

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW
BUDD SCHULBERG ON
HIS WATTS WORKSHOP
HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST
PSYCHEDELIC SEX EPIC
AN INTERVIEW WITH NEW
YORK'S MAYOR LINDSAY
NAT HENTOFF ON YOUTH
VS. THE ESTABLISHMENT
PLUS KEN W. PURDY
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
HARRY BROWN, JEAN SHEPHERD

PLAYBOY®

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She'll read anything she can get her hands on. From Medieval History to How-To-Build-a-24-Foot-Iceboat. Loves books. Loves new ideas.

Okay. No doubt, she's seen the unusual, slim Tiparillo shape.

She's been intrigued by the neat, white tip. She may even know that there are two Tiparillos. Regular, for a mild smoke. And new Tiparillo M with menthol, for a cold smoke.

Your only problem is which to offer.

P.S. If she accepts your Tiparillo, remember to fumble with the matches until she decides to light it herself.

That way, she'll have to put down the book.





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JANET PILGRIM, Playboy Reader Service, asks you to try **REACTS**—the only program of its kind to offer 5-Day service on your "Where-to-buy-it" inquiries.

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'WHERE-TO-BUY-IT'
READER ACTION SERVICE

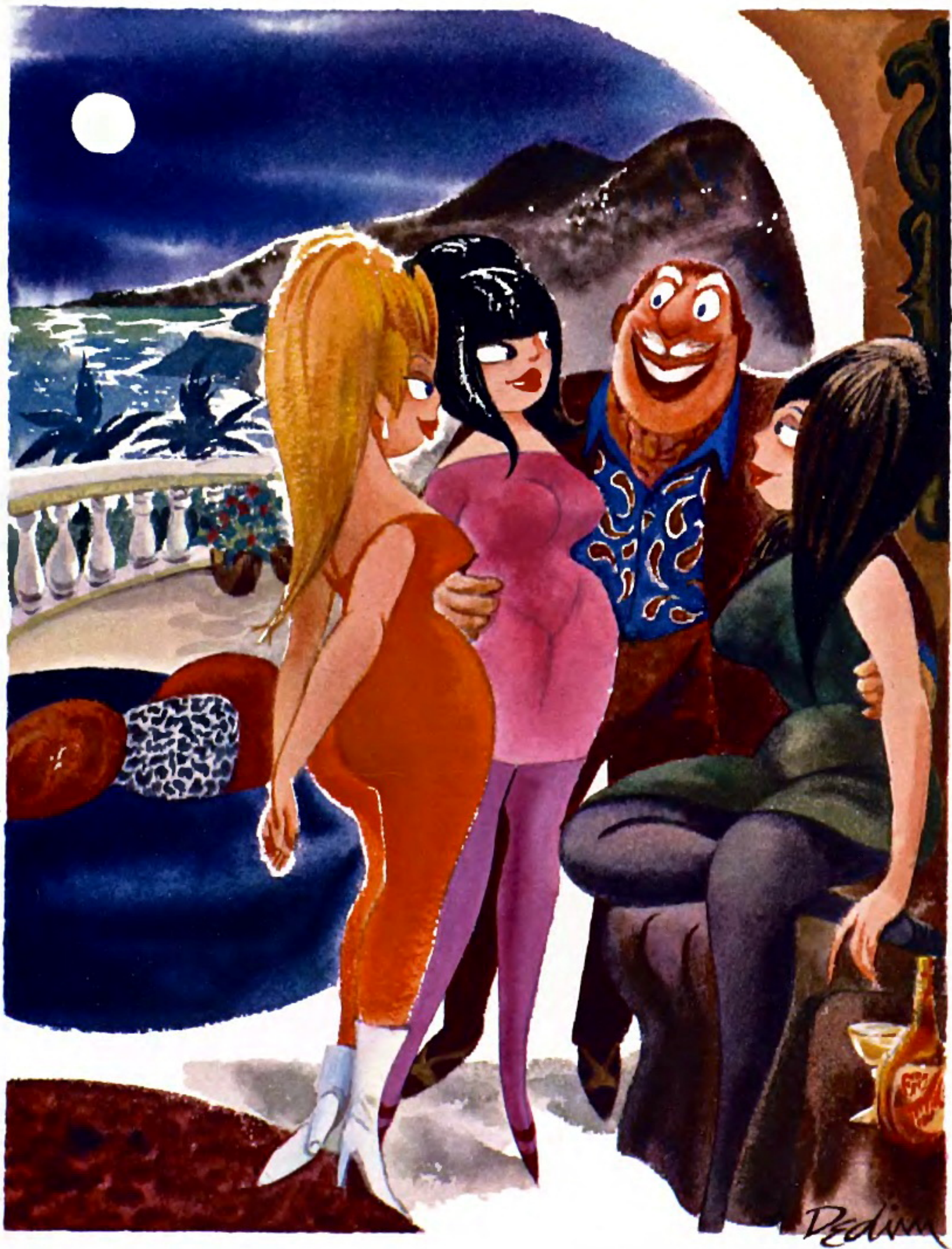
REACTS

With this issue, PLAYBOY offers a revolutionary new service to its readers. Reader Action Service (**REACTS**)—the first fully computerized "Where-to-buy-it" program ever developed. PLAYBOY has programmed the names and addresses of quality retailers across the country, stores which handle PLAYBOY-advertised products. And our computers are now standing ready. By filling out and sending in the attached reply card with your name, address and

proper zip code number, you set **REACTS** computers into action: within an instant the computer pin-points *your* local dealer for each product you check, and automatically prints out, in personalized letter form, the information you request. Sped back to you via first class mail, the "Where-to-buy-it" information you desire will reach you *within 5 days* of the mailing of your **REACTS** postage-paid reply card . . .

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Receive your answer within 5 days



"What the hell, I'll make you all stars overnight!"

THE TRIP

peter fonda and susan strasberg star in hollywood's first psychedelic sex freak-out

LSD had to happen in Hollywood sooner or later—and it has turned out to be right now. Audiences are getting their first look at a film version of an ultimate acidhead experience. *The Trip*, currently on view across America, is a series of cinematic psychedelias mirroring the ecstasies and aberrations of an LSD joy ride.

Peter Fonda, who last year became an underground idol with his ambulatory antics in *The Wild Angels*, goes even further beneath society's surface in this film. As Paul Groves, Fonda portrays a turned-off director of TV commercials in the process of being divorced by his wife. As a means of coming to grips with his life, Groves turns on to LSD, and his fantasies comprise almost the full itinerary of *The Trip*.

Susan Strasberg, as Fonda's film mate,



takes giant strides toward becoming a cinema siren with her most sensual screen showing to date. (Susan's curvaceous charms graced *PLAYBOY* portfolios in December 1963 and December 1965.)

Also featured in the film is Salli Sachse, as a blonde hippie goddess. Salli, 22, beautified a half-dozen *AI* bikini-beach epics before her current role, and more than measures up (36-22-35) as the sexual focal point of Fonda's film freak-out.

That this picture will arouse controversy is implicit in its subject matter—the twin taboos of sex and psychedelics. Whether or not the movie will be judged as high art or big box office seems immaterial. The real impact and import of *The Trip* is that, for the first time, Hollywood has tuned into the vibrations—good and bad—humming hallucinogenically throughout the nation.

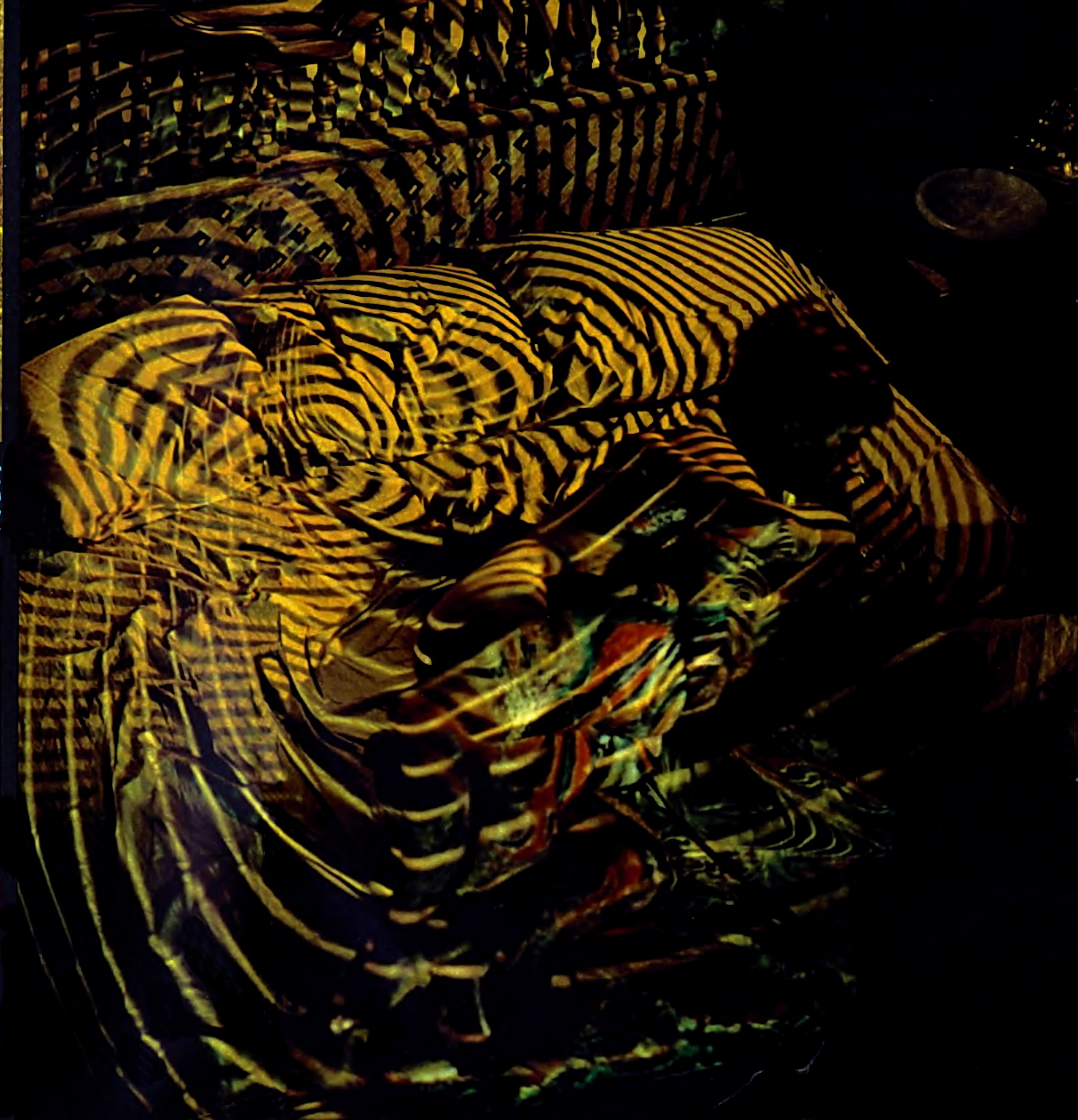


In *The Trip*, Peter Fonda plays a director of TV commercials who tries LSD as a psychic panacea for all his personal problems. Chief among these is wife Sally (Susan Strasberg), intent on divorcing him. After Fonda takes an LSD capsule, he sees Miss Strasberg in weirdly evocative settings. Opposite page: Above, she appears as an atavistic love priestess; below, flowers projected onto her nude body produce a sensually pastoral effect. After seeing Strasberg's face split into more than a dozen images (above), Fonda fantasizes a moving après-sex scene.





Up tight at the start of *The Trip*, Fanda embarks upon hallucinogenic journey and is soon out of sight. Above, he envisions an afternoon's Elysian idyl—a euphoric outing *au naturel* with two comely companions. During his LSD odyssey, Fanda focuses in on Salli Sachse (below), the blonde subject of his day-tripping dreams. Just as he begins to come down, Fanda finds her, and the two repair to a Santa Monica hotel at the film's end.





"My place or yours? Or right here?"



"Your men will be down as soon as they cool off."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CURT GUNTHER



September Playmate Angela Dorian is a well-structured beauty with a unique talent for projecting her personality in any medium, whether she's acting, dancing, singing, sketching or simply gracing a divan with her presence. Opposite page: With the expertise in cosmetics only a professional actress could have, Angela readies herself for a characteristically busy day. After a preparatory phone call, she confers with her agents, Arthur Kennard and Merrit Blake, about the advantages and disadvantages of a part in a proposed movie.



SCREEN S GEM

*multitalented tv actress angela dorian—now
a budding screen star—likes to sing,
dance, sketch and drive racing cars*

WHEN NEWTON MINOW, former FCC chairman, made the trenchant observation that TV was a wasteland, it's a cinch he wasn't thinking of Angela Dorian, our September Playmate. Though she agrees with Minow about the general banality of TV (she doesn't own a set), Angela's an established television actress, a veteran of 26 shows—including *Bonanza*, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, *Perry Mason*, *Run for Your Life*, *Big Valley*, *Hogan's Heroes*—who doesn't even have to read for parts. Currently, though, Angela's in the process of making her transition to the larger screen: This past summer, she made her cinema debut as a co-star in *Chuka*, a rough-and-tumble Western featuring Rod Taylor and Ernest Borgnine. "In TV," the former UCLA coed avers, "you have to get things perfect in a hurry; but when you're making a film, you have more time—and you get more attention. Acting for TV is great preparation for the movies." The articulate Miss Dorian







At the *Los Angeles Times*' annual races at Riverside, car buff Angela surveys the scene, then assists some car pushers before stationing herself at the rail—to the other bystanders' delight. Below: In the pit, a preoccupied Miss Dorian stands with back to famed driver Graham Hill, the mustachioed gent in the helmet.



is a well-rounded (36-21-35) artist—a jazz and ballet dancer, a songwriter, singer and guitar player in the folk-rock bag (at presstime, negotiations for a recording contract were under way) and an occasional graphic artist, specializing in ink sketches. Miss September's songwriting, she told us, evolved from a prior interest in language, specifically that of poetry: "I just began setting my verses to music." She did her own singing—a Spanish folk song—on one *Big Valley* segment; early in her career, on her agents' advice, she declined to dub for Natalie Wood as Maria in *West Side Story*: "I auditioned for the part myself, but they didn't think I was box office—and I didn't want to get hung up in a stand-by role." The nonsinging part of *Lolita* in the same-name motion picture was also considered—and bypassed—by Angela, who didn't feel ready to capitalize on herself as a nymphet. When Angela finds time to fill up a sketch pad, she calls on old Sol for inspiration: "I'm crazy about the sun. It's so impossibly ancient, warm and beautiful. I keep the wall over my fireplace covered with images and replicas of the sun. There's one that I carved out of wood and another that I made of papier-mâché. It's a big joke among my friends." Sun



MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



With a friend, Angela examines the exotic wares displayed along Olvera Street, the heart of L.A.'s colorful "Little Mexico." Next evening, she displays her terpsichorean savvy at the Cheetah in Venice.



worship isn't the only mystical preoccupation of this 22-year-old Thespian, who's steeped in star lore and who believes in reincarnation: "In one of my former lives, I must have been a cat, because when I purse my lips, I can pass for one. I also purr like a cat." A more prosaic side of Angela's many-splendored life is her career as a landlady. She owns and rents out a duplex in Burbank, whose tenants are blissfully unaware of her star status; but although she delights in such round-the-house chores as gardening ("Too many people today are afraid to bend over and touch the earth"), Angela plans to sell the property: "It gives me too many headaches." When she's not fussing over her building or pursuing one of her myriad muses, Angela digs burning up the road in her newly acquired Porsche or her second car, a Sprite ("I like to get behind the wheel and just travel—to Monterey, Carmel or San Francisco"); she's had the experience, thanks to a friend who races at Santa Barbara, of winging around the track herself a few times. Her affection for life on wheels, however, doesn't embrace the antisocial aspects of motorcycling. Angela,



whose idea of success includes being able to choose her own movie parts, recently refused a role in a motorcycle epic because she felt the character was too "hard." "Important as my career is to me," she explained, "I'm a woman first. I like to think of myself as being open to the world, brimming with love and music. Some aspiring actresses think only of their careers, and they're just setting themselves up for eventual disappointments." Angela, herself, matured under the spell of show business: Her mother, a native of Rome, is a former Broadway actress who's still active as a club singer in the Sunset Boulevard environs; her father, who was born in Sicily, is an L.A. restaurateur. Angela admits a desire to live and make films in Italy: "I'm fluent in Italian, so the language wouldn't be any problem. I also feel that European movies are generally better than Hollywood's offerings." We wish Angela the best in such enterprises, as well as in her search for the ideal male. "I don't really believe there is such a person, but I'm looking for him anyway," she declares—an affirmation that we're sure will give heart to our readers.



the sexual freedom league at berkeley finds a delightful and freethinking advocate in coed mara sykes

BLONDE, green-eyed Mara Sykes is from all outward appearances, a typical California coed. But typical she is not. Mara's unique combination of physical and philosophical attributes was brought to the attention of PLAYBOY's West Coast photographer by a Sexual Freedom Leaguer who had met Miss Sykes at a Berkeley-chapter party and was duly impressed. We interviewed Mara between her art and sociology courses at



Berkeley and her cosmetics-counter duties at a local drugstore and discovered she was one of the most refreshingly open girls we had ever considered featuring—as her quotes here and elsewhere will attest. Says Mara candidly: "People should not be ashamed of their own bodies and fearful of their own natural desires, but should accept them and try to understand them. Most of my pleasures are sense oriented."

"I joined the League because I felt that what it was trying to do was worth while. The philosophy behind the League, which is mine also, is that any individual is entitled to engage in sexual activity in whatever manner he pleases as long as he does not force his attentions upon an unwilling person."





"There is nothing inherent in the nature of sex or nudity that one should consider shameful or dirty."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI





"I don't think that sex is an all-important issue. The greatest problem is that of creating a greater love among all people."



"A nude beach is a lovely place. There is always good company, and when you don't have anything on, sun, water and wind seem closer and somehow healthier."

"Double or nothing."



Jargas



"What brings you to this neck o' the woods?"



"Hello, there. Can I help you?"





"UNCLE CHARLIE!"



"You're going to think I'm awful, but could you folks find another spot?"



"If you think I'm going to compete with that, you're crazy!"



Amilby

"I know it's a little unusual, señorita, but in this case it's the firing squad who would like to make a last request . . ."



"I had no idea that a bell captain had the authority to marry people!"



"Is that your final decision, Miss Ashcroft?"



Intorelandi

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH RUSS HEATH AND LARRY SIEGEL

WHILE VISITING STUDIOS ON THE WEST COAST, OUR HEROINE DROPS IN ON STUDIOUS RALPHIE TOWZER, WHO IS CURRENTLY ATTENDING CLASSES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BOOKLESS, CALIFORNIA. LIKE SO MANY COLLEGE STUDENTS TODAY, HE IS STUDYING THE THREE P'S ... PROTEST, PACIFISM AND PSYCHEDELICS, AND MAJORING IN ADVANCED KICKS —

WELCOME, HOLY WOMAN ... DIRECT DESCENDANT OF GOD ON MY FATHER'S SIDE, TWICE REMOVED. PULL UP MY FACE AND SIT DOWN ON IT SO THAT I MAY GAIN SHIMMERING INSIGHTS INTO THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF YOUR SACRED SIT-SACK. HALLELUJAH! WE WILL NOW JOIN IN SILENT RESPONSIVE READING ... AMEN.

RALPHIE! LEAPIN' LIZARDS! FREAKING AGAIN! YOU'RE ON LSD!

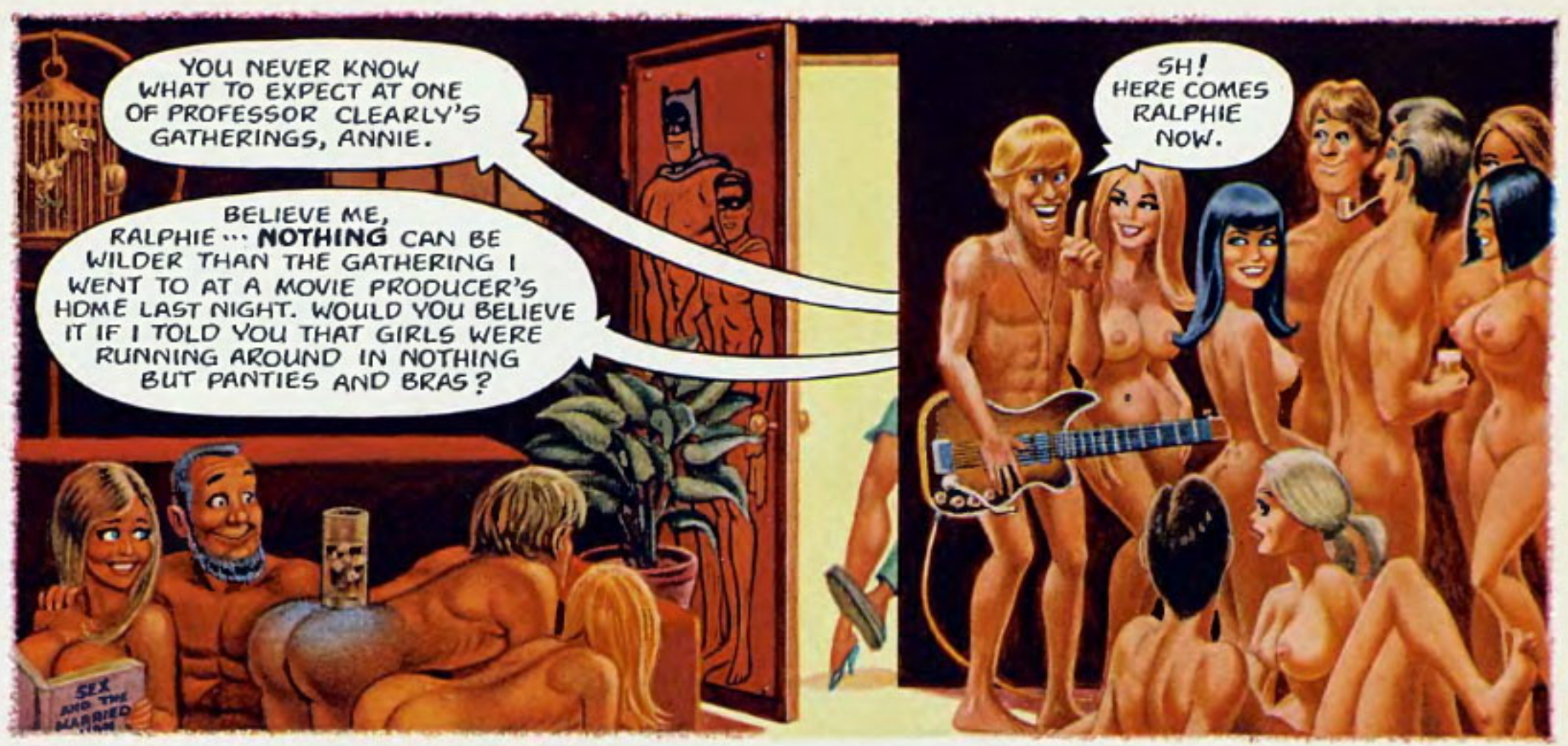


DON'T MOVE, HOLY WOMAN. LET ME PLASTICIZE YOU AND PLACE YOU ON THE LEDGE OVER THE DASHBOARD OF MY LIFE SO THAT NO EVIL SHALL BEFALL ME AS I DRIVE THROUGH ALL THE ESTABLISHMENTARIAN STOP SIGNS ... THE CONGREGATION WILL NOW RISE AND CHEW INDIAN NUTS.

RALPHIE! IT'S ME, ANNIE ... DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?







YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT AT ONE OF PROFESSOR CLEARLY'S GATHERINGS, ANNIE.

BELIEVE ME, RALPHIE... NOTHING CAN BE WILDER THAN THE GATHERING I WENT TO AT A MOVIE PRODUCER'S HOME LAST NIGHT. WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT IF I TOLD YOU THAT GIRLS WERE RUNNING AROUND IN NOTHING BUT PANTIES AND BRAS?

SH! HERE COMES RALPHIE NOW.



SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

OH, ME... ANOTHER NUDE SEXUAL-FREEDOM PARTY. THIS MAKES FOURTEEN THIS WEEK ALONE.

THIS IS A SURPRISE NUDE SEXUAL-FREEDOM PARTY...!

THIS ISN'T JUST ANOTHER NUDE SEXUAL-FREEDOM PARTY...! THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT.



SURPRISE! WE'RE ALL HETEROS!

I'M SORRY... BUT THIS IS ALL SO TRITE! THESE PARTIES... EVERYTHING... THEY'VE LOST THE KICKS. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT... EXCEPT... PERHAPS PROFESSOR CLEARLY -

HE'S COMING, KIDS! PROFESSOR CLEARLY'S COMING!

SURPRISE! THERE ARE NO NEGROES HERE!



GOOD AFTERNOON, STUDENTS... THANKS TO LSD, YOU'VE EXPLORED YOUR CELLULAR WISDOM -

WHAT CAN THESE NEW HEIGHTS BE?

YOU HAVE LEARNED TO TURN ON, TUNE IN AND DROP OUT! ARE YOU ABOUT TO FORGE AHEAD TO NEW EUPHORIC HEIGHTS?

NUDE, PERMISSIVE SEX, FLAGELLATION, SHOE FETISHISM, POT AND PEYOTE PARTIES?



SOME MAY SAY WE HAVE EXPERIENCED EVERY KICK AND THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! WHERE CAN WE POSSIBLY GO NOW FOR BEATITUDE?... WELL, I SAY TO YOU, OUR FUTURE LIES IN THE PAST! ARE YOU READY NOW TO REACH FOR ELYSIUM?

WE CAN'T STAND THE SUSPENSE! WHAT IS IT?

NUDE PERMISSIVE-SODOMY STAG PARTIES WITH REAL STAGS?



WE HAVE FOUND THE NEW ART OF OP AND POP BY TURNING TO THE TRIVIA OF THE PAST. WE HAVE FOUND THE NEW MUSIC OF ROCK 'N' ROLL BY TURNING TO THE PRIMITIVE RHYTHMS OF THE PAST. AND NOW FOR THE NEW AMUSEMENT... WE MUST ONCE AGAIN TURN TO THE PAST -

NUDE, GOLDFISH-VIOLATING, FLOOR-LAMP-DEFILING, LUST-MURDER PARTIES, WITH OUR PARENTS WATCHING?

SHOW US THE ULTIMATE KICK, O MASTER !!



FOLLOW THE LEADER!

SHOT FOR SHOT!

DOWN IN THE MEADOW WHERE THE GREEN GRASS GROWS, THERE SAT JIMMY WITH A MARBLE UP HIS NOSE -

TWO FOR FLINCHING! OH, OH... YOU FLINCHED! YOU GET SEVEN AND A HALF!

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO, THREE POTATO, FOUR -

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF ON ALICE!

JOHNNY ON A PONY 1-2-3!

BASE STICKER! BASE STICKER!

KICK THE CAN!

7-8-9-10 RED LIGHT!

90! 95! 100! ANYBODY 'ROUND MY BASE IS IT!

THIS IS THE ULTIMATE KICK, RALPHIE?

GO BACK, SANORA, TWO PAGES. YOU DIDN'T SAY "MAY I"!

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.

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Admiral Stereo 48	Honda 24
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Beaver Camera 38	Intercom Stereo 213
Bayler Watches 205	Justine Sportswear 10
Bellini Watches 37	Jaymar Slacks 54, 55
Burlington Books 49	Jensen Speaker Systems . . . 180
Burns Chair 42	Jiffies 215
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POP-OP CAPER



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