Craig Claiborne, Royal Taster; Mr. Mario Procaccino, Court Jester and King of Fools; Mr. Anthony Imperiale, imported from the barbarian wilds of New Jersey to serve as Royal Bodyguard and Protector of the Flag; Mr. Carlo Gambino, contracted through the special dispensation of the Duke of Palermo to officiate as Lord High Executioner; Mr. Tiny Timme, Court Minstrel, whose adorable child bride and flutelike trilling of such ancient madrigals as *Tipptoe Throughe ye Tuelippes* will help lighten the burdens of state for his beloved king; Merrie Andrew of Warhol, the epicene and enigmatic Palace Artist in Residence, with his bizarre retinue of protégés, male, female and otherwise; Dame Susan Sontag, Court Caviler and Epigrammatist, whose cutting sallies will be the rage of the literary *salons* over which she will preside on the king's behalf; Lady Gloria Steinem, the monarch's personal Scribe, Biographer, Constant Companion and Undercover Agent to the Court of Richard Nixon; and, last but by no means least, the distinguished rabbinical scholar Mr. David Susskind, who will serve in two key roles: as King's Pedant and as Director of Communications for the monarch's weekly throneside chats with the populace, which will be broadcast over gilded loudspeakers in each public square of the kingdom.

Except for a rare public appearance, this will be the only contact the populace of Nieuw Amsterdamme will have with their ruler. Though his colorless counterpart in Washington, D. C., is anathema to him in every other way, the king shares the American President's conviction that personal remoteness from the proletariat is more dignified than rubbing shoulders and pressing the flesh with the great unwashed. Since the monarch is a devout believer in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt, and since he wishes to continue loving his loyal subjects, he will therefore go among them only on state occasions—with, of course, a perfumed handkerchief to his nose. If a commoner dares—as many will—to risk flogging for a closer glimpse of the sovereign, he may venture to scale the glass-strewn wall surrounding the Royal Game Preserve, formerly known as Central Park, to peer from the bushes as the king and his favorites gallop by on their straining steeds in hot pursuit of an evil-tusked razorback boar.

It will be a spectacle worth the punishment: baying hounds, blaring bugles, the thunder of hooves, the stirring cry of "Yoicks! Halloo!" from a dozen noble throats, the glint of the archbishop's jeweled miter as he whips the flanks of his spirited chestnut, the resounding thud of the Earl of Bayside as he tumbles from his donkey while swigging from a pewter flask, the flash of an arrow from the crossbow of the Baron of Greenpoint as he takes a playful potshot at the gizzard of the king's squire; and, bringing up the rear, the heart-warming sight of the Bastard Pretender—never forgotten or left out, despite his purely honorific office—stumbling along behind the last horse on the end of an iron chain. At the head of the party, of course, leading the charge through gorse and thicket—as through the brambles of life itself—astride his magnificent white stallion, the great horse Excelsior, will be the king himself, a dazzling figure in his plumed hat, shoulder-length wig, richly embroidered hunting robes and gleaming golden spurs, beating the hapless boar to death with the meat end of his royal scepter.

The hand that wields that scepter will no less decisively mete out swift and merciful justice to all his people, no less firmly steer the tiller of the ship of state between the rocks of domestic unrest and the shoals of foreign aggression to the safe harbor of tranquillity and contentment, no less boldly deal a death blow to the tyranny of democracy that prevents the people of New York City from fulfilling their manifest destiny under the serene rule of an enlightened and benevolent despot. Is there such a man—with the wisdom to understand that freedom is slavery, the compassion to lift from the bent shoulders of his people the heavy burden of self-determination, the fortitude to keep his head when all those about him are losing theirs? There is, indeed, but modesty forbids the undersigned to do more than refer you, gentle reader, to the 23rd Psalm of the Good Book, which offers incontrovertible evidence that the Almighty Himself has proclaimed His preference on this historic occasion. "The Lord," it is written, "is my *Shepherd*." (Italics mine.) If there be any who presume to question the divine will, let them speak now—and face the consequences—or forever hold their peace, with the monarch's assistance. Is there no one? Then let the bell towers peal the joyous tidings: New York is dead! Long live the Sovereign Duchy of Nieuw Amsterdamme and its king! —*H.R.H. Augustus Rhetoric I*



"Is that all you can suggest: 'Let her get on top once in a while'?"

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof. Imported by **SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD.**, New York, N. Y.

The luck of the Scotch.

Johnnie Walker Red

So smooth-world's best selling Scotch

About $7.50 Fifth

PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.

PRISON DIARY *(continued from page 138)*

become irretrievably lost in the rather grand Moscow *metro* or the modern Warsaw sinkworks. Even a dispirited and disaffected party hack like myself is appalled by the general ignorance in the West of my country's achievements: Sharp new flats have replaced cheesy peasant cottages, to name but one. Progress is progress; one should not hate the jack boot so much that one fails to notice whether it is down at the heel or making great strides. And simply because I was never given a chance to mention these things on television does not make them untrue.

Number two, what follows is a translation of the photographed manuscript I carried to America at great personal risk and sacrifice. I won't rub it in. No more explanation is in order. I can vouch for the truth of every word that "Jack Faust" wrote and for the formlessness with which he set each down. I can see him licking his pencil lead and scribbling, scribbling.

• • •

12 Nov. I have committed no crime, but today I was arrested. My arm is still stiff from being twisted. I cannot write any more now except *I am innocent.* And this, though my hand pains me, I underline.

13 Nov. My arm still hurts.

14 Nov. Better. It happened in this way. Two burly secret policemen in shiny boots and well-cared-for truncheons beat at my door at five A.M. and told me to get dressed. I offered them buns. They refused, saying, "This is not a social call, Comrade Faust. We are here on party business." I asked one to pass me my new felt boots. "You won't be doing much walking where you're going," he said; and with that, he kicked them out of my reach. As it turns out, they would have come in quite handy. It is true I am in a small cell and do not walk much; but my feet are cold and I miss those boots. I hope Madame Zloty found them when she went to tidy up and had the good sense to pass them on to the chauffeur. The boobies will probably sell them, in which case I have the feeling the boots will eventually end up here: There seems to be quite a bit of black-marketeering in this prison. Last night, a voice whispered through the high window, "Cigarettes, chewing gum, razor blades." A small boy's voice, but I thought of Marushka with her little tray and her pathetic bunny costume and how she was so grateful when I befriended her. I mocked her crucifix and taught her to love the party. If only she could see what the party has done to me! And yet . . . and yet I find it hard to believe that the committee knows of this. Surely this is a trick. They are testing me. I make no observation except the following: It is said that the Marquis de Sade wrote *Justine* in prison on a roll of toilet paper. This strikes me as incredible. Mine is already coming to bits under the flint of my stubby pencil, and I am hardly past square one.

"Near as I can make out, it says, 'Welcome aboard, we're afire, we're sending a boarding party to your vessel, we're in need of provisions, stay away—scarlet fever aboard. . . .'"

15 Nov. The warder's name has a familiar ring. "Comrade Goldpork doesn't allow reading in this prison," the guard said when he saw me looking over some scraps of newspaper I found in the ticking of my mattress. Goldpork, Goldpork, I murmured, shredding the newspaper, I know that name. I believe we were in the youth wing together. He used to slouch horribly, a poor specimen of a youth winger. How I remember him being shouted at by the platoon commander! "Pig! Dog! Twist of dog shit!" the P. C. called at him. Goldpork stiffened under this abuse. Of course, he could make no reply. A youth winger simply does not slouch. He stands straight as a ramrod; he snaps his salutes; he keeps his knickers in good order; he assiduously oils his truncheon. He coldly reports the activities of his grasping parents and notes how many pounds of lard have been hoarded by his mother. The youth wing is the backbone of the party. Goldpork slouched and so was given the job of looking after this shabby penitentiary while I was composing rather hush-hush memoranda for B. And Goldpork doesn't allow reading! I wonder if he himself can read. The guard gave the order so stupidly (can he know who I am?). I am not surprised Goldpork never got farther than this prison. If I had my way, he would be scrubbing the toilets—that is, all the toilets except the one in which I scribble this!

17 Nov. Just to while away the time, I have spent the past day and a half

Campus Sweater and Sportswear Co., Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

itemizing a cleanup-and-renovation memorandum. I haven't lost my touch.

MEMO TO GOLDPORK

(A) As this is not a fish tank, surely moss and fungus are not needed to keep the inmates well and happy. Scrape those tiles and make them shine.

(B) In my day, guards clicked their heels and polished their boots; the fact that guards are seen by no one but detainees should not excuse them from sloppy habits. Look smart.

(C) Note that chamber pots are designed for easy emptying. It is axiomatic that the full chamber pot overflows.

(D) There is an accumulation of rust on every iron bar in this prison. Prisoners should be made to feel that this is *their* prison as much as it is every citizen's. A sense of pride and purpose is wanted; a rust-scrubbing session with wire brushes would do wonders for morale. Let's buckle down.

(E) We have noted a preponderance of nightly comings and goings of small boys in frocks. This seems a questionable way of passing an evening. Must moral fiber necessarily break down because a man is behind bars? Work, cold showers, an honest fatigue: Such things build the party.

(F) We would like to see more prunes on the menu.

(G) If reading is not allowed, surely the ticking of all prison mattresses should be winnowed for bits of newspaper. This is a sensible measure: Any of these newspapers may have reports of past events that have since proved to be malicious fabrications. We know many news items have been planted by foreign spies. Here, it is possible they will fall into the wrong hands. Sift, winnow, purge; get straw in those mattresses.

(H) Laughter. Why in the world are prisoners allowed to laugh and shriek? A more somber note could be struck if each laugh were awarded five of the best. Experience has shown a yard of bamboo to be most useful for this.

(I) The bindery is a shambles, a positive disgrace. We would like to see those gluepots kept in better order.

(J) The inspections are a joke.

The above are noted in a spirit of cooperation, with the following in mind: A good prison is a clean one; no one will accuse the warder of being soft because he wants to run "a tight ship." Skimping will not do. The habits of youth are carried into middle age; there is a definite slouch about this place.

(signed) *J. Faust*

23 Nov. Have decided not to send the above to Goldpork, as he may take it amiss and think I am trying to tell him how to do his job. I could send him memos until I was blue in the face and he would not pay any attention to me. When I am out of here, he will have a lot of questions to answer. I shall keep my memo safe. I have submitted my request to see the minister of internal affairs when he makes his tour of this prison. I'll give him an earful!

24 Nov. Why didn't I think of this before? The guard's words were, "No books, no papers, no pencils, no writing tablets." In my haste a few days ago, I wrote something about Goldpork "not allowing reading"—probably for brevity's sake. I should have remembered the order. It was almost certainly Minute 345/67ZB in the Prisons Ordinance Appendix D. I wrote that myself after we caught that Jew with his volume of reminiscences stuffed in his phylactery. And here I am, giving Goldpork all the credit for it.

(*Later*) The reason it all comes back to me is the typist. We worked late at the ministry that evening, finishing up odds and ends of party business. I was a stickler for detail, I wanted those minutes letter-perfect. I saw her slowing down, mumbling and erasing.

"Dinner?" I said, looking up from a foolscap file.

She turned away from her heavy black Yalor Office Console and flexed her fingers.

I snapped open my briefcase and handed her a sausage, a bit of bread, a cold potato. Gratefully, she took them and, munching them, told me something about herself. I don't remember a word she said, but I recall thinking, "Yes, with a girl like that, we have succeeded. Strong as a mule. Her tits are like turnips. She types a good rate and works like a dog. In the West, she would be a frump at 20."

Nor was typing her only talent.

I begin to understand these handsome little striplings mincing through the night corridors of this dungeon.

27 Nov. Cement did very well, ten editions in a year. And *Logs* was to do even better. Those two secret policemen interrupted me halfway through *Spindles*. I wonder if they destroyed the fragment of manuscript I kept on my writing table. No, I don't wonder at all. They did, of course they did. To do otherwise would have been a flagrant disregard for their orders. They had a duty to perform. Is it bourgeois of me to hope that before those pages were incinerated, some soul read them and had doubts about my guilt?

30 Nov. Find this notebook, Goldpork! Here is one manuscript you won't unearth. I write nearly every day, squatting on this bucket in your unclean stall. You would never think to look here! You have not discovered me and, until you reform this prison, you never shall! I am noting this under your very nose! Pig! Dog!

2 Dec. The minister's visit was brusquely announced for the first of December. I handed in my chit and said that I would like a word with him in private. I know my rights, I said. I walked on eggshells all day, with the crumpled squares of the memo to Goldpork tucked into the elastic of my underpants. No minister. I waited all day today. No minister.

3 Dec. No minister.

4 Dec. No minister.

5 Dec. No minister.

6 Dec. What this country needs is a good solid overhaul by some merciless but farsighted party man. When a minister announces a visit, he has made a promise; this promise must be kept. The memo to Goldpork of 17 Nov. is all but deteriorated in my underpants. I shall copy it while waiting for the minister. I am not surprised Goldpork kept his job for so long. He would not last a minute in my charge.

7 Dec. No minister. I shall put the memo squares with the rest of this little diary. That minister is asking for a sacking.

8 Dec. "It was like battling with a pillow. Squeezed at one end, it bulged at the other. . . ." (*Cement*, Chapter ten) I was writing of the landlords and moneylenders and the bullies in the ballroom. I could have been writing of my present difficulties.

Item: Enemies

(1) Goldpork
(2) The minister of internal affairs
(3) Fatso, G's toad
(4) The little chap who visited me several nights ago and played hard to get

9 Dec. The film version of *Logs* was praised and won a coveted medal. It opened with a panorama of a great banqueting hall. Fat men slobbering over pig's trotters, ladies yelling, young men reaching into the bosoms of dowagers, dogs lapping up scraps. The camera moved to the cellar of the house: bearded old men reclining in coal piles, little boys whimpering. Back to the banqueting hall: Fat men begin to dance with one another. Jigs and reels. "Spin the floor!" cries one man (close shot of hairy face, hog jowls, food-flecked fangs). He stamps on the floor with his big boots. Cut below to cellar: old men and young boys putting on harnesses; they

"I think it must have changed hands."

begin to tug and yank, like cattle on a threshing floor. Above, the people dance, the floor revolves gently; music plays. Fat men clutch their partners' bums. "Faster! Faster!" they call; they stamp. Below, the proletariat get the message. They summon all their strength; they run on their harnesses: They are literally dancing. The old men become young, the young men strong. Above, the floor is spinning, revolving crazily, much too fast. The first fat man falls, then another. A dowager sprawls and spills her pearls. Skirts fly. The dancers are spun from the revolving floor by centrifugal force; some are knocked cold. Below, the workers strip off their harnesses and sing. A small boy makes a fist and raises his arm. Last shot: this dirty little fist.

I used to know what all this represented. I am not so sure now.

10 Dec. Clearly, the inner party has gone soft. My analogy is the potato raked out of the coals too soon. Break open that crusty jacket, dig your fork into the soft cooked mealy white . . . but *wait*! Grasp the potato with two hands and pinch it open: A cold hard center will be revealed. Burned on the outside but cold and uncooked at the center . . . and that indigestible lump is enough to ruin the whole meal.

In our discussions, particularly at the 20th plenum, we decided on and minuted the reverse of this. It was, so to say, the center of the potato we were certain was nourishing; we were not so sure of the rest.

Problem: Identify the potato's components, the fire, the tongs.

Who eats this potato?

There are rumors flying about. They say the minister has come and gone. But how could he? He hasn't seen me. He is fiddling his mileage claim, there is no doubt of that.

Ask yourself, Comrade Minister, which party member penned the second Five-Year Plan? Yes, I wear manacles, but none of my chains weighs as heavily as this ingratitude.

11 Dec. Are there compensations here? Yes, I confess there are. Today, during our ten-minute fresh-air stroll, we clanked as usual in a circle, reminding me of the painting by that insane Dutchman of a prison scene—blue convicts in a blue exercise yard—a painting, let me record, hanging in the Pushkin Museum in Moscow (who said the Russians are an insensitive people?). And one, then another and another of my fellow prisoners whispered hoarsely, "That's him! There he is!" This continued ("That's *him*!") until the guard knocked one of the whisperers to the ground and told him to pipe down. But they continued to look at me with their gray faces. Several lifted their chains at me and shook them. It's nice to be recognized in a crowd.

14 Dec. At night now, they scream my name.

"My doctorate is in literature, Fred, but it seems like a darned good pulse to me."

15 Dec. They're still doing it. It gives me quite a lift.

16 Dec. Today I was set upon by six inmates and beaten. It was just after breakfast, while we were emptying our chamber pots into the swill vat. The guards stand as far away as possible (the stink is overpowering) and these six, seeing their chance, gagged me with a mitten and knocked me insensible. I was not found until half past ten. I was given broth and told to report to Goldpork. He recognized me immediately.

"Comrade Faust, we meet again."

"Under less happy circumstances than before, Goldpork, I don't have to remind you."

"Sit down, I want to have a word with you. What's this I hear about the stir you're causing in your cellblock?"

"They scream my name. I liked it at first, but today they beat me. They dug their fingers into my eyes and plucked at my neck and cheeks. I hated it."

"And what do you conclude from this little affair?"

"Simple. They belong here. I don't. You know, Goldpork, we built this prison for them, not for ourselves. It is they who should be munching on scraps and wiping the rims of their soiled chamber pots . . . not me. If only I had known!"

"You didn't deserve to be beaten, then? Don't you see that these men are relatives of all the people you liquidated?"

"I have one regret. I should have searched the houses more carefully. I might have turned up one or two of these oafs in cupboards and liquidated them as well."

"And so you're trying to tell me you are a faithful party member still?"

"I have committed no crime. I am not one of those comrades who run, shrieking, into the arms of a Western publisher as soon as they are wronged, though I know I could live quite a nice little life if I did that. But I am not one of your backsliders. I was put in here and here I will stay until the party feels I have been punished enough. When I am set free, I will work as always, with fervor."

"It's pleasant to hear that, Comrade Faust. You bear us no ill will?"

"None at all."

But I had. Though I realized it only after I went back to my cell and reread all the entries in this diary. I was dreadfully afraid. I held these scraps of paper up to the light and, as my name boomed through the corridors, I read with a sinking heart. I begin by saying I am innocent. I go on to complain about Goldpork and itemize ten objections to this prison. I slander the minister and the guard. I indulge in bourgeois nostalgia about my tenth-rate film. And, as if this is not enough, six days ago I

UP AGAINST THE WALL MARBORO POSTERS

P458. Hug: ORANGUTAN. On Canvas. 28x22. *Only* 5.95
P459. On coated stock. *Only* 2.98

P617 "I PLEOGE ALLEGIANCE . . ." 21x28 *Only* 1.98

P574 Lindner: TELEPHONE 20x24 *Special Import* 1.98

P392 WHISTLER'S MOTHER 21x26 *Special* 1.98

P622. I'D RATHER BE RED THAN DEAD. 24x36. *Only* 1.98

P788 SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR Dayglo 25x38 *Special* 4.95

P190 Have YOU Had Your Pill 23x29 *Only* 1.98

P449 HERBIE 24x37 *Only* 1.98

P540 PARADISE LOST 19x27 *Special* 1.98

P534 NO DEFERMENT 22x28 *Only* 1.98

P318 WAR IS NOT HEALTHY 22x34 *Only* 1.98

P483. BE PREPARED. 29x39. *Only* 1.00

Inexpensive—dramatic—
Every wall can be improved with a simple application
$1 and up
MAIL COUPON TODAY

P394 NAPOLEON & JOSEPHINE 21x26 *Only* 1.98

P339 PEACE 23x29 *Only* 1.98

P575 Warhol's CHELSEA GIRLS 20x30 *Special Import* 1.00

P118 DRAGON Dayglo 21x29 *Only* 1.98

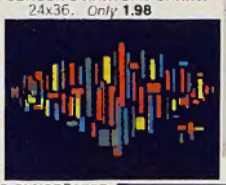
P624. CENSOR'S ANATOMY CHART. 24x36. *Only* 1.98

P337 WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR? 23x35 *Only* 1.98

P623. MAN'S BEST FRIEND 24x30 *Only* 1.98

P538. Cézanne: THREE SKULLS An unknown, never previously shown 30x18 *Only* 2.98

P187 GRETA 42x29 *Only* 1.98



P129 SYNCOPATED RHYTHM 29x23 Dayglo *Only* 1.98

P244 BUTTERFLY Dayglo 29x23 *Only* 1.98

P114 SPHERES 19x31 *Only* 1.98

P775 KISS A TOAD 25" Sq. *Special* 1.49

P362 VISION 24x36 *Only* 1.98

P276 WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS 23x29 *Only* 4.95

P488 AMERICAN REALITY 35x23 *Only* 1.98

P478. EASY RIDER. 40x29. *Only* 1.98

P793 WANDA EMBRY 12x63 *Only* 4.95

P217 HYPNO-MANDALA 20" Sq. *Only* 1.00

P348 Picasso: GUERNICA 46x21 *Only* 2.98

P733 Picasso: BLUE NUDE Silkscreen on Canvas 16x20 *Special* 5.95
P734 On heavy stock *Special* 2.98

P113 UNCLE TOM 22x33 *Only* 1.98

P737 Picasso: DON QUIXOTE 20x24 Canvas *Special* 2.98

P369 PROTEST: Collage of Anti-War Protests 1963-1969 Huge photo mural 40x30 *Special* 2.98

P292 FLAMING LOVE Dayglo 21x26 *Only* 1.98

P316 OLD SOLDIERS 32x20 *Only* 1.98

P830 Hug: THE CAT On Canvas 29x22 *Special* 5.95

P148 Hug: TIGER Canvas 28x22 *Only* 5.95

P626. ENVIRONMENT 70's 22x28 *Only* 1.98

P582 WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHAT DO I MEAN? 16x56 In two parts *Import* 2.98

P416 NON-VIOLENCE 20x26 *Only* 1.98

P634. LOVE (with a Band-Aid) 22x35 *Special* 1.49

P393 ASTRONAUTS 21x26 *Only* 1.98

P474 POWER to the PEOPLE Dayglo 17x40 *Only* 1.98

P409. ILLUSTRATED GIRL 29x39 *Only* 1.98

P487 LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED Silkscreen Dayglo 35x23 *Only* 1.49

P127 MARIE THREE 42x29 *Only* 1.98

P871 Gillette: LOVE 17x21 *Only* 1.98

P577. "VAGINA REX & THE GAS OVEN" 20x30 *Import* 1.00

P576 DYLAN 20x30 *Special Import* 1.98

P413 EVERYONE NEEDS TO BE LOVED 20x24 *Only* 1.98

P960 PEACE/LOVE Dayglo 23x35 *Only* 1.98

P363 FEELIN' GROOVY 23x35 Dayglo *Only* 1.98

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. PB-15
56 West 8th St., New York, N.Y. 10011
Please send me the items circled below. (Please add 50¢ postage and handling on all orders.)
MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $5.00

☐ Enclosed find $..... ☐ Send C.O.D.
Charge my: (check one)

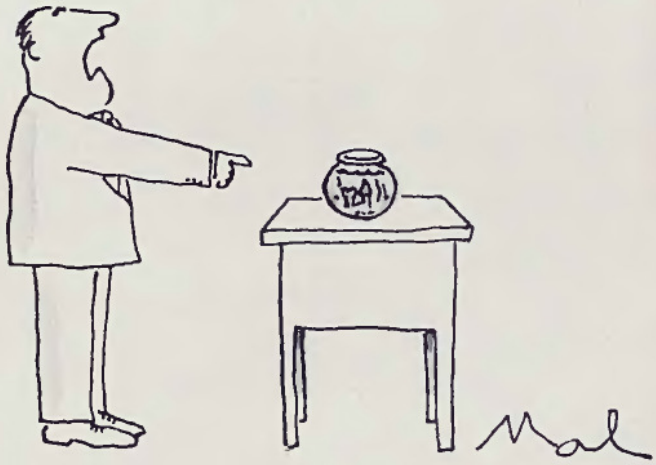
Master Charge Bank name:	Amer. Exp.	Diners Club	Carte Blanche	Uni Card

& write in your account # .....

P113	P244	P363	P458	P540	P626
P114	P276	P369	P459	P574	P634
P118	P292	P392	P474	P575	P733
P127	P316	P393	P478	P576	P734
P129	P318	P394	P483	P577	P737
P148	P337	P409	P487	P582	P775
P187	P339	P413	P488	P617	P788
P190	P348	P416	P534	P622	P793
P217	P362	P449	P538	P623	P830
				P624	P871
					P960

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.



"You heard me. . . . Get back where you belong!"

described the inner party as a lump of underdone potato.

Furthermore, and much worse, I withheld all of this from Goldpork. I tried to pass myself off as a good party member. But what is a good party member doing in prison? I had said when I pocketed my party card that I would serve. I am doing nothing of the sort. I am a complainer, like the chap in the commune who won't dig sugar beets because his mattock is bent. I should have told Goldpork exactly where I stood. If I were honest, I would hand over this diary. What earthly good is it? It represents nothing. Who would bother to read it, except one of our magistrates or those Western publishers? It is an indulgence. I will write no more today.

17 Dec. Spent the whole day poking through my mattress, looking for reactionary newspaper clippings to read. Found nothing. Knock on door. Fatso. Asked what pile of straw and oakum on floor might be. Told him to his face.

Note: Delete (G), (H) and (J) from memo to Goldpork. These have apparently been remedied while I was busy with this diary. They know what they are doing. This is further evidence that I am a scab. It was no trick. My guilt shows in every square I fill. After this knowledge, what forgiveness?

24 Dec. There is some satisfaction, when in prison, in knowing that one is guilty. The time passes quickly, one stops talking to oneself, one bears no grudges. I look forward to seeing Goldpork again and telling him everything, perhaps producing this diary from my shirt front and letting it spill over his desk. They were right all along. My imagined innocence weighed on me and made me lax; but, guilty, I have a place —I belong. I see the logic of their decision to thump on my door with truncheons and drag me bootless from my flat. Today I sat and mused, humming a tune I once heard with Marushka when we secretly listened—as we did countless times!—to the broadcast of a foreign power. I am not party material and it is clear that Goldpork is. I shall see him tomorrow and cheerfully convey my guilt by wishing him a merry Christmas.

• • •

Those were the last words Jack Faust was to write. He handed over his diary and freely confessed to all his crimes. They were mostly imaginary ones, but they contained such a wild note of threat that he was hanged before the new year. He was not mourned. I know this is true. My reward for extracting his confession from him—I did little more than listen to him and nod to the steno —was a very agreeable posting in Rome, attached to our embassy; my job was to round up people who had fled the country and were seeking asylum in Italy. I got to know the ins and outs of fleeing, and I was helped in my searches by Marushka, whose full name and address I had found scratched on the wall of Jack's cell. In our six months in Rome, we drugged many an escapee and posted each back to the capital in a mailbag. Only Marushka could have been expected to mourn Jack Faust, yet when I asked her, she denied all knowledge of him. I could only smile.

And smiling one night, I said I was stepping out for a breath of fresh air. I did so and never returned. The morning I left Italy (this was in Milan), I thought I saw Marushka whiz past me, straddling the back of a Vespa and clutching the Italian driver with one hand and what I believe was the manuscript of Jack's unfinished novel (*Spindles*) with the other. But I may be wrong; many Italian girls had Marushka's knees and all girls jounce the same on a scooter: I love to see their rolling bottoms and hear the seat springs oink! In any case, Marushka is doing all right for herself. I am pretty sure she pinched *Spindles* from Jack's flat; I know I never discovered what happened to it. The police were no help. I have a feeling that one of these days, I'm going to see it in translation on the revolving paperback bookstand at my corner drugstore.

During our last conversation, Jack had a moment of panic. He saw the toilet roll of his whole incriminating diary spread out on my desk and said, "Wait Goldpork, I'll make a deal with you!"

I flapped my hand and brushed aside the terms he was stammering at me. I said, "But don't you see you've already made one?" Then the guards appeared and led him away. I had not finished speaking. I wanted to say that we all make deals. It is a pity he did not live long enough to see that mine, at least, had a reasonably happy ending.

Expensive in everything but price.
$5.99

You don't have to spend a bundle to look like a million. Fruit of the Loom shirts look expensive and act expensive. But they cost far less than you'd expect.

The expensive look comes from meticulous attention to detailing. Such as matched pockets on striped shirts. And contour body shaping for a smooth, comfortable fit.

The fashion look comes from sophisticated styling. In our Fall '70 line, you will find the newest long point or wide spread collars, two and three button cuffs.

The high-quality performance comes from luxury fabrics that are permanent press. So you keep looking expensive all day.

Fruit of the Loom shirts. Sure you can pay more. But why?

FRUIT OF THE LOOM
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Fruit of the Loom, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.

ENGINEERING MENTALITY

(continued from page 128)

Los Angeles can sustain its present population for generations—and the future of California as a viable place to live may be assured by refraining from this massive ecological rape.

The same engineering mentality is being used today in New York to urge construction of a fourth jetport: There will be 85,000,000 passengers by 1980, so we must have the facilities. But if there are no facilities, there will *not* be 85,000,000 passengers. In other cities, large and small, it's new industries or downtown parking lots or bigger buildings—always in the name of a magical statistical inevitability. It's one thing to want more passengers or more industry and consciously to plan for them; it's quite another thing to be conned into it and then to wonder why it seems that the surroundings of your life grow beyond your control.

Growth-rate planning, with its hidden assumption of inevitability, is as much a pseudoscientific razzle-dazzle as Platformate or sodium acetylsalicylate or Mr. Krim's political poll. It comes about because, somehow, Americans have become fascinated with technique as the answer to everything. Our dawn and twilight devotions are in homage to "know-how," and the straight-line solution is our way of dealing with the questions of life, from seduction to South Vietnam.

Point out to a technician that a river sometimes floods its lowlands (or that there's a market for hydroelectric power in a nearby town) and he builds a dam. Point out to him that the dam will eliminate the salmon run on the river and he builds a fish ladder and artificial gravel spawning pits. Point out to him that the lake behind the dam will drown a small village on an Indian reservation and, at best, he'll call another technician to build a model city for Indians. What he will *never* do is reconsider the idea that he ought to build the dam in the first place. He won't do that because he can't; the engineering mentality just doesn't work that way.

The engineer's job—the essence of what we mean by engineer—is to solve whatever problem you give him, as directly as possible. Asked to dam the river, he's not supposed to worry about the salmon run; side effects aren't his concern. As a *man* (discrimination doesn't allow for many female engineers), he's diminished if he forgets the salmon or the beauty of the river or the ecology of the site; but as an engineer, they're not his business.

The problem comes when the engineering mentality takes over the thinking of the rest of us—politicians, planners, public men and just plain citizens: when our fascination with technique outweighs our sense of the other, more human values in life and we see all questions as problems to be solved in the straight-line fashion of the engineer, and side effects, however crucial they may prove to be, can go to hell.

There is nothing wrong with planning; we can hardly do without it—from family planning to city planning to intelligent international planning to avoid wars. And there is nothing wrong with technique. It takes technique to write or to edit a magazine article (or, for that matter, to read one), to play a guitar, to manufacture a chair or a sports car, to photograph a beautiful woman or to print her picture in accurately reproduced and registered color. It takes technique to manage a national park or to maintain the yield per acre of a cornfield, to judge a case on the Supreme Court or to direct traffic at a school crossing.

But we Americans have become fascinated with technique at the shallowest level, and our lives suffer for it. We tend to most admire the superb technician. Faced with the incredible complexity of urban ghettos, we call them a problem and seek a narrow solution—which usually means either wholesale slum clearance with bureaucratic contempt for the displaced residents or more cops with better riot-control equipment.

Caught up in this attitude, whether or not we are in public positions, we find ourselves not using technique but trying to live by it; we seek to learn techniques for using our minds, techniques for appreciating art, techniques for getting along with others. We even come to regard sex as a matter of technique, forgetting that that is not at all the point of sex. In our personal lives, shallowness haunts us more and more; in our social lives, the results are pollution, dwindling resources, disappearing beauty, a stuttering ecology and a paler and more sickly world in which to spend our diminished days.

Porfirio Díaz—that fascinating dictator who ruled Mexico from 1876 until the revolution of 1910—was surrounded by a group of men who were called *cientificos* and who saw themselves as expert technicians, applying "scientific" methods to the administration of government. They were generally what our political writers today would call liberal men and some of them were even remarkably honest, considering their opportunities for personal enrichment. They met the fantastic problems of the Mexico of 1876 like true engineers: one problem at a time, with straight-line solutions and little thought for side effects. And, of course, their positions determined what they saw as problems.

In 1876, the treasury was empty. Under the *cientificos*, the budget was balanced, the gold standard was adopted, Mexican five percent bonds could be sold on the world market at a premium, foreign trade increased 1000 percent. A network of railroads was built (and the *cientificos* outplayed American railroad wizard E. H. Harriman, so that the railroads wound up in the hands of the Mexican government). Business boomed, harbors were improved, the swampy Valley of Mexico was drained, a national banking system was created, public buildings were constructed. Foreign observers were amazed.

It was such an improvement that nobody noticed the side effects. The burgeoning industries depended on what was virtually slave labor; the new railroads carried an agricultural output grown on land that was owned in huge blocks by a very few (in one completely agricultural state, Morelos, 99.5 percent of the population owned no land at all). The astonishing prosperity was enjoyed by only about five percent of the people of Mexico. And in 1910, the *cientificos* saw the culmination they hadn't allowed for: a violent revolution that lasted ten years.

The *cientificos* who served Díaz were hardly different from those who today serve the planners of our major cities. To them, as to our own politicians, the picture of tomorrow that grows from today's statistics was an infallible fact. The population is growing by X percent a year; therefore, by 1980, it will be Y million. But it doesn't have to happen like that—and we don't have to live like that, pretending that the formula is scientific truth and ignoring the fact that under the Xs and Ys are people, some hungry and some in need. When we accept this sun-worship approach, we become Xs ourselves and debase our lives.

The citizen of San Francisco today watches and feels helpless as new downtown buildings rise, far too large to maintain the scale of that delightful city, ruining the beauty of that loveliest of settings. We don't have a technical, scientific way to measure what happens to a child who grows up in an ugly city instead of one that's beautiful; but we know, somewhere inside ourselves, that there's a difference. We know, if we think about it, that there's a part of us that responds when someone succeeds in rising above the X level of mere professional skill. Watching the Jets play the Colts in that now-famous Superbowl game, for example, I discovered that while, as usual, I admired the finely honed technical skill of the players, I somehow actually *liked* Joe Namath. Also, I found that, for the first time after years of admiring him as a superb technician, I *liked* Johnny Unitas. I liked

"Come, come, Miss Norcross . . . let's not beat around the bush!"

them, I think, because—in a game in which technique is virtually everything—both men displayed in the Superbowl something that was more than technical.

It's not just that, beyond technique, both men showed imagination; in professional football, what we call imagination is merely a name for a more sophisticated technique. No: It was that both men—Namath in his flippy self-assertion and Unitas in his weary, dramatic last-minute effort—became, for the moment at least, individual human beings, people for whom it was possible to feel a personal emotion beyond the almost impersonal admiration we tend to give any pro. It's the same thing that makes me, despite his frequent failures, admire Norman Mailer far more than I admire the much more professional John O'Hara; it's not just that he's a better writer, which is often a question of technique. And I like Joe Namath and Norman Mailer, in fact, for the same reason I like the San Franciscans (columnist Herb Caen, for example) who opposed that city's new International Market Center—a conglomerate of buildings in the waterfront area alongside Telegraph Hill—without attempting to give any technical reasons why.

In every case, their reactions are *human* reactions, not the machine reactions of a technological approach. Perhaps we're hungry for that human reaction, even if it doesn't make technological sense; that may be why so many admirers of Robert Kennedy voted, after the Senator's assassination, for George Wallace.

I had lunch one day with a couple of the people pushing that San Francisco project. When I said I didn't like it, they argued, with charts and figures, about the needs it would fill, the improvement it would make to the site and the tax base. I was almost overwhelmed—until I realized that to try to refute their arguments would be to play their game, that their terms are only one set of terms. For me, as for Caen and others, it was enough that it *feels* wrong, that somehow I *know* it's wrong—and that in this case, at least, I was not yet so overwhelmed by our technological society that I buried the feeling or allowed myself to think of it as irrelevant. It's that feeling, I suspect, that will save us, if anything will, from the final degradation of our lives by the triumph of technique, from that final state of helplessness that Ellul calls "technical anesthesia." That rebellious upsurge of human feeling is our hope for regaining control over techniques before technology impersonally and inexorably controls us all.

Those of us who live on the crest of the technological wave—those of us, in other words, who enjoy the goods and are not immediately touched in a superficial way by the bads—can give in too easily, relax with our gimlets and our Norman Mailer books (substitute participation) and our girlfriends and our Herbie Hancock records and what the hell? How—aside from a certain sterility in our personalities, a certain sameness in our lives, a certain mechanical quality about our personal relationships—does it bother us?

It depends, I guess, on what sort of thing bothers you. Privately, if the girlfriend you're relaxing with is also devoted to technique as a way of life, you're less likely to enjoy her companionship and more likely to feel as though you ought to give her $20 afterward. Publicly, when the *cientificos* of our society have the upper hand, you find yourself outside the public decisions that are made—but confronted with the fact that those decisions affect the entire fabric of your life.

You get, for instance, things such as Columbia University's computerized and insensitive decision to build, on the edge of Harlem, what amounted to segregated gymnasiums. When students, somewhat more sensitive, demonstrate against such decisions, you get—as we got at Columbia—cops solving *that* problem with *their* solution, which at Columbia, as in Chicago and elsewhere, was a vicious, unreined police riot. You get, for instance, decisions about racial questions made by whites who see each facet of the question as a problem, and who try, with all sincerity, to find solutions that won't be called racist—not understanding that the approach is itself racist. How can I look at you as a problem, and propose measures to solve that problem, unless somehow I regard myself as the better or wiser of us?

You get cities that are impossible places in which to live, schools that are impossible places in which to learn, parks that are impossible places in which to relax—and lives so empty that in our helplessness, we look everywhere for more techniques with which to make them better. We read articles on "How to Use Your Leisure Time Creatively," "How to Bring a New Enjoyment to Sex," even "How to Watch Pro Football on Television." We can buy a book of Count Basie piano solos; but no matter how faithfully they're transcribed and no matter how well you read music, they never come out sounding like Count Basie.

And eventually—look around you—you get what the *cientificos* of Porfirio Diaz got: a revolution.

You get a revolution, in part, because the *cientifico* mentality can't tolerate anyone who gets in the way of a simple

"Who knows, lady? Maybe I just never met a girl with kisses sweeter than wine."

solution to a simple problem. Give the technicians a difficult foreign-policy question, as in the Dominican Republic, and their answer is to call it a problem and to solve it by invading the country and interfering in its political processes: If this creates new problems throughout Latin America for 20 years afterward—well, we'll deal with those one at a time as they come up.

Give them a widening dissent to their activities (even if the dissent is not always to their methods) and their answer is to regard dissent as a problem and to solve it by widening their repression. The persecution of a few protesters leads to the persecution of Dr. Spock. The dubious conspiracy charges against Dr. Spock become the ridiculous conspiracy charges against the unknown Oakland Seven—charges brought only because conspiracy, a felony, is a tougher weapon against dissent. The harassment of Robert Williams grows to the constant bedeviling of Rap Brown and then to the merciless hounding of Eldridge Cleaver—and will grow further as they feel threatened by the many who are angry at Cleaver's treatment. When that, in turn, creates a new and even wider opposition, that, too, will be a problem to be dealt with as it arises.

Give such *cientificos* as Mayor Daley a protest against an undemocratic Democratic Convention and their answer is to call the protest a problem and to solve it by turning loose frightened and overworked cops with their billy clubs. If their viciousness brings out of their hotel rooms the quiet McCarthy supporters who were trying to work within the system, and calls them into the streets alongside the revolutionaries, "solve" that "problem" with unprovoked and club-swinging raids on McCarthy headquarters. And if that, in turn, creates a new problem, demand equal time on television.

Chicago's cops are as much a manifestation of the engineering mentality as chain saws in the redwood forests, 50-story buildings in San Francisco or bulldozers in the Mammoth Cave National Park. And more and more Americans—who really want nothing more than to relax with a drink or smoke some grass (another problem) with a congenial companion, listening to Aretha or watching Rowan and Martin—are being slowly but inexorably pushed into the position of the Indians of Díaz' Mexico, shunted aside as the dams and the bridges and the buildings go up and up, pacified with bread and circuses when we'll take it, and clubbed and Maced when we won't. *Pan o palo*, Díaz called it. Bread or the club.

The Indians revolted, partly because they didn't have enough bread. Most of us in the affluent part of the culture don't have that problem; nor are we, yet, as completely caught up in the spell of the *cientifico* mentality or as fully under its control. We can still look at every argument to see whether it depends on the hidden assumptions of the engineers and the growth-rate planners, and we can still respond to the feeling in our gut that it's wrong, no matter what the figures show. We can still claim our lives back from the technicians who pollute not only the air and water but the values of our humanity, the hopes and dreams by which we ought to live.

There's a final sobering thought about the revolution of 1910. Díaz was defeated in a war in which rifles, pistols and a few artillery pieces were all the weapons there were, and in which there were no tightly organized police forces, no National Guardsmen, no well-drilled Army with tanks and flame throwers and all the other appurtenances of modern warfare.

Given—like the Soviets in Hungary or Czechoslovakia or the Nazis of the early Thirties—a sufficient preponderance of technical equipment, the *cientificos* of Díaz might well have put down the revolution and, for the moment, solved another problem.

It can all turn out to be a little hard on us Indians.

BACK TO CAMPUS

(continued from page 172)

of a walk to class on a frigid morning; belted three-quarter-length coats (some have fur collars) are often worn in place of a dressy topcoat; at some schools, double-breasted camel's-hair overcoats assure warmth at the football stadium; some waist-length leather jackets are seen; and, if you have a few bob left in your clothing budget, you may also invest in a poplin bush jacket.

Shoes: six to seven pairs; sandals and loafers to be worn early in the fall with no socks; cowboy boots; some two-tones —but don't expect to find them on every campus; square-toed bals and bluchers are big, as are jodhpurs; a pair of ankle-high hiking shoes with crepe soles will come in handy after a heavy snowfall.

THE SOUTHWEST: Students whose pursuits take them to the wide-open spaces of the Southwest have adopted an equally wide-open attitude toward fashion. Clothes down here run the gamut from archly conservative to totally freaked out, thus upholding the image that this is a region where rugged individualism and originality still prevail.

Suits: three; a dark two-button single-breasted Sunday-best style with moderately wide lapels; a six-button double-breasted in a bold plaid or stripe; and a four-button Norfolk suit with a half belt at the back.

Sports jackets: two or three; the trend is to four- or six-button double-breasted jackets or navy-blue blazers; wide-lapelled corduroy two-buttons and poplin bush jackets are two additional inexpensive styles Southwesterners dig.

Slacks: eight pairs; five should be casual, cuffless styles—belled jeans and cotton flares in solids, stripes and checks, for example—the rest can be dressy-looking flannels and worsteds with wide straight-cut legs and two-inch-high cuffs.

Shirts: 12; although the basic button-down is still worn, most students also have on hand a number of bright-colored or bold-striped dress shirts with a more sophisticated collar treatment (either wide-spread or long-pointed); fancy-patterned cowboy models with snap fronts and cuff closures have been at home on the range for years and their popularity hasn't diminished in the slightest; also look for skinny knits and tank tops (the latter are often worn after class).

Sweaters: ten; V- and crew-neck styles are still top-drawer choices, but many students are taking to body-hugging rib knits, U-neck models and belted looks; Irish fisherman weaves are often worn when a norther hits and the temperature drops.

Outerwear: Anything goes, from fringed buckskin to poplin golf jackets; obviously, the location of your campus will weigh heavily in determining the types of fabrics and the styles to select.

Shoes: five pairs; cowboy boots, of course, supplemented with sneakers, loafers (both penny and tasseled); wing tips are still the favored footwear when a suit is the order of the day or evening.

THE WEST COAST: Here, the fashion scene is way out and wide open; students are quick to pick up on one style and drop out of another, with constant change and a high degree of personal expression the hallmarks.

Suits: Fashion norms for this section of the country are so diverse that we recommend that you check out the campus before investing in any expensive threads.

Sports jackets: three to five; the belted look of bush and Norfolk jackets in various fabrics, from poplin and corduroy

"Can't you people understand that my generation isn't interested in material values? Besides which I'm making a fortune pushing acid."

to Harris tweed, is a uniform trend at virtually all West Coast schools.

Slacks: ten pairs; cuffless and flared are where it's at in railroad stripes, bright solids, tie-dyes, floral patterns, sunbursts —you name it; also have on hand one or two pairs of dressier slacks with two- or even three-inch-high cuffs to wear with a jacket or blazer.

Shirts: at least a dozen; choose from patterned body shirts (reptile is very big), funky-colored tank tops, tie-dyed Wallace Beery undershirt pullovers, pastel golf shirts with a two-button neck placket and oxford and broadcloth dress shirts with long-pointed collars; wide (the wider the better) and wild-looking ties are worn with the latter style; at some schools, dark-colored T-shirts are donned—usually with a pair of faded Levis.

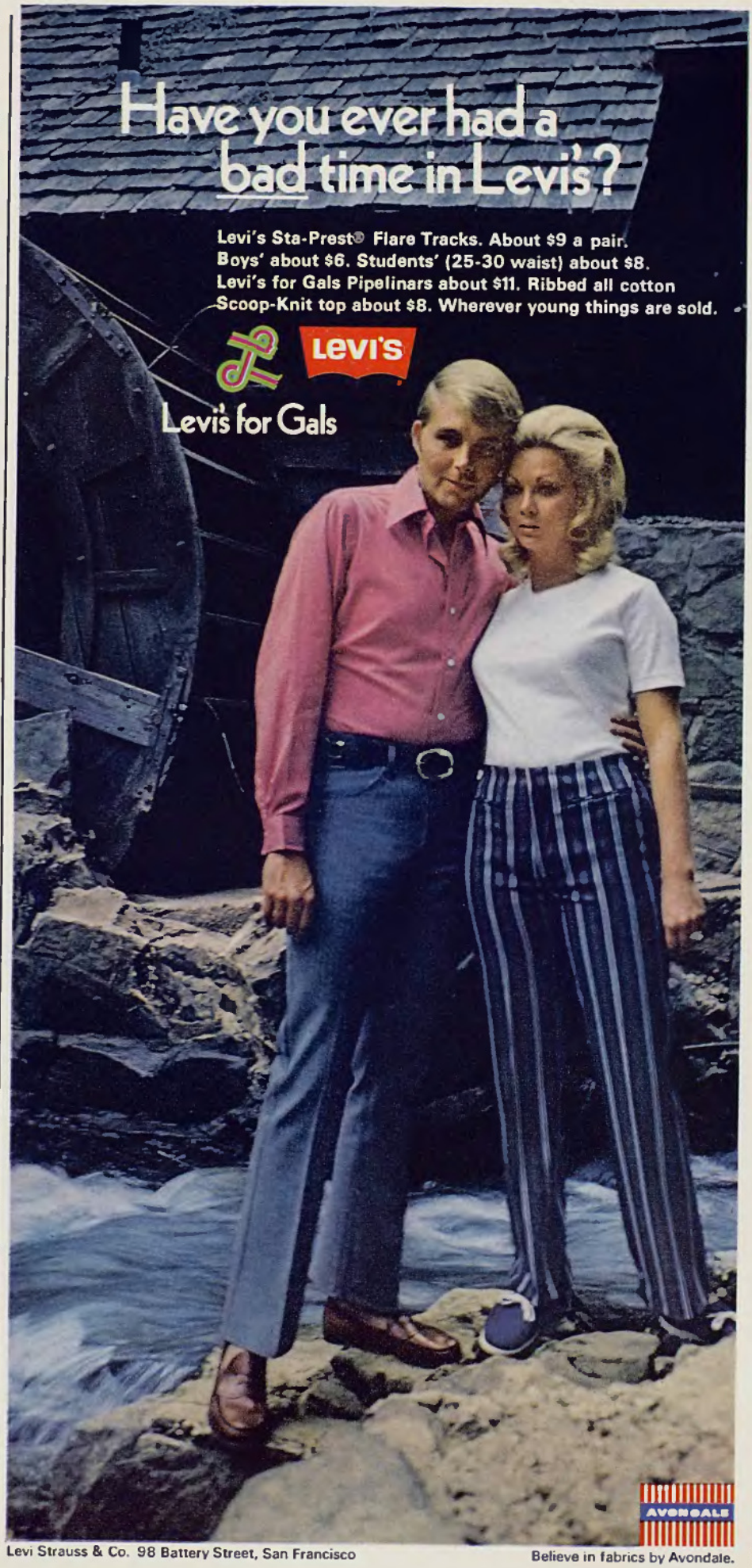
Sweaters: eight to ten; U-neck models in dark brown, black and gold are often worn, as are ski sweaters, mock turtles and turtles; at colleges and universities in Oregon and Washington, big-stitch cable styles in turtle, crew and cardigan appear late in the fall.

Outerwear: The vast variety of garb is mind-boggling; Mexican and Peruvian ponchos, buffalo-hide jackets with 18-inch fringe, nylon sailing parkas, sheepskin coats, leather vests, ski jackets, navy English air-raid-warden midicoats, Burberry trench coats, suede polo coats with a sash-tied waist, camel's-hair double-breasteds—this list is just a beginning; whatever you fancy in the way of outerwear, somebody on the West Coast is selling it.

Shoes: four to six pairs; monk straps with modified square toes are sometimes worn with a suit; cowboy boots, demi-boots, sneakers, loafers, some two-tone saddle shoes and Mexican sandals with tire-tread soles are the favored classroom footwear.

Hats: Beaded Indian bands are tied around the heads of a hip minority; floppy leather styles, Aussie bush hats, black-felt Indian hats with a high rounded top and English driving caps in tweed or simulated leather are all seen along the Pacific shore.

And that's our *Back to Campus* fashion forecast. Obviously, the collegiate clothing scene is so diverse that we couldn't cover every trend—nor have we attempted to do so. But we have provided a clear picture of the direction undergrad styles will be taking during the coming semesters. The next move is up to you.



Levi Strauss & Co. 98 Battery Street, San Francisco

Believe in fabrics by Avondale.

ABORTION REVOLUTION

(continued from page 150)

April eighth, the day before the assembly's second debate, Speaker Duryea, who had been chastised by his colleagues for disallowing the absentee votes, took the unique precaution of refusing to permit a revote unless all members of the assembly were in attendance. Those not present, he announced, would be brought to the chamber "by whatever force necessary," including the state police.

Martial methods were not required, however. All of the assemblymen were in their seats the next day. To succeed, of course, the reform group had to hold onto each of its original 75 votes. But as the roll call proceeded, it became apparent that there were defectors. Having been denounced as murderers by their parish priests, three Catholics switched their votes from yes to no. Two votes switched the other way, but this was not enough. And then—only seconds before the clerk was to announce defeat of the bill for want of a single vote—assemblyman George Michaels stopped the roll call. "The act I take here today may terminate my political career," he said, and then he requested that his no vote be changed to a yes. Duryea then asked that his name be called, so that he could cast the decisive 76th vote. (Assemblyman Michaels was subsequently denied the endorsement of the Democratic Party and defeated in his bid for re-election by his predominately Catholic constituency.)

The senate still had to consider the assembly's amendments to its original bill. These would limit the time of an abortion to the 24th week of pregnancy and require the woman's written consent (both farcical restrictions, since abortion is defined medically as the termination of pregnancy prior to the 20th week, and no one advocates involuntary abortion). Despite frantic last-minute efforts by the bill's opponents, no votes were switched. On April tenth, the measure passed, 31 to 26. The following day, Governor Rockefeller signed the bill. It became law on July first. [See this month's *Playboy Forum* for further information on obtaining abortions under the New York State law.]

The dramatic New York battle has had its counterparts in other states. In Hawaii, a repeal bill sponsored by Senator Vincent Yano—a Catholic and the father of ten children—passed both houses after fierce debate and became law without the signature of Governor John A. Burns, also a Catholic. In Alaska, Governor Keith Miller vetoed the state's abortion-law-repeal bill on the ground that it infringed on the "right of life," but Senator John Rader was able to gather enough votes to override the governor's action. In Maryland, assemblyman Allen Spector's repeal bill passed both houses, only to be vetoed two months later by Governor Marvin Mandel. One of Mandel's justifications for the veto was that the bill set no time limit. He professed shock that women might have abortions up to the eighth and ninth month of pregnancy. This, of course, was a specious argument, since an operation that late in pregnancy is not, medically speaking, an abortion. In a number of other states, repeal bills either died in committee or were defeated in the legislature.

These stories illustrate the problem of securing abortion reform through legislation. Even when possible, it takes enormous time and effort; and in many states, the obstacles are simply insurmountable. But in one respect, the problems of ultrastrict laws and ultraconservative lawmakers have proved a blessing in disguise. It was the failure of the moderate reform efforts that led the movement's tacticians to try a new and potentially more successful approach: challenging the abortion laws in court. The great advantage of this approach is that a single Supreme Court ruling could nullify the abortion laws of every state that still restricts such operations.

Several lower courts already have handed down favorable decisions. A court in Brooklyn, for example, awarded $100,000 to the child and $10,000 to the mother, a rubella victim, because the hospital had neither informed her of the likelihood that her child would be deformed nor referred her to another hospital where she could have obtained a therapeutic abortion. As in most such cases, a Catholic obstetrician was involved. For the first time, however, a jury found his actions incompatible with those of the general medical community. The judge—who happened also to be a Catholic—sustained the award to the mother but overruled the award to the child (who is partially blind, deaf, retarded and spastic), on the ground that "a plaintiff has no remedy against a defendant whose offense is that it failed to consign the plaintiff to oblivion." Both sides have appealed.

A Catholic judge in Massachusetts ruled adversely on a motion to dismiss the indictment of Dr. Pierre V. Brunelle, a physician accused of performing an extrahospital abortion. After hearing voluminous expert testimony challenging the constitutionality of the law, Superior Court Judge Cornelius J. Moynihan contended that "the evidence before me clearly establishes that the . . . fetus . . . is not a potential human life, but actual human life" and dismissed all ten of the defense's constitutional arguments with the incredible rationale that "If the law on abortion is not as responsive to felt

"Uh—Carstairs—I've found something that may come as quite a surprise to the foundation!"

THE RUM & TONIC.

IT'S A GIN & TONIC MADE WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.

We know what you think it tastes like. But that's not what it tastes like.

If you like your tonic with gin or vodka, you're certain to like it with rum. And probably better.

Some of the tonic tartness is gone, so it tastes a little smoother. That's what the rum does. At least that's what Puerto Rican Rum does.

It's not dark and sweet and syrupy like rum from some other countries.

Ours is light and clear and dry. With no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try the taste. You make it like a gin & tonic but make it with Puerto Rican Rum.

You'll believe what we're saying when you've heard it from your own mouth.

PUERTO RICAN RUM

A FREE RUM RECIPE BOOK IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING. WRITE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO, 666 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10019.

need as the people believe contemporary life demands, the remedy rests with a democratically elected legislature and not with the courts." His decision, too, is being appealed.

Fortunately, other abortion cases have been judged on their legal merits. In Los Angeles, for example, Dr. Leon Belous was convicted, at the criminal-court level, for having referred a patient to an unlicensed doctor-abortionist. A respected obstetrician active in the abortion-law-reform movement, Belous appealed to the state supreme court, claiming that the law under which he had been charged was unconstitutional. On September 5, 1969, the court agreed with him and, in so doing, struck down the law. The attorney general of California appealed the decision, but, as expected, the U. S. Supreme Court refused to review it—for it is unusual for the High Court to review the decision of a state supreme court that voids one of its own statutes.

Regrettably, Belous had been arrested in 1966, before the California law was liberalized; so the 1967 reform law was left standing on the books. And it is one of the poorest of the new laws, because, thanks to the insistence of Governor Reagan, it does not even permit abortion for fetal deformity. Recently, however, the present California law has been found unconstitutional by municipal-court judges in Hayward and in Orange County, and other cases will probably reach the courts this year.

The Belous case illustrates why attempts at limited legislative reform are now dead—or should be. The old laws, which still exist in 35 states, are vulnerable to constitutional attack; but if these are ruled null and void, the states with reform laws may remain stuck with them. It will then take another round of litigation to get rid of these laws—which seemed so progressive just a few years ago.

In yet another California case, nine San Francisco obstetricians were brought before the State Board of Medical Examiners, at the instigation of a Catholic member, for having performed hospital abortions for rubella during the 1963–1965 epidemic. Disregarding the well-known fact that rubella abortions were accepted medical practice throughout most of the country, the board took it upon itself to discipline these physicians, who, in turn, had the courage to take their case to court. The board's action was overruled. A superior court held that it would be cruel and unusual punishment to deprive a woman of an abortion if she had had rubella during her pregnancy and that the California law violated the 14th Amendment, which provides for due process and equal protection.

It seems evident to me that all of these laws are unconstitutional, though I am not a lawyer. Experts claim that they are unconstitutionally vague, that they deprive the doctor of due process, that they infringe on marital privacy, that they interfere with the doctor-patient relationship, that they prevent physicians from practicing medicine in accordance with modern standards, that they discriminate against the poor, that they violate the guarantee against cruel and unusual punishment and that they are inconsistent with the separation of church and state.

Several of these allegations were upheld in the Belous case. In reaffirming the married couple's "right to privacy or liberty in matters related to marriage, family and sex," the court further asserted that the abortion law infringed upon "the fundamental right of the woman to choose whether to bear children." The main point, however, was vagueness.

In November 1969, two months after the California decision, the District of Columbia's abortion law was struck down by Federal District Court Judge Gerhard A. Gesell. Reiterating many of the arguments cited in the West Coast case, Judge Gesell held the District of Columbia law unconstitutionally vague (although it permitted abortions for health as well as life) and ruled that it "improperly limits the physician in carrying out his professional responsibilities." Judge Gesell then called upon the city's public hospitals to liberalize their abortion policies immediately and urged the U. S. District Attorney's office to appeal his ruling directly to the U. S. Supreme Court. The judge in this case is the son of the famous pediatric psychologist, the late Dr. Arnold Gesell, who is sometimes cited by Catholics to prove that the fetus is a human being, because he believed (as all doctors do) that there is neurological growth *in utero*.

Similar rulings have been handed down by a South Dakota circuit court, a district court in Michigan and Federal courts in Wisconsin and Texas, which have unequivocally struck down state abortion statutes on constitutional grounds.

The Wisconsin case invoked an expeditious new principle in jurisprudential procedure. It seems that now the constitutionality of a given law, if challenged on reasonable grounds, can be tested by requesting the appointment of a three-man Federal court. And the decision of this body, if appealed, goes directly to the highest Court in the land. This strategy was first applied to abortion law by a brilliant young constitutional lawyer, Roy Lucas, who prepared the model brief now being used in court actions throughout the country.

But the Wisconsin decision was significant in another respect. It did not void the law on grounds that it was vague or violated due process or otherwise lacked certain legal features that a legislature might easily remedy by enacting a new and more carefully written law just as restrictive as the old one. Instead, the court found that the crucial sections of the statute infringed on the citizen's fundamental right of privacy as implicit under the Ninth Amendment and as protected from state interference by the 14th Amendment. If the Supreme Court should uphold this ruling on such sweeping grounds—the basic right of privacy—state legislatures would have virtually no legal basis for either rewriting their laws to correct legal deficiencies or attempting to impose any new legal restrictions beyond those concerned merely with the practice of medicine by licensed physicians. In short, abortion would be ruled a basic right beyond the reach of any law, liberal or otherwise. Similar court actions are under way in at least 20 states.

These test cases have, of course, had their effect on legislative action, and vice versa. Throughout the debate on New York's repeal bill, for example, its supporters were able to cite the ground swell of judicial as well as public opinion favoring freedom of abortion; and this doubtlessly influenced many otherwise timid legislators to vote in favor of repeal. And now the Supreme Court finds itself asked to rule on not one lower-court decision but several, with more on the way. As things stand now, the Court will grapple with the abortion question sometime this fall. It could elect to side-step the issue on technical grounds; it could find only certain specific laws unconstitutional on narrow grounds; or it could extend the right-of-privacy doctrine to the termination of pregnancy and take the Government out of the picture once and for all. The last course of action would accomplish in one stroke what would otherwise take years of legislative wrangling in state after state.

In my view, repeal through the courts instead of through legislatures is preferable for yet another reason—a subtle one that involves the peculiarities of the medical mind. If the states repeal their laws, the doctors are going to say, "OK, now there is no law against doing an abortion"—but many doctors still won't do them, just as many refuse to do sterilizations. But if the courts declare abortion laws unconstitutional, then doctors will say, "Now it is against the law *not* to do abortions"—and then they will do them, for in some cases, they may be sued if they don't.

Doctors are confused about abortion. They are disturbed by its sexual connotations. They are atavistically punitive

"Now that you know the way, don't be such a stranger."

"My son, the abortionist."

toward pregnant teenagers. They think that eradicating even problem pregnancies is somehow anti-obstetrics or anti-God.

When I entered the private practice of obstetrics 15 years ago, I thought that I could differentiate the truly desperate woman, overburdened by an urgent psychiatric problem, from the merely inconvenienced woman facing an everyday dilemma—and, further, I thought that only the former deserved an abortion. After listening to a few hundred such women, however, I learned that the distinction between the two types is unimportant and, what's more, that distinction is none of my business.

To determine when to prescribe an antibiotic or when to perform an appendectomy requires a doctor's judgment. Since abortion is a medical procedure, one that once entailed considerable risk, doctors have come to believe that their medical judgment, as well as their surgical skill, is required to decide who should have one. It is not. Now that abortions are actually safer than childbirth, it's no longer within a doctor's purview to decide which women qualify and which do not.

Of course, the doctor still must play a role—three roles, in fact:

1. He must be able to detect the occasional woman whose reason for requesting an abortion is unduly impetuous, self-destructive or vindictive: the engaged couple, for example, very much in love but inclined toward abortion simply because they are afraid to tell their parents about their predicament; or the man or woman who wants to get rid of a wanted pregnancy in order to punish the spouse. I would say that these irrational motives are responsible for about one percent of the abortion requests I receive. In these cases, I think it's the doctor's job to try to dissuade the patient from making a decision she might later regret. But if he fails, he must either do the abortion or send her to someone who will.

2. He must actually suggest abortion as a possibility to the occasional unhappily pregnant woman who is too ignorant or too fearful to ask. This situation will occur more often in hospital clinics, where there are patients who are still unaware, for example, of the dangers of rubella in pregnancy. In these cases, I think it is the doctor's duty to encourage the patient to consider abortion as an alternative to having the baby.

3. And, finally, he must perform the abortion.

If the doctor's roles are limited to these three, he will in most cases serve as a mere technician, which is not quite the aspiration of most physicians but, in the unique area of abortion, exactly what he should be. *Doing* an abortion properly requires medical training, but *deciding* whether to do it, in most cases, does not. The only excuse for a doctor's refusing to do an abortion should be the contrary dictates of his conscience, and then he should be obligated to refer his patient elsewhere.

When doctors realize that their roles are limited in this way, they will balk. They will claim a dearth of hospital beds (although abortions can be done safely on an outpatient basis); they will plead lack of manpower (although they find time to do more than 1,000,000 pelvic operations a year on nonpregnant women); and they will resent being "told" by their patients to do an operation (although, of course, they are no less "told" to deliver babies). A massive educational effort will be required to teach them that in the Seventies, their M. D. degree imposes upon them social as well as professional responsibilities.

Some doctors will sense this innately. Some will come around later. Many will hold out in self-righteous disdain of such a change in social values. Others, however, will capitalize on their colleagues' hang-ups by opening abortoria or doing abortions in their offices—and making a fortune. These latter-day pirates are little better than their former criminal counterparts. To stop them, other, more scrupulous doctors are going to have to provide this service in a proper setting at a reasonable cost.

John Adams once said that the American Revolution took place in the minds of the people years before the first shot was fired at Lexington. In the same sense, the abortion revolution has long been anticipated by the American people. Their minds have already changed. Our youth, in particular, have seen the hypocrisy of these laws. Not long ago, a news magazine reported on a girl who went to Mexico City for an abortion, because, in her words, "I feel I don't have to be declared nutty to make up for the fact that my diaphragm didn't work. I refuse to go through this humiliating process." Women, in growing numbers, are insisting that their unwanted pregnancies be terminated right here in the United States, without interference from the law.

playboy after dark

TUNES IN ON TODAY

Hugh Hefner's TV parties have a knack of getting into what's happening today—from the "now" sounds of leading music makers (like Joe Cocker and B. B. King) to the new look of today's movies (with scenes from the heralded rock-umentary *Woodstock* and an outspoken discussion with its director, Michael Wadleigh). On the best seller beat, Dr. David Reuben drops by to discuss his new book *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. On the entertainment scene, new stars shine each week (like Lola Falana, who also graced June PLAYBOY). Naturally, a special spot is reserved for superstars like Sammy Davis Jr. and Tony Bennett. For laughter, favorite funnymen—from master gagster Milton Berle to the delightfully deadpan Pat Paulsen—savor the mirth of the moment. Bright, fresh, funny. That's PLAYBOY AFTER DARK.

PLAYBOY AFTER DARK in full color on: WOR-TV, New York; KTLA-TV, Los Angeles; WFLD-TV, Chicago; 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; WHNB-TV, West Hartford; WLBW-TV, Miami; WTMJ-TV, Milwaukee; WHBF-TV, Rock Island, Ill.; KCRA-TV, Sacramento; KBTV, 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.; WWTV, Cadillac, Mich.; KSHO-TV, Las Vegas; WZZM-TV, Grand Rapids, Mich.; WTOG-TV, Tampa; KGGM-TV, Albuquerque, N.M.; WAVY-TV, Norfolk, Va.; WRDU-TV, Durham, N.C.; KGMB, Honolulu; CFCF, Montreal; CKCW-TV, New Brunswick; WTSJ-TV, Puerto Rico.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 106)*

it; don't feel that you've got to go out and *beat* everybody else.

PLAYBOY: Do you think competition is basically unhealthy?

FONDA: Not in itself. I just don't believe in competition overriding activity, so that competition is why you're there—to beat the other guy. Then it's not a game; you're not having fun. I think Joe Namath is a perfect example of somebody who involves himself in competition on a beautiful level. You look at Namath, man, that cat doesn't belong to any team; it's him, you know what I mean? Joe Namath, the model Veruschka, those people are singular, they're alone, they're themselves. Their whole life style is them. Elvis Presley is another example. Elvis is so straight it's unbelievable. He doesn't swear or drink or smoke or anything like that. He could be President. We could run him right now and he could beat anyone in California for the Senate, and I truly believe it. The competition these people have is with *themselves;* they're not out trying to fuck somebody else up. And I relate to this on the level of acting, producing, writing and directing. Should I be involved on a competitive level? There's no way, man. Making *Easy Rider,* we weren't out to beat anybody else. We weren't out to make a better movie than so-and-so. But we were out to make a good movie, a movie that would reflect some of the changes that young people would like to see in America. I don't mean tear down the Constitution and the Government. I've read the Bill of Rights, I've read the Constitution and I've read the Declaration of Independence. No way I'm gonna tear them down. I want to implement them.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that our politicians aren't implementing them?

FONDA: Yeah. I've seen a lot of countries and I've met a lot of politicians, and politicians are fucked up everywhere, and they fuck us up because we allow them to. I've never seen a country that premises itself as strongly as we do on the rights of the people, but as I look at this country, I can see that the rights of the people are terribly disoriented and disorganized. In fact, our nation no longer even relates to the Declaration of Independence. All the criticism that's directed toward youth is completely contrary to what this country supposedly is all about. The Declaration of Independence states that when things are going wrong—when life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are kept from you—you must change your Government, throw off the shackles by whatever means are necessary. It's not only your right but your *duty.* History has shown us that prudence is necessary, that governments must not be changed just for minor reasons. But when insane legislative actions continue to go down—actions denying people life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—then you must rebel. But for us that doesn't mean an armed revolution. All we've got to do is get the Government back to the Constitution, Bill of Rights and Declaration of Independence, and for that I don't believe an armed revolution is necessary. We do have elections, and in the next one, I hope the youth of this country makes its voice felt—which could at least bounce Nixon right out of office.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think there are millions of middle-aged Americans who will join them in voting against Nixon?

FONDA: Of course. There's a lot of young *and* old Americans today who have the same kind of ideals. They want to bring democracy back to the people. When I was in Europe dubbing *Easy Rider,* I was really shocked. The Moratorium went down and Nixon said there's no way that he was going to be impressed or moved; there's *no* amount of public demonstration that would make him change his mind. All right, he's the President we've elected this time; but this is a *democracy.* The First Amendment allows us the right to demand redress of grievances from the Government. Democracy also means that the *people* are the Government and have only entrusted its administration to their elected officials. The people must be the Government all the time, not just every four years. Suddenly, I find that we're getting to be just like the South Vietnamese: They vote for the guy they think is going to be a winner, not for the guy who may be best for their country. We're up to the same gig here. And it's had its repercussions. For myself, I know that for a long time I belonged to the system and felt I had to do right by it, but not anymore. The power groups in this country must realize that people like me believe that the

"There's a coincidence—this is a friend of my granddaughter, up from college for a day in town."

only thing that justifies life is life itself, and that in searching to place anything else above life—whether it's called God, the dollar, America, Russia or China—you can only throw away your life. I'm not ready to throw mine away, and I hope President Nixon will begin to understand that many young people feel the same way.

PLAYBOY: Suppose, tomorrow morning, you woke up with Nixon's responsibilities; what would you do to alter the nation's policies and priorities?

FONDA: First of all, my inaugural address would be the Declaration of Independence, up to the point where it begins to list King George's offenses. Then I would go about implementing the Bill of Rights by Executive order, like Big Jack was up to and like Bobby would have done. If it were possible, I'd also control the Supreme Court, control it to the point of making sure there was no give and take. There can only be *give* from the Supreme Court; it cannot barter our freedoms. I think I'd have to do all that very quickly, because I'm sure I'd be killed within the first two months of my Administration. But I don't think it's likely that anyone will come and get me to run for President. More likely, the way things are going, they'll just come and *get* me. Not only is dissenting from our Government unpopular, it's also becoming a crime. I've marched on Washington and it's usually all very courteous there, but I've also been banged around and kicked in the balls by cops when I was out on Sunset Strip at the wrong time. The way this Administration is going, the repression may just be starting.

PLAYBOY: If the law came to arrest you for your opinions, would you pick up a gun and try to defend yourself?

FONDA: If it's just jail, then I'd go to jail. But if it's a firing squad, well, I won't accept a firing squad. If they came with guns and the war was here at my front door, I'd have to make a decision. I don't know how many of them I could shoot. If they only sent four guys to get me, and I could kill all four and then split, I think I'd do it. I'm not a pacifist, even though I don't believe in war.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep guns in your house?

FONDA: Yes, I do. I have a .30-30 rifle, a 12-gauge shotgun, a 9mm automatic, Tom Mix's .44-40—*really* Tom Mix's gun—and a little .25 automatic. And I'm a crack shot, man. I like shooting. Some people can put basketballs through hoops. I can stick a bullet anyplace I point my finger. But the last thing I want to do is to have to point a gun at another human being in order to save my skin. The sad part is that what I've just laid down could actually take place, because we're living in unbelievably dangerous times right now; and as the months and years go by, our Government—our *country*, man—becomes more and more oppressive.

PLAYBOY: Do you think America is going to resemble the society described by George Orwell in *1984*?

FONDA: It already *is* 1984. I wish Aldous Huxley were still alive. He wrote an introduction to *Brave New World* years after it had first been published in 1939 and said that it amazed him to see that what he thought was pure fantasy and science fiction was all turning out to be true. 1984? It's not too far away, man. Fourteen years. In 14 years, my daughter will be 20. In 14 years, I'll be 44. In 14 years, we might all be dead, because there may not be anything for us to drink or breathe by then. I don't know. I've got to defer to Christ on that one. In the Gospel, the disciples came to Christ and said, "Tell us about the End, tell us about the Kingdom." And Christ said, "Do you know enough about the Beginning to ask me about the End?" So I cop out to Christ. Do we know enough about today to ask about tomorrow? I don't know. 1984 will be an interesting trip. I hope the world makes it through.

The new most automatic automatic.

It's the new Kodak Instamatic X-90 camera. Does more of everything for you. Automatically. And it uses the new Magicube. Type X, for flash. The kind that doesn't use flash batteries. All sorts of things happen automatically when you drop the film cartridge into the new X-90. It automatically advances the film to frame #1. And to the next frame, after each picture. Automatically sets existing light exposure by electric eye; sets flash exposure as you focus. Automatically warns you when to use flash. And when you need to change a used-up Magicube. See the new Kodak Instamatic X-90 with f/2.8 Ektar lens at your photo dealer's. Less than $145.

Kodak Instamatic® X-90 camera.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak

SANCTITY AND WHISKEY

(continued from page 110)

excesses of any kind. Simple food. You wouldn't grow fat on our kind of life, my boy. But it's what turns every monk into a man."

When he came to the mouth, he stared long and hard at the protruding lower lip. Again that far-off bell. Leatherlip? The eyes were curiously small, but they gave out sparks when he talked. Regan would have given anything for an early photograph of the softer eyes of the boy buried behind those sharp orbs. He saw that the nose was red because it was veined all over. If this were a company director, he would have said at once, "Chronic alcoholic." He knew *rosacea* when he saw it. Chiefly in elderly women. The wages of virtue. Chronic tea drinker. Gastritis. Monastery food. Probably an ulcer. Teeth browning from age and pipe smoking. There would be black centers on the tip of every one of them. He frowned again at the big lip. A hard mouth in a jolly face. Now, what in hell did that portend? Silence. A good subject—he held the pose patiently.

"The rut?" he murmured, looking up, looking down. "The beaten path? 'The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' "

"I'm glad to see that you read your Bible, Luke."

"Now and again, Brother. A little to the left, Brother. Thank you, Brother."

The light on the lip threw an interesting shadow. The nose became gory.

"Ah, yes!" concentrating on the jutting lip. "Now and again. . . . 'Return, return, O Shulamite. . . . Thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies. . . . Thy neck is as a tower of ivory. . . . Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.' "

He glanced up. The eyes were blazing, the whole expression of the face had changed, the brows gathered down fiercely, the cheeks as scarlet as the nose. His charcoal flew, dragging down the eyebrows. That revealing wet light on the lip, thrust out a whole inch—that, above all, *that* he must keep.

"I think, Mr. Regan . . . I think, Luke, it might have been better if you had concentrated on the New Testament."

By a 40-year-old reflex, he glanced at the black belt around the belly, to see if he still carried the strap. No time for that now. Now! Memory was now!

"Now, Brother, I begin painting."

As he mixed his colors, he cooled. A sign that he was in tiptop form. He knew they called him Luca fa Presto. Bloody fools! You boil at the inspiration. You go cold as ice in the execution.

"You're dead right, Brother," he said soapily. "The New Covenant. There is the true wisdom. I learned that here in Saint Killy's." (Funny how the old slang name came back to him. It was all creeping back to him.) "I often think, Brother, of those wonderful words of Saint Matthew. 'Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap. . . . Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' "

To his relief, the mollified voice quoted back to him.

" 'Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.' "

He looked up at the veined nose. The tuning fork for a study in *rouge et noir*. He touched the canvas with carmine.

"Oh, a beautiful saying, Brother! A darlint saying, Brother! And so wise, Brother! So very wise."

Not too red, now, for Christ's sake. No wife, but the Past Pupils' Union would have to be pleased. And, after all, 200 Johnnyogoblins in this job! A long silence.

"And there's another fine phrase—'Muscular Christianity.' A Jew invented that. Disraeli. A great man in lots of ways."

"A Jew?" said the voice coldly.

"By the way, Brother," he said hurriedly. "Talking of muscle. When I was here in Twenty-six, Brother, the Gaelic football team was going great guns. How is it doing these happy days?"

The old man beamed and told him. The rest of the sitting went as smooth as milk. The only other little lurch came when Regan looked out at the sky, threw down his brushes and said that the light was going.

"Can I see what you have done so far, Luke?"

He handled it with expert joviality.

"We never do, Brother, not until we've polished off the victim."

They parted in laughter and with warm handshakes. He took the key of the parlor with him; he would be working on the lay figure in the morning.

• • •

Halligan was waiting for him in the bar, alone this time. Seeing that his glass was at low tide, Regan invited him to freshen it up.

"I won't say no. How's the masterpiece doing?"

A stocky man. Heavy hands, but they could be a craftsman's. A fawn waistcoat with brass buttons. Ruddy cheeks. A gentleman farmer? A fisherman? Not a doctor—no doctor would dare drink at a public bar in a small town like this. The wife had had the smell of money.

"He's coming back to me slowly. Another sitting and I'll have him smoked out."

"What," eagerly, "are you finding?"

Regan eye-cornered him. This fellow might be a member of the Past Pupils' Union.

"A splendid character. I was just wondering, did he ever teach me history?"

"Were you a senior?"

"I was only what we used to call a gyb. A Good Young Boy. I came here when I was twelve. Straight from the nuns. Our Ladies of the Holy Bower. You wouldn't think it now to look at me, but I used to be their little angel. Curly hair. They used to make me sing solo at benediction. In a lacy surplice, purple soutane, red tie. They spoiled me. It was only by the blessing of God I didn't turn into a queer. I may tell you the change from there to here was pretty tough. I stayed only three years."

"No, you wouldn't have had him. And," surveying him humorously, "you may have been a little angel, Mr. Regan, but you've put on a bit of weight since then. Thirteen and a half stone? He taught only the seniors; and after he became headmaster, he had no fixed classes at all. Anyway, his particular obsession was English grammar. He was dotty about it. He was a bit of a megalomaniac, really. Couldn't give it up. Even after he became head, he used to rove around the school from class to class, leathering it into us. Of course, he's retired now, but I'm told he still does it. Did he never come into your classroom to wallop 'I seen' out of you and 'I saw' into you?"

Halligan laughed, as if in happy memory of the walloping; and, on the spot, Regan had his man whole and entire. The terror of his very first day at Saint Killy's, often repeated, seeing the lean black ghost come floating in. Like a starved wolf. One hand waving the leather strap behind his back like a black tail. The rasping voice. "What is a relative clause? What is an adverbial clause? Decline the verb *see* in the past tense. No, it is not! Hold out your hand. Take that. And that. And that." And, always, the one thing all boys loathe in teachers, as sarcastic as acid. Oh, a proper bastard!

"Do I take it, Mr. Halligan, that you didn't particularly like it at Saint Killy's?"

"I got on there all right. I was good at games. And Leatherlip was mad on games. 'The Irish,' he was always telling us, 'are famous all over the world as sportsmen. Strong men.' It was he started boxing at Saint Killy's. He used to knock the hell out of me in the ring. I got so mad at him one day that I deliberately gave him one right under the belt. And I could hit hard at that time. When he got his wind back, he nearly murdered me. He was the only fly in the ointment." He leaned over and whispered. "I often thought afterward that he was the only wasp in the ointment." He glanced quickly around the bar and said, in a loud voice, "Mind you, Brother Hilary is a great organizer. He built up a great

"This is it, Ethan, this is my last roundup!"

KISS TOGETHER!

BINACA® IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.

VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.

Send 25¢ for 128 page
Ship & Sea CATALOG

Fully Illustrated Catalog shows 43 ship models, over 100 pictures; and decorative Marine items by the score.

SHIP MODELS: Both ready-to-build kits and finished models for home or office. From $8.95.

MARINE PICTURES: Full color reproductions of world famous ship and sea pictures

SHIP'S FIGUREHEADS: Replicas of decorative carved figures from old sailing ships. From $12.95

SHIPS' WHEELS: Of mahogany or oak; for tables, ceiling lights or wall decorations.

MINIATURE CANNON IN BRASS: Hand built or in kits — for bookends, shelf or desk. From $6.95

128 pages of unusual nautical items for the home or office. Send 25¢ for catalog to:

PRESTON'S
112-L Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N. Y. 11944

Experience Satin Sheets.

Once your grateful body touches satin, you'll *know* who the Beautiful People are. Exquisite, washable acetate satin in all your colors: Gold, Black, Pink, White, Red, Orchid, Blue, Olive, Orange, Mint or Bronze.

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

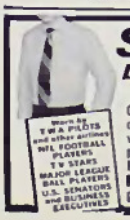
Double Set	$17.50	Queen Set	$20.49
Twin Set	17.25	King Set	23.99

3 letter monogram on cases—$1.50

For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; $2.50 to queen, $3.00 to king price. Send check or money order. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA,® INC. 4802 N. Broadway P09 Chicago, Ill. 60640

"All Things Exotic in Satin"



SHIRTS Made to Your Measure
LOW AS $5.95 Guaranteed Fit -Maker to You

Custom cut, tailored to your taste. Choice collar, cuff, back, front styles. 72 Smart new shirtings: white, colors, deep tones, stripes. Permanent press Dacrons, fine Cottons. Satisfaction or money back. Style Book, Swatch Guide FREE. Write:

PACKARD SHIRT CORPORATION
Dept. PB-212 • Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

school here. We are all very proud of Saint Killian's in this town."

Fuck *you*! Regan thought.

"And most justifiably so, Mr. Halligan. By the way, are you a member of the Past Pupils' Union?"

Halligan smiled crookedly. His voice fell.

"I didn't tell you I'm the local vet. I look after the Jersey herd up there." He beckoned to the barmaid. "The same again, Miss Noble."

"Family?" Regan asked.

"Three boys."

"They at school here?"

Halligan shuffled his glass a bit.

"Not exactly. You see. . . . Well, the fact is, Valerie is a Protestant. We met at the hunt. Actually, she's a niece of Lord Boyne's." (A good connection for a vet, Regan thought.) "Before I married her, I knew I'd have to do something to smooth the way for her. For myself, of course, I didn't give a damn. To hell with them. But for poor little Valerie. . . . You live up in Dublin, you can do what you like there, you don't understand what it's like in small places like this." He winked. "But there's always ways and means. Two months before I got married, do you know what I did?" He nudged and winked again. "I joined the local Knights of Columbanus. And, by God, it worked. Though I'll never forget the first time I went to the club after the wedding. The Grand Knight got up and he says, 'Since our last meeting, I suppose you all know that one of our brothers got married.' Christ Almighty, I thought, here it comes! He's going to give me hell for marrying a Protestant. I'm going to be ruined for life in this place. Far from it! He complimented me most warmly. I drove home that night singing like a bird. I knew I'd done one of the smartest things in my life. After a year, I dropped them. But when it came to where we'd send the boys to school, Valerie and myself had one hell of a fight. I said we simply had to send them to Saint Killy's. We started with the oldest boy. The very first day, he came home from school with his two hands red as pulp from Leatherlip's strap. After that, Valerie put her foot down. We came to a sensible compromise. We sent them all to school in England. Downside. One of the finest Catholic schools in the world. Nobody could object to that."

"Very shrewd. Very wise move. And, after that, no opposition? Miss Noble, fill 'em up again."

"Not half! The day I shipped Tommy out of school, Leatherlip wrote me a stinker. He went all around town, saying I was a snob and a la-di-da and an Anglicized Irishman and a toady and God knows what else. Just to show you —it wasn't until he retired that I got the job looking after the college herd."

Regan laughed. "Elephants never forget."

"It's no joke," Halligan whispered solemnly. "Don't delude yourself. That man never forgets anything. Or anybody."

"I wonder," Regan said uncomfortably.

Just then, Valerie Halligan came in. Regan noted that after one quick one, she hauled her husband away. From her manner, it was plain that she did not approve of his latest drinking companion. This time, Regan did not wonder why.

Not that he had ever been much leathered by anybody at Killy's, and never once by Leatherlip. On the contrary, he had often wished he would leather him after the day he called him out of the class and sat him on his knee and said to the rest of them, after he had leathered them all, "Look at this clever little boy. He knows what a dependent clause is. And he's only twelve, and straight from the nuns, as small and fresh and rosy as a cherry. Why don't you slobs know it as well as he does?" His nickname became Cherry. They called him Leatherlip's lap dog or Leatherlip's pet. They used to corner him and say things like, "Cherry, if *he* comes in today for more frigging grammar, your job is to suck up to him. Get him into a good humor or he'll leather us, and we'll puck the hell outa you." He used to try, but it was always the same: "See this bright little boy!" And, after school, they would shove him and taunt him and puck him. Once, he deliberately tried to get leathered by failing to write out six sentences the night before on *shall* and *will*. The strap was swished, the brows came down, gray spittle appeared at each corner of the big lip. Terror shook his bones.

"'I *will* go there tomorrow.' Is that correct?"

"No, Brother. Plain future statements in the first person must always have *shall*."

"'We *would* not win a single match with a team like that.' Is that correct?"

"No, Brother. Plain conditional statements in the first person must have *should*."

"Come here to me, boy. Now, listen to that bright little boy, straight from the nuns. . . ."

For three years, he had suffered hell from the benign approbation of that bloody old fathead.

"Miss Noble, the same again. No, make it a double this time."

He went to bed plastered.

• • •

"Well, Brother Hilary, I hear nothing all over the town but people singing your praises. You've made a great job of this college. The *doyen* of Saint Killian's."

The old monk beamed softly.

"Ah, well, Luke, I've done my humble best. But, mind you," rather less softly, "I had to fight all the way." Far from

softly: "Opposition. I had to keep my hand on my dagger every moment of the day."

"Aha, but you fought well, Brother. You fought the good fight, Brother. 'To give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds.' "

"Who said that?"—suspiciously.

The lip out again, with the lovely wet light on it. Porcine. Sensual. Lickerish. Loose. Deboshed by pride and righteousness. Daringly, he slapped on a fleck of viridian. And, by God, it was just right! He kept him waiting for the answer.

"Saint Ignatius Loyola said that. A great body of men, the Jesuits."

The two eyes cold. Turquoise? No! Pine-needle blue? Hell's bells, snow and ice are the things no Irish painter can ever get right. Nor the British. Nor the Italians. You have to live with the stuff like the Dutch and the Scans. The gore of the cheeks would have to bring it out. Cherry? Damn you, I'll give you cherry. No ablation here. Warts and all. Malae of an anthropomorph. Ears of a bat. That time he had to sit on his lap in class! The hair stuck out of his ears.

"Have you ever had any Protestants in Saint Killy's, Brother?"

The little finger dug into a hairy ear and wagged there 20 times.

"I don't approve of mixed marriages and I don't approve of mixed schooling. Protestants haven't our morality, Luke. The morality of every Protestant I ever met was written into his checkbook. They are completely devoid of our mystical sense of the other world. Not like you and me. I don't like Protestants. You mentioned some Jew yesterday. I'll be frank with you, Luke. I don't like Jews either."

"Oh, you're on to something there, Brother. A cunning bloody race. Very able, though. I was talking about Disraeli." He seized his palette knife for the coarse, oily skin of the cheeks. "Do you remember what he said the time Dan O'Connell taunted him with being a Jew? 'Yes, I *am* a Jew; and when the right honorable gentleman's ancestors were brutal savages in an unknown land, mine were priests in the temple of Solomon.' "

The old war horse out on grass. Teeth bared. Sepia? Burnt sienna?

"For heaven's sake, Luke! I do wish you'd stop talking about Solomon!"

"All the same, Jesus was a Jew."

"One of the mysteries of the world!"

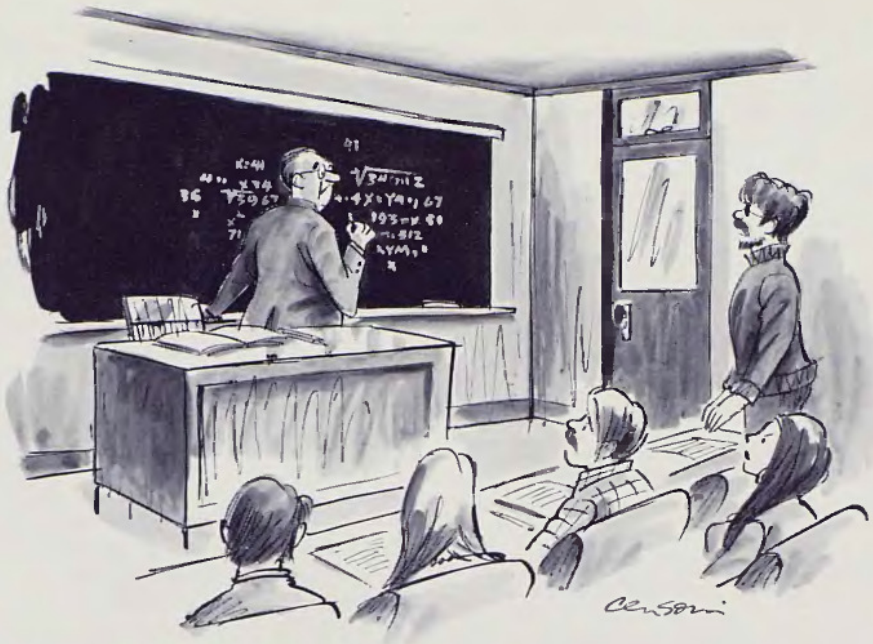
"And he chose the Jews." Laughing delightedly at the furious face on his canvas, he quoted: " '*How odd / That God / Should choose / The Jews.*' "

In laughter, the ritual answer pealed from the throne.

" '*Oh, no, / Not odd. / They hoped / To God / Someday / He'd pay.*' "

They both cackled.

"Ah, Brother, you understand it all!"



"We, the students, feel that you're making the chalk squeak on the blackboard on purpose!!"

"We understand each other, Luke. Two comrades in Christ!"

He worked on. From the distant playing fields, young voices cheered. A long silence. When he looked up, he saw a profile. The old man was gazing at the moony face on Christ looming through *The Veil of Veronica.*

"Do you know Greek, Luke? A pity! There is a wonderful Greek word. *Acheiropoiēto.* It is the perfect word for that image of Christ. Painted by no human hand. Painted by the angels. The day I became headmaster, I bought three dozen copies of that angelic image. I put one in every classroom. I gave one to every brother to hang over his bed."

He sighed. Regan looked at the fraud. Then he looked at his portrait. Never had he felt such a sense of power, energy, truth to life. The light was fading.

"Tomorrow is Sunday. I might do a little work on the background. Then, on Monday, we'll have the last sitting."

"And then," as eagerly as a boy, "I can see it?"

A laggard nod. As they parted, the old man put his arm around his shoulder.

"My dear friend!" He sighed affectionately. "Take care of yourself, Luke," who gave one backward glance at his easel; the face was virtually finished, the body half finished, the soul naked. Areas of bare canvas at the edges surrounded it all like a ragged veil.

• • •

That evening, the Halligans came together, had one quick one and left, promising to call on Sunday afternoon and go out to the college for a secret look at the unfinished masterpiece. Regan stayed on alone. The Saturday-night crowd was dense. He felt he was drinking with half the town. He was the last to leave the bar, pushed out, blind drunk, by the barman and old Noble. He took a bottle of whiskey to bed with him. He awoke late. The Angelus was slowly tolling and under his window, hollow feet echoing along the pavement to last Mass. He drank some more and slept some more. He was awakened by the maid knocking at his door to ask him if he wanted to eat something. He ordered her to bring him up a bottle of whiskey. When she returned, she stamped the bottle distastefully on his chest of drawers and banged the door after her. Halligan came up at four, refused to drink with him, said that Valerie was waiting outside in the station wagon, helped him dress and all but carried him downstairs. He was tolerantly amused by his stumblings and fumblings as he tried to get into the car, but Mrs. Halligan was not. "Oh, for Christ's sake!" she growled at her husband. "He needs to be pumped!"

When they had pushed open the hall door of the college and crept cautiously across the empty hall to the parlor, she had to take the key from his helpless hand to open the door. They entered twilight. Regan dragged back the window curtains, bade Halligan switch on the light and, with one forensic arm, presented them to the easel. For one minute's silence, he watched Halligan's mouth fall open and his eyelids soar. Her eyelashes peered.

"God Almighty!" Halligan whispered. "You have him to a tee."

"T for truth!" he cried triumphantly.

Halligan turned to his wife.

"What d'ye think, Valerie?"

She looked at him, she looked at Regan, she looked at the portrait. Then she

edged Halligan aside, stood before the portrait and, one hand on her hip, extended her silence to two minutes.

"Isn't it stu-*pen*-dous, Valerie?"

She walked away to the window, did a tiny drum roll with her nails on the glass, turned to them and spoke, quietly, coldly and brassily:

"Don't be a damn fool, Halligan. Mr. Regan! I know nothing about painting, but I know one thing, for certain, about *that* painting. Nobody will buy it. Not here, anyway. Are you, Halligan, going to get up in the committee of the Past Pupils' Union and say that portrait is stupendous? Vote for it? Pay for it? And hang it? Where? There's only one place in this town where you could hang that picture—in the bar of The Shamrock, where everybody would laugh their heads off at it and then go out and say it is a public disgrace. And do you think even old Noble would dare hang it? You can vote for that picture, Halligan, over my dead body—we've had trouble enough in this town and I don't want any more of it. And I'll tell you one other little thing about that picture, Mr. Regan. If you show it anywhere in this country, you might just as well go out and hang yourself, because it would be the last portrait you'd be asked to paint as long as you live."

Regan laughed at her. "To hell with their money. I'll show it at the academy. I'll sell it for twice the price. It'll be reproduced in every paper in Dublin! In every art magazine in the world!"

Halligan looked at him with funky eyes.

"Luke!" (And if Regan had been sober, he would have known at once by that use of his first name how grave the issue was.) "Valerie is right. Listen! Would you do one thing for me, and for yourself and for God's sake? There must be a second key to this room. Anyone might come in here at any moment." He cocked a frightened ear. "Any second, that door might open. Would you take it back to the hotel for the night and, tomorrow morning, look at it calmly and coldly and make up your own mind what you're going to do about it? You know," he wheedled, "they might even start pawing it!"

"Pawing it? Wise man. Shrewd man. Monkey, monkey! Hear all, see all, say nothing. Let's take it out of here."

They restored the twilight; the hallway was as empty as before; they drove fast, back to the empty, Sunday-afternoon main street. Outside The Shamrock, she put her head out through the window of the wagon to say, "I'll give you one minute, Halligan, no more." They were lucky. They met nobody on the way to the bedroom. They stood the portrait on the mantelpiece. They sat side by side on the bed and looked at the scarlet, scowling, wet-lipped face of their old master staring down at them. Halligan accepted one slug from the neck of the bottle, slapped his companion on the back and ran for it. Regan lay back on his pillow, emptying the bottle gulp by gulp, rejoicing strabismally at the face on the mantelpiece that, like a wavering of fire, slowly faded into the veils of the gathering dusk.

"*Acheiropoiēto!*" he wheezed joyfully as he drained the bottle on its head, let it fall with a crash onto the floor and sank into a stupor.

It was dark when he awoke. He had no sense of time, of date or day or night. He thought he heard noises downstairs. He groped for the bell, found it and kept pressing it until the door opened and, against the light, he saw the burly figure of old Noble.

"Mishtr Noble, shend me up a bottle of whishkey, if you please."

Silence. Then:

"I will do no such a thing, Mr. Regan. If I was to do anything, I'd send for a doctor. Sleep it off."

The door closed and he was in darkness again.

"The bitch!" he growled, knowing that she had tipped off the old man. *Must* have a drink! If only—— Suddenly, he remembered. That bottle he had bought on the way down from Dublin. Had he drunk that, too? He rolled out of bed, crawled on all fours to the light switch, at last found his holdall, and there was his golden salvation. The colors of the little map of Ireland on the label swam—purple and red and yellow and green. He tore off the thin metal covering on the cork with his teeth, wrested out the cork, twisting its serrated edge, lifted the bottle to his mouth, engorged the sweet liquor as if it were water and sank to the floor in a coma. The maid found him there in the morning and ran from him down the stairs, screeching.

He recovered his senses only for the few minutes during which he was being put to bed in the monastery. Hilary had him brought there immediately he was informed of his sorry condition, first by old Noble, then by the community's doctor, who had driven him at once to the college door, wrapped in blankets, still in a stupor, his breath coming in gasps, his forehead glistening with cold dots of sweat. It took three brothers to lift him from the car and carry him upstairs to Hilary's bedroom. Harry and Valerie Halligan, also alerted by Noble, came after them, carrying his few belongings stuffed into his suitcase and his holdall. As they packed them, her eye, roving about the room, saw the portrait on the mantelpiece.

"Halligan," she ordered. "Take that thing down and burn it."

He looked at her, looked at the closed

"But will you love me after the novelty wears off?"

playboy bound

A handsome addition to any library. This handy binder protects, preserves six issues of prized PLAYBOY magazines. PLAYBOY's name and Rabbit emblem stamped in gold leaf on antique tan leatherette. Use order no. BY1992 **$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.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

"This week prepare for some wildly romantic opportunities. Carry Binaca day and night."

BINACA IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.

capital security

Keep bills neatly in place with the Playboy Money Clip. In gleaming gold finish with watchful Rabbit. Use order no. JW1532 **$7.50.**

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.

door, told her to lock it, took out his clasp knife and cut the canvas from its frame. But when he approached the empty grate, his nerve failed him.

"I can't do it, Valerie. It's like murder."

She snatched it from him, tore some paper linings from the chest of drawers, crumpled the canvas on top of them in the grate, put her cigarette lighter to the paper and they watched everything burn to ashes. They drove to the college, laid his two cases inside the door and drove rapidly down the drive for home and a couple of stiff ones. In the middle of her drink, and her abuse of him, she looked at him and laughed, remembering from her school days.

"'To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus'" jumped up to ring old Noble and warn him never to mention their names to anybody in the college about this affair.

"Rely on me," the old voice replied. "We're all in it together," from which she knew that he, too, had seen the portrait.

• • •

Hilary sat by his bed during his few limp moments of consciousness.

"My poor Luke," tenderly fondling his icy palm. "What on earth happened to you at all, at all?"

"Brother," he said faintly, "can I have one last little drink?"

The old man shook his head, sadly but not negatively.

"Of course you can, Luke. I'll leave you a glass of the best here beside your bed for the night. Tomorrow, we'll cut it down to half a glass. Then, bit by bit, between us, with God's help," glancing up piously at the veiled face over the bed, "we'll wean you back to your old self."

• • •

In the morning, a young lay brother stole into the room with a nice hot cup of tea for the patient. He found the glass dry and the body an empty cell. Touched, it was like stuffed leather.

The obituaries were invariably kind. They all stressed the burned portrait. "The symbol of every artist's indefatigable pursuit of unattainable perfection." They slyly recalled his convivial nature, his great thirst for friendship, the speed with which he could limn a character in a few lines, the unfailing polish of his work. But, as always, it was some wag in a pub who spoke his epitaph.

"Well, so poor old Lukey fa Presto is gone from us? My God, he was a *bad* painter. And the poor bugger had no luck. But what a beautiful way to die! In the odor," his glass lifted, "of sanctity and whiskey. *Bona Mors,* boys!"

All their glasses rose as they drank to it, solemnly and compassionately, silenced by a great envy.

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 7500 Lit • Japan 4300 Yen • Lebanon 38 LL • Luxembourg 625 LFr • Netherlands 45 FL • 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.

Change of Address?

LABEL OR OLD ADDRESS HERE:

name (please print)

address

city state zip code

NEW ADDRESS:

name (please print)

address

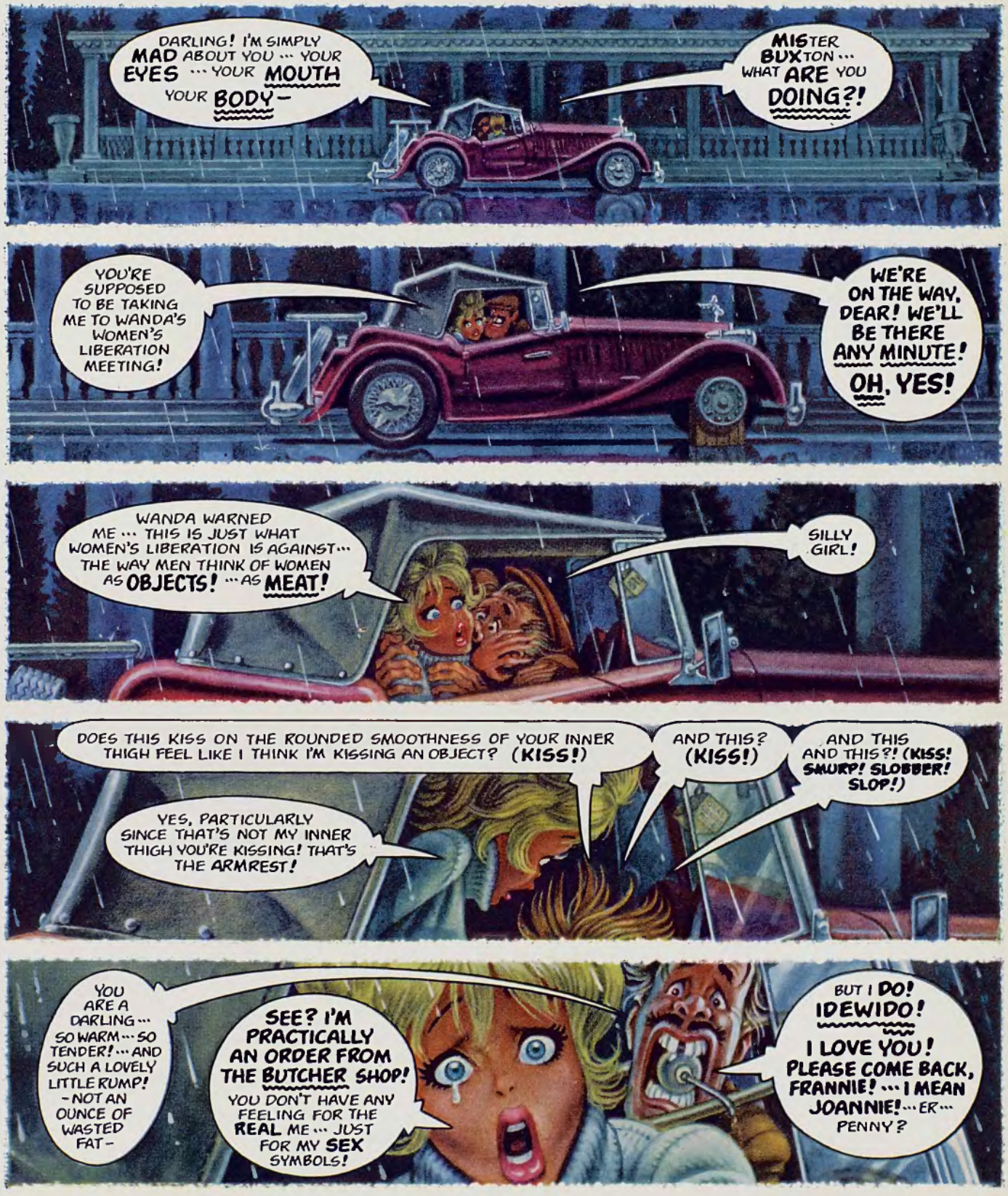
city state zip code

Mail to: **PLAYBOY®**
919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Ill. 60611

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

OUR LITTLE FRIEND IS SWEPT UP BY THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT, WHICH (AND LET US BE FAIR AND OBJECTIVE) SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN LIGHTLY. THEIR OBJECTIONS TO THE ABORTION LAWS BEAR CAREFUL STUDY. THEIR OBJECTIONS TO MALE-BIASED EMPLOYMENT PRACTICES MERIT RESPECT.... BUT WHERE THEY BEGIN TO SOUND LIKE A RIDICULOUS BUNCH OF EFFETE, BLABBER-MOUTHED, RADICAL SNOBS IS WHEN THEY OBJECT TO MEN'S MAGAZINES!



ANNIE! COME IN QUICK! THE MEETING IS SECRET! NO MEN ALLOWED! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT WE'RE HOLOING IT HERE AT MY GRAND-MOTHER'S!
HAVE SOME TEA.
COME IN! SIT DOWN!
EAT SOME CAKE.
YOU LOOK THIN.
LOOK AT HER! -A SCARE-CROW!
- I JUST BARELY ESCAPED FROM A MAN!
WELL, HE'D BETTER NOT SHOW HIS FACE HERE! SISTER ABBIE WILL KARATE HIM!
MY BODY IS A WEAPON! MY ARMS ARE KNIVES! MY LEGS ARE SWORDS! I CAN BREAK BOARDS WITH MY HEAD!
HI-YAGH!
EAT.
CLONK!
FOR THE SAKE OF SISTER ANNIE, WHO IS HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME, LET ME EXPLAIN THAT WE START OUR MEETINGS WITH A RITUAL BRA BURNING.
EAT! EAT!
THE BRASSIERE IS A SYMBOL OF ALL THE TORTURES INFLICTED ON WOMEN BY MEN! WE DO HEREBY REJECT THIS DEVICE INVENTED PURELY FOR THE PLEASURE OF MAN -
DRINK! DRINK!
STOP! STOP!
FLOP! FLOOP! FLUMP! CRASH!
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN THROWING AWAY YOUR BRA, SISTER ANNIE?
DON'T YOU BE-LIEVE IN LIBERATED BOOBS ?
MUST YOU KEEP THEM STRAPPED UP IN ELASTIC FOR THE MEN TO OGLE?
CAN'T YOU STAND THE REAL YOU?
WHO OIDN'T FIN-ISH ··· SUCH A WASTE. YOU THINK APPLES GROW ON TREES?
WOMEN'S LIBERATION FRONT
BUT THIS IS THE REAL ME.
BY WON-DER WO-MAN'S LAS-SO, SHE'S RIGHT !
CAN'T YOU DO SOME-THING TO MAKE THEM SAG MORE ?
ALARM! ALARM! A MAN IS FORCING HIS WAY IN!
I BREAK BOARDS WITH MY HEAD!
CLONK!
MY HANDS ARE KNIVES! MY LEGS ARE SPEARS!

HI-YAGH!
DON'T WORRY, GRAN! THERE'S SOME TROUBLE IN THE HALL, BUT THE SISTERS CAN HANDLE IT!
HE'S A HARMLESS-LOOKING MAN.
WANDA! IT'S NO MAN!
CLONK!
HIT!
SLASH!
IT'S YOUR GRAND-FATHER!
MY BODY IS A WEAPON! I BREAK BOARDS WITH MY HEAD!
CLONK!
SHE NEVER TOUCHED HIM! BUT SHE SURE BROKE A LOT OF BOARDS WITH HER HEAD.
SISTER ABBIE... STOP!
LET'S GET ON WITH THE MEETING.
I SAY, WHERE CAN SO MUCH LABOR BE GOTTEN SO CHEAPLY AS FROM A HOUSEWIFE —
MAR-RIAGE IS A MALE PLOT TO ENSLAVE WOMEN TO A LIFETIME OF SERVI-TUDE.
SIT. HAVE A CUP TEA HAVE A PIECE CAKE.
REST.
TAKE OUT THE GAR-BAGE.
I SAY WOMAN IS BENT, SPINDLED AND MUTILATED. SHE IS BRUTALIZED AND BROKEN —
AND AFTER SHE'S USED UP, SHE'S DIS-CARDED LIKE A CORN-HUSK!
LOOK AT MY FLOOR! JERK! YOU DIDN'T WIPE YOUR SHOES! WHAT WAS THAT? DON'T TALK BACK TO ME!
CLANG!
I WASN'T TALKING, I WAS THINKING.
DON'T THINK BACK TO ME!
EAT.
I SAY THE FAMILY IS THE HOUSE-WIFE'S PRISON. SHE'S CHAINED TO THE KITCHEN AND THE KIDS —
THE MAN COMES AND GOES AS HE PLEAS-ES.
YOU WANT TO PLAY POKER TOMORROW? YOU KNOW WE HAVE A WEDDING BY MY PAIN-IN-THE-NECK NEPHEW WHO'S MARRYING THAT TRAMP HE PICKED UP OFF THE STREET!
I'M NOT GOING.
CLANG!
YOU'LL GO! YOU WON'T SPOIL MY PLEAS-URE!
EAT.

WHERE WERE YOU FOR THE PAST TEN MINUTES?
I TOOK OUT THE GARBAGE.
BRING IT BACK; PEOPLE IN EUROPE ARE STARVING.
EAT
THE MEETING IS ADJOURNED, SISTERS!
WE WANT CITY PROJECTS TO HIRE FIFTY PERCENT WOMEN BRICKLAYERS!
IMPEACH MISS AMERICA!
I MUST ADMIT, I WASN'T STRONG ON WOMEN'S LIBERATION BEFORE THE MEETING, BUT NOW IT SUDDENLY MAKES FANTASTIC SENSE. FROM NOW ON, NO MORE WASTED HOURS ON MAKE-UP! - NO MORE WASTED MONEY ON CLOTHES! - NO MORE BEING A SEX SYMBOL! NO MORE MEN! GLORYOSKY... I FEEL SO LIBERATED!
TOMORROW WE BOMB A WEDDING!
RIP OFF BERT PARKS, TOO!
TAKE A LOOK, EXPLOITERS OF WOMEN, AT THE GOODIES YOU CAN'T HAVE ANYMORE!
DEATH TO MEN! ... WHO NEEDS 'EM!
DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO WITH MY
TEAR HIM LIMB FROM TOOTH!
DEATH TO THE ABORTION LAWS!
OOH! IT'S STILL RAINING!
CAN I DROP YOU OFF, SISTER?
IF MEN THINK THAT THEY CAN USE WOMEN, AND THEN WHEN THEY GET TIRED, THROW THEM AWAY, THEN WE CAN DO WITHOUT MEN! RIGHT?
RIGHT! AND IF MEN THINK THAT THEY CAN PRACTICE SEX WITH AS MANY PARTNERS AND AS OFTEN AS THEY LIKE, THEN WE CAN PRACTICE SEX AS OFTEN AS WE LIKE. RIGHT?
UH ... RIGHT. ... HOWEVER ... UH ... HOW ARE WE GOING TO PRACTICE SEX AS OFTEN AS WE LIKE ... UH ... IF WE DO WITHOUT UH ... MEN?
THERE ARE WAYS, DEAR.
SISTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?
DARLING! I'M SIMPLY MAD ABOUT YOU ... YOUR EYES ... YOUR MOUTH ... YOUR BODY-
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I'M BACK WHERE I STARTED ... ONLY WORSE!
END

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.

Altec Stereo Components 199
Anvil Brand Slacks 93
Bardstown Traditional Clothing 18
BSR McDonald Automatic Turntables 34
Buxton Belts 28
Buxton Wallets 207
Career Club Shirts by Traval 224
Carsuals by Carwood ..216
Clubman Sportcoats ... 79
Craig Car Stereos 51
Cricketeer Clothes 62
Dexter Shoes 43
Dingo Boots by Acme .. 19
Enger Kress Wallets ... 71
Freeman Shoes 224
Fruit of the Loom Shirts 265
Gant Shirtmakers 223
Hardwick Blazers 75
Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes 35
H.I.S. Body Shirts 13
H.I.S. Jeans 15
Jantzen Sportswear ...251
Jaymar Slacks 68-69
Kenwood Stereo Components 30
Levi's Cone Corduroy Slacks & Jeans 31
Levi's Sta-Prest Slacks & Jeans ...40-41
MG Midget Sports Car .. 64
Paris Belts 39
Pendleton Sportswear ... 23
Plymouth Shoes 32
Reis Menswear 26
Roberts Tape/Cartridge Recorders 38
Securaslax 49
Sony Corporation of America 47
Toyota Corolla 57
Van Heusen "417" Shirts 70
Weinbrenner Shoe Corp. 233
Wyler Watch Corp. 216
Yamaha Sporteycles ..3rd C

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

N580

NEXT MONTH:

HOT BLOOD

OANISH PORNO

SAUL BIRD

LAINIE KAZAN

"NIXON"—THE RHETORIC *VS.* THE RECORD OF THE MAN WHO PROMISED TO BRING US TOGETHER—BY **TOM WICKER**

"SAUL BIRD SAYS: RELATE! COMMUNICATE! LIBERATE!"—A SARDONIC STORY ABOUT A RADICAL MESSIAH/MACHIAVELLI WHO INFLAMES A UNIVERSITY CAMPUS—BY NATIONAL BOOK AWARD WINNER **JOYCE CAROL OATES**

WILLIAM KUNSTLER, THE EMBATTLED DEFENSE ATTORNEY FOR CHICAGO'S "CONSPIRACY SEVEN," ELOQUENTLY AIRS HIS VIEWS IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"PORNOGRAPHY AND THE UNMELANCHOLY DANES"—A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY ON LETTING IT ALL HANG OUT IN CENSOR-FREE DENMARK—WITH TEXT BY **JOHN SKOW**

"THE 1971 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL"—YOUR PERSONAL BALLOT IN OUR FIFTEENTH ANNUAL PLAYBOY POLL

"IN HOT BLOOD"—A CHILLING RECOUNTING AND ANALYSIS OF IMPULSE MURDER, WHO DOES IT AND WHY—BY **BRUCE PORTER**

"ELLIOTT GOULD MAKES HIS 'MOVE'"—IN HIS LATEST FILM, HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST SEX SYMBOL SHARES BED AND BATH WITH AN ASSORTMENT OF LOVELIES

"MUSKRAT FUN FOR EVERYONE"—AN INNOCENT FROM MINNESOTA COMES TO SAN FRANCISCO AND COMMITS AN UNSPEAKABLE SIN—A TRAGEDY-TINGED FARCE BY **STAN DRYER**

"DIOGENES' SEARCH FOR AN HONEST GAME"—HOW ONE UNASSUMING GENT MAKES MILLIONS BETTING ON COLLEGE FOOTBALL—BY **WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG**

"LAINIE"—A REVEALING PICTORIAL ON SEXY SONGSTRESS KAZAN, WHO NEEDS NO WORDS TO GET HER MESSAGE ACROSS

"THE FUTURE OF LAND AND SEA TRANSPORT"—A HARD-NOSED LOOK AT WHAT WE COULD DO TO HELP US GET WHERE WE WANT TO GO IN 1975 AND BEYOND—BY **DAVID RORVIK**

"XONG OF XUXAN"—THE POIGNANT LAST TESTAMENT OF A YOUNG GIRL WHO DISCOVERS SHE'S THE ONLY PERSON LEFT ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH—BY **RAY RUSSELL**

"PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST"—REVOLUTIONARY NEW TRENDS IN MENSWEAR—BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

There's a rhythm to it... hill after hill... mile after mile.

The DT-1C Enduro is a 250 single for the back country. Way back, where a bike has to handle like a quarter horse.

It's all set up to cover a day's hard riding with special Enduro forks designed to smooth out the roughest ground. Autolube oil injection mixes oil and fuel automatically. And a wide-ratio 5-speed gearbox puts power where you need it.

So start up a DT-1C like the one below and on the left, above. Or an AT-1B 125 Enduro, a slightly smaller edition also shown above. You'll hear some great traveling music, maestro.

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

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
100's
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's