

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY'S BUNNIES OF 1972

The Bizarre
Story of an
American
Millionaire's
Mexican
Jailbreak



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McGinniss
on Daniel
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PLAYBILL

IT WAS FRONT-PAGE NEWS around the world that morning of August 19, 1971: A wealthy American named Joel Kaplan had the evening before been literally plucked—by helicopter—from the Mexican prison where he was serving a murder sentence. The daring rescue, which somehow smacked of Robin Hood's merry men outwitting the sheriff of Nottingham, piqued the public's curiosity. Who was Kaplan? Who had sprung him? Why? In this month's lead article, *Breakout*, Eliot Asinof, Warren Hinckle and William Turner piece together the inside story—



HINCKLE



TURNER



ASINOF

which will appear in expanded form in *The Ten-Second Jailbreak*, to be published in January by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. "Several years ago," Hinckle told us, "when I was editing *Ramparts* magazine and Bill Turner was a senior editor there, we started an investigation of the CIA. That led us to the J. M. Kaplan Fund, alleged to be a CIA front, and to strange stories about J. M.'s imprisoned nephew, Joel." As time went on, the writers became convinced that Joel was being held on trumped-up charges; they were preparing to lend support to an escape plan when news of the successful airlift broke. "If anybody gets to talk to this guy, we should," Hinckle and Turner told Kaplan's attorneys. They agreed, and set up meetings with the reclusive millionaire in one of the several hideouts he still maintains in the Western United States. Asinof, an established novelist and screenwriter, was recruited to lend his own expertise, especially with a projected film treatment. The cooperative effort is, we think, an authentic thriller.

Meir Kahane, militant leader of the Jewish Defense League and this month's *Playboy Interview* subject, feels that in some cases violence is justified and that laws *should* be broken—but that the lawbreakers should be prepared to face the consequences. When Daniel Ellsberg released the Pentagon papers, he knew he risked being branded a traitor, but his conscience demanded that he act. In *The Ordeal of Daniel Ellsberg*, Joe McGinniss—author of *The Selling of the President 1968*, about Nixon's campaign—describes what Ellsberg's life has been like since he became a public figure. Ellsberg, McGinniss found, is "a fascinating and lonely man." So is marathoner Ron Daws, who's profiled by John Medelman in *The Purity of the Long-Distance Runner*. Says Medelman, who teaches writing at Stout State University in Menomonie, Wisconsin: "The zeal of the runners reached me; I've begun jogging 1700 or 1800 miles a year, losing 15 pounds in the process. My wife thinks it's insane. If I could find a woman who'd jog with me, I'd take a mistress. So far, I haven't had much luck." If anybody could understand Daws's Spartan dedication to the athlete's code, it would be the dauntless brothers deftly parodied by Larry Siegel in *The Rover Boys at College*, illustrated by Charles E. White III. Also in the humor vein: Calvin Trillin's exercise in the fine art of rumormongering, *The President Flagellates Frogs*.

Our lead fiction this month is Robert Crichton's *Gillon Cameron, Poacher*. Crichton, author of *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, tells us *PLAYBOY's* story will be one chapter in *The Camerons*, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf. "It's been chosen the November Book-of-the-Month Club selection, which, if Christmas does not fail to happen this year, should be a great boost," he says. Other stories this month are contributed by 32-year-old Alan Goldfein, making his first *PLAYBOY* appearance with *Chameleon*, and Elliott Arnold, making his second with *What Did I Do That Was Wrong?*, a narrative about mate-swapping orgies. The adjective Roman often precedes the noun orgy, and Federico Fellini makes good use of that noun in his latest epic, *Fellini's Roma*; director and movie are described by Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson. There's more: a look at the *Bunnies of 1972*; and our 1973 *Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll Ballot*. Plus George Bradshaw showing readers how to make superlative sauces in *Pasta Plus* and Fashion Director Robert L. Green (aided by artist Thomas Upshur and photographer Steve Ladner) presenting *Playboy's Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast*. Just remember that if you overindulge in the former, you'll be unfit for the latter. But as for this issue, dig in.



CRICHTON



MC GINNISS



ARNOLD



MEDELMAN



SIEGEL



WHITE



WILLIAMSON



BRADSHAW



GOLDFEIN



GREEN



UPSHUR



LADNER

PLAYBOY



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Year's Bunnies P. 136



Rover Boys P. 126

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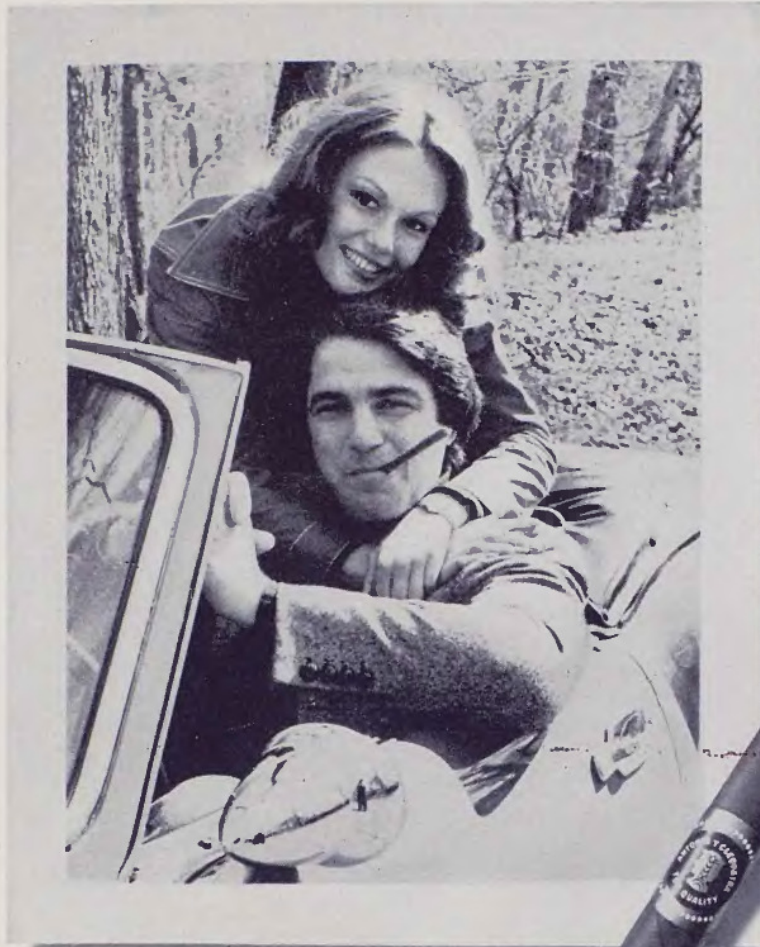
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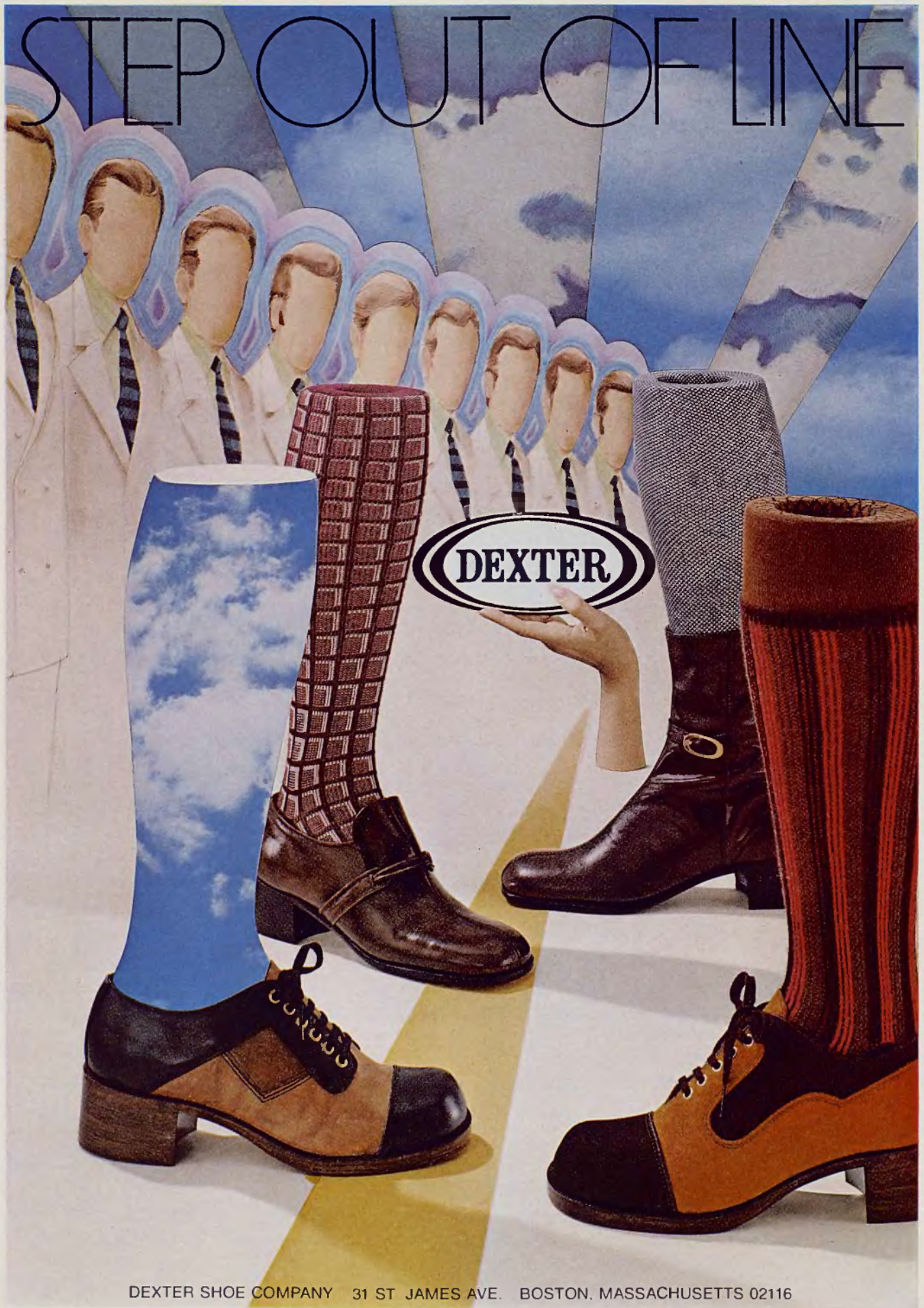
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SUPERSOLDIER

My thanks for the enlightening July interview with Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert. For revealing the extent of war crimes in Vietnam, he must be congratulated. The story of troops' having to salute the general's pet duck says all that needs to be said about the absurdities of today's military hierarchy.

John Kline
San Diego, California

I thought the duck story was pretty funny, all the way from General Barnes's having the duck in the first place to Herbert's finally wringing its neck to make duck sandwiches. But the only villain I could find in the episode was not the duck, General Barnes or even the Army. It was Herbert, for his willful and malicious destruction of private property.

Mylan L. Trivanovich
Santa Susana, California

The interview with Herbert was a stirring and frustrating account of this country's continued involvement in Indochina. Herbert drives home one basic point—the need for responsible leadership. I salute him for providing it.

Lt. Thomas T. Prousalis, Jr.
Loring AFB, Maine

Your interview provokes an interesting question: If Herbert was not being truthful in his accusations against the Army, why wasn't he charged with making false accusations? Instead, he received an honorable discharge. When will the Army realize that it isn't fooling anyone by covering up incidents like this?

Mike Hennessy
Tacoma, Washington

It strikes me as obscene that 40-year-old retiring colonels will be collecting \$10,000 a year for the rest of their lives as a reward for presiding over the Vietnam debacle. More absurd is that we are now paying "active" colonels \$25,000 a year—to play golf for most of their 36-hour weeks. We now have half the number of colonels we had at the end of World War Two—when the Army was ten times as large. Meanwhile, scores of ex-GIs are vegetating as quadriplegics in rat-infested V. A. hospitals. We should

drastically reduce the retirement rewards that are being doled out to that pitiful collection of pigs and fools who killed, maimed and mutilated some 300,000 of my peers and wasted two years of my life with their childish games and their criminally irresponsible promises of a light at the end of the tunnel.

Stephen J. Butler
San Francisco, California

Before being discharged from active duty in March, troops at Fort Leavenworth (of which I was one) were given a gratuitous "fact sheet" about Lieutenant Colonel Herbert and his activities. The sheet attempted not only to discredit Herbert's story but to impugn his entire military career. Thanks to PLAYBOY for setting the record straight.

Ben J. Allen
Champaign, Illinois

As a former line infantryman, twice wounded, I found your Herbert interview candid and enlightening. I never served with Herbert, but I would have been honored to do so. No one can know what it's like in the bush until he humps out there for a while, as Herbert has done.

Mark Egger
Williamsburg, Virginia

I'm proud to say that I served with Herbert. I never knew the truth about his being relieved until I read your interview. From now on, I'm not going to wear the 173rd patch on my uniform, and I urge all former members to do the same. I know from personal experience that much of what Herbert said is true. There's much he didn't say, as well. I'm sorry that I don't have the balls to speak out the way he does.

(Name withheld by request)
Fayetteville, North Carolina

I am presently serving a three-year sentence for draft evasion. Your interview with Herbert gave my sagging spirits a magnificent lift. I thank you most sincerely.

Larry E. Lupo
Tallahassee, Florida

Men like Herbert should be running the Army, not leaving it. When I was an

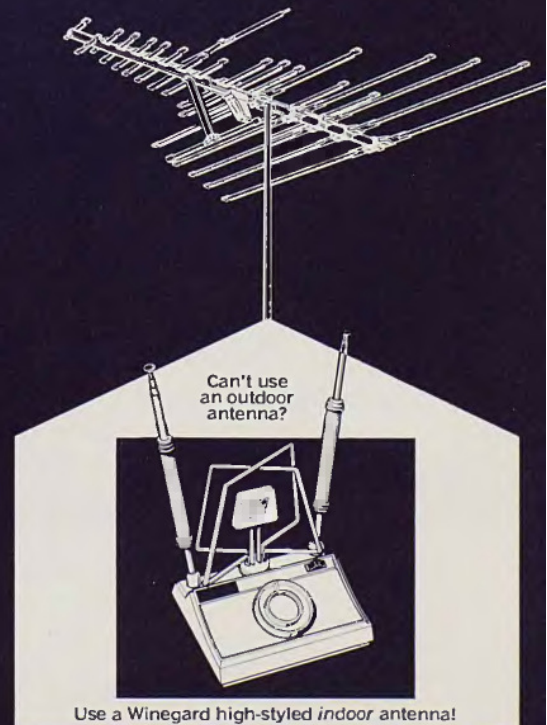
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infantryman in Vietnam, I had close friends die. They were not protecting the security of the United States but acting on orders from West Point types who wanted to play army. All we can salvage from the Vietnam experience is a zealous conviction that it must never happen again. We must reduce the power of the military establishment to fabricate wars for our young people to die in. We should begin by throwing all the Kissingers, and their poker-playing boss, out of the White House. George McGovern has had friends killed in action in Vietnam. War is not a game to him. He is the man we need to get us out of this Vietnam—and to keep us out of the next one.

Jeff Henke
Grunts for McGovern
Austin, Texas

For the uninitiated—which obviously includes PLAYBOY—let me clarify the erroneous use of the word resigned in your introduction to the Herbert interview. When you resign, Uncle Sam doesn't stop at your mailbox every month with his promised stipend. Herbert retired; he's still receiving the long green.

Gerold E. Bickley, U. S. Army (Ret.)
Spokane, Washington
Reader Bickley is correct.

Your interview with Herbert confirmed my belief that he is a loud-mouthed son of a bitch. He should have been with me in the Third Infantry Division in North Korea in 1950. I would have made a man out of him.

William L. Tyson, U. S. Army (Ret.)
Atlanta, Georgia

STEAL THIS CONVENTION

You caught the rhythm of a Presidential convention perfectly in *How to Steal the Presidential Nomination* (PLAYBOY, July). I suggest you warn your loyal readers, however, to use caution before they search their rivals' trash cans. We are now offering an automatic shredder that is activated when any object—hand or trash—is inserted.

Murray Roman, Chairman
Campaign Communications Institute
for Politics
New York, New York

Few individuals are more intimate with their clients than are make-up artists. As a make-up consultant to political figures in both parties, I've received valuable insights into the motivations of people in the public eye. The man running for the highest office, in his moments of privacy, commands my sympathy. During weeks of pressure on the campaign trail, the candidate's true personality emerges. Like everyone else, he's essentially human, yet he's forced by circumstance to appear superhuman.

The entire enterprise makes me wonder why anyone in his right mind would want to endure such strains. At any rate, I read your satire and got a bang out of it: if candidates can laugh without tears' spoiling their make-up, so did they.

Syd Simons
Chicago, Illinois

Simons is the man who first got Richard Nixon to tweeze his eyebrows—"so that he wouldn't look so mean."

MAN VS. MACHINE

Take That, You Soulless Son of a Bitch! (PLAYBOY, July) was one of the most satisfying debunkings of modern society I've ever read.

Jim Vinsali
Montreal, Quebec

Peter Swerdloff's article on surviving in a mechanized society touched me very personally. Recently, my bank statement made a sudden and unexpected jump from three to five figures—without a deposit on my part. Being the sporting sort, I'm willing to play the bank's silly game, just to see how smart its computer is. For that reason, I ask you to withhold my name.

(Name withheld by request)
Portland, Oregon

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT

I am writing to say how impressed we all are with Reg Potterton's most excellent *The Red and the Gold* (PLAYBOY, July). He has been quite thorough in exploring the various facets of Hong Kong. I am sure that his article will prove of great value to those of your readers who are contemplating a trip here.

Peter Gautschi, General Manager
The Peninsula Hotel
Hong Kong

It is always refreshing to read about a place with as rich and colorful a culture as Hong Kong's. And because Potterton writes the way he does, I not only wished I were there but felt I was. Potterton knows how to expand horizons and open up imaginations.

Harvey C. Long
Erie, Pennsylvania

Reading in Potterton's article that the quality of madness in Hong Kong is as strong as ever brought back fond memories.

Memo Alcalá
Hidalgo, Texas

TALL STORY

As a mountain-climbing native of west Texas, I read Peter L. Sandberg's story *The Old Bull Moose of the Woods* (PLAYBOY, July) with great interest. His rendition of the hero's Lubbock drawl and the portrayal of that character's

pure spirit were perfect. I was disappointed to discover, however, that the young heroine's grating Yankee accent was somehow lost between ear and paper. Could it be that Sandberg is himself a New Englander, biased by years of hearing Bostonians slaughter English? We all know that only Walter Cronkite speaks the American language perfectly.

Jay Howe
Arlington, Massachusetts

Sandberg hails from Stratford, New Hampshire.

Thanks for publishing *The Old Bull Moose of the Woods*. The *Kama Sutra*, cover to cover, contains nothing to compare with the pleasure of balling after a tough climb.

Bill Jeter
Chula Vista, California

LIPSTICK ON THE COLLAR

Garry Wills's article *Sex and the Single Priest* (PLAYBOY, July) showed an expert knowledge of moral theology and was very beautifully argued. Wills might have added that Catholic priests do not actually take a vow of celibacy at their ordination. The rule of celibacy is more like a directive of the Internal Revenue Service than an act of Congress. Priests of the Uniat churches, following Eastern Orthodox rites in communion with and obedience to Rome, are permitted to marry, provided they do so before ordination. Celibacy of Roman Catholic priests was not seriously enforced until the 11th Century. The system does not, therefore, have apostolic authority. Even Saint Paul, in *1 Timothy*, 3:2, says that a bishop should be "the husband of one wife."

Alan Watts
Sausalito, California

Wills's article clearly outlines the enigma confronting the Church: How does an institution deal with a truth when that truth undermines the premises on which the institution feels it was founded? As a 26-year-old ex-seminarian, I have seen all too many of my buddies—ex-priests and ex-seminarians alike—treated as unclean by the Church. Later, most of them found new occupations more fulfilling than the priesthood they had sought. In my own case, I have found my priesthood fulfilled in education—as vice-principal of a ghetto junior high school. My calling is as needed as that of the cloth, and celibacy is not required.

One word of hope: When I left the seminary three years ago, the wheels of change were already churning. Since then, even Rome seems to have sensed that something is going on. PLAYBOY articles are required reading at many seminaries. Within a few months, I'll bet that *Sex and the Single Priest* will have been read by virtually every seminarian—to be

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discussed with great interest and perhaps expanded into term papers. What else can I say but thank you?

Lyle J. Petersen
San Carlos, California

FINE WINES

I am once again pleased to see the work of Emanuel Greenberg in your magazine. I found his latest piece on pop wines, "Sommelier! Another Well-Chilled Bottle of Château Apple Dapple, *S'il Vous Plait!*" (PLAYBOY, July), particularly entertaining. It deals perceptively with a topic not usually taken seriously.

Arthur F. Dawson
Brooklyn, New York

SUMMER PATRIOTS

Writer Douglas Bauer deserves the game ball for his *No Place to Be Nobody* (PLAYBOY, July). It is a revealing look into the world of the pro-football training camp. The drama of competition, where veterans fight for positions year after year, where recent college jocks put the squeeze on the team owners and where a man can lose his job literally overnight—all this is established effectively. I look forward to the football season every year, and Bauer kicked off my adrenaline early.

Michael W. Green
West Palm Beach, Florida

I enjoyed *No Place to Be Nobody*. Some sections didn't please me, but to dwell on them would be less than totally fair. It is hard to be objective when someone is writing about your family. That's what the Patriots organization really is to me. I congratulate Bauer for his thorough job.

William H. Sullivan, Jr., President
New England Patriots
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Bauer's article about last year's Patriots summer camp was immensely enjoyable. Significantly enough, I read it just before this year's training began. It occurs to me now that the only thing missing from the 1972 camp was that Bauer wasn't around to record it.

Tom Neville
Boston, Massachusetts

Neville is an offensive tackle with the New England Patriots.

SUPPORTERS OF THE CAUSE

Robert Sherrill revealed more about himself in *Cause Without a Rebel* (PLAYBOY, July) than he did about John Gardner, head of Common Cause. Sherrill gratuitously maligns Gardner and his organization because both are respected by the establishment and because Gardner has been wrong on several issues in the past. Sherrill shouldn't be so self-righteous. Common Cause is

one of the strongest liberal voices in the country today. Because of its realistic approach—enlisting the powerful, respected and wealthy in the cause of social justice, rather than confronting them hostilely—it has been able to accomplish things for all of us.

Gene Franklin
Seattle, Washington

Being a constitutional conservative, I was pleased to see an article criticizing Common Cause. But, alas, the complaint is that Gardner's organization is not communal enough for Sherrill's obviously left-wing tastes.

J. Hugh Smith
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

I find Robert Sherrill's *Cause Without a Rebel* disappointing. What useful information there is marred by his spiteful personal attack on Gardner.

John Holt
Boston, Massachusetts

Holt is an author and educator whose most recent book is "Freedom and Beyond."

VOICES FROM THE CROWD

In *Far from the Madding Crowd* (PLAYBOY, July), the late Ken W. Purdy outdid himself. More than any other automotive writer, he understood the unique relationship between a man and a well-tuned machine. His technical knowledge was unsurpassed and so was his writing style. I will miss him.

William Frank
Chicago, Illinois

Purdy neglected to mention one of the most outstanding Off-Road Vehicles, recently rediscovered by thousands of Americans. It's called the body and it can cover more difficult terrain than any other ORV. Admittedly, its top speed of two to five miles per hour is less impressive than others, but it can turn on a dime and has a fantastic memory bank that actually enables it to step over—rather than destroy—such obstacles as wildflowers, seedling trees and duck nests. Also, the machine is amazingly quiet; riders don't disturb others while they enjoy majestic sights and sounds. This machine costs absolutely nothing and the accessories—hiking boots, backpacks and tour guides—run less than \$100.

William Agger, M. D.
Oak Park, Illinois

ICEBERG'S TIP

As a long-term payer of extortionate dues on the black ghetto street scene, I got suspiciously odd vibes, and felt frustrated as hell, after my visit with the poltergeistic street-nigger people in James Alan McPherson's *The Silver*

Bullet (PLAYBOY, July). I split McPherson's scene muttering a bunch of muthas and other unsuave stuff for not having felt any familiarity with the author's pseudo-soul milieu.

In fact, the skull-drumming frustrations I felt while examining the confusing ballistics of *The Silver Bullet* can only be illustrated by an experience I had one midnight early in my pimp career.

Love Bone Shorty, an ancient black pimp and coat puller (advisor), was dosing (sleeping off a drunk) on the plush back seat of my ride. I was a neophyte pimp checking my traps. I spotted High Pockets, my thieving whore, on a tenement roof. She was giving me the office (signal) that she was on fire with a highly respectable sting (theft).

Her enormous eye whites gleamed like phosphorus in her ebonic fox face as she leaped from an alley into my moving hog. She opened her legs wide and put both feet on the dash. For a long panting moment, she probed with frantic index and middle fingers deep inside her vagina. There was a juicy kissing sound when she finally pulled the soggy roll out. It was a grand in C-notes. It stank like a sonuvabitch (pimps develop cast-iron guts) as she laid it in my palm. I thumb-fanned the slippery score and was coolly shoving it into my shirt pocket when I felt a series of vicious pokes between my shoulder blades. Immediately after I dropped my sizzling broad off, Love Bone shoved me through the hot grease. "You ain't got no class whatsoever," he said. "You excited jive-ass no-pimping nickel-snatching punk! Sucker, it could be a hundred-grand sting, but you still gotta be cool and demand that the scratch is clean, neat and tidy. You so excited to get a respectable sting you put the whore's stinking cave next to your ticker."

Since your author's principal objective is apparently "soul-shit" satire, this admittedly paranoid street nigger must react icily to *Bullet*. McPherson's is fraudulent symbolism that characterizes all so-called black urban youth gangs and black nationalists as predatory buffoons. I can only hope that my reaction to *The Silver Bullet*, if not shared, is at least understood.

Robert Beck
Los Angeles, California

Beck—or Iceberg Slim, as he is known to his fans—is one of the best-selling underground authors ever. His four Holloway House books—"The Pimp," an autobiography; "Trick Baby"; "Mama Black Widow"; and "The Naked Soul of Iceberg Slim"—are among the baddest, and most realistic, accounts of black urban existence. He is currently writing a screenplay based on his life.





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TO LOVE SOMEBODY
GO UP MOSES
LET THEM TALK
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DECCA
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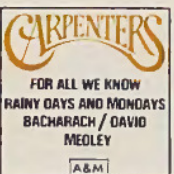
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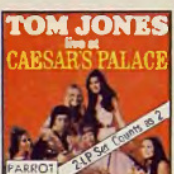
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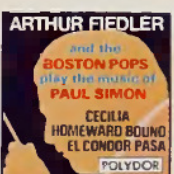
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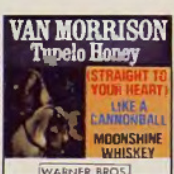
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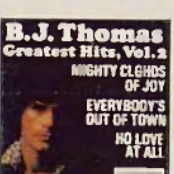
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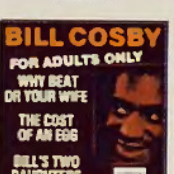
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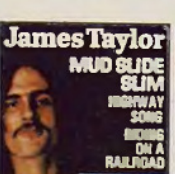
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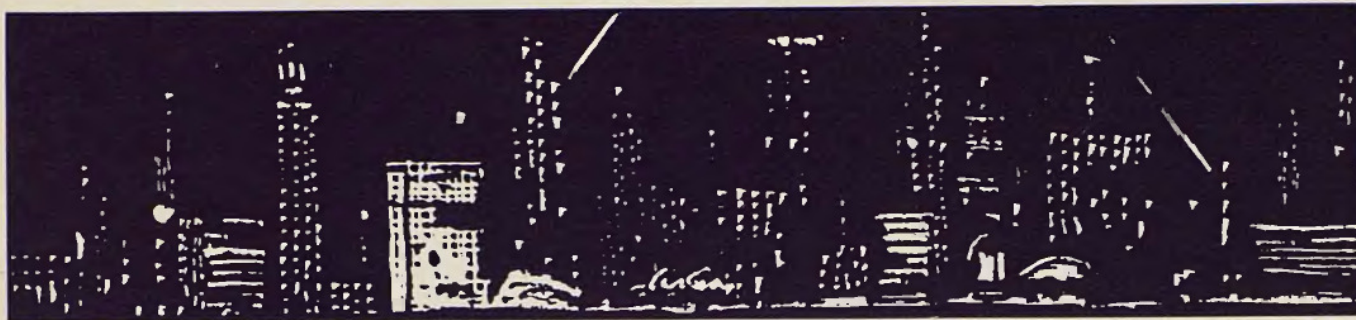
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Super Six

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



From those wonderful folks who brought you the *Kama Sutra*: An inventor in Calcutta has been granted U. S. patent number 3,626,931—for a battery-powered vibrator that clamps around the penis to stimulate the woman's clitoris and vaginal membranes during intercourse. Among the many virtues claimed for this device: "If used by personalities of great achievements, [it] will reduce the probability of their conjugal unhappiness and allied mental strains, and will tend to enhance their conjugal and/or domestic peace, so that, with a tranquil brain, their genius may contribute to society."

We'll drink to that: A food editor in *The Tampa Tribune* noted recently that "tarts are best eaten the same day they are made."

The Associated Press reports from London that clients polled at Madame Tussaud's waxworks chose President Nixon as the third most fearful figure—behind Adolf Hitler and Mao Tse-tung, but ahead of Jack the Ripper. In Amsterdam, Nixon was number one.

In an advertisement for the film *Is There Sex After Death?* in the Durham, North Carolina, *Sun*, the theater inserted the following comment: "The management neither recommends nor condoms this picture."

This is what's known as passing the buck: The biweekly *Lassen Advocate* in Susanville, California, announced a new breakthrough in the pursuit of fiscal integrity. "On Monday evening, the Lassen County Board of Supervisors passed a resolution pledging the county's financial resources to the Pine Lake Project, provided that all funding can be obtained from the state and Federal Government."

The University of Houston printed 8000 copies of a sex pamphlet titled "Between Your Navel and Your Knees,"

to be distributed to all students. Included is a list of "sure-fire ways to get pregnant."

Community pride in the ethnic era: A sign on a restaurant in one of the poorer sections of Milwaukee proclaims: BIG MIKE'S GHETTO DRIVE-IN.

Must have been some wedding! The Hannibal, Missouri, *Courier-Post* carried this write-up: "The bride was given in marriage by her father. She was attired in a floor-length gown of white *peau de soie* styled with a softly gathered skirt, a normal waistline and low neckline. . . . The groom was made by the bride's mother."

A Basque nationalist who turned himself into a human torch and jumped from a balcony in full view of Generalissimo Franco was sentenced, in Madrid, to six and a half years in jail—four years for "illegal propaganda" and two and a half years for causing bodily harm to the policeman on whom he landed.

This slogan was proposed for the Golden Gate Bridge District's ad campaign: "I'm Bruce the Ferry—Ride Me to Sausalito!" It was rejected.

Nice work if you can get it. This report on a trial appeared in the Wheeling, West Virginia, *Intelligencer*: "The jury of nine women and three men was selected Tuesday. They were immediately sequestered in a wing of a suburban motel, where they will love until the end of the trial, expected to take at least three months."

It figures: George Bush, U. S. envoy to the United Nations, was awarded an honorary LL.D.—from Beaver College.

Our Yo Ho Ho Award goes to the gent who placed the following ad in the London *Times*: "Attention, ship bottlemakers: I offer you my services gratis. I

will accept full bottles of amontillado sherry or Haig and Haig whisky, and return them ready for insertion of a ship. Prompt, conscientious work guaranteed."

According to the *Illini*, student newspaper of the University of Illinois' Chicago Circle campus, "The Student Government meeting scheduled for last Tuesday, in which abolishment of the quorum requirement was to be voted upon, was canceled due to a lack of a quorum."

The next time you're in Abilene, Texas, gentlemen, you may wish you weren't. That city has passed an ordinance stating that "no male person shall make remarks to or concerning, or cough or whistle at, or do any other act to attract the attention of any woman upon or traveling along any of the sidewalks."

How's that again? An alert reader reports that a paperback entitled *The Spanish Cookbook*, by Barbara Norman, contains this spicy advice: "Rape is not to be found in North America, but any firm white fish can be substituted."

As the sexual revolution marched up to the gates of normally strait-laced Walla Walla College, a Seventh-day Adventist institution in Washington, this eyebrow-raising headline appeared in the campus *Collegian*: "WOMEN TO OPEN DORMS FOR PUBLIC SHOWING."

The lower-priced spread: California state senator Anthony Beilenson recently introduced a consumer-legislation package in the state legislature. "One measure," according to the U. P. I., "would require rest rooms to post a sign if they serve margarine."

Our candidate for Most Active Senior Citizen of this or any other year is George Bailey, a 75-year-old pensioner who was convicted of operating a house of prostitution, sex perversion, procuring for prostitutes and statutory

rape. When police raided Bailey's Woodland, California, rooming house, they found him with three scantily clad women. Next to his bed was a cash register.

Wire-service reports have it that Marvin Cooley recently was arraigned in Phoenix on charges of failing to file income-tax returns for 1968, 1969 and 1970. Cooley is the author of *The Big Bluff*, a book on tax avoidance.

The times, they are a-changing: From South Sudbury, Massachusetts, comes the word that Longfellow's Wayside Inn (founded 270 years ago and said to be America's oldest inn) has changed its slogan, which used to read "Food, Drink and Lodging for Man and Beast." Now the sign advertises "Food, Drink and Lodging for Man, Woman and Beast."

After observing a number of men entering and leaving a parked panel truck one at a time, Toronto police moved in. Sure enough, it was a joy wagon. Sentenced to 30 days for procuring was a young man named Andrew Horny.

The New York Times ("All the News That's Fit to Print") has reported on a new method of luring houseflies to their death. The device, invented by Daniel M. Stout, research director of Whitmire Research Laboratories in St. Louis, consists of a sheet of colored paper with pictures of flies in postures that entice other flies to join the party. The decoys are shown either eating or mating.

As if attempting to explain the X rating for Stanley Kubrick's latest movie, the Hartford, Connecticut, *Courant* listed the title as *Cockwork Orange*.

It may be that reality's shadow is getting starker these days, or it may be that imagination is on the upswing, but with increasing frequency, people seem to be turning to fantasy as the only reasonable alternative to hassling with fact. Not long ago, we met such a fantasist. Her name is Bobbi Teitel.

Bobbi can't decide what she likes more, wishing or wish fulfilling. To complicate matters, she's gifted with a knack for thinking of dreams as realities. Steering a course midway between the Great American Dream and the Land of Oz, she is piloting an inchoate enterprise, the Lifestyle Experiment Program, which she describes as "not as much a travel agency as an experience agency."

The 27-year-old Chicagoan, also a vice-president of an advertising agency,

conceived of her program during a vacation last year. "While I was away," she says, "I asked myself, 'If I wanted to book not just a vacation but an emotional event, where would I go?'" After investigating and finding no such service, Bobbi resolved to start one and, a year ago, placed ads in a number of publications announcing, "YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFESTYLE. . . . Name it, and we'll set it up. Write: Lifestyle Experiment Program, Inc., 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611."

Surprised and encouraged by the volume of imaginative response, Bobbi sifted through the mail and chose as her first life-style experiment a 19-year-old college lad whose fantasy was "to relive those nights at the sock hop and the burger palace . . . to bop at the soda shop . . . to be a greaser." Fortunately enough, an original musical, *Grease*, running in a Chicago theater at the time, was a production that reproduced the Fifties' ducktail/Chuck Berry/white-socks-and-rolled-up-jeans scene in finger-popping detail. For a \$15 fee, Bobbi bought the boy tickets, dragged him backstage before the performance and convinced the cast to grease him up. "When I told the troupe who we were and why we were there," Bobbi recalls, "we encountered some resistance. But the play had been running for quite some time and, consequently, when the cast members finally dressed the boy to look the part, they began teaching him lines and got so up on the idea that they insisted he pose for photos with them."

"The evening surpassed my greatest expectations," the youth wrote.

Requests keep pouring in: There's a man who wants to be a race-track announcer for a day; another, a history buff, who'd like to live in an "academic commune" (Bobbi has located two—one in New Hampshire and one in Los Angeles—but she hopes to find several others); and a number of inquiries about orgies, which Bobbi claims are too unexciting for serious consideration ("Sexual fantasies are so easily fulfilled these days").

Simultaneously, during off-hours and at night, when she answers Lifestyle Experiment mail, she is also creating fantasies of her own for the unimaginative: bed and board with a California beachcomber, living with a lighthouse keeper or an African tribe, fox hunting and/or feuding with a Southern plantation owner. But the bulk of her projects will, for now and the foreseeable future, be self-propelled by her fantasists. "Their dreams are so much more inventive," she says, "because they're so much more personal."

Bobbi reports that she's now getting most of her requests from California

("The level of fantasy is higher there than anywhere else"). Not long ago, she successfully persuaded the San Francisco Playboy Club to hire a Sacramento post-office worker for a one-nighter as a stand-up comic. "He was, naturally, nervous," she said, "but he's got a great delivery and looks just like Lenny Bruce. The only thing he needs is a writer."

Bobbi, who recently spoke on the Lifestyle Experiment Program at a meeting of Mensa, the high-I.Q. club, was once interviewed by a woman reporter from the West Coast.

"We somehow got onto the subject of women's liberation, when I said, 'What I'm for is people's liberation; that's what my business is all about.' She had nothing left to say."

Neither do we—except "Good luck, Bobbi."

ART

A Saturday spent sampling the art galleries that stretch for more than a mile along the Upper East Side's Madison Avenue, with their atmosphere of *calme et luxe*, provides a serene contrast to the weekday bustle of Manhattan. Admission is always free, whether the gallery is situated in converted town house, private building or street-level store; browsers are welcome and the gallery manager is usually on hand to inform and advise. Since there are well over 100 galleries, exhibiting everything from old masters to kinetic sculptures in this area of New York alone, you should equip yourself with a pair of sturdy shoes and a taste for eclectic adventure before setting out.

You might start just west of Madison at 20 East 56th Street, with the five stories of the Kennedy Galleries, show place of American art from Ben Shahn oils to Old West lithographs. This month's major exhibit: the oils, water colors and tempera of the American master Abraham Rattner.

One block north, at 32 East 57th Street, above a sports-car showroom, is the architecturally streamlined Pace Gallery and its display of contemporary American art. Across the street, on the sixth floor of what looks like an office building, the spacious Marlborough—cultural home of such abstractionists as Rothko, Pollock and Kline—offers a major retrospective of the seascapist John Marin.

Heading north along Madison, turn left a few steps at 64th Street to number 19, where Wildenstein's imposing double doors open into a mirrored, marble-floored *petit musée* filled with ornately framed Légers, Remingtons, Hassams and Homers. For a change of pace, make your

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next stop at Knoedler (21 East 70th Street), a double-decked rectangular gallery in which classic and modern paintings are mounted on walls covered with cream- and chocolate-colored fabric.

If you're ready for refreshment, pause for drinks in the Bemelmans Bar of the Hotel Carlyle, on Madison at 76th Street, where the tables are surrounded by the late writer-artist's murals, and for lunch in the Whitney Museum's sculpture-garden restaurant. (Best save the museum's treasures for a separate visit.)

Back on Madison Avenue, visit number 980, the Sotheby, Parke-Bernet Galleries—the world's greatest art auction house. On a Saturday afternoon, a sale is almost always in progress in the third-floor auction room; someone may be bidding \$1,000,000 for a Rembrandt or a Renoir. In the vast exhibition rooms, treasures still to be sold are on display, and you—the potential bidder—are encouraged to touch, pick up and otherwise inspect them as you can in no museum. October's highlight: the new art-world rage, classical Japanese prints.

The best works on display at number 1014 Madison, the high-ceilinged, white-walled Graham Galleries (which recently held a cartoon exhibit featuring some PLAYBOY favorites), are by contemporary creators. This month: the previously unexhibited major paintings of the American master Edwin Dickinson and the metal sculptures of Padovano. Next door at Perls (1016), this month's feature is that gallery's first showing of Alexander Calder's oils, all done between 1924 and 1958. Stop in two doors north at Danenberg (1020)—formerly one of New York's most attractive town houses—to marvel at the motorized kinetic sculpture of Robert Perless. (If moving metal isn't your bag, the gallery also offers a sampling of 19th and 20th Century American works of art.)

On three of the four corners at Madison and 79th stand some of Manhattan's most exclusive galleries: Acquavella, housed in Lord Duveen's former abode, specializes in impressionist paintings (however, October's highlight is a Miró exhibition); Gimpel's clean-lined modernistic gallery shows contemporary European and American works; and the avant-garde Saidenberg, small but impeccable, features the surrealist paintings of André Masson.

There's no better place to review the day's experiences over late-afternoon cocktails than the sidewalk Café du Parc of the stately Stanhope Hotel, on Fifth Avenue at 81st Street, directly across from the fountains of that greatest of all art galleries, the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Then claim your reserved table at Les Pleiades, the recently opened but already renowned restaurant on 76th Street, between Fifth and Madison, where you can end your excursion on a fitting

note by sharing rack of lamb with the artists, dealers, buyers and other artworlders who have made this excellent dining place their own. Have a nice day.

(Editor's note: The scheduled gallery exhibits are subject to change. As a precaution—and as a handy Baedeker—pick up a copy of *The Art Gallery Guide*, which pinpoints every major New York City gallery and lists its current exhibit. The guide, a detachable insert in the monthly *Art Gallery Magazine*, is available gratis at most of the galleries mentioned.)

BOOKS

It's been only three years since Vine Deloria, Jr., pointed out, in *Custer Died for Your Sins*, that most books about Indians are written by whites; consequently, "They twist Indian reality into a picture which is hard to understand and . . . greatly in error." Until recently, part of the Indian reality was invisible to white Americans—so much so that when Michael Harrington a decade ago categorized "the invisible poor" by race and place, he forgot to mention Indians, though they were the poorest of all. Deloria and other Indian militants changed all that with their books and with their headline-making raids on such national shrines as Mount Rushmore, the Statue of Liberty and Alcatraz. Their success as agitators remains in doubt—Indians are still poor and still powerless—but their triumph as publicizers has been impressive. They have triggered a publishers' stampede through Indian territory: So far this year, at least 75 books about Indians have thundered from the presses, and they're still coming. Not surprisingly, most are the works of white writers and editors who, in the absence of red literary spokesmen, have done their level best to project the Indian point of view. In *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, to cite a famous instance, Dee Brown asks readers to identify not with Custer but with Crazy Horse. Apparently, the nation is eager to oblige: Bantam's paperback edition of Brown's sad saga, published last April, is now in its tenth printing, with 1,900,000 copies in circulation. Setting straight the historical record about whites and Indians is a long-overdue publishing service, even if it plunges white liberals into another of their *mea culpa* binges. It can do a nation no harm to remember its crimes. The danger in all this, however, is that Indian reality continues to elude us. Few of the books extant do much more than transform the red man's image from that of bloodthirsty savage to that of romantic victim. Moreover, books that delve into Indian prayer and poetry—such as Dennis Tedlock's *Finding*

the Center (Dial), a translation of Zuni myths, and Hyemeyohsts Storm's *Seven Arrows* (Harper & Row), a spiritual history of the Plains Indians—sometimes pretend that Indians are omniscient, that, indeed, they possess the keys to paradise. Understandably, in an era of alienation and befouled ecology, the Indian is an attractive figure, one who lives in harmony with nature and with himself, the complete man. Yet to insist that the Indian pose as noble savage is to do him a great disservice. His situation is considerably more complicated and more difficult than some of his partisans seem to think. He merits our understanding as well as our admiration. A good way to begin is to read the autobiography of *Lame Deer—Seeker of Visions* (Simon & Schuster), as told to Richard Erdoes, a white friend. Chief Lame Deer is a Sioux; but "Our people don't call themselves Sioux or Dakota. That's white man talk. We call ourselves Ikce Wicasa—the natural humans, the free, wild, common people. I am pleased to be called that." Lame Deer's long and variegated life has been defined by his struggle to stay free of white influence. In his youth, he resorted to all the familiar and melancholy evasions: alcohol, outlawry and bumming around. Ultimately, he settled down on the reservation and became what his first vision had told him to become—a medicine man, a *yuwipi*. The *yuwipi* ceremony, which can be used both to heal and to prophesy, "goes back to our earliest times. The sacred things used in this ceremony are ties that bind us to the dim past, to a time before the first white man set foot on this continent." Lame Deer has no illusions about returning to that time; the white man, with his "green frog skins" (dollar bills), seems here to stay. Lame Deer's concern is to preserve his Indianness, to keep himself and his brothers from being whitewashed. There is a remarkable scene in which Lame Deer and some friends are "sitting on top of Teddy Roosevelt's head, giving him a headache, maybe." They have climbed to the top of Mount Rushmore to protest "these big white faces" that "have made our sacred Black Hills into one vast Disneyland." As Lame Deer points out, "One man's shrine is another man's cemetery." If the Indians' problem is to regain some measure of their dignity, this book may help.

"I notice that I am a middle-aged American Jewish writer. How can this be? I, who was destined forever to be 17, self-created, with a world only to be conquered and all of history waiting ahead of me, find that, while I've slept, much of the future has mysteriously been moved to the past." And the past that Herbert Gold uncovers in his autobiographical odyssey *My Last Two Thousand Years* (Random House) is a

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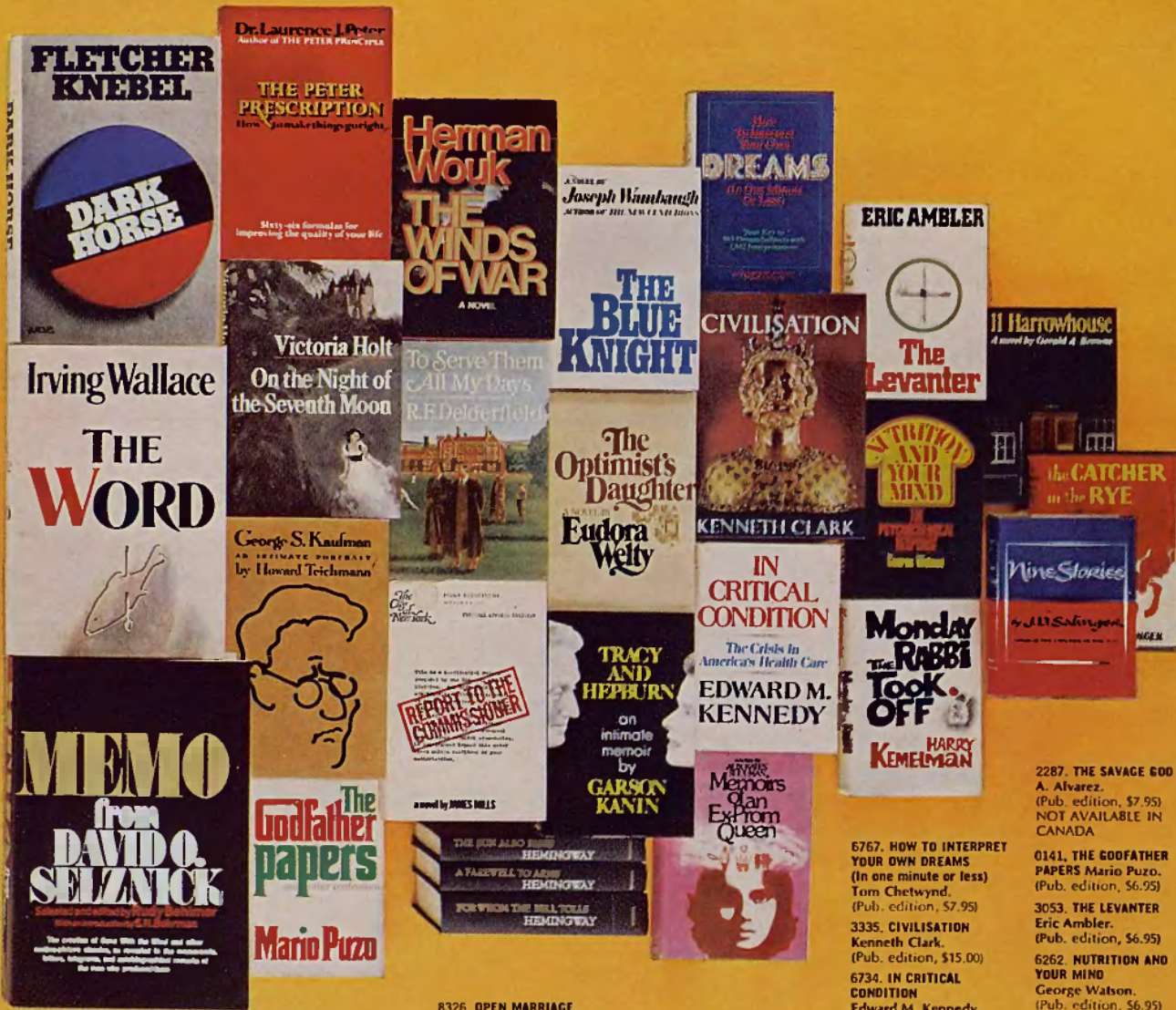
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Jungian sense of Jewishness, as unshakable and indelible as any myth. He finds it in his Cleveland middle-class Jewish boyhood, in the gentile world of the Army. And it is also there when he is a Columbia University philosophy student, a Paris-based expatriate, a Greenwich Village stud (the last two sections first appeared in this magazine). He discovers that even in the backwaters of Haiti, he is forever "hunting for Jews" and that "when a Jew happened, I was alert. It was an odd nostalgia which chilled and wakened me; I didn't know why. I know why; it returned me to myself." Gold's travels take him through a marriage and a teaching career, to Israel and Biafra and the Soviet Union, and lead him finally to the conviction that "I have become what I was born, a Jew, a unique fate, a peculiar devotion to world and spirit wrapped together." *My Last Two Thousand Years* is skillfully poured into the same parapsychological cosmic mold as the author's memorable *Fathers*: It combines a serious metaphysical quest and a swinging autobiographical trip; the result is a book as good as Gold.

There's every chance in the world that John Barth is a genius. We'll know better when he's dead, of course, but in the meantime, add *Chimera* (Random House) to the evidence that impresses his contemporaries and may dazzle posterity. Barth tells one Persian and two Greek stories in a style—well, in many styles, but the one that lingers could be described as a cross between Kurt Vonnegut and *Time* magazine. The first section is titled "Dunyazadiad," the tale of Scheherazade as told by her kid sister, who sits at the foot of the bed while Sherry and King Shahryar go about their verbal and other indulgences. Here, as in the subsequent sections, it's not the story that counts but the story of the story, the technique, the art. To help Sherry out, a 20th Century fiction writer is genie-ed forth, an associate-professor type, specializing, naturally, in Mod. & Contemp. Lit., and full of helpful hints on the gambit of suspense. The second tale, "Perseid," is a free-associating pastiche of the Perseus legend. What seems to be happening is a review of the whole business from the shower-of-gold impregnation of Mother Danaë to the petrification of soul that Perseus is feeling after so many years of marriage to Andromeda—a retributive irony for a fellow who went around turning everybody to stone with his head of Medusa. The recapitulation takes place in heaven, where Perseus is going over the episodes of his life as depicted on a large marble mural. Lastly, the "Bellerophoniad," Barth's account of the legend

of Bellerophon, he who rode Pegasus and knocked off the fire-breathing Chimera for unappreciative King Iobates, who was, in reality, sending Bellerophon out on suicide missions because his son-in-law, King Proetus, claimed that Bellerophon had diddled his (Proetus') wife, Queen Anteia, who is, as everyone knows, the daughter of good King Iobates. Got that? It is with Bellerophon that Barth pulls out all the stops—or gos—and rings in everybody from Napoleon to characters from his previous novels. Behind it all, there is a despair about art in general and fiction in particular. "Mythology," says Queen Anteia, in one of her late transformations (and there are myriad transformations in *Chimera*, by Zeus!). "is the propaganda of winners." Well, then, mayhap this travesty of myth, storytelling, fiction, call it what you will, is the propaganda of losers. It's rich, hilarious propaganda from start to finish, and one can only hope that Barth will remain court jester of a dying kingdom for a long, long time.

The Breast (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is Philip Roth's much-ballyhooed, extremely slender (fewer than 100 large-type, well-spaced pages) long short story about a teacher of lit who becomes a tit. As such, the poor boob delights in having his nipple massaged; dreams of inserting that giant appendage into a vagina, any vagina; and tries vainly to convince himself that he's living in the midst of some mammarian delusion. But he isn't. If Portmoy was at bottom a proverbial prick, Roth's titular hero is doomed to remain forever a literary cousin of the heroes of Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* and Gogol's *The Nose*, the victim of a profound physical and spiritual change in life. The burden of this short story is his complaints, some funny, some horny, but none dynamic enough to give this tale the breadth of a novel or even a *novella*. Viewed as a short story rather than as a bizarre publishing event, *The Breast* deserves high marks as an imaginative, if somewhat academic, literary exercise. It would be a shame if its admirably idiosyncratic qualities were to be obscured by the avaricious publishing procedures that went into launching it.

From Ira Levin one expects—and gets—a gimmick. In *The Stepford Wives* (Random House), he repeats his successful *Rosemary's Baby* formula. This time out, the gothic apartment house is a spotless new suburbia in which all the housewives behave like actresses in commercials, "too nicey-nice to be real." And, indeed, they aren't. For instead of a coven of witches, Levin sets up a Men's Association of Wizards, a group

of new technologists including an "audio-animatronics" specialist, the very man who created those Disneyland Presidential puppets that can move about and talk and change their facial expressions. From the "filthy, crowded, crime-ridden, but so-alive city," a very *now* young ms. moves into Stepford. She's a free-lance photographer and, as a matter of principle, doesn't like to do housework. But soon her husband begins going off to Men's Association meetings. And before long, she realizes she's going to turn—or rather be turned—into one of those chemically brainwashed dreary-dreary Stepford wives "pleased with detergents and floor wax, with cleansers, shampoos and deodorants . . . big in the bosom but small in the talent." In creating his nightmare for women's libbers, Levin is interested in suspense, not spoof. He lays out the mechanics of his plot neatly and twists the screws as required, building to a terrifying, if telegraphed, ending. The result is pleasant enough, one any Stepford wife would be happy to read on a Mike Douglas-less afternoon in her immaculate kitchen while sipping a potful of coffee, basting the roast and doing the laundry.

Noteworthy: Readers who enjoyed the excerpt that appeared in these pages last month from *Semi-Tough* (Atheneum), Dan Jenkins' very funny novel about a couple of Texas boys who play pro football for the New York Giants, can now read the book *in toto*. It's a super bowl event.

DINING-DRINKING

Undoubtedly, the restaurant that has done the most to make Milwaukee famous is *Karl Ratzsch's* (320 East Mason Street), a Beertown institution since 1904. Over the years, Ratzsch's has accumulated dozens of diners' awards and a reputation for remarkable consistency. Naturally, this results from a menu that offers more than just the Rhineland staples of beer and sausage. Once past the dark-wood front door, you're up to your taste buds in *Gemütlichkeit*: Jolly *Fräulein* in peasant costumes bustle past toting huge trays full of red cabbage and heaps of dumplings, a decorous trio saws out Strauss and keeps the atmosphere from being too *bierstube* and there on the walls are—you guessed it—dozens of steins, Bavarian coats of arms and duked-up beer-keg butt ends. If this sounds disturbingly like your own friendly neighborhood ratscheller, fear not, for all similarities cease when you're handed the menu. Experienced Ratzschers are divided as to the merits of the "Old World Suggestions" column versus the "Daily Specials"; however, we found the Old World definitely more intriguing than the Daily. Ratzsch's excellent *Wiener Schnitzel* is exceeded in size only by the

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house's giant apple pancakes; the thin and delicious *Sauerbraten* comes in a thick sweet-sour sauce; the Pork Tenderloin Cordon Bleu is stuffed with ham and emmentaler cheese in a mushroom sauce; and that celebrated Strasbourg dish, Roast Goose Shank, comes *mit* a heaping portion of wild rice. This is in addition to the standard table-d'hôte choice of a thin or thick soup (the lentil, pea, potato and bean are superb), vegetables and a spinach salad with tangy sweet-sour bacon dressing. (Ratzsch's also offers well-cooked New World fare, but if you're craving French fried shrimp or a porterhouse, why go to a German restaurant?) For dessert, there are dozens of tortes and strudels. Besides a large variety of imported and domestic light and dark beers—which will be served in \$250 hammered-copper steins, if you so wish—Ratzsch's has assembled what is probably Milwaukee's finest wine list. The Bordeaux goes back to 1949, that very good year, and includes many '59s and '61s—although to drink the latter would be an impetuous act. And, of course, there's an ample number of German whites available. Karl Ratzsch's is open from 11:30 A.M. to midnight every day and accepts most major credit cards. Reservations (414-276-2720) are recommended.

The Boarding House, at 960 Bush Street in San Francisco's midtown no place, sits triumphant on a site that has died under jazz clubs, a primitive theater, an ancient brothel and a semifranchise folk-rock establishment. Suddenly, this doomed location is the most popular and worthwhile meeting place for the hip and young at heart. Recent performers have been Tom Rush, The Congress of Wonders, Bola Sete, Chi Coltrane, Tim Buckley, Merry Clayton, Taj Mahal, Earl Scruggs—you get the picture. Some post-Dylan folk rock. A bit of contemporary Gospel. Occasionally, the likes of Ramblin' Jack Elliot or Shel Silverstein amble onstage to give a send-off to a friend, or just because it's foggy in San Francisco and they feel like warming themselves on the best small audience around. Your captain at The Boarding House is David Allen, who used to manage the hungry i, Enrico Banducci's storied joint of the Fifties and Sixties and, before that, played Deputy Dave on a children's TV show. You might not remember him from the tube, but his look—massive, genial, brooding in an apron and a Greek sailor cap—you will not forget as he offers you the family dinner (inexpensive and good) and the waitress hastens up with the house wine, and you settle in for an evening of Montparnasse-Greenwich Village-Barbary Coast pleasure in the amplified mode of the Seventies. The

decor of The Boarding House is a San Francisco reformed-speed-freak version of the main dining room of a *pension de famille* frequented by, say, Balzac's Rastignac. Comfortable, busy and funky. "The fountain is just beautiful; I love it," says a lovely skinny waitress. It splashes. It changes levels. It's lit. During performances, it's turned off because it's too beautiful; it distracts. The house lights consist of rheostat-controlled chandeliers, plus candles on every table, non-rheostat-controlled. It's a decor that just grew, like Topsy; and in its growing, it turned out to be half Joan Baez, half Juliette Gréco and Saint-Germain-des-Prés. That's better than Topsy. A person feels comfortable there. As the great, huge ballrooms die, there has been a return to small clubs, and this one, like the original Troubadour in Los Angeles, is carrying on a tradition: easy food (steak with mushroom sauce, homemade chili, stockpot specials, dollar macroburgers, scallion omelets, etc.), easy listening, easy prices, easy evening. Thank you, Deputy David Allen. The Boarding House is open from 6 P.M. to 2 A.M. daily. No credit cards are accepted and reservations (415-441-4333) are sometimes necessary.

MOVIES

Alexander Portnoy, the hero of Philip Roth's wildly comic best seller *Portnoy's Complaint*, is a swinging attorney who describes himself to his bored analyst as "the son in a Jewish joke." Wordwise, at least, all the jokes about creamed jeans have been brought to the screen intact by writer-producer-director Ernest Lehman, who allows Richard Benjamin, as Portnoy, to talk out his masturbatory fantasies ad infinitum. Even the celebrated bit about Portnoy's violation of a piece of liver remains: "I fucked my own family's dinner." The trouble with Portnoy, the way Lehman and Benjamin present him, is that he often seems little more than a simpering twit whose total self-absorption finally becomes as much of a drag as his lip-smacking confessions of self-abuse. Robbed of Roth's pungent prose, *Portnoy* on film is broadly funny for a while—but only until the shock wears off, which happens distressingly soon. When all else fails, Lehman bears down pretty hard on toilet humor, overstressing such episodes as one in which the teenaged Portnoy pretends to have diarrhea so he can run to the bathroom and beat his meat—with sister's panties pulled over his head—while Dad (Jack Somack) complains about constipation and Mom (Lee Grant, an actress whose talents are nearly always wasted) flails at the john door, begging Alexander not to flush until she examines his pooh-pool. Even if that grabs you, God for-

bid, *Portnoy* deteriorates as it progresses from a boy's juvenile fancies (introducing Jeannie Berlin as Bubbles Girardi, a neighborhood trollop who dispenses her favors while counting to 50) to a kind of psychodrama that ends with some god or other (Phallus, probably) sentencing Portnoy to a limp dick. A sensitive performance by Karen Black as The Monkey, the kind of simple-minded sex object every red-blooded American male chauvinist presumably hopes to meet, is pretty well lost as the movie goes about its business of quoting verbatim all the dog-eared pages of the novel. Nothing outrageous actually appears on the screen in this prep school *Portnoy*, which projects the sensibility of a locker-room loudmouth blathering about his sexual prowess, or lack of it, stroke by stroke.

•
And Now for Something Completely Different begins with The End and abruptly declares an intermission just after threatening to blow up its entire cast. The film's cast consists in the main of a half-dozen Oxford- and Cambridge-bred madcaps known to British television audiences as the airborne writer-performers of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, a kookie BBC-TV comedy series that combines Marx Brothers zaniness with a belt of slightly diluted *Punch*. Under executive producer Victor Lowmes and director Ian MacNaughton (who produced and directed *Circus*), the movie gets off a volley of wild shots from the buckshot school of satire, utilizing broad revue sketches, animated cartoons, photo-collage and any other weapon that comes to hand. "This film is displaying a distinct tendency to become silly," says a somewhat disgusted narrator who breaks in from time to time with flashes of fairly accurate self-criticism. Silliness aside, *Something Completely Different* lives up to its title and ultimately achieves a precarious balance between comic boners and solid belly laughs. The clowns in charge are satirical anarchists who don't always know when enough is enough, but you will probably succumb to their foolery, particularly when they spell out the terrorist tactics of Hell's Grannies, a *Clockwork Orange* gang of little old ladies on the rampage in England, or when they premiere a grand new audience-participation TV show called *Blackmail*, in which the contestants are challenged to remit hush money lest a smilingly ruthless emcee reveal their dirtiest little secrets on the boob tube.

•
 Take an Irving Wallace novel full of trumped-up topical incidents, let Rod Serling adapt it in a format made to order for prime-time TV and you have *The Man*, all about the first black President of the U.S. Despite—or perhaps because of—the presence of such assorted

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luminaries as Jack Benny and commentator Howard K. Smith playing themselves, the movie projects little of the conviction and cogency of *The Candidate*, a far better try at exploiting the overheated political climate of 1972. *The Man's* major asset is a sober, understated, totally persuasive performance by James Earl Jones, as a black Senator who accedes to the Presidency literally by accident—other people's fatal accidents. Coasting for a while as an interim Chief Executive whose inherited Cabinet members respect the time-honored tradition of white supremacy, Jones achieves a blend of stubborn dignity and genuine humility in his portrait of a man caught between brothers asking him to be a black Messiah and others asking him to play Uncle Tom. Unfortunately, the White House, meticulously reproduced for the occasion, is staffed by a company of good guys and bad guys, expressing themselves behind closed doors in the smoothest clichés. Martin Balsam as the liberal aide, Burgess Meredith as the unctuous Dixiecrat and William Windom as a wavering archrival whose ambitious wife (Barbara Rush) wants *him* to be the next President are all lined up in this smarmy portrait of Washington society. As the President's militant daughter, pert Janet MacLachlan adds a note of freshness, though she too suffers from the nervously contrived plot—concerning a movement to waive extradition of a young black American fugitive who has assassinated the president of South Africa. While conspicuously corny, *The Man* at least avoids the recent tendency in films to bend over backward to the point of endorsing mindless violence in the name of freedom.

Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, who are the best of friends offcamera (see PLAYBOY's August pictorial), radiate plenty of animal magnetism and plain body heat as co-stars of *Boxcar Bertha*. Based on the lively autobiography of Boxcar Bertha Thompson, the movie describes milady's younger years as hobo, hijacker and sometime whore. Good gritty photography by John Stephens adds a *Bonnie and Clyde* touch to every seedy location—mostly places where entire towns appear to have sprung up on the wrong side of the tracks—but *Bertha* just doesn't wail along at *Bonnie's* cannonball pace. Barbara and David take up many of the slack moments, however—she with the easy, bumptious charm of a born-n'-bred country wench, Carradine with an ugly-handsome manliness that suggests a cross between James Coburn and his own dad (veteran character actor John Carradine, who plays the villain of the piece, an anti-labor railroad tycoon). Barry Primus gives a snappy account of himself as a crook and gambler charged with comic relief, the kind of Eastern



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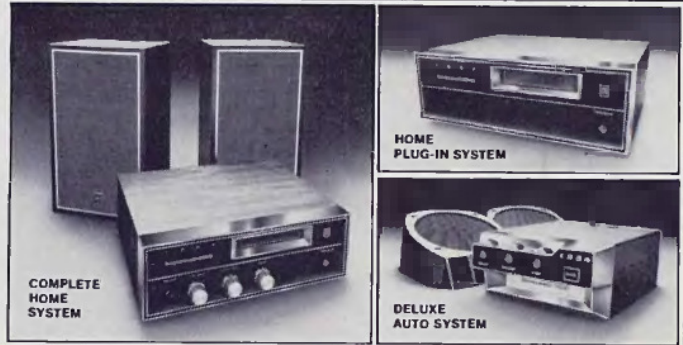
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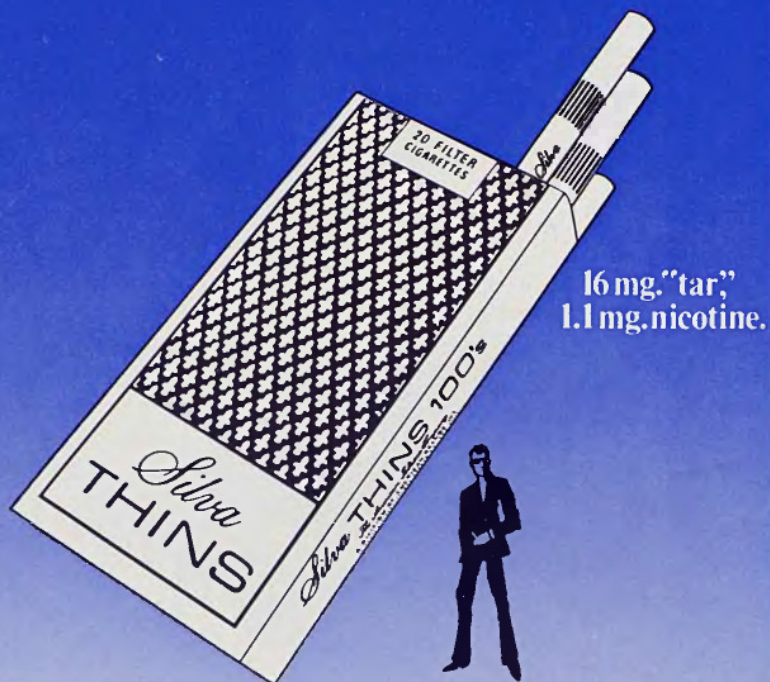
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dude who worries about being properly dressed when he goes to hold up a swanky dinner party. Yet the movie's occasional fun and authentic Thirties flavor are dissipated in a scenario written partly with tongue in cheek, partly with head in muck. Producer Roger Corman, known from here to Transylvania as a director of horror flicks, is still peddling sex and violence of the old school.

Four men set off in two canoes to shoot the rapids of a river running through the wilds of Georgia and find themselves tested far beyond their expectations. One dies, two commit murder and another is subjected at gunpoint to a homosexual assault by a pair of mountain men. Thus the dangerous games men play to prove their manhood are considered in poet James Dickey's Hemingwayesque best seller *Deliverance*, sensitively adapted for the screen by Dickey himself (who also plays a minor role as a sheriff). While the novel's violent action boils to life under the sure hand of cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond (whose camerawork enhanced *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*), British-born producer-director John Boorman seems to miss a good deal of the psychological depth and subtlety that made the book much more than a first-class thriller. Dickey's scenario still implies a lot about the raw, beautiful river country that will soon be lost forever at the bottom of a vast man-made lake, but Boorman has no corresponding sense of mystery and sometimes lets the story lurch into mere melodrama. His handling of Burt Reynolds and Jon Voight as Lewis and Ed, the chief protagonists, also betrays some consciousness that these two are movie stars; and though both actors perform capably, they seldom match the kind of down-home truth projected without effort by Ned Beatty and Ronny Cox, as their pals, or by Billy McKinney and Herbert ("Cowboy") Coward as the leering sodomists. Admirers of the book will probably rue the fact that *Deliverance* is not the film it might have been, but practically everyone else should find enough spills and thrills here for half a dozen hell-and-gone action movies.

Burt Reynolds seems more at home as a semicompetent Boston detective in *Fuzz*, a lively comedy-drama about police ineptitude. The police belong to the 87th Precinct squad celebrated in 24 novels and several films by Evan Hunter, who signs his exercises in criminology with the pseudonym Ed McBain. *Fuzz* is Hunter's own adaptation; and his insider's view of life around the station house—which happens to be suffering through a paint job by a pair of typically cynical civil servants—adds

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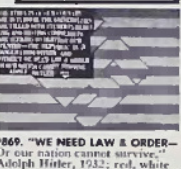
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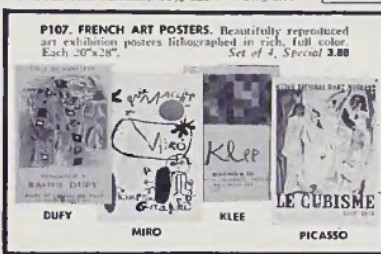
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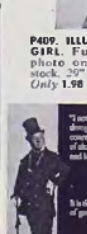
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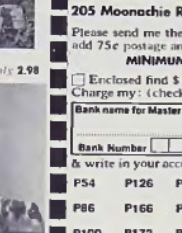
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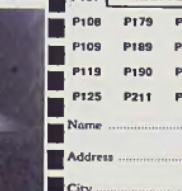
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up to pleasant commercial entertainment. The serious parts of the plot concern a diabolical scheme (masterminded by Yul Brynner) to assassinate some city officials, but there's other dirty work afoot, everything from robbing liquor stores to setting drunken derelicts on fire. Reynolds, Jack Weston, Tom Skerritt and Raquel Welch—the latter cutting loose as a voluptuous girl detective assigned to entrap a rapist—perform with the breezy authority of actors who know how to play a piece of pop art for all it's worth.

As *Joe Kidd*, Clint Eastwood drives a vintage locomotive off the tracks and virtually flattens the Main Street of a frontier town filled with a land baron's gunslingers, every man jack of them mean as a snake. It's a fitting climax for a kinky hoss opera that resembles those European-made spaghetti Westerns in which Eastwood became a box-office champ. Clint may be a wooden actor, but the wood is solid stuff—fine-grained, smartly polished and seasoned by many hard knocks. *Joe Kidd* revels in violence without apologies, and the cold little smile that seems to set off Eastwood's trigger finger (and quicken feminine pulses) will probably excite future social historians as a clue to the distemper of our time. Robert Duvall and Don Stroud play a pair of screen villains everyone loves to hate, while John Saxon and Stella Garcia speak for the Mexican-American underdogs who are fighting to hold onto their land, though the debates about justice merely pass the time until *Joe Kidd* whips out his gun. This is Eastwood country, remember, where death is swift but hardly more serious than a showdown in Frontierland at Disneyland.

The title *Duck, You Sucker* may invite audiences to expect more of the same blood sport from Italian director Sergio Leone, creator of the aforementioned *Dollar* Westerns starring Clint Eastwood. Filmed in Spain, with Rod Steiger and James Coburn sharing the action, *Sucker* has action aplenty—blown bridges, gun battles, train wrecks, massacres and simple assassinations—but Leone takes a relatively serious approach to this rambling tale of two unlikely comrades-in-arms who find themselves embroiled in a Mexican revolution during the heyday of Pancho Villa and Emilio Zapata. Coburn sheds his image as a swinging gang buster to play an immigrant Irish rebel who specializes in explosives—and he takes to the role with conviction, despite a brogue he probably picked up in San Diego. And Steiger, as a Mexican *bandido* with a penchant for train robberies, pours the spillover of his abundant emotional

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juices into a performance as colorful as anything he's done since *In the Heat of the Night*. *Sucker* succeeds in yanking some big-name talents out of their ruts.

The effectiveness of films as propaganda was discerned decades ago by such authorities as Lenin and Hitler, who failed to note that it's easier to swallow a message if it's laced with a little humor. Comedy carries the day in two new pieces of political cinema, the better of which is *F.T.A.*, a film version of the antiwar revue performed for Servicemen around the world by Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland and the militant Free Theater Associates. Photographed without frills during the troupe's Pacific tour that took them from Okinawa to the Philippines and Japan—always in streets or parks or auditoriums, since they were barred from U. S. military bases—*F.T.A.* (for *Free the Army* or *Fuck the Army*, depending on your tastes) is quite accurately billed as *The Show the Pentagon Couldn't Stop*. And, in fact, the offstage drama might have made a better movie than the crudely filmed performance onstage, for U. S. military authorities reportedly sent destroyers steaming away from ports and clamped on pass restrictions whenever *F.T.A.* came too close for comfort. The movie shows why: Any base commander might suffer a fit of apoplexy at the sight of black and white GIs, along with native sympathizers, cheering the bitter songs and broad sketches about the U. S. presence in Asia. "Nothing could be finer than to be in Indochina, making mon-on-on-ney," goes one sprightly song-and-dance turn (which incidentally reveals a bright new side to Ms. Fonda's abundant talent). Between interviews with soldiers, there are sharply pointed numbers by Sutherland, singer-composer Len Chandler, actress Holly Near, singer Rita Martinson, poetess Pamala Donegan and a supporting cast abristle with conviction. Their self-righteousness often threatens to become a bore, but humor saves them every time.

Richard M. Dixon, the celebrated actor-model whose resemblance to President Nixon must be making him rich, does a toe-tapping dance routine to introduce *Richard*, a somewhat facile attempt to make the life and times of Nixon look downright silly. The title song has music by Galt (*Hair*) MacDermot, and the screenplay offers cameo roles for John Carradine, Mickey Rooney, Kevin McCarthy, Vivian Blaine, Paul Ford and sundry performers whose political sympathies don't improve the jokes they're given. Dan Resin and Lynne Lipton, as Young Richard and Young Pat, contribute a few droll moments as lovers who converse entirely in slogans, but *Richard's* funniest bits depend on Nixon himself—who appears in

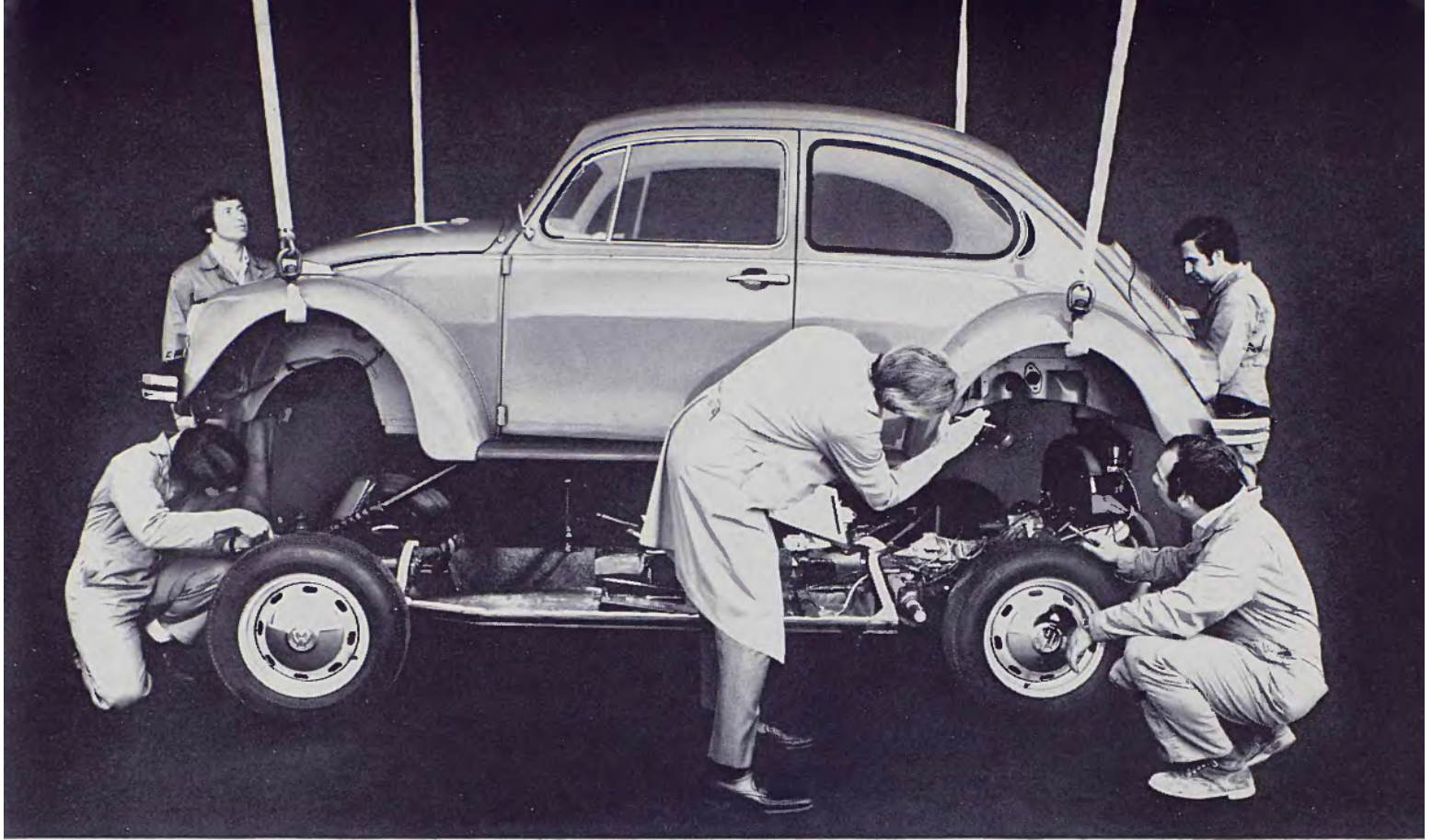
filmed political addresses (the famous "Checkers" speech reappears for perhaps the 100th time) while the sound track oozes saccharine melodies. Despite clever editing, this is satire made easy; the jokesters have taken aim—if you'll pardon the expression—at a sitting Dick.

RECORDINGS

Arlo Guthrie is no longer just Woody's kid but a serious folk artist in his own right. His singing and playing have both matured, and on *Hobo's Lullaby* (Reprise), he presents a nice balance of old and new, including two great Hoyt Axton numbers, two old pop favorites (*Anytime* and *Ukulele Lady*) and songs by Dylan, Woody and Steve Goodman. Arlo's own *Days Are Short* may be the best thing here. An impressive roster of accompanying musicians and some interesting, off-beat arrangements give further evidence that the kid has indeed grown up and come a long way from *Alice's Restaurant*.

Richard Roundtree, who got onto the marquee as an actor, makes an auspicious singing debut on *The Man from Shaft* (MGM). Most of the credit, though, has to go to producer Eugene McDaniels, who wrote most of the material and did some of the arranging. McDaniels is one of the few really imaginative songwriters around these days; his stuff frightens a lot of critics, both underground and above, but is favored by some of the best musicians, such as Roberta Flack and Les McCann (who is here hidden amid the background voices). As a matter of fact, some of the best cats extant are here—Thad Jones, Richard Davis, Ray Brown, Carol Kaye, Joe Farrell, Hubert Laws, Pepper Adams, among others—and, along with McDaniels' own bassist-pianist, Leon Pendarvis, they give blessed life to the funky *Street Brother*, the whimsical *Sagittarian Lady*, the pensive *Peace in the Morning* and a half dozen additional tunes. A lot of other singers making debut LPs should be as lucky as Roundtree. But then, not many of them would be hip (or daring) enough to get McDaniels to produce them.

Solomon ("The Preacher") Burke has been dishing out boss soul sounds for a long time now. *We're Almost Home* (MGM) was apparently produced to his own taste and, believe us, it's almost there. The title tune is a moody masterpiece wherein Solomon escorts his lady down South to the old family home. *I've Got to Do My Own Thing*, *The Things Love Will Make You Do* and *Sweet, Sweet Reason* get into some mellow grooves; the latter also has a timely message and a nice soprano-sax break. *Everybody Wants to Fall in Love* is in Burke's old-time style; *Misty* adapts well



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to the r&b treatment it gets; and *Drown in My Own Tears*, done with acoustical guitars, is a gem. The album's only flaw is a tendency toward overproduction, which gets out of hand on *I Can't Stop Loving You*.

When Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77 expanded to a group of eight, they evidently decided to set a new musical course. *Primal Roots* (A&M) is a far cry from a number of their recent, rather dreary "commercial" recordings, which always seemed locked in the same pseudo-bossa-nova slot. The group is back to the real heart of Brazil in a big way, with almost no concessions to current musical fads and top-40 whims. One of the great additions to Brasil '77 is the guitar of Oscar Neves. *Primal Roots* proves a revelation.

Just when you think poppa's still in the same old bag, pow! He's got a brand-new one and a lot of musicians are left trying to catch up. We're talking about James Brown, of course, and his two new LPs, *There It Is* (Polydor) and the mostly instrumental *Food for Thought* (People), which features his current band, the J.B.s. Both albums combine groove music, such as *Talkin' Loud and Sayin' Nothing* (on *There It Is*) and *Gimme Some More* (on *Food*) with deep-down, bluesy interludes such as *King Heroin*, which adorns the first record in its familiar form and gets an instrumental reading on the second. Brown may have plenty of competition for the title of Soul Brother Number One, but there's no way you could call him Number Two.

Elephant's Memory is a fine rock band that occasionally plays at Max's Kansas City, an "in" New York saloon. Just beginning to get some of the notice it deserves, the band suddenly blew it all by collaborating with the Lennons on Apple's *Sometime in New York City*. (A second LP in the album consists of a mediocre live jam with the Mothers of Invention.) John and Yoko's descent into smug didactic sentiment and facile political outrage has been going on for three years now. Their music, if anybody's still listening, has gotten so bad that it's moved beyond puerility to insult. *Woman Is the Nigger of the World*, says Yoko Ono from her perch on the bar stool at Max's. Tell 'em 'bout it, baby. By the way, whatever happened to John Lennon, one of the geniuses of pop music?

The Great American Songbook (Atlantic), a big, fat twin-LP album by Carmen McRae, is unquestionably the best thing she's ever set down on vinyl. Recorded "live" at Donte's, an L. A. club, it's filled with great songs, magnificently rendered with the immediacy and electric excitement that only a live performance can

engender. With Carmen are guitarist Joe Pass, pianist Jimmy Rowles, bassist Chuck Domanico and drummer Chuck Flores. Carmen runs through the works of a pantheon of composers. Side two provides a case in point: *I Only Have Eyes for You*, *Easy Living*, *The Days of Wine and Roses*, *It's Impossible* and *Sunday*. Ear-filling, heart-warming fare.

Aretha's back to where it all started. *Amazing Grace* (Atlantic) is Gospel of such an incredibly high order, one doesn't know where to start with the praise. Miss Franklin, accompanied by a rhythm section and James Cleveland and the Southern California Community Choir, says it all in the hypnotic title song, but the sound that fills these two LPs—*Mary, Don't You Weep*, *Give Yourself to Jesus*, *God Will Take Care of You*, *Precious Memories* and others—is pure unalloyed joy.

Thick as a Brick (Reprise) screams the jacket of Jethro Tull's newest. The disc comes symbolically enshrouded in a funny facsimile of an English small-town newspaper that reflects all the bourgeois nonsense that Ian Anderson, Tull's guiding light, apparently wants to put down. But while the poetry on the record is clogged and obscure, the music stretches out in one clear, continuous flow throughout the two sides. This is English art-rock at its best—tight, thematically unified, with echoes of English folk and church music, jazz and Spanish rhythms. John Evan's organ is outstanding; Anderson's singing and flute playing have both improved since *Aqualung*. If he could only forget about his pretentious lyric baggage and present an album of straight music, he'd really have something.

THEATER

Al Carmines, the hyperprolific songwriting minister at Greenwich Village's Judson Memorial Church, usually spins his soaring melodies and gently spoofing lyrics around nonreligious subjects. In *Joan*, the Reverend Carmines turns to God for source material. This is an updating of the Joan of Arc story, with Joan as your average American bomb-throwing radical. She may seem like a curious heroine for what is almost a musical comedy (very musical and quite often comic), but Carmines (as author, composer, lyricist, director and—on the piano—one-man band) is less interested in Joan herself than in the forces that oppose her. Despite an endearing performance by the stockily unchic Lee Guilliatt, the character is still a trifle hazy around the edges. If Joan lived today, says Carmines, she would die tomorrow. He sinks his satirical shafts into social workers, psychiatrists and the

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church—an ecumenical vaudeville trio of ultracompromisers. The chorus is composed of men and women in religious habit. Nothing is sacred, yet the show is deeply spiritual. It's the music that elevates *Joan*; hymns take flight. In Carmine's graceful hands, pastiche and parody become a pop-art form. At Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

On its own terms, Gene Lesser's revival of *The Beggar's Opera* is a roistering entertainment—but those terms aren't quite John Gay's. When Gay wrote this work in the early 1700s, he intended it not just as a Brueghelian celebration of the masses but also as a put-down of the classes. Beggars and lawmen switch roles. Society is corrupt. Bribery cuts across social barriers. You can't tell a cutpurse from a turnkey. Unlike the Brecht-Weill *Threepenny Opera* taken from the same source, Lesser's Chelsea Theater production plays down the social comment, plays up the sportive. The laughter is explosive, the cavorting epidemic. The tone is more Moll Flanders than Polly Peachum. But Gay's high-spirited score is intact, "newly realized" by Ryan Edwards—old airs transformed. And the cast is filled with robust singers. Although Timothy Jerome lacks the heilish magnetism necessary for MacHeath, Kathleen Widdoes makes an adorably innocent Miss Peachum, Marilyn Sokol is a properly pushy Lucy Lockit and Jill Eikenberry is a lusty Dolly Trull. The production may be less than Gay, but it's loaded with comic criminality and rollicking bawdry. At the McAlpin Rooftop, 34th Street and Avenue of the Americas.

The widely heralded rebirth of American theater, spearheaded by the gutsy producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, Joseph Papp (whom we featured in *On the Scene* last May), isn't limiting itself to the borders of Lower Manhattan. The new mood is a country-wide phenomenon, as decentralized and grass-roots as a McGovern campaign, with all the sweat, innocence and ideological fervor preserved intact. For polish, spectacle and sheer quantity, New York is still unsurpassed. But a number of Chicago-originated productions—*Grease*, the Fifties musical, and Paul (Second City) Sills's Story Theater—have earned national attention despite (and perhaps because of) their lack of surface sophistication. In a town where cynicism is a political institution, we've found that Chicago's experimental theater is not only less cynical than New York's but more youthful, more exuberant, more likely to poke fun at itself and—in that great continuing Chicago tradition—more lustily entertaining than New York's as well.

In a refurbished North Side warehouse called The Body Politic, there is a play currently running—a trilogy, to be precise—so innovative, so phantasmagorical that it may well play a major role in shaping the theater of the Seventies. It's called *Warp!* and it's billed as "the world's first science-fiction epic adventure play in serial form." Written by Stuart Gordon (who also directs) and the pseudonymous bury st. edmund (Lenny Kleinfeld), *Warp!* is an astonishing tour de force of the imagination that flings the audience from the petty office intrigues of a branch bank to the precipices of the 84,000th dimension and the impending annihilation of the universe. The action begins when David Carson (John Heard), Nebbish bank clerk, is transformed into Lord Cumulus, Defender of Goodness. After first meeting the "nefarious insect sorceress Valaria" (played by the sensuous Carolyn Gordon), Cumulus is captured and taken to Fen Ra, where Lugulbanda, the seer (Richard Fire), informs him of his true identity and mission: to save the cosmos from the diabolical Prince Chaos (Tom Towles) and his simian slave, Symax (William J. Norris).

On an elliptical stage that doubles as a gym mat, *Warp's* characters strut and soar through dimensions like laser beams through kryptonite. Part *Marvel* comic, part gangster flick, part acid hallucination, part satire, *Warp!* crackles with an electrifying array of music (by members of the cast, otherwise known as the Organic Theater Company) and special effects (by Flying Frog Enterprises) that range from drop-down "skleeks" (magic purple bananas) to palpitating stroboscopic light shows. The ray guns that actually fire, the green smoke that oozes from dying aliens and the costumes by Cookie Gluck (Carolyn O'Neal)—which run the gamut from bare ass to Pago Pago to rainbow-colored gauze and all the way to a four-legged boxlike creature that looks suspiciously like an ailing Datsun's fuel filter—all overshadow no less-brilliant acting. Cordis Fejer as Sargon, the warrior woman, is absolutely calisthenic; Towles as Chaos, the coolest evildoer this side of eternity, delivers his lines ("This is heavy business") with a sassiness that sizzles; Heard is the ideal cosmic Dudley Do-right; and Fire is the yammering prophet, Lugulbanda, whose head lights up like a Christmas tree as he enters his Trance of Ten Thousand Truths. They are complemented just as ably by the rest of the cast. Though, on balance, *Warp!* is more theatrics than theater, it all adds up to one of the most potent imaginative experiences we've ever witnessed on a stage. At The Body Politic, 2259 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Having been cursed with a low draft number, I'm now seriously considering leaving the country. The President's sop to the populace, not sending draftees to Vietnam, doesn't satisfy me. I think conscription is a form of slavery, wherever they send me; and as an additional protest to this violation of the 14th Amendment, I would like to renounce my citizenship. How can this be accomplished?—S. P., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

You might first want to exercise your rights as a citizen before discarding them—that is, go to the polls and vote your feelings. But if your mind's made up, you can give up your citizenship very simply by formally renouncing it at any U.S. consulate. Other ways include obtaining naturalization in a foreign state, serving in the armed forces of a foreign state without authorization by the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense, voting in an election of a foreign state (this does not apply to those born out of the U.S. of American parents, who thus hold dual citizenship), committing an act of treason against the United States or staying out of the U.S. during a war or national emergency in order to avoid serving in the military. Bear in mind that the penalties in some instances may be more severe than losing your citizenship.

I can't hold back my ejaculation long enough to satisfy my wife. While I understand it may be primarily an emotional condition, I wonder if any of the desensitizing creams on the market would help.—H. S., Phoenix, Arizona.

We don't recommend them. Aside from the possibility of an allergic reaction, in which the sex organs of either you or your partner may break out in blisters, there's also the possibility that use of the cream will desensitize your mate's genitalia as well as your own. You'd be better off experimenting with the technique perfected by Masters and Johnson to increase ejaculatory control, which has worked very successfully in a clinical setting. However, the technique is simple enough to be tried on a do-it-yourself basis. You can read about it in their book "Human Sexual Inadequacy" or in Nat Lehrman's popularized version of their work, "Masters and Johnson Explained." The latter can be obtained from PLAYBOY's Subscription Department for \$1.75.

Ever since I first read about water beds (*Bedsprings Eternal*, PLAYBOY, May 1970), I've considered buying one, hesitating first because of the price and then because of their weight once filled with water. They're cheap enough now, but

recently I read about an air bed that is supposed to be even more comfortable than the water version. Before I spend the bread, can you tell me if the air bed is the way to go?—J. N., Boston, Massachusetts.

What you're referring to is the latest thing in four-posters, the air-fluidized bed, consisting of a tank filled with tiny glass beads. The beads are covered by a filter sheet and then warm air is blown up through them to support the sleeper. Invented by Thomas S. Hargest, director of the engineering-development section of the Medical University of South Carolina, it's gotten rave reviews for sheer comfort from chronic insomniacs and from women in labor. Unfortunately, nobody's tested it for nighttime activities other than sleeping—the consumer version is not yet on the market and the hospital model costs around \$5000.

My husband is turned on by pictures of girls with large breasts. Although he assures me that my face and body are beautiful, I am not big-busted and I can tell that he is disappointed when he looks at me. Our sex life has been great except for this. He tells me that he loves me, but I know he would prefer that I were larger, and this has been depressing me. What can I do?—Mrs. Y. A., Boise, Idaho.

Stop fretting about it. If he's willing to fulfill his fantasies with pictures, we'd suggest you consider yourself lucky and keep working at what sounds like an otherwise happy marriage.

For a long time, I've thought about getting away from it all and wonder if it's still possible to buy an island, either in a large lake or off one of the coasts. Or have they all been snapped up by now?—D. B., Des Moines, Iowa.

Islands are still available, though the chances of getting one cheap are probably small. You might approach a real-estate firm that serves a state noted for its abundance of lakes and islands, such as Wisconsin or Minnesota. Or you might write to the Government's General Services Administration, which occasionally has an island or two to sell. Finally, you can contact an organization that specializes in high-priced real estate, such as Previews, Inc. (offices in major cities). Its latest guide includes listings that range from a ten-acre island in Wisconsin, complete with lodge, two cabins and boat-house, for a tidy \$115,000, to such luxurious parcels of wave-swept real estate as an island, off the coast of Connecticut (three and a half acres with oyster beds, a 14-room English Tudor house

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—unfurnished—and boathouse thrown in for \$300,000), to a 650-acre island, complete with small village, in the Bahamas, for a trifling \$3,500,000. Presumably, an island's price depends on its location, size, demand and "improvements" such as a house, dock, etc.

A friend has told me that the best brushes are made with bristles taken from pigs that have been starved. I wear my hair long and am interested in obtaining a good brush, but I also have strong feelings against mistreating animals. Is my friend right? Natural bristles are more expensive and, therefore, better, I assume. Why?—P. W., San Francisco, California.

Your friend is wrong. Bristles don't come from starved pigs, they come from wild boars, primarily those in China. The boars are captured, debristled and released to grow more bristles, so there's a minimum of mistreatment—unless you consider a close haircut a form of punishment. Natural-bristle brushes are more expensive than nylon brushes because it's difficult to get your hands on a wild boar, much less debristle him (the best bristles come from those parts of the boar that he has most reason to protect). More and more wild boars are being domesticated and, since soft living results in soft bristles, the price of wild-boar bristles continues to climb. A natural bristle is considered better than nylon because it has microscopic "cups" on the shaft that tend to collect the dust in the hair as well as to spread the natural oils throughout the body of the hair; the natural bristle also tends to be less abrasive to the scalp than the machine-cut nylon.

Ive been married to my husband for five years and have two children. I do a good job of maintaining the house and caring for the kids, but this doesn't seem to count for much when we're in bed. In brief, we have a wonderful relationship—except for sex. My husband is obsessed with business—he talks about little else—works long hours and usually pleads that he's too tired when he gets home. He seems able to go for three or four weeks without even thinking about sex and when we do have intercourse, I feel he does so only to please me, which turns me off completely. I don't understand it; I had always thought a young man's sex urge was very strong. Can you help me?—Mrs. F. S., Atlanta, Georgia.

There is a strong possibility that your husband's lack of interest in sex may be symptomatic of a problem that deserves prompt discussion with both you and a marriage counselor or psychiatrist. The other side of the coin, of course, is that the fault may inadvertently lie with you. A man's sex drive may be compared to a raging torrent that can sometimes be dammed with a toothpick. You insist

that you and your husband have a wonderful relationship, but are you sure he thinks so, too? You say he talks about nothing but business, which at least hints of a lack of communication between you. Sadly, "wonderful" marriages are too frequently a mask for hidden hostilities and the growth of private barriers. The marriages that most often work are the ones that aren't so wonderful, that are full of problems and crises that require the empathy and understanding of both partners. If your husband fails to act as you think a husband should, perhaps you've unwittingly allowed yourself to become just a housekeeper in his eyes. The broth tastes better with a little spice; the fireplace is warmer with an occasional flame. Let your husband know, by words and actions, that he married someone who's more than just a mother and a maid; the results might surprise you.

Not long ago, I was thrown out of a rock concert by the manager because I had taken in a small cassette tape recorder. All I wanted to do was to tape the concert for my own benefit, not to make copies of it, so I figured I wasn't breaking any law. Did he have the right to do what he did?—H. L., Chicago, Illinois.

Yes—in fact, he probably had a number of grounds on which to throw you out. First, there are the rights of the holders of the music's copyrights. Then, there are the rights of the theater owner, who undoubtedly had posted a sign restricting the taking of recording equipment into the concert or had printed such information on the tickets. In addition, courts have determined that while a ticket entitles you to listen to the concert, it carries an implied restriction against recording it. Finally, of course, there are the rights of the performer himself, who owns his own singing or performing; if somebody tapes his performance, he is taking the performer's property without permission.

The combination of women's liberation and leap year is giving me a scare. Emboldened by the former, my girl is relying on the latter to rationalize her marriage proposal. She insists that the custom of women proposing to men during leap year has at some time been sanctioned by law, whereas I say it's a custom, like Valentine's Day, that is perpetuated by the people most likely to gain from it and/or by those who are afraid to wait to be asked. Who's right?—A. M., Miami, Florida.

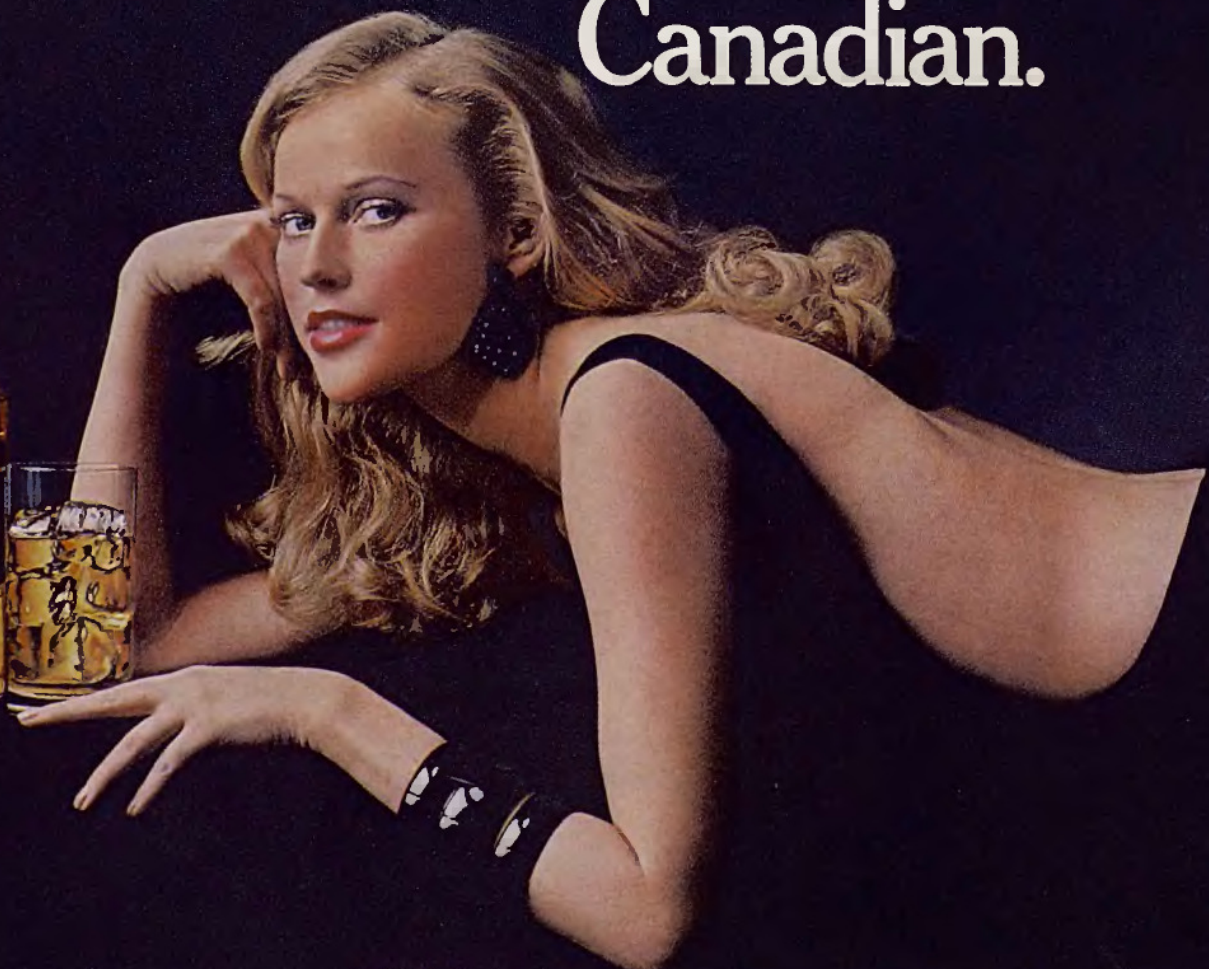
The lady apparently knows her history. The fact is that the Scottish Parliament laid down a leap-year law in 1288. It said: "It is statut and ordaint that for ilk yeare known as lepe yeare, ilk maiden ladic, of baith high and lowe estait, shall hae libertie to bespeke ye man she likes." The custom had become a part of

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English common law by 1600: "As oft as lepe yeare doth return ye ladyes have ye privileg of making love to ye men, which they do either by wordes or by lookes, as to them seemeth proper." You may point out to your girl, however, that these laws, and similar ones in several other European countries, provided the reluctant bachelor an out. By transactions ranging from paying a 100-pound fine to presenting the lady with a silk gown or a fancy dress, a besieged young man could ransom himself from her claims.

My wife and I are debating whether to buy a standard-size or compact car and I wonder how the total cost—purchase plus upkeep—would average out for the life of each car. Can you help?—S. T., Cleveland, Ohio.

According to the Federal Highway Administration, a standard-size 1972 automobile will cost an average of \$13,553 to buy and operate for ten years (or 13½ cents for each of the estimated 100,000 miles it will travel). This breaks down to (in addition to the cost of the car) \$2787 for 7350 gallons of gasoline, \$2117 for maintenance, \$1350 for insurance, \$1800 for parking, tolls, etc., and \$1319 for state and Federal taxes. If you buy a compact, you can cut your total cost to \$10,808, while a subcompact will run \$9414.

I'm afraid that I have V.D. but I'm also fearful of seeing a doctor, as he might inform my parents (I'm a minor) and, worse yet, my girl's folks. Is there any way I can get around this, any clinic that would keep my secret?—S. F., New York, New York.

Many states do not require doctors to inform the parents of minors with V.D.: New York is one of them, so you have nothing to fear when you visit a doctor you trust or a health clinic. However, if the tests prove positive, the doctor may ask you to give the names of the persons with whom you've had sex. These people will then be notified—discreetly—so that they can also be tested. Don't be reluctant to reveal the names; you're doing the others a favor, since venereal disease is harder to detect in females (many girls don't know they have it until their boyfriends tell them).

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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1377 JAMES GANG
Straight Shooter
ABC



5198 ROBERTA FLACK
First Take
Atlantic



1433 GRASS ROOTS
Move Along
ABC/Dunhill



8178 THE WHO
Who's Next
Decca



8333 SONNY & CHER
All I Ever Need
Is You Kapp



6431 STAPLE SINGERS
Be Altitude,
Respect Yourself Stax



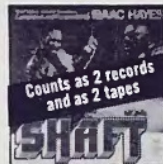
6884 THE LONDON
CHUCK BERRY
SESSIONS Chess



8672 JACKSON 5
Lookin' Through
The Window Motown



5138 LED ZEPPELIN
Atlantic



0635 ISAAC HAYES/
SHAFT Original ST
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Enterprise



5206 CREAM
Live, Vol. II Atco

5503 ENGELBERT
HUMPERDINCK
Live At The Riviera
Parrot

0505 CROSBY, STILLS
NASH & YOUNG Four
Way Street (2 LPs &
2 tapes) Atlantic

1037 STEPPENWOLF
Gold ABC/Dunhill

6870 THE GOSPEL
SOUL OF ARETHA
FRANKLIN Checker

2783 B. J. THOMAS
Billy Joe
Scepter

9114 OSMONDS
Phase III MGM

1196 GRASS ROOTS
Their 16 Greatest Hits
ABC

3700 JAMES TAYLOR
& The Flying Machine
Euphoria

3860 HILLSIOE SINGERS
I'd Like To Teach
The World To Sing
Metromedia

2779 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. Two
Scepter

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or 3 FREE TAPES

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8 track

cassette

or Defer Selection—send expanded list.

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Mrs. _____
Miss _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. # _____

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging my \$5.00 membership (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected will be added).

Check one: Master Charge American Express
 Acct # _____ BankAmericard Diners Club

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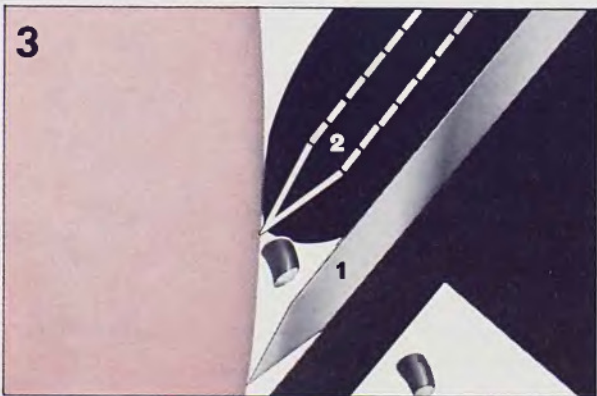
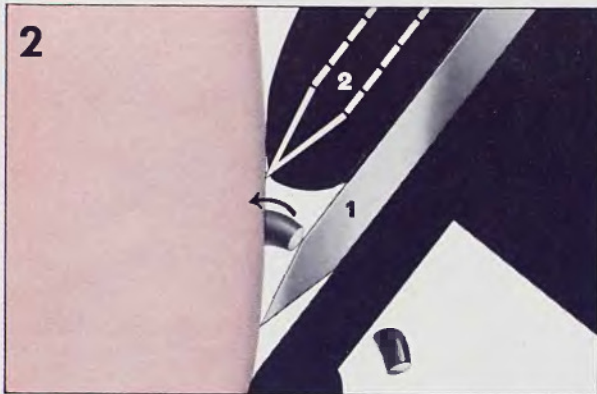
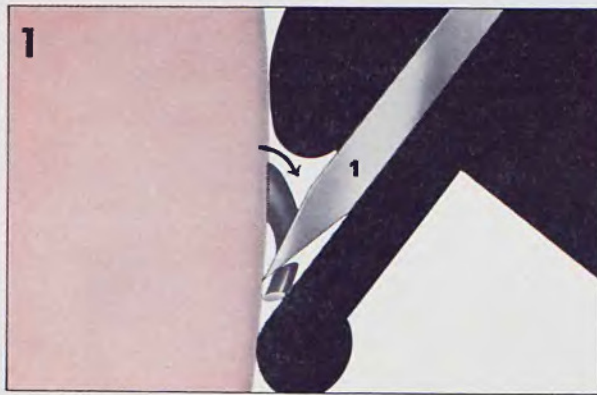
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CANADIANS mail coupon to above address. Orders will be serviced in Canada by Record Club of Canada. Prices vary slightly.

1972 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA #100

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

Here's why your razor could use a second blade.

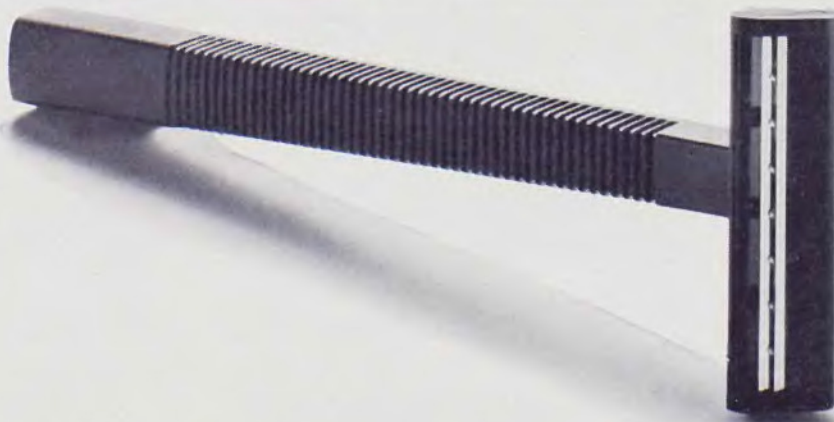


(1) When you shave with your one blade razor, the blade actually stretches the whisker out from the skin for a moment. (2) But after your razor shaves it, the whisker snaps right back. Now, if you had a second blade in your razor, right behind the 1st one... (3) you could shave that whisker again, before it had a chance to snap all the way back. This would mean you'd get a closer shave.

What's more, if you had 2 blades shaving so close, you could recess them for extra safety. So if your razor had 2 blades, you could outshave any one blade razor in the world.

Of course, if your one blade razor did have 2 blades, it wouldn't be your one blade razor anymore.

It would be our 2 bladed one.



The Gillette TRAC II™
Two Bladed Razor
 It's one blade better.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE ZANESVILLE STORY

I would like to express my deep gratitude to *The Playboy Forum* for publishing letters (July, August, September) about my husband's imprisonment. As you are aware, Tom's conviction was reversed by Ohio's Fifth District Court of Appeals. He will be home within a week after I write this and there are no words to express the emotion I feel. I believe the *Forum's* coverage helped immensely. I've received many calls and letters expressing sympathy and support and have not yet recovered from the pleasant shock of discovering that there is nationwide interest in justice.

There may yet be a new trial and our local prosecutor may appeal the case to the state supreme court, but we've won on this level and now we can be together while we carry on our fight. Again, thank you very much.

Pamela Shuey
Zanesville, Ohio

Although Tom Shuey is free (pending further action against him), his brother-in-law, Terry Mace, was convicted in July on charges involving the alleged sale of narcotics and has been sentenced to 20-to-40 years in prison (see letter from Terry Mace in the September "Playboy Forum").

DRUG TRAGEDY

I am disgusted with *The Playboy Forum's* position on marijuana and other drugs. Read the *Life* story about Richie Diener and then think about the propaganda you constantly dish out on how harmless marijuana is. Richie's blood is on your hands, as well as the blood of countless others whose lives have been destroyed because they believed your miserable theory that the weed doesn't lead to hard drugs. I accuse Hugh Hefner and his editorial staff of being the most destructive element, on a par with the Mafia, in our society since this country was founded. May all of you rot in hell!

G. K. Donovan
Tulsa, Oklahoma

The article referred to, which was published in the May fifth issue of Life, is the harrowing account of a boy who, starting with marijuana, became a multiple-drug user and got into increasingly violent conflicts with the authorities and his parents. Finally, armed with a steak knife, he came at his father, who shot

and killed him. It is a deeply sad story and a complex one, and it would be simplistic to attempt to draw a single moral from it. You, obviously, would like to believe marijuana caused this. Neither author Thomas Thompson nor any of the persons he quoted who were familiar with the case drew any such conclusion. The article cites the county district attorney's estimate that 75 percent of the young people in that locality had experimented with marijuana or other drugs, indicating that this is one family's tragedy and justifying no general conclusions. If you want statements based on scientific evidence concerning marijuana and addictive drugs, they're available. Here's what the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse wrote:

Whether or not marijuana leads to other drug use depends on the individual, on the social and cultural setting in which the drug use takes place and on the nature of the drug market.

The fact remains that there is no inevitable or necessary link between marijuana and hard drugs.

POLICEMAN'S BLINDNESS

The letter entitled "A Policeman's Dilemma" in the July *Playboy Forum* made me want to vomit. I am currently an inmate of California Men's Colony for a drug offense. I find it impossible to sympathize with the police officer who went easy on some kids caught with Cannabis and who therefore apparently thinks he deserves applause and sympathy. If this policeman wants to be accepted with open arms by anybody besides his mother, he will either have to change the mire he's part of or leave it. When he can say, "This is what I've done to make a real change and not merely a compromise with the existing absurdities," when he stops merely spraying on deodorant and takes a thorough bath, then maybe I'll be ready to listen.

Steven Robert Wells
California Men's Colony
San Luis Obispo, California

COMPARING POT WITH BOOZE

Many of those who favor legalization of marijuana contend that pot is no more harmful than alcohol. This is an unsound comparison. The drinker does not

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drink in order to get drunk; he does so because he likes the taste of his favorite concoction. Bartenders make their living by being able to make drinks to satisfy a variety of people. The pot smoker, on the other hand, smokes in order to get high, and he puts up with the bad taste and a burned throat to do so. Therefore, we should compare smoking pot not to drinking but to drunkenness. To be consistent, if we legalize marijuana, we'll also have to legalize drunkenness.

Thomas W. Gape
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Drunkenness should not be illegal, though people should be held accountable for any damage they do while drunk—and they usually are. Let the pot smoker, too, be brought to book not for being high but for any harm he does while high. Fair enough?

DRUG-ANALYSIS SERVICE

The Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has decided to allow PharmChem Laboratories to reinstate its confidential street-drug-analysis service after six months of requiring the laboratory to collect the names of persons who submitted samples. The service, Analysis Anonymous, provides unbiased information about the true content of street drugs to individuals.

Anyone may submit drug samples for testing, without fear of legal involvement, either in person or by mailing them to PharmChem Laboratories, 1848 Bay Road, Palo Alto, California 94303, enclosing ten dollars per sample and identifying it with any five-digit number. After three days, test results may be received by calling the laboratory at (415) 322-9942 and referring to the number. PharmChem asks that people include information regarding the alleged content of the drug, its origin by city or county and the street price. This information is periodically published and distributed.

Lawrence Goldman, Ph.D.
Palo Alto, California

MISSION: DEBATABLE

Everyone is against crime, but I'm beginning to wonder how many recognize criminality when they see it. As an experiment, ask the next average liberal guy you meet what he thinks of the TV drama *Mission: Impossible*. He probably won't see anything wrong with it; yet, if you asked whether or not he favored Government agents' assaulting and kidnaping people suspected of crimes, searching their homes without warrants and often conspiring to commit murder by proxy through various elaborate deceptions, he would say that's criminal—fascistic, in fact—and he's against it.

That *Mission: Impossible*, one of the most popular shows on television, promotes a morality that puts the agents

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

IN THE LINE OF DUTY

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—The superintendent of police has ordered his department's vice squad to abandon their successful tactic of securing evidence against prostitutes by having sexual intercourse with them. A vice-squad officer had instituted the practice because, he said, evidence of invitations and payments wasn't standing up in court.

In Evansville, Indiana, two women working in a massage parlor have been indicted for performing acts of sodomy on undercover policemen. Police said four young unmarried officers volunteered for the duty.

JUSTICE TRIUMPHS—BARELY

SAN FRANCISCO—The California supreme court has ruled unanimously that nudity in secluded places does not constitute indecent exposure under state law. The decision overturned the conviction of a man arrested for sun-bathing in the nude on what he thought was an isolated stretch of beach. While he dozed in the sun, some people arrived and called the police. He was convicted of indecent exposure, given a three-year suspended sentence, placed on probation and ordered for the rest of his life to register as a sex offender in any community where he might live.

SOLVING PROBLEM PREGNANCIES

DEWSBURY, ENGLAND—A British social-services director surveying local mental institutions found two sane women inmates who had been committed in the Twenties as "moral defectives" because they had given birth to illegitimate children. In each case, parents had approached local authorities, who designated the women, aged 20 and 23, subnormal under mental-deficiency laws then in force. When the laws were eventually repealed, the women remained in the institution because they had nowhere to go. Now 64 and 71, they have been transferred to a home for the elderly; but the social-services official expressed concern that there could be similar cases at many other mental hospitals in the country.

ABORTION REACTIONS

A Harvard University psychiatric team studied 100 women who had obtained abortions and found that 91 experienced no significant regrets, guilt feelings or other adverse psychological reactions. The researchers stated that concern over the emotional consequences of abortion appeared to be generally unfounded except in cases where a woman is pressured

into terminating a pregnancy against her wishes. However, abortions may place considerable emotional strain on some medical personnel who perform them. A University of North Carolina psychiatrist told the American Psychiatric Association that interviews indicate some doctors and many nurses dislike both the operation and the patients who undergo it for other than purely medical reasons.

FETUS STATUS

ALBANY, NEW YORK—New York's non-restrictive abortion law has been upheld by the New York court of appeals, the highest court in the state, which ruled five to two against an argument that fetuses are legal persons with constitutional rights. The suit had been brought by a 40-year-old unmarried Catholic law professor at Fordham University who earlier had obtained a court order appointing him legal guardian of unborn fetuses.

Elsewhere:

- In Hartford, Connecticut, a three-judge Federal court restrained the state from enforcing its new, strict abortion law in the case of a 16-year-old unmarried girl seeking a legal abortion. The same panel of judges had found the state's old abortion law unconstitutional and said there was "sufficient probability" that the new law, passed by the legislature in a special session, would be found unconstitutional also.

- In Washington, D. C., a Federal district court ordered the District of Columbia General Hospital to stop requiring consent of the husband when a married woman applies for an abortion or sterilization.

- The Pennsylvania Abortion Law Commission, consisting of 23 women appointed by Governor Milton Shapp, ended five months of hearings and study with the majority recommending "the removal of all criminal sanctions against abortion except those relating to the state's legitimate role in safeguarding the health of women."

- In Boston, the Commission on the Status of Women, in its final report to Governor Francis W. Sargent, recommended the repeal of state laws restricting abortion. The commission also recommended expanded sex education and estimated that more than 50 percent of high school brides are pregnant at the altar.

- The question of legal abortion will be on the November ballot in Michigan and probably in Florida as a result of initiative campaigns in both states (see letter titled "Abortion on the Ballot" in this month's "Playboy Forum").

HONEYMOON MANUAL

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—Virginia residents will be issued a booklet on contraception with every marriage license. The state assembly provided for the service in one of the public-health bills it passed, and the response to the policy has been generally favorable. However, one state senator said the pamphlet should be mailed out instead of handed out because it detracts from the romance of getting a license and might even be an unpleasant reminder. He asked: "What about people who are going down there to get the license because they didn't know about birth control? How do you think they're going to feel?"

SPIRIT OF THE LAW

COLUMBUS, OHIO—The state of Ohio has used a century-old prostitution law to permanently enjoin a Cleveland metal-plating company from dumping dangerous wastes into a river. The law prohibits creating a public nuisance.

THE PRODUCERS

VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA—Sheriff's deputies raided a home, seized cameras, whips, chains, small quantities of marijuana and hashish, and arrested nine persons allegedly planning to make pornographic movies. The nine were charged with conspiracy to commit sex perversion, conspiracy to publish and distribute obscene matter, and possession of narcotics and paraphernalia. The undercover agents who infiltrated the group reportedly put up \$5000 toward financing the operation.

FREEDOM FROM WORSHIP

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Cadets and midshipmen at the U. S. Service academies are no longer forced to go to church on Sunday. Ending 150 years of military tradition, a U. S. court of appeals ruled that compulsory chapel attendance violates the First Amendment's prohibition against the establishment of religion. Among the high-ranking officers who defended the old policy was an admiral who testified that "an atheist could not be as great a military official as one who is not an atheist." The Defense Department may appeal the decision to the Supreme Court.

DELAWARE SPARES THE ROD

DOVER, DELAWARE—Delaware has officially retired its whipping post. Governor Russell W. Peterson signed a bill revising the state's criminal code and eliminating the last corporal-punishment laws remaining in the United States.

TRUTHSPEAK

SPRINGFIELD, VIRGINIA—An industrial-security firm has developed a new type of lie detector that measures psychologi-

cal stress by analyzing the subject's voice frequencies. The device, called a Psychological Stress Evaluator (P. S. E.), already has been used in a few criminal cases with apparent success. However, it has met opposition from some professional polygraph operators who fear that it may not adequately differentiate between stress from lying and stress from other causes; they also object because it has the potential for being used covertly, without the subject's knowledge. The company claims that the P. S. E. proved accurate 91.7 percent of the time in 25 tests using the television program "To Tell the Truth." A spokesman for the company said that, to his knowledge, the detector has not yet been used to judge the truth of statements made by politicians on televised news conferences.

SPEEDY JUSTICE FOR SKYJACKERS

LOS ANGELES—Like frontier horse thieves, skyjackers should get a quick, fair trial followed by hanging, according to Los Angeles chief of police Edward M. Davis. Talking with newsmen, Chief Davis said: "I would recommend we have a portable courtroom on a big bus and a portable gallows and, after we get the death penalty put back in, we conduct a rapid trial for a hijacker out there and then we hang him with due process of law out there at the airport."

WIN A FEW, LOSE A FEW

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The U. S. Supreme Court soundly rejected the Nixon Administration's contention that, in the interest of national security, the Government has the right to wire-tap radicals without obtaining warrants. Voting eight to zero, the Court held that freedom for private dissent "cannot safely be guaranteed if domestic-security surveillances may be conducted solely within the discretion of the Executive branch." The Justice Department had never claimed such power until then—Attorney General John N. Mitchell, supported by President Nixon, argued that the Government's authority to conduct unrestricted surveillance of foreign agents extended to domestic dissenters whom the Executive branch deemed a threat to national security.

In another First Amendment case, the Court ruled that newsmen may be called as witnesses and forced to reveal confidential news sources. The majority opinion held that this compelled newsmen to perform only "the citizen's normal duty." Justice Potter Stewart, dissenting, argued that the ruling "invites state and Federal authorities to undermine the historic independence of the press by attempting to annex the journalistic profession as an investigative arm of government."

of the state above the law—the very same morality employed by Hitler and Stalin—gives me an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach, and it brings to mind a fact that most of us would like to forget: The morality of dictatorship may be closer to the heart of the average man than the morality of freedom.

I'm opposed to censorship, even of such an evil example of ethical degradation as *Mission*; but there is no point in ignoring the ethical aspect of mass-media content, either. If broadcasters were reading *Mein Kampf* on prime time, I think magazines such as *PLAYBOY* would take note. As it is, you had better take note of phenomena like *Mission*, unless you want to be drugged, kidnaped and defrauded yourselves someday by zealous defenders of the official line who grew up watching this shit.

Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo
The Neo-American Church
San Cristobal, New Mexico

LIFE FOR BURGLARY

To add to your collection of horror stories about injustices, here's what happened to science-fiction writer James Nelson Coleman: In 1961, Coleman was convicted of unarmed burglary. His sentence was life.

While in jail, he taught himself to write and he has been turning out and selling a novel a year since 1967. He wrote to the Science Fiction Writers of America for some information and when I learned about his case, I asked other writers for help. Randall Garrett and Joe Hensley were particularly active in raising money and getting legal machinery going for a review. After a hearing, Coleman was released in June. Without the help of his fellow writers and of his readers, Coleman might still be serving a life sentence for a crime that did not involve injury or violence.

To say that the reason for this is that Jim Coleman is black would oversimplify the issue. The law that allows for this kind of sentence is on the books and it could be used against anybody. As such, it is a threat to everyone.

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Secretary
Science Fiction Writers
of America
Albany, California

PRISON REFORMER PERSECUTED

As one of the attorneys representing Mrs. Frances Jalet Cruz in the lawsuit just tried here in Houston, I want to thank the Playboy Foundation for its contribution to the American Civil Liberties Union chapter here, which will help defray the cost of defending her. Although testimony has been concluded in this case, no opinion has yet been rendered by the judge.

Mrs. Cruz is a 61-year-old lawyer who has represented prisoners under the jurisdiction of the Texas Department

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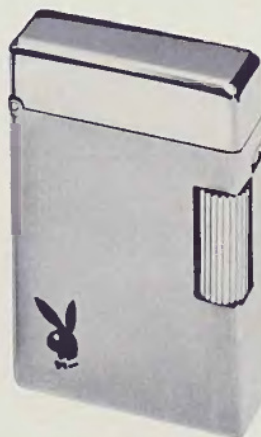
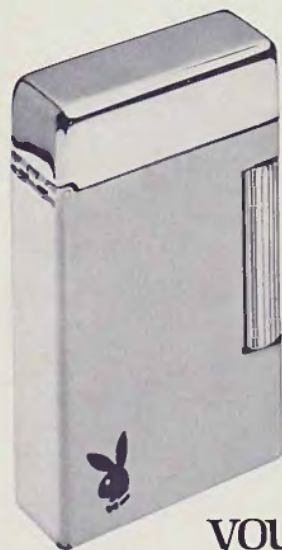
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of Corrections in civil-rights suits and habeas-corpus suits without fee for almost five years. Suit was brought against her by three prisoners who claim that she was acting in a conspiracy with her inmate-clients to threaten, intimidate, assault or kill them in order to take over the prison system by revolutionary means. They sought to have her barred from the prison system. In the opinion of Mrs. Cruz's lawyers, the prisoner-plaintiffs were prompted to make these fantastic charges by authorities who do not want publicity brought to bear on administrative policies of the Texas Department of Corrections, and this action against her amounts to nothing more than a witch-hunt.

We were able to show that, for the most part, the witnesses called by the plaintiffs indulged themselves in a considerable amount of lying. In many instances, we were able to prove that Mrs. Cruz's clients were not even at places they were alleged to have been at the time acts of violence were supposedly committed. One plaintiff changed his testimony, admitted on the witness stand that he had been lying throughout and stated that he had been prompted to do so by prison authorities. Another plaintiff disappeared two days after being paroled by the Department of Corrections, and we were able to bring witnesses to testify that this plaintiff had indicated he was merely using the prison officials, by filing this lawsuit, to win a parole for himself. Finally, on the last day of the trial, Dr. George Beto, director of the Texas Department of Corrections, admitted on the witness stand that he was not particularly happy about the idea of prison administrative policies being brought to light in court. All these developments tended to demonstrate that this suit was simply an effort to silence the one voice that has been repeatedly raised in this state against prison policies of solitary confinement, denial of privileges, brutality and effective nullification of the Bill of Rights for prison inmates.

On behalf of all the attorneys who worked on this case, I express my appreciation for the sizable amount the Playboy Foundation contributed.

W. W. Kilgarlin
Attorney at Law
Houston, Texas

MINISTER FREED

In April, *The Playboy Forum* published a letter from Weston D. Bailey of the American Brotherhood Alliance describing my long and truly unbelievable fight to prove myself innocent of a morals charge brought against me by the state of Washington. I have now, after seven painful years of court action and over two years in prison, won my case, as the Superior Court of King County has dismissed the charges against me. Without

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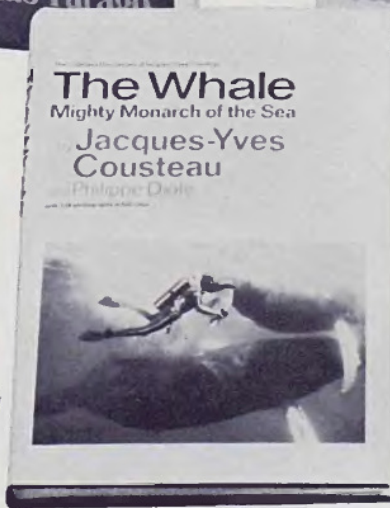
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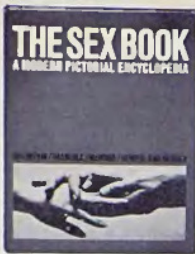
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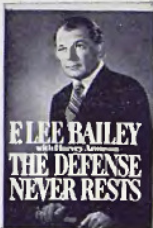
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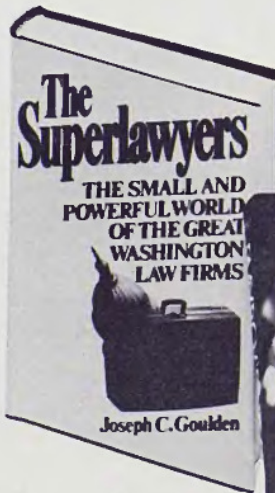
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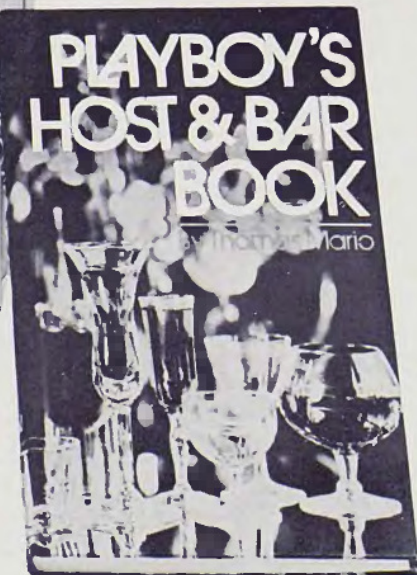
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which you published in April.

A number of Government officials have condemned the shootings; even John Mitchell, who then was Attorney General, declared that the gunfire and the deaths were "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable." Fox, apparently unaware of this, makes the ridiculous statement that the students would not have gotten away with demonstrating in China. In other words, procedures developed under the U.S. Constitution are inferior to the Chinese Communist way of handling things.

Perhaps the most frightening statement in the Fox letter is his rejection, with the simple-minded epithet "bullshit," of my contention that the Justice Department's summary of the FBI report on the Kent State incident points to "but one explanation for the shootings: a conspiracy on the part of several Guardsmen, mostly sergeants, to shoot at specific students" (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1971). What is frightening about this is that, in the very next breath, Fox expresses the wish that he could have been among the Guardsmen to do just that. The logic in this escapes me, but the hatred is all too evident.

On the question of the possible conspiracy and the Government's refusal to risk a Federal grand-jury investigation into that question, it is significant to me that James A. Michener, author of *Kent State: What Happened and Why*, expressed his agreement with this explanation of the shootings in a letter written to the Reverend John Adams. Adams is the director of the United Methodist agency that submitted my report on the Kent State killings to Mitchell a year ago. In his letter, Michener stated that if we are "legally right" in assuming that the term conspiracy could mean a decision to do a wrong reached within a few moments, then our "case is irrefutable."

Peter Davies

Staten Island, New York

YOUTH LOBBY

After a period of relative calm, members of the younger generation have been provoked by the escalation of air and sea bombardments in Vietnam into taking drastic steps to impress their anti-war views on their elders. Once again, we've seen riots, sit-ins, demonstrations and young people injured and jailed. Unfortunately, all this hasn't changed anything. One important development could effect changes, though: the enfranchisement of 18-to-21-year-olds. This year, 11,000,000 people in that age group will be eligible to vote.

However, even if young people do influence elections, those elected will be besieged by the same old special-interest groups and their lobbies and the shadow government that controls and writes many of our laws. We have formed the Young People's Lobby of America to

give youth a chance to make changes in the laws within the framework of the Constitution.

At this writing, the Y. P. L. A. is still embryonic. We are chartered as a non-profit corporation in Florida, but we hope to have lobbyists in Washington and in all state capitals, in time. We have small chapters going at a few colleges and universities. We're seeking support from college students, young Servicemen and young workers.

Jim Stephanis

Joe Whitcomb

Young People's Lobby of America
Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, Florida

BEYOND THE FRYING PAN

In the June *Dear Playboy*, Allan Smith writes that space research has "utterly no relevance to the plight of mankind on this earth. As far as I can tell, the only usable spin-off from our entire aerospace effort has been the Teflon frying pan." I have seen similar opinions expressed many times by people who obviously didn't take the trouble to study the matter before they popped off. As a matter of fact, Smith is even wrong about Teflon, which was invented in 1938. But the space program has contributed to developments in specialty fabrics, heating and temperature-resisting products, concentrated energy foods, eye-blinking control switches (now used by paraplegics), improved medical sanitary procedures, equipment for monitoring people's vital processes, sling supports for limbs, agricultural information gathering, weather prediction, and much more. These things should be considered relevant to the plight of mankind by anyone able to see beyond the end of his nose without the aid of the Mt. Palomar telescope.

Stephen T. Tokar

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

MONEY FOR OUTER SPACE

With all the billions we spend putting men on the moon, why doesn't the Government cut loose with some heavy bread for cancer research? They could lick the disease in less than a year. Why is it necessary for celebrities to beg for nickels and dimes on telethons to raise thousands, when this kind of money is petty cash in Government budgets?

Stan Gordon

New York, New York

The Cancer Act of 1971 authorizes the spending of 1.6 billion dollars a year for three years on research. Your complaint about misplaced national priorities is justified but not, however, your singling out of space projects. Putting a man on the moon has been but one result of the program, albeit a result that happens to be nothing less than a landmark in the history of life on this planet. Other contributions include important new developments in medical knowledge

and techniques, some of which are relevant to cancer research. It would make more sense to complain about enormous military expenditures; the estimated Federal budget for 1973 shows the cost of space voyaging as relatively modest compared with other programs—it amounts to a little more than three billion dollars, while national defense (including the Vietnam war) is allotted more than 7.8 billion dollars.

EXPENSIVE MEDICINE

The demigods of the Democratic Party have proposed a compulsory medical-insurance plan that will cover all Americans from birth to death. If the American Medical Association doesn't put up a strong fight against it, I shall be sorely disappointed, for such a plan would be a direct infringement on the inalienable rights of the men and women of the medical profession. Putting doctors, nurses and technicians under the state's iron thumb may satisfy our public servants' misplaced sense of duty to the people, but it surely will not improve, and may well deteriorate, the standards of excellence that have so far been provided by the medical profession.

The bleeding hearts of both parties are giving away a lot of gifts nowadays that are not theirs to give. In the end, we all get robbed.

Jo Friedlund

Santa Rosa, California

The A. M. A. probably won't disappoint you. But while it is putting up "a strong fight," people are still getting sick, medical costs are rising twice as fast as the cost of living, yet the "standards of excellence" you mention are not being met. The United States lags behind 13 other countries in infant mortality and behind 21 in life expectancy, and there are 20,000,000 Americans for whom medical care can be described as inadequate at best, nonexistent at worst. People are beginning to demand that something be done and something will be; if the medical profession wants to protect its "inalienable rights" (whatever they may be) from encroachment by politicians and/or other "outsiders," then it had better come up on its own with a positive plan to make decent medical care accessible to everybody and to reduce the crushing burden of medical costs.

WOMEN IN MEDICINE

Dr. John W. Docktor was highly indignant because "women doctors don't wait to get pregnant or have planned families" (*The Playboy Forum*, June). The three women physicians I know who became pregnant during my years in school all were past their training programs, all took their normal two-week vacations to have the babies and then all came back to work. Five or six of the male interns during the same

period had illnesses that caused hardship and an increased work load for their fellow interns (including two healthy women).

Holier-than-thou male physicians ignore the recent American Medical Association study that indicates the adjusted attrition rate among female physicians is not appreciably greater than it is among male physicians, when total time in practice is considered. As for me, I have no intention of having my tubes ligated if I can't have children during an allotted two years—unless Dr. Docktor will have a vasectomy.

Linda A. Parenti, M. D.
Tallmadge, Ohio

Dr. John W. Docktor has his nerve telling women M.D.s how to run their lives. I have three children, all of whom I had on my own time. I haven't dropped out or fallen down on my responsibilities, nor did I have all the children in an allotted two years as Docktor suggests. I spread them three years apart, so I could have more time with each one during earliest childhood. As for increasing other people's work loads, many times I've covered for male M.D.s who needed time off for everything from hepatitis to haircuts.

A trained physician should be mature and sophisticated enough to know that generalizations about either sex are bound to be nonsense.

Nancy Waldman, M. D.
Kansas City, Missouri

ABORTION ON THE BALLOT

The people of Michigan will have an opportunity to vote for a nonrestrictive abortion bill on the November ballot. A petition drive obtained more than enough signatures to qualify the measure for legislative action or popular referendum. The legislature failed to act and it's now up to the voters.

Since the results of this vote will affect people in every state, directly or indirectly, we're asking for support. Successful passage of this referendum depends on volunteer workers to conduct polls, distribute information and staff speakers' bureaus. We'd especially like volunteers to come to Michigan for a weekend, a week, a month or the duration and join the group.

Jack M. Stack, M. D., Chairman
Michigan Coordinating Committee
for Abortion Law Reform
406 East Michigan Avenue
Lansing, Michigan 48933

IMPOSING MORALITY

Although James Breig does not believe that the anti-abortion crusade in this country is backed almost solely by the Catholic Church (*The Playboy Forum*, July), he still feels the Church does have a right to impose its moral views



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CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPS
BY DROP

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on nonmembers. He suggests that we should all submit to the Church's judgment on abortion just as we would in other cases: "As a Catholic, I oppose war, racism, the prison system and murder. May I not 'impose' these 'prejudices' on everyone else?"

The answer, of course, is that neither he nor anyone else may impose their views "as a Catholic." For one thing, the Catholic Church does not officially condemn either war or the prison system. And while it may condemn racism, many of its members embrace it and the Church has not thrown vast resources into combating it. Breig's opposition to murder is hardly a peculiarly Catholic doctrine but, unlike the Church's stand on abortion, is universal. Thus, while we non-Catholics may indeed share some of Breig's "prejudices," it's not because we've allowed the Church to impose them. I see no reason why we should do so in the case of abortion.

John Dunn
Boston, Massachusetts

RELIGIOUS ISSUE REJOINED

James Breig has failed to refute my contention that the only group actively and consistently fighting to retain restrictive abortion laws is the Catholic Church (*The Playboy Forum*, March). He noted that both Reformed and Orthodox Jewish groups have made statements condemning abortion, stated that Americans United for Life is a nonsectarian organization and asserted that over 800 doctors have signed a petition opposing New York's liberalized law.

But, as far as I'm concerned, Breig has not pointed out a single nonreligious scientific, educational, medical, social or legal organization that upholds the view that abortion is the killing of a human being with the right to life. Eight hundred doctors do not constitute an ongoing organization and, for all I know, they may all be Catholics. Americans United for Life's fund-raising literature states that the organization was founded by the Society for the Christian Commonwealth, a group of right-wing religious fanatics whose aim is to "make America Christian." Their brochure also pleads for interdenominational support, indicating that the organization is just a way for the Church to gain the respectability of nonsectarian status. The rabbinical and Orthodox support for the anti-abortion position simply validates my claim that the abortion controversy is basically a religious issue.

Nor does the position of these other religious groups disprove my contention about the dominance of the Catholic Church on the issue. For, unlike the Catholic hierarchy, the others have not chosen to devote countless sermons to abortion, nor have they published innumerable leaflets and pamphlets on the

subject. Unlike the Catholic Church, other religious groups have not poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into the fight, nor have they become involved in political contests between pro- and anti-abortion candidates or threatened legislators in their congregations with excommunication for a positive vote on the issue. When President Nixon wrote an anti-abortion letter during the fight to retain New York's elective abortion law, he did not address it to leaders of other churches but to Cardinal Cooke, who has led the attempt to overturn the law from the day it was passed.

I believe that these facts have nothing to do with individuals or with bigotry. My fight is not against religion but against an institution that has used its enormous wealth and power to impose a particular religious dogma on the rest of us. Were the Church to reverse its stand against abortion today, this medical procedure would become legally available to women everywhere in short order. That is my contention, and Breig has said nothing to prove I am wrong.

Helen Smith, Chairman
Illinois Citizens for the
Medical Control of Abortion
Chicago, Illinois

NO ABORTION ABOUT-FACE

PLAYBOY has made a long and prestigious career of fighting for the rights of the unfortunate, the downtrodden and the helpless. Yet I find that you have done an about-face where abortion is concerned, turning your guns on the most helpless of those in our society: the unborn. How, in good faith, can PLAYBOY denounce racism, hunger, killing and war on one page while condoning and even promoting the killing of America's unborn on the next?

It would seem as though you have allowed yourself to be used hypocritically. I ask you to reconsider your stand and to once again take up the pen against those who would wage war on the helpless.

Thomas G. Hall, Jr.
Fernandina Beach, Florida

Like most critics on this issue, you assume that a fetus has the same status and rights as a fully developed human being. This is an assumption that we do not share. We denounce racism, hunger, killing and war because they threaten freedom and destroy human life; we oppose moralistic and restrictive abortion laws for the same reasons.

PLAYBOY CONTRADICTIONS

I have been reading PLAYBOY for some time now and I find certain contradictions in it. For instance, *The Playboy Forum* supports the more rational wing of the women's liberation movement, but the rest of the magazine is adorned with pictures selling women by the

square yard of dehumanized flesh. You publish articles condemning military and economic imperialism, but you also publish articles telling how to get to the top and make money in business, which means practicing the art of economic exploitation. Finally, your magazine appears to deplore the pollution and destruction of the environment, but you also advocate a life that only a select few can hope to live, a life that is a slap in the face of the poor, a life that produces far higher levels of pollution and uses a larger share of the world's resources than any previous culture in history. How can you fit such disparate pieces into an internally consistent philosophy?

Leif Gunnar Gran
Bergen, Norway

Only if one is still in the grip of puritanism can he hold that there is anything demeaning about being photographed in the nude or evoking sexual feelings in the beholder. We see no contradiction in acknowledging that members of one sex are erotically appealing to the opposite sex and in urging that both sexes enjoy freedom and equality. As for your second point, it's unrealistic to argue that there are only two possible positions on capitalism, one that approves everything capitalists do and one that approves nothing they do. We don't think intelligent businessmen or sophisticated collectivists would be found in either camp. Finally, we feature many products that PLAYBOY's readers find interesting and attractive, but that doesn't imply advocacy of elitist luxury living or wasteful exhaustion of the earth's resources. Most informed people know there is a need for economic and technological change. What we do advocate is the unremitting application of human intelligence to such problems as the optimal distribution of goods, the reduction of waste and the stabilizing of population. We're optimistic enough to think that the good life of the future will far outshine that of the present both in quality and in universal availability.

TOO MANY FOLKS

Greg Monk is worried about the loss of individuality that might result from widespread conformity to the ideal of a two-child family (*The Playboy Forum*, May). The dehumanization of life and the destruction of individuality entailed in perpetual population growth are much more disastrous probabilities.

Marti Worth
Dayton, Ohio

COMMON SENSE WINS ONE

Every so often one sees encouraging signs that common sense may yet play a significant role in the sexual revolution. An example is provided in the following

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excerpts from a judgment handed down by provincial judge W. John Wheelton upon dismissing a charge against a dancer of "unlawfully taking part in an indecent performance by dancing in the nude" at a strip joint in Windsor, Ontario. He said:

Whatever the artistic merit or purpose of her dance, the patrons of Tracy Starr's were paying the admission fee to see her take off her clothes, and her basic purpose and that of the producer was to see that they got what they paid for.

While the average Canadian may not choose to attend burlesque shows featuring nude dancing, there is some evidence before me that he or she would be unwilling to interfere with the rights of other adult Canadians who are prepared to pay the price of admission to attend such shows. The prevalence of nudity on the stage and even on the screen indicates its tolerance by the Canadian community, provided the exhibition is limited to adults.

In short, people need not approve something in order to tolerate it, and what members of the adult public want to pay to see behind closed doors is none of the law's business.

J. D. Kenney
Windsor, Ontario

DON'T KNOCK KNOCKERS

Last spring, a hotel in our small city hired topless dancers to boost a declining business. The city is fairly conservative and there was a lot of talk at first, but nobody seemed overly disturbed and the dancers continued packing the place nightly. Now, however, this entertainment is being fought by two ministers representing a small faction of the townspeople.

I am a college sophomore; consequently, I'm not old enough to include this type of entertainment in my schedule; but it doesn't bother me at all if others want to see topless dancing. I don't understand why the small group of people who oppose the dancing don't simply ignore it. How can a pair of bare knockers bother someone who has no intention of viewing them anyway?

Doug Bitar
Hoquiam, Washington

OBSCENITY OF THE BODY

In the June *Playboy Forum*, S. K. Rossiter deplored the fact that the nude human body outrages some people. A few years ago, I came up with a reply to those who object to the sight of the human body (which was exhibited as a "think-work" in the Western Dakota Junk Company show of 1969, here in Billings). Anyone who considers the human body

to be in any way obscene has two choices, since he or she is housed in a human body: (1) suicide; (2) a permanent concrete overcoat.

Peter ("Whitson") Warren
Assistant Professor of Art
Eastern Montana College
Billings, Montana

FIRST ORGASM

It is a winter morning; sunlight is streaming through the windows of our two-story bungalow. My husband is at work, my two-year-old baby is taking his morning nap and my other children are in school. No one will disturb me. I go up to the bathroom, undress and step into the tub.

My body has been in lifelong bondage to sex-phobic religious thinking imposed on me in childhood. The pious celibates who taught me in school trained me to fear my feelings, to mentally anesthetize myself. Now, following the advice of a book I've just read, I am about to rediscover my body. Taking the spray I usually use to wash my hair, I train a stream of warm water on my clitoris.

Instantly I begin to feel a pleasurable sensation. I try to relax, but my heart is pounding wildly. Only in dreams have I ever felt so erotic. Often I have awakened from a sexual dream with this feeling, but when I became fully conscious, my moralistic intellect took over and shut off the feeling instantly. Now waves of pleasure are flooding my entire body, my breathing is deep and heavy, little beads of sweat stand out on my forehead and my heart is pounding. Then comes the ultimate explosion of sensation. I gasp as my vagina moves and pulsates. I am having my first orgasm, naked and alone in my tub.

I huddle afterward, shivering and weeping for a long time. So this is what I have been missing all these years! So this is what orgasm feels like! What tremendous pleasure! What relief of all tensions! Why, why, I ask myself, should any human being avoid this experience for a whole lifetime?

There's more to this story. What followed was a time of determined self-education. After I had discovered the mystery and understood the response, I spent the next year talking to people who were close to me and were willing to discuss the details of their private lives. I went for professional counseling to a gynecologist knowledgeable about sexual response. I continued to use the warm spray and bought a vibrator, which also helped me develop my responsiveness. Fourteen months after that first orgasm, I was able to reach climax during intercourse with my truly understanding and patient husband. It was a moment of great joy and fulfillment. I felt securely feminine, erotic and loved. Our whole life together has improved

tremendously, now that our sexual experiences are pleasurable for both of us.

I had much shame, guilt, fear and negative conditioning to overcome, but it has been worth it. I hope other repressed and frigid women will be motivated by my story to achieve the same beautiful goal.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

SEXUAL DOMINO THEORY

Thank God for Charles H. Keating, Jr., founder of Citizens for Decent Literature, and his crusade against sex in the cinema. When I read about his fund-raising letter, which states that in some American cities "there are theaters that show movies of men and women having sexual intercourse," I was horrified. If purveyors of filth are allowed free rein in this country, soon sex will be allowed in the hotels and motels of certain cities. And before long it will creep into apartments and homes. Eventually, it will be our friends and relatives, not just actors, who are having sexual intercourse.

This nation cannot long endure such a rotting of its moral principles without falling prey to waiting enemies. Keating is absolutely right; we must nip sexual intercourse in the bud—on the screens of our local theaters.

William E. Bannister
Atlanta, Georgia

LOYAL OPPOSITION

Not only is Charles H. Keating, Jr., indiscriminate about those to whom he sends his anti-pornography form letter but also in his responses to return mail. I used the stamped envelope provided in his mailing to send back a tersely worded rejection of his views and of his request for a donation. I received by return mail a 1972 Citizens for Decent Literature membership card along with another form letter acknowledging my loyal support.

George B. Mason
Santa Barbara, California

HOW JIMMY GOT HOOKED

Charles H. Keating, Jr., has some competition in the smut-fighting racket. The Reverend Morton A. Hill also served on the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography and also filed a report dissenting from the majority view that pornography is harmless and censorship for adults is unnecessary. Hill is president of his own band of anti-pornography zealots, who would like to tell you what not to read or look at. It is called Morality in Media, Incorporated, and last spring it sent out a Keatinglike mailing to parish priests.

In his letter, Hill told his colleagues of the cloth that "pornography in the parish is something every priest faces
(concluded on page 224)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MEIR KAHANE

a candid conversation with the militant leader of the Jewish Defense League

Nearly every reader of a news magazine has heard of the Jewish Defense League and seen pictures of its tough-looking youths "patrolling" inner-city neighborhoods, training in karate, standing armed guard before the doors of synagogues. Many observers within and without the Jewish community see J.D.L. as an alarming phenomenon—prepared to use guns and even bombs to achieve its dubious ends, eager to increase both domestic and international tensions, intolerant of opposition, comparable in its approach to the Minutemen and the Weathermen.

The fact that it is a Jewish organization behaving this way has produced a good deal of astonishment. Although Jewish life in this country is far from monolithic—there are Orthodox, Conservative, Reformed and even nonpracticing Jews, whose observances differ markedly from one another—certain reasonable generalizations can be made about American Jews, and by these criteria, the Jewish Defense League is an anomaly. For a century, this country's Jews have been moving outward from ghetto and shul, away from orthodoxy to full participation in the nation's life; J.D.L. denounces these "secularist" tendencies and hearkens back to the Orthodox tradition. Since the Thirties, Jews have been identified with New Deal liberalism; J.D.L. heaps scorn upon liberalism and liberals. Young Jews

played a prominent role in the civil rights demonstrations of the Sixties; Jewish lawyers have made careers of defending the civil liberties of others; Jewish citizens are on contributor lists for every underdog cause in the land; yet J.D.L. berates Jews for rushing to the defense of others and ignoring the sufferings of their own brothers and sisters. The major Jewish organizations are proud of their skill at resolving grievances around the conference table; J.D.L. has taken vociferously to the streets. Jews have won a reputation for avoiding violence; young J.D.L. members seek confrontations. Their slogan: "Never Again!"

Among J.D.L.'s more celebrated activities have been the following:

- Members of the National Renaissance Party, carrying GAS THE JEWS! signs at a Fifth Avenue parade marking an anniversary of Israel's independence, were roughed up by J.D.L. youths.

- When black leader James Forman threatened to interrupt services at New York's fashionable Temple Emanu-El with his demand for Jewish reparations to black citizens, about 30 J.D.L. members, equipped with clubs and chains, stationed themselves at the entrance to the temple and promised to break Forman's head if he should appear. He didn't.

- In response to the Soviet government's refusal to permit emigration of

Russian Jews to Israel, and its arrest of Jewish dissidents, J.D.L. bands trailed members of the Soviet mission to the UN, calling them dirty names; J.D.L. also invaded offices of the Soviet trading company Amtorg.

- Last March, some J.D.L. members crashed a diplomatic reception in Washington and poured blood on the head of a Soviet official.

- In May, a dozen J.D.L. members staged a sit-in at the Austrian Embassy to protest the acquittal in Austria of a former SS concentration-camp guard. They hung a Nazi flag outside a window and traded blows with embassy officials.

Exploits widely attributed to J.D.L., although either denied or shrugged off with a grin by its spokesmen, have included:

- Open bottles of ammonia rolled down the aisles of Carnegie Hall, stopping a performance of the Siberian Dancers and Singers of Omsk.

- A bomb exploded in the doorway of the New York office of Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, and Intourist, the Soviet tourist agency, leading to the cancellation of a visit to this country by the Bolshoi Ballet.

- A bomb set off outside the Soviet cultural building in Washington.

- Four shots fired through a window of the Soviet mission to the United Nations.

- A bomb exploded in the Lebanese Consulate in Hollywood after the random



"If an American Nazi Party leader posed a clear and present danger to American Jews, then not to assassinate such a person would be one of the most immoral courses I could imagine."



"Why do muggers prey on Jewish neighborhoods and not on Italian neighborhoods? Because the Italians have a reputation for being tough. Now we're getting that reputation."



"We have a tremendous thing about love in this country. Everybody has to love everybody. Well, I believe there is a certain importance to hate. One has to hate injustice. You've got to burn it out."

shooting at Tel Aviv's Lod airport in May by Japanese gunmen allegedly trained in Lebanon.

• A fire bomb exploded, killing a young Jewish woman, in the New York offices of impresario Sol Hurok, prime importer of Soviet talent.

Four J.D.L. members were arrested in connection with the Hurok bombing and one at another booking agency the same day. Four others had been arrested a few weeks earlier, charged with conspiring to blow up the Long Island home occupied by the Soviet mission to the UN.

For its deeds, both admitted and alleged, J.D.L. has been denounced by every major Jewish organization in the country, as well as by officials on all levels of government. Yet it has persisted, growing to a claimed membership of 16,000—most of it, according to J.D.L. spokesmen, on the nation's campuses. This achievement is due almost entirely to one man, an Orthodox rabbi: Meir Kahane (pronounced Ka-hah-nee).

Born in Brooklyn 40 years ago, Kahane attended Jewish religious schools—Yeshivas—but combined his spiritual orthodoxy with a passion for the New York Yankees that was most unorthodox in the Brooklyn of the legendary Dodgers. He won a B.A. and a law degree at night school (and later an M.A. in international law), then served as a rabbi in Queens for a couple of years but found that role uncongenial. Today he doesn't claim to speak officially for any branch of American Judaism; he is, however, the voice of J.D.L. To learn more about this controversial organization and its reputedly authoritarian leader, PLAYBOY sent interviewer Walter Goodman to talk to Kahane. Goodman reports:

"Meir Kahane is a slight, dark man of quiet demeanor. At some time in his youth, he apparently forced himself to master a stutter; his tongue still falters occasionally, but the flow of ideas into words is remarkably fluent. His manner in private conversation is subdued, compared with his fiery manner on the platform, but now and then a twitch of his eyelid betrays the nervous energy within. A low-keyed humor continually finds its way into his conversation. While searching for a parking space on a crowded Brooklyn street, he remarked, 'Now, we'll see whether God is good today, or difficult.' After a moment, he added: 'He's always good and always difficult.'

"Kahane plans, in time, to settle in Israel—where J.D.L. now maintains an international office—and he contends that it would be prudent if all American Jews made similar plans. Last year he moved his family—wife and four chil-

dren—there, where his father and grandfather were rabbis in the days before the existence of the Jewish state. Kahane now commutes monthly between America and Israel and maintains so frenetic a schedule of speaking engagements, which are a major source of J.D.L. funds, that I had to fly with him from New York to Chicago just to get him to sit still for a couple of hours. It was a luncheon flight and the airline presented the rabbi on boarding with his specially ordered, Saran-wrapped kosher meal.

"When we next met, it was in a quite different setting, J.D.L. headquarters in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn—a building that is a cross between a deserted warehouse and a medieval dungeon. Prison, in fact, is something Kahane has often faced. He was first arrested at the age of 15, in 1947, for stoning the car of British Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin. Since forming J.D.L. in the late Sixties, he's been held by the police several times. In 1971, he was convicted for his part in a bomb-making plot, and last May he was given three years on probation for inciting a riot in December 1970 outside the Soviet mission to the UN. Throughout all, he has behaved with the air of a man who believes himself perfectly justified in his actions. I began by asking him to explain why."

PLAYBOY: How do you justify J.D.L.'s advocacy of violence as a tactic?

KAHANE: As a general principle, if there is no need for violence, then even a little bit of it is bad. But if a crisis arises in which nothing can work but a great deal of violence, then not to use it is a tragedy. Was it more merciful not to go to war with the Nazis in 1935? Was it more moral, more ethical, more decent, more humane? I think it would have been a lot more humane for a lot of innocent people if we had gone to war then.

PLAYBOY: Some Jewish leaders have charged that your readiness to resort to violence contradicts the principles of Judaism.

KAHANE: When some so-called leader gets up and emotes about what is Jewish and what is not Jewish, it pains me, because I can't stand ignorance. If he owned an insurance business, I wouldn't have the *chutzpah* to argue with him about insurance. So let him not tell me, a rabbi, what is Jewish. Gandhi, a pacifist, was not a Jew. Moses was a Jew—and he smote the Egyptians.

PLAYBOY: Just how far are you willing to go in the use of violence?

KAHANE: As far as necessary. If an American Nazi Party leader posed a clear and present danger to American Jews, then not to assassinate such a person would be

one of the most immoral courses I could imagine. I only wish that someone had assassinated Adolf Hitler in 1923.

PLAYBOY: How can you take upon yourself the responsibility of deciding whether or not to take someone's life?

KAHANE: You have an obligation to try to do things in a nice way. You have to give your antagonist an opportunity to change. But once you've given him that chance and it doesn't work, then I think you have an obligation—not just a right, an obligation—to move on to something that is not nice.

PLAYBOY: But anybody can use that kind of reasoning to justify whatever he thinks is right.

KAHANE: Of course.

PLAYBOY: Then the only difference between you and, say, the American Nazi Party is that they're wrong and you're right?

KAHANE: I can't put it better than that.

PLAYBOY: Four members of J.D.L. were arrested last June for fire-bombing the offices of Sol Hurok in New York, killing a young girl. How—

KAHANE: That was insane. I was horrified.

PLAYBOY: But what do you have to say about the fact that circumstantial evidence points to your organization's involvement in the bombing? J.D.L. has been critical of Hurok for bringing Soviet performers to America, and someone did call the Associated Press and NBC after the explosion and use your J.D.L. slogan, "Never Again!"

KAHANE: Those arrested are nice Jewish boys; they're absolutely innocent. It's true that we have disrupted Hurok's concerts—but there's a tremendous difference between that and bombing someone who is not part of the Soviet apparatus in this country. Now, Hurok is in it to make money, and I think that's immoral. I think he's helping the Soviet Union in a cultural exchange program the basic purpose of which is to anesthetize the American people. No one can walk out of a Soviet concert feeling quite as bad toward Russia as he might have before. So I think Hurok's program should be stopped. But not that way. The punishment must fit the crime. There is cultural genocide going on in the Soviet Union—but we're not dealing with *physical* genocide. So we disrupt cultural activities; we don't assassinate Soviet officials.

PLAYBOY: In the process of anti-Russian protests in this country, J.D.L. members have broken American laws. How do you excuse that?

KAHANE: We respect the right and the obligation of the American Government to prosecute us and send us to jail. No one gripes about that.

PLAYBOY: Are you at all concerned that

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WINDSOR CANADIAN



J. D. L.'s harassment of the Russians may obstruct Soviet-American relations and hurt the cause of peace?

KAHANE: After we took over the New York offices of Amtorg, the Soviet trading company, and made the Russians walk down 20 flights of stairs, our ambassador to the UN, Charles Yost, called me in. The first thing he said to me was, "Aren't you a good citizen?" I said, "Yes." Then he asked me if I didn't realize that J. D. L. was interfering with delicate relations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. When he said that, I knew we were making our point. I want to see this world living in peace, and I want to see the Soviets and the Americans sit down and get the Cold War figured out. But I don't want peace bought at the expense of people. Once upon a time, that was called Munich.

PLAYBOY: So your strategy is to make the Soviets uncomfortable and also to try to put pressure on our own Government.

KAHANE: Exactly. And we're succeeding. We've gotten thousands of Jews out of the Soviet Union. But don't take my word for it; talk to the Jews in the U.S.S.R. or to those who have gone to Israel. In the Soviet Union, the only American Jewish organization the people have heard of is J. D. L. The Soviets made a 20-minute TV film about J. D. L. They put up big pictures of Golda Meir, Moshe Dayan and Meir Kahane—enemies of the state. Fine.

PLAYBOY: What would you consider J. D. L.'s other major successes in the four years of its existence?

KAHANE: First, it has created a sense of Jewish identity, especially on campuses. Second, it's created a different image of Jews among gentiles. Why do muggers prey on Jewish neighborhoods and not on Italian neighborhoods? Because the Italians have a reputation for being tough. Now *we're* getting that reputation—rough-and-tough hoodlums.

PLAYBOY: That's good?

KAHANE: Yes. If a minority group has an image of weakness and is at the same time affluent, it becomes an ideal scapegoat when times get hard, as they are today for many people. That's really why I started J. D. L.

PLAYBOY: How did that come about?

KAHANE: Well, in 1967, I became the editor of *The Jewish Press*, the largest Anglo-Jewish paper in the country—over 160,000 readers—for which I'd been writing a weekly column for several years. In my job as editor, I started getting phone calls and letters telling me about incidents that seemed terrible to me, but which I never read about in the general press.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

KAHANE: There were Jewish teachers being attacked by racists in their schools.

There was the whole problem of violence in Jewish neighborhoods. There was the tremendous growth of radical-left alienation among young Jews. So I would contact the major Jewish groups and say, "Hey, have you heard about this?" and they'd say, "Yes, we've heard." And I'd say, "What are you going to do about it?" And they'd say, "Well, we've always found that it's better not to do too much; it makes things worse; these things have a tendency to die out." I listened to them, but it became obvious to me that doing nothing would simply guarantee that the situation would get worse. So I put an ad in *The Jewish Press* in which I described the problems and said that it was time for an active Jewish group to call a meeting.

PLAYBOY: What was the response?

KAHANE: I was astounded. All of a sudden, I found out just how many Jews there were who thought they must be crazy, because they'd been brought up to believe that militant thinking was un-Jewish. The idea of J. D. L. took off immediately. If it had come five years earlier, it might have fizzled, but in 1968, its time had come.

PLAYBOY: Why 1968?

KAHANE: Because the Arab-Israeli war the year before had cut the albatross from the neck of the poor, long-suffering anti-Semite. When the gates of the concentration camps were opened, there was this terrible guilt feeling all over the world. To be an anti-Semite in the years immediately following World War Two was too much for the average person. The Christian overcompensated, just as today the Jew overcompensates for the black man. Well, that's over and done with. Suddenly, the erstwhile victims have become bloody Jews, aggressors who did unto others what had been done unto them for so long. At least that's what the anti-Semite can now believe.

PLAYBOY: You don't put much store in surveys and polls indicating that anti-Semitism in this country has been steadily declining.

KAHANE: When an anti-Semite's belly is filled, he doesn't stop being an anti-Semite. He's just quiet about it, because it's not relevant. But America's economic boom is ending; for 25 years, America had no competitors, but today tough competition is pricing U. S. goods out of world markets—indeed, out of the domestic market. Things won't get better, they'll get worse, and that will lead to frustration and a search for that scapegoat I was talking about—the Jew.

PLAYBOY: Why the Jew? Why not the black man?

KAHANE: First of all, Jews are a small minority and, as I said, a very wealthy

one. That's a dangerous combination; it makes it easy for both black and white workers to turn on them. It's not a coincidence that George Lincoln Rockwell was the only white man ever invited to sit on the dais at a Black Muslim meeting. It's not a coincidence that the American Nazi Party, in its writings directed at blacks, blamed the Jews for poverty, drugs, liquor, slums and everything else that's oppressing blacks. And the WASP establishment isn't exactly dismayed that the anger of minority groups is being diverted from the stock exchange to Sammy's candy store. On the one hand, the black man sees the Jew as the weakest link in the white chain; on the other, the white fascist types blame the Jew for what they see as the black problem. Over and over in their literature, they emphasize the evident fact that it was Jews who played the leading role in the battle for civil rights—a battle that I feel should bring honor to the Jewish people. There isn't a thing we Jews have done for blacks that I say should not have been done. I say only that we should have done as much for *ourselves*.

PLAYBOY: One criticism of J. D. L. is that it doesn't seem to care much about other people's civil rights. When you were permitted to speak to the Zionist Organization of America last year despite a number of protests, for instance, you cited that as an example of freedom of expression—

KAHANE: Right.

PLAYBOY: Yet when William Kunstler was invited to speak to a Jewish group, J. D. L. protested against it.

KAHANE: Certainly. I would protest against any Jewish group's allowing a Jew hater to speak.

PLAYBOY: What's your objection to Kunstler?

KAHANE: William Kunstler, I think, has taken a position that is exceedingly detrimental to Jews. He aligns himself with the anti-Semitic section of the black-nationalist movement. I'm not saying that this man shouldn't have any forum in this country, only that he shouldn't have a Jewish one. To me, anyone should be allowed to speak in public if, given the power, he would grant me the same right. I don't care what his economic or social views are; all he has to do is tell me that if he got power, he'd let me speak.

PLAYBOY: Suppose he says he wants to annihilate the Jews. Would you permit him to speak?

KAHANE: Of course not. Nobody has the right to put me into an oven.

PLAYBOY: But doesn't democracy grant someone the right to say he'll put you into an oven?

KAHANE: You can't make that kind of a

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statement in a vacuum. The Nazi who says it tries to get enough people's minds changed so that he'll really be able to do it. Maybe he doesn't have enough power now, but what about five years from now? You know, we have a tremendous thing about love in this country. Everybody has to love everybody. Well, I believe there is a certain importance to hate. One has to hate injustice. You can't just say, "I'm not for it"; you've got to burn it out of the human condition. I believe there is an objective standard of what is good and what is evil. Nobody can tell me that, given his place and time, Eichmann was not evil—and evil has to be stopped.

PLAYBOY: So you employ your "objective standards" in Brownsville and Anthony Imperiale employs *his* "objective standards" to justify white vigilante patrols in Newark. In this sense, how does J. D. L. differ from Imperiale's group?

KAHANE: Imperiale is a racist. He doesn't like blacks because they're black. In that sense, we're as different as night and day.

PLAYBOY: But you've had some abrasive encounters with black groups yourself, notably in regard to their demands for reparations from wealthy Jewish congregations. Doesn't it seem ironic to you that the Jews, who demanded and received reparations from the Germans, should deny them to blacks?

KAHANE: There's no question that an individual who commits a crime should pay for it—nor that the German generation that committed terrible crimes must pay reparations for what it did. But there is no way I, whose parents came over here in the 1920s, am going to pay for the sins of Baptist slaveowners. If we're speaking about reparations, the Jews can stand first in line. But we're not asking for reparations from the Catholic Church nor the Protestant churches; that's done with. As for blacks' asking reparations from Jews, we owe them nothing—and that's what they'll get from us.

PLAYBOY: There are, however, specific charges against Jews as slumlords and installment-plan operators, and so forth, in black neighborhoods. Surely you can understand black hostility to these very visible people.

KAHANE: One hundred percent. No one ever said that slumlords aren't bad guys. They are. But when black militants go out in the streets and add the one word—*Jewish* slumlords—they add nothing new except anti-Semitism.

PLAYBOY: As J. D. L.'s strategy and tactics have been described, they seem to owe a good deal to those of black militants themselves.

KAHANE: The Talmud says, "Who is wise? He who learns from all people." We're happy when people call us Panthers, because we know a Panther doesn't mess with a Panther.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean that, in your opinion, rioting by militant blacks is justified?

KAHANE: No, not in America. If the Soviet Union had allowed the kinds of changes for Russian Jews that this country has allowed for blacks, there would be no J. D. L. protests against the U. S. S. R. It's one thing to say this is a country where change hasn't come fast enough; but the fact is that change has come—and it's not just tokenism. There's been an honest effort to meet problems, there's been a revolution in this country.

PLAYBOY: Militant blacks disagree and claim the right—just as you do—to use extreme methods to catalyze that revolution.

KAHANE: There will always be such people—people who don't want to see the world become better.

PLAYBOY: That argument can be turned against you.

KAHANE: Any argument can be turned against anybody.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned that J. D. L. may be creating feelings of anti-Semitism among blacks?

KAHANE: One thing we should have learned by now is that you can't fight anti-Semitism by sweeping it under the rug. The anti-Semitism is already there. I don't like it when people talk about "Zionist pigs." I don't like it when a red-neck does it; I don't like it when Bobby Seale does it. It bothers me that men like Lindsay and Rockefeller haven't spoken out forcefully, that the entire WASP establishment hasn't spoken out against the overt anti-Semitism among black groups.

PLAYBOY: Are you also concerned about anti-Semitism among the ethnic whites of middle America?

KAHANE: Very much so. That's where the danger really lies in this country, and that's why J. D. L. has been trying to open lines of communication with Italians, Irish, Poles. We don't care what "nice" people think. We do care what *these* people think. We don't want them to love us, just respect us.

PLAYBOY: Does this aim account for your alliance with Joe Colombo's Italian-American Civil Rights League?

KAHANE: Yes. Whatever you may think of Colombo, no other group has as many members and speaks as clearly as his does for the lower-class and lower-middle-class ethnic.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that J. D. L. and the Italian-American Civil Rights League

were drawn together by a mutual antipathy to blacks?

KAHANE: After Joe Colombo was shot by a black man at a league rally last year, I went into the hospital room with his sons and others who were ready to take apart any black they saw. Not everybody could have gotten into that room that day; I was one of only five outsiders there, and the only Jew. I spoke to Mrs. Colombo and to the boys and to the *shtarkers*, and I tried to get through to them that it was just some crazy guy who had done this—not all black people. I don't know what influence I had, but when Colombo's son Anthony made a statement to the press, the first thing he said was exactly what I had been saying. I feel I did my bit in that area.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy with the renewed emphasis on ethnic identity that seems to be developing in this country?

KAHANE: No, not at all.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think it's happening?

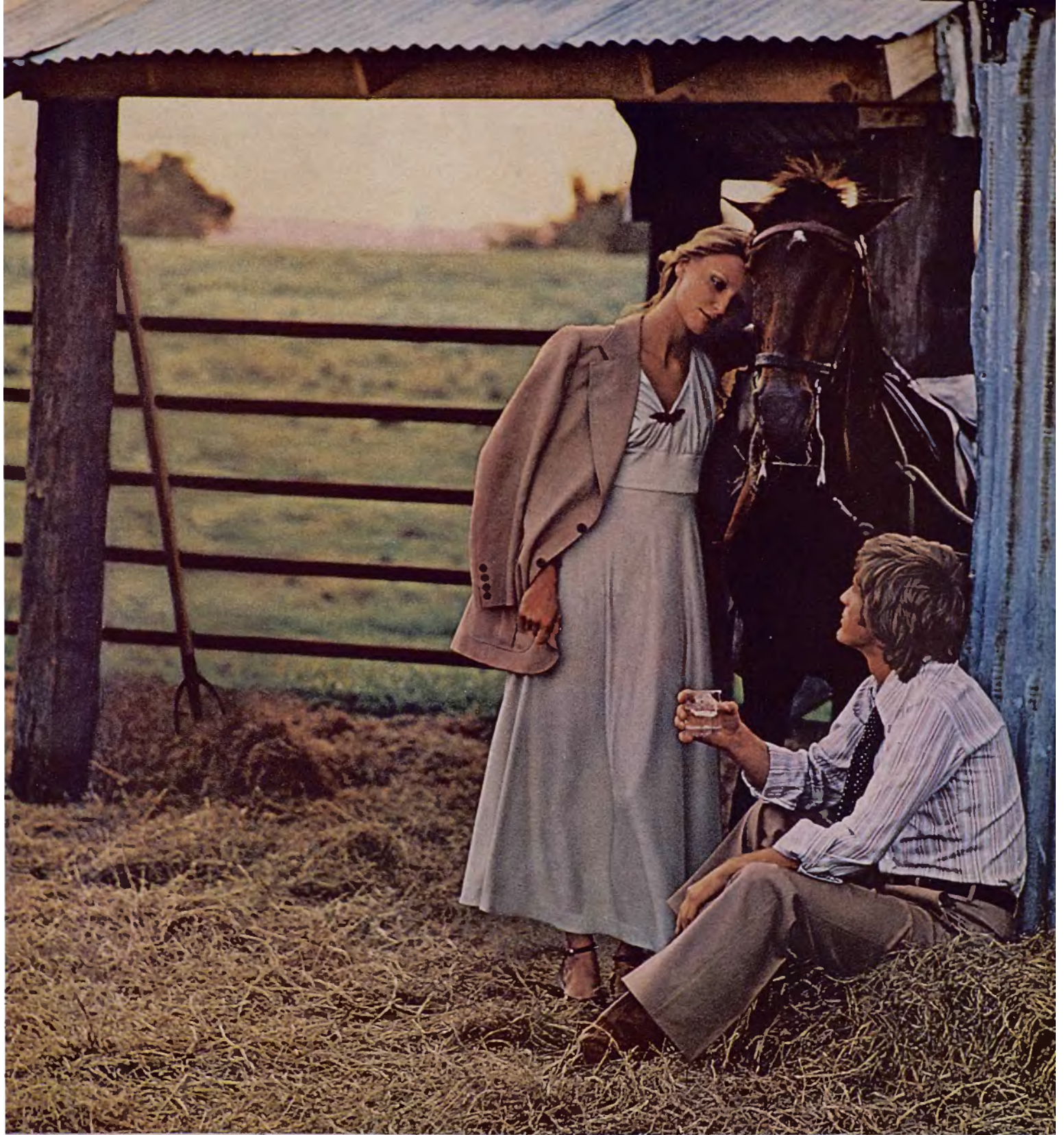
KAHANE: I think because it's the nature of the beast to look inward rather than outward—to seek to become part of a group he feels possesses right, justice, truth and everything else. The smaller the group, the bigger he feels.

PLAYBOY: But surely you're feeding exactly that, promoting Jewish pride and consciousness, criticizing the superficiality of what you've called "bagel-and-lox Jewishness" in the United States.

KAHANE: What we're dealing with is a change in Judaism that has been taking place not only in this country but in the materialistic West in general: All forms of life become things to be enjoyed. What kind of car do we decide to buy? We go out and shop for it. What kind of Judaism do we want? We go out and shop for it. Nobody built a Conservative temple because of ideology; they built it because they wanted something a little more modern, a little easier. When it filtered down to people that the Conservative rabbi would let them ride to synagogue instead of walk, that's what created a Conservative temple. There's no ideology in any of it.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the kind of Judaism widely practiced in this country isn't really Judaism at all?

KAHANE: Right. It may be the nonviolent principles of Tolstoy; it may be the liberal principles of Americans for Democratic Action; but it's not Judaism. Like it or not, Judaism has very definite concepts, very rigid concepts. It's never been easy to be a Jew; through the ages, he was ruled by laws, regulations, customs whose basic purpose was to discipline him as a human being—because one cannot achieve a sense of morals or ethics unless one has the



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ability to do without, to sacrifice. Our laws and customs are too difficult for the average person. For him, Judaism becomes a question of what's more convenient, and the parents who choose this bagel-and-lox Judaism are paying the price. Their children, who see through this sham, aren't willing to keep even the bagels and lox. They've lost any logical reason for staying Jewish. When a Reform rabbi talks about the morals of Judaism and the ethics of Judaism, I think that's wonderful; I'm all for morals and ethics, only what he's talking about isn't particularly Jewish.

PLAYBOY: Are there such things as Jewish morals and ethics?

KAHANE: Yes. Not to beat one's mother is an ethic—but it's not particularly a Jewish ethic. For it to be Jewish, there must be something unique about it.

PLAYBOY: For example?

KAHANE: Consider the question of kosher food. Ask the American Jew, why kosher food? Nine out of eight will say because once upon a time, we Jews were the only people in the world who realized that one ought to be healthy, and that therefore we didn't eat pork and didn't get worms and trichinosis. That's nonsense. Kosher foods are postulated by the need for a sense of discipline. The importance of the rules lies in building up in a young child the capacity to do without if necessary. Take a young Jewish boy who observes the rules of kashruth. He goes to a double-header at Shea Stadium and he sits through a long first game that goes into extra innings and he's long since finished the sandwich his mother gave him. Two hours later, he's sitting there and next to him somebody orders two franks, and they're passed down the row. He's famished but doesn't order one for himself. Now, what's happened to this youngster is a tremendous thing. He has learned that sometimes one would like to have, and yet must be able to resist. Consider the Sabbath: For 24 hours, he's not able to do what he'd like to do. He can't play cards, watch television, go to a movie; he can't go out and make money. Such restraints build up strength within him, so that one day, when he is asked to make a major sacrifice, it won't be that difficult. That, I think, is uniquely Jewish Judaism. Ethics aren't enough. Everybody's ethical.

PLAYBOY: Are the radical activities of your young followers consistent with Jewish law?

KAHANE: That's what we're trying for. When a young Jew who has never felt very much for his Jewish past participates in one of our protests, he experiences for the first time the feeling that he's doing something for Jews. It's the first step back to Judaism.

PLAYBOY: Is it realistic to expect young Jews in this society to return to Orthodox Judaism?

KAHANE: J. D. L. isn't a religious organization. We're not interested in drawing them back to Orthodox Judaism. We want to get rid of their ignorance about what Judaism is, and then if they choose to practice it, fine. My own belief is that if a boy is given an opportunity to know what Judaism really is, not the absurdity that he's fed in his Hebrew school, he will understand its tremendous concept and perhaps practice it a bit more. He should have the right to reject Judaism; he should have freedom of choice. But the average young Jew has no choice. The kind of Judaism he's been given here in America leaves him no choice but to reject it.

PLAYBOY: And you, in turn, have rejected the values in which most American Jews have put their trust—liberalism, democracy, interfaith relations. Why do you mock those values?

KAHANE: I don't mock the values. I only mock the people who think that these values will solve the Jewish problem in this country.

PLAYBOY: What will?

KAHANE: Actually, I take a very bleak view. I don't believe there is a Jewish future in this country. What I say to the young people on campuses is, "Your place is in Israel." The only place where the Jewish people can live in physical safety and spiritual sanity is their own state. They're no different from anyone else. To be a minority is to be abnormal. Believe me, I understand far better than the average Jewish liberal the agony of the black masses. It's difficult to be black and be normal when everything you see, every value, is white; when the entire culture is the antithesis of your own. The idea that this is a fascist state that purposely engages in genocide of black people is nonsense. The black problem is simply that this is a white country. And the Jewish problem is that this is by its very nature a Christian country.

PLAYBOY: Can't one be a good Jew and have no intention of living in Israel?

KAHANE: There's a great deal of hypocrisy on that. Three times a day, the practicing Jew faces East and he says, "May our eyes behold Thy return to Zion." Well, the return has occurred; Zion is there. On Yom Kippur, when in every synagogue and temple in the land, at the same moment, tens of thousands of Jewish voices are raised during the service, saying, "Next year in Jerusalem," everyone is lying, from the rabbi on down. Israel is an integral part of Judaism, and I will debate any rabbi, anywhere, on this position: The belief that

the place for Jewish people is the state of Israel is central to Judaism. That's the positive reason to go to Israel. There's also a negative reason. I believe there is a physical threat to Jews in this country. J. D. L. exists as a very strange kind of Zionist group—one that urges people to go to Israel but, knowing that they won't go, does its best to prove itself wrong about the threat here by giving strength to America's Jews.

PLAYBOY: Does that explain your emphasis on guns?

KAHANE: My motto is, "Every Jew, a Twenty-Two." I would have made it an M-1, but it didn't rhyme. But I've been told by the court not to speak about guns.

PLAYBOY: Can you say whether weapons training is still going on at your J. D. L. camp in the Catskills?

KAHANE: Oh, yes. Of course.

PLAYBOY: Just what is the physical threat you feel you face? Who is the enemy? Aren't you making too much of the anti-Semitic lunatic fringe?

KAHANE: Not long ago, I was listening to one of those radio talk shows, where people phone in. Now, on those shows, you hear a lot of American voices, and it's frightening. One night, they got onto the subject of busing, and one caller—a rational-sounding man—said, "I would vote for the reincarnation of Adolf Hitler if it meant that my child would not be bused ten miles."

PLAYBOY: Are the callers to those shows representative? Aren't they usually pretty odd people?

KAHANE: If they're odd people, there are an awful lot of odd people out there. I think a *country* becomes odd in times of crisis. Very decent, very nice people begin behaving oddly when there's immense pressure on them. Germans are human beings like everyone else. In 1925, they would never have voted for Hitler. A few years later, they did.

PLAYBOY: Is that a fair comparison? Germany, at that time, had no republican tradition, whereas America is among the oldest functioning republics in the world.

KAHANE: There is no question that America's differences from the Weimar Republic were what kept this country from going down the same road to fascism in the Thirties. But that experience strained our democratic structure to a dangerous degree; don't come to me and say it can't happen here. I never say it's *going* to happen; I do say it's quite probable. In the Thirties, millions of people were ready to follow anti-Semitic rabble-rousers like Father Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith and Huey Long, who called themselves populists. These people weren't populists because they wanted to give the other guy a break;

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they were populists because they wanted a break for *themselves*. And that tradition is far from dead. George Wallace has the kind of charisma that Huey Long had. He's not a conservative; he's a populist.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that Wallace is an anti-Semite?

KAHANE: Not at all. He's not an anti-Semite. But there is serious anti-Semitism on the periphery of his movement that could break through at any time. You know, I was once involved in a research project investigating the radical right.

PLAYBOY: How did that come about?

KAHANE: In the early Sixties, a friend and I set up a research institute, our own business. We did a lot of work for the Government—the State Department, the Pentagon. In 1963, we were contacted by one agency that asked whether we'd be interested in researching radical groups, particularly on the right.

PLAYBOY: What agency?

KAHANE: Well. . . .

PLAYBOY: Was it the FBI?

KAHANE: They'd say it's not true.

PLAYBOY: Is it?

KAHANE: All right, we were contacted by the FBI to do work on the Birchers. It was no big deal; I mean, I was no FBI agent. We just did contract work for them, and they paid us.

PLAYBOY: How did you conduct your investigation?

KAHANE: It was my idea that the best way to do a research job on a group was to join it. So I became a member of the Birch Society under the name Michael King.

PLAYBOY: That's more or less a translation of your name.

KAHANE: Yes. You don't join the Birchers and hope to get anywhere with the name Meir Kahane. I spent about two and a half years with them, and I really learned a lot. But it was difficult on account of my religion. I constantly had to make up reasons why I couldn't attend meetings on Friday nights.

PLAYBOY: Did you find that the Birchers were really a serious threat?

KAHANE: What bothered me more than anything else was the large number of ostensibly normal people in the society. There's this great liberal arrogance that anybody who's right of center has to be a kook, a nut, an oddball, and it's not true. If it were, I'd feel happier about it. But there was a large number of physicians, attorneys, college graduates, who sat and listened to—and believed—things that were completely absurd about the Communist threat to America. These people were pillars of the community, and it frightened me that such

people were willing to believe such stuff. That's what bothered me more than anything else about the Birchers. Today it's the John Birch Society; tomorrow it will be a worse group.

PLAYBOY: You and your organization do have one quality in common with many American conservatives: hawkishness on military issues. Your concern over Israel's security is understandable—doubly so since your wife and four children live there. But you've also supported the war effort in Vietnam. Do you feel that is in some way tied in with Israel's interests?

KAHANE: Yes. The Soviets know that the fiasco in Vietnam has so sickened Americans that they won't go to war again. During the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, the Soviets hinted at going in; President Johnson picked up the hotline and said, "You stay out and we'll stay out," and the Russians stayed out, fearing a risk of confrontation. There is no such risk today. The U.S. Army is demoralized and the American people—former hawks as well as doves—say, "No more war adventures."

PLAYBOY: Can you seriously ask the support of this country's Jews for a war in Southeast Asia that most of them see as immoral and unjust, simply because of its possible implications in Israel?

KAHANE: The war in Vietnam was not an unjust war. I find it incredible that people overlook the horrors in the North. Ho Chi Minh was a mass killer. If there were no Israel, I would still support our effort in Vietnam. In the Thirties, they used to say, "Who wants to die for Danzig?" Nobody died for Danzig; we just gave it up. In the end, millions more died for France and England.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like the domino theory.

KAHANE: The domino theory shouldn't be discounted. Sure, I would love to see the 80 billion dollars that's set aside for our Armed Forces go into the rebuilding of slums. I'd like to see the two thirds of the *Israeli* budget that goes for the armed forces be used to rebuild slums. Who wouldn't? But there's a desperate problem here, which overshadows such problems as slums. The views of a George McGovern, who is a very decent, well-meaning person, or of a John Lindsay, who is not a decent human being but a demagog, about diverting our resources and binding up the wounds at home will, if carried to their conclusion, lead to neo-isolationism and doom every small country in the world. I believe we've been fighting in Vietnam to keep the war from coming closer to home. But we should have gotten out a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: If you're in favor of the war,

why do you say we should have gotten out a long time ago?

KAHANE: What I'm saying is that if a particular war can be won, and it's necessary for the prevention of aggression, then it should be fought. But from a practical standpoint, I think we should have extricated ourselves from Vietnam long ago, because we could see from the beginning it was a fiasco. The whole thing reminds me of the story of the man who had two wives, one old and one young. The old one, every time she saw a black hair on his head, would pluck it out. And every time the young one saw a gray hair, she would pluck that out. So in the end, he was left bald. That's what the Vietnam war has been—neither a war nor a peace, and we've been left bald.

PLAYBOY: Because of your views on the war, and your criticism of "radical chic" and the New Left, you've been characterized as a right-winger. Do you feel that's valid?

KAHANE: If people knew my feelings on most domestic issues, they'd be mightily shocked. I'm a lot more left of center than they are. I believe very strongly in Government intervention in social policy; it's outrageous that we don't have more. But I dislike it heartily when people ask, "Are you a liberal or a conservative?" It's about time Jews stopped being knee-jerk liberals or knee-jerk conservatives or just plain knee-jerk people.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you promoting a kind of knee-jerk Jewishness? J. D. L. seems to see every issue exclusively from a Jewish point of view.

KAHANE: Right.

PLAYBOY: Well, isn't that knee-jerk Jewishness? Isn't there something odd about your calling on the Jewish people, who have won admiration for their universal outlook, to revert to a kind of tribal separatism?

KAHANE: Universality is beautiful, no question about it. Universality is beautiful when each and every group has a deep respect for itself and can deal with other groups on mutually respectful terms. Then we can move together. Isaiah speaks of "the end of days," a time when all the nations will worship together. That's certainly the ultimate goal for Jews. But the prophets also speak of the need for Jews to observe the Sabbath, observe the laws. The way to reach universality is to make of yourself an individual with pride in self; then you can extend your hand with confidence to other people and say, "I am what I am and you are what you are. Now, let's walk together to the common end."





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BREAKOUT

article By **ELIOT ASINOF,**
WARREN HINCKLE and **WILLIAM TURNER**

*american millionaire joel kaplan spent
nine years trying to escape from a
mexican prison—but it took smilin' jack and
his blue chopper to turn the trick*

WHEN VIC STADTER DECIDED to take the job, he didn't really know what he was getting into. The circumstances were strange, even for the tangled world of Latin-American intrigue: Joel Kaplan was a wealthy American whose family had put together a fortune in the Caribbean—sugar and molasses, mainly—and he now sat in a Mexican prison, convicted of having murdered his partner in 1961. Only the judges who had tried Kaplan seemed certain that the corpse in question was actually one Luis M. Vidal, Jr., and the evidence that had convicted him consisted chiefly of inspired imaginative leaps between apparently unrelated events. But that was not so odd, not in Mexico, anyway. What was strange was that Kaplan had not been able to buy his way out. Stadter knew a lot of people who had done so, including a heroin dealer who had paid his way free despite considerable pressure from the United States to keep him locked up. If you had the money, which Kaplan and his family did, you could always make the right payoffs and walk away. But Kaplan had been trying *very* hard to get out for eight years, and nearly \$1,000,000 had been spent in the effort, without



success. Someone, evidently, wanted him to stay there.

Stadter was being paid handsomely to get Kaplan out of prison and into the United States. By profession, Stadter was a smuggler, so this wasn't entirely out of the line of duty, just a little more chancy than his usual enterprises. He had drifted into the business after the war, hauling bootleg whiskey in Oklahoma. A few years later, he was airfreighting cargoes of capuchin and spider monkeys into the U. S. from Nicaragua, without the irritation of Customs. Hundreds of such *laissez-faire* import jaunts have turned him into an underground Smilin' Jack—a pilot who can run the Mexican border with the very best of them; and he has become a specialist in Latin America, handling diverse contraband from lobsters to linen, using all manner of ruses and all varieties of transportation and refining the respected art of the bribe to a precise science. Stadter knows his business.

In 1971, when Stadter was to pull off the most astonishing caper of his career, he was 51. A tall, well-built Californian, he has the style of a Texan: flaring rust-colored mustache, curly hair, cowboy boots. He can be as tough as he needs to be, but he is generally friendly, candid and a believer in old-fashioned chivalry. If there are any such creatures as rugged individualists left, Stadter is one of them. There are no written contracts in his business; he mistrusts the world of brokers and agents and lawyers. With some reason: In his only serious encounter with the law, a conspiracy case involving the possession of marijuana (he claims it was a frame-up), he ended up spending five years in the Federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. In those five years, he managed to build up a hefty grudge against governments, bureaucrats and all their issue. When the chance came to spring Kaplan, whom he viewed as another victim of justice miscarried, Stadter saw it as a matter of freedom going up against authority—as well as an opportunity to turn a tidy profit. But as he got deeper and deeper into the Kaplan case, with its twists and shadows fading back several decades, the profit motive became decidedly secondary. "Hell," he said later. "I would've taken him out for nothing."

. . .

The Kaplans have been making money in the Caribbean for a long time, and they've been fighting over how to divide it for just as long. In the late Twenties, Joel's father and his uncle, J. M. ("Jack") Kaplan, had a savage falling out over their molasses business in Cuba—an altercation, according to Joel, that left his father broke and made Uncle

Jack rich. The brothers didn't speak for 25 years. Joel's own battle with Jack commenced 15 years ago, when the uncle managed to wrest effective control of the family molasses business from his nephew in a deathbed conversation with Joel's father. Young Joel remained as titular vice-president, while Uncle Jack held all the money—quite tightly.

The financial fight that followed—and continues today—was intensified by the fact that the two men saw the world and the role of their companies in it through very different glasses. During the late Fifties, for instance, Jack's politics and financial interests were such that the CIA and the State Department found him a useful advisor on the troublesome matter of Cuba. He participated in and agreed with the U. S. decision to end all dealing with the "untrustworthy" Castro, even though it meant the loss of his Cuban operations. There was, of course, the hope of Castro's removal—via natural economic and political developments on the island or his overthrow through the covert actions of the CIA. In any case, Jack Kaplan, fully appraised and conforming to this historic shift in U. S. sugar politics, in the early Sixties moved his business operations to the Dominican Republic. Incidentally or not, the Dominican Republic at approximately the same time began to receive the lion's share of the funds the CIA secretly ran through the J. M. Kaplan Fund, money earmarked to build "safe" social-democratic alternatives to Communist or rudely anti-American socialist regimes.

During the same period, Joel's political sympathies were drifting, somewhat erratically, to the left. He had joined the company after the Second World War, hedgehopping around Central and South America, overseeing the family interests. He became something of an entrepreneur himself, starting an independent molasses business in Peru and a trucking line in Oklahoma and Texas. Somewhere along the way, he met Luis Vidal, Jr., a half-Cuban, half-Puerto Rican who happened to be Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo's godson. As Trujillo's personal "unofficial representative"—or business agent—for the Dominican Republic in the United States, Vidal's father moved in the upper echelons of official Washington. In spite of this high-level heritage, Vidal, Jr., preferred moving in lower and darker circles—and into these circles he took Joel Kaplan.

To this day, Kaplan is uncomfortable discussing his relationship with the unsavory Vidal. "I met him off and on for many years during the Fifties," he said. "We drank a few beers." The relationship in fact was considerably chummier than that. Vidal, Jr., was president of a mysterious entity called the Paint Com-

pany of America, which, despite its formidable name, was never listed in any of the standard business directories. It appears to have served as a front for any number of Vidal's legal and extralegal activities in the late Fifties. The illegal activities included gunrunning, bootlegging, high-class prostitution and a black-market exchange in the Cuban peso. Of these, Kaplan admits to having been involved only in the gunrunning. "I was bored handling so much molasses," he said, "so I had no qualms about seeing what could be done when some people from Guatemala asked me about getting some guns." The ubiquitous Vidal provided the raw material and Kaplan discovered he had a vital facility for moving hot cargo into Central America—access to the now-abandoned old San Juan Sugar Company storage yards and grass airstrip at Veracruz. "The guns came in by air, I stashed them there for a few days, moving them on by air," Kaplan said. This arrangement proved so convenient that he and Vidal set up a "small operation" for importing arms into Guatemala, Nicaragua and Honduras. With a faint smile, Kaplan says that most of these guns went to "sportsmen." These sportsmen opposed the governments in power in Guatemala and Nicaragua—one of which had been set up by the CIA when it overthrew the Arbenz regime in Guatemala in 1954, and the other of which was the Somoza family dictatorship in Nicaragua, a prime collaborator with the CIA in staging the 1961 invasion of Cuba.

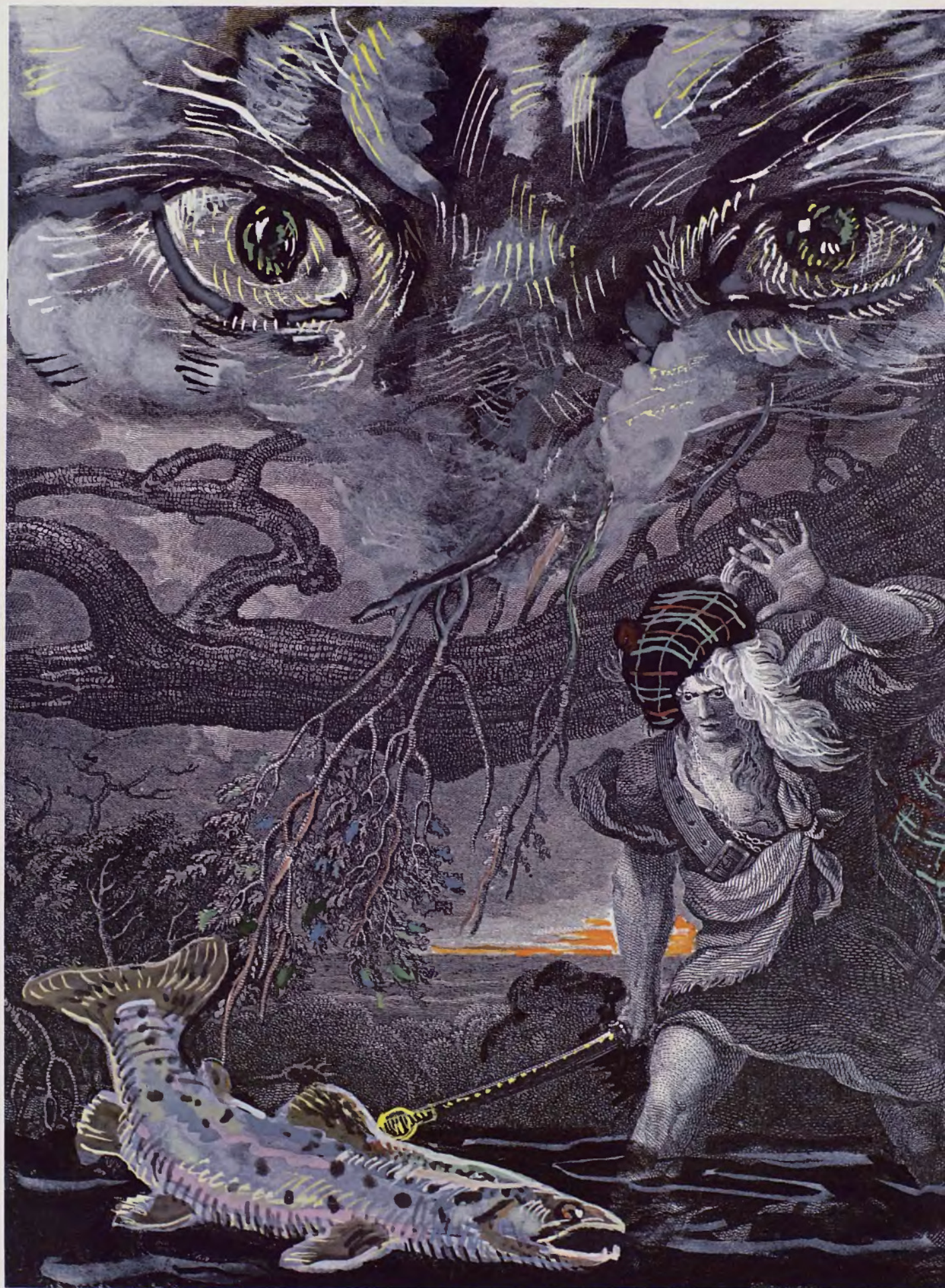
Kaplan indicates that he was principally involved in what might be described as the "left" side of Vidal's extensive arms operation. A much larger "right" side of the business was carried out, rather unscrupulously, Kaplan thought, by Vidal. Through his own sources, Vidal was busy selling arms to the right-wing, anti-Castro Cubans who starred in the Bay of Pigs. He was also known to be making heavy arms shipments from the south of Florida into the Dominican Republic to his godfather, whose thugs in turn supplied them to forces sworn to overthrow the generalissimo's friends and enemies in Haiti and Venezuela. Kaplan and Vidal prospered in their little arrangement for several years—until late 1961, when the Mexican authorities accused Kaplan of terminating the business relationship by murdering his partner.

Kaplan claimed then and now that he was innocent—and there is good reason to believe him. Vidal had been in serious financial and political trouble for some time—he had been selling guns to Castro forces and to anti-Castro forces, shorting both sides—and he told Kaplan

(continued on page 94)



"Oh, that's Marcello, our gondolier—remember?"



S. Rosofsky

Fish were drying on the roofs all over Pitmungo and Gillon Cameron, looking down on the scene, thought that the whole town smelled of death and coal dust. To the north, he could see Loch Leven and beyond it the Leven hills, still green with patches of pine or brown with clusters of ash or oak, rising above the moorlands that were white under snow.

There would be deer over there, Gillon knew, nesting in the dark, silent pines. They would be stripping the bark off the aspens and ash trees, browsing in the mast beneath the oaks, nuzzling in the snow for acorns or beechnuts, fattening themselves for the hard winter to come. A swirl of misty wind blotted out the hills and Gillon licked his lips, tasting the mine dust on them.

Red meat and sinew, fiber of flesh and rich, warm blood; venison. Every man worthy of the name Scot deserved at least one roe deer for dinner in his life. It was bred in the bone—otherwise, what was the sense of God's having created him in Scotland and having put all that good meat roaming on Scottish grass? No salt-cod Christmas for the Camerons. Let all those poor bastards down there eat cod and skate's wings, but the Camerons were going to feast as Scottish families had feasted from the dark beginnings of time: on a haunch of deer, hot, heavy and bloody on the board.

Liar. Halfway down the hill, Gillon stopped. *Liar*—the great Highland romantic telling himself childlike stories. He had no ability to poach a deer, stalk it, shoot it, snare it. His heart could never go into the Highlands a-chasing the deer.

Just then the sun, which had been shuttered by

clouds most of the day, came through and the leaden gray of Loch Leven turned bright blue amidst the whiteness of the snow—and Gillon realized what a fool he'd been. In the streams beyond that stretch of blue lay the other inalienable right of all Scotsmen—the full-sized salmon he must have on his table once before he dies. The king of fish. Gillon knew then that the Camerons were going to have saumont—as it was called in Pitmungo—on Christmas Day, if he didn't go to jail or die trying.

The December fish, the first of the big ones, even this morning would be swimming from the Firth of Tay, down the Tay into the fresh waters of the Earn, up the little tributary whose name he didn't know, through roiling, snow-fed waters in the Leven hills, through a hundred possible pools and, finally, to the places where they would spawn. Gillon's heart began to thump at the daring of his idea.

The rite Gillon had to perform was to unblacken himself, to drive the coal miner out of his mind and body, because a miner in salmon country is considered a poacher merely by being there. Gillon went down the hill to borrow the use of Mr. Selkirk's tub. When he heard Gillon's fears, the librarian was outraged.

"Guilty until proven innocent?" he asked Gillon, who was heating the water. "Oh, I wish Karl Marx had known about this. What a little chapter that would have made—the people's fish controlled by the gentry!"

Gillon had bought a little brush at the Pluck Me and a pumice stone to grind the coal dust out of the crevices of his body. As he washed,

the surface of the water became coated with a scum of black, like a film on cooling soup. It would take three tubs, at least. As he scrubbed, Gillon told Mr. Selkirk the facts of life along the salmon streams.

First, there was the matter of the crown's owning the fishing rights to most of the salmon streams in Scotland—and then leasing them to the favored gentry. The second fact, he explained, lay in the nature of the fish, which no longer wanted to eat once they left the salt sea and arrived in the fresh water of the streams. Exhausted by their fight up the white water, they lay placid in the pools, storing up energy. A man could lie beside a pool and stroke the throat of one—and a poacher with gaff or grapple or big net could lift one out of the water as if it were a wading boot. Gentlemen anglers sometimes went years on end without hooking a fish. On the other hand, a man caught with a spear or a gaff was fined ten pounds and given a jail sentence, not to speak of the beating the water wardens would have given him beforehand.

It was Mr. Selkirk's idea, then, that Gillon should go north as a bird watcher, his excuse to wander in salmon country. As Gillon did his last rinses, Mr. Selkirk got down his handbook on the birds of Scotland and read the chapters on the red grouse and the golden eagle over and over in his penetrating voice.

When Gillon finally went home, Maggie, his wife, said to him, "My God, look at what you have done with yourself. You must be in loof."

"I am not in love with anyone," Gillon said gravely. She smiled at him in a knowing manner, but he refused to explain. He sim-

ply waited, silent, until the boys had gone down to the pit and Maggie had gone to the washhouse. Then he put a grapple and a line wrapped up inside his tammie, took up the plaid that would serve him as a coat, got his brass-knobbed walking stick and stepped out onto Tosh-Mungo Terrace.

The sky was clear now; the day was cold and hard, a good one for the road. Gillon set out strongly and by afternoon he had reached the snow line. It was mysterious to him how swiftly he came upon it, first a trace of white in the air and then all at once snow coming in over the sides of his shoes. He knew that the shoes were a serious mistake, but wearing his miner's boots would have put him under suspicion at once. By the time he saw the lights of the inn down by Loch Leven, his feet were wet and beginning to freeze.

Those lights were inviting and the bar would be open—but, in all probability, the water bailiffs would be drinking there. He passed by, walking on to the lake's edge, where the bitter night wind struck his face. Among the pines, he found one of the little summer houses and managed to open a window. There, in one of the closets, he found blankets and, after he had eaten some snow and his four shaves of bread, he made a nest on one of the beds and fell asleep.

In the morning, he could see the lake from his bed; it was cold and gray, like sheet metal. During the night, a front had come through from the north, and Gillon could hear the wind whumpfing in the pines outside the cottage. He took his socks from inside his shirt, where he had put them to dry, and made plans as he

there's more than one way to kill a salmon—but getting it all the way home is another story

GILLON CAMERON, POACHER

fiction By **ROBERT CRICHTON**

put them on. The wind was driving and waves came up over the ice-covered ones on the shore, but that wind was a friend. It would cover his tracks, would keep the water bailiffs close to home and would make the big salmon shelter in the pools. The fish didn't like to move when the water went below 40 degrees. So as not to be at the inn too early, he waited and read two chapters in his bird book several times. At five, he rose and went through the snow.

In the darkened foyer, he saw no one until suddenly a woman spoke to him—an old woman, standing not three feet away.

"We dinna expect naebody until seven or eight."

"Aye, well, I'll go on, then."

"Nay, dinna gang. I'll bring ye some food."

She took him into the empty dining room and, in a few minutes, brought him a sun-dried haddock, bacon, shaves of toasted bread and some strong tea. He knew that he shouldn't eat it all—no gentleman would—but he was so hungry from two months of semistarvation that he couldn't control himself.

The woman watched him. "This isn't the normal breakfast, now, is it?" Gillon asked. "Why did you bring all this to me?"

She looked around the dining room, then leaned and whispered in his ear. Gillon turned as red as the sun, which was just now touching the far edge of the lake. "Does it show all that much?"

"To those who ken, it does. My dad-die was aye; my son is aye." She put her lips near his ear again. "Are you goin' after something?" He nodded. "For the family, for Christmas?"

"Aye, that's it." The first person he'd met had exposed him.

"Guid," she said, not bothering to whisper, "get a mickle aye."

"How do I pay for all this?" he asked.

"For what?" she asked, and their eyes met. "God go wi' you, and watch out for Mr. Maccallum."

"God go with you," said Gillon, as if he believed in God, but when he stood up, he felt stronger than he had for weeks.

With his warm plaid around him, he walked until he reached the path of Condie, and there he turned down toward the salmon stream. At a distance, he could see anglers and their gillies, but no one paid Gillon any attention. He'd go on to where the glens got deeper and the pools more filled with promise. By that time, it would be "Set-terday's slop," the dangerous time when salmon fishing was forbidden and anyone by the streams might be considered a poacher.

He made his way along, not trying to hide and waiting for two o'clock. The path was well trodden and there were steps in the steep places, cut by the

gillies so that the gentlemen anglers wouldn't slip into the stream. Gillon pretended that he was strolling and paid little attention to the deep pools, but he could sense the fish resting under the dark waters, their silvery scales almost black, their tails waving slowly back and forth with the arrogance of size and self-control. Finally, he found a pool that he felt was perfect and he stopped—and this was where the water bailiff caught him. Gillon hadn't heard him coming.

"Looking for something?" The bailiff touched him on the shoulder with a gaff. Gillon was pleased with himself because he didn't jump, didn't turn and apologize for being there.

"Yes, I'm looking for one of the big ones. They say they're all through here, but I haven't seen any."

"There's no fishing here. The streams are closed now."

Gillon continued to study the stream. When he finally turned to look at the man, he was surprised, because, for a moment, he seemed to be seeing Mr. Drysdale, the water bailiff at Strath Nairn. They're all a breed, Gillon thought, but he said aloud, "I don't want to catch one, I want to see it."

"You don't catch a salmon, you *kill* it."

"I've heard that they sometimes run as much as thirty pounds," Gillon said.

"Thirty? Fifty, man. I've even killed them at fifty-three." He was proud of his fish.

"I'm here studying the birds," Gillon said, "but the people at the Loch Leven Inn said I might see a salmon when all the anglers were gone. Is it true that the female builds a nest for her eggs in the sand? A real nest?"

The bailiff stared at Gillon's hands. "You're a workingman."

It was a terrible thrust, but Gillon had to keep talking. "I have to earn my way, like you, I suppose. Not like these toffs."

"A workingman along a salmon stream must be a poacher."

Gillon forced himself to laugh. "And how can I poach a fish if I don't even know where to look?"

"There are ways," said the bailiff, but Gillon could tell by his saying it that he'd already concluded Gillon was innocent. "You don't have the broad accent," the bailiff added.

"I wouldn't know about that. I'm from the Highlands, Cromarty hills, where we run a bull farm. Shorthorns crossed with Galloways."

"I'm Maccallum. Come on, then. You might as well see a salmon properly. I'll show you what a salmon stream is all about." There was a note of teaching in his voice, as if Gillon's point had been made. They were two Scotsmen, not English gentlemen with their hip-high waders and their gillies running up and

down the banks to bring them meat pies and whisky.

He showed Gillon some hens in a gin-clear pool, where they were nudging stones and gravel into a redd for laying their eggs. They saw long, haggard kelts, spent from spawning and spilling their milt all over the redds. They came to pools—all of them too deep for Gillon's plan—where the cocks were at rest, sluggish in the cold water and saving their energy for the rapids ahead. As they walked farther downstream, they arrived at the pools where the clean fish would be, those that hadn't spawned yet. Even before the bailiff pointed it out, Gillon saw the pool. The pool he'd been waiting for.

"Quiet, now, and move slow," Maccallum said. And there was Gillon's fish, lying in the shallow pool away from the roiling water, the shadow of its body enormous along the bottom. Gillon was startled, almost frightened at the size. "A bull," said Maccallum. "You could go a year without seeing one, a lifetime without killing one." He suddenly clapped his hands and Gillon jumped, but the salmon didn't move. Gillon felt his heart racing.

"This one will stay for days," Maccallum said. "Do you know what I'm going to do? I think I'll come back Monday morning and kill it before the toffs get on the water."

"I thought the bailiff wasn't supposed to take a fish," Gillon said to make sure that they were now brothers in crime.

"Once a winter, every once in a while, when you see a cock salmon like that cock salmon, we bend the rule a little."

He winked at Gillon. And Gillon winked back, saying that it was a shame, but he would be gone home by then.

. . .

The waiting was the hard part. It was cold, but a fire was too dangerous, and Gillon made a little shelter of pine boughs close to the pool and waited for darkness. The bailiffs would make one last sweep of the stream to make sure that no one was trying to take fish by torchlight. He was starving again. The big breakfast had broken the chain of denial and he was paying for it. It was better to go without than to have and then have not.

As the light dimmed, he peered at the pool and thought he saw the water stirring—that would be the fish moving in its sleep to balance itself. His eyes were now beginning to adjust to the deep twilight when he saw the salmon rise, the clean and healthy silver of its side glinting before it sank again. "You're mine," Gillon whispered. "Now you belong to me."

He opened his coat and, with numb fingers, unbuttoned his shirt. His feet felt partly frozen and they made movement

(continued on page 90)



two new films pair big jim with brenda sykes and stella stevens

CRESTING ON THE PROFITABLE wave of *Shaft* and its successors, which blend sex and violence with soul, the producers of two new films—*Slaughter* and *Black Gunn*—are placing their money on the box-office pull of ex-football star Jim Brown. In *Slaughter*, with Playmate Stella Stevens (below), Brown works his way from big-city ghetto to South American villa on a dual mission of vengeance and intrigue involving international gangsters. He takes on organized crime again in *Black Gunn*—this time in an effort to get some of its long green for the cause of black power. In this undertaking, big Jim is aided and abedded by Brenda Sykes (above)—another PLAYBOY pictorial favorite.

Brown Black and White





In *Black Gunn*, Brown plays a prosperous Los Angeles night-club owner who gets caught in a war between militancy and mobsterism. As the film opens (left, above and below), Gunn and his stewardess girlfriend (Brenda Sykes) reap the sweet rewards of her eventful layover in Gunn's town.

Slaughter moves Brown—and the action—to Latin America, where (right, above and below), as a returned Green Beret, he tackles both the Syndicate and Stella Stevens (as Ann Cooper, an independent underworld operative) in order to avenge the gangland-style murder of his parents.



GILLON CAMERON (continued from page 86)

slow and clumsy. He uncoiled the oiled line he had wrapped around his waist that morning and took the grappling hook from its hiding place. By this time, he was so cold that he couldn't feel the wind against his body, as if he had passed through to the other side of coldness. When he couldn't thread the grappling hook to the line, he went upstream a little and did it under water.

Still, he was moving with complete confidence. He dragged from hiding the pine pole he had found earlier in the afternoon and began to work it out over the water until he could lodge the end of it on a boulder at the far side of the pool. Then, straddling the pole, he began to wade into the pool. There were a moon and stars now and Gillon could make the fish out; he even thought that he could see scars and bruises on its back, the marks of its battering from stones and weirs and rapids on the way up. It was almost certainly one of those rare salmon to take the spawning journey twice, and that made Gillon feel better. He wouldn't be denying the fish the right to perform its function in life.

"I'll make this quick," he promised it. "As painless as possible." Stupid to talk to a fish, but, in a way, it was calming.

When he had edged out to reaching distance of the salmon, he dropped the grappling hook until it hung just in front of the salmon's eyes. Gillon knew that the fish wouldn't take the hook, and thus the hook must take the fish. He eased the line slowly to bring the grapple alongside, until at last it was resting on the gill cover. Then, trembling from both cold and tension, he let it slide down with enormous care until the hook was under the gill flap. Then he ripped.

It must have been a great and terrible pain, the barbs raking the scales and even the tissue itself. The bull leaped, sank to the bottom of the pool and stayed there, a long blackness against the shadowy water. It was moving back and forth in hurt or anger, rubbing its head against an edge of stone, using the motion salmon employ to scrape off accumulated sea lice from their gills. With little hope, Gillon lowered the grapple again, giving it the Ballyshannon waggle, just on a chance that the fish would be furious enough to snap at it. But salmon have more patience than men. It flicked its tail and went to a far part of the pool. A stream of bubbles arose, almost as if the fish were spitting at him, and Gillon felt perversely proud of the defiance.

He knew that he had the fish, but the fish had him, too, and the only question between them was the kill. Gillon thought of using a heavy rock—but he

realized at once that it would sink slowly as the fish moved to another part of the room. But then the word room seized him with exhilaration. Any good miner knows how to seal off one room from another, or even one part of a room, in case of fire or flood in the pit. In the same way, Gillon could make a brattice of stones and clay to close off part of the pool. It nearly made him laugh aloud to think of it: Just because he was a miner, working most of his life in wet and darkness, he knew the means to win in this faraway glen.

He decided to work in his clothes and later dry them by a fire—that would mean little risk at three or four in the morning. Standing in water above his knees, he began to build the first of his brattices. He had hands for stone, an instinct about where to reach in the darkness for the next, right one. At making a pack to support a mine roof, Gillon had always been considered the best workman in Lady Jane Number Two. And, since most of the stones had been worn flat by ages of water, the job went swiftly. Still, only a Geordie could labor that way, bent double for hours.

At last, the first wall was finished. The salmon could no longer retreat to the deeper part of the pool. The pain in Gillon's feet had begun again and he didn't know whether that sign was bad or good. He resisted the notion of getting out to start his fire. As long as the water didn't freeze, his blood would run. He began the second brattice.

He had no idea what time it was when he finished that wall and came out of the water. The fish was within three walls now—the row of boulders in front of it and a brattice on either side. He could try now or he could build one more barrier, locking the salmon completely. He decided to build.

It took what he thought to be about an hour. Then he came out, walking on legs with all feeling gone, and began to make his fire. It had to be a little one, a tempting one just at the edge of the pool. The salmon in its way was like the Druid, in love with fire and sun, helplessly drawn to their light. As the flame started up, Gillon waited with the brass-knobbed stick in his hand.

The silvery head suddenly split the surface and he struck. At first, he thought that the hit was true, but the head dipped under and the fish flicked away. "Arrogant bastard," Gillon said between his teeth. He had a sense that the night was running out on him. He knew that all of his chances had now narrowed down to a single, last one.

He had heard of it often, the wrestling of the fish. It was the initiation to manhood in the west of Scotland, along the Highland shores, where boys were

sent into the tide pools to kill their first salmon. But those pools would be warm and shallow and the fish not so savage as a salmon on the drive to reproduce. As he forced himself to move forward into the water again, he seemed to have an understanding of all the endurance it must have had to come this far—the years in the North Atlantic, on the never-ending run from porpoises, seals, sea lions and sharks; finally, the run for home and death, hundreds of ocean miles; then up the rushing rivers and snow-fed streams to this very pool and its fate at the hands of Gillon Cameron, miner and poacher.

By now, Gillon had climbed over the rear brattice and was herding the fish up against the boulders at the head of its pen. Soon its nose was touching stone. Gillon sprang.

The strength of the fish, the force of its thrust to get free was shocking. He held it in his arms, thrusting it against the smooth stone and trying to crush its head against the rock. It whipped powerfully against him, torquing its body back and forth to spring free. When it broke Gillon's hold, it sank back to the bottom of the pool and lay quiet, possibly somewhat stunned.

"I'm sorry, fish," Gillon said. He leaned against a boulder and let the water run from his shirt and trousers. I must be mad, he thought. I have come a long way to this forest; in the dead of winter, in the dead of night, in danger of jail, in danger of freezing to death, I have built three stone walls and now with my bare, bleeding hands, I am trying to kill a 40-pound fish.

Almost automatically, his hand was searching for a pointed stone. He hadn't wanted to disfigure the fish, but now it was the only way. He got one arm around it, half lifted, and drove the stone into the back of its head. Its dorsal fin was cutting his chest now and he had to let go. The salmon was frantic as it broke free again. It lashed its tail against the brattice, but the wall held. Gillon sensed what would happen next.

There was no room to run in the pool and so, when the jump came, it was almost straight up and slow, the body of the fish barely arching, a beautiful gold and silver in the firelight from the shore. The fish was alive with death in him—and Gillon drove the stone with all the force he had left.

"Die, for Christ's sake, die," he said. The salmon dropped, descended to the bottom of the pool and then rose again very slowly. Gillon lifted it and found that the body was still. He stood exhausted for a moment, cradling it, tasting sand and gravel and something of salmon. He realized that he was tasting milt, the seed at last being poured out onto the waters to fertilize no eggs now.

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"According to Ralph Nader, Momma, this is the safest show in Las Vegas."



GamePlan

want to kick a 40-yard field goal, win at le mans or shoot 18 holes in the low 70s? no sweat!



WE ALL KNOW WHAT THE WORLD'S most popular indoor sport is, of course. But for you fans who wish to while away a cozy evening by the fire or a rainy Saturday afternoon engaged in another form of friendly competition, there are dozens of sports games available that offer almost all the pleasure and certainly none of the pain that go along with their real-life counterparts. Some are computerized, others are board and dice, and a few, such as Tennis Anyone? and Shove-It, come with pint-sized playing surfaces that require a surprising degree of manual dexterity. (Magnavox even markets an electronic marvel called Odyssey that turns your boob tube into a remote-controlled playing field.) But whether you've opted for a day at the races, on the gridiron, the diamond or wherever, you can bet your next turn that it's going to be a ball. Let the games begin!

Playboy's Guide To Sports Games

NAME OF GAME	NUMBER OF PLAYERS	TYPE OF GAME	MANUFACTURER	PRICE
AUTO RACING				
Speed Circuit	2 to 6	Board and performance chart	3M	\$8.95
BASEBALL				
Baseball	2	Board, dice and team booklets	Sports Illustrated Games	9.95
Baseball Strategy	2	Board, die, offense and defense charts	Avalon Hill	4.98
Big League Baseball	2	Board, dice and play chart	3M	8.95
Computamatic Baseball	2	Battery-powered console and field overlay*	Electronic Data Controls	34.95
Skittle Baseball	2	Plastic field, scoring bumpers, steel baseball and suspended magnetic bat	Aurora	5.99
Strat-o-matic Baseball	2	Board, dice and players' cards	Strat-o-matic Games	13.00
World Series Computerized Baseball	2	Computerized bat-pitch dials and play chart	E. S. Lowe	6.95
BASKETBALL				
Computamatic Basketball	2	Battery-powered console and court overlay*	Electronic Data Controls	34.95
Playoff Computerized Basketball	2	Computerized shot dials and play chart	E. S. Lowe	6.95
FOOTBALL				
College Football	2	Board, dice and team charts	Sports Illustrated Games	9.95
Computamatic Football	2	Battery-powered console and gridiron overlay*	Electronic Data Controls	34.95
Football Strategy	2 or 4	Board, die and defense cards	Avalon Hill	4.98
Pro Football	2	Board, dice and team charts	Sports Illustrated Games	9.95
Rose Bowl Computerized Football	2	Computerized yardage dials, pass-kick-run selector and play chart	E. S. Lowe	6.95
Strat-o-matic Football	2	Board, dice and players' cards	Strat-o-matic Games	14.75
Thinking Man's Football	2	Board, dice and offense-defense selector	3M	8.95
GOLF				
Computamatic Golf	4	Battery-powered console and course overlay*	Electronic Data Controls	34.95
Handicap Golf	1 to 4	Hole boards, dice and handicap charts	Sports Illustrated Games	10.45
Thinking Man's Golf	1 to 4	Board, dice, distance and direction finder	3M	8.95
HOCKEY				
Blue Line Hockey	2	Board, dice, shot calculator and penalty cards	3M	8.95
Computamatic Hockey	2	Battery-powered console and rink overlay*	Electronic Data Controls	34.95
HORSE RACING				
Win, Place & Show	3 to 6	Board, dice, racing programs, stable cards and betting slips	3M	8.95
SAILING				
Computamatic Sailing	2	Battery-powered console and course overlay*	Electronic Data Controls	34.95
SHUFFLEBOARD				
Shove-It	2 to 4	Minishovers, magnetic disks and 38-inch vinyl court	Franklin Merchandising	6.00
SKIING				
The Great Downhill Ski Game	1 to 4	Mountain-slope board and trail tiles	Franklin Merchandising	5.00
TENNIS				
Tennis Anyone?	2 or 4	Foam-pad court, minirackets, ball disks and net	Franklin Merchandising	10.00
ODYSSEY				
(Incorporates auto racing, baseball, football, handball, hockey, rifle shooting, skiing, table tennis, tennis and volleyball.)	2	An all-electronic game simulator, Odyssey uses any 18-inch or larger TV set as a game board. It includes a master control unit that produces self-moving or player-movable images on the screen, two player controls, game cards and Mylar overlays that set the screen up for a particular game. Signals from the master control unit reach the set by a cable connected through a switch to the set's antenna terminals.	Magnavox	99.95

*Computamatic games' console is designed to be used with any of the interchangeable game-board overlays (\$9.95 each). All are played from the same battery-powered console (batteries included) that comes with any one complete game set.

BREAKOUT

(continued from page 82)

several weeks before his supposed demise that he intended to disappear for a while. Kaplan thinks he did just that and doubts that there ever was a murder. That doubt was shared by some Mexican officials, who refused to issue a death certificate for Vidal because supposed identification of the body was too vague. The "widow," for instance, later told an interviewer that, although she was sure the corpse she had viewed in the Mexico City morgue was that of her husband, "they had replaced his black eyes with blue ones."

Whatever happened to Vidal, someone was determined to nail Kaplan for the crime—even though, as far as can be ascertained, his only encounter with Vidal in Mexico City on the day he disappeared had been to drive him from the airport to his hotel. It was a short while later in Lima, Peru, on a business trip that Kaplan heard of Vidal's "death." When he returned to New York a few days later, the Spanish-language press was speculating that the Mexican authorities wished to talk to Kaplan as a possible suspect. On the advice of his lawyer, he decided to take a trip to Europe. But it was an unsuccessful dodge: One bright Sunday morning in the early spring of 1962, Kaplan walked out the front door of his Madrid hotel and was pinioned between two police officers. He soon found himself sitting across a desk from Luis Pozo, the Spanish chief of Interpol, the international police agency, who informed the millionaire all in one breath that he was wanted for murder in Mexico but not to worry because Spain and Mexico hadn't been officially talking for decades and no extradition treaty existed between the two nations. Pozo said that Kaplan "might" be deported to France and allowed him the Spanish equivalent of one phone call, which in this case was a telegram crying for help to the American embassy. Kaplan never heard from the embassy. After he spent a week in the Madrid jail, Pozo showed up, looking a bit flustered, and told him that "orders had come down from the highest sphere of the Spanish government" to reverse long-standing policy and to cooperate with Mexico—in his case, anyway. Two hours later, Kaplan was in a jet on his way to face trial in Mexico.

At the earliest stage in the long proceedings against Kaplan, a Mexican judge, citing lack of evidence, reduced the charge against him to being an accessory after the fact. But before Kaplan could write out a check for 75,000 pesos' bail, the federal district attorney stepped in, removed the judge for "incompetence" and revoked bail. Mexican legal

experts have said that the irregular proceedings against Kaplan violated Mexico's double-jeopardy law, since he was in essence tried twice for the same crime. His Mexican attorney was one of the nation's leading constitutional experts, Victor Velasquez. But the Kaplan case turned out to be beyond the realm of mere lawyers. "Obviously, something other than the law is keeping Mr. Kaplan in jail, because there are no legal grounds for him being there at all," Velasquez once said. He also points out that at least six prominent Mexican judges refused to try him because of the dubious legal grounds for the charges. Finally, a seventh judge, one whom Velasquez describes as "politically compromised," took the case. To no one's surprise, he found Kaplan guilty and sentenced him to 28 years. When the Mexican Supreme Court turned down Velasquez' appeal in 1968, the distinguished, gray-haired attorney threw up his hands. "This has become an issue of politics, not law," he said.

. . .

To Judy Kaplan Dowis, who hired him, Stadter came well recommended; he had a reputation for completing any job he undertook, and doing it on schedule. She needed someone like that. For the past eight years, she had been exploring every channel, legal and extralegal, to get her brother out of prison. She had, at various times, enlisted the help of an unlikely cast of adventurers that had included a defrocked priest, a one-armed Canadian, an erstwhile Green Beret demolitions expert, a former CIA contract pilot and a New Left radical from Big Sur who was aided by a crew of Sausalito wharf rats and abalone poachers. Each had his own escape scheme. Some, involving straight bribes, were the essence of simplicity; but the officials, lamentably, refused to stay bribed. Other plots were more ingenious. In one, the ex-priest performed a putative marriage ceremony between "Luis Vidal" and one fictional Lucia Magana. The vows were duly registered and certified, and it was Kaplan's hope that this proof of Vidal's continued existence, hence nonmurder, would be enough to free him. It wasn't. Another scheme involved the purchase of a van, which was then painted to duplicate the laundry trucks that served the prison. Two guards were bribed to look the other way and Kaplan was to be spirited out with the dirty sheets and dropped in the hills. There a seasoned operator would meet him, fill him with vitamins and pep pills and walk him across the mountains overnight to a waiting escape plane. That one fell through when the guards backed out; it's doubt-

ful, anyway, whether he would have been able to manage the hike.

There was another plot in which two airplanes were gassed up and ready near the border and a former Air Force colonel was signed up to fly Kaplan out of Mexico. There was even a back-up escape vehicle, in the form of a 1962 Pontiac that had been converted into a sort of armored car by salting flak jackets in the doors and rear end. A crew of renegades went into Mexico, equipped with a .38 stolen from the California Highway Patrol, special armor-piercing bullets, two machine guns, selected side arms and a sack full of cash. They spent four frustrating months hanging around Mexico City, waiting for a bribe connection to deliver. An assistant warden agreed to drive Kaplan out in the trunk of his car but changed his mind—keeping the \$1000 down payment.

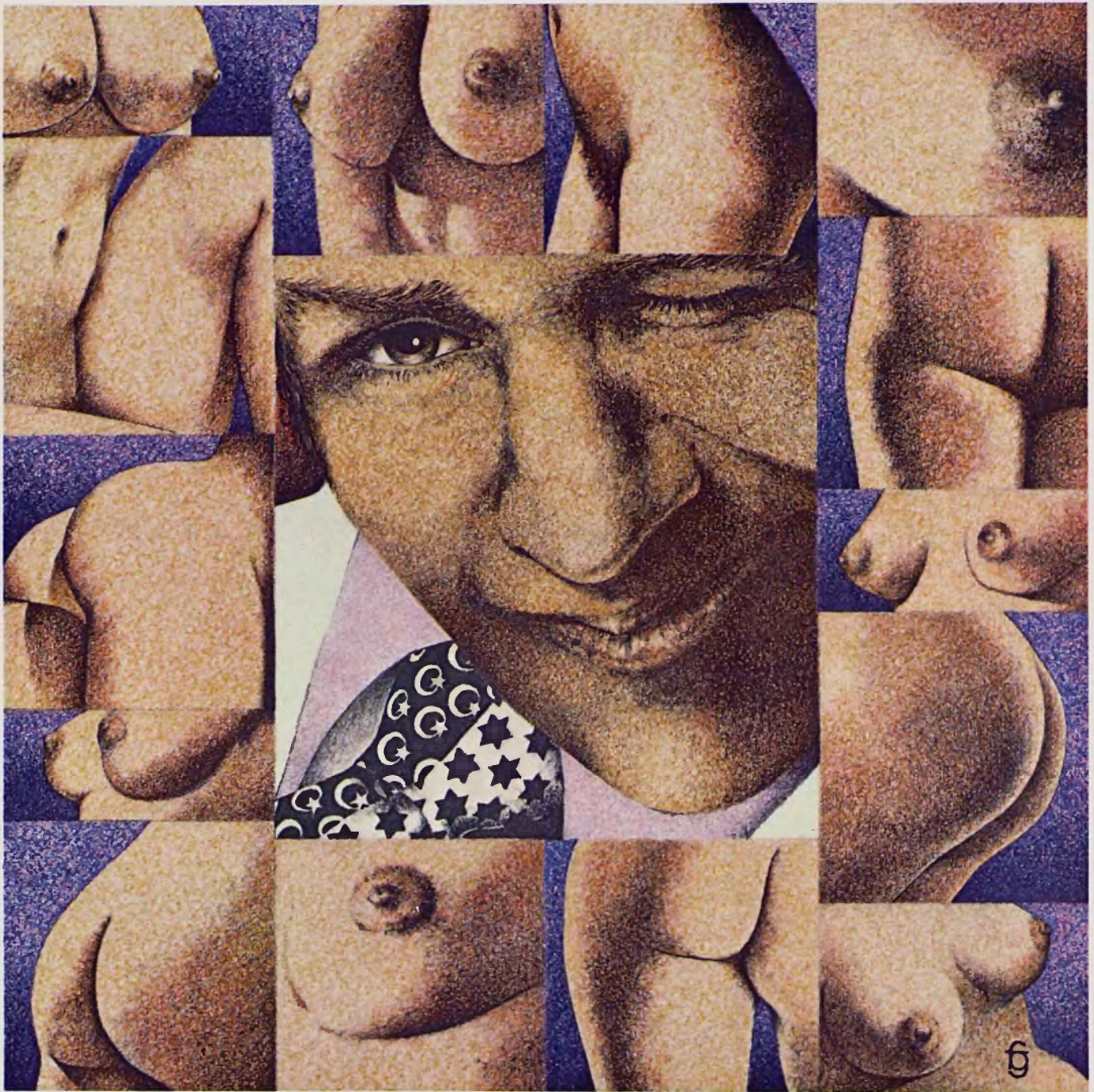
When Stadter got into the Kaplan-rescue act, yet another escape attempt was in the process of going awry. Kaplan had approached an inmate who ran a private trailer-manufacturing enterprise—using convict labor—within the prison. This inmate was paid to build a secret compartment into the bulkhead of one of the trailers. Kaplan was to wiggle into the compartment, and when the trailer was driven out for a test run—a normal procedure—the newly employed Stadter, as wheelman, would be waiting for him outside. A \$10,000 advance was wired to the inmate's bank in Mexico City, but he seemed to be stalling. Smelling a rat, Stadter wired Judy to stop payment on the check. Too late. The Mexico City bank manager had cleared payment, and later claimed that he hadn't received the stop notice in time. Perhaps it had been delayed in transit, he said regretfully, or misplaced in his bank offices.

Stadter did not discover until weeks later that the bank manager was the uncle of the inmate's wife.

. . .

Although he was nominally in charge of the next prison-break effort, Stadter was never too happy about it. An assignment, that was all it was—he had no part in organizing it. But it was going to be tricky, so he imported one of his best and most trusted operatives, a man known, unfathomably, as Pussy. "Pussy is one of those men with what seem like unlimited abilities," Stadter says of him. "His father was Portuguese, his mother French, and nobody knows what combinations preceded them. He's light enough to be white, dark enough to be black. He can handle himself in different languages, in proper dialects, but he knows when to talk and when not to. He can fit in anywhere. I could not function in Mexico without Pussy." Before the year

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chameleon

*smiling with both his faces, the undaunted semite bravely
picked his way through the ethnic mine fields of new york*

fiction by alan goldfein Master of Arabic, French, Spanish, English and Hebrew, Bebert, talky Judaeo-Berber adventurer, came to New York.

"I am an excellent salesman," he told Drexson of Drexson's Ltd., a fancy haberdashery in the Bronx; and Drexson, because he identified accent with culture and associated culture with class, and class with better business, and liked the way Bebert barreled out his chest to

make claims for himself, put him on. Also, Bebert had said that he was an Israeli, which was true—but only lately—and that his parents were dead, which was not—since they remained in Fès—and that he was here to study physics, which was ridiculous, because the only atomic weights he knew anything at all about had no relation to elements but to kilos of hash.

Bebert did well at Drexson's *(continued on page 122)*



Paul Davis

THE ORDEAL OF DANIEL ELLSBERG

personality By JOE MCGINNISS

*heroism's darkest hours—after the
act of conscience, before the cathartic trial*

IT WAS, by almost any standard, a heroic act. In terms of scope, the personal risk involved, its potential effect upon the course of a nation, Daniel Ellsberg's decision to make public the Pentagon papers was the stuff of which, in another age, an epic might have been formed. Confronted by what seemed a moral imperative, Ellsberg challenged—in a way that no one before him had dared—the apparently limitless authority of the Executive branch of the United States Government. He saw his nation using deceit to hide murder. He believed he had the power to make it stop. To do so, he realized, would be to sacrifice his career, to jeopardize his freedom, to risk condemnation as a traitor.

Yet he acted.

One might suspect that such action would have brought Ellsberg a form of contentment. One might expect to find him at peace with himself—secure in his belief that he had risked as much as anyone to end the war. But Daniel Ellsberg is a complicated, confusing man who seems almost incapable of satisfaction. Rather than bringing him fulfillment, his act seemed to stir within him new drives, new furies, new imperatives.

Ellsberg saw his act as a first, dramatic step toward the essential restructuring of America. A beginning, to which others would respond. But what if there were no response? What if, instead of a beginning, his act were an end? The end of an era of dissent. The loudest, most desperate but *final* outcry against the system. What if the tide, instead of rising with Ellsberg at its crest, were actually moving to its ebb? Where was his place in history then? What, then, did his act of heroism mean?

As he discovered, after the first wild flurry of excitement, that there was no rush to follow in his wake, Daniel Ellsberg, a hero—both in his own mind and by objective definition—embarked last fall upon a search across the country for some answers.

. . .

The apartment in which Daniel and Patricia Ellsberg live when they are in New York overlooks the East River at Sutton Place. As it is a corner apartment, there also is a view south of Lower Manhattan. It is difficult to imagine a New York apartment more attractively, or expensively, situated.

The window sills on the East River side are so long and so wide that one could—if one had a nice, soft cushion to lie down on—recline quite comfortably upon them. A pleasant way to pass the morning—gazing down lazily at the river, slowly sipping a second cup of coffee, letting vivid morning sunlight warm one's skin.

Patricia Ellsberg has such a cushion. "That's where I take telephone calls," she says, smiling softly. "They're so awful otherwise."

There is a feline quality about her. And she is something of an heiress. The Marx toy fortune. Unhappily, however, her father, who over the years has enjoyed his relationships with J. Edgar Hoover, John Mitchell and Richard Nixon, has abruptly cut off her allowance. Thus Daniel Ellsberg must seek contributions to his defense fund from any number of people who would have trouble even paying his rent.

Patricia leaves the apartment. Her husband is expected at a luncheon at noon and it's obvious he's going to be late. She will go before him, mingle with the audience, reassure the organizers, bask a bit in the glory. They've been married less than a year and a half, and now she finds herself—in a sense—first lady of the movement.

Daniel Ellsberg bursts from the bedroom. He is wiping shaving cream from his ear, tying his necktie, dialing a telephone, stepping into his shoes, answering a telephone, gulping down tea, shuffling through papers, answering another telephone, brushing his hair and cursing himself desperately for being late.

The morning has brought uncommon distress. Ellsberg's 15-year-old son by his first marriage was

awakened at seven A.M. by FBI agents in Los Angeles and told he must testify before a grand jury at nine. There is tension, acrimony, bitterness. The FBI had promised not to bother Ellsberg's children (he also has a 13-year-old daughter) if his first wife would sign a certain affidavit. It is complicated, but Ellsberg seems to blame her lawyer, the same lawyer who represented her in the divorce, for what has happened this morning with his son.

He rummages more frantically through his papers, talks more heatedly on the phone. He is already half an hour late and the cross-town cab ride has not even begun.

He races out the door of the apartment. Slaps the elevator button. Realizes he's forgotten important papers. Races back to the door of the apartment. Realizes he's locked himself out, forgotten his key.

"Have you ever been married?!" he asks. "Have you ever been divorced?!" He turns away, muttering expletives about his ex-wife's attorney. "Asshole!" His fists are clenched and trembling with rage.

The elevator operator wears a uniform and white gloves. He presses a button inside the car to alert the doorman to turn on the awning light that will summon a taxi to take Dr. Ellsberg to his address before the Second Tuesday luncheon of the New Democratic Coalition.

. . .

His reception at the luncheon that day was typical of the way Ellsberg was received throughout the fall, as, driven by a moral force of immense power, he sped up and down the Boston-Washington corridor like a Metroliner; challenging his audiences everywhere to ask new and harder questions of themselves and their society, to take risks, to make sacrifices; indeed, to pledge their lives to what had become, for him, the ultimate crusade.

"Noblest form of patriotism . . . a very great American. . . ." A rich, full introduction and then, hesitantly, almost shyly, Ellsberg stepped to the microphone, as the applause, strong from the start, swelled to tidal-wave proportions and then exploded into an ovation while 300 of the most chic, influential liberals in New York rose spontaneously to pay him tribute.

It had been almost six months since he had released the Pentagon papers to the press. No one, of course, not even his wife, had read them; but no matter. They were *there* now. Out. Their secrets exposed. And they were of the most sensational importance—*The New York Times* had made that clear. Forever after, because of them, one could mistrust, even hate his Government, without the slightest twinge of guilt.

Instantly, Ellsberg became a hero. He was not given any choice. His side, the

side of intelligence, of compassion, the side that had been *right* about the war, was simply too hero starved to let him pass. The other side was positively stinking with heroes—Spiro Agnew, Bob Hope, Billy Graham, John Wayne—even George Wallace, if your taste ran in that direction. But the movement—ah, the movement, at the moment, was strapped. The Berrigans, yes, but they were, perhaps, a wee bit too . . . *mystical*? Besides, they were in prison and not available to accept awards. Oh, Dr. Spock, Joan Baez, Angela Davis, et al., but they were either too familiar, too irate or, like Eugene McCarthy, simply tired of their roles.

Suddenly: Ellsberg. Who had performed that single, spectacular, history-shattering act. And, wonder of wonders, who turned out to be, in person, an articulate and charming intellectual. With such long fingers, and such curly hair, and those eyes that burned with that terrible intensity. . . .

The night after the talk in New York, Ellsberg spoke at MIT, where science, the Government and secrecy have long been inextricably linked. He received a stunning ovation from more than 2000 students who had crammed inside the auditorium, and in his introduction it was suggested that he be given the Nobel Prize for Peace.

Removing his jacket, rolling up his sleeves, Ellsberg spoke softly but relentlessly for almost an hour. "Distrust authority," he said, as his wife looked on with adoring eyes. "Distrust the President, whoever he is. Power *does* corrupt. Even in America."

He spoke, with a feeling that approached reverence, of Rosa Parks, the lady who had refused to move to the back of the bus in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1955, and thus, he said, precipitated the civil rights movement in America. He compared the violence, lying and secrecy that surrounded United States' involvement in Vietnam with the violence, lying and secrecy inherent in the administration of American prisons. There were frequent, passionate references to Attica. He was trying to tie it all together, make his audience share his own perspective of himself, his act, his place in history. "We must go beyond Vietnam and the Pentagon papers. We need to know more about the roots of resistance and rebellion in this country. We must learn alternate ways of behavior."

Surrender your top-secret clearances, he told the MIT faculty in the crowd; sever your ties to NASA, Rand, the Department of Defense. They are the enemy. Their hierarchies and their aims must be resisted. A new America must be built—an America without secrecy, where the people trust the Government and, more importantly, the Government trusts the people.

He might have been Bob Dylan, the way they mobbed him at the end.

There was a newspaper editors' convention in Philadelphia, a Federal employees' dinner in Washington, the trial of a draft resister in Providence, a 20th-reunion weekend at Harvard, an evening with Vietnam veterans in New York; more newspaper editors in Newport, Rhode Island, hurried lunches, missed airplanes, hugs of greeting far into the night . . . the race across autumn continued.

Eventually, the impression formed that part of what was making Ellsberg run was the terrifying notion that, for all the notoriety, even glory, it had brought him, his exposure of the Pentagon papers had been futile. "Wouldn't you go to jail to end this war?" He asked the question of audience after audience, but increasingly, one felt, it seemed irrelevant. Publication of the Pentagon papers had not ended the war. There was, in fact, no evidence, no hint, that their accessibility would shorten it by even an hour. Indeed, what seemed to pursue Ellsberg down all the autumn days was the icy suspicion that *it had not made any difference*. The nation would continue as before. The crowning act of his life had produced the sound of one hand clapping.

In the din of each ovation, he seemed to find reaffirmation of the value of his act.

. . .

The Ellsbergs were going to California. That much was certain. The question was where they were going to California from. It was 3:30 P.M. in Midtown Manhattan. "You can meet us at the airport," Patricia said on the telephone. "Either Newark at five or Kennedy at six."

It turned out to be Kennedy at six. Ellsberg was waiting at the gate with a just-purchased Judy Collins songbook under his arm. He was half an hour early for the plane, which made him nervous. He also was angry about a profile of himself that had just appeared in *Esquire*. He was in no mood for conversation on the flight. He watched *The Andromeda Strain*, which he said he enjoyed.

As he checked into the Ambassador Hotel, however, his spirits suddenly lifted. "I feel like having a couple of drinks tonight. Why don't we meet at this lounge in twenty minutes?" This was unusual. Ellsberg rarely drinks. Patricia took a quick step forward. There was a moment of subdued conversation, then Ellsberg said, "I'm really pretty tired. I guess we'd better skip that drink."

The main purpose of his trip to California was a peace rally to be held in the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Ellsberg was to be the featured speaker. In

(continued on page 192)



SOKOL

"Just taking a few home movies with the wife. What are you doing?"

BY THE SECOND DAY out of Antwerp, Morgan had assessed the other passengers on the small Swedish freighter and was able to assure himself that none of them held any interest for him. There were three or four married couples of assorted ages, two elderly sisters traveling together, a couple of men, all of them quite ordinary, and there was, he decided, no need for him to talk or listen to any of them beyond exchanging minimal amenities, and that perfectly suited his book.

He had just finished six or seven months of arduous, unbroken work for his newspaper agency, the World Syndicate, and had been summoned back to New York for a new assignment. He was very tired and he had some time coming to him and he had rooted up this little vessel that took at least ten days to make the Atlantic crossing.

Perhaps because he was a newspaperman, the Swedish captain had made available to him the good offices of the ship's chandler in Antwerp, and Morgan had laid in a small supply of Scotch, of a brand that usually was much too expensive for him but which, from the chandler, was ridiculously cheap.

He spent the voyage exactly as he had planned, eating the splendid food, drinking quietly and luxuriously, catching up on reading, sunning, dozing in deck chairs, swimming in the small canvas pool rigged up on the deck, avoiding the bridge games, shuffleboard, open-air movies and the nightly after-dinner gatherings in the public saloon. It was not until the last evening out of Antwerp, when the captain gave his farewell party, that Morgan felt it would be unnecessarily rude not to join his traveling companions.

After a specially elaborate Swedish dinner and much toasting with aquavit, the captain guided everybody into the public room. There was more drinking and talking and Morgan, very relaxed, found himself relating some of his newspaper experiences. He was a man in his early 30s, engaging enough, and he spoke well and held his listeners' interest.

As soon as he decently could, he collected his own bottle of Scotch from behind the bar, together with a glass, and went onto the deck. The whisky was extraordinary and demanded to be drunk neat, and Morgan, with profound respect, had from the beginning so treated it.

He made himself comfortable in a deck chair and looked over the rail to the sea. It was a lovely even-tempered night and there was part of a moon that splattered bits and pieces of itself on the gentle swells. He told himself again what he had realized all that week. There was a special quality in ship's life. Nothing could match its encapsulating

effect. He had not, for instance, for days bothered to look at the brief news bulletin that was received by radio and tacked up each morning.

He was sipping his Scottish nectar and wondering where his next assignment would take him when he heard footsteps on the wooden deck. He looked up to see a woman he had noticed casually from time to time, whose name, he believed, was Madge something, and who was married to an excessively dour and forbidding man.

Madge was a woman in her late 20s. She was tall and she had a superb body Morgan had observed when she appeared at the pool. She was a handsome woman and would have been even more so except for the slightly worried expression that seemed to be a permanent part of her face, a look that had built a small indentation between her eyes. She drank a great deal, Morgan had noticed, more than her husband, and she carried her drink impeccably. She had never seemed drunk or loud and the hand that flicked her cigarette lighter under endless cigarettes never seemed to waver. But the frown never left her face.

Now, wearing a suit whose lines spoke perfect French, with a ruffled blouse whose accent was Italian, her shoulder-length blonde hair catching the slight breeze, she leaned against the rail for several minutes, drink in hand, and then she walked closer to Morgan and asked him if she might join him. He told her he would be delighted and he half meant it.

She sat down next to him and took out her cigarettes. She offered them to him and he refused, and she waved away his hand when he reached out for her lighter. She inhaled deeply and gazed at the water for a little while.

"You're a writer," she said, still looking at the sea.

Her voice, Morgan noted, was low and in control. "A newspaperman."

"Isn't that the same thing?"

"Sometimes."

"I've often wanted to talk to a writer."

Morgan sighed inaudibly. He had been exposed to that universal phenomenon quite often. Many persons considered it almost the same as talking to a psychiatrist, cheaper and possibly just as useful. He looked toward the open door of the saloon. The light from the inside slanted on the deck. He could hear the sounds of the voices inside, decibels rising with the passing drinks. He hoped that her husband would miss her and that he would come out and take her back in.

She introduced herself. Her name indeed was Madge. She came from Chicago. She drank some of her whisky and smoked some of her cigarette and Morgan was beginning to think that perhaps

*the mate-swapping party
was her husband's idea . . .*

fiction

By ELLIOTT ARNOLD

A close-up photograph of a person's midsection, showing their waist and hips. They are wearing white, ribbed underwear. The person's right hand is resting on their hip, with a ring on the ring finger and light-colored nail polish. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a moody atmosphere. The text on the underwear is handwritten in black ink.

*What did I
do that
was wrong?*



... but it provided several surprises for both of them

her desire to confide in a writer was a general, casual thing and not pertinent to the moment. She disabused him.

. . .

My husband, she said before too long, his name was Ed, and he worked in Chicago and we had a pretty nice home in one of the suburbs. The marriage was pretty damned good, except for one thing. I found out I couldn't have any children. We talked about adoption, but somehow we never got round to it. We lived a pretty selfish life, I guess, and we had lots of friends, and after a while we forgot about children.

We'd been married about three years, I guess, and one night Ed made love to me, marvelous love—he was something in that department—and afterward I was just lying back with that gorgeous afterward feeling, and Ed asked me a question I didn't pay too much attention to, and then he asked me the question again, and what the question was was this: Had I ever thought about this business of group sex? Wife swapping, or, from my point of view, husband swapping?

. . .

She drank some of her drink. Morgan's interest now was quickening and he hoped that if the husband did miss her and come out looking for her, it would not be at least for a little while.

"What did you say?" he asked.

. . .

Well, I was kind of sleepy and I guess I just sort of shook my head and fell asleep. The next day, after he went off to the office, I did think about it and I finally figured it was just a question, you know, and that he had not meant it for us. I'd heard about that stuff, sure, but I wanted no part of it. Part of the reason was that Ed gave me everything I needed along those lines, and maybe more.

He didn't bring up the subject again, not for a while, anyway; but as it turned out, he had been doing a lot of thinking about it and he had worked it out, I guess, that he had picked the wrong time to ask me about it that first time, me being about as sexless as a dead clam at that moment. Then one night, we did a little drinking and talking and we started making love right there in the living room and it was while we were at it, right while we were actually doing it, while Ed was doing the things that drove me out of my head, that he began talking about it again. What he said, not missing a trick with me, was that maybe we ought to think about it, maybe it was something we ought to try, that lots of our friends were doing it, I'd be surprised to know who, and that it seemed to make them happier and make their marriages work better, and that if husbands and wives really loved each other, they would naturally want to do

everything to make each other happier, wouldn't they?

I must say that I didn't listen to every word, my mind along with the rest of me being occupied, but I guess there was some part of me registering something, and while it didn't grab me in any way, still, with all the sex that was boiling up in me, with what he was doing to me, anything in that area, including talk, didn't just go by.

"Try to think about it," he said. "You know, others doing it in front of us."

. . .

She paused again to light a fresh cigarette. The freighter chugged along almost silently.

Morgan asked, "How did you react to that?"

"It didn't revolt me," she said.

. . .

Ed kept bringing it up, not naggingly, you understand, but from time to time, usually when I was a little high, when we were fooling around, and one day, I was sitting on top of him, I remember, he asked me if I loved him and I told him that was a pretty silly question, and he said if I really loved him, then I would want to please him in every way, and I said, OK, if that's what he really wanted, OK.

Well, I guess it was about a week later, and I'd almost forgotten about it, when he told me there was going to be one of those group affairs at the home of a couple of our best friends on the coming Saturday night.

I was absolutely floored. "Lucy and Wilbur!"

Ed grinned and nodded.

"Ed, you've got to be kidding."

"You see what we've been missing?"

I still couldn't believe it. "Wilbur Snelling a swinger? Good God, he blushes if a woman tells a dirty joke. And Lucy keeps going around emptying ashtrays, even in somebody else's house."

Ed laughed and told me of some of our other friends who would be there, and there were at least three couples we knew intimately—not intimately enough, it seemed—and I was shocked more with each name. I still almost didn't believe it.

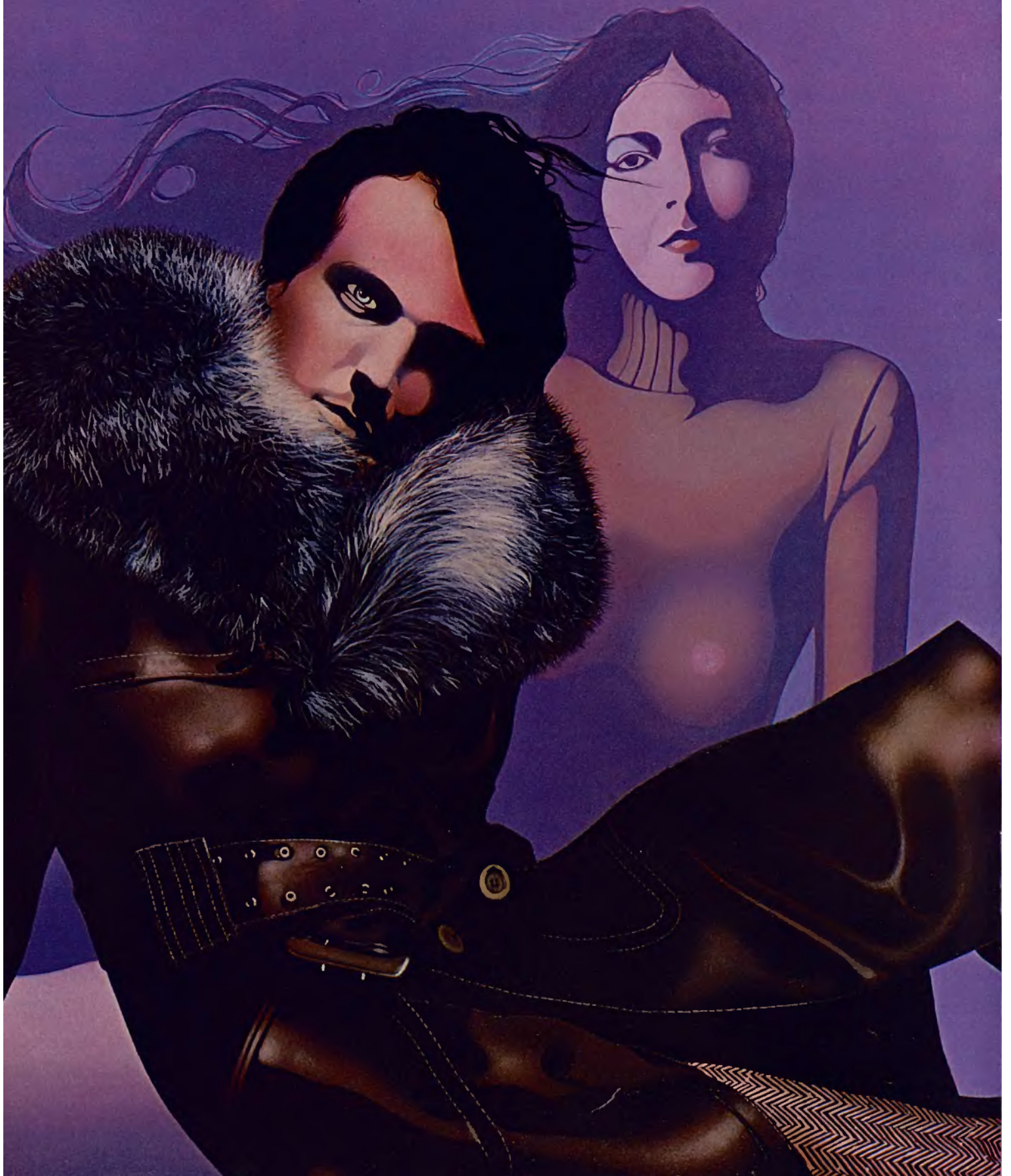
Well, the great night arrived and we went to Wilbur and Lucy's place and we were greeted by the others as though we had just returned from six years in Zanzibar. I couldn't exactly understand that reception. I do now, of course. We were new blood for the little group. You see, I learned that after a while, group sex with the same people all the time—despite all the permutations and combinations possible—gets to be a kind of group marriage. No new faces. No new bodies. We were new both.

. . .

One of the sailors came up from the deck below carrying a wrench. He opened a *(continued on page 110)*

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN



*the definitive statement on
the coming trends in
menswear and accessories*

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW. Men's fashion will be ranging far afield for its inspirations this fall and winter. There is no single look that predominates, as in seasons past—no "in" thing. Styles range from resurrected Forties funkiness to a European-inspired two-button double-breasted suit; from the street people's off-beat plaids to the sophistication of an elegantly simple (and expensive) leather coat with fur collar. Conservative types may find these fashion times a bit unsettling; as for us, we'll welcome the surprises of the next six months as designers and manufacturers play with the past and borrow from the Continent to bring us creations that are both fresh and enjoyable. (There is a trend away from shock-for-shock's-sake styles—which is all to the good.) So look over the clothes shown on these pages. We're sure you'll find plenty of exciting ways to express your individuality—while stepping out smartly in style.



Opposite page: Double-breasted, belted trench coat of lambskin with raccoon collar, by Rafael, \$450, worn with wool herringbone-tweed straight-leg slacks with pleated patch pockets, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, \$60. Above, left to right: Loden-cloth working suit featuring quilted-leather-trimmed jacket with button-through flap breast and bellow waist pockets, and straight-leg trousers with quilted-leather yoke back and leather flap patch pockets, \$150, rib-knit wool turtleneck, \$40, leather signature-buckle belt, \$40, all by Dimitri of Italy; and a reversible suede/smooth cowhide shirt suit with epoulets, contrast stitching and flared-leg jeans-cut slacks with Western pockets, by H. D. Lee, \$140, worn over a two-tone, string-knit cotton-linen-Orlon turtleneck, by Gant Sportmakers, \$16.



Opposite page, left to right: Brushed-wool two-button tartan jacket, by New Traditionals, \$75, acrylic rib-knit turtleneck, by Barclay, \$8, and wool cavalry-twill straight-leg trousers, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, \$47.50; split-calfskin jacket with polyester collar and wool lining, by Little Foxes International, \$110, cotton-flannel plaid shirt, \$22.50, with matching tie, \$10, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, and wool-flannel moderately flared trousers, by Chaps of Polo, \$26. Below: Cotton carduroy coat with wool plaid lining and convertible turtleneck collar, \$75, and matching flared-leg slacks, \$30, both by Hathaway OtherWear, and a cashmere turtleneck, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, \$55. Right: Wool block-plaid single-breasted suit with slightly flared trousers, by Oscar de la Renta for After Six, \$230, and a wool knit striped turtleneck, by Sabre of London, \$28.





Left: Wool-flannel two-button double-breasted suit with flared-leg trousers, by Cloisters Diffusion, \$185, cotton-flannel plaid shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$18, woven polyester tie, by Roland, \$10. Below: Wool plaid double-breasted midicoat, \$145, and flared-leg wool slacks, \$35, both by Pierre Cardin; acrylic rib-knit turtleneck, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle Shirtmakers, \$17. Opposite page, left to right: Jacquard knit polyester V-neck pullover, by Himalaya, \$9, cotton-flannel ploid shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$18, silk-print butterfly bow tie, by Berkley Cravats for Liberty of London, \$6.50, cuffed wool checked slacks, by Chaps of Polo, \$26, and a leather belt, by Paris Accessories for Men, \$5; ring-neck wool sweater, \$27.50, worn with oxford-cloth button-down shirt, \$22.50, wool challis bow tie, \$8.50, wool checked slacks, \$40, and lizard belt, \$15, all by Bill Blass.





*What did I do that was wrong?**(continued from page 103)*

panel not far from them and started tightening something.

Madge looked at her glass. It was empty. Morgan quickly poured some of his whisky into the glass.

"I need soda," she said.

"Not with this. Try it straight." He turned his head to look at the working crewman. How the hell long would he be? And the husband had to come out any minute now.

"Hey, this is great," she said after tasting the whisky.

"What happened that night? That night at Wilbur and Lucy's?" he asked.

The sailor banged the wrench on something metal. She turned her head, startled.

"He doesn't speak English," Morgan said. He could have strangled the man.

. . .

What happened that night? Nothing happened. Not to me, anyway. Oh, I went there. I suppose I was sort of ready. I had a couple of blasts and pretty soon everybody stripped and I stripped. Down to my bra and panties. Everybody else was coupling off and there was nobody who seemed particularly interested in me and certainly nobody I wanted, and it seemed sort of silly, you know, to get all the way to the buff.

I saw Ed go after a friend of ours, a woman who was involved in charity affairs, and she certainly was quite charitable that night. She was a woman I never thought would have interested Ed, good-looking but not Ed's type, you know, as I knew Ed's type, but she was Ed's type at the moment, anyway, and she was full of this largess, and pretty soon there was my husband banging this woman in front of me.

The room was filled with people making it with each other, but all I could see was my husband balling with another woman.

. . .

She swallowed more of the whisky. "This is marvelous."

"Did it bother you?" Morgan asked.

"What?"

"Your husband and this woman."

"It bothered the hell out of me."

They were singing now in the saloon. The captain was a great believer in community singing. Morgan could hear his baritone voice booming out. Surely Madge's husband would miss her now and come out looking for her.

. . .

On the way home in the car, before I could say anything about his performance with the woman of charity, Ed started bawling the hell out of me for not making the scene with anyone. I told him nobody had asked me, which was true.

"You didn't send out any vibes," he said.

"What the hell do you mean by that?"

"You didn't look like you wanted to. You looked as though you disapproved."

"All right. I didn't want to. I watched and I thought it was disgusting and I didn't want to. Where do we go from there?"

"I don't know. Everybody was damned disappointed in you. You were like the skeleton at the feast."

"Can I live with that?"

It turned out in the next couple of days, that our friends were more than just disappointed. They were sore.

"They know you disapproved," Ed said one night.

"I did."

"You didn't have to show it."

"I did."

"You made them feel guilty. They don't want to be made to feel that way. Because you have these sexual hang-ups, you don't have to go around making people feel guilty. You're just too damned uptight and you put people off."

I had never considered myself to have sexual hang-ups nor to be uptight. I thought back to the times Ed and I made love and what we did with each other. No holds barred.

But what he was telling me was that the boys who rode in with him on the commuter train were sore as boils. He had had one of the wives and nobody had had me. We hadn't played the game. It wasn't cricket. It was like Ed had been caught cheating at cards.

That was the way it was and after a little time, Ed started asking me to give it another go. It was like his honor had been impugned and he had to erase the stain, and so, to reinstate my husband in the esteem of his friends, I agreed to try it again, and we did.

. . .

Morgan poured more whisky into her glass. "What happened?"

"I got laid. That's what happened."

. . .

It was pretty damned awful. No man had touched me since Ed and I got married. He hadn't been the first, you know, not by a long shot, but there had been nobody since and I'd forgotten what another man's touch was, and when I was reminded, by one of Ed's closest friends that night, I didn't like it, I didn't like it at all. But I went through with it. I closed my eyes and tried not to think who the man was on top of me nor about the other wallowing couples. My God, those people made it everywhere! On the floor, on the couches, on chairs, standing up. Me, I

kept trying to pretend it was Ed who was doing it to me.

On the way home, Ed asked me how it had been.

"Lousy," I said.

"He wasn't good?"

"I don't know. He might have been the world's greatest stud. I wouldn't know. I didn't feel anything."

He laughed. "I told you, it's those old-fashioned hang-ups."

"Whatever he was, he wasn't as good as you." I reached over and touched his hand. He'd had himself a fine time that evening and for some reason I was feeling guilty and I didn't want him to be angry with me.

"You've got to get rid of them, those hang-ups."

"Do I?"

"Look, what we have, our love, that isn't touched by this at all. You have to understand that. It has nothing to do with that. That's private. It belongs to us, our hearts, our souls. The other thing is pure physical pleasure. It's pleasure we can give to each other. It's like going skiing or sailing or something. It's outside what's in us. It has nothing at all to do with our love for each other except to make that love deeper because we're extending our enjoyments. Think about that."

I thought about it.

A few minutes later, he said, "Old Morris wasn't as good as me, is that what you said?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"He's supposed to be pretty fair in the kip."

"He doesn't rate with you, not to me."

He turned. "You see. It's making our marriage better already."

"What's making our marriage better?"

"Just this one time and you know how much better I am with you. You appreciate our own sex even more. Now, isn't that benefiting our marriage?"

"I didn't need anything like this to appreciate our sex."

"But it has underlined it, right? Think about it."

I thought about it. I thought a lot about it. It didn't make sense to me and yet it was logical, I supposed. Maybe it did make sense. It seemed to make sense to a lot of people, this expanding their experiences, as somebody said, people I liked and respected, people who were good people, good parents, churchgoers. Maybe I was out of step. Maybe I did have what Ed called a hang-up. Maybe I was too uptight.

So the next time, I decided I would try to enjoy it, really enjoy it. I had a couple of stiff martinis before we left our house—privately, you understand; I didn't want Ed to think I was having to brace myself—and when we got there, I

(continued on page 186)



"I bet we got the most integrated team in the league."



*dog trainer sharon johansen
is now learning the
tricks of a new trade: acting*

PETS' TEACHER

WHEN THE PHONE RINGS in her Santa Monica apartment and the caller asks Sharon Johansen to "come over and see my new Doberman," she doesn't think it's a crank call. Miss Johansen is a dog trainer and she constantly gets calls from her pupils' owners. "Someone's always phoning to tell me about a ribbon one of my dogs has won or a litter she's had. I don't have any kind of shop or office where people can bring their pets, so I go to them instead. I usually become friends with the owners as well as their dogs," explains 23-year-old Sharon. Her occupation grew out of frustration with the conventional restrictions of nine-to-fiveism. "I had an interesting desk job, too. Right after high school, I worked for Pierre Salinger's investment company. Knowing him was great, but I hated being cooped up in an office all the time. I also wanted something that would give me a chance to be my own boss, make my own hours. So I took stock of my interests. I've always loved animals—at first I considered working at the L. A. zoo. Then it came to me out of nowhere—dog training. I took a course to learn how it's done and just started out." She has built her business slowly and carefully, relying on word-of-mouth advertising to attract new prospects. "I prefer working that way, so when people call, they've already made up their minds to have their dogs trained and I don't have to sell them on the idea. Most of them also know what it costs. I charge \$200 for a full course or \$20 an hour. I know that sounds like a lot, but I don't work every day, so I had to think about that when I set my fee." Since the economics of Sharon's business restricts her clients to a relatively affluent group of dog owners, her house calls are made principally in Beverly Hills, Palos Verdes and other lush, meticulously gardened areas of Los Angeles. "That's a great part of my job. I've spent time in some of the most fabulous back yards in Los Angeles." Another is the free time it gives her to get involved in a new

GATEFOL PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



Below: One of Sharon's star pupils is Dog, an old English sheep dog owned by Hugh Hefner. At a morning lesson, Sharon leads Dog through a wooded section of the five-acre estate that surrounds Playboy's California Mansion in the Holmby Hills area of Los Angeles.





Above: Teacher and student have on eye-to-eye confrontation in the midst of the lesson. Below: Taking a break in her day, Sharon splashes in a man-made waterfall located on another part of the Mansion's grounds. "Being self-employed, I prefer going to people's homes to train their dogs rather than having them brought to me. At Hef's, that arrangement really has some great side benefits."



career—acting. Sharon has thought fancifully of being an actress for as long as she can remember, but “I never had the nerve to even audition for a part in high school. I’d always get as far as the door of the room where the drama club was holding tryouts. I’d see them all in there reading scripts—and I’d chicken out. So it never occurred to me that I’d have the courage to actually go through with it. I think starting the dog-training business did it for me. I proved to myself that I could do something that wasn’t routine and make a living on my own. That gave me confidence. I’ll need it, because when you’re trying to make it as an actress, the disappointments can really bring you down.” So far, Sharon has had little reason for regret. She’s already appeared in a number of television series, including *The Name of the Game* and *Sarge*, and in a *Li'l Abner* special, in which her conspicuous proportions (40-22-37) were well suited for the role of Appassionata Von Climax. Now Sharon has just completed shooting her first feature film, *Your Three Minutes Are Up*. “I play a kind of beach girl named Johansen. That’s really wild, because I get to use my own name and I couldn’t be more of a beach girl in real life. My Santa Monica place is just a block away from the ocean and I spend all the time I can there. Everyone who’s seen the first rushes says it’s a terrific film. Right now I’m testing for a *Love, American Style* part—and a lot of other TV things. It just seems like everything’s rushing in at once. And I love it.” If her career maintains its present pace, Sharon may soon find herself with a Beverly Hills back yard of her own.



Above: Sharon demonstrates for Hefner the results of the first training session as Dog offers his paw for a farewell shake. Below: She returns to her home for an oceanside jog and a workout at the ballet bar.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS OCTOBER



Above: On the set of her first feature film, *Your Three Minutes Are Up*, Sharon chats with one of its male leads, Beau Bridges (left), then plays a bedroom scene opposite the movie's co-star, Ron Leibman (see *On the Scene*, page 172). "I'm Ron's girlfriend in the film," she explains. Below: That night, Sharon visits friend Richard Harris backstage after his concert at a Los Angeles theater.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

For a thousand dollars," asked the jolly quizmaster, "who was the first man?"

"Adam!" gushed the lovely young contestant.

"Correct! And for two thousand dollars, who was the first woman?"

"Eve!" burred the girl.

"Correct again! And now, for four thousand, what was the first thing Eve said to Adam?"

"Gee, that's hard," said the girl, frowning.

"Jackpot!" shouted the quizmaster.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *racial superiority* as a pigment of one's imagination.



The distinguished-looking gentleman and the stunning redhead were seated at a table in a plush restaurant. The man appeared preoccupied about something. Finally, he leaned over to her and whispered, "I have to make a clean breast of it, darling. Could you possibly continue to care for a fellow who has swindled his business associate of twenty years out of two million dollars, and at a time when the associate has just learned that his unmarried daughter is pregnant, that his son is in prison abroad on a drug charge and that his wife has an incurable and expensive disease?"

"Possibly—just possibly," replied the girl languidly, "provided the guy doesn't chicken out and make restitution."

Perhaps you've heard about the he-man movie star who lost quite a bit of his popularity after appearing in his first skin flick. His female fans discovered that he had a disappointingly small part.

Senator," asked one of his aides during a working-luncheon silence, "what do you intend doing about the Abortion Bill?"

"Shhh, not so loud," gulped the legislator. "Phone that quack and tell him I'll pay it first thing next month."

A well-traveled friend of ours says that the first gay bar in Dublin has now been opened. It's called Sodom and Begorra.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wet dream* as getting a load off your mind.

Please, honey," pleaded the young man, "if you'll only let me, I'll just put it in a little way." So his date gave in, but temptation proved too much for the fellow and he gradually went hilt-deep.

"Ooh," whispered the girl, "that feels nice! Now put it in all the way!"

"Absolutely not!" panted the quick-thinking youth. "A promise is a promise."

Can you name a part of the human body," asked the biology professor, "whose function is a delayed one?"

"Yes," sighed the coed. "The diaphragm. Mine allows me to breathe more easily the following morning."

A wanton young mermaid named Jones

Elicited undersea moans

From guys aqualunging

By saltily tonguing

Their divers erogenous zones.

We've heard it rumored that the Vatican is freezing flavored holy water and selling the product as Popesicles.

The jet passenger kept patting the stewardess on the fanny every time she passed his seat. "Before this goes any further," she finally said, "I want you to know that I'm a Lesbian."

"Fine," he retorted. "How's everything in Beirut?"

A chap generally considered to be a confirmed swinger visited his doctor to complain of impotence. "You, of all people!" said the astonished medical man. "Why, you have a reputation as long as my arm."

"But what good is a reputation," asked his patient plaintively, "if it won't stand up?"



The streetwalker got into a taxi, hiked up her skirt, winked invitingly at the driver and asked, "How about taking the fare out in trade?"

"Lady," whined the cabby after a lingering look, "haven't ya got anything smaller?"

Once a great tournament was held in feudal Japan to select the best samurai swordsman. After exhaustive eliminations, three finalists remained. Each was given a small box with a fly in it. The first warrior released his fly and then divided it cleanly in half in flight. The second was even more skillful, slicing his fly into quarters with two lightninglike strokes of his keen blade. Then came the third samurai's turn. He released his fly and swung his sword, but the fly kept on flying. "Ah," said the judge, "your fly has escaped unharmed."

"He still flies," countered the proud warrior, "but he will no longer reproduce."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Do you still feel a pea under the mattress, my lady?"

chameleon (continued from page 95)

by adapting the bazaar in his background to the boutique. He said, "Welcome, welcome," smiled openly, broadly, and cradled backs in his arms. He said, "This item—because I like you very much, because you are my friend—I can sell to you cheaply." He looked around cautiously for Drexson, though the "cheaply" was, of course, Drexson's original price; he spoke with a strong accent that people thought was Israeli, and *was*, though it was unnatural for him to do so, since Arabic or Spanish or even French was more natural to him. "But what do Americans know about accents?" He looked downcast, homeless, exilic when customers would not buy. "You know, sir, this kind of shirt—a shirt of madras material—is impossible to purchase in Israel, where I am from, because India does not trade with our country. It is a rarity. It is highly valued. Can you imagine what we would give to have the opportunity to wear clothes like these?" Bebert had dark curly hair and skin the color of walnuts and large black eyes; he had the kind of looks that often make privilege guilty.

Once a man said, "But India trades with Israel." The man was wearing an expensive suit and he carried a briefcase, so Bebert did not debate.

"Oh, yes, a recent development," he answered instead. "But it does not matter very much, because few people in our nation, with the problems that you know we have with our neighbors, can afford what is imported, especially from countries like India that make luxuries. Of course, if you are talking about the leaders, our leaders, like Golda and Eban—who are, you know, really Westerners—or even Moshe Dayan, well, then, of course, they can afford cottons and silks. They come to America for dinners . . . and speeches . . . and applause. I come here to work, because there is none at home."

The man said, "I'm sorry, I didn't realize. You know, the picture we get from here is . . . ah, this looks nice. . . ." He took out his credit card, blushed for owning it, purchased, said, "I hope that conditions over there. . . ." Bebert looked him in the eye. "Well, you know . . . I just hope. . . ." He turned, saying "hope," and left.

Drexson bragged about Bebert. He talked about "my Israeli assistant, my crack sabra salesman, my warrior of the menswear campaign." And this publicity, combined with the actual attraction, shot business up 100 percent. Old men and women—especially people who had been born in Europe—came to Drexson's Ltd. to hear a young man, a beautiful dark curly-haired young man (living in Israel must give you a healthy tan), speak Hebrew naturally; speak Hebrew

understanding every word, *kina hora!* Like second nature, they realized it was first nature, though of course it wasn't; somehow, second nature sounded even better.

A good many other people who were not so old, people who had jobs and families and other responsibilities, came to discuss topics like prospective vacations in Israel, the danger, the water, the food, the sights and selective helpful words to know. They also came to see just what an Israeli looked like and to ask, "Just what is a *kibbutz* like?" and, "Ha, ha, have enough trees been planted yet?" To the last two questions Bebert had no answers, since, one, he had never been on a *kibbutz*—"That is for those white socialists who think so much of themselves" (this went unsaid)—and two, what is so funny about trees?

Bebert would say *Bocher tov*, and they would whisper among themselves, "That's good morning. He said good morning." And they would answer, "*Bocher tov*, Bebert," or "*Shalom*, Bebert." Since they did not speak Hebrew, Bebert became very popular saying *Bocher tov*, *Shalom*, *Erev tov* (which is Good evening), *Mah shlom cha?* and *Mah shlom mea?* (which are How are you?, masculine, and How are you?, feminine). He described the Wailing Wall, the praying there, the Sabbath, when the entire nation closes down to observe it, the reunions of families separated during the war, of which he knew nothing but made up a lot: "You see them on the streets coming together; it is very beautiful," the victories—of course the victories: "We beat them good!"—over the latest enemy, and said, "No, nowhere is as dangerous as Central Park."

Many people left Drexson's Ltd. with valuable feelings—satisfaction, gratification, warmth, sadness, happiness, pride, thankfulness and a measure of religion. And, being considerate, they also came away with tie tacks, cuff links, belts, ties, *something*; and frequently large-money items, too. "Bebert gets commission," they said. It added up.

. . .

Bebert found himself a nice apartment on the Upper East Side and dressed in the colorful, expensive cottons and silks that Drexson allowed him to have—not at employees' discount but (keep this under your hat) free. He paraded along First, Second, Third, Madison, Lexington, Park, Fifth in a straight line, bumping shoulders—the Mediterranean sensationalist proof of not just existence but manhood—with men who would not yield and who were not too stocky or tall. Bebert cursed those whose shoulders clobbered his; in

Arabic he conjured rocks that would descend from heaven to crush the tombs of the mothers of these men; he prayed that camels might perform the necessary biological functions on the graves of their fathers. He hung out, loitered, ogled smart women Jaffa-Casablanca-Fès fashion, which meant touching, leering, communicating secret evil that was supposed to be sex, which might have worked if it had stopped there, but continued always to blow the approach by offering to sell something—*anything*, which he did not *have*, anyway—and which showed, as one pretty girl put it, "that his scene was in his pockets" and basically, therefore, noninteractive and dirty. This happened around all the above-mentioned smart locations.

Bebert attempted to pick up girls in Happy's, a swinging singles bar, but was hopeless.

"Excuse me, beautiful girl," he said with a grin so broad it was difficult for his face to handle, a grin that was hungry and toothy and monstrous. "Excuse me, but would you be interested in buying some *shit*?"

"Huh? . . . Oh, *flake off*."

"Perhaps you do not understand. *Shit* is not . . . uh . . . *shit* is hashish."

"*Shit* is you. *Flake off!*"

"You are very beautiful, *incredibly* beautiful." Bebert, never daunted by nos, went on. "Your skin is like the soft sands that coat my native Holy Land."

"Oh, God," said the girl, which, for some reason, to Bebert, was sufficient invitation to tickle her neck.

"Watch the hands, Muhammad."

"Oh . . . *not* Muhammad. Bebert! I am Jew, not Arab. I am going to study physics." He pronounced physics like it was a password.

"Watch the hands, Beeper."

"Bebert." That monstrous grin again. "I hate Arabs."

"Wonderful. Now will you leave?"

"The Arabs—ah, I can tell you about Arabs—they are not to be trusted," Bebert said. "You cannot befriend an Arab. I know! You can feed them, give them shelter, take them to your family, and still, one day, *one day*, like vermin of the desert, they will turn on you. Would you like to see the scar a man named Muhammad left on me? I will have to open my shirt. We could go into that corner."

"Flake off, Beeper. My name's Fatima."

Bebert's laugh was louder than the cool jazz music being played, and he received at least a dozen stares. He laughed again, found the cozy atmosphere speared by eyes evil toward him, backed off the bar stool, made muscles in his forearms, biceps, pecs—for some unexplainable reason, since beneath his Drexson sports coat they were not

(continued on page 178)

THE PRESIDENT FLAGELLATES FROGS

humor By CALVIN TRILLIN *of course, we all know that . . . but don't you think it's really odd about the secretary of defense and his curiously stuffed teddy bear?*

AFTER HOURS of writing and rewriting, I typed the final drafts of the first two rumors on separate three-by-five index cards and handed them proudly to my wife, Wanda Sue, for her reaction.

FOR THE PRESIDENT: The President derives sexual pleasure from the flagellation of frogs, using tiny whips purchased in the North Beach section of San Francisco by special agents of the Secret Service.

FOR THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE: The President's wife has a small Japanese gentleman living in her hairdo.

"But it isn't true!" Wanda Sue said.

"Of course it isn't true, dear," I said, patiently. "It's all for my dissertation." I was, at that time, a fourth-year graduate student in the School of Communication Arts, University of California at Canoga Park, and my plan was simply to invent two rumors and measure

what we called their nonmedia verbal distribution.

"But you just can't go around saying things like that," Wanda Sue insisted. "That's the filthiest thing I ever heard of."

"I didn't say there was anything *between* the President's wife and the small Japanese gentleman," I said. "He just lives there, quietly."

"Not that one," she said. "The other one. What a disgusting thing to say about the President."

"You mean you don't believe it," I said.

"Well, of course I don't believe it," Wanda Sue said. "Nobody would ever believe anything like that about the President of the United States. It's ridiculous. I mean, how would he explain having all those frogs around? Where would he keep them?"

"He keeps them in the basement," I said, improvising quickly. "Where Calvin (*continued on page 132*)





spaghetti is only the launching pad—it's the sauce that puts you in orbit

food **by george bradshaw** IN THE ORDINARY WAY, you sit down and eat a dish of spaghetti with tomato sauce and think nothing of it. But the fact is, the dish is the culmination of hundreds of years of invention, exploration and common sense; indeed, it is a marriage of the products of two hemispheres.

It is legend—and it will serve—that Marco Polo, when he returned from the court of the great khan in China at the end of the 13th Century, brought with him, among other treasures, noodles. That is, the basic recipe for the paste—pasta—that was to become the glory of the Italian kitchen.

There were then no tomatoes in Italy. Nor in all of Europe, for that matter: no tomatoes, no chocolate, no vanilla, no corn, no potatoes—sweet or white—almost no beans, no turkeys. Italians had to wait a good 300 years—until that great wave of Spanish and Portuguese explorers brought back to Europe the foods and flavors of the New World—before they could enjoy a simple tomato sauce.

They have never tired of it. Now, 400 years later, tomatoes are the most common ingredient in a spaghetti sauce—sometimes to the point where one longs for another flavor.

In Italy, everyone eats some form of pasta at least once a day and, in consequence, Italians have devised a staggering number of sauces—from A to Z, literally, anchovies to zucchini. Variety is a necessity.

One of the great virtues of a spaghetti dinner is its ease. Almost without exception, the sauce can be made ahead—even long ahead and frozen. As for the spaghetti itself, anyone who can stay awake can boil spaghetti.

And you need very little else. Salad—which also can be made ahead—the classic hot crusty bread, some cheese and fruit to finish with and a bottle of good red wine.

If you have done your homework, spaghetti makes a meal that can be got on the table in ten minutes flat.

Here follows a variety of sauce recipes, some classic, some may be surprises. None should present the slightest difficulty in preparation. But first, a brief run-through on preparing the object of the sauces' affection. In this scientific age, cooking spaghetti is still not a scientific matter. You must always watch and test. In general, however, spaghetti should be cooked in an excessive amount of lightly salted boiling water. American

pasta plus

brands take about eight minutes, but you should always fish out a strand and bite it to see if it is to your liking. (Should you find spaghetti made in Italy, you will discover it can take as long as 18 minutes to cook.)

When the spaghetti is done, pour it into a colander to drain, then swirl a good lump of butter—at least two tablespoons—in the hot pot in which it was cooked. Return the hot spaghetti to the pot and, with a couple of forks, toss it until it's coated with the melted butter. If you wish to serve the spaghetti from a bowl, be sure that it, too, is very hot.

Incidentally, one of the best ways to eat spaghetti, especially if you are not having it as a main dish, is simply to add *(continued on page 182)*



dash it, fellows, it would appear that jovial tom, sturdy sam and stalwart dick are in for a peck of trouble at the hands of ne'er-do-well dan baxter and his band of toadies

Anyone who has been within range of a television set, a radio or a newspaper over the past ten years obviously knows what's been happening on the nation's college campuses. The new sexual freedom, the racial turmoil, the

antiwar demonstrations, the student confrontations with police and National Guardsmen. In short, the whole violent spectrum that exploded in the Sixties and is still sputtering in the Seventies.

I had always thought that I was as aware of the new

college scene as anyone. However, it wasn't until I visited the campus of a large Western university recently (my first trip, I must confess, to a college in some years) that the full impact of the phenomenon really hit home. From the bizarre



group living arrangements to the myriad campus booths collecting money to fight pollution and free H. Rap Brown, to the graphic no-holds-barred posters such as WAR IS BULLSHIT and CURB THE POPULATION GROWTH, USE A CONDOM, I was frankly

stunned and not a little awed by the incredible transformation that had taken place in such a relatively short period of time.

While I am, for the most part, in sympathy with any cause to advance individual freedom, particularly among

the country's youth, I can't help feeling a little sad. Once again, something sweet and innocent from my reveries of the past has been rocked to its very foundation.

As a child of those now-storied Thirties, my whole concept of college and cam-

pus life was nurtured by boys' books. And of all the books on the subject, one group towered mightily over the rest—the *Rover Boys* series. Ah, those three clean-cut, intrepid Rovers. Sired by the prolific Arthur M. Winfield in the 1890s, they

not only thrilled us and our fathers with an adventure a year for decades but they begat four manly, wide-awake sons who had adventures of their own in a second *Rover Boys* series.

But getting back to the *Rovers pères*, it was through their pulse-pounding experiences in school, circa 1900, that we learned all we had to know about college: that it was a place of warm camaraderie, school spirit, spine-freezing football games, blackhearted but strangely appealing villains, a little book cracking and a lot of cheering and singing. It was where freshmen always wore beanies, where profs were pedagogic, absent-minded and lovable and where coeds were beautiful and pure.

I can't deny that when I entered college myself in the Forties, part of my dream was shattered. For one thing, there were no beanies and, for another, there was a rumor that a girl at Sigma Kappa kissed with her mouth open. But aside from that, the image pretty much held fast. Who would dream that we would go from the Forties into the Sixties (as we all know, there *were* no Fifties) and get all this?

If I may, I'd like to go back into a special corner of my past and re-create from memory a much simpler time—the wonderful, happy image of college life that I had as a boy. There were giants in the ivy-covered earth in those days and their names were Dick, Tom and Sam Rover. And one of their typical adventures usually went something like this:

The makeshift flying craft hovered over the campus of Brill College, and then began to make its slow descent. Aboard the strange vehicle, barely visible to the naked eye, were three figures.

From the campus buildings ran students to witness the sight.

"Jumping lobsters!" shouted a sophomore. "What is going on here?"

"By crickey!" said a junior. "There are three lads aboard that odd craft. I wonder who they can be."

"Gosh all hemlock!" cried a senior slangily. "I do fancy it's the Rover Boys arriving on campus for the fall semester."

"What an unusual way to travel," said the sophomore.

"Unusual, indeed," vouchsafed a jealous freshman. "Why can't they come by train or horse and carriage, like the rest of us?"

"Because they are always up to something new and original," said another.

"They are so full of grit and push," said the freshman grudgingly. "I wish I were like them. But I never had a chance."

"Boys like the Rovers make their own chances," said the junior simply. Whereupon the others nodded their heads respectfully and awfully.

The craft came close to the ground,

and then with a few light bumps, it touched down on campus. One at a time, the Rovers began to climb out.

"Look," said a student. "There is Dick, the eldest Rover."

"Hello, college chums," said Dick, his noble, well-chiseled features gleaming in the autumn sunlight. "It is indeed grand to be back on campus with all you keen fellows again."

"And look," said another. "There is Tom, the fun-loving Rover."

Another manly lad stepped out and waved cheerily.

"Bless me," said a dudish chap, who was new on campus, "who is the third lad?"

"Humph," said the senior impatiently. "That is the youngest brother, sturdy Sam, as any fool can plainly see."

Sam stepped out and also waved at the throng. Then the three brothers were embraced manfully by the others.

"Say, Rovers," said the sophomore, "you have certainly chosen a bizarre way to arrive on campus. What do you call that strange vehicle?"

"Anything except late for dinner," said the fun-loving Tom, with a twinkle in his mischievous eyes, and there was a merry laugh all around. As he had done so many times in the past, irrepressible Tom had scored once again with his telling wit.

"But seriously, chums," said Dick modestly, "this is just a little something we pieced together on a rainy summer afternoon at home. We haven't decided yet what to call it."

"I have it," said sturdy Sam. "How about calling it an aeroplane?"

"Bully!" said Tom.

And somehow the name stuck.

"Well, well," said a cheery voice. "What a pleasure it is to see you red-blooded lads back again with us for the new semester."

"Oi sure, an' that it is," echoed a voice with a friendly Irish brogue.

Our three heroes turned and standing before them, their faces beaming, were two familiar figures.

"Why, it is Dean Hobart Brill," said Dick, overcome with emotion. "The beloved founder and president of this, the finest institution of learning in the entire Middle West."

"And his trusted campus law-enforcement officer, jolly Patrolman O'Brien!" shouted Tom.

"Outside of our Uncle Randolph and Aunt Martha back at Valley Brook Farm, there are no two people dearer to us on the face of the earth," ejaculated sturdy Sam reverently.

"Hurrah for Dean Brill and Officer O'Brien!" shouted the Rovers and their fellow students, removing their caps. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Whereupon the lads sang *For He's a Jolly Good Mentor!* Followed by *What's*

the Matter with O'Brien? He's All Right! This followed by three more cheers, a locomotive and a tiger.

When the cheers ended, Dean Brill and Patrolman O'Brien were lifted onto the shoulders of Dick and Tom and carried to the dining hall for a grand campus ice-cream-and-cake festival that would be remembered long after that esteemed institution had turned to dust.

Several hours later, the boys headed for their dormitory, still tingling from all the jollification.

"Brill College is the cream," said Sam.

"It most assuredly is," agreed Dick.

"Boiled umbrellas," said Tom, with a broad grin, "but those were mighty tasty victuals."

And defenseless once again before the unrestrained humor of the fun-loving Rover, Dick and Sam laughed in spite of themselves.

"Yes," said Dick, "it is wonderful to be back at Brill, and I am certain that we shall have nothing but bully times again unless . . ."

He paused ominously.

"Unless what?" inquired sturdy Sam.

"Surely, Dick," said Tom, "you do not refer to our enemies."

"But no," said Sam. "They are all in the lockup, with the exception of Dan Baxter, who, after the severe thrashing we administered to him, has vowed to take the straight-and-narrow path."

"Yes," said Dick, "I suppose you are right. I fancy there is nothing to worry about. And now on to a new semester with lots of studying and good clean campus fun and horseplay."

And so it was with light steps and full hearts that the boys made their way across the campus, when suddenly from out of the darkness a brick came hurtling through the air. As it flew, deadly and true, toward poor Dick's head to perhaps kill him, or at the very least maim him for life, let us pause for a moment in our story.

To my older readers, the lads already mentioned will need no introduction. For the benefit of others, let me state that the Rovers were three typical, manly, wide-awake lads who, when not attending school, lived with their Uncle Randolph and Aunt Martha on a pleasant farm in Upstate New York. In addition to working hard, playing hard and going off on exciting world-wide adventures, they also found time to devote to three of the dearest, sweetest girls in the whole world. Dick was "stuck on," as the saying goes, Miss Dora Stanhope, or "friend Dora," as she was known to him intimately, while Tom and Sam regarded Dora's cousins, the Misses Nellie and Grace Laning, with extreme fondness. In my last book, *The Rover Boys on Vacation*, we learned how the boys fished in Maine, hunted in Michigan,

(continued on page 226)

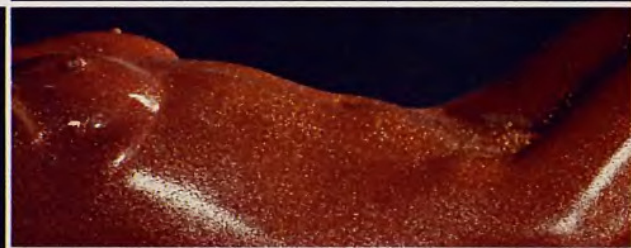
Built over a steel frame is the sleek bullet-shaped Bellytank.

BODY WORK

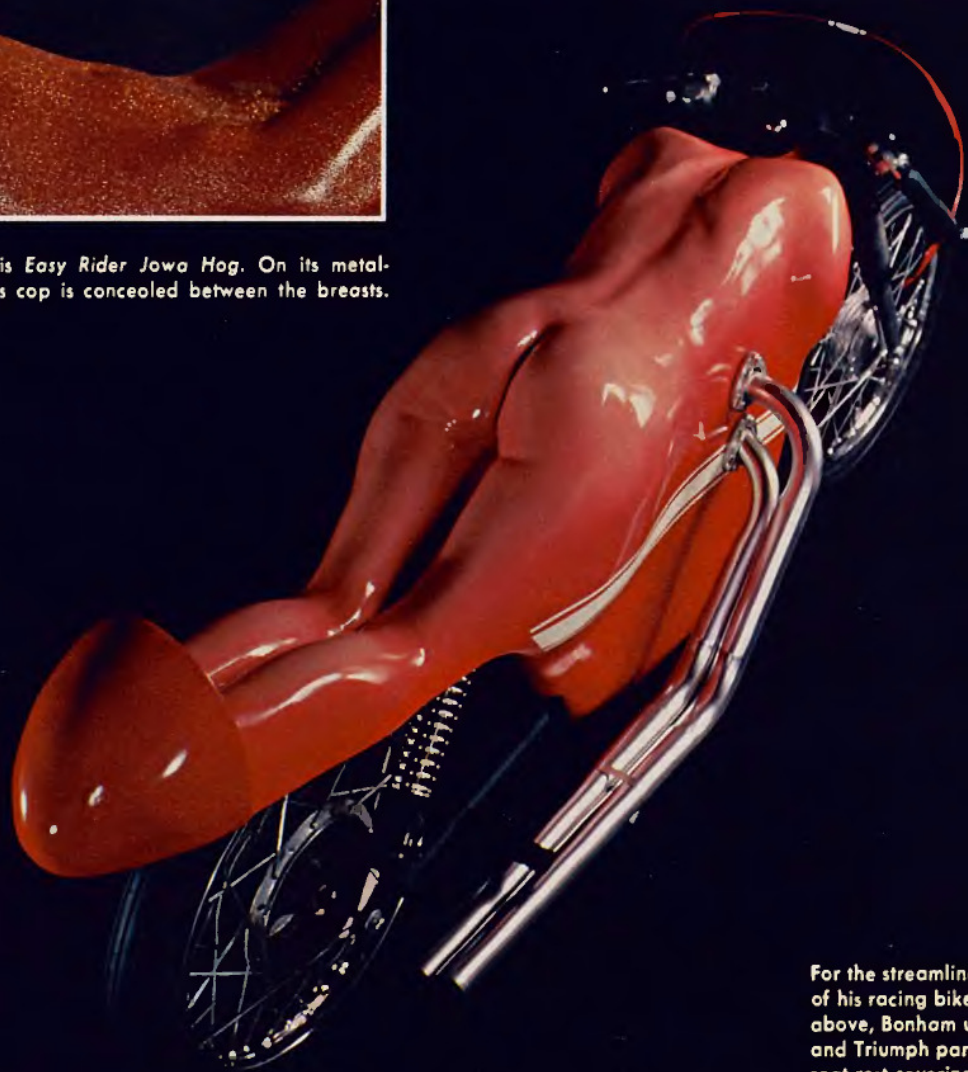
*even if they don't run,
contemporary artist
don bonham's cycles and
cars are the best-built
machines on the market*



YOU COULD HAUL your wheels into the shop for customizing, but we doubt if you'd get anything to beat Don Bonham's beautifully configured vehicles. Of course, his don't have motors, but who cares? With fiberglass female bodies and old hot-rod and cycle parts, the machines are "reflections of American culture," says Bonham, who calls himself a "20th Century American landscape artist." "The inspiration for them," he says, "came from watching men and machines—how guys polish them, work on them, ride them." The artist, who now lives in Canada, will show the vehicles at Chicago's Michael Wyman Gallery this month. And for \$3500, you could ride—or at least carry—one home.



Bonham, top, straddles his *Easy Rider Jowa Hog*. On its metal-flake seat, above, the gas cap is concealed between the breasts.



For the streamlined construction of his racing bike *Maggie-cycle*, above, Bonham used Honda and Triumph parts. The bright seat rest covering the feet is also fiberglass.



To form the body of a cycle, Bonham first smooths Vaseline over his model—"a real turn-on"—and covers the pubic area with Saran Wrap. Next he applies a light plaster mixture, lets it dry for about 20 minutes and lifts it off. Then he fills the cast with fiberglass, which he later airbrushes to achieve flesh tones.



The stripped-down Texas Snowmobile, above, says Bonham, "is completely bastardized. I don't know what cycle parts I used. And there's nothing to grab onto—except her breasts."

PRESIDENT FLAGELLATES FROGS

Coolidge had that secret little film studio for shooting stag movies of his Cabinet."

"Did Calvin Coolidge make stag movies?" she said, suddenly sounding interested.

"Odd that you believe that one so easily," I said, beginning to make a few notes. "You seem to be peculiarly sensitive to the frog participation, for some reason."

She gave me a ferocious look and stomped out of the room.

. . .

In fact, the one potential weakness of the project that had occurred to me was that the rumor about the President might be too easily believed. It had become so routine to speculate about the sex life of whichever President was in office—to the point of explaining foreign policy by a President's supposed exhibitionism or reported impotence—that a rumor had to be fairly bizarre just to capture anybody's attention. Non-media verbal distribution couldn't be measured if people thought a rumor wasn't even worth mentioning. I decided to concoct corollary rumors for those who found the original rumors too commonplace to be noticed.

COROLLARY FOR THE PRESIDENT: *One day, the President's daughter saw a frog in the White House, hopping around in the Rose Garden. The President's daughter was led to believe that if she kissed the frog, the frog would turn into a prince who was also a member of the New York Stock Exchange. She decided to give it a try, but as she was about to kiss the frog, the President burst through the French doors that lead into the Rose Garden from the great oval office and, using the commanding voice he often used to order air strikes, said, "Do not kiss that frog."*

"But Daddy," the President's daughter replied. "If I kiss the frog, he will become a prince who is also a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Just what I've been looking for."

"Don't kiss the frog," the President repeated.

"If it's warts you're worried about, they're from toads, not frogs," the President's daughter said.

"I don't want the frog changed from a frog," the President said. "Let's leave it at that."

"But why, Daddy?" the President's daughter asked. "Turning a frog into an aristocrat who is doing well on Wall Street is true to everything you've always believed in."

"A President sometimes bases his decisions on information that is not available to others," the President said.

"You mean the cables, Daddy?" the President's daughter said. "But it just

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couldn't say anything about frogs in the cables."

The President paused and sighed deeply. "I love that frog," he said, at last. "In my own way."

COROLLARY FOR THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE: *The President's wife is actually a deaf-mute. All her public statements are really made by the small Japanese gentleman who lives in her hairdo. He is able to approximate a perfectly neutral California accent, a facility he acquired with only six weeks' training, due to the fact that the Japanese can imitate anything.*

By chance, the first person I tried to distribute the corollaries to verbally was Wilbur Max Hastings. The most sophisticated student in the School of Communication Arts, Hastings often invited tenured faculty to buffet dinners and was known to be on a first-name basis with three quarters of a rock group and the research assistants of two United States Senators. When I encountered him in the coffee line of the student union, I tried the original rumor first, casually juxtaposing a mention of Presidential frog whipping with an observation that there was something obsessive about American involvement in Southeast Asia.

"Not another one of those theories about how everything goes back to the French policy in Indochina," Hastings said, his voice thick with boredom. "I can't bear another theory about how everything goes back to the French policy in Indochina."

"Not those kinds of frogs," I said. "Real frogs. The President whips them. I thought everybody knew that."

"Oh, those frogs," he said, picking his words carefully. "Well, of course everybody does know that. I was merely saying that trying to explain foreign policy by a little harmless frog whipping seems over-Freudian to me."

"I thought so, too, of course," I said. "Until I happened to hear the other day about an incident in the Rose Garden with a frog and the President's daughter."

Hastings was enchanted by the corollary to the President's rumor, and when I told him how quickly the little Japanese gentleman had picked up his accent, he told me he had it on good authority that the little Japanese gentleman had been transistorized. The very next day, I received my first invitation from Wilbur Max Hastings to a buffet dinner. Wanda Sue refused to go with me. "I'm not going to stand around all evening listening to a lot of locker-room talk," she said.

"Have you heard that one, too?" I said. "About Grover Cleveland in the locker room of the Burning Tree Country Club?"

"Disgusting!" she shouted and marched from the room.

At the buffet dinner, I was amazed to find myself in conversation with Norman Bloomfield, the dean of the School of Communication Arts. Bloomfield, a communications advisor to a giant cereal company and to the Republican National Committee, as well as Milledge Professor of Media, ordinarily spoke to no one below the rank of associate professor.

"Hastings tells me you're quite well informed on the French and the Common Market," said Bloomfield, who had a reputation as an idea man who was often fuzzy on details.

I thought about correcting him and trying out the frog-whipping story again, but somehow at that moment I must have sensed that there was something in store for me more important than the routine academic life of measuring non-media verbal distributions and taking an occasional fling at cereal ads. "Oh, he probably meant the old story about De Gaulle wearing those French height-supplement devices to make him appear taller," I said. "I suppose it's familiar to anyone who has a wide acquaintance on the Continent, such as yourself."

"But wasn't he rather tall to start with?" Bloomfield said.

"Not really," I said, gaining confidence. "If I remember correctly, the general was actually about five foot, six, approximately two inches taller than Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia."

Bloomfield looked impressed. "The Ethiopians are rather shortish," was all he could think to say.

"Well, Selassie, of course, is an Italian," I said, pressing my advantage.

"Haile Selassie! The emperor of Ethiopia! An Italian!"

"In origin," I said. "In origin. Naturally, he is obligated by his position to claim descent from King Solomon, and I don't blame him for that."

"But he led the fight against the Italians," Bloomfield said. "He went to the League of Nations. He was eloquent in denouncing them to the world."

"What better way to hide it?" I said and walked away, triumphant.

. . .

After that first party, I seemed to be invited everywhere. Soon I was in demand even outside the university community. Wanda Sue remained home, sulking. She had taken to calling me Dirty Mouth or, occasionally, Toilet Tongue. One night, I told a visiting English editor that Winston Churchill had smoked cigars only when photographers were present, otherwise preferring a particularly cheap brand of chewing tobacco. The editor said that the Fleet Street crowd had, of course, known that for years. The subject of accents came up that night, as it always does when there's a visitor from England, and everyone listened with respectful attention

(concluded on page 186)

THE PURITY OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

article By JOHN MEDELMAN *marathoner ron daws does 5000 miles a year—it makes him feel better*

THE LONG IOWA HIGHWAY is empty. Beside it, quarter-ton pigs doze in blazing green pastures; the sun has burned a hole in the sky and is hanging near the fields. The temperature is climbing toward 96 degrees.

In the distance, on a crest of the highway, is a bobbing speck. With its even speed and its hard-rubber movement, it descends a hill, moves along a flat stretch, starts a new hill that curves two miles toward the hot glass of the sky.

The speck becomes a running man. He is a thin six-footer in a track suit, focusing with angry concentration on the road before his feet. He has a swinging muscular gait and runs in the middle of the oncoming-traffic lane. A car cruises



toward him; he glances up, dismisses it, returns his attention to the road. The car slows, hesitates, stops, then pulls around him while a startled girl's face stares at this apparition from behind the wheel.

The apparition is Ron Daws, running second in the 1970 A. A. U. National Marathon Championship. "Ron would never move out of the road," says his wife. "He'd run into the car first." A tall, almost lanky girl, she is standing near the pumps of a country gas station, holding a Hilex bottle full of ice and water. Nearby, a knot of brown Iowans watches her, watches her approaching husband. Each time they move, they break out in a fine mist of sweat. On their faces is a blend of sympathy, amusement and awe. So far this morning, Daws has run 20 miles. He is wearing a white painter's cap with a white dishrag pinned on to protect his neck; in the cap and his track suit, he has a weird resemblance to a Foreign Legionnaire galloping purposefully in his underwear.

His footsteps become audible over the noise of the crickets and the breeze . . . a slapping *punch-punch-punch*. Then the group can hear his breathing—*Shish-ah! Shish-ah! Shish-ah!*

Daws's wife pours water into a milk-shake cup, hands it to a middle-aged man in shorts. The man swings out and almost sprints to keep up with Daws. Taking the cup, Daws drinks half the water, tosses the rest over his face and shoulders, giving out an involuntary "Huh!" as the iciness hits him. He hands the cup back, asking abruptly, "Where's third place?" He is irritated with his pit crew; they spent the first third of the race driving back roads searching for him; then they led him a block off course in a small town. He is also irritated by the stride of the third-place runner. His own stride is a sprawling gallop—like that of a puppet with all the strings being jerked—while the third-place man's is classic for a marathoner: a tiny, almost mincing *pit-pit-pit*. "I get listening to it," says Daws, "and it screws up my pace."

"Third place isn't even in sight!" says the middle-aged man. Daws returns his attention, grimly, to the ground. The middle-aged man stops. Within three minutes, Daws is again a speck bobbing down the long emptiness of the road.

Six miles later, he finishes, still second, winning a trip to Czechoslovakia and an A. A. U. national team championship for the Twin Cities Track Club of Minneapolis and St. Paul. As he and the other runners cross the line—nearly all of them alone, most of them five and ten and fifteen minutes apart—a small crowd of Iowans gives them a sprinkle of applause. With stiff brown faces, the Iowans watch the most unlikely concentration of will and energy they have ever seen. Were the finishing runners to cry, "For God and Saint George!" not one Iowan would change expression.

The faces of the runners are rich in bones, hollows, angles, ridges; their expressions are intense, spare, private, undemonstrative, stoic. The sturdy brown farmers clapping them across the line have oddly similar faces, oddly similar expressions. "It was a wonderful experience on our part to get acquainted with these athletes and their way of life," wrote the Herman Spreckelmeyers to the *Dexfield Review Sentinel*. "They live

such a clean life. . . . Seeing these sort of young people makes us more confident of those who will take over when we are gone from the scene."

The first marathon runner, a Greek messenger who ran 24 and a half miles from the Plain of Marathon to Athens, cried, "Rejoice, we conquer!" at the end, then died. When Ron Daws, going almost a mile and a half farther, finished his run through the plains of Iowa, he took a drink of water and strolled over to shake hands with the winner. "All this pain-of-running business is overdone," he says. "Still, it's hard work to run a marathon."

Roger Bannister, the first four-minute-miler, considered the marathon a "long-drawn-out agony" and wondered "how marathon runners inure themselves to the demands their sport makes upon them." Bannister ran a quarter of a mile every minute for the four minutes of his run. After it, he said, "I felt like an exploded flashlight, with no will to live." A champion marathoner will take about 15 seconds longer to run each quarter mile, but he will keep it up for over 104 quarter miles and two hours.

An aging athlete of 35, Daws has spent more than 15 years and 75,000 miles inuring himself to the demands of his sport. Running twice almost every day; running in obscure races like the Anoka Pumpkin Festival six-mile open, the Shakopee to Bloomington Stage Coach Run, the Mud Ball four-and-one-half-miler in the Eloise Butler Flower Gardens near his house; running in major races like the annual A. A. U. Marathon Championship and the Boston Marathon, he has forced his body to change in ways more basic than the enlarged muscles and perfected nervous-system patterns of most athletes. The biggest change was cardiovascular: Ordinarily, his heart beats about half as fast as most people's; then, when he pushes himself, he can work for over two hours with his heart pounding at 170 beats a minute. (Said a doctor examining marathoners before a race, "It's the strangest thing. These runners trot in place and their heart rates get about up to normal. Then when I start to take their pulse, I don't quite count to ten when the rate suddenly drops right back to what it was at rest.") Daws either tolerates tremendously high concentrations of fatigue products in his blood or disposes of them by mechanisms no one understands; his digestive system is like a goat's: He regularly eats six big sticky breakfast rolls an hour and a half before a race. And he can throw off heat like an air conditioner.

Were he as dedicated to golf or baseball or auto racing as he is to distance running, he would probably be prosperous and his face would be known to sports consumers all over the country. But marathon running is an amateur sport. Daws makes a mediocre income as a state data analyst, and to race he must affirm that he has never:

- Sold or pawned an athletic prize
- Raced against a professional
- Been paid for coaching
- Been paid for appearing on radio or TV
- Allowed his photograph to be used in an ad
- Capitalized on his athletic fame.

Capitalizing on his athletic fame would not gain Daws much. "America's most obscure athlete," one runner called him. When he (continued on page 164)



"It's just that I'm worn out from the campaign, my dear. But, after I'm elected, I promise you. . . ."



playboy presents its yearly array
of international cottontails

BUNNIES OF 1972

IT SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE to James Bond fans that 007 is, among other things, a Playboy Club keyholder. In Bond's latest film escapade, *Diamonds Are Forever*, audiences got a glimpse of the secret agent's wallet, containing the familiar Rabbit-crested Playboy Key-Card. Bond's taste, always impeccable, is shared by some 800,000 men around the world. That's the current number of active Playboy Club keyholders; if you add those who, because of distant location or lack of opportunity, visit the Clubs and Club-Hotels less frequently, the number climbs to over 1,000,000. These men join Playboy for varied reasons—because they enjoy good food, generous drinks, fine entertainment and all the sports and recreational facilities afforded by first-class resorts. But Playboy's unique attraction, now as when the first hutch opened its doors in Chicago in 1960, is the Playboy Club Bunny.

This year, there are more Bunnies than ever: at last count, 1024. Some 200 of them have signed on since our most recent survey of the cottontail kingdom, *Bunnies of 1971*, in August 1971. That's because of the continued growth of the Playboy empire: the opening of a \$30,000,000 resort complex—the Playboy Club-Hotel of Great Gorge, in McAfee, New Jersey; the debut of the lavish new Chicago Playboy Club in the Playboy Center at 919 North Michigan Avenue and expansion of our Lake Geneva Club-Hotel property. And there's more to come: A new Club is scheduled to open in the seashore town of Portsmouth, England, sometime between October and the new year, and a third English hutch is planned for Manchester—target date April 1973.

Among the cottontails at Playboy's 17 Clubs and four resort hotels, and aboard Hugh Hefner's DC-9 jet, with its crew of eight specially trained Jet Bunnies, are a number of girls who have also starred in PLAYBOY's centerfold. Since our last *Bunnies* feature, six more (text continued on page 146)



Chicago Playboy Club Bunny Phyllis Moisan (opposite page), a hometown girl, is a model-railroading fan. Miami Club cottontail Cheryl Carrall (above) prefers tennis and dancing, while Lake Geneva's Judy Greno (below) goes hunting or trapshooting when she's not curled up with a book of poetry.





Tampa-born Kandy Whitbeck (above left) has returned to her home state after growing up in Wisconsin, where she joined the cottontail corps at Playboy's Lake Geneva Club-Hotel. After a tour of duty at our Montreal Club, Kandy now greets guests at the Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach. Boston's Mickey Hersch (above center), holder of a master's degree in education from Boston College, works at the hutch on Friday and Saturday nights and teaches second grade in the suburbs on weekdays. Bilingual Montreal Bunny Maryse Larose (above right) hails from Port-au-Prince, Haiti; migrating in the opposite direction, Irene Caneal (below) deserted Boston for the warmer clime of our Jamaica Club-Hotel.





Finalists for Bunny of the Year—1972 included Chicago's Lieko English (left) and Hollywood's Ruthy Ross (below), who won the title. Hopping a San Francisco cable car (above) is ski buff Jerri Male.





Phoenix Bunny of the Year Vicki Snell (above) daylights as bakery manager/bridal consultant. Tricia Williams, L. A. cottontail (right), has a degree in French lit; Kansas City Playmate-Bunny Crystal Smith (below) earned hers in radio-TV.





Jillian Bergamo (above), now a Bunny at the New Orleans Playboy Club, once danced with the Civic Ballet Company in Atlanta. Currently cottontailing in Georgia's capital city is Jade Williams (below left), a native of Nagoya, Japan. Jade was a member of the Atlanta Bunnies' basketball team that trounced a Georgia State University fraternity quintet in a benefit match this year. Geargina Protheroe (below center) spent several months of the winter cruise season as a Croupier Bunny on Playboy's floating casino aboard the liner Atlantis. Detroit's Carolyn Larkin (below right), who's an enthusiastic baseball fan, plans to become a social worker when she hangs up her Bunny ears.



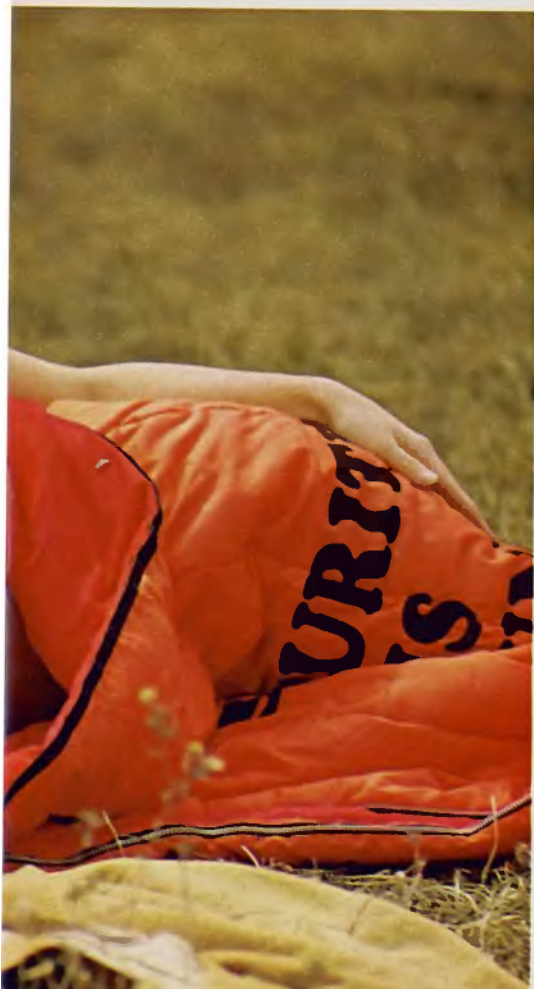


Liz Asher (left) came from Dallas to join Chicago's Bunny ranks; Great Gorge Bunny Michele Voyer (above) is Miss Delaware-Universe. Robin Cecil (below) of Waxahachie, Texas, has doubled as Denver's Door and Camera Bunny.





The short and the long of it: Cincinnati's Dianne Davis (above) stands 5'1", London's Marilyn Cole (right) a statuesque 5'8". Marilyn, our January Playmate this year, has left her Club public-relations job to return to Bunning in Park Lane.





To own a horse ranch—that's the longtime ambition of St. Louis Bunny Lori Thebeau (above left). Though Charlie Wadsworth of Baltimore (above center) was 1965-1966 sack-race champ of Aberdeen, Maryland, she now prefers being treated like a lady, not a tomboy. Biggest recent thrill: "A man actually tipped his hat to me!" New York Bunny Janice Shilinsky (above right) has been Miss Connecticut—in three different contests. Jet Bunny Carole Green (below) poses for a photographic portrait aboard Hugh Hefner's DC-9; Los Angeles cottontail Mercy Rooney (opposite page) is a talented fashion designer who has also appeared on TV (*Laugh-In*, *Johnny Carson*, *Truth or Consequences*).





gatefold girls—Crystal Smith (September 1971), Danielle de Vabre (November 1971), Karen Christy (December 1971), Marilyn Cole (January 1972), P. J. Lansing (February 1972) and Deanna Baker (May 1972)—have joined the ranks of Playmate-Bunnies. Special promotional appearances for these girls—and for all other Playmates—are arranged, incidentally, by Jo Collins, PLAYBOY's 1965 Playmate of the Year, who was recently named Playmate Promotions Manager.

Besides being singled out as Playmates, our cottontails have been scoring high in outside beauty pageants. If one could add up all their contest triumphs, they'd reach into the hundreds. Possibly the current champion is Great Gorge Bunny Elizabeth Wanderman, who boasts no fewer than 30 titles, including that of Miss New Jersey World 1971-1972. Coincidentally, Chicago Bunny Leah Anderson was in the same Miss U. S. A.-World competition, as Miss Illinois World 1971-1972. "I guess I've been in six or seven beauty contests," Leah says. "In the most recent one, in May of this year, I was first runner-up as—are you ready for this?—Miss Antique Airplane. I expected to start sprouting wings or something." Leah's pleased with her prize from the aeronautical event, however. "I won free flying instruction, and I'm working toward my pilot's license. Since I'm also going to be signing up for the next Jet Bunny training class, I think that will be a marvelous combination—learning about aircraft from both the flying and hostessing standpoints."

Being a Bunny, Leah feels, is "a glam-or thing—hard work but a nice way to be noticed." The same, in her view, is true of beauty contests. "Let's face it, winning is an ego trip," she admits. "But few people realize how much goes into it—how much time you have to spend on your make-up, your hair, the way you stand."

Great Gorge Bunny Michele Voyer, this year's Miss Delaware in the Miss Universe contest, agrees. "Our contest finals were in Dorado Beach in Puerto Rico. We were there for two weeks and I think we only got outside once—and that was to pose for publicity pictures. All the rest of the time was spent in rehearsals, fittings, hair-styling sessions, and so on. It was an experience, but for now I think I've been in enough contests." Michele, who also reigned as Miss Pennsylvania Hemisphere in 1971, was a model, a health-spa instructor and an executive secretary before joining cottontail ranks last November. "Becoming a Bunny is the best thing I've ever done," she says. "It pays extremely well; the people are nice and the location here at Great Gorge gives me a chance to pursue my hobby—I'm a certified scuba diver—in the mountain lakes all over this area."

Other Bunnies have placed high in

contests ranging from Miss United Kingdom through Mademoiselle Quebec. Out in Los Angeles, cottontail Sasha Geiger was pinned by the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity members of Cal State at Long Beach as a Little Sister of Minerva—an honor previously won by such luminaries as Mae West, Carol Burnett and Phyllis Diller. (Sasha, in our book, is the prettiest of that lot.)

San Francisco Bunny Edith McGeough competed in the California segment of the Miss Black America contest; Boston Bunny Carol Kemp considered entering but turned down active competition in favor of serving as its mistress of ceremonies. "I exceed three portions of the Miss Black Massachusetts pageant, including the finals in July," Carol told us. "It was mostly ad-lib, but a lot of fun. The contest organizers knew I had toured through 78 cities with the *Ebony* magazine fashion show last year—and that I had been a scholarship student in fashion and design at Garland Junior College. So I guess they thought I had picked up enough poise and know-how to handle the assignment." Carol became a Bunny on a whim. "I was going on an interview for a fashion job last March," she says, "and I passed the Playboy in Boston and decided to apply on the spur of the moment." She tried it and she likes it. Eventually, Carol plans to return to college—this time taking up what she calls a "more serious" subject: governmental studies. The topic, she admits, is influenced by the fact that her fiancé works in that field.

College and postgraduate studies, in fact, attract many cottontails. New York's Dana Clark, who speaks Italian, Spanish and French as well as English, earned straight A's as a freshman psychology major at Hunter College last year; she was scheduled to enter New York University this fall. Miami Playboy Club Bunny Kim Moser has compiled A's at two colleges—"You can tell I really like school," she says—and is contemplating a junior year abroad, possibly in London. "If everything works out right, maybe I can get a job through the London Club." At Playboy's British outpost, Bunny Gillian Van Bolan has been accepted at Cambridge and plans a course of study to qualify herself as a veterinary surgeon. In Los Angeles, cottontail Alyse Trostler is celebrating a brand-new B. S. in physical therapy from the University of Southern California, while Playmate-Bunny Gwen Wong looks forward to getting hers in interior design from Los Angeles' Woodbury College.

The girls of Playboy's Canadian Club are bidding adieu to Gili Ethier, who passed her bar examination and is leaving the hutch to practice law, but welcoming new Bunny Claire Pimpare, who was among 16 of 200 applicants accepted for a three-year course in modern

dance, singing and acting at the Montreal Academy of Fine Arts. Claire, who had the lead in the French-Canadian film *L'apparition*, has studied drama privately for two years. "I enjoy competition," she explains in her French-accented voice. "That's why I applied to be a Bunny. My brothers buy PLAYBOY, you know, and I see all these pretty girls, and I think it will be a challenge to try." Now that she's a cottontail, Claire has become a Playboy Club enthusiast. "I'd like to be able to work at every Club—starting maybe next summer in Jamaica," she says. "I'm learning many things. You know, my English, it was not so bad when I came, but it's better now!"

Another new Bunny, Boston's Mei-Yong Tam, is an MIT graduate who combines cottontailing with working as a technician in the research laboratory of 1968 Nobel Prize winner Dr. H. Gobind Khorana. "I've been working for Dr. Khorana, who's doing studies in nucleic-acid chemistry, since January of 1971," Mei-Yong told us. "My work consists of isolating single strands from virus DNA." Born in Canton, Mei-Yong came to the United States in 1961 by a circuitous route, via Hong Kong and Havana. When she got her biology degree at MIT in June, she was afraid she'd find herself with time on her hands. "I was so used to working hard in the evenings at my studies that I decided I might as well make some money at night. I could have been a waitress, but being a Bunny is much nicer. And the people at the lab think it's wild." Mei-Yong, who speaks and writes Cantonese, some Spanish, French, Russian and German, is saving her money to go to medical school—where she wants to earn dual Ph. D. and M. D. degrees, leading to teaching and research. "I've actually been accepted at several places, but I still need a more solid financial stake."

Show business, as might be expected, attracts many girls from the Playboy realm. Bunny Ava Faulkner of New York—who appeared in the opening shot of *Bunnies of 1970*—now has her own musical aggregation, Ava Faulkner and Manhattan, with Ava's singing backed by organ, guitar, drums and bass. Ava, who's been a Bunny for five years—first in Miami—started out singing for fun, with the Earl May Trio in the Party Room of the Playboy Club of New York. About a year ago, she got her group together—and things, she says, "are going very well. We've appeared in several places around New York, including Play Street, The Lorelei and the Playboy Party Room; right now, we're hoping for a recording contract, featuring some original stuff the guitar player, John Krasusky, and the bassist, Louis Menga, wrote. That's

(continued on page 200)

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL

vote for your favorites for the 1973 all-star band



WHAT WITH THE ELECTION and all, it's a great year for the pollsters. Everybody wants to know what the people think—about busing, welfare, defense spending, and so on. Fortunately, no such weighty issues are at stake in our annual Jazz & Pop Poll. It's simply a matter of whether you prefer the sax playing of Cannonball Adderley to that of Fred Lipsius, et al. Last year—not surprisingly, in this age of musical cross-pollination—about half the categories in the readers' poll produced winners from the jazz side of the musical field and about half from rock. We expect to find a similar display of refreshingly divided loyalties this year. So here again—on the following pages—a ballot, and instructions for using it. We hope you'll exercise your musical franchise and have as much fun voting as we did compiling the list. 147

BIG-BAND LEADER*(Please choose one.)*

1. Burt Bacharach
2. Count Basie
3. Louis Bellson
4. James Brown
5. Les Brown
6. Ray Charles
7. Clarke-Boland
8. Duke Ellington
9. Don Ellis
10. Gil Evans
11. Maynard Ferguson
12. Lionel Hampton
13. Woody Herman
14. J. J. Jackson
15. Harry James
16. Quincy Jones
17. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
18. Stan Kenton
19. Henry Mancini
20. Chuck Mangione
21. Charles Mingus
22. Sun Ra
23. Buddy Rich
24. Bobby Rosengarden
25. Doc Severinsen
26. Jeff Sturges
27. Billy Taylor
28. Clark Terry
29. Gerald Wilson
30. Si Zentner

TRUMPET*(Please choose four.)*

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Ruby Braff
5. Bobby Bryant
6. Billy Butterfield
7. Donald Byrd
8. Pete Candoli
9. Bill Chase
10. Don Cherry
11. Buck Clayton
12. Wallace Davenport
13. Miles Davis
14. Harry Edison
15. Roy Eldridge
16. Don Ellis
17. Art Farmer
18. Maynard Ferguson
19. Luis Gasca
20. Dizzy Gillespie
21. Bobby Hackett
22. Bill Hardman
23. Al Hirt
24. Freddie Hubbard
25. Harry James
26. Jonah Jones
27. Thad Jones
28. Bobby Lewis
29. Hugh Masekela
30. Blue Mitchell
31. Cynthia Robinson
32. Doc Severinsen
33. Woody Shaw
34. Clark Terry
35. Snooky Young

TROMBONE*(Please choose four.)*

1. Chris Barber
2. Dave Bargeron
3. Harold Betters
4. George Bohanon
5. Bob Brookmeyer
6. Garnett Brown
7. Jimmy Cleveland
8. Buster Cooper
9. Vic Dickenson
10. Carl Fontana
11. Curtis Fuller
12. Harry Graves
13. Benny Green
14. Urbie Green
15. Al Grey
16. Dick Halligan
17. Slide Hampton
18. Bill Harris
19. Wayne Henderson
20. J. C. Higginbotham
21. Eddie Hubble
22. Quentin Jackson
23. J. J. Johnson
24. Albert Mangelsdorff
25. Grachan Moncur III
26. Turk Murphy
27. James Pankow
28. Benny Powell
29. James Robinson
30. Frank Rosolino
31. Roswell Rudd
32. Bill Watrous
33. Dickie Wells
34. Kai Winding
35. Si Zentner

ALTO SAX*(Please choose two.)*

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Gary Bartz
3. Benny Carter
4. Ornette Coleman
5. Hank Crawford
6. Sonny Criss
7. Paul Desmond
8. Lou Donaldson
9. Sonny Fortune
10. Bunky Green
11. William Green
12. John Handy
13. Paul Horn
14. Eric Kloss
15. Lee Konitz
16. Yusef Lateef
17. Arnie Lawrence
18. Fred Lipsius
19. Charlie Mariano
20. Jackie McLean
21. Charles McPherson
22. James Moody
23. Oliver Nelson
24. Art Pepper
25. Bud Shank
26. Zoot Sims
27. Sonny Stitt
28. Frank Strozier
29. Grover Washington, Jr.
30. Bob Wilber



31. Edgar Winter
32. Paul Winter
33. Chris Wood
34. Jimmy Woods
35. Phil Woods

TENOR SAX*(Please choose two.)*

1. Gene Ammons
2. Curtis Amy
3. Gato Barbieri
4. Sam Butera
5. Don Byas
6. Al Cohn
7. Bob Cooper
8. Corky Corcoran
9. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
10. Joe Farrell
11. Frank Foster
12. Bud Freeman
13. Stan Getz
14. Paul Gonsalves
15. Dexter Gordon
16. Johnny Griffin
17. Eddie Harris
18. Joe Henderson
19. Jim Horn
20. Illinois Jacquet
21. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
22. John Klemmer
23. Al Klink
24. Yusef Lateef
25. Charles Lloyd
26. James Moody
27. David Newman
28. Sal Nistico
29. Boots Randolph
30. Dewey Redman
31. Sonny Rollins
32. Pharoah Sanders
33. Archie Shepp
34. Wayne Shorter
35. Zoot Sims
36. Buddy Tate

37. Lucky Thompson
38. Stanley Turrentine
39. Bill Usselson
40. Ernie Watts
41. Ben Webster

BARITONE SAX*(Please choose one.)*

1. Pepper Adams
2. Jay Cameron
3. Harry Carney
4. Leroy Cooper
5. Benny Crawford
6. Ronnie Cuber
7. Charles Davis
8. Charlie Fowlkes
9. Raphael Garrett
10. Chuck Gentry
11. Jimmy Giuffre
12. Frank Hittner
13. Bill Hood
14. Jim Horn
15. Gerry Mulligan
16. Pat Patrick
17. Cecil Payne
18. Jerome Richardson
19. Ronnie Ross
20. Clifford Scott
21. Bud Shank
22. Lonnie Shaw
23. Sahib Shihab
24. John Surman

CLARINET*(Please choose one.)*

1. Alvin Batiste
2. Barney Bigard
3. Acker Bilk
4. Ray Burke
5. John Carter
6. Frank Chace
7. Buddy Collette
8. Buddy De Franco
9. Pete Fountain



10. Bob Fritz
11. Jerry Fuller
12. Jimmy Giuffrè
13. Benny Goodman
14. William Green
15. Jimmy Hamilton
16. Woody Herman
17. Peanuts Hucko
18. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
19. Walt Levinsky
20. Fred Lipsius
21. Matty Matlock
22. Bob Palmer
23. Art Pepper
24. Russell Procope
25. Ira Schulman
26. Tony Scott
27. Pee Wee Spitelara
28. Bob Wilber
29. Phil Woods

PIANO

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Burt Bacharach
3. Count Basie
4. Eubie Blake
5. Dave Brubeck
6. Jaki Byard
7. Ray Charles
8. Alice Coltrane
9. Chick Corea
10. Neal Creque
11. Duke Ellington
12. Bill Evans
13. Tommy Flanagan
14. Erroll Garner
15. Vince Guaraldi
16. Herbie Hancock
17. Donny Hathaway
18. Hampton Hawes
19. Earl "Fatha" Hines
20. Nicky Hopkins
21. Dick Hyman

22. Pete Jackson
23. Ahmad Jamal
24. Keith Jarrett
25. Elton John
26. Hank Jones
27. Robert Lamm
28. John Lewis
29. Ramsey Lewis
30. Les McCann
31. Marian McPartland
32. Sergio Mendes
33. Lee Michaels
34. Thelonious Monk
35. Peter Nero
36. Oscar Peterson
37. Billy Preston
38. André Previn
39. Little Richard
40. Leon Russell
41. Joe Sample
42. George Shearing
43. Horace Silver
44. Billy Taylor
45. Cecil Taylor
46. McCoy Tyner
47. Dick Wellstood
48. Harry Whitaker
49. Mary Lou Williams
50. Jack Wilson
51. Bob Wright
52. Neil Young
53. Joe Zawinul

ORGAN

(Please choose one.)

1. Brian Auger
2. Booker T.
3. Owen Bradley
4. Milt Buckner
5. Ray Charles
6. Wild Bill Davis
7. Bill Doggett
8. Keith Emerson
9. Johnny Hammond

10. Isaac Hayes
11. Groove Holmes
12. Garth Hudson
13. Dick Hyman
14. Keith Jarrett
15. Al Kooper
16. Ray Manzarek
17. Brother Jack McDuff
18. Jimmy McGriff
19. Lee Michaels
20. Don Patterson
21. Billy Preston
22. Sun Ra
23. Shirley Scott
24. Jimmy Smith
25. Walter Wanderley
26. Stevie Winwood
27. Khalid Yasin

VIBES

(Please choose one.)

1. Roy Ayers
2. Larry Bunker
3. Gary Burton
4. Don Elliott
5. Gordon Emmanuel
6. Victor Feldman
7. Terry Gibbs
8. Tyree Glenn
9. Gunter Hampel
10. Lionel Hampton
11. Bobby Hutcherson
12. Milt Jackson
13. Stu Katz
14. Phil Kraus
15. Johnny Lytle
16. Mike Mainieri
17. Buddy Montgomery
18. Red Norvo
19. Dave Pike
20. Emil Richards
21. Cal Tjader
22. Tommy Vig

GUITAR

(Please choose one.)

1. Arthur Adams
2. Laurindo Almeida
3. Chet Atkins
4. Jeff Beck
5. George Benson
6. Chuck Berry
7. Mike Bloomfield
8. Lenny Breau
9. Mel Brown
10. Sam Brown
11. Kenny Burrell
12. Charlie Byrd
13. Glen Campbell
14. Eric Clapton
15. Eddie Condon
16. Larry Coryell
17. Steve Cropper
18. Cornell Dupree
19. Herb Ellis
20. Lloyd Ellis
21. José Feliciano
22. Eric Gale
23. Jerry Garcia
24. João Gilberto

25. Grant Green
26. Tiny Grimes
27. Marty Grosz
28. Buddy Guy
29. Jim Hall
30. George Harrison
31. Terry Kath
32. Barney Kessel
33. Albert King
34. B. B. King
35. Freddie King
36. Robby Krieger
37. Alvin Lee
38. Mundell Lowe
39. Harvey Mandel
40. Pat Martino
41. John McLaughlin
42. Tony Mottola
43. Jimmy Page
44. Joe Pass
45. Keith Richard
46. Howard Roberts
47. Carlos Santana
48. Bola Sete
49. Cat Stevens
50. Stephen Stills
51. Gabor Szabo
52. Peter Townshend
53. Tom Trujillo
54. Philip Upchurch
55. David T. Walker
56. Mason Williams
57. Johnny Winter

BASS

(Please choose one.)

1. Walter Booker
2. Ray Brown
3. Jack Bruce
4. Joe Byrd
5. Ron Carter
6. Jack Casady
7. Peter Cetera
8. Buddy Clark
9. Stanley Clark
10. Art Davis
11. Richard Davis
12. Donald "Duck" Dunn
13. George Duvivier
14. John Entwistle
15. Jim Fielder
16. Jimmy Garrison
17. Eddie Gomez
18. Rick Grech
19. Charlie Haden
20. Bob Haggart
21. Percy Heath
22. Milt Hinton
23. Cecil McBee
24. Paul McCartney
25. Charles Mingus
26. Monk Montgomery
27. Rockette Morton
28. Truck Parham
29. Bill Pemberton
30. Carl Radle
31. Chuck Rainey
32. Rufus Reid
33. Larry Ridley
34. Julie Ruggiero

35. Vic Sproules
36. Philip Upchurch
37. Willie Weeks
38. Gene Wright
39. El Dee Young

DRUMS

(Please choose one.)

1. Rashied Ali
2. Ginger Baker
3. Louis Bellson
4. Hal Blaine
5. Art Blakey
6. John Bonham
7. Wilbur Campbell
8. Joe Chambers
9. Kenny Clarke
10. Billy Cobham
11. Cozy Cole
12. Bobby Colomby
13. Alan Dawson
14. Barrett Deems
15. Jack De Johnette
16. Vernel Fournier
17. George Grantham
18. John Guerin
19. Chico Hamilton
20. Louis Hayes
21. Roy Haynes
22. Red Holt
23. Stix Hooper
24. Paul Humphrey
25. Al Jackson, Jr.
26. Clifford Jarvis
27. Gus Johnson, Jr.
28. Elvin Jones
29. Jo Jones
30. Philly Joe Jones
31. Rusty Jones
32. Connie Kay
33. Jim Keltner
34. Gene Krupa
35. Mel Lewis
36. Shelly Manne
37. Mitch Mitchell
38. Keith Moon
39. Joe Morello
40. Paul Motian
41. Idris Muhammad
42. Sandy Nelson
43. Carl Palmer
44. Charles Persip
45. Bernard Purdie
46. Buddy Rich
47. Max Roach
48. Bobby Rosengarden
49. Daniel Seraphine
50. Ringo Starr
51. Grady Tate
52. Woody Theus
53. Ed Thigpen
54. Charlie Watts
55. Lenny White
56. Tony Williams

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

(Please choose one.)

1. Harold Alexander, *soprano sax*
2. Ian Anderson, *flute*

3. Ray Brown, *cello*
4. Don Butterfield, *tuba*
5. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
6. Candido, *congas*
7. Gary Coleman, *percussion*
8. Buddy Collette, *flute*
9. Alice Coltrane, *harp*
10. Ry Cooder, *mandolin*
11. James Cotton, *harmonica*
12. Pete Drake, *steel guitar*
13. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
14. Keith Emerson, *Moog*
15. Joe Farrell, *soprano sax*
16. Bobby Hali, *percussion*
17. Herbie Hancock, *Moog*
18. Rufus Harley, *bagpipes*
19. Sugar Cane Harris, *violin*
20. George Harrison, *sitar*
21. John Hartford, *banjo*
22. Paul Horn, *flute*
23. Dick Hyman, *Moog*
24. Budd Johnson, *soprano sax*
25. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, *flute, manzello, stritch*
26. Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
27. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
28. Hubert Laws, *flute*
29. Charles Lloyd, *flute*
30. Chuck Mangione, *Flügelhorn*
31. Herbie Mann, *flute*
32. Benny Maupin, *bass clarinet*
33. John Mayall, *harmonica*
34. James Moody, *flute*
35. Airto Moreira, *percussion*
36. Charlie Musselwhite, *harmonica*
37. Ray Nance, *violin*
38. Walter Parazaider, *flute*
39. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
40. Sun Ra, *Moog*
41. Pharoah Sanders, *soprano sax*
42. Mongo Santamaria, *congas*
43. Earl Scruggs, *banjo*
44. John Sebastian, *harmonica*
45. Bud Shank, *flute*
46. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
47. Huey Simmons, *English horn*
48. Jeremy Steig, *flute*
49. Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
50. Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
51. Art Van Damme, *accordion*
52. Joe Venuti, *violin*
53. Michael White, *violin*
54. Bob Wilber, *soprano sax*
55. Stevie Wonder, *harmonica*
56. Rusty Young, *steel guitar*

MALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Ernie Andrews
3. Harry Belafonte
4. Tony Bennett
5. Brook Benton

6. Chuck Berry
7. Andy Bey
8. Bobby Bland
9. James Brown
10. Oscar Brown, Jr.
11. Eric Burdon
12. Solomon Burke
13. Jerry Butler
14. J. J. Cale
15. Glen Campbell
16. Johnny Cash
17. Ray Charles
18. David Clayton-Thomas
19. Joe Cocker
20. Alice Cooper
21. David Crosby
22. Bobby Darin
23. Sammy Davis Jr.
24. Neil Diamond
25. Fats Domino
26. Donovan
27. Bob Dylan
28. Billy Eckstine
29. Mark Farner
30. José Feliciano
31. Marvin Gaye
32. Al Green
33. Arlo Guthrie
34. Merle Haggard
35. Tim Hardin
36. George Harrison
37. Donny Hathaway
38. Richie Havens
39. Ronnie Hawkins
40. Isaac Hayes
41. John Lee Hooker
42. Luther Ingram
43. Mick Jagger
44. Dr. John
45. Elton John
46. Tom Jones
47. B. B. King
48. Kris Kristofferson
49. Steve Lawrence
50. John Lennon
51. Jerry Lee Lewis
52. Gordon Lightfoot
53. Trini Lopez
54. Dean Martin
55. Johnny Mathis
56. Paul McCartney
57. Eugene McDaniels
58. Country Joe McDonald
59. Rod McKuen
60. Don McLean
61. Van Morrison
62. Graham Nash
63. Randy Newman
64. Nilsson
65. Phil Ochs
66. Roy Orbison
67. Buck Owens
68. Wilson Pickett
69. Elvis Presley
70. Charley Pride
71. Arthur Prysock
72. Lou Rawls
73. Jerry Reed
74. Little Richard
75. Smokey Robinson

76. Leon Russell
77. O. C. Smith
78. Jimmie Stanislaus
79. Cat Stevens
80. Rod Stewart
81. Stephen Stills
82. Grady Tate
83. James Taylor
84. Johnny Taylor
85. Joe Tex
86. Leon Thomas
87. Mel Tormé
88. Allen Toussaint
89. Conway Twitty
90. Bobby Vinton
91. Muddy Waters
92. Andy Williams
93. Joe Williams
94. Joe Lee Wilson
95. Edgar Winter
96. Johnny Winter
97. Stevie Winwood
98. Bill Withers
99. Jimmy Witherspoon
100. Bobby Womack
101. Stevie Wonder
102. Neil Young

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Loretta Alexandra
2. Joan Baez
3. Pearl Bailey
4. Mara Lynn Brown
5. Joy Bryan
6. Lana Cantrell
7. Vikki Carr
8. Betty Carter
9. Chér
10. Petula Clark
11. Merry Clayton
12. Judy Collins
13. Rita Coolidge
14. Damita Jo
15. Barbara Dane
16. Jackie De Shannon
17. Julie Driscoll
18. Margie Evans
19. Ella Fitzgerald
20. Roberta Flack
21. Aretha Franklin
22. Astrud Gilberto
23. Eydie Gormé
24. Lena Horne
25. Helen Humes
26. Lurlean Hunter
27. Janis Ian
28. Lainie Kazan
29. Carole King
30. Peggy Lee
31. Abbey Lincoln
32. Julie London
33. Claudine Longet
34. Lulu
35. Miriam Makeba
36. Barbara McNair
37. Carmen McRae
38. Melanie
39. Liza Minnelli
40. Joni Mitchell

41. Melba Moore
42. Nancy Nelson
43. Laura Nyro
44. Odetta
45. Esther Phillips
46. Helen Reddy
47. Della Reese
48. Linda Ronstadt
49. Diana Ross
50. Buffy Sainte-Marie
51. Carly Simon
52. Nina Simone
53. Nancy Sinatra
54. Grace Slick
55. Dusty Springfield
56. Mavis Staples
57. Barbra Streisand
58. Kate Taylor
59. Big Mama Thornton
60. Diana Trask
61. Mary Travers
62. Tina Turner
63. Leslie Uggams
64. Sarah Vaughan
65. Dionne Warwick
66. Margaret Whiting
67. Nancy Wilson
68. Tammy Wynette

VOCAL GROUP

(Please choose one.)

1. Allman Brothers Band
2. Association
3. The Band
4. Bee Gees
5. Booker T. and Priscilla
6. Bread
7. Canned Heat
8. Carpenters
9. Chi-lites
10. Creedence Clearwater Revival
11. Delaney, Bonnie & Friends
12. Dramatics
13. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
14. Everly Brothers
15. 5th Dimension
16. Four Freshmen
17. Grand Funk Railroad
18. Grateful Dead
19. Guess Who
20. Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks
21. Honey Cone
22. Hot Tuna
23. Isley Brothers
24. Jackie & Roy
25. Jackson 5
26. Jefferson Airplane
27. Gladys Knight & the Pips
28. Labelle
29. Led Zeppelin
30. Lettermen
31. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77
32. Mills Brothers
33. The Moody Blues
34. NOVI Singers
35. Osmonds
36. Persuasions

37. Poco
38. Rascals
39. Rascals
40. Kenny Rogers and the First Edition
41. The Rolling Stones
42. Sly & the Family Stone
43. Sonny and Chér
44. Staple Singers
45. Supremes
46. Temptations
47. Ten Years After
48. Three Dog Night
49. Ike & Tina Turner
50. War
51. The Who
52. Yes

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Harold Arlen
3. David Axelrod
4. Burt Bacharach-Hal David
5. John Barry
6. Carla Bley
7. Oscar Brown, Jr.
8. Johnny Cash
9. David Clayton-Thomas
10. Leonard Cohen
11. Cy Coleman
12. Ornette Coleman
13. Betty Comden-Adolph Green
14. Chick Corea
15. Clifford Coulter
16. David Crosby
17. Miles Davis
18. Eumir Deodato
19. Neil Diamond
20. Donovan
21. Bob Dylan
22. Duke Ellington
23. Gil Evans
24. John Fogerty
25. Richie Furay
26. Marvin Gaye
27. Merle Haggard
28. Herbie Hancock
29. George Harrison
30. John Hartford
31. Isaac Hayes
32. Freddie Hubbard
33. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
34. Keith Jarrett
35. Antonio Carlos Jobim
36. Dr. John
37. Elton John-Bernie Taupin
38. Quincy Jones
39. Carole King
40. Kris Kristofferson
41. Robert Lamm
42. John Lennon
43. John Lewis
44. Gordon Lightfoot
45. Charles Lloyd
46. John D. Loudermilk
47. Henry Mancini
48. Curtis Mayfield

49. Paul McCartney
50. Eugene McDaniels
51. Rod McKuen
52. Johnny Mercer
53. Charles Mingus
54. Thelonious Monk
55. Van Morrison
56. Fred Neil
57. Oliver Nelson
58. Randy Newman
59. Nilsson
60. Laura Nyro
61. John Prine
62. Smokey Robinson
63. George Russell
64. Leon Russell
65. Lalo Schifrin
66. Wayne Shorter
67. Paul Simon
68. Cat Stevens
69. Stephen Stills
70. Jule Styne
71. James Taylor
72. Allen Toussaint
73. Peter Townshend
74. Jimmy Van Heusen
75. Jim Webb
76. Tony Joe White
77. Paul Williams
78. Gerald Wilson
79. Stevie Winwood
80. Bill Withers
81. Bobby Womack
82. Stevie Wonder
83. Neil Young
84. Frank Zappa

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please choose one.)

1. Cannonball Adderley Quintet
2. Gene Ammons Quartet
3. Art Ensemble of Chicago
4. Roy Ayers Ubiquity
5. Gato Barbieri Quintet
6. Bee Gees
7. Al Belletto Quartet
8. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
9. Blood, Sweat & Tears
10. Bread
11. Dave Brubeck Quartet
12. Kenny Burrell
13. Charlie Byrd Trio
14. Canned Heat
15. Captain Beefheart & the Magic Band
16. Chase
17. Chicago
18. Dennis Coffey
19. Ornette Coleman Quartet
20. Compost
21. Alice Cooper
22. Crusaders
23. Danny Davis & the Nashville Brass
24. Miles Davis
25. Charles Earland Sextet
26. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
27. Bill Evans Trio
28. Stan Getz Quartet
29. Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
30. Grand Funk Railroad
31. Vince Guaraldi
32. Bobby Hackett Quartet
33. Chico Hamilton
34. Johnny Hammond
35. Herbie Hancock Sextet
36. Eddie Harris Quartet
37. Hampton Hawes Trio
38. Earl Hines Quartet
39. Al Hirt
40. Groove Holmes
41. Freddie Hubbard Quintet
42. Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet
43. Illinois Jacquet Trio
44. Ahmad Jamal Trio
45. Jefferson Airplane
46. Elvin Jones Quintet
47. B. B. King
48. Thea M. Kinsler & the Vibration Society
49. Yusef Lateef
50. Ramsey Lewis Trio
51. Charles Lloyd
52. Mahavishnu Orchestra
53. Chuck Mangione Quartet
54. Herbie Mann Sextet
55. Shelly Manne Sextet
56. Hugh Masekela
57. Les McCann Ltd.
58. Marian McPartland Trio
59. Charles Mingus
60. Willie Mitchell
61. Modern Jazz Quartet
62. Thelonious Monk Quartet
63. Mothers of Invention
64. Oscar Peterson Trio
65. Jean-Luc Ponty Quartet
66. Preservation Hall Jazz Band
67. Max Roach
68. Sonny Rollins
69. Aldemaro Romero and His Onda Nueva
70. Pharoah Sanders
71. Santana
72. Bola Sete
73. George Shearing Quintet
74. Archie Shepp
75. Horace Silver Quintet
76. Jimmy Smith Trio
77. Gabor Szabo
78. Clark Terry Quartet
79. Cal Tjader Quintet
80. Jethro Tull
81. Ventures
82. Jr. Walker and the All-Stars
83. Grover Washington, Jr.
84. Weather Report
85. Tony Williams
86. Teddy Wilson Trio
87. Winter Consort
88. Phil Woods & His European Rhythm Machine
89. The World's Greatest Jazzband
90. Young-Holt, Unlimited

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1973 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL ON THE FOLDOUT BALLOT THAT FOLLOWS

Please put down the numbers of listed candidates you choose, the names of your write-in choices; only one in each category, except where otherwise indicated.

THE 1973 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL BALLOT

BIG-BAND LEADER

FIRST TRUMPET

SECOND TRUMPET

THIRD TRUMPET

FOURTH TRUMPET

FIRST TROMBONE

SECOND TROMBONE

THIRD TROMBONE

FOURTH TROMBONE

FIRST ALTO SAX

SECOND ALTO SAX

FIRST TENOR SAX

SECOND TENOR SAX

BARITONE SAX

CLARINET

PIANO

ORGAN

VIBES

GUITAR

BASS

DRUMS

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

VOCAL GROUP

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra) are not eligible.

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (BIG BAND):

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FEWER THAN TEN PIECES):

BEST VOCAL LP:

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Ian Anderson, Burt Bacharach, Booker T., Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, Hal David, Miles Davis, Buddy De Franco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Bill Evans, Ello Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Jim Hall, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, Elton John, J. J. Johnson, Carole King, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Paul McCartney, Gerry Mulligan, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Daniel Seraphine (for Chicago), Doc Severinsen, Jimmy Smith, Rod Stewart, Ronald Townson (for 5th Dimension), Kai Winding, Si Zentner; George Avakian; David Axelrod, Capitol; Stan Cornyn, Warner Bros.; Don De Micheal; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; Milt Gabler, Commodore; Nat Hentoff; Teo Macero, Columbia; Dan Morgenstern, Down Beat; Creed Taylor, CTI/Kudu; Bob Thiele, Flying Dutchman.

TO VOTE in the 1973 Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll, all you need do is fill in the blanks on the flip side of this detachable page. The performers selected by our Nominating Board—made up of music editors, critics, representatives of major recording companies, independent record producers, plus the top finishers in last year's readers' poll and the winners in the All-Stars' All-Stars voting—are listed on the preceding pages.

The rapid evolution of musical forms in recent years and the unprecedented expansion of the field make it impossible, of course, to include every artist on a list of predetermined length. However, you may vote for any active artist in any of the categories.

Each listed performer has been given a number. To vote for a musician included on the list, simply enter the number—not the name—in the appropriate space on the return ballot. If you cast a write-in vote for someone who has not been nominated this year, just print the person's full name.

Write-in choices for the leader of the Playboy All-Star Band must be men who have led a big band (ten or more musicians) during the past 12 months; groups with nine or fewer musicians are eligible in the instrumental-combo category. You're asked to vote for more than one musician in some categories, since big bands usually

carry more than one man at those positions. (With the continued fading of boundary lines between the various forms of contemporary music, our All-Star Band has become an eclectic aggregation. But don't try to give your ballot consistency; the incongruities are for us to worry about.)

The only performers ineligible for the Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame are those already voted in: Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra. In a change from past voting, only the top vote getter will be enshrined.

To be counted, your ballot must carry your name and address; and you may cast only one ballot. It will help select the members of the 1973 All-Star Band, who will receive the coveted Playboy Medal. Send your ballot promptly to PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1972. Our February 1973 issue will contain the results.



"How do you like our Wednesday-night get-togethers?"

IN THE OLD DAYS, Rónán was king of Leinster—a fierce, narrow-eyed man he was—and Eithne of Cummascach was his wife. When she bore a son, they named him Mael Fothartaig, and he grew up to be the most handsome lad in all Ireland. He loved to go hunting, and whenever he stopped in a village to ease his thirst or hunger, the girls would all come around like birds for corn. He was admired everywhere, especially among the women.

Just after Mael's 17th birthday, his mother died, and Rónán mourned for a year thereafter. At the end of that time, Mael asked, "Have you thought of taking another wife, Father? It is better than living alone, I'm told."

"I have given that a thought," said Rónán, "and I understand that Echthaig, king of Dunseverick in the north, has a lovely daughter."

"But she is a mere girl and a skittish bundle of trouble," replied Mael. "It would be better to find a steady woman." He tried in every way to dissuade his father, but Rónán had made up his mind. He went north, fixed the marriage agreement with Echthaig and brought the girl home with him. She was lovely, it was true; and skittish—that was true as well.

Mael was summoned to bid the new queen welcome. She looked at him with wide eyes, for she had heard of his powerful attraction. "You shall have our dedication," said the young man solemnly. "Whatever we have of wealth and treasure is at your service."

"All I ask is that you care for me," she replied softly.

"Leinster will care for you," said Mael.

But a notion had got into her head and, a few weeks after the wedding feast, the queen sent her waiting maid to find Mael and to whisper him a secret proposal. This maid, it seems, was a fine strapping woman, and she had fiery blood, too. But when she found Mael Fothartaig playing chess with his foster brother Donn, she was afraid to speak.

Before long, Mael went away and Donn said to her, "Something bothers you. Speak, woman."

"It is not that I want to tell it," she said, "but the queen wants Mael to be her lover."

"Mael would have killed you himself had he heard that," said Donn. "But if you tire of sleeping alone, I'll speak to him on your behalf."

Soon thereafter it was arranged, and Mael slept warmly with the maid. But the young queen, seeing that nothing had come of her message, began to suspect the truth. She stormed at her servant and threatened dreadful punishment, and so the maid ran to Mael and told him of the queen's desire.

Rónán's son was angry to hear of it, for nothing would shake his loyalty to his father. Taking 50 warriors with him, he sailed off to Scotland, where he joined the Scots nobles and spent his time hunting and in battle. One day, somebody brought the news that there was a plot against Rónán in Leinster and that his life was in danger. Mael and his men quickly embarked for Ireland.

He landed at Dunseverick and was given a welcome by Echthaig. "I'm surprised to see you here," said the king. "I thought you were at home in Leinster, in bed with my daughter. That's the way I assumed things would end up." Mael was amazed at this, but he made no reply.

When he got home to Leinster, Mael met the waiting maid in secret and she told him that the queen had ordered her killed—unless she could persuade him to a royal rendezvous. Then Mael went to ask Donn for help.

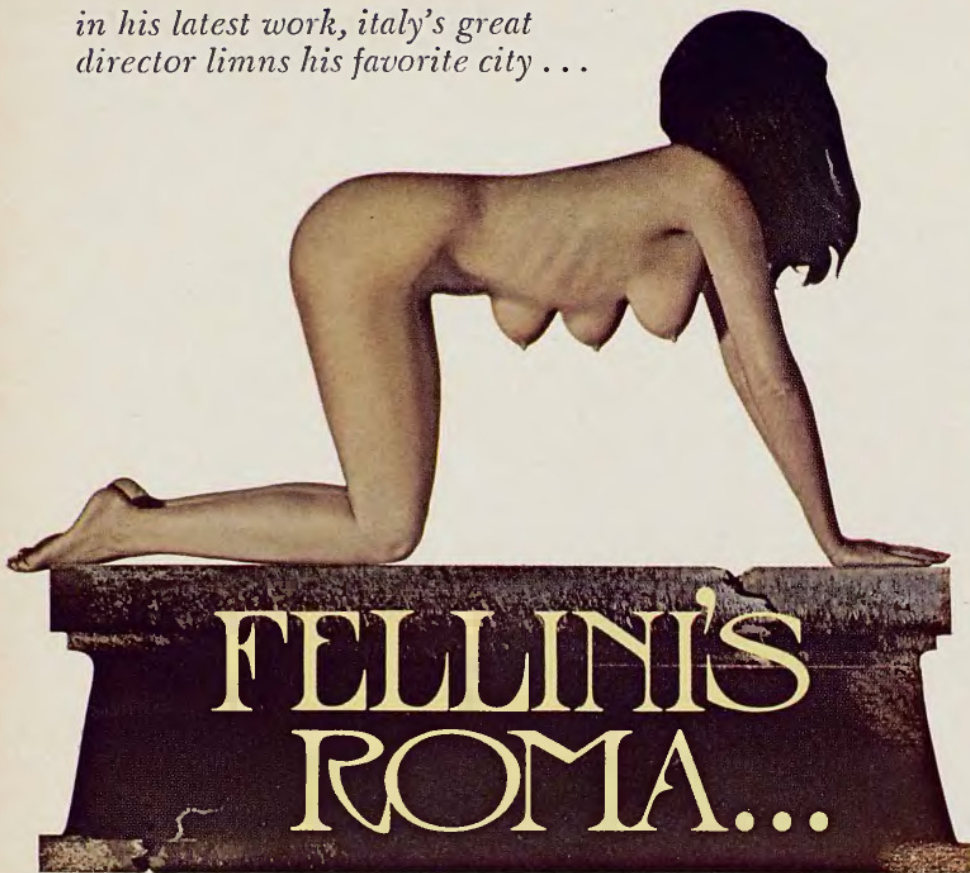
"I'll cure the queen of this running fever," said Donn. "But first you must pay me with your cloak, your horse, your three best hounds—yes, and the gray-silk hood you wear on wet hunting days." Mael was downcast to be asked a price. He had never thought Donn greedy. But he accepted. That spoiled the friendship between the two young men, but Donn's deed was as good as his bond and Mael never heard a word from the queen, angry or loving, from that day.

Now, this was the way of things at Rónán's court from then on: Every Tuesday and Friday, Mael slipped off for a lover's meeting with the maidservant. On these same days, Mael was also seen hunting alone in the forest. It must have been Mael, for that was his cloak, that was his horse and those were his hounds. At about the same time, the queen was setting off for a quiet ride in the country round. Some hours later, she would come home from the forest, glowing as if she'd been well rubbed.

Donn knew that, what with the hood covering most of his face and the shadows in the woodcutter's hut, he could keep up the deception for a long time. It did give him a lot of sorrow to lose the friendship of Mael and he was aware that he'd be killed if Rónán ever caught him. But a man has to make some sacrifices in a good cause. —Retold by John Dickson



in his latest work, italy's great director limns his favorite city . . .



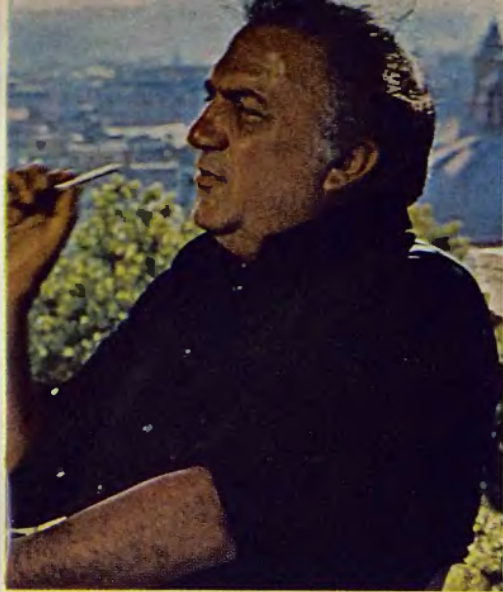
article By **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

ARRIVING IN ROME on a balmy day, there is no need to ask what's new. The answer is plastered throughout the city and suburbs on countless billboards, each displaying—against a deep-red Roman sky—the sad, skeptical face and extravagant bosom of a prostitute, one of the road-running night birds known locally as *le polverose*, or “the dusty ones.” Given that familiar image, it hardly comes as a surprise to read the accompanying legend, *ROMA—IL CAPOLAVORO DI FELLINI*. The masterpiece of Fellini.

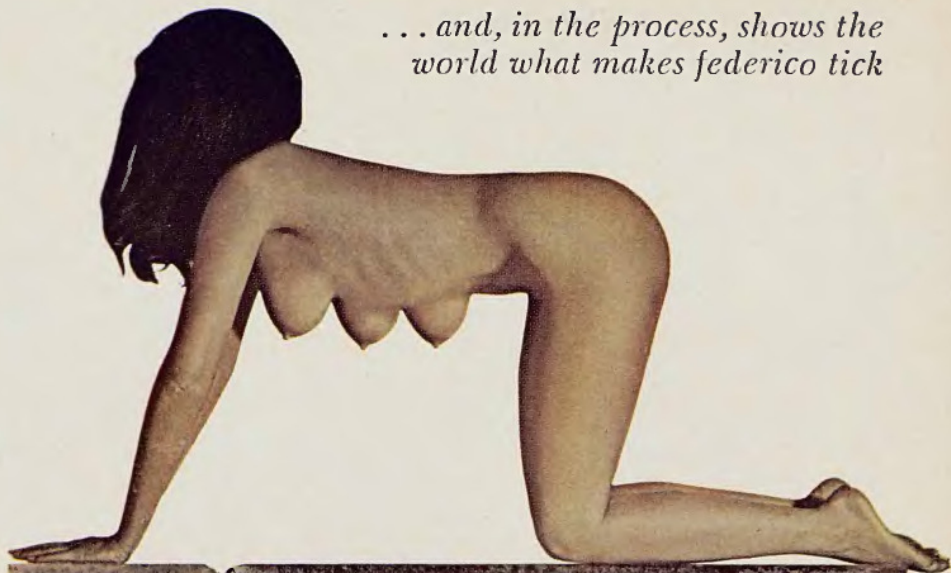
Bold words. Yet several days following the film's premiere, public response and critical consensus testify persuasively that *il maestro* has, indeed, done it again. Praise is lavish for Federico Fellini's multicolored first-person diary of life in the city of the Caesars. “Beautiful, exhilarating, and a little mad,” writes one delighted critic. Others find *Roma* “a phantasmagoria” . . . “a film of furious riches” . . . “poetry,



The provocative figure depicted above (extreme left and right) is Fellini's variation on a famous Etruscan sculpture of the she-wolf that suckled Romulus, legendary founder of Rome, and his twin, Remus. The original, *La Lupa Capitolina*, is enshrined in the Capitoline Museum in the center of the city. The variation, first appearing in poster form as advertising for *Fellini's Roma* at the 1972 Cannes film festival, stirred such a controversy that it was denounced by the festival and banned from several countries. *Roma* itself fomented far less furor. In the film (top to bottom, left to right), *il maestro* cleverly blends fact and fantasy in scenes that show the great whore of Rimini surrounded by admiring consuls, an ecclesiastical fashion show complete with roller-skating cardinals and metallic Pope, a transvestite and two prostitutes proffering themselves, a missionary nun shrouded in a mosquito net and a pair of pitiful trysts at a working-class bordello.



... and, in the process, shows the world what makes federico tick



...ROME'S FELLINI

exemplary . . . cinema in its pure state."

The director himself appears to be taking success in stride, used to it, perhaps. "I wonder whether that poster will be good for America," he asks rhetorically. "Will they understand?" Pensive, his tie loosened, wearing a black sweater under a conservative gray-plaid suit, Fellini sits with chin sunk to his chest in a tiny office up two dingy flights over a shop on the Via Sistina, a refuge he seldom visits except between films. In front of him stand two enormous orange-leather chairs and, atop a handsome plate-glass-and-chromium coffee table that was a gift from director Franco Zeffirelli, a glass of straight Scotch.

Rechasing his rave reviews is the last thing Fellini wants to do. A solid hit in Italy, *Roma* would soon require subtitles and dubbing before its invitational showing at the Cannes film festival (where it was to meet with new success), followed by a U.S. premiere. Fellini declares himself wearied at facing the technical chores ahead. "The trouble

The autobiographical style has always been a trademark of Fellini's work, but only in *Roma* has he gone as far as to call his protagonist Fellini, selecting a 22-year-old Texan, Peter Gonzales (at left, top), to play the role. An activist director, Fellini (left to right, top to bottom) instructs one actress who plays a harlot, grimaces for another cast as a little girl, blocks a scene with a gang of *motociclisti* and—with Marcello Mastroianni and Luciana Marcellini, who portrays Anita Ekberg—makes merry in a sequence recalling *La Dolce Vita* days. As he escorts another streetwalker, frames a flash on a statue of Mussolini, guides a grotesque madam on the Via Appia Antica, paces among the hippies on the Piazza di Spagna and reacts to a suggestion of a *motociclista*, Fellini works with a loving touch. That's hardly surprising, since *Roma* spelled backward—as Freudian historian Norman O. Brown once pointed out—is amor.



is, it's so boring. Each time you dub it like doing the movie over again, and you have no more desire. It's an infant you have already given birth to once." About critics, he equivocates. Do they worry him? "No, but I admit a certain dependence on them. If they give me applause, it has an effect. If they don't like my work, I become a little more depressed. I need encouragement, as a child does. But critics are a strange breed. If they are married, as husbands they are still critics. As parents, they are critics. It is as though they exist on some higher plane, always compelled to see something not as it is but as it might have been otherwise. Like the Pope, who was speaking the other day about himself and 'the outside world.' As if he were no part of it! How can even a Pope exist apart from reality? There's a kind of madness, no? One becomes crazy with power and omnipotence."

Fellini smiles into his drink when an aide reminds him of the press conference in which an Italian journalist asked him to explain the significance of the blind characters in his films. "They search for significance, and they find it in blind extras. That's what I mean about critics. Though I didn't mean at the beginning to compare critics to the Pope."

Assured that many might be flattered, he changes the subject, changes the mood. In periods like this, with a substantial piece of work behind him, he is more relaxed than usual. It is Fellini's time for seeing friends, meeting with his tax man, going out to dinner, catching up on films he has missed, weighing new projects. Raising money. Ah, yes. A principal backer of *Roma*, he says, is presently in jail, following a financial scandal that delayed the production for months, though it was unrelated to the picture. Finding a producer to stand between him and the men who hold the purse strings is always a problem, yet his pictures are inexpensive by American standards. *Roma* cost something like \$2,500,000. "In Hollywood, they spend \$10,000,000, but most of that goes for telegrams. Also a lot for phone calls."

"What shall we do? I thought PLAYBOY would ask me about women. This afternoon there will be only three . . . two for me." By now, Fellini is on his feet, animated, picking up the phone to make reservations for dinner, asking an aide to call a female translator about her availability tomorrow. "If her husband answers, hang up," he adds lightly.

Aware that he has often been charged with mischievous behavior during interviews, Fellini evidently relishes the accusation. "Of course I invent answers. Isn't that only fair, since an interviewer invents the questions?" At the age of 52, with his long grayish hair crowned by a bald spot, the mask of boyish innocence

still becomes him, and how well he knows it. He speaks English with a soft accent, sometimes haltingly, and believes he needs an interpreter—though when he has one, the interpreter can seldom slip a word into the uninhibited flow of conversation.

Rome with Fellini begins to assume a definite shape and color. Warm, easy, spontaneous, as rich in sensual imagery as the master's own unforgettable *Roma*, which affectionately distills the impressions of a lifetime.

. . .

The film opens in Rimini, a town on the Adriatic coast, with Fellini's boyhood dreams of faraway Rome as a synonym for worldliness and decadence. . . .

A priest is delivering a slide lecture on Roman landmarks in a parochial school. A view of the Tomb of Cecilia Metella. The Arch of Constantine. St. Peter's. Then, suddenly, a naked woman's exposed bottom flashes upon the screen and the classroom bursts into cheers.

Later, a young man's fancy is captured by the great whore of Rimini, a lady in red who entices her queue of male customers into the back seat of a vintage touring car.

. . .

Rome is Fellini, Fellini is Rome. All the same, he gazes down upon the city's galaxy of lights from the rooftop lounge of the Hotel Eden, a block or so from the bustling Via Veneto, and he is not entirely sure. "Everywhere I go in Rome, I see a street corner, maybe a corner where we shot the film, and I think I missed something. The real *Roma* still escapes me. It is elusive, like a woman you have possessed and loved, then you meet her later and she has again become elusive, a stranger . . . you wonder if you ever possessed her at all."

Distracted from the vista by the sound of a cocktail pianist in the next room, he makes a wry face. "You hear? The great danger of Roman restaurants is the music. Usually, they have these people with guitars and violins who surround you. The music gives you *tristezza*, you cannot concentrate. I like music only in my films."

Fellini orders a mai tai, which arrives in a huge clear goblet garnished with fresh-fruit slices and exotic sprigs of green, much to the amusement of two dinner companions—sporty Bernardino Zapponi, scenarist for both *Satyricon* and *Roma*, and Riccardo Aragno, Anglo-Italian journalist and an intimate of Fellini since the prewar years when they lived in the same *pensione*. A remark about the extravagant decor of his drink provides Fellini's cue to quip: "Maybe the bartender has seen my films. Do you suppose he makes it the same for everyone?"

Dinner proceeds through an Abruzzi

cheese, an omelet, white wine and Fiuggi mineral water. Fellini refuses a cigarette with his coffee, having stopped smoking after an attack of pleurisy five years ago. "I gave it up, without heroism," says he, as the conversation weaves back to the postwar period of Occupation. Fellini recalls escapades with spies, roughnecks and Canadian MPs in a shop of his own, called Funny Face, where he drew caricatures of GIs on rest leave and sold them to the boys along with one-play discs carrying recorded messages to their loved ones at home. "The GIs had money and time to spend, and spent it on whores first. When they were satisfied, they came to me."

It is an evening of reminiscence and shoptalk. Fellini discusses *Modern Times* but prefers the pure Chaplin comedy of *The Circus*, made in the period before Chaplin's social conscience began to surface. "My one regret," he says, "is that I was born too late and started to make films after those early pioneering days of the mutes, when everything was in the way of being discovered." Aragno begs to point out that Fellini himself, almost singlehandedly, has revived a kind of lyricism and poetic imagery that restore much of cinema's original visual wonder.

"You think so?" Fellini smiles and arches an eyebrow, looking pleased but skeptical.

A lesser dispute arises about the time young Federico came rolling home at dawn in a horse-drawn carriage and had to peel off his shirt to pay the driver. He claims that Aragno watched the whole incident from a balcony and didn't help. "He's inventing again," scoffs Aragno. "He remembers things perfectly, in absolute, impeccable detail, even though they never happened."

"Well, that's my profession," Fellini replies with a shrug. Between the hotel entrance and the taxi stand, the director is accosted by an effusive fellow who pumps his hand and detains him in conversation for five minutes, though Fellini insists afterward he hasn't the faintest memory of meeting the man before. "Maybe he considers me one of the attractions in his tour of Rome."

. . .

"Roma," 1938. The young Fellini (played by 22-year-old Peter Gonzales, an American actor from Texas) tackles the city at the age of 18 to test his innocence against the harsh realities of Rome under fascism.

By 1942-1943, at the height of the wartime fascist era, he is frequenting whorehouses of markedly different quality—one a palazzo of pulchritude for rich men, one a cow barn for the poor.

He moves from gluttonous Roman feasts to a shoddy music hall, where drunks and hecklers in the audience

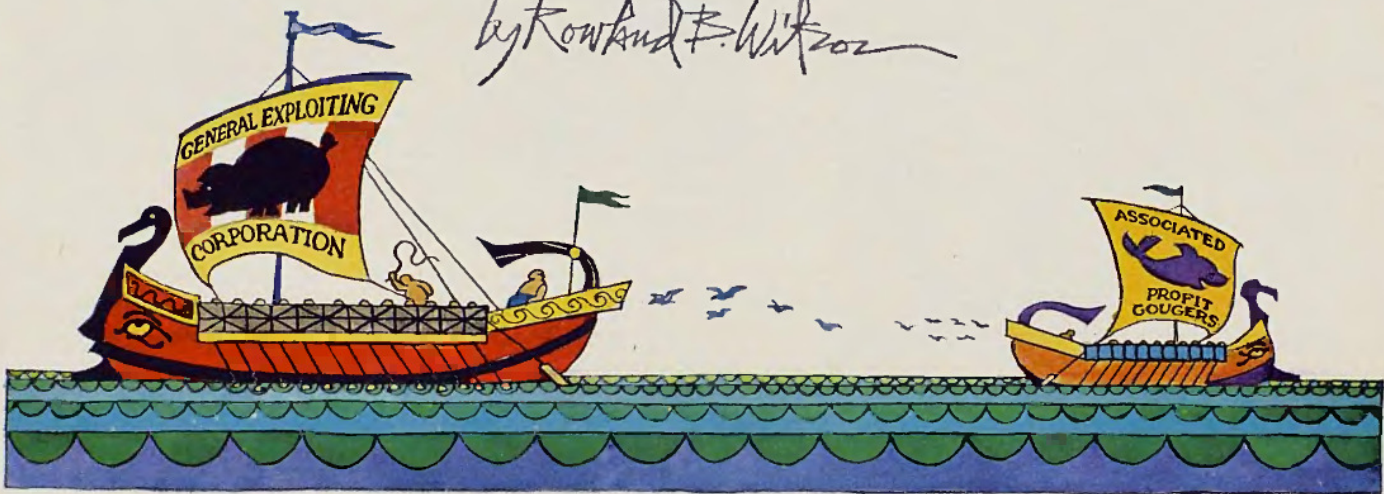
(continued on page 232)

THE WAGE SLAVES

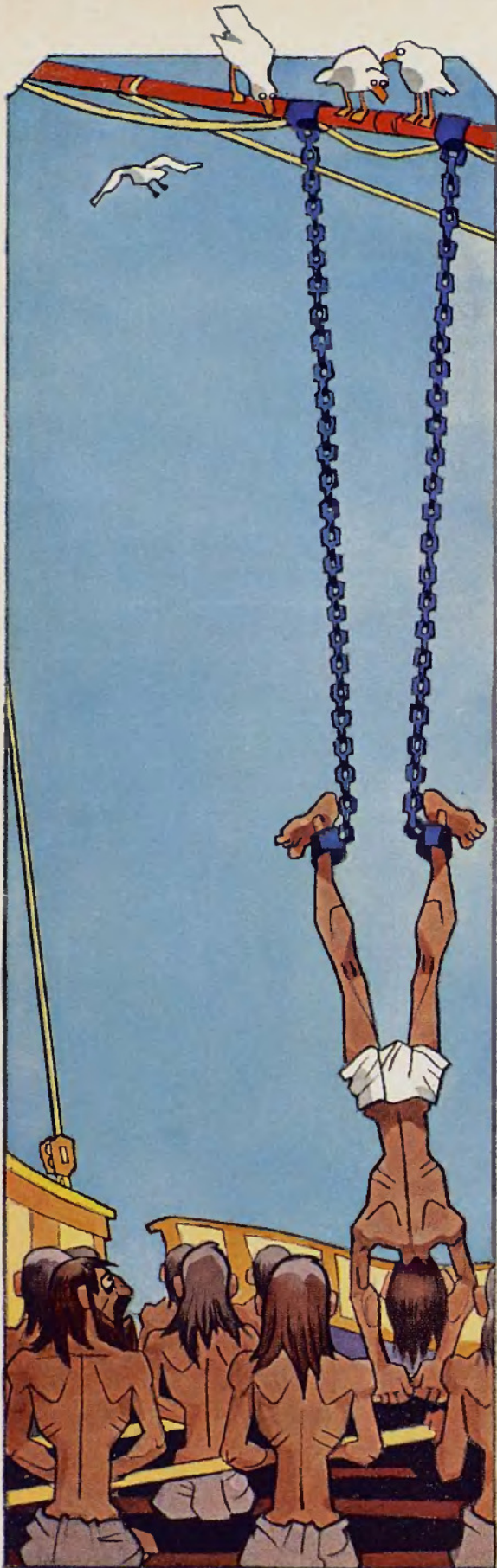
row, row, row your boat—but
be sure to go through channels

humor

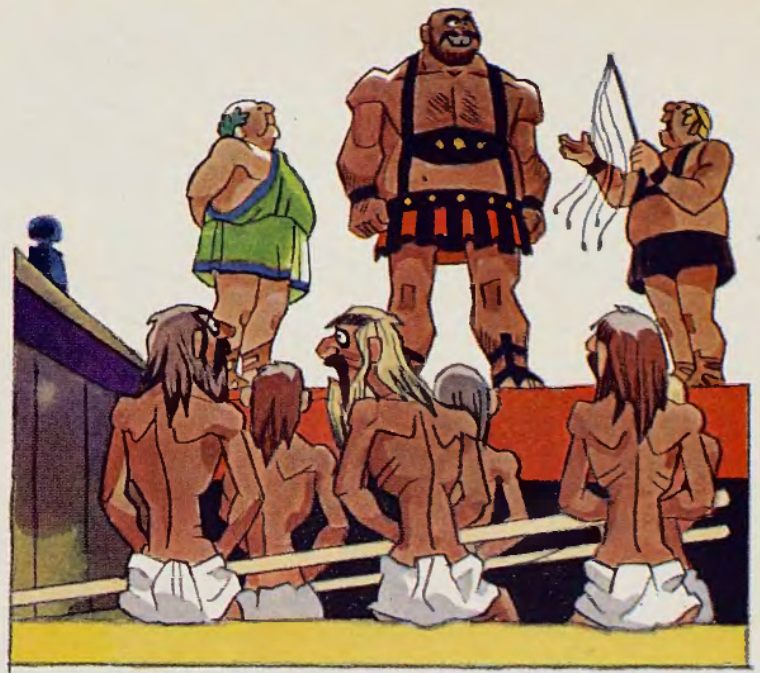
by Rowland B. Wilson



"I hate these company pep talks!"

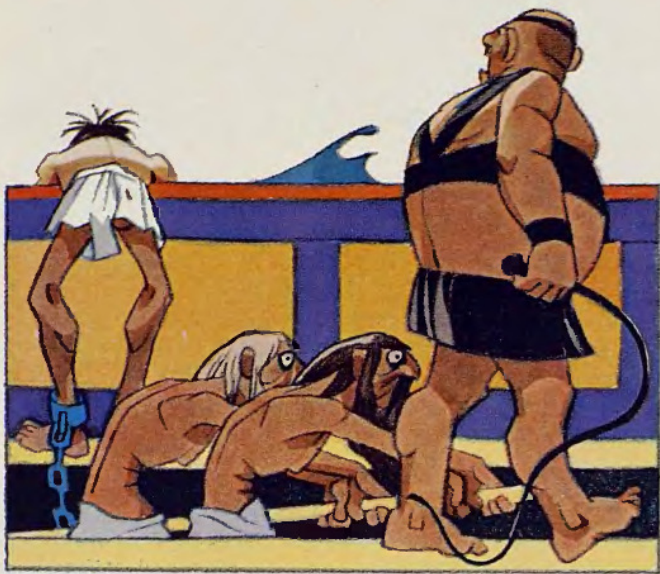


"Poor Clavius—caught making out with the emperor's secretary at the Christmas party."



"I heard they were bringing in an efficiency expert."





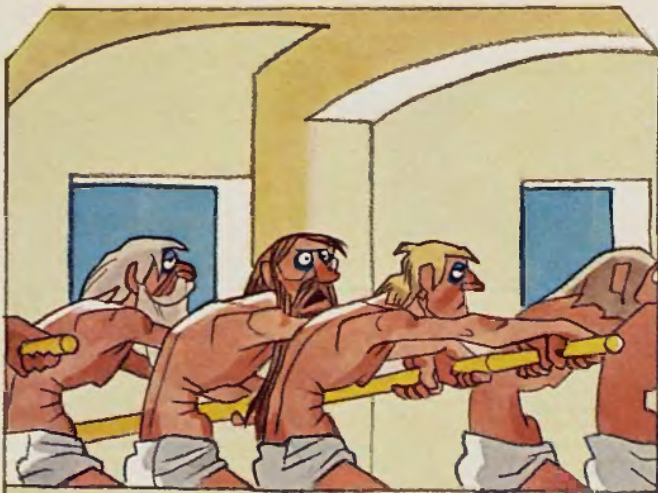
*"That'll be enough of that, Jason.
You've used up your sick leave."*



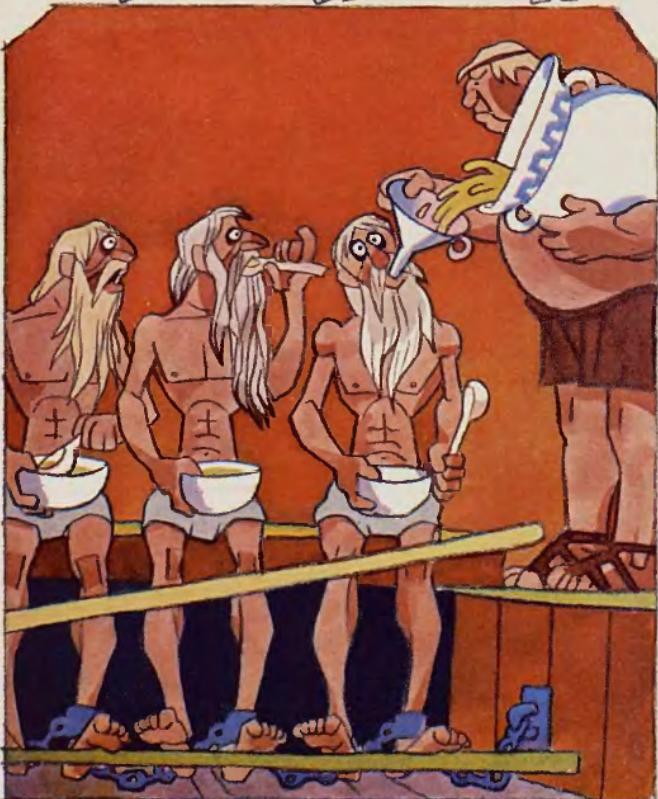
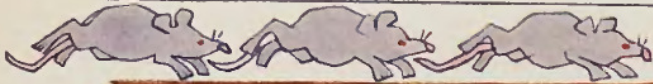
*"How come there are only three women with
positions of responsibility on this boat?!"*



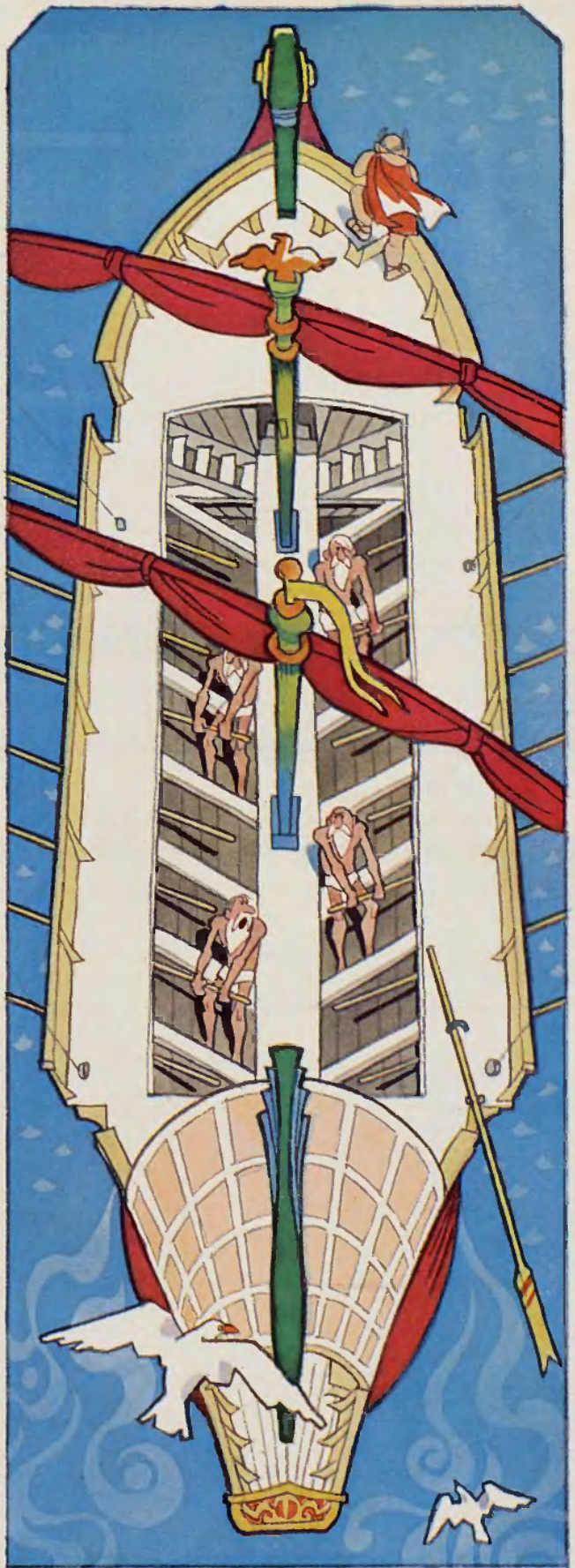
*"And this scroll
in recognition
of 25 years of
faithful service.
Goodbye and
good luck!"*



"You'll get a seat by the window when you have the experience, the know-how and the seniority—that's when!"



"I told him they were going to crack down on his long lunch hours."



"Quit bitching. With this recession, we're lucky to be here at all."

*"Be forewarned, Clavius,
I'm going to fight you
tooth and nail for
the next promotion."*



"Once a company man, always a company man."

LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER (continued from page 134)

was the first American finisher in the 1969 Boston Marathon (behind a Japanese and two Mexicans), runners in the middle of the pack, listening to transistor-radio reports of the race, said to other runners, "Ron Daws just came in, Ron Daws of Minneapolis."

"Who?" asked the other runners. "Who's that?"

In 1967, when he won the National Marathon Championship (in 90-degree heat), his name was not even on the official program. "Who's that?" asked the few spectators a marathon draws. "Who's that crossing the line?"

Months later, in the 1968 Olympic-team selection trials, he was ranked 19th out of 20 expense-paid contenders (and he made that top 20 only because he placed in a preliminary race in Minnesota, where international-quality marathons are as rare as auks). When he qualified for the 1968 team, the Olympic edition of *Track and Field News* ran a small headline: "DAWS FINDS PERSISTENCE PLUS SMART PACING PAY OFF." It's the story of his life.

"My kids know what a daddy does," Daws says. "A daddy comes home from work, puts on his track clothes and goes running." One of his regular paths loops 20 miles around three Minneapolis lakes. After October, the path is dark in the evening and as bleak and empty as a path across Siberia. "My wife worries that I'll break a leg and freeze before anyone finds me," he says. "But somehow my feet find their way in the dark." One of his favorite memories is of a night when snow was banked far higher than his head on both sides of the path. "Everything was pitch-black but a strip of sky. The sky was glittering with stars. There must have been twice as many stars out as usual that night."

One winter Sunday morning, a reporter—riding a bicycle—followed Daws on his training run. The run was to be short, 20 miles around the lakes, instead of the 30 Daws usually runs on Sundays. With his characteristic mix of self-deprecation, pride and chatty good cheer, Daws showed his trophies before they left his small house to go out into the snow. There were cups and plaques and medals and ribbons—dozens of ribbons, fixed like butterflies in cases. "The trophies get pretty nice when you start finishing up front," Daws said. But the reporter thought of the silver urns, the towering rich goblets given out at the various Twin Cities yacht clubs, and Daws's trophies seemed like the prizes any assiduous bowler could collect.

(Later, in the spring, back from a marathon in Las Vegas, where he came in third, Daws said, "The first three

finishers got something really nice—a big photograph of themselves going over the finish line." The reporter looked for some hidden bitterness, some pressed-down sarcasm in his tone. But he could find none.)

Daws and the reporter drove through the morning snowstorm to the path that circled the lakes. It was dark enough to have to use the car headlights. The reporter hauled his bike out of the trunk and Daws set off. He talked about his running, giving out little white puffs with his words. He talked as easily as if he were sitting on a porch. His feet made no sound and his voice was quiet.

"I was a miler for the University of Minnesota, but I was so bad I didn't even go on road trips. We had a great runner there then: Buddy Edelen. In the early Sixties, he ran the fastest marathon in history."

"I'm sorry," said the reporter, "I was going to the U then, but I've never heard of him."

"Nobody in America has," said Daws. "Americans aren't interested in distance running. When I went to the '68 Olympics, KSTP asked me to call if anything interesting happened. But they weren't interested in the real Olympics—the running and the games. All they cared about hearing was if one of the Russians socked a Czech. Buddy Edelen finally moved to England. 'I became a real runner when I set foot on English soil,' he said." (When Daws placed second in the Iowa marathon, the man at the sports desk of the *St. Paul Dispatch*, when asked why his paper had printed nothing about Daws or the Twin Cities Track Club win, answered, "A marathon? Is that some sort of race?")

"One day I was going to run some laps with Buddy," Daws went on, "when the coach shouted, 'Daws, get off the track!' like I wasn't good enough to be running at the same time. That coach was a pathetic old man waiting for retirement. He had us training in the Fifties the way they'd trained in the Twenties. I saw him again years later, when I carried in the torch at the Pan-American Games. You should have seen his eyes bug out!

"At the U, I was running such junk that I quit the team in my senior year. But I didn't want to quit running; I hadn't accomplished anything yet. I moved outside and upped the puny 30 or 40 miles a week I'd been running to 100 miles and more. The university runners thought I was crazy, running outside at night at 20 below, but I was enjoying it." (In Daws's scrapbook is a photograph of him back from a 28-mile below-zero run; an icicle a foot long hangs from his arctic face mask and the

breath blown upward from the mask's edges has settled in thick frosty ledges on his brows.)

As Daws cantered without effort into the snow, he now and then broke off his narrative to ask, "Isn't this a nice day? . . . Isn't this a pretty place?"

It was a haunting day and place. The lake shore was deserted and, beyond the trees, the sky—which usually shows the prosperous, blunt and modest towers of Minneapolis—was opaque with snow. The near-frozen water rolled thickly beneath ducks, which appeared suddenly, paddling cheerily and *wukking* to themselves. Daws came upon a jogger, swung out and passed. The jogger hopped in surprise, became an indistinct shadow and was gone behind the sleety, white-powder wall. Daws ran without friction, without weight, like those polished, balanced oiled-walnut machines that spin endlessly with one push.

Around him was a city breathing—most of its half-million people hunched in blue light in front of TV sets, watching the ghosts of athletes compete. But Daws might have been moving beside some Alaskan lake or around a flooded crater in the Andes. He had the solitude, the spaciousness, the sense of weather and the animal movement that the ghostly hawkers on TV—selling their cigarettes, their deodorants, their race-car-engined station wagons—were pretending to dispense.

"From a young athlete," wrote a researcher in creativity, "I learned that a perfect tackle could be as aesthetic a product as a sonnet." And marathon runners, too, are a variety of artist. There are artists of the beautiful, artists of the useful. . . . Marathon runners are artists of . . . what?

"What do you think about when you run?" the reporter asked.

Daws laughed, with a soft hint of exasperation. "Everybody asks me that." But he answered carefully. "On training runs, I watch people go by. I wonder about their lives. I think about my competitors—about them going out the door and beginning to run in England or Ethiopia or New Zealand. . . ." He mulled over old angers, dissolving them with exertion. He told about a time some neighbors had knocked him into a snowbank with a car door. "They drove off laughing and drinking something out of a bottle. I called the police, but they wouldn't do a thing." He remembered a time some blacks had thrown a bottle at him, a time a teenager had punched another runner from a car. "In races, I just think about the next few steps. They tell me the Olympic course was beautiful, coming down the boulevards by Mexico City's flowers and statues and lakes. But I might as well have been

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**Once in a while,
you find something you want to share with someone.
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running down a Minneapolis alley. Then, toward the end of a race, I don't think at all. I don't hear; I just run. There's a marathoners' saying, 'At 20 miles you're halfway there.'"

After a time, the parked car appeared out of the snow. "Twenty miles," Daws said. Stopping by the trunk, pleasantly ready to help lift and stow the bike, he again checked his watch. "Two hours and 20 minutes. Well, that's not really so bad for a social run, I guess."

Outside his house, he sat with the reporter a few minutes, talking. The engine and the heater were off, yet he steamed in the barely freezing air. Steam rose from his thin jacket, from his sweat pants, from his hair. Then he began to shiver.

As he got out, the reporter called, "The Olympics, that last night—was it as great as it looked on TV?"

(On that last night, the reporter had watched the athletes pour over the barriers, flood past the passively resisting officials, swirl in sturdy, happy patterns on the grass—while the crowd chanted, "May! He! Co! May! He! Co!" and tinny gay mariachi music spouted from the band. The reporter had found himself laughing—happy at the gaiety of hundreds of athletes dancing in a stadium 1800 miles away.)

"I was one of the first over the barriers," said Daws. "It couldn't have looked as great as it really was!"

In late winter there were tremendous snowfalls. The reporter called Daws the day after a blizzard—the heaviest blizzard in years, with the sounds of cars

muffled to soft hums and the silence so thick he could hear the tiny clicks of snowflakes—and asked if he had run. "I ran 20 miles," Daws said. "It was pretty hard. There was only a rut; the cars wanted it and I wanted it. We've begun calling this snow Greasy Skid Stuff; it's almost impossible to get any traction in it. It's going to be a long winter."

After that, on nights when the bare trees thrashed ferociously against the moon or snow blurred the street lamp 15 feet from the porch, the reporter would say to friends, "Ron Daws is out running now." They'd take a quick glance out the window and make shuddery noises of disapproval and disbelief.

"Ron gets lonely running sometimes," his wife says. "He likes weekends; he can find people to run with him then. Spring is his worst season; his feet get frozen running in the slush. Sometimes he complains about being physically tired, but he really loves to run."

In early summer, he runs in double sweat suits. "Runners laugh at me," he says, "coming from Minnesota and running my best races on hot days, but I make my own hot weather to train in." Other runners are awed—with the distance runner's CIA-agent awe of people who stand up well to torture—seeing him come back in his double sweat suit from a 30-mile summer-Sunday run, staggering through the alleys with the heat. During a summer workout, he and a friend ran into an industrial district. All the businesses were closed and they couldn't find water. "Then we spotted a car that was

beaded with rain from the night before," Daws says. "I went to one side, my friend went to the other, and we licked the water off. People don't understand when I tell them about it; they recoil a little. They can't understand being that thirsty."

At six feet and 150 pounds, Daws is bulky for his sport. While the faces of some runners look sunken, as if the skin were being sucked between the sharp bones, Daws has some padding, even a touch of apple coloring, to his cheeks.

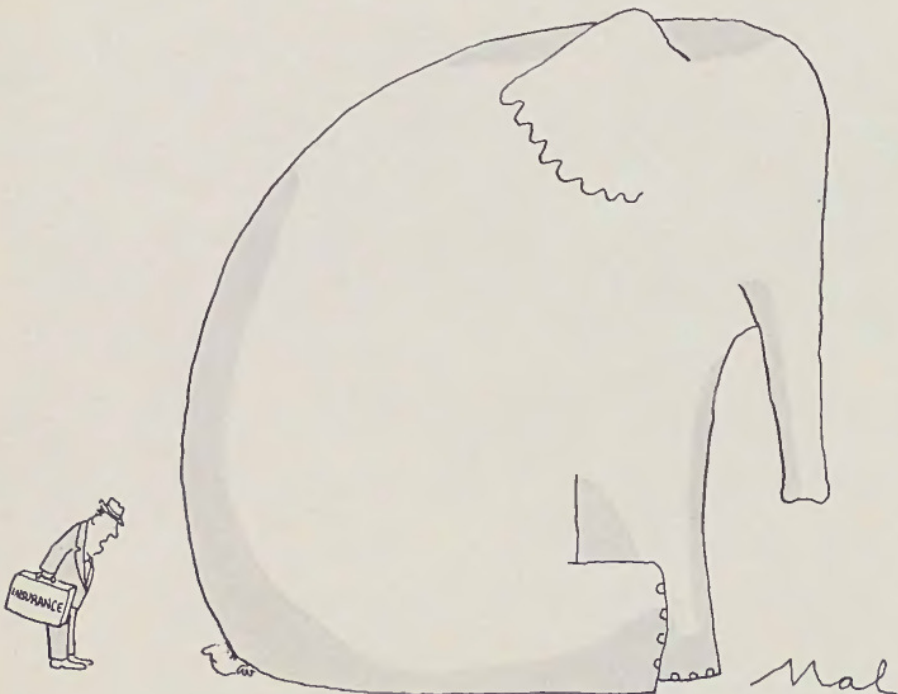
One of the arguments against exercising to lose weight is that you have to run 36 miles to really lose a pound. Daws runs 5000 miles a year. This time next year, he should weigh 11 pounds. Since college, he has run off nearly a ton of flesh. To counteract vanishing, he eats—hamburgers, *tacos*, pizzas, milk shakes. He eats like a caricature of a teenager. "It's embarrassing to go out to dinner with him," says his father-in-law. "He doesn't just go back for seconds; he goes back for thirds. Sometimes I go out and hide in the car until he's done."

Says Daws, "You can look at runners before a race and tell who's going to win. It's always the palest, skinniest, weakest, most wretched-looking guy. The runner who finished behind me in the '68 Olympic trials was so skinny the Army wouldn't take him. He flunked his draft physical, then went out and ran 50 miles at about six minutes to the mile. It was a new record for the 50-mile run." (Because he wears long-sleeved clothes and runs at night, Daws is pale. The Night Crawler is the nickname given him by a friend.)

Like most marathon runners, Daws looks about ten years younger than his age. It is only after a race, when dehydration has brought out the cracks and wrinkles in his face, that one would guess him to be older than his mid-20s. (After his fastest race, a camera caught him grinning at the world. His neck was scrawny; his skin, sliced everywhere by wrinkles, looked crusty beneath its layer of sweat and was pulled tight across his skull. His neck had wattles like a turkey's. His teeth stood out like the teeth of a horse. He could have passed for 50.)

Recently, Daws has begun wearing his hair fashionably long and his wife has put him into bell-bottoms. Last spring he even had a mustache—which he shaved off. "It made me feel old, and besides, I couldn't seem to run fast with it on."

Even with the long hair, even with his bell-bottom pants, there is something of the Iowa soybean farmer about him. His previous hair style fit him better; it was a butch cut, long on top, where it shot straight up, almost shaved on the back and sides. With the butch cut, with his preternatural youth, with his air of friendly wholesomeness, he resembled



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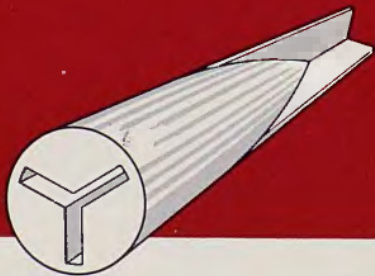
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an eagle scout from some 1953 Mid-western troop. (And when he was training for the 1968 Olympics, running for hours every day in the Colorado desert, he spent his spare time building airplane models—huge fragile things of balsa wood and tissue paper, the kind no one builds anymore.)

He is also like an eagle scout—or someone from some fixed moral system, at least—in the certainty of his views: This is good; this is bad; this is right; this is wrong:

I was up in the balcony watching a movie when the projector went off and they passed around the hat for respiratory disease. The cigarette smoke in the balcony was so thick you could hardly see across the aisle. I wouldn't give a cent. They had the answer to respiratory disease right there and they wouldn't do a thing about it. It really got me furious.

I don't like new things. People ask me, "Why don't you buy a new car?" I don't want a new car. I've got a Ford I bought for \$60 and I'm going to drive it until it disintegrates.

I can't understand this sports-fan business. Who do those fat crocks think they are, shouting and yelling at the players? Most sports fans

can't even climb into the bleachers without gasping.

Baseball, now, there's a lazy man's sport. That must be the most boring game in the world. And the players must be in the worst shape. Make a baseball player run half a mile and he'll whine about breaking his contract.

Daws's usual tone is bantering, good-natured, with his aggression blended in softly, like an herb. One could know him a long time before feeling the hostility under his surface. Usually he seems mild, even bland, with an eagle scout's energetic blandness. All the runners who congregate at marathon races are like that: benign, energetic, friendly and soft-voiced. But they can also chill suddenly and take on the alienated stoic look of people who make a point of finding obstacles and overcoming them alone. Daws recognizes this: About one of his closest competitors, he says, "I can't figure it out. He seems so genuinely mild and gentle. But that edge must be in there somewhere, or he couldn't drive himself the way he does."

Distance runners have the qualities Thornton Wilder ascribed to Americans: they are "lonely, insubmissive and polite." But America turns out few great distance runners and ignores the ones it

does. Ethiopian Abebe Bikila ran bare-foot over the cobblestones of Rome to win the 1960 Olympic marathon, then won it again, in Tokyo, in 1964. For years his life story was the second most popular subject of the tapestry/comic book that is a popular Ethiopian art form. (The most popular subject was a perennial: the story of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.) Emil Zatopek won the marathon, plus the 5000- and 10,000-meter races, in the 1952 Olympics, and rapidly became a Czechoslovakian colonel. But when New Yorker Oscar Moore qualified for the 1964 Olympics in both the 5000- and the 10,000-meter events, his boss, a jewelry manufacturer, fired him rather than give him time off for the trip.

And when Bikila and fellow Ethiopian Mamo Wolde (who won the Olympic marathon in 1968) came to America, a runners' magazine ran an editorial:

They had nothing to do but train and eat, train and rest. . . . "Why shouldn't he win?" the runners said of Wolde. If Pete McArdle [an American Olympic marathoner] had the same opportunity to train, he'd show the Ethiopians something. . . . McArdle had worked 12 hours [as a bus mechanic] in New York the day before. . . . McArdle has no



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private preserve on which to train as did the Ethiopians. . . . He trains on city streets, running to and from work, and takes an extra hour at lunch (without pay) so he can do some speed work.

Daws gets some time off (without pay) to go to international meets, but he occasionally becomes alarmed—maybe the next time they won't let him off—and he begins to mutter about seeing the governor, about seeing his Senator, about going to the State Department if he has to.

Although Americans say they respect the driving purity of sport, the only athletes they actually respect are school-age athletes, foreign athletes and rich athletes. If a 35-year-old Ethiopian chooses to spend half his workday running with huge strides across the veld, then that is noble and pure; it has an ascetic alien beauty; besides, what else is there for an Ethiopian to do? But for a 35-year-old American to run around frozen lakes and down hot alleys when he could be working at job advancement, or even watching television—this is a slash at propriety. It angers people. A young man who once worked with Daws was told about his making the 1968 Olympic team. "Um," said the young man without interest; and then, bursting into feeling, "He must be crazy, just to run and run!" When Daws is running, people in cars give him the sort of smiles adults give cute children and children give dolls. When he is training with his friends, all of them wearing track-suit odds and ends, people begin questions or comments to them with, "Say, boys," or "Hey, kids." After a Boston Marathon, a sportscaster at least six years younger than Daws kept calling him Ronnie during an interview, and afterward said with patronizing enthusiasm, "There's a fine young man." In return, reporters look fat and liverish to the runners, and people in cars look squasy, like Mongoloids on an asylum outing. "I hate fat," says Daws. "I can't stand fat people!" When he saw *Alice's Restaurant*, he was surprised to find Alice attractive. "That's the first overweight girl who's turned me on."

One of the other Twin Cities Track Club members, a doctor, says, "Someone will yell at me when I'm running, and I'll look up to see some obese crotch leaning out his car window, and I'll think, 'You're starting to get old; you're overweight; I'll see you in cardiac emergency before long!'" (He delivers his thought for the scoffing fatties like a curse: *May you topple from your car and rot!*)

The same doctor declares, "My resting pulse is 44. I can't have a heart attack. It's impossible for me to have a heart attack!" And with a small sharp indirect smile that implies *I know I'm making a wild claim and I'll admit it's wild if I have to, but, by God, it happened*, he also

informs you, "For 15 years, my wife and I tried to have children. Then I began running and we had two."

All the runners talk frequently about health. Says Daws, "The average American cares more about his car than about his body. If his car gets dented, he takes it right to the shop. But when his stomach starts hanging out and his arteries start hardening, he doesn't do a thing." What Daws thinks the average American should do, of course, is run. "I heard a doctor say that running just five miles a day could prevent heart attacks. Can you imagine what that would do for world health, if everyone ran just five miles a day? If my legs hold out, I'll still be running when I'm 100."

Marathon runners are older than most athletes—Mamo Wolde was 37 when he won in the Mexico Olympics—and it often seems that their main competition is not other runners, not even themselves ("You run because you want to see if you can do it," says Daws; "you want to see if you can make yourself do it"); their main competition seems to be death. There is a challenge-to-the-gods hopefulness about Daws's frequent description of himself as "the world's oldest living teenager"; there is a kind of propitiation in the runners' regular bodily mortification along endless stretches of road.

The organizer of the A. A. U. National Marathon in Iowa, a balding, shyly gracious doctor with the face of a mild and gentle Popeye, explains why he began running:

"Ten years ago, I was pounding life too hard. I developed coronary insufficiency with angina pectoris and had a heck of a time keeping my practice. My buddies—three of them—died in neighboring small towns of heart attacks and I thought I was next. About that time, I studied the autopsy reports of marathon runners and without exception, they had developed extra-large coronary arteries. So I proceeded to marathize my heart, very slowly, and it worked. After six or seven months, I couldn't produce pain in my chest with any emotion or exercise. Now I'm running ten miles every morning at 53 years."

This doctor's particular hero—the hero of all the older runners—is a San Francisco waiter named Larry Lewis. Lewis holds a curious world's record: the 100-yard dash for men over 100. Each day, before he goes to work, the 105-year-old Lewis runs about seven miles through a local park. "I talked with Larry when he was 102," says the Iowa doctor. "He's taking care of his baby sister, who's about 85. 'She's old!' Larry said to me. 'There are bedpans and wheelchairs. Those things are for old people. I don't know anything about old people!'"

As the doctor said this, there was a dreamy, confident expression on his

mild face. One of the other runners had refused to comment on what running meant to him. "Talking about it with a nonrunner is like talking about sex with a 12-year-old," he'd snapped. But the doctor tried to explain:

"Running is such an inspiration, particularly after six miles. My ten-mile trek is a jewel to me and each day I polish that jewel anew and it keeps the soul aglow with zest and creative ambition all the day. I don't see why the whole world isn't running."

His enthusiasm is reminiscent of a passage in a particular work of hope, a book celebrating the rejuvenation of the Jehovah's Witnesses after Armageddon: "*What if you knew that soon you would feel the wrinkles of age fade from your face and from the faces of your loved ones—as you watched the gray hairs vanish and felt the surge of perfect health invigorating your flesh with supernal youth?*" Says Daws, "Other people get older and older, I get younger and younger."

But he knows that he will eventually begin to slow. In a recent race, he won the first-place trophy and the over-30 trophy. "That got me down," he says. In another race, he was almost beaten by a high school boy, and in another he was beaten by an over-40 runner. "Young runners are coming up," he says. "old runners are coming up; everybody's coming up." Two months before his second place in the national championship in Iowa, he finished far back in the 1970 Boston Marathon. "I came apart in the cold," he says. "I've never been so cold in my life. One of the guys passed a half-frozen Jap who was crawling down the road on his hands and knees." The life went out of Daws's workouts until his wife suggested, "Maybe you're over the hill."

"That got me out the door!" He added three miles a day to his regular workout.

Daws has never been very fast. He can't run a mile much faster than he could when he was at the University of Minnesota. But after he graduated and began running on the roads, he found he could run close to his mile pace for up to ten miles. "I decided I'd never race farther than ten miles, because I thought longer races were unhealthy. Then I heard about someone—I forget who it was—who was running fantastic marathons, down around 5:30 to the mile. When I heard that, it was only a question of how soon I'd run a marathon."

Five and a half minutes to the mile is about two hours and 24 minutes for the marathon. Daws's first marathon took him two hours and 40 minutes. After six years and 30,000 miles of training, he brought that down to two hours and 20 minutes. But that was no longer a fantastic time; it was skilled-workman time.

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ON THE SCENE



AL GOLDSTEIN and JIM BUCKLEY *the screw two*

WHEN, IF EVER, historians begin searching through musty archives to reconstruct the great campaigns and battles of the sexual revolution, Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley may finally earn their long-sought place in publishing history as the founders of *Screw*, the world's first and the country's most successful no-holes-barred sex tabloid. *Screw* hit New York newsstands in November 1968 with the raunchiest pictures and features ever to possess redeeming social value. That the "Screw Two" have thus far stayed out of jail is largely due to their publication's display of wit, imagination and an editorial personality that mocks its own contents and brags about its excesses—a calculated combination of outrageousness, put-on and put-down that has added up to a weekly circulation of about 90,000. Buckley, 28, from Lowell, Massachusetts, describes himself as a devout ex-Catholic anal-retentively unable to outgrow his adolescent obsession with sex. Goldstein, 36, stoutly denies he is a repressed Jewish boy from Brooklyn and a closet puritan. "Radiating prudence, spittle dribbling from our chins, we labor each day in the sweatshop of sex to subvert morality in America. At least that's our official PR story. We have an image to maintain." Goldstein takes exclusive credit for making *Screw* "The World's Greatest Newspaper," explaining that Buckley is an illiterate Irish peasant and still a virgin. Buckley says that Goldstein is "a lust-crazed sexual deviant who must be given a pound of raw liver each day and locked up each night." Predictably, both claim to be the godfather of their latest venture, *Mobster Times*, which may do for crime what *Screw* has done for sex. *Mobster* revels in the pornography of violence, commemorating great old crimes, promoting new ones and generally striving to exceed the bounds of good taste. Regular features include "Miss Underworld," "Crime Tips" and "This Month in Crime." What publishing offense are Goldstein and Buckley plotting next? "Well," says Buckley, "we've thought about combining the best of both worlds in *Sex Crimes*."



MARION EDEY *friend of the earth*

IN THE SUMMER OF 1970, a thick, stinging smog settled over the East Coast and environmentalists—plus everyone else who tried to breathe—bemoaned this latest ecological disaster. All but Marion Edey, chairman of the League of Conservation Voters, a nonpartisan political group that raises money for conservation-minded candidates. "The league was working to defeat Baltimore Congressman George Fallon, the man most responsible for allocating funds to build the interstate highway system, and the smog—much of it produced by automobile exhaust fumes—arrived just three weeks before the primary. Our candidate sent out releases blaming Fallon for indirectly causing it." The league's man won. Miss Edey, 27, founded the organization in 1969, quitting as an assistant to a Congressman from her home district on Long Island. "After seeing how the Hill worked, it seemed to me an effective way to work for conservation was by helping environmentally concerned candidates." The league focuses its efforts on key campaigns but publicizes all races by publishing charts showing how legislators vote on ecological issues. It has also published a book, *Nixon and the Environment: The Politics of Devastation*, outlining the Administration's mostly dismal record on conservation. Clearly, Miss Edey would prefer a McGovern victory, but adds, "He's been running for President so long he doesn't really have a conservation voting record." Marion is literally married to the cause: Her husband, Joseph Browder ("We met while fighting against a chemical plant in South Carolina"), heads a Washington lobbyist organization, the Environmental Policy Center. Both of them see the destruction of natural resources as an enduring issue. "People may forget about it in a few years," Marion says, "but when a killer smog knocks off 5000 people in Los Angeles, it'll be an issue again. Meanwhile, there's more rhetoric than action. Politicians like to cloud the issue." Which is why Marion Edey will continue her work to clear the air.



RON LEIBMAN *acting up*

"SOMETIMES it's hard to believe it's me up there. It's really weird, but once in a while it hits me: Wow! I'm in the movies—and I giggle like a dumbbo." So speaks Ron Leibman, 33, the funny, candid, serious actor who—wearing a gorilla suit—raped a Central Park cop in his first film, *Where's Poppa?*, stole the show as the getaway driver in *The Hot Rock*, then went on to star in *Slaughterhouse-Five* (which recently won top honors at the Cannes film festival) and the soon-to-be-released *Your Three Minutes Are Up*. It all began when he was a kid: "My parents were kind of wealthy and they used to go to resort hotels where I got up and sang, obnoxious child that I was, with the orchestra—not for money or anything but just because I loved to perform." Leibman (who also played jazz drums for a while) could have been a night-club performer or a musical-comedy actor but chose "a harder route, because I wanted to tap the deepest things in myself." He split college during his junior year and spent five repertory seasons doing Chekhov, Molière, Beckett and Shakespeare. Then, in a Springfield, Massachusetts, motel room, he tuned in on the Academy Awards and decided to set out to win one himself: "Success isn't necessarily a dirty capitalist word. Success can also be joy—without compromise. If you care about your work, you're always afraid someone will make a whore out of you. But only you can make a whore out of you." Back in New York, he played in a lot of off-Broadway productions and a few on the big street. One play, John Guare's *Cop-Out*, enabled him to find a wife, co-star Linda Lavin; another, *Transfers*, won him the Obie award (one of several prizes he collected in those years) and, when his old friend George Segal brought Carl Reiner to see him, his first cinema gig. After that, as Leibman says, "things just cooked." He'd like to return to New York, but he claims films are in better shape today than the theater. With Leibman in the movies, it's probably true.

LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

(continued from page 171)

Americans had run 2:14, 2:12, 2:11 marathons; and an Australian named Derek Clayton, a man as big as Daws, had set the new criterion for fantastic time: 26 miles, 385 yards in two hours and eight and a half minutes—an average of 4:54 minutes to the mile.

"I don't have much natural talent," says Daws. "Every time I've done well, it's been a surprise." But, as he sometimes admits, he has not been all that surprised. Runners have sprinted off, beaten him regularly by three, five, six minutes; then the next year or the year after that or the year after that, they have had tendon problems, sciatic-nerve problems; they have taken new jobs and not had time to train; they have begun graduate school, or to enjoy parties, or to play golf, or simply to age. Some still follow him in by 10 or 15 minutes in races every year; others have quit running completely. "I have mixed feelings when a good runner quits training," he says. "It might put me a step ahead, but it's something gone from the game."

To win his trophies and his trips, he has had to beat faster runners while they were still in their prime. One of the men he beat in the Olympic trials would not run with him in practice. "You're too slow," the man said, "you just plod." How Daws has managed to beat him and others even faster might be explained partly by his heat training and partly by this letter written by a three-time Olympian to a runners' journal:

I am a newcomer in U. S. A. . . .
and I cannot understand! *Why are*

you so happy when a marathon course is very hilly and tough? Have you so many Sadists? . . . Why do the Japanese, Koreans, New Zealanders, Finns, etc., in Košice, Turku, Tokyo, etc., so often run below 2:20 and so many runners under 2:30 in one race? Because they seek a flat—nice—course! Every organizer takes trouble that in his race the runners run a very good time! Why not in U. S. A.? . . . What you have, when your country sends three men to Tokyo in 1964, are mountain climbers. The course in Tokyo is very flat. These three men have not enough speed for a fast race (for a tempo race). Understanding?

I heard the U. S. marathon Championship could be in Holyoke! Oh wonder! With their big mountain on the last mile—do you want internationalists or several dead men? Maybe they also have very hot weather. Is it not possible? . . . Is it not enough to run 26 miles? . . . It must also be with mountains. . . . Bring not the marathon runner earlier in the grave!

. . . .

For last summer's Olympic trials in Oregon, there was a "flat nice course." Under a warm evening sun, 100 marathoners circled the stadium while the crowd cheered: Then the bright mass of runners poured through the north gate toward the plum trees and bamboo groves and hot asphalt roads outside Eugene. Behind them, amateur athletes

continued a professional show. Black sprinters, hushed and powerful as steam turbines, flashed in packs around the turns; a high jumper's nylon suit swished ferociously as he stretched through his slow-motion warm-up baller; hammer throwers snapped their horse rumps forward as they bounced out of their releasing whirl and sent missiles arcing two thirds the length of a football field.

On the first mile of the marathon, still in the city near the stadium, Daws heard his time: five minutes, 21 seconds. He had been aiming for 5:20 and was pleased. This pace, which he had maintained for long distances several times in race training, would give a two-hour, 20-minute marathon, which he felt could put him on the Munich team. The pack was thinning. Many faster runners had pulled out of sight and lengthened their lead. But for some—two-milers, 5000- and 10,000-meter men—this was only the second or third marathon of their lives. It was Daws's 20th and he knew that most of the early leaders would fade, drop back, drop out—or push until they were senseless. "You remember that race where that guy began running in circles after nine miles?" Daws had laughed to someone while they were checking in.

"Yeah," said the other runner, "and that race where the guy veered off the course and ran up a railroad embankment?"

With his white painter's cap, with his muscular, choppy stride, Daws ran comfortably through ten miles. Pleased at the way the race was going, even his anger toward A. A. U. officials was fading. "They give themselves fancy trips—big boondoggles on jet planes—then claim they don't have the money to send athletes anywhere."

Daws's trip had been anything but fancy. His \$60 car had disintegrated and he had been embarrassed that friends had chipped in for his fare to Oregon. To save a few dollars, he had hitchhiked the 100 miles from Portland to Eugene. Not having the money to stay in the athletes' dorms or to eat the athletes' meals ("Christ! It's four dollars a meal," other competitors told him), he was luckily taken in by a family in a nearby town. And a few minutes before the marathon, an official had tried to keep him out of the stadium. "You've got no athlete's pass," said the official.

"Look," said Daws, "I've got on my track suit, I've got on my number, I don't need my athlete's pass. It's in my bag in my room. I've got to get in there and run!" He considered slugging the official and sprinting for the track, but intense talking and identification by other athletes finally got him through.

While a mild breeze flurried the back-road trees and boys on bikes cut in and out among the runners, Moses Mayfield, the only black in the marathon



"God, Stanley! I just had a thought as to where your contact lens could be . . .!"



JBL, Sherwood and Garrard for \$499...we'll save you \$253

The Stereo Warehouse Sound Co. is run and owned by a group of young people who are straight forward about what's coming off in the world of audio. We represent every major brand and offer single components and complete music systems at remarkable savings. Stereo Warehouse is an alternative for those people who are dissatisfied with the selection, service, or prices of their local outlet. Here is an example of the music systems we offer:

James B. Lansing speakers are generally accepted as the "standard of excellence" for the music industry, and accordingly, they are the most widely used speakers in professional recording studios across the nation. The model 88 features a 12" woofer capable of reproducing bass fundamentals that are full, solid and well defined. It utilizes the same high frequency driver as is used in the L-100 studio monitors and the overall sound quality of the model 88 is in the best of the JBL tradition: clean, crisp and undistorted throughout the entire audio spectrum. The model 88's come in oiled walnut cabinets that are impeccably detailed; JBL products are designed to please the professional's eye and the musician's ear.

The Model 7100A is one of Sherwood's newest models, and its performance greatly exceeds its modest price. This outstanding receiver delivers 70 watts (44 RMS) which is more than enough to drive the highly efficient JBL 88's. The performance and sound quality of this combination is far superior to music systems normally in this price range and it can be played at high volume levels without breakup or distortion. The FM section is excellent; styling is superb, and a walnut cabinet is even included.

To handle your records, we have chosen the Garrard model SL-728 changer. It is the most popular of the professional Garrard "Com-

ponent" series, and it incorporates many of the same features (including synchro-lab motor and controls) as found on the famous Garrard Zero 100. It tracks with precision to one gram, and its dependability and functional controls make it a pleasure to use — either as an automatic changer or a manual turntable. We include a base, and the Shure Hi-Track M93E elliptical cartridge.

The total regular price of this system is \$752.35. Our price of \$499.00 is unbeatable — and we have plenty in stock for immediate delivery. Substitutions are possible and systems come complete with connecting cables and speaker wire. Simply send us a cashier's check or money order (BankAmericard and Master Charge accepted) and we'll ship it the day we get your order. Five percent sales tax only for California people. Allow two weeks for delivery. Shipment is made freight collect, fully insured, with an average cost of \$19.00. Write for our free catalog or come see us. All letters are personally answered, and we'll be glad to rap on the phone. (805) 543-2330.

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Sherwood 7100A, AM/FM Stereo Receiver	199.95
Garrard SL-728 Record Changer	109.95
Changer Base	6.50
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Regular Total Price	\$752.35
STEREO WAREHOUSE PRICE, COMPLETE	\$499.00
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* KOSS STEREOPHONES MODEL KO-727B: Reg. \$34.95. These headphones are "best-buy" in the new Koss line — and from us only \$22.00.

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and the leader at five miles, began to slow; eventually, he would quit. At a point near Eugene, at least ten runners turned off the course and trotted toward town. Others, their exhaustion and gauntness giving them the look of war prisoners, had collapsed in the official jeep. In all, 39 competitors would drop out. Most of the runners still on the course carried a film of sweat so thick it resembled mucus.

At 13 miles, Daws's right foot began to hurt. "I'd shaved some rubber off my soles to save weight, but I shaved off too much. I thought the foot was going to burn up." And he began to get sick—something he'd never done before in a race. (His running friends knew him as the only marathoner in the world who could eat a pizza, then race the next day.) His pace slowed; while some of the leaders dropped behind him, other runners passed him. At about two hours, 15 minutes, when the two leaders were coming into the stadium side by side, headed for Munich, insisting on a tie, each refusing a first or second place, Daws got diarrhea and had to duck behind a tree. "You should have seen them come by—runner after runner after runner." When he got onto the course again, he spotted a friend sitting with a blonde on a grassy hill. "You can't know how I was tempted to just stop and sit there with you," he told the friend later. "I knew the race was over for me, but I had learned from the Japanese—that Japanese who was crawling down the road at Boston—that you never quit."

The third-place man finished at two hours, 20 minutes, the time Daws had been aiming at, the time he calculated might place him on the team. At 2:30,

ten minutes later, Daws crossed the line. He looked heavy, awkward and slow. "He *did* look like a mountain climber," said a spectator who had seen the bring-not-the-marathon-runner-earlier-in-the-grave letter. Daws put on his warm-up suit and climbed into the roofless athletes' grandstand (athletes weren't allowed in the reserved-seat section), where he began taking pictures of the 5000-meter race between George Young, who, like Daws, was 35 years old, and a brilliantly fast young runner named Steve Prefontaine. Young pushed Prefontaine to one of the fastest 5000 meters ever run. After the race, Prefontaine stayed on the track, taking a few laps, waving at the crowd, signing autographs, talking with the small boys, the teenaged girls, the track fans who clustered about him. And, as the sun became dim over the wildflower-filled graveyard behind the stadium, Daws, one of the last athletes on the field, moved with the edge of Prefontaine's crowd. He carried his U.S.A. OLYMPIC TEAM bag and wore a wistful outsider's smile. A fat, 60ish man stopped him. "Do you go to the University of Minnesota?"

"No," snapped Daws. "Twelve years ago, I did."

"Well, I went to Moorhead State College. Can I take your picture?"

"Why take my picture? I'm nobody. Take her picture." Daws pointed to a nearby reporter. Then he relented, without losing more than a trace of his surliness. "Well, I suppose my picture is better than a picture of that black line over there."

"It must have been tough," said the man. Daws glared after him dolefully as he left.

"There'll be other races," said one of Daws's friends, "there'll be other trips."

"I don't know," said Daws, "I don't know if there will."

Toward dawn, Daws was drinking fruit wine, as much wine as he had ever drunk in his life, with friends. All were from Minnesota. One was a young teacher who had finished almost 20 places ahead of Daws and whom Daws had helped train. "Christ," said the teacher, as he soaked his feet in a pan of hot water, "I feel like a bag of smashed assholes!" He turned to Daws. "Ever since I was a kid, it's been Daws! Daws! Daws! When I was a sophomore in high school, I went to an all-comers meet and all of us were saying: 'We've got to beat Ron Daws!' And here you are, still at it. When are you going to quit?"

Daws was not amused.

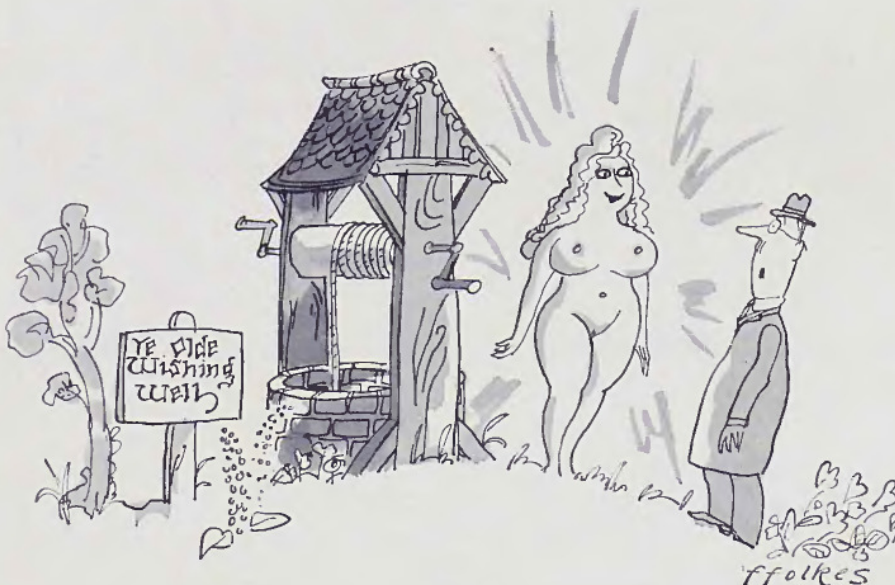
The next day, in an airport snack shop, Daws talked with a runner. "Why don't you retire, Daws?" he asked. "It'd be a good thing for the rest of us if you did."

"I've heard rumors that Abebe Bikila was actually 41 when he won in the Tokyo Olympics," said Daws, as he finished off his milk shake.

When he got home, he went out for a loosening-up jog. A day or two later, he was running fast miles in a park near his home. "It's a tough park—steep hills, uneven ground, and I was taking more than half a minute off the fastest mile I had ever run there. I'm really feeling good!"

Sure he will not be brought earlier to the grave, half convinced his training will keep him vigorous at 100 and beyond, Daws is out running tonight. If it is raining, he is running in the rain; if it is snowing, he is running in the snow. He is running toward the next major race to which he can afford a ticket, toward the Anoka Pumpkin Festival six-mile open, toward the Mud Ball four-and-one-half-miler in the flower gardens near his home, toward the 1976 Olympic trials, toward his 100th birthday. Every year he runs half the annual mileage of the average car.

Occasionally he runs up and down a hill a few miles from his house. "There's a family on the hill," he says, "and I've gotten to know everybody in it. I know where they all sit at dinner; I can tell when one of the kids is eating somewhere else; I've seen them arguing; I've seen them laughing. Sometimes it's 20 below when I go by, and I'm slogging through a foot of new snow. I wonder what they'd think if they found out about me. I don't suppose they'd believe it. They'd never believe there was someone out there running on their hill."



"There must be some mistake. I wished for a gooseberry pie like Mother used to make."

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.



MENTHOL
11 mg. 'tar'
0.8 mg. nicotine

FILTER
12 mg. 'tar'
0.9 mg. nicotine

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

chameleon (continued from page 122)

visible—blasted, “You, ha, are no Fatima! And you are lucky for that! If you were, I would fuck you here! Right here!”

As the bouncer, bigger than any Arab or Jew, by any criteria—pecs, biceps, forearms, *body*—came close, Bebert jumped out the door.

That woman, like many Europeans, is unfair to darker people, he declared violently to himself, and flaked off. It was only at selling *items* that Bebert was sophisticated.

Bebert was strongly anti-Arab for good reasons. He had been beaten and reviled many times in Morocco. In Fès, his father had owned a small restaurant in which he served very good couscous, couscous that was splattered on the walls when the local jokesters wanted cruel fun. They would come into the restaurant, order, eat half, yell, “Poison! Poi-

son! The Jew has poisoned us!” grab at their throats, dance, twist their faces into strange shapes—like only Arabs can do—then fan the walls—just-cleaned walls, always just-cleaned walls—with rice, meat and vegetables. “We do not pay for poison,” they declared, and left. Bebert’s father and mother remained in Fès, and so had to continue to deal with this torture.

In the old city of Jerusalem, where Bebert was now respected (first, because he was a conqueror, or at least a dark cousin of conquerors; and second, because he could speak the language and being, in a way, a cousin, too, of the conquered, he knew the habits and therefore would know if he were being cursed or anything else), the Arabs said, “Salaam, Bebert, salaam,” friendly, respectfully. But once, when he tossed *hummus* and *tahina* and *shashlik* and *baba ghanoush* all over the walls of a highly esteemed Arab restaurant, he was

whipped as soundly as he had ever been whipped in Fès. And the hashish that he had carried in his shirt pocket to sell to Americans, French, English and other European kids was missing after the beating. So they had taken his livelihood—for the hashish would have brought him at least \$300—and had spread the word of brutal unwelcome. And since the old city was where one (he was not an educated Jew and was not even like those educated Jews even in simple matters—such as how you walk down the street—that did not seem to have much to do with education, and therefore he would not be like them even if he *were* educated and were able to be a lawyer or a doctor or a civil servant) made contact for hashish and gambled at cards and pocket billiards, Bebert was denied his good living, equivalent almost to that of many Israeli lawyers, a large amount of which he had sent home to his oppressed parents and another large amount of which he was used to spending on women. His working capital—his English, French, Spanish, Arabic and Hebrew—was going to waste. And that’s why he left the Holy Land for opportunities in America.

Bebert bought a used 1964 Cadillac, wrote Fès he’d bought a new one, answered Drexson’s “You don’t *need* a car, much less a *Cadillac*, in New York. You got the subways. You got good legs. I thought Israelis were tough,” with “A car, a *beautiful* car, a *Cadillac* is good for women, no?” and drove to the haberdashery every day honking, waving, calling, “Heybaybeee,” and keeping an eye out for girl hitchhikers. Parking, servicing, vandalizing (hubcaps, antenna, wipers, Dagmar bumpers) and gas cost him a fortune. So did his color-TV console, which he ended up in front of by ten o’clock every night.

“I have a niece . . .”; “My daughter . . .”; “A friend of the family’s . . .”; “I know this nice young girl, very refined . . .,” said the older people.

“I don’t know,” said Bebert, winking. “I have more than I can handle now.”

“Some ladies’ man,” the older people said, believing he really was. How could a nice young man they admired so not be?

“Speaks *five* languages.”

“Fought the Arabs in Sixty-seven.”

“Decorated.”

“A go-getter as a salesman.”

“Have you seen that car?”

“No monkey business like with kids today.”

“Studying to be a physicist.”

“Some ladies’ man.”

“Bebert knows where he’s going.”

Sandy Drexson, 21, skinny, history major, prodded by her father, had a party and invited Bebert. “He’s *grasy*,” she



Buck Brown

“They discovered the identity of those eleven secret herbs and spices.”

warned friends, "but he is from the Middle East and could be interesting."

She's skinny, thought Bebert, but she has girlfriends.

Bebert showed up wearing a madras shirt that had a high, wide collar, a paisley tie broad as Arab bread and a white suit cut at the hips, pockets, buttons and lapels in the newest fashion (the same outfit he had put on not long before to have his photograph taken artistically in front of a darkly shadowed, somber background that made him, in the white suit, look like a sheik dressed to meet the American President. The photograph was for sending to his parents in Morocco. And that—the sheik—was what they said he looked like.).

Bebert walked up the Drexsons' driveway, leading with his chest, like when he had first applied for his job and had claimed excellent salesmanship.

He was escorted inside by Sandy, whose flat rear was drowned in the saggy plaid-patched seat of her jeans. Up top, she wore a T-shirt and no bra. Bebert saw jiggling, discounted the inadequacy of her rear and was momentarily glad he had come.

Everybody else wore clothes like Sandy's.

"Freaky," somebody said upon seeing Bebert.

"I guess he wants a Schweppes . . . Schweppes?"

Somebody called him Commander and he said, "Huh?"

Sandy said, "This is Bebert. Bebert is from Israel."

"Tel Aviv?"

"Haifa?"

"Jerusalem?"

"Eilat!" said a girl who said she'd been there. "All the hippies live in Eilat."

"I am not a hippie," said Bebert.

"Really!"

"Jaffa. My home is Jaffa."

"Right. The Jaffa orange."

"Right. The Jaffa orange."

"Big export, right?"

"Excuse?" said Bebert.

"Export, as in international exchange? Like diamonds, man."

"Yes," said Bebert, clueless. He grabbed for familiar ground. "Hippies are a luxury. We do not need them in Israel." This worked well at the haberdashery. "They keep us from building up. . . ."

"Right. Like with exports . . . international exchange."

"But that's about it, isn't it, Bebert? I mean, citrus and diamonds. Right? The kibbutz is certainly not self-supporting. . . . I mean, compared with the Histadrut."

"I am preparing to study physics." A sidetrack, a declaration, an excuse for ignorance.

A silence.



"Harry, you startled me!"

"When will the Palestinians be allowed back, given rights, citizenship?"

"The Arabs! I can tell you. . . ." Bebert, looking like a sheik, thought better, blushed, ate pretzels and crossed his legs and uncrossed them and went to the bathroom for breathers while sharp shards of conversation sliced at him that had sounds like "upward mobility," "diminishing marginal returns," "revolution of rising expectations," "repatriation," "expatriation," "superstructure" and "infrastructure."

Finally, the dreaded question landed. "Bebert, what do you think?"

As he had in the bar, Bebert saw only eyes—Arab eyes. He flexed muscles and, though his stomach did not want him to, smiled broadly, saying, "I have an almost-new Cadillac. I like jazz music. Who wants to ride?"

Laughs, smiles and subsequent obscurity drove Bebert into the wall with the force of a giant's shove.

Words like Palestinians, liberation, legitimate and self-determination beat with the sound of drums, cracked into Bebert's skull, hurt, did not penetrate but blocked the exit from the tomb.

Words like pigs, stink, filthy and cunt burst out from between his dark lips, his smile, his white teeth, with a force too explosive to await translation from the Arabic, as if they had traveled 7000

miles to tear through Sandy Drexson's party. They called there, to the West, to challenge humiliation.

After Bebert had fled—like Arabs in '67 (Sandy made a point of observing)—they all smoked good Moroccan hashish and got very, very stoned.

Driving home in his apricot Cadillac, Bebert imagined smoking hashish cooled by a water pipe; he imagined smoking in a cool, damp room, bubbles echoing off stone, lost irretrievably behind the maze of corridors, the pageant of filth and shredded rags, the vault of crumbled steps and roofs, the safety of custom and habit and time that were the old city of Jerusalem, that were Jaffa, that were Fès.

On the corner of 81st and First, a black woman, unlike black women—in blonde wig, skirt snapped tight to skin—presented loaves of thigh and breast to a dark curly-haired man driving an apricot Cadillac.

He wheeled to the curb, leaned over, opened the door for her to slide in, said, "I am Arab. Palestinian! Our people have much in common. Would you like some *shit*? I have a nice apartment around the corner."

When he touched her, he said his name was *Muhammad*.



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



GOLF BALL!

You've heard of the vintage of the century and the child of the century; now comes the ultimate—a Super Golf Tour of the Century, being offered by Sport-Tours, Inc., of Woodside, New York, that leaves in late October by chartered 727 from Manhattan on a four-continent journey in search of par. Pro host Paul Hahn has mapped a 35,000-mile course that allows 65 masochists to tee off on 18 of the world's most challenging golf courses, including ones in Málaga, Cape-town, Nairobi, Colombo, Singapore, Sydney, Auckland and Honolulu. While off the links, you'll stay at top hotels, sample superb cuisine and be tended to by seven lovely stewardesses. Thirty-two days later, your Trans International flight will arrive back in New York. The price for the junket is \$8795 and, if that's no handicap, you and 64 other guys are up.



WATCH NEW

OK, so you *really* want the correct time without calling the nearest planetarium? Well, Laykin et Cie jewelers is now selling a digital wrist-watch computer, The Pulsar, which blinks the exact hour, minute and second at the push of a tiny button. Inside this min marvel are power cells and a quartz crystal that vibrates 32,768 times per second. Priced at about \$2100 in an 18-kt. gold case, it sure ain't Mickey Mouse.

DOUBLE, DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Turn to the rental columns in your local Yellow Pages and you'll discover that you can borrow just about anything your little heart could desire, from furnace vacuums to attack-trained Doberman pinschers. So now a New York occultist organization, Psychic Dimensions Inc., has gotten into the lending act by coming up with—are you ready?—rent-a-witch. William Danielle, the president of P. D. I., hastens to add that these are *white* witches, and he's not referring to the color of their skin. Some of his occultists, in fact, are spellbindingly good-looking as well as being whizzes at tarot cards, palm reading, numerology and astrology.

Rental prices for these specialized skills vary, depending on whether you're hiring one of his little ladies for a business promotion or just to liven up a party. Either way, you provide the eye of newt.



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, BUTLEY?

A day in the life of Ben Butley: Your estranged wife asks for a divorce, your male roommate takes a young lover and bleak disillusionment with life as a London English professor who can't write his book fills your very soul. How to cope? By assaulting the world's damnable achievers with an unending flow of cruelly funny put-downs. *Butley*, a caustic comedy starring Alan Bates, comes from London to Broadway's Morosco Theater on October 31.

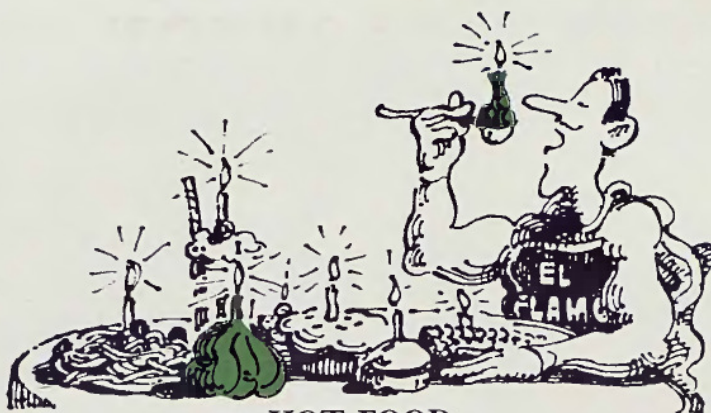
MAKING ORDER OUT OF MAIL ORDER

Sometimes, the logical thing isn't done until somebody thinks of it. If that sounds a trifle Professor Irwin Coreyish, it's only because we've just received word that Random House is publishing *The Catalog of Catalogs: The Complete Guide to World-Wide Shopping by Mail*, early this fall. Author Maria Elena de la Iglesia, an avid mail-order shopper, compiled the ten-dollar book after having one "Oh, where did you get that spectacular Queen Anne padfoot table?" conversation too many. What she has done is to collect hundreds of overseas sources that sell their wares by mail—almost always with the aid of an illustrated pamphlet and/or a price list—and arrange them by categories, detailing best buys and items to avoid and including capsulized histories of the firms. We'll take one.



THE OLD SOFT SHOE

At last, a solution for the problem of non-matching socks—no socks. A firm called Willie Loman & Sons (with a low bow to Arthur Miller) is marketing Bare Foot Gear: supercomfortable shoes, sneakers and boots, crafted of padded leather, that are designed to be worn sans socks. Prices range from \$21 to \$55 for a pair of the Big Madre boots shown below. Alf Powers, founder of the firm, claims that perspiration-resistant properties are tanned into the leather, making the sockless concept a shoe-in.



HOT FOOD

Once upon a time, candles came in two shapes—skinny and fat. But now there's a seemingly unlimited number of ways to let little lights shine, including wax effigies of various edibles. A Manhattan candle store, Bailiwick, has come out with a full-course dinner of realistic-looking foodstuffs, including a plate of spaghetti, a cheeseburger, French fries, corn on the cob and even a banana split. Prices range from four to ten dollars and some even smell like the real McCoy—but the taste is something else!

DRIVE, HE DID

He was world champion five times, winning Grand Prix in Italy, France, England, Germany, Monaco and Argentina. He's been called the greatest driver of all time and now Giovanni Volpi, a Venice Film Festival founder, is producing a film on his life. His name is Juan Fangio and in *Fangio*, to be released this month, moviegoers will see this legend of the Forties and Fifties circuits race in a number of his winning cars, including the 1955 Mille Miglia Mercedes. Ride on.



DOING THE DIRTY OLD THING

In case you didn't know, under the 1899 Refuse Act, anyone polluting our nation's waters without permission (how's that for bureaucratic double talk?) is subject to criminal prosecution and a \$500 to \$2500 fine. Better yet, if you play stool pigeon and rat on the offender, you eventually get to split the take with Uncle Sam. To get your own do-it-yourself fink kit, contact your local U. S. Attorney's office and ask for its "Citizen Investigation Guidelines" brochure. As for the money, we've no doubt you'll donate it to a good cause—like ecology.



pasta plus (continued from page 125)

plenty of sweet butter, salt and pepper and parmesan cheese. But let's press on to sauces, each of which serves four.

TOMATO MEAT SAUCE

- 2 links hot Italian sausage
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 cloves garlic, peeled and minced
- 1 large onion, grated
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 2-lb. can peeled Italian plum tomatoes
- 1 small can tomato sauce
- Salt, black pepper
- Freshly grated parmesan cheese
- 1 lb. spaghetti, cooked

Remove the skin from the sausage, mash the meat with a fork. Heat the butter in a skillet, add the sausage and garlic and stir with a fork until well cooked. Add the grated onion, cook briefly, then add the hamburger, mash it with a fork and cook until its color has turned.

Now pour over all the tomatoes and tomato sauce. Slice the whole tomatoes in pieces, add 1 teaspoon salt and a good grind of black pepper. Combine thoroughly.

Let the sauce simmer for at least an hour over the lowest heat.

Serve with parmesan cheese.

MEAT SAUCE (FROM BOLOGNA)

- 6 strips bacon
- 2 medium onions, finely chopped
- ¾ lb. hamburger
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ¼ lb. chicken livers, chopped
- 2 ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped
- 1½ cups beef consommé
- Freshly grated parmesan cheese
- 1 lb. spaghetti, cooked

In a large skillet, fry the bacon, and when it is done, remove and drain on paper. Pour off half the bacon grease and in what remains cook the onions until they are soft, then push them aside and cook the hamburger, mashing it with a fork until it is browned. This accomplished, push the hamburger aside, add the butter and cook the chicken livers briefly—until they have lost their pink.

Add the tomatoes, combine all the ingredients well and add the beef consommé.

This must cook at a very slow simmer for at least an hour.

Serve with parmesan cheese.

PLAIN TOMATO SAUCE

- 6 tablespoons butter
- 6 large ripe tomatoes, peeled, cored and coarsely chopped
- 6 leaves fresh basil
- 1 sweet Italian onion, chopped
- Salt, black pepper
- Freshly grated parmesan cheese
- 1 lb. spaghetti, cooked

In a skillet, melt 4 tablespoons butter, add the tomatoes and basil, reduce heat and gently cook for about 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, in another skillet, melt the remaining 2 tablespoons butter, add the onion and cook gently until it has softened, then add the tomatoes, combine, add a good dash of salt and a generous grind of black pepper and simmer for 5 minutes.

Serve with parmesan cheese.

WHITE CLAM SAUCE

- 24 cherry-stone clams
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 3 cloves garlic, peeled
- 1½ cups clam juice
- ½ cup chopped Italian parsley
- Black pepper
- 1 lb. spaghetti, cooked
- Cracked red pepper

Have your fish dealer open the clams; make sure he saves all the juice for you. Have him discard the shells. At home, with scissors or a sharp knife, cut the clams in four. Measure the juice and if you don't have 1½ cups, add what you need from bottled clam juice.

In an enamel pot, heat the olive oil, add the garlic and fry until brown; remove with a slotted spoon and discard.

Add the clam juice, parsley and a good grind of black pepper, bring to a brisk boil, then add the clams. Do not cook the clams for more than half a minute; otherwise, you will toughen them.

Serve the spaghetti in individual heated bowls and ladle the sauce over it.

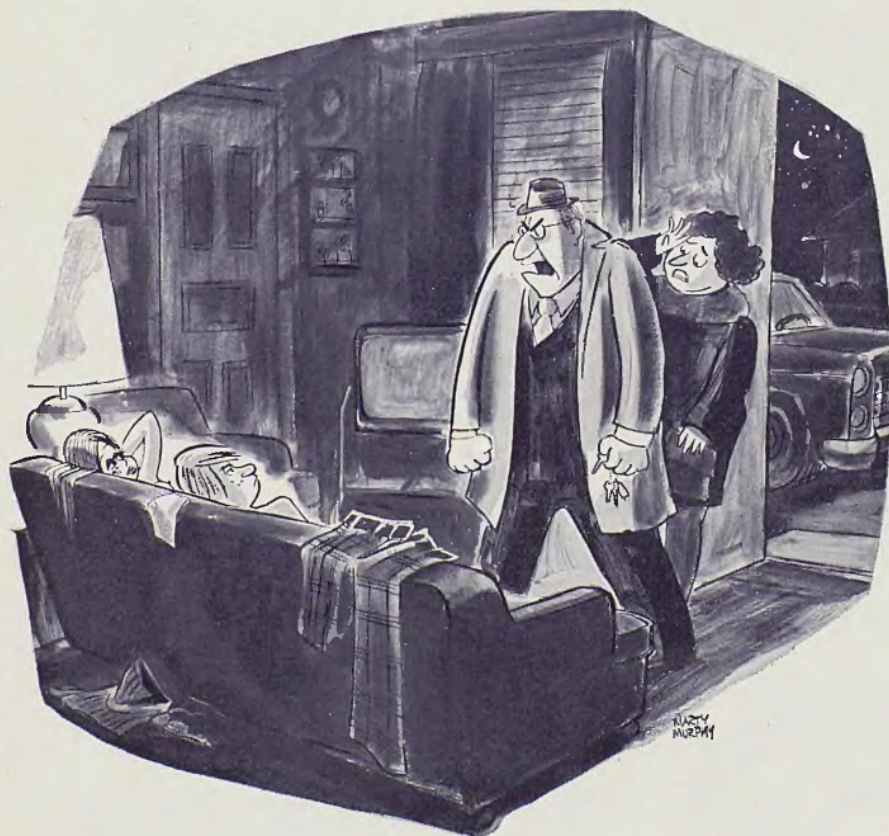
Pass a shaker of cracked red pepper.

MUSSEL SAUCE

- 4 dozen mussels
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 cup water
- Salt, pepper
- 2 cups dry white wine
- ½ cup black olives, sliced
- 1 lb. spaghetti, cooked
- ½ cup finely chopped parsley
- Freshly grated parmesan cheese

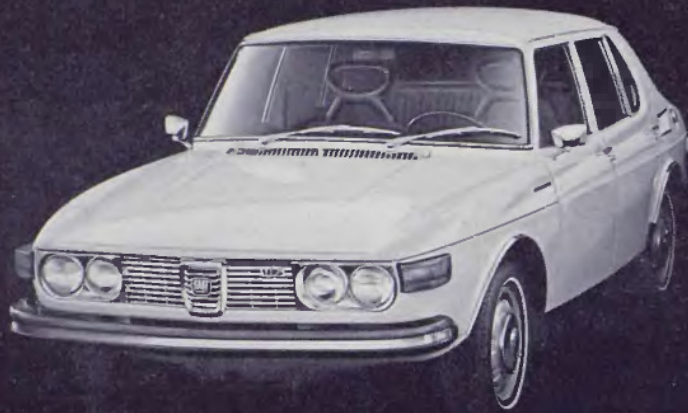
Scrub the mussels well with a wire brush. Discard any that are open. In a large pot, place the onion, garlic, celery, water, a dash of salt and a grind of pepper. Let this simmer for 10 or 15 minutes, then add the mussels and the wine. Bring to a boil and cook until all the mussels have opened.

Remove the mussels; discard the



"Her mother and I say it's an unnatural act—that's who says it's an unnatural act."

Saab vs. Volvo



1972 Saab 99E, 4-door	Model	1972 Volvo 144 E, 4-door
4 cylinders, in-line, water-cooled	Engine Design	4 cylinders, in-line, water-cooled
Yes	Overhead Cam	No
95 hp (SAE) at 5200 rpm	Maximum Engine Output	125 hp (SAE) at 6000 rpm
113.1 cubic inches	Displacement	121 cubic inches
Yes	Electronic Fuel Injection	Yes
4-speed manual/3-speed automatic	Gearbox	4-speed manual/3-speed automatic
<small>OPTIONAL</small>		<small>OPTIONAL</small>
Yes	Front Wheel Drive	No
0 to 60 in 12.5 seconds	Acceleration	0 to 60 - N/A
197 feet	Stopping Distance Maximum Load at 60 mph	185 feet
99 mph	Top Speed	N/A
97.4 inches	Wheelbase	103.4 inches
172 inches	Overall Length	182.7 inches
66.5 inches	Overall Width	68.1 inches
34 feet	Turning Circle Diameter	30.4 feet
3.5	Steering Wheel Turns, Lock to Lock	4
23.3 cubic feet	Trunk Space	23.6 cubic feet
2550 lbs.	Curb Weight	2677 lbs.
Yes	Electrically Heated Driver's Seat	No
Yes	Heating Controls for <u>Rear</u> Seat Passengers	No
Yes	Fold-down Rear Seat	No
Yes	Impact Absorbing Bumpers	No
Yes	Rack and Pinion Steering	No
Yes	Disc Brakes On All Four Wheels	Yes
Yes	Dual-Diagonal Braking System	No
<u>Between</u> rear wheels	Fuel Tank Location	Under trunk
1 year/unlimited mileage	Factory Warranty	1 year/unlimited mileage
\$3,795	Base Price	\$3855

Before you buy theirs, drive ours. Saab 99E.

All information compiled from manufacturers own printed material wherein it states, all specifications subject to change without notice. Prices listed exclude dealer preparation, transportation, state and local taxes if any. For the name and address of the dealer nearest you, call 800-243-6000 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.



"Well, well, Dr. Beemis, after all the talk, it turns out you're the one with all the inhibitions!!"

shells. Strain the broth through a fine sieve. Return the broth to the pot, add the mussels and the black olives and heat for a couple of minutes.

Serve the spaghetti in individual heated bowls. Ladle the sauce over it and sprinkle the parsley and cheese on top.

This fine sauce is very soupy, so have plenty of hot Italian bread on hand to help sop it up.

CARBONARA SAUCE

12 strips bacon
4 eggs
1 lb. spaghetti, cooked
Black pepper
Freshly grated parmesan cheese

In a skillet, fry the bacon. When it is done, drain and crumble it. In a bowl, break the eggs and beat them briefly with a fork.

Keep the bacon grease hot over low heat. When you have cooked the spaghetti, drain it and return it to its hot pot, but do not add butter. Instead, pour over it 4 or 5 tablespoons of the hot bacon grease. With two forks, lift and mix the spaghetti until it is well coated. Then add the raw eggs and lift and mix again until the eggs appear set.

Add a good grind of black pepper and the crumbled bacon.

Serve with parmesan cheese.

ZUCCHINI SAUCE

4 tablespoons garlic olive oil
6 small zucchini
1 green pepper, seeded and chopped
2 tomatoes, peeled and chopped
½ cup water
Salt, pepper
Freshly grated parmesan cheese

1 lb. spaghetti, cooked

In a skillet, heat the olive oil. Slice the zucchini in ½-in. pieces, add them and the green pepper to the oil and cook briefly, until the zucchini begins to brown. Add the tomatoes and the water and simmer until the tomatoes have softened. Finally, add 1 teaspoon salt and plenty of freshly ground black pepper and combine thoroughly.

Serve with parmesan cheese.

COLD SAUCE FROM ISCHIA

3 ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped
1 sweet Italian onion, chopped
1 green pepper, seeded and chopped
2 tablespoons capers
4 or 5 fresh basil leaves, minced
Salt, pepper
1 cup olive oil

Combine all the ingredients in a bowl, stir and place in the refrigerator for at least 4 hours, until it is good and cold.

Serve the cooked spaghetti in individual heated bowls and ladle the sauce over it. Be sure the portions are small enough so that the spaghetti itself doesn't become chilled before one reaches the bottom of the bowl. (You won't want cheese with this.)

COLD SAUCE TARTARE

2 eggs
1 lb. freshly ground chuck
½ cup minced parsley
1 medium onion, minced
3 tablespoons capers
Salt, pepper

In a bowl, beat the eggs. Add the meat, work the eggs into it, then add the parsley, onion, capers and a gen-

erous amount of salt and pepper and combine thoroughly.

Serve the cooked spaghetti in individual heated bowls and spoon the sauce over it.

COLD RED CAVIAR SAUCE

1 3-oz. package Philadelphia cream cheese
1 cup commercial sour cream
1 4-oz. jar red caviar

In a bowl, mash the cheese, add the sour cream and beat until smooth. Add the caviar and mix carefully, so as not to break the eggs.

Serve the cooked spaghetti in individual heated bowls and spoon the sauce over it.

• • •

The following recipes are not properly sauces but simply ways to give spaghetti an unexpected taste.

PESTO

In a blender, place 1 cup fresh basil leaves, 1 minced clove garlic, 2 tablespoons pine nuts, ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese, 5 tablespoons olive oil, a good dash of salt and a few grains of cayenne pepper. Blend until it becomes a smooth mass. You will probably have to stop the motor occasionally and scrape the mixture from the sides with a rubber spatula.

A tablespoon of this—do not heat it—over hot spaghetti is very good, indeed.

ANCHOVY

In a skillet, heat 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Add 1 small can anchovy fillets and, with a fork, mash them into a paste. Finally, add ½ cup well-broken-up walnuts and cook until the walnuts are hot. (You can, of course, use 2 tablespoons anchovy paste instead of the fillets.)

FOIE GRAS

Slice 12 fresh mushroom caps very thinly. Heat 4 tablespoons butter and sauté the mushrooms briefly. Mash a 6-oz. jar of *pâté de foie gras* with a fork, add to the mushrooms and combine thoroughly. Now add 1 cup heavy cream, a little at a time. Stir constantly until the mixture is thoroughly heated.

WHITE TRUFFLE PURÉE

You can occasionally find a purée of white Italian truffles in some of the fancier food stores. It comes in something that looks like an enormous tooth-paste tube.

Heat 4 tablespoons butter in an enamel skillet, then squeeze in about half the tube of purée and stir until the mixture is smooth.

Molto bene!

Unidentical twins.

What do you call two stereo systems that have identically the same insides, but not the same outsides?

Well, you call one a Sylvania compact stereo system. It's stacked and compact with tuner / amplifier, turntable, and tape player all in one unit.

And you call the other a Sylvania component stereo system. Each unit is separate so you can spread it around any way you want it.

Inside, though, they're the same. Both have an RMS rating of 12.5 watts per channel (20 watts IHF) with each channel driven into 8 ohms. There are identical FETs, ICs, and ceramic IF filters in the AM Stereo FM tuner / amplifiers. Both offer the same switchable main and remote speaker jacks, headphone jacks, aux jacks, tape monitor, and built-in matrix four-channel capability for the new quadrasonic sound. The turntables are Garrard automatics with magnetic cartridges and diamond styluses. The 4-track stereo record / playback cassette decks are the same. And both air-suspension speaker systems contain two 8-inch woofers and two 3-inch tweeters.

So if they're the same, how come they're different?

Because different people want the same great stereo sound different ways. So we give it to them.

Come on down to your Sylvania dealer's for a look and a listen.

Then you can pick the shape you want as well as the sound you like.



GTE SYLVANIA

PRESIDENT FLAGELLATES FROGS

(continued from page 132)

when I announced that at Groton and St. Paul's School, every entering boy has his jaw broken and wired together at the age of 11, thus accounting for the famed clenched-teeth accent affected by the upper class of the Eastern Seaboard. The ritual, I said, was performed by a special Episcopalian orthopedic surgeon, using a mallet purchased from the same old wood-instrument firm that provides mallets to the Kansas City stockyards for stunning cattle that are about to be slaughtered. In time, I got so I could put forward tantalizing hints that implied I was restraining myself from revealing deeper, dirtier knowledge of the person discussed. "He was a perfectly brilliant Secretary of State, and I've always thought those farm-animal stories were greatly exaggerated," I'd say, and everyone would nod in thoughtful agreement.

I dropped my plans for a doctorate, of course, as soon as the opportunity for a syndicated column presented itself and the television talk-show invitations began to come in. I continue a policy of stating or hinting at outrageous and totally false information about well-known people—never movie stars or other objects of common gossip—and it continues to be assumed that anyone who knows information that revolting must be extraordinarily intimate with

The Powerful and The Mighty. Now, of course, not many of the people I mention in my column are better known than I am. Wanda Sue and I have long been parted, which is a shame, but sometimes a wife simply fails to grow with her husband. For a long time, I thought that Wanda Sue was without bitterness; now I'm beginning to wonder. Last week, at the Delegates' Lounge in the United Nations, an ambassador of my acquaintance mentioned to me that they're wearing skirts fuller this year. I passed off the remark as an oversubtle reference to a small item I had invented about the Archbishop of Canterbury concealing a Bren gun under his robes during Christmas Eve and Easter services, when the collections are particularly large at the cathedral. But then, a couple of days later, at my club in Washington, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense who likes to joke with his acquaintances about their perversions and their drinking habits told me that my shadow in a miniskirt must set spring back at least 12 weeks. Someone, I have discovered, has been spreading the rumor that I appear in drag every ground-hog day, rain or shine. So far, it hasn't done me much harm; I'm told that some people believe it makes me a more interesting person. What has me worried is what she'll come up with for the corollary.

*What did I do that was wrong?**(continued from page 110)*

had a couple more. And there was this man, a stranger, I had never seen him before, anyway, and for some reason he turned me on, he really turned me on, and we made it together and it was fantastic. And afterward, I caught Ed's eye, he was involved with one of my dearest friends, and I made a circle out of my thumb and forefinger and waved to him and he nodded and grinned and did the same thing back.

This was really a scene, the host and hostess had a big living room, you know, and there it was all around you, and I began to feel pretty good. I looked at the women's bodies and I reckoned I was as good as any of them, maybe better than some, and I began to watch what was going on with this new point of view and for the first time it seemed kind of exciting to me. There were all kinds of arrangements, some of them involving several people at the same time. I wasn't ready for that, but I didn't find it too difficult to watch.

A funny thing happened that night. Out of nowhere, a little girl about three, you know, in those Dr. Denton's, was standing in the doorway, the daughter of our hosts. Nobody knew how long she was standing there, rubbing her eyes, not making a sound, until somebody finally noticed her and called out to the mother. The mother at that moment was part of a sort of fascinating configuration with three or four others and she looked around for the father, but he was subsurfaced somewhere, and so she had to disengage herself and take the child back to bed. The mother returned a little later and rejoined her own particular little assemblage, although, during her brief absence, certain adjustments had had to be made, and she now had to take a different position.

It all worked out, though, everything worked out that night, and I began to get turned on again, not only by this strange man but by everything that was going on around me, and there he was, my stranger, and obviously the scene or me or both had the same happy effect on him and we made it again and my God, it was great. There were a couple of explosions there, I can tell you.

She lit another cigarette and in the momentary illumination, Morgan saw that her face had subtly changed. There was light in her eyes, too, that had nothing to do with the flame and her lips seemed fuller and there was no frown, no frown at all. She looked full of juices and very inviting and then the click of the lighter as she snapped shut the top closed it off, suddenly, sharply, irrevocably, and the glimpse into that new world was gone.

The Gimlet

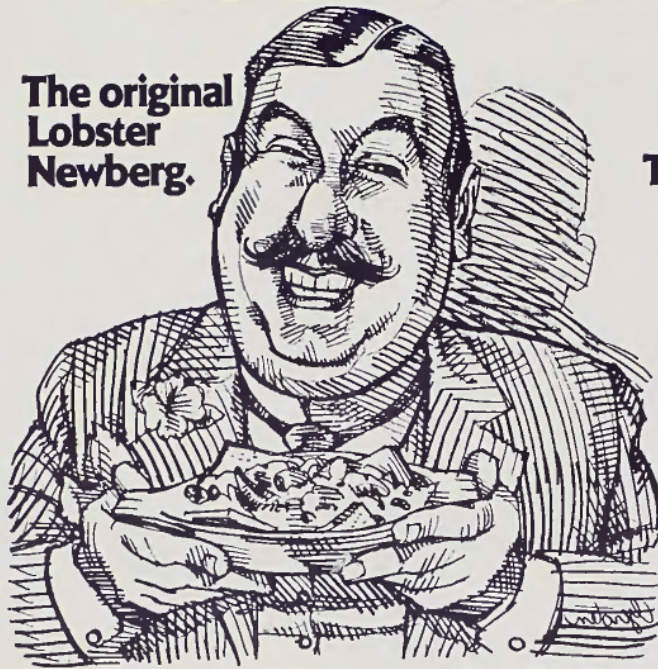
Anyway you like it, but always with Rose's.



One part Rose's Lime Juice. Four or five parts gin or vodka. Or mix it to your taste. Straight up or on the rocks. Alone or in a crowd. At home or away. That's the clean crisp Gimlet. The Rose's Gimlet.

Gourmet originals.

The original Lobster Newberg.



About 1890, Delmonico's Restaurant (N.Y.C.) honored one of its best patrons, Mr. Ben Wenberg, by naming this creamy lobster sauce dish, "Lobster Wenberg." One evening, however, a bitter quarrel erupted. And thereafter, Mr. Wenberg's name was mud. The dish fortunately was redubbed something slightly more appetizing.

The original Chicken Tetrazzini.



Unfortunately, opera star Luisa Tetrazzini is more famous today for this creamy vegetable and spaghetti dish than for what, no doubt, inspired it. Her incomparable swan song. What's more, if a shortage of swans about 1920 hadn't forced a last-minute recipe change to chicken, today we'd all be enjoying Swan Tetrazzini.

The original Steak Tartare.



This delicacy probably began with Genghis Khan's roving hordes about 1100 A.D. Meat stored under their saddle bags shredded. And was eaten raw. Heated debates still rage over this, our hamburger's ancestor. Specifically, whether ancient history might have been altered if there had been a Burger Queen in Genghis's hometown.

The original light Scotch.



Usher's Green Stripe. For years, gourmets everywhere have been singing Usher's praises. In fact, it may have been present when the curtain went up on Mme. Tetrazzini's masterpiece. For Andrew Usher had already composed this superbly light original about 67 years before. Since 1853, Usher's. From soup to nuts above the rest.

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Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original. Product of Scotland

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 **Austria**

The Oddball*

*Pernod and Orange Juice

It's not like your same old drink



Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anise. Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle. It turns opalescent yellow when you add orange juice or water.

Try the Oddball, Pernod and orange juice. Or Pernod a la Francaise, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or Pernod the American way, "On the rocks", with a splash.



He sighed again, again to himself, and tended his glass and hers as well. They were singing again in the saloon and he turned his head to the sound and thought what a bloody fool the husband was, a woman who could look like that and who didn't look like that most of the time.

"And on the way home?" he asked, indulging himself in self-commiseration that this was his life, a passer-by, a listener to.

"Yes, on the way home."

The sailor had finished whatever he was doing by then and he shut the panel and walked to the rail and looked upon the water. It seemed to Morgan that he took his own sweet time.

On the way home, Ed was a little annoyed, but I didn't notice it at first, because I was feeling so marvelous, so absolutely marvelous, and finally he said, "Why did you have to make it twice with that guy?"

I stretched in the car. Every part of me felt marvelous. "You made it twice. I happened to notice that."

"But with two different women."

"I saw that, too. What's the difference?"

"A whole hell of a lot of difference.

The thing is with what you did, it gets personal."

"It's a pretty damned personal thing. You have to admit that."

"That's the whole point. It's not supposed to be personal."

"I can't see how letting a man get between your legs can be anything else."

"But it can't be personal. It's just the thing itself. When you stick with one person that way, it's, well, it's personal. It's like you care for him or something."

"I cared for what he did."

"You liked it." He turned to me for a moment. "You really liked it this time?"

"I really liked it."

"He was that good?"

"He was good."

"Better than me?"

"I didn't say that."

"Was he?"

"I have to admit, Ed, that while it was happening, while it was happening each time, I wasn't exactly in a state to make comparisons. I was just enjoying it, the way you told me I should."

Ed drove silently for a few minutes. Then he asked, "Was he big?"

"He's a big man, you saw that, six feet, I guess."

"I don't mean that. Was he big down there?"

"I didn't notice. I told you, I was not comparison shopping."

"You just enjoyed it."

"I just plain enjoyed it. I sure as hell enjoyed it. I enjoyed every blessed minute of it. Now are you happy?"

"I sure am. I sure am happy you're getting rid of those hang-ups."

And that was that. We got home and



"I am not a man on the street—I'm a man waiting for my limousine!"

I almost didn't have the strength to undress. I'm usually pretty neat, but that night I just threw everything onto the floor and flopped. I slept the sleep of the dead that night. Was it something about a new man? Even though when you come down to it, it's the same thing, was there something down deep, really deep, inside me that had responded that way to somebody new? Did it prove anything about me or about him or about my being able to attract somebody besides Ed?

I thought a lot about all of that. I supposed there was some little truth about everything right down the line, but mostly, I decided, it was the whole atmosphere of those scenes. It was like the air was filled with sex, like it might have been alcohol, and I had got drunk just breathing it.

And the marvelous thing was that it didn't encroach on what Ed and I had, the important thing. Our private sex was as good as ever, maybe even better. Maybe I had had these hang-ups without knowing it and I was getting freed. It all added up to something wonderful.

Then a couple of weeks went by and Ed didn't say anything about any party anywhere and one night I asked him and he said things were kind of slow in that field and I told him we'd have to start thinking about having the gang come over to our place. He said he'd think about that and then I found out by chance that there had been a party a week or so before and that we had been invited and that Ed had turned it down.

"I felt lousy that night," he told me

when I asked him. "I felt a cold coming on."

I couldn't remember anything like that. "But you never even mentioned it to me."

"I guess it slipped my mind. No point, anyway. Not the way I was feeling."

"When's the next shindig?"

"Haven't heard yet."

"Maybe this is the one we should have here."

"Would you like that?"

"Well, we have to show hospitality."

"I'll think about it."

A couple of days later, one of my friends called me about something and she said they had all missed us at the last do, the one Ed had turned down, and she hoped we'd both be at the party the following Saturday night at Henry and Edith's place. I said sure, we'd be there.

When Ed came home that night, I waited for him to tell me about Henry and Edith and when he didn't, I told him. He wanted to know who told me and I told him.

"Why?" I asked. "Didn't they tell you?"

"Yeah, sure, Henry told me on the train."

"You didn't say anything to me."

"I was going to."

"But we're going?"

"Sure, sure, we're going. You sure you want to go?"

"Yes."

"Your boyfriend won't be there."

"My boyfriend?"

"You know, the guy you balled twice with last time."

"I hadn't thought about him."

"He was a friend of somebody's. He

doesn't live here. He belongs to a group in Detroit." He laughed. "He was given guest privileges that night."

I looked forward to that next Saturday night. It's funny how I looked forward to it.

• • •

Somebody came out of the saloon. Morgan looked up. It was a man. In the dark, he couldn't tell who it was. The man walked over to them. Morgan saw it was not her husband. That was something, anyway.

The man, who was dressed shapelessly and who wore a string tie, rested on his elbows on the rail. "What a night," he said.

Morgan agreed.

"Sure enjoyed this trip. Sure hate to see it end."

Morgan agreed again. He watched Madge light a cigarette. The glow was still in her face and in her eyes and her forehead was as smooth as a child's, and how long would all that last?

"First time the little woman and me rode on a boat," the man said. "Had this little time before we had to get back and I said why not? Plane flying ain't that great."

Morgan agreed. The man talked on. He had a strong Midwestern twang. It seemed he was in the business of raising pigs just outside Dubuque, Iowa. He might have gone on and in the end Morgan might have tossed him overboard, but the man was saved when his wife came out and bellowed for him to come on back in before he caught his death.

The man grinned. "Best hog caller in Iowa," he said, as he went off.

Morgan turned swiftly to Madge. "And so?"

"What a funny man. He raises pigs in Iowa."

"So he said."

"His wife's a hog caller."

"So he said."

"Oh, did he, just now? I wasn't listening. I was thinking of something else."

"What happened?"

"What was I saying?"

"The party the next Saturday night, at Henry and Edith's."

She laughed. It was a short laugh, cut short. "Oh, yes, the party at Henry and Edith's. I'll never forget the party at Henry and Edith's."

She took a long time to go on, so long

that for a short, fearful time, Morgan thought he wasn't going to hear about the party at Henry and Edith's.

• • •

You understand that Ed and I were just as great as ever. It was getting so I could make pictures. When we were doing it, I could close my eyes and think of one of those big scenes, and they turned me on, there was no doubt of that now, they turned me on and they added to what Ed did, and what he did, as I have mentioned before, was pretty great. But the thoughts about the group scenes excited me and it was just marvelous to have that and everything else and my love for Ed was not lessened in the slightest, and while waiting for Saturday night, I got to thinking about one of our friends, a man named Don, and I discovered I had a litch for him, and right then and there I made up my mind that that wasn't right, that it had to be impersonal, as Ed had said, like ice skating or dancing or playing bridge. Yes, that was it, just like playing tournament bridge, changing partners from time to time and having no private feelings at all beyond their competence in their performance.

We went to Henry and Edith's that Saturday night. They were one of the wealthiest couples in our set and they had champagne for everybody, which made things even more festive, and I was ready. I was ready for this wonderful thing that was totally impersonal and had nothing to do with the genuine love Ed and I had for each other. Actually, I loved him more, I guess, for having the love and patience and kindness to work on me until my eyes were open and I had lost this old-fashioned sexual hang-up I surely had had and now was free and uncluttered and with it and able to take my pleasure without any feelings of guilt or remorse.

It was a real brawl that night, one of the best, certainly the best for me, I guess, because I had three men that night. I was very careful not to have the same one twice, because I didn't want to get Ed angry with me again and maybe keep me away from these parties. I had three men. As a matter of fact, I had two of them at the same time, and let me tell you there was never anything like that before. It just blew my head off.

• • •

"And on the way home?" Morgan asked, quietly pouring some more whisky into her glass. It was extraordinary how she could hold it. Her voice remained clear and low and her words came out in order.

• • •

Nothing on the way home. I just collapsed in the car. I tell you, I was wiped out. My head was blown off and I thought



"How come you never treat me as a sex object?"

With every pair of Mr. Stanley's Hot Pants goes a free pack of short-short filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be wearing hot pants and smoking short-short filter cigarettes

...almost everybody.



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They're not for everybody.
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19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.

as I sprawled out on that seat how absolutely fantastic it was to be able to enjoy all this tremendous sensation and not have it intrude in any way on what Ed and I had between us. My God, I loved that man.

Ed was saying something to me as we drove home, but I was gone, I didn't hear it, and when we got home, it was all I could manage to stagger to bed. I didn't even undress. I just passed out. I was deadlier than dead.

“But the next morning,” Morgan said.

“The next morning?” She raised the glass to her lips and then lowered it without tasting. “The next morning, my friend, the roof fell in.”

It started peaceably enough. I wakened feeling like ten thousand million dollars and the best thing of all was that I wasn't thinking about those three men, not one bit, only about what had happened, as Ed said I should, and I was already thinking about the next party, it really had to be at our place, and then I noticed Ed was not in bed and it looked from the sheets and blanket on his side that he had not been in bed.

I managed to gather myself. My body still had such a delicious ache I couldn't believe it. I put on a dressing gown and went into the living room. Ed was sleeping in a chair. There was an empty bottle of booze on the floor next to the chair. An ashtray was filled with butts. He opened his eyes when I shook him a little.

“What's this?” I asked.

“And how do you feel?” He sat up straighter. He looked awful. His eyes were bloodshot and his mouth hung slack in a way I'd never seen before.

“I feel marvelous,” I said. “What are you doing here? Why didn't you go to bed?”

He fumbled around for a cigarette and said, “I never saw anything so disgusting in my life.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“You. I'm talking about you.” He lit the cigarette. His hands shook. “I'm talking about the demonstration you made of yourself last night. I'm talking about the scene you made.”

“I thought we were all making the scene.”

“Very funny.” He pulled on the cigarette. “Three men. *Three men.*”

“Three different men.” I said. “The way you told me, not to have the same one twice.”

“That creep Charley. You've had eyes for him for some time.”

“You're crazy, Ed.”

“And that other creep, Joe Long-

worth. How long you been having the hots for him?”

I took a cigarette and sat down. Something was very wrong. To have to listen to that and to have all those feelings seep away from me. “Ed, I'm doing just what you told me to do, what you begged me to do. You told me to stop being so uptight. You told me to get loose. You told me to enjoy myself. You told me not to have the same man more than once on any one night. What have I done that was wrong?”

His eyes seemed to half close. “Which one did you like the best?”

“I liked them all.”

“You mean it doesn't matter to you?”

“What doesn't matter to me?”

“Who it is who's screwing you? You mean any guy can crawl into you? Even two at the same time?”

“Ed, for God's sake.”

“Yes, for God's sake!” He glared at me. I've never seen hate quite like that. “You're nothing but a damned whore!”

“Ed, listen to me. All I did—”

“All you did was take on three men, two at once!” He got up and took a few steps and then whirled at me and for a moment, I thought he was going to come over and hit me. “Any man can lay you! Any two men!”

“Ed, please listen to me.”

“Who the hell else have you been screwing?”

“Ed, don't say that.”

“Now that I know what you are, I sure as hell will say that. Nobody who digs it like you could be satisfied with one man. Who else? Tell me who else?”

“Nobody, Ed. I swear to you, nobody.”

“Bullshit.” He came closer and leaned down. “It's like I'm seeing you for the first time. You're a goddamned nympho. You're a goddamned nympho whore.”

I got up. “I'm not going to listen to any more of this.”

“Of course not, you damned whore. You can't listen to the truth about yourself.”

I started out the room. I stopped at the door and turned around. I wanted to say something, to try to say something, but when I looked at his face, I knew there was nothing to be said.

She emptied her glass. Morgan picked up the bottle. There was just a touch left for both of them. He divided the whisky carefully and then tossed the bottle overboard.

“And that's my little story,” she said, raising her face to the incoming breeze. “I don't know why I told it to you. I suppose writers are supposed to know something about people.”

She turned to him and lit a cigarette. Her face was drained. She looked almost as exhausted as she had been at the

times she had just told him about. “Were you surprised by all that? Tell me the truth.”

He didn't say anything. He wanted the full time before the light was closed out.

“Didn't surprise you?” she asked. “Writers hear everything, I guess. Nothing fazes you.”

“The only thing that surprised me was the impression I had got of your husband. From what I've seen of him, he doesn't look like a man who'd go in for any of that. It just goes to prove how deceiving appearances can be.”

She looked puzzled for a moment and then laughed. “My husband? You mean Lawrence?” She laughed again, bubbling like a child. “Lawrence is my *new* husband, my second husband. Ed and I got a divorce. He just couldn't go on. No way. No, not Lawrence, my God! No, we live in Connecticut now and I don't think Lawrence even knows about such things or, if he does, he doesn't actually believe them. He couldn't believe them. And they happen, all right. They happen all around us. There's a group I've heard about right among our own set in Connecticut.”

“Have any of these friends approached you?”

“Good Lord, no!” She giggled. “Knowing Lawrence, nobody would ever dream of asking us to take part in anything like that.”

“Do you think about it?”

“No. No, that's a lie. Of course I think about it. How could I keep from thinking about it? I keep seeing pictures. I look at these friends of mine, at dinner parties, at cocktail parties, at the club, and I keep seeing these pictures. Of course I think about it. But I'd never do anything. Lawrence is OK, not as good as Ed by a country mile, but I've settled for that and I'd never do anything. My God, look what it did to my first marriage! And I still don't know what I did that was wrong.” She stood up abruptly. “What did I do that was wrong?”

Without waiting for an answer, she started back for the saloon, where the singing was still going on full blast. She walked straight and steady and when she entered the saloon, Morgan saw in the light from within the really splendid line of her body and her fine, clean profile.

She hadn't wanted an answer, he thought, because she had probably come long ago to the melancholy conclusion that the question of right and wrong had not entered into anything at all.

He finished the last of his glorious whisky and went down to his cabin. He lay awake for a long time. There were some pictures of his own that he saw.



"I think he's Mafa, darling—he made me an offer I couldn't refuse."

DANIEL ELLSBERG

newspaper ads, he got top billing, above Burt Lancaster and Jane Fonda.

On the morning of the rally, he emerged ecstatically from the Ambassador Hotel massage room and spotted his wife sunning herself by the heated swimming pool.

"Hey, honey!" he shouted, leaping over a chaise longue. "I've got a theme!" He had been working on his talk, unfruitfully, for several days.

Patricia sat up, beaming. "That's wonderful, darling. Wonderful."

The theme was to flow from a line of Thoreau's: "Cast your whole vote." Ellsberg recently had been rereading Thoreau, upon the advice of his son. After several days at Walden Pond, he was so excited by Thoreau's experiences, insights and language that he could scarcely put the book down.

He took it with him to a television interview that afternoon, and, on the way from the interview to the Sports

(continued from page 98)

Arena, where he would rehearse the logistics of the night's appearance, he turned eagerly to the three other people in the car. "You don't mind if I read, do you?" Of course not, the three people said. So Ellsberg read, *aloud*, from *Walden*, all the way from Burbank to South Los Angeles, in heavy traffic.

There were 18,000 people at the rally, including Ellsberg's father, who had flown out from Michigan, and his son. It was by far the largest, perhaps even the most enthusiastic crowd he'd ever spoken to, and he was terrible. He had gone alone into a dressing room 90 minutes before his talk, intending to weave it together. Instead, he had found himself completely blocked. Only the five-minute standing ovation when he was introduced allowed him to think of a few opening sentences. He trailed off rapidly after that and wandered lamely across much of the hour that followed. He read extensively from Thoreau and

told several stories about his father.

The next morning, he went to a private home in Bel Aire, a community that lies just west of its less exclusive neighbor, Beverly Hills. There were approximately a dozen men of extraordinary wealth assembled there. Each had paid \$1000 for the privilege of attending a two-hour seminar with Daniel Ellsberg. This was an effort to raise money for his defense fund. It was hoped that at the end of the two hours the men would be so impressed that they would contribute much more than the original \$1000.

Ellsberg talked for an hour and he was superb. In turn passionate, subdued, emotional, funny—but always relentlessly brilliant. Then the men began to talk. These were very rich men. From an adjoining room came the sound of the host's son playing with his birthday present: a computer. Because they were rich they must have been smart, and they all liked Ellsberg, so they wanted to help him by telling him what he should do. They talked about how he should package himself for the media, with whom he should associate and with whom he should not associate, for the sake of his image; and how he should manage his trial. Ellsberg sat for quite a while and listened. He is a polite man, and if these people had paid \$1000 apiece to hear each other talk, he did not think it proper to interrupt.

Finally, however, it went too far. A man named Victor, whom Ellsberg had met somewhere before, turned to him with more advice.

"Now really, Dan, you simply can't try to turn your trial into a major political event. In a Presidential-election year, that, very simply, is pissing into the wind."

Ellsberg stood, and his hands started to tremble the way they had the morning his son had been subpoenaed.

"Pissing into the wind," he said. His voice was almost a hiss. "That's right, Victor, that's what I'm doing. Pissing into the wind. *That's why I'm covered with piss!*"

The seminar was over. The rich men exchanged pleasantries and went their separate ways. It was not immediately determined whether any had made further contributions to Ellsberg's defense fund. Ellsberg continued to tremble for several minutes.

• • •

Even before he was born, Daniel Ellsberg's mother had decided that, if he were a boy, she would make him one of the greatest concert pianists in the world. From the age of five, he was made to practice piano eight hours a day. He attended school only in the morning. He would come home at lunchtime and practice until time for bed. He was not allowed to participate in sports—not even to own a baseball glove—for fear



"Well, you were right, Professor. Forty-two can go into eighteen three times!"



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"As the king's taster, do you try everything before he does?"

he would injure his hands. Nor was he encouraged to read. If his mother found him getting absorbed in a book, she would take it from him and hide it so he would not be distracted from the piano.

This continued until he was 15 years old. Then his mother and his sister were killed in an automobile accident. One of Ellsberg's knees was shattered and he was in a coma for days afterward. His father, who had been driving, was injured slightly.

At one point, as he came briefly out of his coma, Ellsberg asked a doctor how his mother was.

"She was killed."

"Oh," said the semicoherent Ellsberg. "I guess that means I won't have to play the piano."

He did play, anyway, for the next two years, because he knew no other way of life. But when he went to Harvard, he left the piano behind. "Suddenly," he recalled, "I found eight extra hours in the day. I feel like I've been on vacation ever since."

There was one evening in late September of his freshman year when Ellsberg, his classwork done as usual, went to a library, took out the Hemingway novel *To Have and Have Not*, bought a quart of beer in a delicatessen, found a bench beneath a lamp in Harvard Yard and started to read. "I felt so strange," he said. "I couldn't figure out what it was. Then I realized: I felt *free*, for the first time in my life."

Ellsberg does not look back upon his childhood with fondness. "I've done my time in hell," he says. "I don't have to apologize to anybody." The worst part was finding out he'd been lied to. "I'd always been told I had to do all this with the piano because I had showed such talent. When I found out it had been determined before I was born, it was . . . shattering. It's very difficult to realize that your mother, in whom you've always placed such trust—that what she'd always told you was a myth."

While still at Harvard, Ellsberg married the daughter of a Marine officer. After graduation, he went to Cambridge on a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and returned to Harvard for an M. A., then enlisted in the Marines. He ranked first in his 1100-man officers-candidate class, and when he became a company commander his company was, by all measurable criteria, the best in its division. He spent his career in the Middle East, however, and did not experience combat.

He had a background in economics, but after the Marines he returned to Harvard to specialize in the study of risk and decision making. His doctoral dissertation was titled "Risk, Ambiguity and Decision." Its opening sentences stated the problem: "To act reasonably, one must judge actions by their consequences. But what if their consequences are un-

certain? One must still, no doubt, act reasonably; the problem is to decide what this may mean."

Ellsberg's abilities and area of expertise led him naturally to Rand, the Santa Monica, California, intellectual center that was doing a great deal of work for the Air Force. There, his explorations into risk, ambiguity and decision making as they affected nuclear-weapons policy convinced him that the end of the world was almost imminent. He declined to participate in an attractive Rand pension program because he did not think he would survive long enough to reap its benefits. When he returned to Harvard for a year of additional research, he would stop each night at a liquor store on the way to his apartment and buy a bottle of the most expensive wine they had in stock. He enjoyed drinking wine with dinner, and money didn't matter. The world was coming to an end.

Ellsberg rose rapidly in his profession, but just as rapidly his marriage collapsed. "My wife told me she'd never loved me. I wish she had remembered to tell me that a little sooner. Like before we got married." Because of the children, he could not bring himself to divorce her, but the day after Christmas 1963, she told him that she wanted a divorce.

Free again, Ellsberg went on a risk-taking binge (mountain climbing, sky diving) that culminated in his seeking a position in Vietnam. He was assigned to study the pacification program, which he did; but he decided also to use Vietnam to expose himself to the ultimate physical risk—combat—which he had never experienced as a Marine.

At first, he approached the matter logically, giving himself a rationale for each experience. But then, at a Saigon farewell party for Neil Sheehan of *The New York Times* (the reporter who first obtained the Pentagon papers), Ellsberg fell into a violent quarrel with his new fiancée, Patricia Marx, who was in Vietnam for a visit. The fight concerned the immorality of American involvement in Vietnam and Ellsberg's own immorality through complicity. Patricia's tone was more accusatory than Ellsberg could tolerate and her visit, and their relationship, came to a temporary halt.

Then there was a brief, intense affair with a Eurasian girl in Saigon and, when that ended, Ellsberg found himself, at the age of 35, not caring whether he lived or died. "It was a very strange thing. I tried to make myself care. I would make myself think about my future, my career, but nothing made any difference. Not even when I thought about my children."

Now his quest for combat grew reckless. "My plan was to go into the field with every single unit we had in Vietnam. Starting at the DMZ and working

all the way down to the Delta. Fortunately, I got hepatitis before I got killed."

The hepatitis removed him from Vietnam and, after recuperating, Ellsberg went back to Santa Monica and Rand. There was another flurry of sensual activity—a Malibu beach house; quick, casual liaisons; visits to a nearby nudist camp—but this was accompanied by intensive psychoanalysis (four days a week) that lasted 18 months, until Ellsberg left Rand to release the papers. Through analysis, the desire for physical risk diminished and the desire to stay alive returned.

At the same time, the conviction was growing in Ellsberg's mind that America had, as charged, committed terrible crimes against humanity in Vietnam and that he had indeed played a role.

"I had thought I was accomplishing something. I was opposed to the bombing. I filed honest reports. I thought I was doing more good on the inside than I could if I got out. It's a trap I think others have fallen into. The closer you get to the military and the more you realize how truly evil the top levels can be, the more you feel it's an honorable job just keeping the monster on a short leash. How could Bundy feel guilty about X number dead from our bombing if he saw the alternative as nuclear war?"

As he contemplated, however, Ellsberg's judgment grew more harsh. This led, gradually, to acts of atonement and resistance that culminated in the release of the papers.

From his new moral vantage point, Ellsberg's past acts seemed dreadful, indeed. In the spring of 1971, speaking in a Boston church just before publication of the papers, he read excerpts from the memoirs of Nazi official Albert Speer. "From fear of discovering something which might have made me turn from my course," he read, "I had closed my eyes. I was like a man following a trail of bloodstained footprints through the snow without realizing someone was being injured."

Ellsberg told his audience that the first time he had read aloud the excerpts from Speer, it was in a "detached and accusing" tone, "imagining Bundy, Rusk, McNamara listening; or better, that I was forcing them magically to speak these words in public, to become aware of what Speer was saying for them—until I found my own voice growing low and halting and it was becoming hard to go on. I told [my audience], 'This is difficult for me to read.' After a moment I went on, but I brought the talk to an end. I knew that it was my eyes, my voice, responding to these indictments."

Toward the conclusion of his talk, Ellsberg said, "It is, then, my own long *persistence in ignorance* of the history of



"Miss Thorndyke, I'd like to congratulate you on doing a terrific job for a girl with such big tits."

the conflict and of our involvement and of the full impact of the American way of war that I find most to blame in myself. As I look back at my own role in the last eight years, it is with a heavy sense of guilt."

Then there was one other quotation from Speer. Describing his reaction to a photograph of a Jewish family going to its gas-chamber death: "It has made a desert of my life."

. . . .

The sky over Cambridge was blank, the December afternoon pale. The streets were crowded with young people in a hurry. Christmas vacation was less than two weeks away. There were long lines in the travel agencies of Harvard Square.

A few blocks away, in a third-floor apartment of a wooden frame house, Ellsberg began to unpack some papers he had brought up from New York. This was the Ellsbergs' Cambridge home; much less lavish than the one in

New York, but the one that they prefer.

Ellsberg had received the Thomas Paine award from a committee of the A. C. L. U. at the Americana Hotel the night before, and now, positively, he was going to start a quieter life and get some work done on his book. Already, for failure to meet a deadline, he had forfeited half of his \$50,000 advance, money that he had pledged to charity.

"Do you realize," he said delightedly, "that I was the first person to receive the Thomas Paine award who actually quoted from Thomas Paine?" He held up a book of Paine's writings. "Are you familiar with this? Oh, there's some great stuff here. Now, wait . . . wait . . . where's the one I was looking for . . . there was one I couldn't find last night . . . oh, here it is! Listen to this: 'We have it in our power to begin the world over again.' Goddamn it, how did I forget that? Honey, honey? Pat? Are you listening? Listen to this—oh, *this* one is really good: 'To reason with

government is to argue with brutes.'"

"Oh, honey," said Patricia, wide-eyed. "That's wild."

"Wow," Ellsberg said softly.

"Honey, that's incredibly relevant."

Then there was another book to be found and quoted from—a passage that described George III, British king at the time of the American Revolution, in terms Ellsberg thought applied equally well to Richard Nixon. But as the afternoon wore on, the elation wore away. The talk turned to why so few old friends have joined Ellsberg on his journey.

"To my old colleagues," he said, "my behavior is either baffling or boring—or threatening, because I'm challenging not only current policy but the existing distribution of power. I believe that what are widely accepted as American values are not American values at all but only the values of that very small segment of our population which makes up the leadership pool. They are not the values of the young, the poor, the nonwhite, the women.

"Now, take just the women. I am convinced that we would not have done the things we did in Vietnam if, instead of Johnson, Rusk, McNamara, Rostow, Bundy, we had had their *wives* in those positions of power. I don't believe all power should be confined to such a narrow segment of our society, and this kind of thinking is very unnerving to my ex-colleagues and old friends, because, after all, if power shifts, it will shift away from them.

"I've lost interest in aligning myself with the powerful. My old friends haven't. They, I'm sorry to say, have not faced the seriousness of our situation. They're unwilling to admit either an intellectual or a moral challenge to the values I once shared with them. So I'm afraid we're going to be working different sides of the street for a long time. But it is . . . at times, I mean . . . it gets lonely."

When he starts talking and is not impeded—by phone calls, by planes he has to catch, by his wife—Ellsberg can talk for hours, with no break in the intensity of his thought or emotion. It was his emotion, or emotionalism, that he spoke of now.

"I've lived close to tears since summer. For a number of reasons. One is that so many interviews have caused me to confront the very roots of the course that I'm now on, a course that may well send me to prison. I'm not afraid of prison—there are worse things, like death in Vietnam—but I don't want to go.

"More importantly, the course that I'm now on has brought me into contact with people who *do* see the seriousness of our problems and *are* willing to change their lives to deal with them. To take risks with their lives and comfort in

order to end the war and change society.

"After so many years spent among men who could have accomplished so much with only the smallest of sacrifices, yet who were unwilling to make even those because they were afraid of being inconvenienced, or being embarrassed—after years around men like that, now that I'm among the powerless and uninfluential, and I see them risking all, I . . . well, here I go again and . . . no, this time I'm not going to cry, but it's a terribly moving thing."

The doorbell rang. Daniel Ellsberg pushed the buzzer that opened the downstairs lock. It was a delivery boy. Bringing groceries. He put the box on a table and stood, waiting for a break in Ellsberg's conversation. The pause came.

"Dr. Ellsberg?" The delivery boy seemed embarrassed.

"Yes?"

"I just wanted to say thank you."

. . .

Seven months later, another apartment. This one in Los Angeles, walking distance from the courtroom where Ellsberg is on trial. It is Sunday afternoon and the jury has just been chosen. Testimony is about to begin. Ellsberg roams the stark and characterless rooms of the apartment in a bathing suit, searching for a roll of tape. He is thinner, by ten pounds, and old muscles have been reclaimed from fat.

"I just swam fifty laps in the pool here, and I've got a chinning bar set up. I've been training for this like Bobby Fischer." He holds up a poster-size photo of a cougar's face to tape it on the wall. "Look at the eyes," he says. "Aren't they Patricia's eyes? You know, it was her eyes I fell in love with first."

Much has happened since December. For Ellsberg himself, the wave of celebrity has receded, leaving him largely on his own to face the might of Executive displeasure. In Vietnam, there have been mines for the harbors and a new ferocity of bombs. And, for America, there have been developments that leave Ellsberg suspecting that our constitutional democracy, which survived for 196 years, may be dead.

Testifying before the Fulbright Committee in 1970, he had said: "What might be at stake, if this [Vietnam] involvement goes on, is a change in our society as radical and ominous as could be brought about by our occupation by a foreign power. . . . I'm afraid we cannot go on like this . . . and survive as Americans. There would still be a country here and it might have the same name, but it would not be the same country."

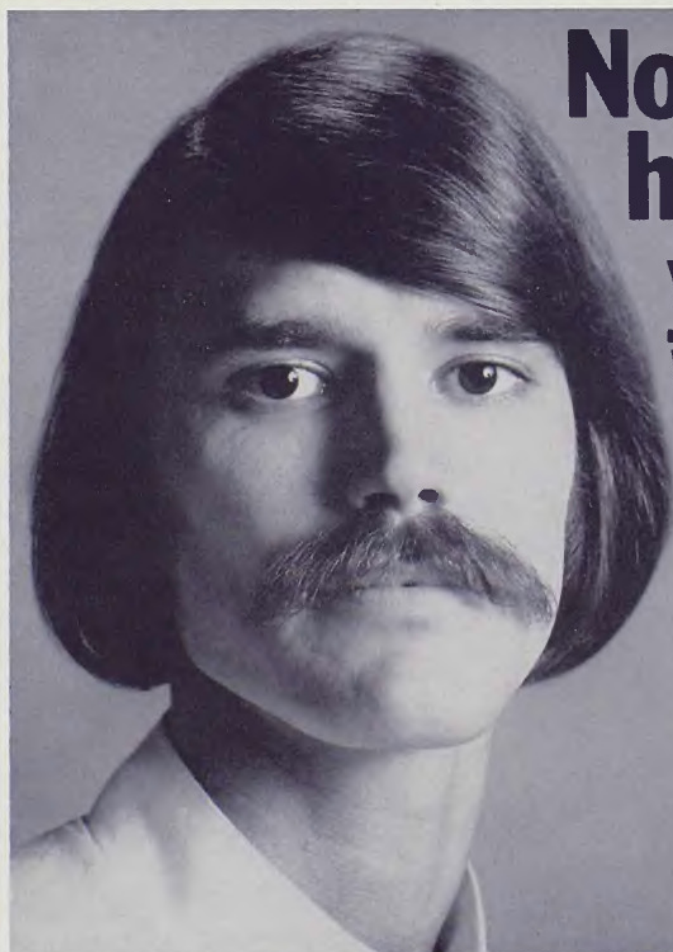
The combination of total national control over the war-making apparatus that Richard Nixon displayed in the spring, the secrecy in which he was able

to shroud his decisions and the extension of his power through the Supreme Court's *Gravel* and *Caldwell* decisions has left Ellsberg fearing that the change he referred to two years ago has now come about.

"What we have already seen, I think, are the first steps of a coup by the Executive branch. I believe we are well on the way toward, if we have not already arrived at, a monarchic form of government. And I believe that secrecy has played a crucial role in this transition.

"With the new Supreme Court decisions, newsmen and elected officials can be forced to disclose the source of information that displeases the Executive. If I am found guilty, and the act of leaking thereby becomes a crime, the circle is complete. Then we'll have a censorship system that's airtight—a Government press. Then we're in Saigon." He chuckled caustically. "The final step in the Vietnamization of America."

It may have been fun for a while, being a hero. But that is over now. Daniel Ellsberg, no charlatan, looks to the future with alarm. He is, above all, a man who cares passionately for his country, a man who has made of his life a weapon that can be used for defense. But now he observes, more clearly every day, the arsenal that the other side has amassed.



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BUNNIES OF 1972

(continued from page 146)

really the only way you can get a contract these days—to do your own thing.”

Another vocalist is Baltimore Bunny Sheila Ross (for five years lead singer with The Royalettes), who's now playing the Playboy Club circuit as a single. “I guess you'd have to call my style contemporary,” Sheila says. “I do standards, rock—sorta mix 'em up.” As a cottontail, Sheila's described by her Bunny Mother, Carole Schwerdt, as “one of our most popular”; as a singer, she's scoring points with keyholders and guests not only in Baltimore but in Chicago, New York, Cincinnati and Boston—the last of which has had her back three times.

Films, television and commercials draw talent from among the ranks of the Hollywood Bunnies. Marsha Morris and Ninette Bravo won leads in two independently produced films; head Training Bunny Jaki Dunn has been seen frequently on *Love, American Style* and *Room 222*. TV viewers have probably seen Mercy Rooney's commercials for Volkswagen, Breck and Dippity-Do, or seen her on *Laugh-In* or *Truth or Consequences*. Lately, Mercy's showbiz career has taken a different twist: She assisted Sandy Dvore, one of Hollywood's best-known movie-title experts, in writing a script treatment for a proposed film, *Frasier the Sensuous Lion*—based on the true story of the astoundingly virile beast who recently died at Lion Country Safari in San Diego.

“Working with Sandy on the script was fascinating,” Mercy says, “but actually, I consider myself primarily a

fashion designer. I've designed clothes for Zsa Zsa Gabor, for the Dean Martin family, leather outfits for rock-'n'-roll groups like Chicago—and I also upholster furniture professionally. One reason I became a Bunny was that I wanted something consistent, disciplined, instead of being my own boss.” Somehow, in the midst of all this activity, Mercy finds time to fly a plane and raise plants—“about 50 of them in my apartment. My mother says anybody can have a green thumb, but I must have something more—she calls it a green toe. Everything grows for me.”

Bunnydom seems to exert a special attraction for ballerinas, among whose number are New York's Nancy Keosayan and Tina Redecha, Great Gorge Bunny Sharon Bowser and Cincinnati cottontail Laura Rzasa. Laura thinks she knows why: “Ballet and Bunnying require some of the same strength, grace, balance. Those trays are heavy, you know.” Both Bunny and dancer, she admits, are also meant to be looked at. Laura, who is currently with the Cincinnati Ballet Company, is studying for her master of fine arts degree at the University of Cincinnati.

When we surveyed this year's crop of cottontails, we discovered some offbeat hobbies. Miami's Starr Maddox and Cincinnati's Lou Ann Annis are both practicing witches. “I've studied five years with various white-witchcraft cults, in English and Spanish,” says Starr with a straight face. “I can read another person's thoughts, which is very helpful to

me as a Bunny, because I often sense what a guest is going to order.” Lou Ann, who has recently been promoted to Bunny Mother, should have a prime opportunity to use her occult powers on Bunnies' recalcitrant zippers.

Paula Gandy from Denver, Shawn Truett from Baltimore and Lynn Liebelt from Cincinnati are part-time auto mechanics. Lynn, who also holds three beauty titles from her days at the University of Cincinnati, explains: “I hate helpless women—and helpless men even more. I don't see anything unfeminine about being able to repair a car.”

Off-duty entrepreneurs include Lake Geneva's Mary Lou Hilgers, who with a friend has just opened an antique shop and art boutique, The Original Sun; Atlanta's Sunny Miller, who serves as forewoman of a 301-acre Charolais cattle ranch and recently purchased a grocery store-gas station-souvenir shop near the entrance to Rock Eagle State Park; and New York's Patti Reynolds, who with fellow Bunny Lynne Corey opened Tummylvs, a health-foods cart based in Central Park, last year. Lynne has since retired from the venture, but Patti pushes on; the enterprise has attracted enough local attention to merit appearances on *What's My Line* and *To Tell the Truth*.

The Playboy Plaza's Nancy Webb owned a race horse, *Apero*, and has ridden professionally. “But I felt I wouldn't make it as a jockey, because it's a very tough circuit.” Plaza Sommerlier Bunny Kathleen Tarpe, another horse fancier, works as a part-time groom at Pompano Park harness track; Denver's Dianne Wilson breeds Persian cats; and Detroit's new Bunny Shawn Barnett meets planes.

“I hate to see people get off an airplane all alone,” Shawn explains. “It's happened to me and it's a terrible feeling. So sometimes I take off for a day and go to the airport. If I see people who look especially lonely, I go up and talk to them. If they don't think you're some kind of a nut, they'll talk to you.” Shawn, who is studying languages at Oakland Community College in suburban Farmington, hopes to become a Spanish translator; it's a career she thinks will help her combine her passions for travel and meeting people.

Meeting people is the reason most Bunnies give for liking their jobs. Anita McLaughlin of St. Louis is particularly glad she met Tiny Tim, who sang a week at the Club there. Tim was so taken with her that he composed a song, *Anita*, dedicated to her and recorded it.

Opportunities to travel also rank high with Playboy's girls, who make full use of transfers to other hutches and their own flexible schedules to see as much of the world as possible. New Orleans has especially peripatetic Bunnies this year: Kathy Ennis backpacked from Louisiana to California and home again; Carol



“How about a little Germaine Greer for a change?”

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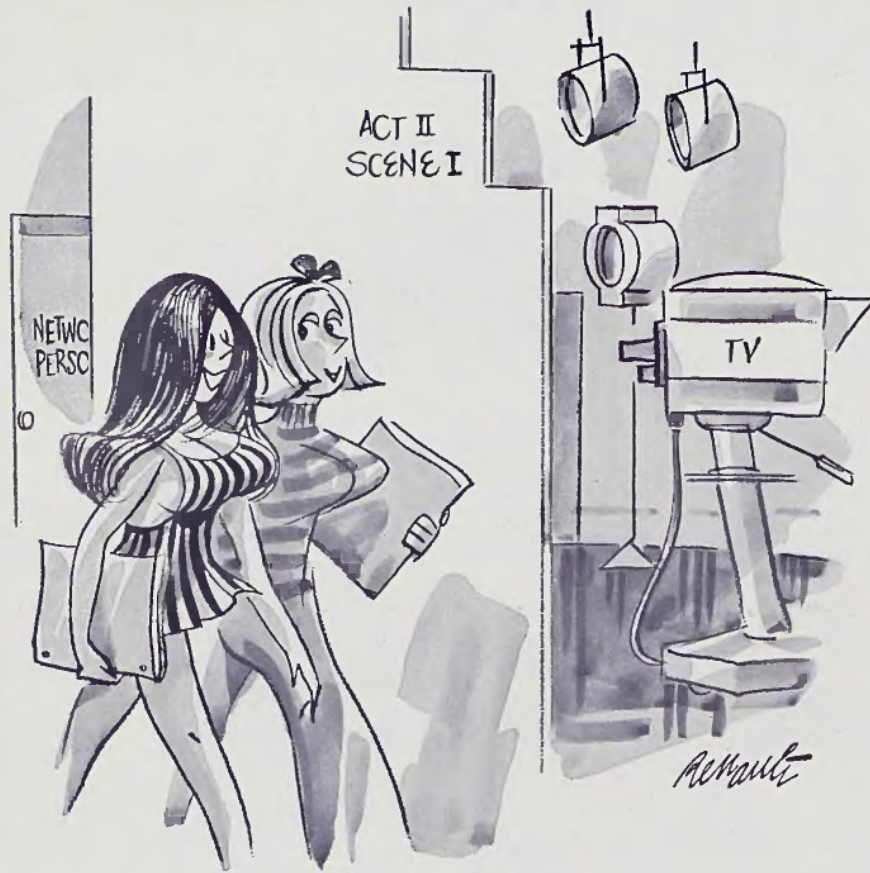
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"I made three pilots last season. One from TWA and two from American."

Bruno and Stefanie Henry are on leave to tour Europe; and Abby Craft and a girlfriend have been seeing the United States and Mexico via VW microbus.

Unquestionably the most unusual trip was that made to Cuba by four Bunnies—Stefanie Sokol, Lola Fernandez, Nancy Webb and Joyce Bennett-Odlum—along with Bunny Mother Bev Russell of the Playboy Plaza. They went as guests of the U.S. Navy to be official hostesses at the dedication of the new N.C.O. Club at the Guantánamo Bay Naval Base June 29–July 3.

Altruism appeals to many Bunnies. Joyce Bennett-Odlum is a volunteer for the Miami Beach HELP suicide-prevention program. San Francisco's Peggy Berry, that city's Bunny of the Year for 1970, is active in the Big Sister movement, aiding underprivileged girls. Andrea Doukas teaches disadvantaged children at the Free School of New Orleans; she took some of them on a field trip to the Great Smoky Mountains. And in London, Bunny Tracey Hudson is a weekly volunteer at the Paddington Clinic and Day Hospital, where she gives massages and beauty care to psychiatric patients. "Tracey is absolutely marvelous," says Mrs. Joyce Allsworth, who runs the

beauty-care service operated by the Red Cross in London. "She has a real understanding of people and their problems."

Boston's Dollie Shelton hopes to make a career of helping prison inmates. Besides Bunny-hopping three nights a week, she works with young first offenders as a parole agent for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and is in her final year as a premedical psychology major at Brandeis University. "I'm working on my senior honors thesis, on music therapy for schizophrenics," Dollie says. "Eventually, I plan to be a criminologist-psychologist on the staff of some prison."

Organized charity activities, of course, have long been part of the Playboy Bunny program. Usually, the cottontails participate in sports events—softball, basketball, volleyball, broomball hockey—for the benefit of various causes. In Baltimore, Bunnies this year stroked their way through a 48-hour marathon swim to raise funds for the Y. M. C. A. Kansas City's Lydia Wickman was a standout in Bunny basketball, scoring 30 points in one game, in which the cottontails trounced the faculty of Kansas City Junior College 80 to 59. "We've almost reached the point where we no

longer keep score," reports Lydia's Bunny Mother.

London Bunnies have participated in charity soccer matches, fought a Donkey Derby engagement against the Penthouse Pets and entered the annual Waiters and Waitresses race at Battersea—which Bunny Barbara May won. Phoenix cottontails sponsor a softball team of 8-to-12-year-old girls who call themselves The Playboy Bunnies.

As befits an international entertainment empire, Playboy draws Bunnies from Japan (Atlanta's Jade Williams) to Spanish Honduras (Atlanta's Georgina Bullock). Hutchmate Paulette Coté, of French-Canadian descent, grew up in France. Miami's Leana Goussen's birthplace was Nicaragua. From India come London's Katie Mirza and Carmen Gillespie; fellow cottontails Jolana Lucas and Marika Tarabova are from Czechoslovakia. The London hutch also boasts Adria Aung, a native of Rangoon, and four Australian sisters: Bunnies Erin, Tricia, Carmel and Loretta Stratton.

Montreal Bunny of the Year—1972, Louise Blondin, was born in Bridgetown, Barbados, "but that was only because my father was a magician who was touring the West Indies." Blondin *père* is now a Montreal PR man, and Louise grew up in Canada—where she's been seen in three films and 32 TV commercials.

Los Angeles Bunnies Patty Maski and Tiana Mayo hail from Bangkok and Saigon, respectively. Tiana's father is a semiretired South Vietnamese diplomat who, she says, "gave his children a good traveling background and provided us with the knowledge of several languages." The family lived in Thailand, France and Canada before coming to the U.S. "Father's whole ambition was to settle his children in the United States, so that we could all benefit from the great educational opportunities in this beautiful land," Tiana told us.

Life in the United States is even more precious to Los Angeles Bunny Gisela Moseman, whose family remains in East Germany. To get out to the West, Gisela crawled through a sewer that drained into a border river, which she swam across. Formerly a pastry chef, she's worked as a Bunny seven and a half years in New York and Hollywood.

We think you'll agree that the Bunnies of 1972 are a remarkable group. We'd be proud to present any of them as candidates for next season's Bunny of the Year title. The contest, to select a successor for the currently reigning Ruthy Ross of Los Angeles, will be coming up in March. Next time you visit your Club, take a good look around and start thinking about casting your vote for the Bunny of the Year—1973.



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GILLON CAMERON (continued from page 90)

the ritual of life played to its very end.

Clambering and stumbling over the brattice, Gillon got up the slippery way and threw the salmon into the snow near his fire. One eye seemed to follow him as he got his staff. With a neat, quick blow on the back of its head, Gillon killed his fish. "I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry," he said aloud.

• • •

Before the fish froze, Gillon threaded his line through the gills and tied the tail to the head in a bow, so that he could carry the burden with his staff across one shoulder. He took off his clothes and stood in his plaid while he dried them. The fire frightened him now; its enormous lights and shadows seemed to dance all through the glen. But the drying would have to be done or he would die.

He looked at the walls he had built in the pool and he was astounded at the

work he had done. He'd planned to break down those brattices so that the water bailiff would never know what had happened, but he decided against it. They would know the truth by the way the stones were packed, and he wanted it to become part of the legend of the stream—the man who came in the night and mined a fish.

He doused the fire with snow. Then, with his burden, he backed slowly up along the path through the pines, brushing out his footsteps with a pine bough. An hour or so before sunrise, he set his face toward Pitmungo. The sun was almost up when he reached the edge of the forest. He sat down in the last row of trees to rest and to study out the land ahead. On the moor, perhaps a half mile to his left, lay a thatched cottage, smoke rising from its chimney. There would be bacon and eggs there, but Gillon was wary of crofters—bleak,

maybe dangerous people, who lived their lives in harsh winds.

He didn't hear the man come on him. He must have dozed off. He felt the tap of something against one of his swollen feet and looked up. The crofter carried a bundle of wood under one arm and an ax in the other hand.

"Aweel, let's tak a bit o'it," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"The saumont. I'll hae my share now." The man had a hard, sharklike face, the kind you'd expect to see in a jail. "You're trespassin' on my property. You stole the fish from crown waters. Y'ken what Maccallum would do to you gin I told him?" He kept swinging his ax in front of Gillon's eyes. Gillon wanted to call that bluff, but his feet were too painful for a quick move.

"A forty-pound bull you gat. How'd you get him?"

"With my bare hands."

"Fewkin' liar." He lowered the ax.

"Ah, well, keep your fewkin' secret. Five pounds fish is your passport price or I tell Maccallum." Gillon untied the line. The salmon looked beautiful lying there in the snow among the pines.

"What are you carryin' the heid for?" The ax came down and the head was severed.

"You bastard," Gillon said.

"And the dock." The ax came down on the tail. "I would say about there is right." The ax came down once more and a chunk of the fish, perhaps one eighth of the whole, was cut off. "Guid saumont, I'll say that for you. Clean and just in from the sea. Next time you maun gae hame by nicht." The man turned his back and headed down the path toward the moorland farm.

Gillon wanted nothing more than to sink back and rest on his cushion of snow and pine needles. But the thought gave him a spurt of fear and he got up. If the crofter hadn't come, Gillon would have sat there with his back to the tree and he'd have frozen to death.

"You saved my life, you bastard," Gillon shouted after him. "Thank you." Let that bewilder him the rest of his wind-riven life.

• • •

After a long time of walking, he really didn't know how long, he found that the snow on the moor had thinned and there were islands of green. Finally, he came out on a rise and, looking around, saw Loch Leven far off to the east, deep blue, with an icy edge of white. He had gone miles too far west and there was nothing to do but change his direction. He started down into a place called the Rough Grazings, clumpy, rutted moorland that blackface sheep did their best to rip up. He could see a few crofts tucked away in the creases of the moor and, eventually, he came across a rough track that led him to a little clachan of



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five or six houses. There were several people about, staring shyly at his fish.

"How far to the Cowdenbeath Road?" Gillon asked. He could smell oatmeal cakes being cooked somewhere in the hamlet. "I'll trade part of this saumont for some bannocks," he said. They stared at him. "It's all right; it's a legal saumont!" he shouted. The people went inside their little white cottages and shut their doors.

He could see them looking at him through the small, leaded windowpanes. He was going to shout again, when he suddenly realized that he'd come across one of those little islands of Gaelic-speakers on the moor, innocents who were frightened of anything they couldn't understand. The only one who hadn't fled was a man with a muck rake in his hand, wearing a dung-stained kilt and standing by a byre.

Gillon walked until there was no more snow and searched for just the right kind of farm. At last he found it—a large two-storied house with a bothy for the hired hands behind it. Beyond that, all kinds of outbuildings, a byre for the cows, a cote for the sheep. Apparently, the milking had been finished and somewhere a man shouted something about feeding turnips to the cows. Then a man with a lantern came out of the milkhouse, walked across to the bothy and went in. Somewhere over by the sheepcote, a Border collie was barking.

Gillon slipped inside the byre and closed the door behind him. The odor of cow dung and urine took his breath away for a moment. The next moment, he'd gone up the hayloft ladder. He made a nest and covered himself with the plaid. He reached out his hand and slid it down the silvery, still-frozen flank.

• • •

Feet woke him—sharp, scurrying little feet over his chest and even his face. Then he heard the squeaks of anger and excitement and felt them tugging and tearing at his fish—rats. "Get away!" Gillon yelled as he felt for his walking stick in the half-dark. He began striking wildly and he heard some of them squeal, but others kept coming. Then there was a light on and the voices of men below.

"What in the name of God is this?" one of the men called.

"The rats are eating my fish!" Gillon shouted. Two men came up the ladder into the loft.

"Oh, Christ Almighty, what a braw fish!" With the aid of the light, the farm hands began killing the rats joyfully. "They never seen a saumont before," said one of them as he threw rat bodies into a tub.

"What's the matter, mon? Ye're shiverin', mon." It hadn't been the rats on his own body that had bothered Gillon but the thought of them chewing at his salmon.

"This is my family's Christmas dinner," he managed to say.

"Och, gie me that, then." One of the men picked up the fish and went away. Gillon could hear a pump working and, a little later, he came back. The salmon was cleansed of blood and there were only a few small tears in it.

"Poacher, are you?" asked the other man. "Workingman?"

"Coal miner," said Gillon. "From Pitmungo. But there's no work any longer. There's nothing but salt cod for Christmas."

"Och, mon, that's crude. Stay here and we'll sneak you out with half a goose. Micht as well pit a stake through your heart as go without a Christmas goose on the table."

"A saumont will do very well," said Gillon, a touch annoyed.

"I dinna ken. I never tasted one." They were staring hungrily at his fish. Gillon sighed and took the man's knife. He cut two steaks from the salmon.

"Bake it with some butter, understand? Don't boil it."

The men nodded and thanked him. One of them was already looping a rope around the fish to hang it from a beam. "You'll be gone by day-sky, mon? Master thinks a mon who'd steal a saumont would steal a sheep quick as you can say Jock Hector." Gillon nodded.

• • •

When he woke again, it was dawn. The cocks were telling him. Through a little window in the loft, he could see the paling stars in a clean sky. The weather was holding.

When he'd got down the ladder, he saw that almost half his salmon was gone. Dry-mouthed with rage, he swore at those filthy bastards—coming back in the night to steal his fish. He thought of setting fire to the byre.

Then he saw a Galloway come across the floor and, just as if she were a trained circus animal, rise up on her hind legs until her nose and tongue just tipped what was left of the fish. The salmon had been trimmed to the exact height of the tallest and longest-necked cow in the byre.

About 20 pounds of salmon left. Who could ever tell that this had once been a great salmon, a cock among cocks? Still, there was enough for Christmas dinner. For all that, it wasn't salt cod. He shouldered it and started out to the Cowdenbeath Road. If everything went right, he'd be in Pitmungo before the stars came out again.

The blister came without warning. He'd been walking well for some time, but suddenly there came a great pain, as if he'd been struck by something. He took off his shoe and sock and was frightened by the mess he found. The swelling of his foot had given birth to the blister and the freezing of it had

masked the pain. His heel was a raw-looking red-and-purple knob and the flesh burned in the icy wind. There was nothing to do but sit by the road and hope for a ride.

In time, a farmer's cart came trundling down the road toward Cowdenbeath. "Can you take a man along?" Gillon called. "I'm trying to get home for Christmas."

The farmer looked at him and was slow to answer. Finally, he said, "It's a weak horse and a sair fraucht." He paused. "But if you could make it worth his while?"

Gillon winced. "Would he like a salmon steak?"

"Aye, if it's fresh. He's gey fickle."

Gillon looked at his foot and then back to the man. "Give me your knife," he said dourly.

They didn't talk until they'd reached the town. When Gillon was getting out, the man said, "Wrap the foot in beech leaves; that will drain and poultice it." Then he suddenly held out his hand and added, "God bless you, and a joyful Christmas to you."

Gillon hobbled directly to the house of a widow on Fordell Street. He knew her because she sold knitted socks and underwear to miners. He bought a pair of heavy socks, put them on and went shoeless. Out on the road again, he found that his foot felt better and he began to walk with less pain.

When he reached a beech grove, he took off his socks and went over a plashy part of the moor to get some leaves. He brought them back and, without looking at the blister, covered it. Then he donned the socks again. Gillon labored on.

By the time he had reached High Moor, the sun was resting on the horizon. It seemed only a few paces after that before he saw the cold moon in the sky and the first star. All that kept him going was the thought of his salmon over a good, dancing flame. He could smell the richness. In the rest of Pitmungo, they would be making sauces to disguise the cod. They'd be boiling the bony fish to soften its leathery hide. He stopped a moment at the top of High Moor to savor both thoughts.

The first cat picked Gillon up just before the path went down through White Coo plantation. At first, it seemed to be interested in his foot. Then, without warning, it sprang halfway up his back in an effort to get at the fish. He shook it off and shouted. But when he turned away, the cat leaped with a thump and Gillon felt the claws through his plaid. He shook it off again wearily and gave a cut at it with his stick. But now there were four of them, stalking him just out of his range. Gillon backed to one of the orchard trees,



*"Ah, Watson, my dear fellow—you've
penetrated my little disguise!"*

took off his plaid, folded it and placed it, along with his shoes, in a high crotch. He'd have to battle his way home through these last, ludicrous predators.

Baudrons they called them in Pitmungo—the wild and homeless cats of the neighborhood. By the time he got down through the orchard, there were six of them, circling and waiting for a misstep, eyeing their Christmas dinner under Gillon's arm.

It was a bad half mile, with Gillon trying to keep his tortured feet under him and striking only when he had to. Once, he twisted quickly and caught a fierce black one coming in almost chest high. The brass knob struck it just behind the ear. He swung the stick sharply to his left and a wail told him that he'd scored another hit. That gave him enough respect from the cats to let him hobble on to the terrace.

There were lights in every window on Tosh-Mungo Terrace and smoke from the chimneys. Salt-cod Christmas wouldn't be dark and cold, at least. From several houses came the sound of singing, the old Scottish carols that always made Gillon sad.

He looked through the window of the

Japps' house and he could see a quarter barrel of ale in the front room. He could almost taste it on his tongue—that with a wee drop of whisky.

His attackers were caterwauling now. When somebody came to a window and looked out into the darkness, Gillon imagined what an absurd sight he must be. A shoeless, half-frozen man, unshaven, his hair wild from the wind, his shirt ripped by fish and rats and cats, starvation in his face. A man with a pillaged chunk of fish held high on his shoulder and driven along the street by a wild band of reiving cats.

Now he was approaching his own door. The poacher home from the hills—Christ knew, he hadn't much to show for it all, only about 16 or 17 pounds of cock salmon. But Gillon was happy. He'd stood up and made some kind of testimony to a world that left nothing but salt cod to the poor on Christmas. And none of the rest of them, all up and down the rows of Pitmungo, had done it.

He looked through the window and saw the family seated around the bare table. His boy Andrew seemed to be saying grace. It was time to enter. He

pushed through the door and stood in the brightness inside, triumphantly.

"Oh, what did they do to you, Dad-die?" asked Sam.

"Nothing," said Gillon. "I did it to them this time."

He crossed the room and laid his fish on the table amid exclamations. It looked big and beautiful on the bare wood. "A bonny saumont!" said Andrew.

But Maggie was looking at her husband. "You've lost your tammie! You've lost your brow bonnet!"

Gillon's hand went to his head; he had no memory of any tammie. Had it gone under in the pool? That must be it. "Who cares about a bonnet?" asked Sam. He went to the sideboard and got out a bottle of whisky. He poured everybody a drink, in teacups and tassies.

"No salt-cod Christmas for the Camerons!" said Gillon in a ringing voice, and they all lifted their whiskies and drank to that toast.

It was Gillon's daughter Sarah who saved his foot. She tended him, but, after a week, when it got no better, Dr. Gowrie was called in. He stared at it and said, "In some daft way, you've managed to get yourself a good frostbite, and after you did that, you went on and humiliated the flesh. If you want my opinion"—he touched the ankle with his forefinger—"it wants taking off about here."

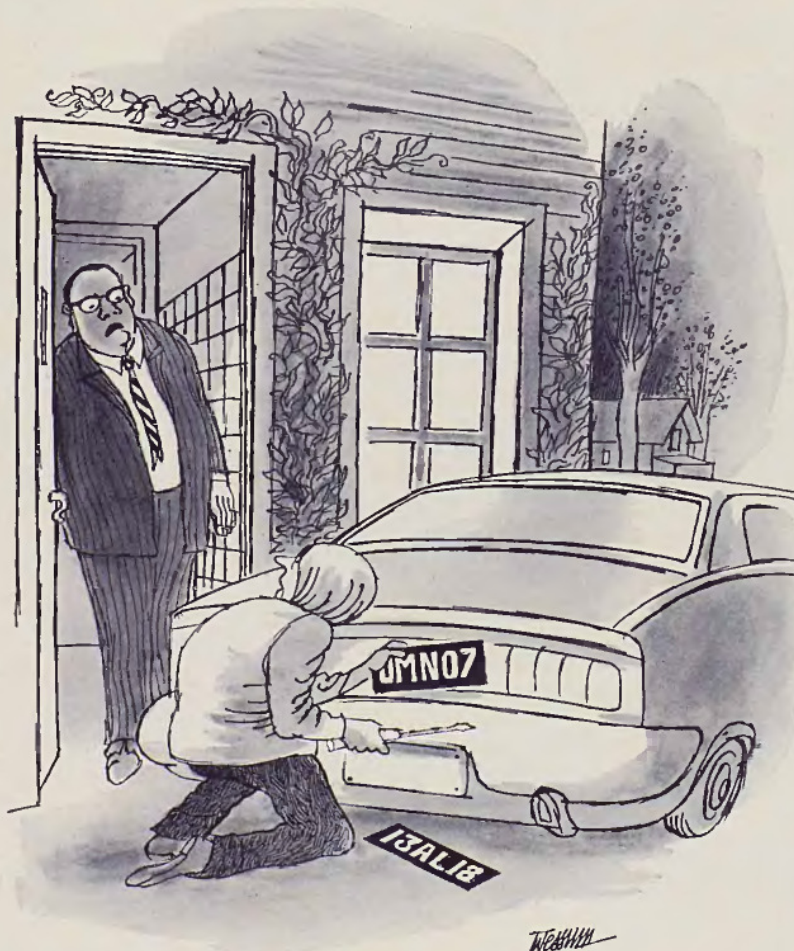
"No!" said Sarah. "We've lost two legs in this family and we'll keep this one, thank you."

"When it turns black, you'll come crawling to me, Cameron. Don't crawl too late," the doctor said as he left.

But Sarah's faith and patience were unending. She drained the wound constantly; she mixed a poultice of oatmeal to draw the infection out; when the smell grew very bad, she burned pulverized coffee beans in a shovel over the fire. She sat by his bedside.

There was no single day when he got better, but at least he got no worse. In February, Gillon decided that he could walk. But when he tried, the foot swelled like a frog's throat, ugly and white. In March, there seemed to be some improvement and he got a shoe on for an hour or so. Things went better after that.

On the first day of May, called Beltane, when people all over Scotland were washing their faces in the May dew on the moors, Gillon dressed in his pit duds and went down the hill to get work in Lord Fyffe Number One. By afternoon, he was howking coal 3000 feet below the surface of the earth, and it seemed to him that he could never remember doing any other thing in his life.



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BREAKOUT

(continued from page 94)

was out, Pussy would make more than 20 trips to Mexico City. Even Kaplan, by then suspicious of nearly everyone, came to trust him.

The newest plan, on which Kaplan had been working for months, involved a transfer to the minimum-security prison at Cuernavaca. He needed the cleaner air of the Cuernavaca mountains, Kaplan alleged in a series of petitions, to recover from his frequent bouts of hepatitis and the over-all debilitation that had resulted. Once there, he reasoned, escape should be easy; at Cuernavaca, prisoners were permitted to go into town, enjoying freedom comparable to what might be allowed a student in a strict American prep school.

But Stadter was aware—as was Kaplan—that the very transfer that was designed to save his life might as easily be redesigned to kill him. On the road to Cuernavaca, there is a turnoff into a gravel pit. There's more than gravel in this pit; it's also liberally strewn with human bones. Here a prisoner could be pulled out of a car at gunpoint, told to run for his life—and shot "in the act of escape." What better way for a well-bribed official to protect himself from the accusation that he'd been a well-bribed official?

So Stadter set up a protection system. Pussy would be at the wheel of one car waiting outside the prison gate, ready to follow the car containing Kaplan—an obvious tail. A second car, mounted with a high-power spotlight, would be stationed less than a mile down the road, in case of complications; this car would be loaded with heavy artillery—and Stadter. A third car would be waiting at Cuernavaca. Word came through that the transfer would be made the night of January 16, 1971. Stadter and his three cars waited all night, in vain; no vehicle entered or left the prison. That didn't stop the bureaucrats who were allegedly engineering the move from calling Kaplan's Mexican wife, Irma, whom he'd married while in prison, and demanding \$80,000 in payment for a successful transfer.

Conditioned by then to failure, Irma temporized; she would drive to Santa Marta prison and see for herself. Her husband was there. No one had contacted him. He had passed another of the semi-sleepless nights that had been troubling him for weeks.

Stadter was not surprised to learn, some time later, that the "officials" who had been arranging the transfer, and screaming for their money, had been

ousted from office months before. They were no longer officially anything.

This time, Stadter told himself, it would be different. This time the project was solidly in his hands. The way he read it, the simplest thing to do was to buy Kaplan out with straight cash. Hit the *right* officials this time—with his contacts, he was sure he could do it—and make a deal. This was Mexico, and he'd never heard of a prisoner who couldn't be sprung with a sufficient sum of money. He began talking to people he knew, important people, letting it be known he had lots of money to offer. Judy had promised to back him to the limit of whatever resources she had remaining.

The bad news came back from contact after contact: "This Kaplan business. If I were you, I'd forget it." Stadter was stunned; with Kaplan, the door was mysteriously shut.

Matters took another odd turn with the arrival at Stadter's hotel of a stocky man in sunglasses, a figure straight out of John Le Carré, who proposed to Stadter that, in the unlikely event that he did spring Kaplan, his associates—unidentified, of course—would be happy to pay him \$50,000 to toss the prisoner back into Mexico. Stadter speculated on who the backers might be. Were they from the CIA? The Mafia? Cuban exiles who opposed Kaplan's known sympathy for the Castro left? Kaplan's Uncle Jack, who also opposed that sympathy, and had a financial bonanza at stake to boot? He never found out.

Early in the afternoon of June 10, 1971, a slight, dark, inconspicuous man we'll call Alfred Court arrived at Mexico City International Airport from New York, carrying a flight bag containing a few personal effects. He told customs officials that he'd come to Mexico City to visit friends and that he intended to stay only a few days. He was passed without question.

If the officials had searched him, they might have discovered a provocative curiosity. Court was wearing a neatly trimmed black wig—not in itself startling, but underneath the wig Court's own hairdo was identical. Why would a man wear a wig exactly like his own hair?

Court was wearing it because he was, by profession, a make-up artist and occasional operative of one Victor E. Stadter, who had decided that since he couldn't buy Kaplan out of prison, he would walk him out. The ailing Kaplan was currently in the prison hospital, and Pussy had already placed two hospital guards and one female receptionist on Stadter's payroll. The plan was uncomplicated, as all good plans ought to be. Court would enter the Santa Marta



"Really, Chang, why don't you just take an aspirin?"

prison with a friend—Pussy—ostensibly to visit the prisoner Kaplan. Inside the hospital room, Court would remove the wig, place it on Kaplan's head, perform a rapid make-up job with cosmetics he was carrying and switch clothes with him. When he was finished, Kaplan would look exactly like him. Then Pussy would drug and bind Court, making him appear the victim rather than the perpetrator, and, with Kaplan, would stroll nonchalantly out the gate. There was, of course, a slight chance that Court would be found out, but to him that was a reasonable gamble. He'd worked for Stadter enough to trust his judgment. He'd be paid \$2500, plus expenses, for a few days' work; what's more, he could always tell the story to his grandchildren. Everything was ready to go when, suddenly and inexplicably, Kaplan was pronounced medically fit and transferred out of the hospital back to his dormitory cell, making the scheme impossible to execute.

Only momentarily nonplused, Stadter caught the next flight to Los Angeles, where he made contact with another old associate, Dr. X. Inside of a few hours, the medico had put together the ingredients of a pill that would give Kaplan an attack of shakes and fever strikingly similar to the symptoms of malaria. Pussy, on a prison visit, would administer the pill; but since its effects would last only 24 hours, they would have to make their move on the following day. With a few recuperative aspirin tablets, Kaplan should be as good as new.

But when Pussy went to the prison to reconnoiter, he found a shocker: A special guard was posted at the front gate to tug at all suspicious hairdos. In fact, every visitor who wasn't totally bald was to be challenged.

Stadter never found out where the leak had come from.

• • •

Kaplan was drunk. With every frustrated hope he was, he realized, becoming more paranoid, convinced that as he plotted to get out, someone, somewhere, was plotting to keep him in. His cellmate, an irrepressible Venezuelan forger named Carlos Antonio Contreras Castro, tried to cheer him by spiriting in quarts of light Bacardi. For that, Kaplan was grateful, but there were times when Castro's garrulity got him down. This was one of those times.

"I was drunk, but I didn't want to listen to Castro anymore," Kaplan recalls. "So I got up from my bed and said I was going to take a walk in the yard. He thought I was crazy. It was the wrong time of day for that, the middle of the afternoon; I'd get my head blown off by that sun, he said. I didn't care.

"As I walked around the patio, the



Our marriage will cause quite a stir.

sun made my head spin. The more I walked, the less important anything seemed. And then, while I was standing there like a drunken boob in the middle of the yard, it hit me—the weirdest idea of all, yet unmistakably the simplest: “I could fly out of here in a helicopter.”

The minute Stadter heard of Kaplan's suggestion, he sensed it would work. All the fundamentals appeared to be in order: There was an inner courtyard without supervision of any kind, accessible to Kaplan at specific hours and, above all, not visible from any watchtower above the prison walls. All Stadter had to do was get a helicopter in there and take him out. There were, as he put it, “only 30 or 40 things that might go wrong.”

The first problem, as he saw it, was that the project would take time to organize, and time would breed leaks. As a result, he would keep himself—and as much information as possible—away from Mexico City in general and from Kaplan in particular. Kaplan would have to sweat out his progress on blind faith.

There was also the question of cost. Just for openers, they'd need a helicopter that could operate at Santa Marta's altitude (7600 feet), with its thin air. Judy wasn't sure if she had enough money, but she'd find a way of getting it.

Then, too, Stadter needed a helicopter pilot. Old airplane pilots were a dime a dozen, but helicopters were a young man's ball game. Old-time pilots don't even consider helicopters aircraft, just big dumb toys, floppy and unpredictable. “And,” as Stadter pointed out later, “you just don't go around to any helicopter pilot you might run into and say, ‘Mister, I got this guy I want to spring from a Mexican pen, and I need your help.’ You've got to know the man first; he's got to be someone you can trust.” In desperation, Stadter himself tried to learn to fly a chopper, signing up for double lessons, at two schools simultaneously. It went badly.

Finally, he called on an old pilot friend, Harvey Orville (“Cotton”) Dail. “Cotton had never flown choppers either,” says Stadter, “but the way I figured him, he could learn to fly anything as long as he had a rubber band to wind up the propeller.”

Cotton, a big, tough Irish-Cherokee Texas farm boy in his early 40s, was less sanguine. “It won't work,” he told Stadter when Stadter flew down to see him at his home in Eagle Lake, Texas. “They'll blow the damn chopper right out of the air.” It took five days to persuade him.

To teach Cotton how to fly a helicopter, Stadter hired a 29-year-old bearded Vietnam-war veteran named Roger Guy Hershner from the Brackett Field Air-

craft Service in La Verne outside Los Angeles. Hershner had been brought up in the solid, conservative tradition of Mansfield, Ohio, where he had learned to play a pretty fair piano and a not-so-fair trombone. His romance with helicopters had begun when he was assigned to a ground crew in Vietnam; when he got out of the Army, he used his GI Bill benefits to study flying. When one of his students at Brackett, Vic Stadter, offered him a new job for more money—and plenty of chances to fly—he took it. If its secrecy was strange, Hershner was discreet enough not to ask questions.

The plotters needed an idea of the dimensions of the prison courtyard and the height of the wall over which the copter would have to fly. Stadter had Pussy smuggle a Minox camera to Kaplan, so that he could photograph the patio from all angles. The pictures were clear enough, but the dimensions were too obscure for an accurate estimate. What was needed was for somebody to go in and pace off the area—and Pussy was unreachable, off in the hills somewhere between Mexico City and Brownsville, Texas, stashing five-gallon fuel cans in preparation for the helicopter's getaway.

Stadter put in a call to his brother-in-law, Eugene Wilmoth. Well-dressed, well-spoken, the 6'2" Wilmoth—a salesman for a soap-manufacturing company—was imposing enough to impress any Mexican bureaucrat. Stadter sent him to Mexico City, with instructions to friends to get him into Santa Marta as a visiting official of some kind. The problem was that Wilmoth couldn't speak a word of Spanish.

Sometimes the most audacious plan succeeds best. Big Gene was brought into Santa Marta as a Venezuelan specialist in penology. The warden himself escorted the VIP on an hourlong tour, inundating him with descriptions in staccato Spanish, to which the towering dignitary nodded in solemn agreement, occasionally even extending a smile. Nothing was withheld from the visitor, and when he came to the patio that serviced the prisoners of dormitory number one, no one noticed that he stopped a moment to take note of certain landmarks—the basketball court, the height of the dormitory wall—nor that he paced the entire length and width of the area with one of the prisoners, that annoying little American who had murdered his partner.

The way Stadter saw it, when Wilmoth reported the dimensions, a \$30,000 Bell Model 47 chopper would do the job handily. That machine is a small four-seater popular with oil-exploration companies operating in the back country;

it has enough power to lift pilot and a passenger, even at Santa Marta's altitude—especially if they were to strip the craft of all unnecessary weight, extra seats, doors, trimming, and so on. “I may even have to shave,” said Cotton.

In Mexico, the law regarding jail breaks is unusually civilized. It recognizes a prison escape as legal if no law is broken in the process: in other words, if there is no violence to person or property, no bribery of officials. The helicopter scheme, if it succeeded, would meet those criteria. But Stadter had to get his equipment to Mexico City legally, as well—and passing through customs without incident, especially with a helicopter and given his reputation with border guards, was likely to be sticky. He needed a cover to justify the entire operation. And so was born the Milandra Mining Company—named after Stadter's wife, Mary Milandra—with supposed interests in Honduras. The helicopter was duly registered in the mining company's name.

Stadter was now operating in the way he liked best, treading a delicate line between the legitimate and the fraudulent, covering himself so artfully that those idiot bureaucrats would see nothing. He was feeling great when the telephone rang. It was Irma, calling from Mexico City. Kaplan had decided that his cellmate of these past three years, Castro, was to be flown out with him.

Stadter exploded: “Goddamn it, no, no, *no!* The chopper will never be able to lift another passenger. It'll hardly lift two at that altitude. Doesn't he know about thin air? Tell him it's no deal.”

Kaplan was adamant. Stadter threatened to pull out. Kaplan insisted. Stalemate. At last Stadter relented; after all, it was Kaplan's game. But they'd have to buy another helicopter. It had to have a turbosupercharger, giving its engine the same power at 10,000 feet as it had at sea level; nor could it be much larger than the little Bell 47 they'd planned to use. The courtyard was too small. As Cotton put it: “You can't park a Caddie in a VW garage.”

Cotton and Stadter spent precious weeks scouring the broad spaces of the Far West, calling or visiting dealers, tracking down all possibilities, until finally, there it was, at Natrona Services in Casper, Wyoming. The ad in the aviation journal had said: “Bell 47, reconditioned, rebuilt, reupholstered, with new supercharger designed for use in high altitudes, used to fly over 8000 feet.” The chopper, a magnificent plaything with over \$100,000 worth of work on it, had been rebuilt by a millionaire for use



John Dempsy

"Isn't that sweet. He's telling us it's our bedtime."



"The secret of my success, Henry, lies in the very sound advice my father once gave me. 'Son,' he said, 'here's a million dollars. Don't lose it.'"

in taking friends to a private lake resort high in the Wyoming Rockies. Now it would perform for another millionaire, who was momentarily at the other end of the social spectrum.

Stadter had planned to buy the craft on credit, making a normal down payment and paying the balance in installments. "Then the guy checked around and found out who I was," he reported later. "He said, 'Stadter, they say you got a poor life expectancy.' That meant cash on the barrelhead. Hell, he wouldn't even sell me gas on credit."

He had to shell out \$65,000 for it.

• • •

Now Stadter had his basic ingredients. He began to assemble his cast of men and machines at Houston, where he'd decided to make his headquarters for the final stage of the assault. First he traded in his cumbersome two-engine Cessna 310 on a fast single-engine Cessna 210, which conceivably would attract less attention at the smaller Mexican airports he intended to use. The Cessna, like the helicopter, was registered in the name of M. Milandra. Cotton was continuing his flying lessons with Hershner and everything appeared to be going smoothly—when word came of another setback. Pussy, Stadter's trusted operative who was the liaison between Kaplan and his rescuers, had been stricken with severe

headaches and sporadic seizures of blindness. The medical diagnosis was possible brain tumor, with immediate surgery advised. Pussy would have none of that; he took himself off to an Indian reservation in New Mexico, where he knew a witch doctor. Stadter saw him off with misgiving. At any rate, Pussy was scratched for the duration of the assignment.

Kaplan, meanwhile, was growing more and more edgy. He conjured up a plan of old-fashioned ferocity: There would be a special car parked outside the main gate, to be smoke-bombed by the Cessna 210 as a decoy. The chopper would slide in a few minutes later from the opposite side of the prison, machine guns blazing at the tower guards, flak suits and rifles ready for the getaway.

Stadter preferred to work quietly. "You don't shoot at the guards, you wave at them. Any pro knows that." Trying to soothe Kaplan, he sent his new son-in-law down to Santa Marta for a visit. The emissary returned, reporting that Kaplan looked "sicker than the last dead man I saw." All in all, Stadter wasn't really surprised when Irma showed up, having flown all the way from Mexico City to Houston with a Polaroid camera in her handbag. Kaplan wanted her to get a picture of the copter, with her standing alongside, so he could be sure it really existed—that

he wasn't being taken for a ride more financial than physical.

"I've always wanted to ride in a helicopter," Irma remarked as she put the Polaroid back into her bag. "I've seen the attorney general's copter in Mexico City several times."

"How do you know it's the attorney general's?" asked Stadter.

"It's all blue," she replied.

Stadter ordered a blue paint job for the Bell 47.

• • •

Now Stadter sought a woman, a special kind of woman. Someone who looked like a high-class whore. From his experience, a man didn't drive into Mexico alone if he wished to avoid the suspicions of the dozen or so officials he'd confront in the course of his trip. A loner must surely be up to some illicit operation, they'd reason. But a well-dressed man in a big, flashy car, with a handsome whore wearing an inch and a half of make-up and blonde hair tossed up to the roof? Well, that was easy to understand. He had gotten away with the ploy many times before—often using a girl who was now unavailable; her bridegroom had put his foot down regarding such irregular behavior.

The way Stadter saw it, it was just as hard to find the right woman as to find the right chopper pilot. "You need a woman who can keep her mouth shut, and there ain't too many of them!" But he recalled a big blonde he'd seen a number of times at a truck-stop diner near his home in Glendora, California, a big Italian woman who painted herself up to make less of her 35 years. He made her an offer and she accepted.

He needed the proper car to complete the image. Preferably something like a Cadillac Coupe de Ville in Baroque Bronze, a touristy showboat built for weekend pleasure, a reliable car that could move when it had to. A car exactly like the Caddie owned by Cotton.

"OK," said Cotton, "but how much?"

"Well, you can have the blonde."

"Shee-it, Vic, I ought to charge you for servicing her."

But they struck a bargain. At last, Stadter was ready to proceed south; helicopter, fast airplane, pilot, Cadillac and blonde set to go.

Then came another telephone call from Irma. Kaplan had just undergone an emergency appendectomy in the prison hospital. He couldn't be moved for at least a week, probably longer.

• • •

In the coffee shop at the Houston airport, Cotton sat down next to Stadter. It had been ten days since Kaplan's operation, and the patient was fully recovered. But Cotton looked rocky. He

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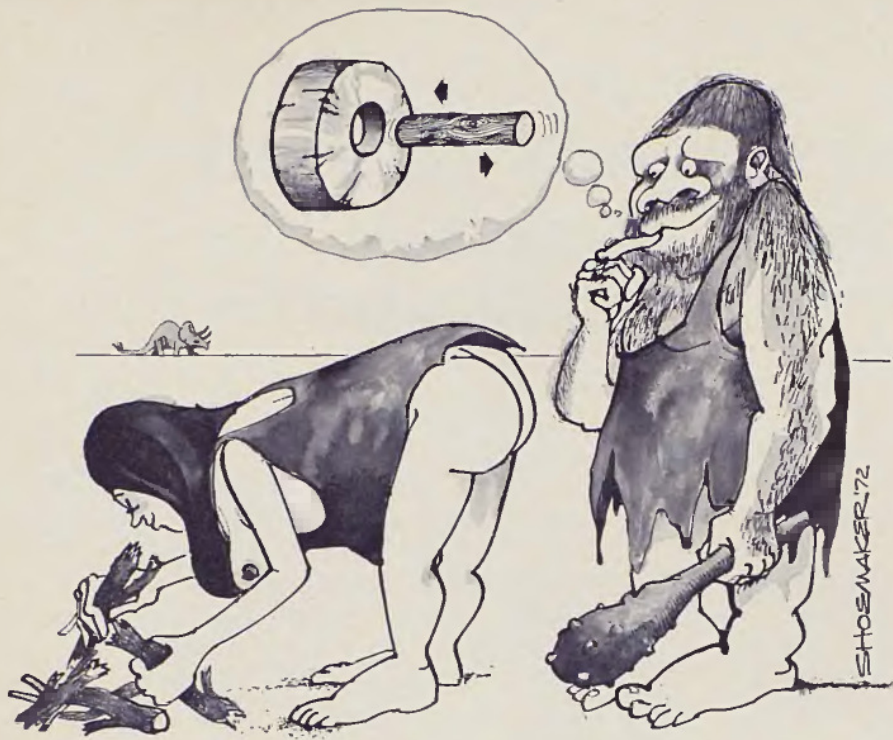
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had a toothpick in his mouth and he hadn't eaten a bite yet. It was a bad sign.

"Vic," he said, "I ain't ready to fly that thing."

"What?"

"I need more time. Give me another week."

It was unbelievable, Stadter thought. By God, maybe that poor son of a bitch Kaplan really *was* jinxed right up to his ass. It just might be that there was no way anyone could get him out.

Of one thing Stadter was sure: He didn't want to hang around Houston another week, not with that bright-blue helicopter, the green-and-white Cessna, the big blonde whore, the Baroque Bronze Cadillac. Too conspicuous.

He sought out Hershner, the bearded young helicopter instructor. "Siddown, Roger, I've got a proposition for you."

"Oh?"

"The way I see it, you don't know what this whole thing is all about. Right?"

"None of my business, I guess."

"Right. Well, we're involved in something—it's not entirely on the square. It's legal in the U.S.A. but not in Mexico. You see, we're gonna be stealing some test ore down there, at a mine in Honduras. We're gonna go in with the chopper and take it out."

"Oh."

"It's a dangerous business, Roger. I gotta admit there are Indians down there, and maybe they'll shoot at you,

but they don't shoot too good, I guarantee you. . . ."

"What?"

"Look, I'll pay you some real good money."

"You mean you want me to fly the chopper all the way down to Honduras and take out that ore?"

"Well, yeah."

"Well, sure, Vic. Why not?"

Three machines, four bodies. Together, then separately, they began the trek south to the border, flying the pennants of the Milandra Mining Company. Stadter, dressed up in shiny Texas boots and striped bell-bottom trousers, sat tall behind the wheel of Cotton's shimmering bronze Caddie with his fair lady at his side. Cotton, relieved of chopper duty by mutual consent, returned to flying what he considered legitimate aircraft, the Cessna 210—which he was to take to the border city of Brownsville, where he would check into Mexico with appropriate papers and then go on toward the firm's holdings in Honduras. All strictly legitimate. There was but one final bit of tampering to be done. The Cessna's registration, clearly marked on its fuselage, read N9462X before Cotton went to work on it with a wad of tape. With a few artfully placed strips, it soon read N8482X. When Cotton took off for the border, he radioed his correct registration. But when he landed at the Mexican border town of Matamoros, the number was changed.

Cotton flew on to Tampico, where he checked into the Hotel Impala to await word from his boss. Meanwhile, Hershner climbed aboard the Bell 47 and flew to McAllen Field, near the Mexican border. There he was joined by Stadter, the Caddie and the blonde—and by 12 empty five-gallon fuel cans, to be filled, stashed and used for the chopper on the return trip. All of Pussy's earlier caches had been discovered, presumably by Indians.

Stadter and the blonde crossed the border without a hitch. "I told the Mexican immigration people that I was just an old tourist going down for a few days of fun. Sure, I was married, but this was not my wife. Just a friend. Jesus, I even winked at them. They took one good look at the blonde—I don't know why, but they love blondes—and I knew they weren't going to remember me, just her. I slipped them a ten-spot and they gave us tourist cards. Off we went, to the Mexican customs. I gave them another ten-spot and they smiled like true gentlemen, put stickers on the suitcases—without opening them—and we became bona fide tourists. It's all very predictable if you play your cards right."

It wasn't so simple for Hershner and the helicopter. A helicopter on business, however clean, is suspect—while a married Texan with a hooker friend is fine. Stadter could see Hershner trapped inside the office, being interrogated by a batch of customs officers jabbering away in Spanish—of which Hershner understood nothing. Helpless to intercede, Stadter could only watch.

Finally, they let Hershner go. He came out smiling.

"Welcome to Mexico, kid," said Stadter.

"Is it any easier going back?"

"Only on Christmas Eve."

"Wow. If they lock me up, Vic, can you get me out?"

Stadter had to laugh. "Why, sure, Roger. Easy as pie."

The helicopter flight plan called for Hershner to proceed south to La Pesca, a small fishing village on the Gulf of Mexico, about 200 miles from Reynosa. At the airfield there, he could fill up on gas; and there was no radio—a plus in Stadter's plan to avoid all possible contact with authorities. At Reynosa, they filled the 12 fuel cans, loaded them into the chopper and went their ways—Stadter in the Cadillac, Hershner in the Bell. To Stadter's delight, he could barrel down the open road fast enough to pace the helicopter. To a regular aircraft, that would be the ultimate insult. Stadter conjured up a thousand future barroom arguments as he fancied himself waiting for the helicopter at the scheduled meeting spot of Tamuin. He

was laughing so hard that he didn't immediately hear the right front tire blow. The car swerved violently, coming treacherously close to a deep ditch, skittering and screeching until he was finally able to wrestle it to a stop.

"Very funny," said the blonde.

Stadter changed tires. It was small satisfaction that he was able to catch up with the chopper less than 30 minutes later.

• • •

Hershner was having his own troubles. When he got to the airfield at La Pesca, he discovered not only that there was no radio—there was no fuel. It was just as Stadter had told him: Expect only the unexpected. Hershner flew due west to Ciudad Victoria to gas up.

Next, to stash those fuel cans. He had wondered about them. A helicopter averaging 65 miles an hour runs through 15 gallons an hour. The 12 cans would total 60 gallons, enough for four hours' flying time, or a little more than 250 miles. The shortest route to Honduras was a lot longer than that. But then, he wasn't getting paid to think. It was like the Army, maybe even including the shooting. The big difference this time around was the money; he would be making more in one week than he could save in a year. And Stadter had told him a man could have a good time in Mexico.

South from Victoria, a few miles west of the tiny village of Ajascador, Hershner found a clearing in the jungle. He hovered over it, marked the location on his map, then dropped softly to the ground and unloaded the fuel cans.

On arriving in Tamuin, Stadter called Cotton in Tampico. All was well, the pilot reported. They exchanged the usual pleasantries of two men involved in a routine business matter and hung up.

Tamuin is a quiet town, a few miles off Route 85 to Mexico City, not listed in most tourist guides. The hotel, outside the town itself, is an old inn surrounded by heavy foliage, with Spanish decor, arched ceilings and tile floors. Here Stadter took Hershner and the blonde, to keep them out of view. It was the kind of place he loved, where every courtesy was returned with courtesy, where the place was real, ageless and free of all garish nonsense designed to impress people. They spent the evening sitting over a simple but excellent Mexican dinner. No radio. No TV. They had moved back into another century.

It was a perfect place to spend the night before the hit at Santa Marta.

• • •

In Tampico, on the morning of Wednesday, August 18, Cotton rose early, had a quick cup of coffee and caught a taxi to the airport. The Cessna was there, safely parked. He left it there and hopped a commercial-airline flight to Mexico City; the fewer take-offs and



To a man they say Cutty Sark.

And when it comes to Scotch,
Cutty Sark says it all.

Cutty Sark Scots Whisky.
The only one of its kind.



landings the Cessna made, the less it would be noticed.

Irma picked him up outside the Airport Holiday Inn in Mexico City a few minutes before ten. They drove out to Santa Marta for what appeared to be a routine visit to the prisoner, Joel Kaplan.

"Cotton didn't stay long," Kaplan recalls, "just long enough to give me the instructions. He said they were ready to come for us, but he wasn't sure exactly when. Castro and I were to start walking the patio that evening at exactly 6:30 and stay out there until seven. If they didn't come for us that night, we were to go back the next evening, and again the next. Always from 6:30 to seven. For identification, we were each to carry a newspaper. The helicopter would touch ground and remain there for no more than ten seconds. We had ten seconds to get aboard. That was all there was to it. There would be no further communications.

"I saw Castro back in the cell and I

gave him the instructions, and he said, 'Sure, sure, sure.' Neither one of us really believed that anything was going to happen."

By 12:30, Cotton was back at the airport to catch his return flight to Tampico.

. . .

Stadter and the blonde drove to the Pachuca airport, 50 miles north of Mexico City, where Hershner was waiting with the helicopter, right on schedule. Mexican officials were hammering away at him. What was he *really* doing in Pachuca with a helicopter? It was the presence of an important Mexican air official, that was compounding the problem. The underlings would look good if they could kick up a fuss.

Says Stadter: "I could actually see this VIP thinking that here was a chance to make some sort of big investigation. They didn't like the look of the helicopter. Oh, they're hot shit with the investigations—they can investigate the balls off

a brass monkey. And that was all I needed, a day in some crummy Mexican office while the calls went out to every government agency they could think of. God knows what they'd come up with when my name got into it."

Hershner was amazed at Stadter's sudden pale intensity, his tremulous tone of voice. He had never suspected Stadter could be so vulnerable. What he didn't recognize at first was the creation of a whole new character: a big, dumb Texas American who was too stupid to offer a bribe.

"I knew that if I tried to bribe him, he'd know something was really wrong," Stadter recalled later. "So I told him all I wanted to do was get my equipment through to the south and have a little fun in Mexico City along the way." Again, the wink and the nod in the direction of the blonde.

"The captain took one last look at the blonde, a long look, and bless her soul if she didn't give him a smile and pucker her lips just enough to straighten him up. 'OK,' he said and gave us the go-ahead."

After the captain and his aides left the airfield, Stadter walked over to the little man who remained and gave him 20 pesos, asking him to watch the helicopter while they went to town for a little food.

In the café, Stadter sent the blonde to powder her nose and sat down with Hershner in a quiet booth.

"Roger, there's a little matter we got to talk over."

"That mine?"

"Well, yeah."

"It's not in Honduras, is it?"

"Well, no, it ain't."

"I figured."

"Roger, as a matter of fact, it ain't even a mine."

"Oh?"

"It's a prison."

"A what?"

"Now, listen carefully, Roger. We're down here on a rescue operation. I know it sounds pretty heavy, but I do it all the time. There is danger to it, and I want you to think it over before you say anything. You have the right to back out and you'll be paid no matter what. But it's all set up, so we don't anticipate any trouble. It should be safe enough."

"I'm supposed to fly the chopper into a prison?"

"Yeah. There'll be two guys waiting for you. Our guy and his friend."

"Two guys?"

"Think it over. There'll be a nice bonus for you when it's done."

They finished their coffee, paid the check and left the restaurant in silence. It wasn't until Stadter had registered the flight plan, and they were back in sight



"And right now, folks, while there's time out on the field—"



of the chopper, that Hershner answered.

"OK, Vic. I'll do it."

"Fine, Roger."

"Just one question."

"Sure."

"What's your guy in for?"

Stadter thought he might as well give it to Hershner straight.

"Murder," he said.

Hershner shook his head and half smiled. "Just like Vietnam," he mumbled.

What would Stadter have done if Hershner had refused? "I don't rightly know," he says now. Perhaps he would have talked Cotton into flying the helicopter. Perhaps he would have flown it in himself. Perhaps he would have trained the blonde. . . .

They left the chopper at Pachuca and drove the 15 miles to the village of Actopan, where they were to meet Cotton with the Cessna. Actopan is a small, friendly village of 8500 souls, mostly Indians of Otomí heritage, spread out over a hilly area more than a mile high. Wednesday was market day and the town was bustling with activity. After sending Cotton and Hershner up in the Cessna for a reconnaissance flight to Santa Marta, Stadter took the blonde to the market place and bought pants, shirt and jacket for Kaplan, sandwiches and

fruit juices for Hershner and a minimal survival kit for the escapees: a blanket and a fifth of Bacardi.

The landing strip at Actopan is nothing more than a pasture, an emergency area for planes in trouble. Stadter had used it before; if it lacked facilities, it had more than enough privacy—which was exactly why he was there. He'd never seen anybody in the neighborhood, except an occasional cow. Here he and the blonde returned, about five P.M.; a few minutes later, Cotton and Hershner touched down from their prison-inspection flight. Like an athlete before a big game, Hershner was primed to go.

"Man, it'll be a breeze!" he boasted.

Sure, thought Stadter.

"OK," he said. "We go!"

. . . .

An absolute minimum of waiting: That's the way Stadter wanted it to be. He was going to send that chopper into the prison courtyard at 6:35, exactly five minutes after Kaplan and Castro were to begin their walk. He wasn't going to give anyone much of a chance to start guessing about what those two guys were doing out there, walking around with newspapers in their hands.

As he drove Hershner back to the helicopter in the Caddie, Stadter sensed the

younger man's tension; in an effort to relieve it, he filled the entire 20 minutes with nonstop repartee—spinning a long-winded yarn about the time he and Pussy were smuggling monkeys and one of the crates broke open. "There were four of the things leaping all over the damn airplane."

They arrived at Pachuca with 15 minutes to spare and sat in the car going over the whole business as meticulously as any military operation. Stadter figured on a 42-minute chopper run from Pachuca to the prison, then 56 minutes back to Actopan. Since he wanted the pickup to be made at 6:35, that meant Hershner was to take off at 5:53.

"Ready?" he asked.

. . . .

In all his 29 years, Roger Hershner had never been so keyed up. As the cool, damp twilight air gushed through the open cabin, he could see himself back in Glendora, recounting the entire saga to his buddies. He was over the dry bed of Lake Texcoco now, heading directly for Santa Marta. As Cotton had shown him, there was no way he could get lost from here. In less than 12 minutes, he would be at the prison. He checked his watch: 6:24. He was on schedule. Cautiously, he reviewed his assignment yet again. He

would approach the prison from the corner farthest from the guard tower above the main gate, then cross to the first courtyard of the four dormitories. Then he would drop right into its center, being careful to stay clear of the basketball court on the far end. Once he touched down, he would begin counting—thousand and one, thousand and two—to make sure he was neither too fast nor too slow, and he'd wait exactly ten seconds for two men carrying newspapers. If by some chance they did not appear, he'd take off at the count of ten without them.

One of them, he reminded himself, was a murderer.

Kaplan awoke from his nap slightly later than usual, about five. He washed up and changed his clothes, as he generally did before dinner. "It was quiet along the cell block," he recalled later. "No radios or TVs going. For a moment, that bothered me; then I remembered they were showing a movie in the prison theater across the quadrangle. Suddenly that seemed like a big plus for us; if everyone was in there watching a film, our departure would surely be simpler—assuming that the helicopter really would come tonight, which we both doubted.

"Castro and I boiled some water for tea and, while it was brewing, glanced at the newspapers Irma had brought. We had both *El Dia* and *Excelsior*. *Excelsior* is a good paper, but more on the conservative side and doesn't have as much foreign coverage, which is my favorite. Since it was beginning to rain, I decided to take *Excelsior* outside with me. I didn't want to soak my favorite paper, so I'd have something to read that evening if the helicopter didn't show."

About 6:20, the two prisoners silently picked up their papers and strolled out onto the patio. Castro took a big stick with him, pretending it was a cane. He wanted some kind of weapon to use in case someone tried to clamber into the helicopter with them.

They walked out toward the courtyard. The rain was coming down in a fine drizzle. Another prisoner noticed them and stood in the doorway a moment, watching. Then he walked out into the yard and accosted Kaplan: "Say, aren't you two coming in to dinner?"

"No." It was Castro who replied.

"Come on, you're invited to a free meal," said the prisoner, in a forced attempt at levity.

"Not tonight, thank you."

The other prisoner moved back inside, but not without noticing that Kaplan had turned up his collar against the inclement weather, and wondering why anyone should want to walk in the courtyard in the rain.

Kaplan and Castro, alone once more, stood under the backboard and pretended to discuss shooting baskets. Then Castro said, "I hear something."

"Nonsense," said Kaplan. But Castro pointed with his stick, and there it was, coming down directly over the dormitory, the rotors flapping loudly now. The two prisoners ran across the yard, waving their newspapers; within a second or two after the helicopter touched down, they were aboard.

"The craziest thing," recalled Kaplan afterward, "was that the pilot looked at us and smiled through his beard, his lips moving as if he were talking to himself. He extended his hand and said, 'How do you do? My name is Roger Hershner.'

"I guess we were a bit stunned, wondering why he didn't just get off the ground in a hurry, but we shook hands and introduced ourselves. He nodded and turned back to the controls. The engine was roaring; you could feel the pent-up power of it, just waiting to be unleashed. Then suddenly, with a tremendous thrust, up we went."

The prisoner they had spoken to minutes earlier later estimated he'd been back in the building only a minute when he heard muffled sounds from outside. He hurried out of his cell, down the corridor and onto the patio. Then he saw it, a huge blue helicopter sitting on the pavement, its rotors spinning like a giant fan. And there was Kaplan climbing through the door; Castro was already inside. He raced toward them, with no other thought than to join them. Somehow, it seemed, he had that right. Indeed, the helicopter appeared to remain there for an added second or two, as though it were actually waiting for him. He lunged for the door, only to have a large stick thrust at him; before he could grab hold, the machine suddenly leaped into the air like a frightened horse, throwing him to the ground.

When he looked up, he saw Kaplan waving.

Both witnesses to and participants in the jailbird airlift were later to comment on the chopper's mysterious lingering on the ground after both passengers were aboard. The explanation was simple: Hershner, following his instructions to the letter, kept right on counting up to "thousand and ten." Then he took off.

As the helicopter soared over the prison wall, two guards stood staring in a watchtower. Neither made a move. As the newspapers put it later, they didn't know whether to shoot or salute.

Hershner was proud of the chopper. It had handled the drop and the climb perfectly. Following Stadter's instruc-

tions, he moved away from the prison keeping as low as he could—once so close that he felt the landing gear brush against the upper limbs of some trees. The plan was to keep out of radar range for as long as possible. It was getting dark, which would help conceal him. It would also make the route back to Actopan a lot harder to follow.

There was a gate at the landing field at Actopan, the only entrance to the huge area that, because it also served as a pasture, was surrounded by a rickety but serviceable fence. Stadter had backed the Cadillac into that gate to block any intruders. A few yards away, at the beginning of what might laughingly be called a runway, waited the Cessna—its original registration numbers once again on display.

Stadter, Cotton and the blonde waited in the Cadillac, trapped by the drizzle that had begun to fall. They could do nothing now, only sweat out what seemed to be much more than an hour.

Suddenly, there was the honk of an automobile horn. Stadter wheeled in his seat like a lover caught *flagrante delicto*. A pickup truck was flashing its headlights outside the gate, obviously wanting to enter the field. Stadter quickly glanced at his watch: 7:16. The chopper was due in 15 minutes.

There were two men in the pickup, on the door of which was the seal of a Mexican federal official having something to do with aeronautics. What did he want here? Now?

The *comandante*, as he called himself, explained to Stadter that he was checking the field to make sure there were no cows on the runway. Smiling casually, Stadter pulled the Caddie away from the gate. The pickup drove slowly by, its occupants taking a long look at the Caddie, the blonde and the 210. Along the fence line the truck crept, doing maybe five miles an hour; then it drew up at the far end of the runway, turned toward them with headlights ablaze and waited.

It was clear they weren't looking for cows.

"I don't like it," said Stadter. "And they don't like the Caddie and the 210 too much. Wait until they see the chopper." Something ominous was stirring, and Stadter conjured up images to suit: a dozen cars moving onto the field, each sporting some damn Mexican insignia, and, when the chopper landed, all those emblazoned card doors opening and a hundred men with carbines surrounding it. He'd had that nightmare more than a few times.

Stadter stared at the sky, peering

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through the night mist for a light, straining his ears for that special sound. It was 7:35 and there was nothing. Hershner was late. And what were those officials doing there? Maybe there'd been a police report from Santa Marta about the escape in a chopper and maybe all the airfields were alerted.

"Then I thought, no, it was too soon for that. This guy was just a Mexican official who'd stumbled onto something. He would sit and wait, the way Mexican cops always do. Like a bull, trying to decide whether to attack or retreat. It all depends on how he sizes up the situation. The thing to do is wait him out."

Then Stadter heard it. Flop-flop-flop. Hershner was coming, all right, about four minutes late. But he was heading for the wrong end of the field, flying straight toward the *comandante's* headlights. If he landed there, he'd be handing Kaplan right back to the Mexican government.

Stadter raced to the Cessna and flashed its landing lights, on and off, on and off, then switched on the rotating blinker on top. Hershner spotted it and reversed direction. Suddenly, Stadter had an unreasoning fear that Hershner was coming back alone. He stared, trying to see into the cabin, but it was too dark.

"Then," Stadter recalls, "like an answer to a prayer, there was a brilliant streak of lightning and the chopper lit up as if a spotlight had hit it—and there they were, two passengers, sitting behind Roger like a couple of jerks on a joy ride."

The helicopter alighted, a few yards from the Cessna. Kaplan jumped out and climbed straight into the airplane; Castro tried to do the same, but Cotton grabbed him, stuffed him into the Cadillac and sped off. The prisoners would be harder to track if they went their separate ways from now on; Castro was to hide in Mexico for a fortnight before being flown out by another Stadter pilot friend, first to Guatemala and then to Venezuela.

Stadter gunned the Cessna, moving straight toward the *comandante's* headlights to line up the take-off. "For a moment, I had one of those god-awful flashes that the son of a bitch was going to put that pickup in gear and come charging at me. I'd had that happen a few times before. But the *comandante* just sat there, and up we went, right over his truck.

"We hadn't gone 200 feet before we hit a goddamn storm that rocked us halfway back to mother earth. Lightning to the right of us, lightning to the left of us. But we were heading north, by God.

"I handed Joel the bottle of Bacardi

and he took a good swig. Then he turned to me and said it all in five words: 'Excellent. The timing was excellent.'"

. . .

They were about 30 miles west of Tampico when they broke out of the storm. From there it was an easy matter to head toward Brownsville and the U. S. border. Stadter immediately established radio contact to let them know he was coming, wanting to secure the legality of their entrance by having it recorded from miles away. He didn't want to give anybody the chance to say he'd sneaked across the border, so he kept talking back and forth with Brownsville, forcing a meaningless conversation at the risk of irritating the controllers.

It would be a legal arrival for Stadter. But what about his passenger? Nothing that had preceded Kaplan's arrival at Brownsville mattered now. All the little battles of his escape would be worthless if the immigration officer decided to send him back across the border.

It could happen. It was almost nine o'clock in the evening, barely two and a half hours since they'd plucked the prisoners from the Santa Marta courtyard. Had the prison officials announced the escape? Had the news reached this office?

Landing at Brownsville, Stadter led Kaplan into the Customs and Immigration office and stared into the face of the last opponent, a wormy little man in his late 50s, tired and bored and harassed after 25 years of pushing troubled people around. "He looked like he hadn't been laid in the last ten," Stadter said later. Stadter could easily have arranged an unofficial border crossing, but the terms of Kaplan's multimillion-dollar-estate trust dictated that his inheritance would be forthcoming only when and if he were in the United States in good standing—legally admitted and legally in residence. This, then, was a million-dollar gamble.

"Well, well, if it isn't the great Mr. Stadter."

There it was, for openers: the snide challenge.

"And to what do we owe the pleasure of your company?" the inspector inquired.

"We're a couple of tired fellas, mister," Stadter offered. "We'd like to get cleared so we can get on our way."

"Who's he?" the official asked, barely looking at Kaplan.

Here we go, thought Stadter. One look at Kaplan's name and the old jackal will jump sky-high.

Kaplan offered the man his frayed and crumpled Navy discharge. The official glanced at the paper, then handed it back. When he looked up at Stadter, it was the same old angry face, totally without joy. Stadter could have hugged him.

"What's he doing with you, Stadter?" the inspector asked.

"He's a cotton grower. We met in Mexico City—"

But the inspector broke in, obviously indifferent to Kaplan's presence. "Suppose we take a look at your plane."

"Be my guest," said Stadter.

They looked. They stripped it down, found nothing, then went back and stripped it down again. It went on interminably, and every time the phone rang—and it did, repeatedly—Stadter could feel the sweat form on his neck. This time it would be some official calling to advise that an escaped prisoner named Joel David Kaplan, wanted by the Mexican government, was probably heading for the border.

But the Customs official kept looking for illegal merchandise. He even had Stadter and Kaplan stripped for bodily inspection. Finally frustrated in his search efforts, the Brownsville border inspector turned to interrogation. "Name . . . date of birth . . . place of birth . . . schooling . . . marital status . . . children . . . occupation . . . organizations . . . previous arrests and convictions—"

"You can't ask that," snapped Kaplan, who up to now had been slumped on a bench, looking more mouse than man.

"What do you mean? Why not?" The official was stunned at the challenge.

"The law does not permit that question," Kaplan retorted. "If a man has served time for a crime, he has paid for it. He is not required to put it on record."

Whatever the validity of Kaplan's claim, the bureaucrat was intimidated. That was all Stadter needed.

"All right, damn it," he snapped, "you've had your little fun. We've been here an hour and a half. You've found nothing outside or inside my asshole, so you got no reason to hold us. Now, clear these papers and let us get out of here."

The official knew it was all over. He could come up with nothing to justify holding the two any longer. He stamped the papers.

Stadter and Kaplan walked back to the Cessna without another word. Stadter needed gas, but he didn't want to hang around Brownsville another minute.

As soon as the Cessna was airborne, heading west across Texas, Stadter let out a whoop—a cry of relief, joy and triumph. They had done it, by Christ.

"You're free, you crazy bastard, you're free!"

And he began to laugh, tremendous laughter that made his eyes tear and his chest heave, laughter that left him spluttering like the village idiot.

Kaplan reached down for the Bacardi and unscrewed the cap.

"Here," he said. "I think you need a drink."



*"Please, Mr. Cartwright, get back up here
before you lose your nerve."*

today," but that there is Nixon-inspired hope:

The President of the United States wants to "roll back obscenity." The moment for the roll-back has arrived. It is now 1972. We have a new Supreme Court. 1972 is a year of victory.

The pastor receiving the letter is urged to circulate an anti-pornography petition and forward the names to Morality in Media (a neat way to compile a mailing list), to preach a sermon on the media ("We will be glad to send a sample sermon if you wish"), to send a check to Morality in Media, naturally, and to print in the parish bulletin excerpts from a pamphlet enclosed in the mailing. The pamphlet is an anguished little thing called "Smut and the Nation's Youth," which starts off with Father Hill describing a mother who told him she lost her son "through an overdose of heroin":

"I started finding dirty magazines in his room. That's when he started to change. Things started to go wrong for him at school. Instead of being open, he became sneaky. Know what I mean, Father? I think that what started Jimmy down the path to drugs was this pornography you're fighting."

Hill assures us that he has heard the same story many times over. Later, in the face of all the contrary evidence compiled by the commission of which Hill was a member, the brochure states: "According to behavioral scientists and law-enforcement officials, smut is inciting

our nation's youth to violence, perversion, promiscuity, drug experimentation, hatred, tastelessness."

I don't know who Father Hill's authorities for this preposterous statement are, and I don't know what started Jimmy down the road to heroin (maybe a nagging mother?), but I do know one thing: Anyone who becomes addicted to Father Hill's brand of nonthink is liable to come down with a promiscuous case of galloping stupidity. Know what I mean, Father?

Charles Conway
Baltimore, Maryland

NEW MASTURBATION MYTHOLOGY

It may interest you to learn that the notion that masturbation is harmful has not yet died out. *The Missing Dimension in Sex*, by Herbert W. Armstrong and others, published by the graduate school of theology of Ambassador College, has a section called "Truth About Masturbation," which states: "Nearly all books on sex—produced by the medical doctors, psychiatrists, and others from the purely physical approach—assert that masturbation is not harmful. THEY ARE WRONG!" The book goes on boldly to reject some of the 19th Century myths:

On the one hand, many boys have been told, falsely, that masturbation causes insanity, loss of virility, sterility, pimples, etc., etc. This is not true. Scaring boys with lies is not the thing to do!

After this disarming beginning, the authors proceed, with even greater bold-

ness, to offer some new myths of their own:

On the other hand, masturbation is a form of PERVERSION. It is a SIN! It *does* harm the boy—or the man—physically, over a period of 12 to 24 hours by dulling the mind, even causing often a partial blurring of sight, and acting as a partial anesthetic to the memory. Often a boy will experience absent-minded proclivities following masturbation.

It is harmful *psychologically*! The mind is on *self*—on *sex*—not on a lovely wife. Invariably it produces a guilty conscience and destroys normal confidence. . . .

Masturbation is either plain LUST, or else a desire for relief. But God provided for relief, through the means of nocturnal emissions during sleep. If such *natural* relief is needed, the boy or man may induce it by sleeping on his back.

Most boys and girls get into the *habit* of masturbation at an age so young they simply cannot remember its beginning after growing up. It is a nasty habit, often almost impossible to break. There is no greater plague! . . .

Treat it, in infancy, in the same category as thumb-sucking, or putting his finger in his nose. *Teach* the child that he should not play with parts of the body. Do not frighten him. Do not lie to him. Just tell him his thumb, or his penis, or his nose, was given him for a *different purpose*—and he must not misuse it. And back up your teaching with discipline—and punishment if necessary!

Whether masturbation is a perversion and a sin is, I suppose, a matter of personal opinion. But the reference to physical harm is really weird; if an orgasm obtained by masturbation caused absent-mindedness, it would seem to me that an orgasm obtained any other way would have the same effect.

Bill Magnusson

Rapid City, South Dakota

We had previously noted the inaccuracy of material on marijuana published by Ambassador College Press ("The Playboy Forum," April), but their pamphlet on pot looks downright ordinary next to this flight of fancy.

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ROVER BOYS AT COLLEGE

(continued from page 128)

stormed San Juan Hill with Colonel Roosevelt and laid the groundwork for the future discovery of penicillin. All in all, it was a not uneventful summer, but now it was back to studies, football, fun and a flying brick.

The brick was now but two feet from the head of the eldest Rover, when the nimble-witted Dick, reacting to a sixth sense, skipped out of its way in the nick of time and the missile landed harmlessly against a tree. With a bound Dick disappeared in the brush and returned shortly to his brothers dragging a figure by the scruff of his neck.

"Why, it is Dan Baxter, our arch-enemy," ejaculated Sam.

"Perhaps you would care to explain the meaning of this nefarious deed," said Tom hotly to the scoundrel.

"I hate you Rovers," sputtered the long-nosed, sharp-faced ruffian. "And every time I see you, I have the urge to throw something at you."

To the wretch's credit, what he said was true. At numerous times in the past, he had hurled at them such things as hand as a hammer, a sack of cement, an anchor chain and, on one bizarre occasion, a pygmy leper, as some of my old readers may recall in *The Rover Boys on Devil's Island*, or "To the Rescue of Captain Dreyfus with Their Chum, Emile Zola."

"What are you doing here on the campus of Brill College, you insufferable bounder?" asked Sam. "I thought you attended State University."

"None of your business, sturdy Sam," said the evil-minded boy.

"Dan Baxter," said Dick coolly, "you

have gone back on your word. When are you going to learn that honesty is the best policy? You are not dumb, by any means. I do fancy that if you pursued an honorable course in life, you could make your own salt."

"I would just as lief follow my own bent," said the bully cockily.

"If you persist," warned Tom, "you will wind up with your cronies in the lockup."

"Humph," snorted the rascal. "My cronies in the lockup, indeed!"

The lads were taken aback by the remark.

"You mean," said Dick, "that those rotters are no longer in the lockup?"

"That's for me to know and for you to find out, Dick Rover," said Dan Baxter smugly.

The boys exchanged meaningful glances.

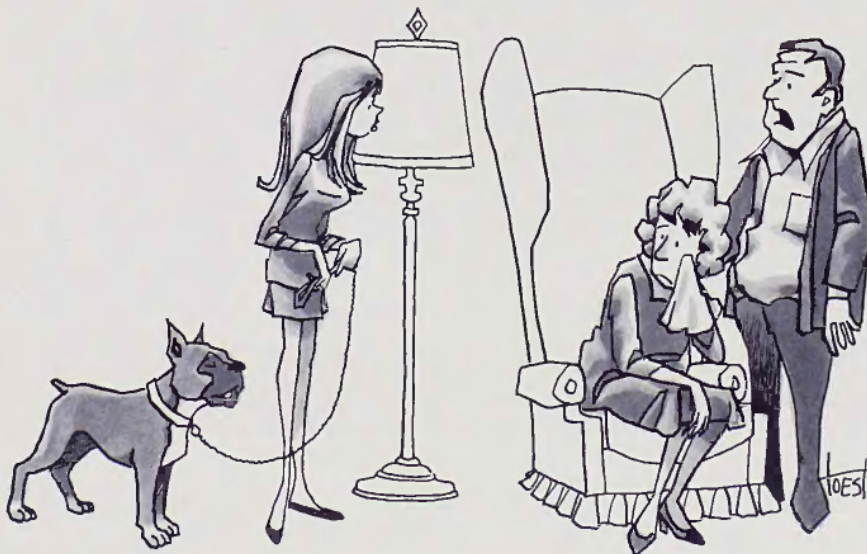
"Now, then, Rovers," said the scoundrel, "what do you intend to do with me?"

"That, Dan Baxter," said the fun-loving Tom, "is a mystery puzzle, and there is a reward of one herring bone for the correct solution."

At this outrageous humor, Sam laughed outright, but the eldest Rover stayed his impish brother.

"Tom, I fear you are wasting your time on this bounder," said Dick. "Fellows of his ilk little appreciate wit or satire."

Whereupon the eldest Rover fell upon the bully and proceeded to thrash him within an inch of his life, sending him skulking off into the night with yet another promise of character reformation.



"But when we heard you were having an affair with a boxer, we thought. . ."

"I fancy we shan't be seeing much of that mucker anymore," said Sam.

Tom nodded. But if the brothers had peered closely, they would have seen a look of anxiety pass briefly over their eldest brother's face.

Later that evening, Dick paid a call on Miss Greebe's House for Gentlewomen, one of several offcampus homes of a neighboring girls' school. When he asked to see Miss Dora Stanhope, he received a cold glance from the proprietress, perhaps owing to the lateness of the hour, it being already past seven o'clock. But nonetheless, that worthy duly notified the girl of a gentleman caller.

As he saw the figure of Dora coming down the stairs, Dick's heart began to beat faster. "Friend Dora," he called out, starting for the staircase.

Dora, still unable to see who had spoken to her and not hearing Dick's voice clearly, called out, "Who is that addressing me by name?"

"It is I, Dick Rover," said Dick intimately.

Quickly, the girl scampered down the stairs and ran with quickened steps to the side of the eldest Rover.

"Oh, Dick, Dick Rover," she said fondly.

"Dora," he cried, "You dear, dear girl."

They paused in front of each other for a breathless moment. And then, throwing caution to the wind, they flung themselves down in neighboring chairs and in a frenzy of youthful ardor gave each other a look that spoke volumes.

"How was your summer?" asked Dora, when she could trust herself to speak once more.

"Just peaches and cream," said the lad slangily. "Lots of hunting and a good deal of fishing."

He modestly omitted details of his and his brothers' exploits with Colonel Roosevelt, how they had all but single-handedly defeated the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor and how they had braved pestilence and rebel bullets to help President McKinley secure a just peace and acquire Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines, while guaranteeing Cuban independence, knowing full well she would only have worried.

"And how was your summer?" he asked.

"Absolutely first-rate," she replied. "Except for. . ." At which point she hesitated.

"Except for what?" he inquired with great concern.

"Er . . . ah . . . nothing," said the young lady, averting his withering gaze.

"Friend Dora," he said familiarly, boldly taking it upon himself to lay a hand on the corner of her sleeve, "did Dan Baxter and his pack of ruffians kidnap you again?"

She nodded painfully. Slowly the blood began to rise to the lad's temples.

"Why, those . . . those fiendish brutes!" he said. "This is the sixth holiday in a row in which they have kidnaped you."

"The seventh," she reminded him.

"Of course," he said. "I had almost forgotten the Shrove Tuesday abduction. Oh, those muckers!"

"It was only for two weeks this time," she said airily, endeavoring to temper his ire.

"Those insufferable knaves!" he cried.

"Time passed so swiftly, I hardly knew I was away," she said lightly.

"The bounders!"

"It was during the rainy season," she assured him.

"Oh, your poor mother," said Dick. "She has all she can do to make ends meet, let alone continually contribute portions of her meager widow's stipend for ransom payments."

"Dear Dick Rover," she said tenderly, "do not trouble yourself on our account. We can make do with what we have."

She looked so endearing and helpless before him that he could not refrain from changing the tenor of his thoughts. "Friend Dora," he said, looking her full in the face, "how long have we two known each other?"

"Oh, about five years or so, I fancy," said the young lady.

Twin patches of flame suddenly ap-

peared on the lad's flawlessly chiseled cheeks, as he struggled with his next words. "Dora, there is something I would like to say to you."

"What is it, Dick?" she asked, in great anticipation, her heart suddenly hammering furiously at her chest.

"Dora, I would just like you to know that I . . . I . . ." He was finding it very difficult to proceed.

"You would like me to know what, Dick?" she inquired. "I beg you. Do tell me."

"I have never said this to you before, but I . . . I . . ." Suddenly, he blurted it out: "Dora, I respect you. There—I said it."

"Oh, Dick," she said excitedly, "do you? Do you really?"

"Yes, Dora," was his rejoinder. "I respect you with all the honor I can earnestly muster up."

With these words, the girl blushed furiously, but she was obviously not displeased. "Dick," she said, "shall I tell you something, too?"

"Please do."

"With all the honor I can muster up, I respect you, too."

"Earnestly?" he inquired, struggling to catch his breath.

"Most earnestly," she assured him.

The lad was overcome with joy. He

could scarcely keep his heart from bursting. Then suddenly, a frown creased his forehead. "Dora," he said, "there is something else I fear I must say to you. I only pray that you will not think ill of me."

"What is it, dear Dick Rover?" she asked.

"I . . . I . . ." Now the words came with even more difficulty than before. But he was lief to release them. "Dora, you must know that I . . . I respected other girls before you."

He shamefacedly averted his eyes from her face.

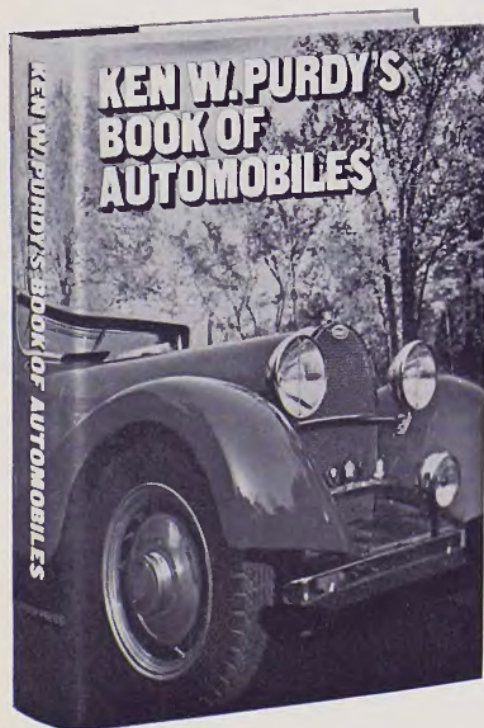
For an instant she was crestfallen, but then she regained her composure. "Boys are different," she said fatalistically. "I did not expect to be the first."

"But you shall always be the last," he assured her. And with that, suddenly unable to contain himself any longer, he seized her hand and gave it a squeeze she would long remember.

From the other room, the proprietress of the house, who had been maliciously eavesdropping on the conversation, muttered to herself, "Humph, the way these young'uns carry on nowadays, it's easy for a body to see why this country is going to the dogs."

The next months passed swiftly for our young heroes. As always, they

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doggedly pursued their studies and maintained their high scholastic positions at the heads of their respective classes. But there was also time for jollity and more lighthearted college pursuits. There was the junior class hay ride, the college sing, the Student Union taffy pull and, of course, the legendary campus milk-and-cookie bust. Not to mention the football gridiron. With the three Rovers leading the way as always, the Brill eleven approached its final game undefeated and nigh unstoppable.

And so it was on the afternoon of the big contest with State, when we rejoin our young stalwarts. It was moments before the kickoff and they were warming up on the side line. Needless to say, the stands were packed and a fever pitch of excitement spread through the gathered assemblage.

"What a grand day it is for a game," said Dick cheerily, tossing a ball to Sam.

"I do believe that with a bit of good fortune, we shall beat State today all hollow," expounded Sam.

"I feel absolutely first-rate," stated Tom. "It is most gratifying not to have a care in the world."

Suddenly, a scrap of paper wrapped around a rock fell to the earth at Dick's feet. The eldest Rover picked it up, perused the missive quickly, and then, angrily crumpling it into a ball, jammed it into his pocket.

"What is it, Dick?" asked sturdy Sam, sensing intuitively that something was amiss.

"I have just received bad news," said Dick. "Dora Stanhope has been kidnaped."

"Kidnaped?" said the once-fun-loving Rover, who was now grim of visage. "But it is impossible. It cannot be. Today is not a holiday."

"That is true," agreed Sam. "She has never been kidnaped on a nonholiday before."

"We are dealing with desperate men," ejaculated Dick. "But that is not all of the news. Nellie and Grace have also been abducted."

The two younger Rovers were clearly taken aback by this additional information. "But who could have perpetrated this dastardly deed?" asked Tom.

"Surely not Dan Baxter," offered Sam. "For there he stands, practicing with his State University teammates."

Sam indicated the bully on the other side of the field.

"Perhaps Dan Baxter did not personally commit the foul deed," Dick agreed. "But I'll wager he masterminded the operation."

"For what purpose?" inquired Tom.

"He most assuredly has gambled heavily on his team, as he is wont to do," replied the eldest brother. "And he wished to render us distraught and thus throw us off our game."

"The rotter!" cried Sam hotly, starting for the other side of the field. "He shall pay and pay dearly for this."

But Dick stopped his headstrong brother. "No time for that now, Sam," he said. "We've got work to do and we must move fast."

"Where do you fancy they are holding the girls?" asked Tom.

"It seems perfectly obvious to me," replied Dick.

"Of course," said Tom. "On the top of Kidnap Mountain."

Dick nodded grimly. His heart went out to poor Dora, on this, her eighth trip to the infamous headquarters of the vile abductors.

"But it is a precipitous climb through impenetrable brush," sturdy Sam reminded them. "It would take several hours for us to get there. We shan't have enough time to apprehend and thrash the rascals, rescue the girls and still be back to help win the game for Brill."

"You forget," said Dick. "There is a quick way to get up there."

"By jinks," said Tom slangily, "I had forgotten. The aeroplane!"

"Bully!" cried Sam.

Quickly, the boys ran to their coach, kindly Pop Armbruster, and explained the situation to him. Reluctantly, but with great sympathy, the craggy-faced, white-maned gridiron mentor wished them Godspeed, as he had so many times in the past when they were off to rescue kidnap victims before important games.

As the boys rushed off the field, Sam stopped and, addressing Dan Baxter, he shouted ominously, "By the great clam chowder of Pochontas, you shall pay for this dastardly act, Dan Baxter!"

Looking the youngest Rover full in the face, the bully said innocently, "I don't know what you are talking about, sturdy Sam Rover."

But, of course, he most assuredly did.

The boys hopped aboard the aeroplane and left the ground; some time later, they were circling over the familiar cabin high atop Kidnap Mountain.

"Where shall we land her?" shouted Sam above the din of the roaring engine.

Dick pointed to a small clearing nearby. And no sooner said than done, the craft touched down on the field. In a twinkling, the Rovers scampered out of the vessel and sprinted toward the cabin. Quickly bursting the door open, they stormed inside. Seated in a corner, trussed together with their mouths gagged, were the three girls.

"Thank goodness," said Sam. "Not a moment too soon."

"I fear you are wrong, Sam Rover," said a voice in a corner. "You are several moments too late."

With that, seven figures suddenly appeared brandishing firearms and beset

the youths from all sides. It was Dan Baxter's entire pack of ruffians: Josiah Crabtree, Tad Sobber, Lew Flapp, Jerry Koswell, Bart Larkspur, Dudd Flockley and, of course, the incorrigible Mumps Fenwick.

"Come on, boys," said Sam steadfastly to his brothers. "Let us rush them."

But the eldest Rover once again stayed the headstrong Sam. "No, Sam," he said. "I fear we do not stand a chance. Had they not been armed, we most assuredly would have thrashed them handily; but in view of the circumstances, it behooves us to refrain from rash action."

"Very well put, Dick Rover," sneered the evil Mumps Fenwick. "And now, boys, tie 'em up, and we shall all wait for State to vanquish Brill, at which time we shall fill our coffers with much easy-earned pelf."

With this, the foul rascal laughed fiendishly.

All seemed lost now and Dick and Sam were most assuredly crestfallen. But the cheery Tom suddenly piped up, "Mumps Fenwick, had you and your cronies not been armed, we would have made vile-tasting cider out of you."

The bully scowled. "I do not follow the tenor of your thought, Tom Rover. How would you have made vile-tasting cider out of us?"

"What other cider could you make," asked the fun-loving Rover, "out of seven bad apples?"

With that, despite their dire predicament, Dick and Sam laughed loud and long. But Sam finally caught himself and said to his brother, "Tom, granted that was a rib-tickling riposte, but I hardly fancy that this is the time for levity."

But of a sudden, Tom gave his brothers a meaningful glance, the significance of which did not escape Dick, who felt his sinking heart begin to stir. It is a chance in a thousand, thought Dick, but Tom might just pull it off.

"Tie 'em up," repeated Mumps Fenwick.

"Excuse me, Mumps Fenwick," said the fun-loving Tom, "did you say my tie was up? As anyone can see, I am not wearing a tie."

With that, he pointed to his football uniform. At this devastating jape, several of the bullies giggled in spite of themselves.

Come on, Tom, thought Dick silently. It's up to you now.

"Shut up!" snarled Mumps Fenwick. "Did you say shirt up?" asked Tom. "But I am not wearing a shirt, only a jersey."

At that withering sally, all the scoundrels save Mumps Fenwick began to laugh.

"Shut up at once!" roared Mumps Fenwick.

"Now, see here," said Tom. "Who



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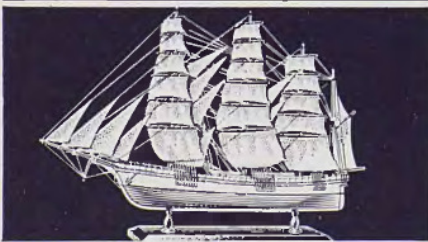
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SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

are you calling a dunce?"

With that unerring witticism, all seven bullies, including Mumps Fenwick, were reduced to paroxysms of laughter, and back and forth they rolled helplessly on the floor. Dick was overjoyed. Tom's ploy had worked.

The knaves being in this condition, it took but a matter of moments for the determined Rovers to disarm them, thrash them soundly, tie them up and release the girls. There wasn't a moment to lose, but Dick felt he owed his brother a special debt of gratitude.

"Hurrah for fun-loving Tom!" shouted Dick, leading himself, Sam and the girls in a quick cheer. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

This done, Dick quickly grabbed a sheet from a bed and gathered up the rope that had been used to bind the girls. "Now," he said, "let us make for the aeroplane."

"What are you doing with those, Dick?" asked Sam, meaning the sheet and rope.

"I cannot discuss it now," said Dick, "but we may need them."

In a twinkling, the six young people scampered for the aeroplane.

Meanwhile, back at the stadium, all seemed lost. State University was leading Brill by two points and time had just about run out.

"I fear we are doomed, coach," said a Brill substitute to kindly Pop Armbruster, who paced in front of the bench.

"Perhaps you are right," said the coach, "but there is always a chance."

"Chance?" said the not very plucky substitute. "What chance have we? There are only a few seconds left, time for but one more play. And, worst of all, State has the ball. All they need to do is run one more play and it is curtains for us."

In truth, the coach had all but given up hope and, looking heavenward, he began to silently pray. Suddenly, he saw a speck in the sky and it grew larger and larger, and then was heard the roar of a motor.

"Look!" shouted the coach. "It is the Rover Boys returning."

Word passed through the stands like wildfire and all gazed upward to watch the craft circle over the field.

Quickly, Pop Armbruster dashed out to the referee. "I am taking out three players and putting the Rovers in the game," he said breathlessly.

"But you cannot do that," said the referee. "They are not on the field as yet and play is about to resume."

"They are in uniform and they are on my squad," said the coach. "Is there any rule that states that I cannot put them in at this moment?"

The referee scratched his head. "Very well," he said, "but I hardly see how they can be of assistance."

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"They shall find a way," murmured kindly Pop Armbruster to himself. "Somehow I fancy they shall find a way."

As the two squads lined up for the final play of the game, the Brill eleven was three men short for the reason I have already cited. The center for State snapped the ball back to Dan Baxter. The bully looked upward at the now very low-flying craft and shouted, "You are too late, Rovers. Too late."

"Not yet, Dan Baxter!" called Dick from the aeroplane.

Suddenly, the referee's gun went off.

"Ha-ha-ha, Dick Rover!" laughed the rascal. "You heard the gun. The game is over."

"But the play has not been completed yet!" shouted Dick. And then, addressing his teammates, he shouted, "Fellow members of the Brill eleven, do not tackle the ball carrier."

To a man, the Brill squad responded to Dick's exhortation.

"See here, Dick Rover!" called the villain. "What are you up to?"

"Dan Baxter," taunted Dick. "You are a blackhearted villain, a brute, a scamp, a cad, a scoundrel, a rascal, a bully and a thoroughly bad egg!"

"Shut up, Dick Rover!" roared the villain. "Shut up!"

"You are also a bounder, a rogue and a knave!"

"I warn you!" cried Dan Baxter, his bile rising precipitously.

"Not to mention," added Dick, "a scalawag, a wretch, a mucker, a rotter and a perfect foursquare blower!"

The villain's face turned the color of a beet, and then, losing control of himself entirely, as he was always wont to do in the presence of the Rovers, he once again threw the nearest thing on hand at them. In this instance, as Dick had, of course, planned, it was the football!

In a high arc the ball floated through the air. Quickly, Dick stood up on a wing of the low-flying craft and made an effort to catch the ball; but, as luck would have it, it eluded his eager grasp.

A groan went up from the Brill adherents in the stand.

"The ball is now on a downward arc," said a disappointed student, "and it is beyond the reach of those on the aeroplane."

"All is lost, I fear," said another student.

"Wait, look, look!" shouted another. "Dick has leaped into the air in an effort to catch the ball."

"He shall be killed!" shouted another.

"Look, he has caught the ball!"

"He will still be killed!"

"Look, he is floating through the air."

"How is that possible? What is keeping him afloat?"



"And wipe that goddamn warm-friendly-smile-that-is-unmistakably-Hilton off your face!"

"Search me. It looks like a bed sheet and some rope."

Closer, closer to the ground floated the determined Dick, the ball clutched tightly under his arm. By now, his descent had carried him close to the State goal line. But the entire State team awaited him on the five-yard line, and he seemed to be heading straight into their arms. Perhaps he was a bit late after all.

All seemed lost, when suddenly, as luck would have it, a gust of wind caught the gritty youth in its path and carried him inches beyond the grasp of the State players and over the goal line in a heap.

The game was over. Brill had once again emerged triumphant!

That evening, there was celebration and jollification on campus, the likes of which had never been seen before nor would likely be seen again. The Brill students cheered the Rover Boys until their throats were sore, and there were enough candied apples and brownies to go around to, as fun-loving Tom humorously put it, "choke a horse." As for

other matters, Dan Baxter and his evil toadies were given long sentences, this time in the largest lockup in the entire state. And although they subsequently escape to harass the lads in the next book in this series, *The Rover Boys at the Big Ditch*, or "Fun in Panama with Dr. Walter Reed and Other Chums," we shall leave them now, wishing them all the best of possible luck.

But not before Dean Hobart Brill was heard to say, "That was a remarkable display of heroics today, Dick Rover. I was particularly impressed by the way you floated down from your flying craft. Bless me, what was that strange new contraption you devised to transport you through space?"

"I haven't decided yet what to call it," said the eldest Rover modestly.

"I have it," said sturdy Sam. "How about calling it a parachute?"

"Bully!" said Tom.

And somehow the name stuck.



FELLINI'S ROMA

perform a hilarious human comedy far superior to the bedraggled patriotic spectacle onstage . . . the whole sequence a tour de force of urban folkways that ends abruptly with the whine of an air-raid siren.

Choosing Gonzales, whose role is relatively minor, was hardly a matter of finding an alter ego equal to Marcello Mastroianni—Fellini's autobiographical self in such films as *8½* and *La Dolce Vita*, and also a friend with whom he identifies closely. (Though they see each other seldom, Mastroianni still phones Federico in the middle of the night whenever his life gets complicated, which happens often.) "Gonzales just came in the last two days of interviews," says Fellini. "Sometimes it is better to come at the end, and he had what I wanted. A certain openness, not too little, not too much. I couldn't take someone terribly handsome, or everyone would say aha, look at Fellini. . . ."

Generally an early riser, Fellini appears in the real workaday Rome for a morning coffee at the Grand Hotel's wood-paneled Rallye Bar. He is talking about young American directors. He

(continued from page 158)

likes Mike Nichols and especially *Carnal Knowledge*. "The original American slang has a very naïve, inoffensive sound. Here, they translated the dubbed version into pure Italian, the style of Dante, then added some of the coarsest words in the language. So it comes out very shocking, like an Oxford professor talking dirty." Not so surprisingly, Fellini gives highest marks to director Stanley Kubrick, whose *2001: A Space Odyssey* struck him as his kind of trip.

"Roma" is a trip. . . .

To the Spanish Steps, where spaced-out hippies gather en masse. The Western world's new refugees—laden with pot and babies and backpacks.

To the fountain of the Pincio, where half-nude boys and girls make a quasi-religious ritual of bathing.

Young audiences groove on Fellini, but the film maker in return expresses a degree of disenchantment with youth. "There is a generation gap. It's impossible to talk to them, to cross the bridge of noncommunication and penetrate that group identity. They are another kind of creature, compared with my

generation in the time when I came to Rome. Sex is no longer a problem for them, yet they are not really liberated sexually, they are simply under the power of other, equally strong taboos. They mate like animals, or vermin, or worms—with all due respect for worms." A sequence in *Roma* spells out the problem, when a group of students challenges Fellini to explain why his film fails to deal with Rome's social conditions in a politically committed way. As if Fellini's personal and poetic vision were insufficient without that standardized label of "relevance."

Still, the director declares himself gratified by young people's appreciation of his work. "In New York and L. A., after *Satyricon*, they would approach me on the street and press a little package into my hand. A gift of grass. Then *Satyricon* was shown to a big audience that had come from a rock concert by a boy whose name I forget, quite famous. He used to masturbate onstage and was always being arrested. The youngsters there were smoking everything, anything. The response was tremendous."

In reply to a query about drugs—whether he, as an unordained high priest for the trip mentality, has ever been tempted to satisfy his own curiosity on the subject—Fellini places a finger to his lips. The shushing gesture is only partly a joke, for Rome's militant police have busted so many people that wags in London and Paris claim there is no Italian movie industry—because everyone has gone to jail. Fellini himself has recently volunteered to testify for a young French actor, Pierre Clementi, who has spent one year in prison and faces two more years for possessing a small amount of marijuana.

Nevertheless, Fellini is ready to describe his one-and-only experience with LSD. "Naturally," he begins, with characteristic slyness, "it brought me down a bit from my usual high norm." The experience came about some years ago, when a group of "medical researchers and chemists" asked him to volunteer for a controlled experiment. "I kept saying yes, certainly, but I was afraid. Then they caught me in the street one day and said we must do it now. So I called my wife and told her I would not be home. I didn't say I was taking a trip.

"Anyway, they led me to a room somewhere, filled with nurses, 14 or 15 people. Then they left me alone and went to prepare this elixir that resembled plain water. 'Here,' they said. I drank it. Nothing happened. They brought me a book of art, paintings, and asked me what did I see. 'Matisse,' I told them. 'Very nice; I like Matisse.' Pretty soon they played some music. 'What do you



"If those are speakers, they should be seven to twelve feet apart."



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hear?' they asked. I told them, 'Bach. It's beautiful, Bach.' But soon after, I felt this strange, warm, burning sensation, a tingle from the back of my brain to the base of my spine. I began to walk. I walked for nine hours, they told me, talking the whole time.

"It was a mystical, religious experience. I feel an artist owes himself to try it, but perhaps only once." Fellini fumbles to recall the melting colors of sunset in a garden, a green sofa with its greenness abstracted from the object itself. "Words are useless here, merely symbols between you and this reality, where all barriers are melted. To describe it in words . . . it's like describing fucking to some guy who has no prick."

"Roma" is a supertrip, surreal and awesome. . . .

To the Raccordo Anulare, Rome's modern autostrada that encircles the heart of the old city with a band of poisonous exhaust. A vision of the "Inferno" on wheels.

To La Metropolitana, the Roman subway system as the setting for a nightmare fantasy: A group of journalists travels into the bowels of the Eternal City and sees 1000 years of history erased when subway construction workers come upon an ancient buried villa, polluting and destroying its treasures.

"Let's go to Ostia" is Fellini's brain storm for the day. "We can have lunch by the sea."

Driving a foursome to the beach in his dark-green Mercedes sedan, Fellini seldom touches the wheel, though he somehow manages to keep the car on the road without omitting a single Italian gesture. Art, religion, parapsychology and Roma are among the topics covered en route.

He discusses the Trastevere sequence of Roma, in which Mastroianni, comedian Alberto Sordi, Anna Magnani and Gore Vidal appear briefly as themselves. "They represent, for me, important facets of Roman society. Marcello has such typically Roman attitudes, Sordi is so cruel, Magnani so diffident. Vidal, of course, is a type of foreign intellectual who goes native, as you say. He is captured by Rome. Madama Roma has children all over the world."

Fellini acknowledges the heavily trafficked Raccordo Anulare with a mere nod and goes on to discuss ESP. He has a psychologist friend whom he often consults on questions related to his work. "The unknown is what interests me. I like to be involved in mystery. In private life, I have no identifiable set of attitudes. In my work, however, I have magic. I can be a child, a scientist, a saint, a sunset."

"You look more like a bloody cardinal," remarks his friend Aragno,

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commenting on Fellini's blue-velour jacket and crimson tie. "Federico really is a cardinal, of course. That explains why he's so preoccupied with ritual and all those wide, enormous bottoms."

The jibe makes Fellini laugh, but he shrugs it off and continues: "I believe the public, also the critics, like to be told what to think when they leave a theater, and usually they want to agree with it. If you show them the richness and ambiguity of life, they become frustrated. It is the same when they attend church. Traditionally, people like things to be codified, answers offered; so they are attracted to religion, which takes the place of a direct, fearful contact between you and the darkness.

"Still, the young protesters who believe in nothing are rather pathetic. For me, the ultimate protest is to resist pain and disillusion, fascism and boredom. How does one ever become bored? There is not enough time."

"Roma" runs riot in the eye-popping défilé, an ecclesiastical fashion show. Imagined by a zany old principessa and staged bravura style—seminarians in matched cassocks enter on roller skates, hand in hand; nuns prance and pivot as if their habits were part of a Paris collection, while cardinals and the Pope strut their stuff in a kaleidoscopic spectacle with high-camp, and possibly homosexual, overtones.

At the Piccola Pineta, or Little Pine, a seafood restaurant in Ostia, Fellini eases into a parking spot and casually fields a question about the clergy's reaction to *Roma*. "Odd as it sounds, the best response to the film has been from priests and Communists. The priests I understand. In the ecclesiastical défilé, they are mocked and glorified at the same time. So they miss the parody and see only the glorification. It is their blindness; their vanity." The thought seems to amuse him. Regarding the Communists, he remains baffled. "One writer for a Communist periodical has never liked any of my films, but now he writes an apology because of *Roma*. I always called him a shit, so what am I to do? He is probably still a shit who just happens to like *Roma*."

The headwaiter recognizes Fellini, calls him *maestro* and ceremoniously leads the way to a choice table with a view of the surf—though the dining room is virtually empty on this off-season afternoon. The *maestro* clearly relishes the performance. "An artist," he murmurs. "In Italy, there are 25,000,000 artists. We are a nation of artists, mostly people who want to save the world by making pictures. What we need are craftsmen—a few good, steady workers."

Halfway through lunch, someone directs his attention to a table on the sunlit terrazzo just outside. A stunning black girl, seated across from a slim blonde with a camera on her shoulder. The blonde waves and Fellini thinks he knows her. Moments later, he waggles a finger at the headwaiter and remarks aside that it might be nice if those young ladies were to join us for an espresso.

And so they do. The photographer, Mila, is on assignment for a Roman weekly and having a stroke of luck today. Across from Fellini she places her friend Samantha, an exotic Franco-American beauty wearing red slacks and a multicolored top to match her wildly multicolored eye make-up. Samantha's lashes are well over an inch long. On her jacket sleeve is sewn an emblem bearing the red-letter words FUCK YOU.

Though bemused, Fellini makes a game of being courtly. "Shouldn't that say *fuck me?*" he asks. "Or am I mistaken? Maybe it's my bad English." Intrigued by the name Samantha, he repeats it several times. He admires the way she paints her eyes, and is soon engrossed in palm reading. "This mound is sensuality," he says gently. "You have definite lines of sensuality in your hand." Samantha looks flattered, and with reason, for Fellini's wide-open admiration conveys nothing that a bright bird of passage could call presumptuous or suggestive.

After a stroll down the beach, with members of the group stopping here and there to discard shoes or pose for impromptu photos, Mila and Samantha bid goodbye. "The next time you hear I am working, come to see me," says Fellini. Samantha promises to do just that and the scene jells: This is Fellini casting.

Rome in the dusky golden light of late afternoon is a marvel from another rooftop bar at the Hotel Hassler, near the Spanish Steps and walking distance from Fellini's house on the Via Margutta. The restaurant will not be open for another hour, but they open it for Fellini, who enjoys the view—a wrap-around cityscape in shades of terra cotta.

Fellini is talking about a famous doctor in Bucharest who cured his rheumatism with anesthetic drugs long forbidden in Italy. He has also been treated by acupuncture, and *segues* into stories about a Roman homeopath with a considerable reputation as an acupuncturist. "Years ago, I had a colleague who was impotent. He tried psychoanalysis, physical therapy, everything. Then he went for acupuncture. The doctor placed these gold and metallic needles all round his head and neck and within three days he was able to achieve an erection."

Questioned as to the permanence of his friend's cure, Fellini pauses for a count of two. "The last time I saw him, he was doing fine. Of course, he can only make love with the needles in. . ."

The weird, brilliant climax of "Roma" is a cultural clash between a band of leather-clad motorcycle bums and the city itself. Headlights blazing, engines roaring, the cyclists rip through the night past the Castel Sant' Angelo, the Colosseum, the Imperial Forum, the Bernini Fountains—as if to pulverize the very stones of antiquity.

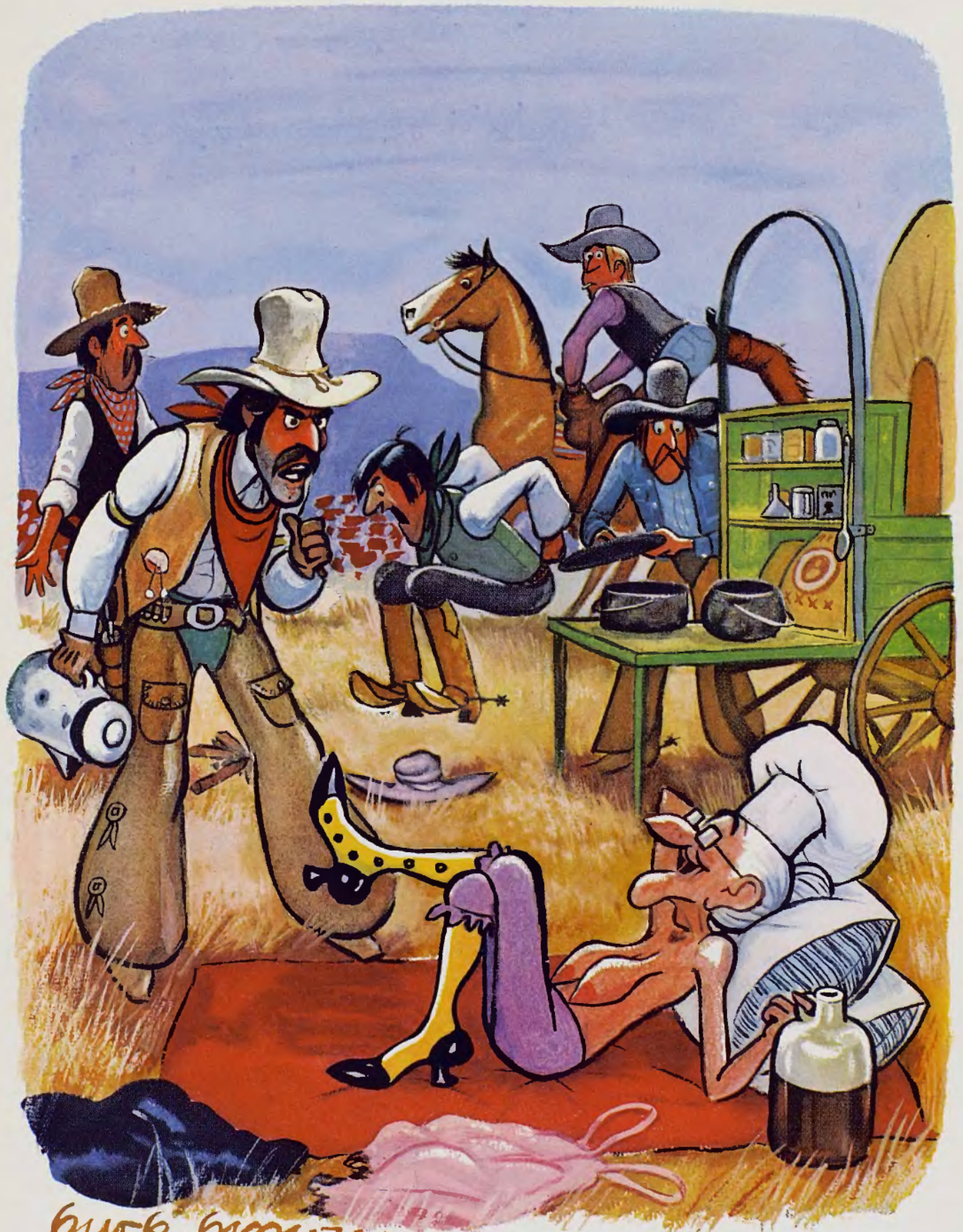
"It's true," says Fellini, "that there is a nightmare quality about the *motociclisti* at the end of my picture, yet this does not specifically imply criticism. While they are indifferent to the old city, the old, cynical city is equally indifferent to them."

That evening, Fellini goes to a screening of Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. He admires the first half somewhat more than the second but notes a kind of aesthetic kinship with parts of *Roma*.

Now he has begun to sense the festering itch of a new project. Maybe a kind of ballad, or pop saga, to be filmed near Ostia. Maybe *The Voyage of G. Mastorna*, another frankly autobiographical epic he has wanted to do for years, in black and white. "This *Mastorna* is a film that grew out of a very unsettled time in my life. Also, I am thinking about some of the people I used to know in my home country, around Rimini. I want to go back there and think about it. Maybe I should confound everyone at last and make a film with no actors—and no director."

With half the young film makers in the world perennially grinding out movies that critics call Felliniesque, a Fellini film is a film by Fellini, who can do no other kind. "You try to forget what the public expects of you," he says, as if he welcomes the challenge, "and I feel I succeed in that. I never consider making a film against my nature, and there must be a constant effort to maintain one's integrity." In other words—even precisely in his words—the wonder man of world cinema is on his own trip, scanning the horizons with no *arrivederci*, *Roma*. "Usually, at this point, I have two or three films in my head and I am unsure of myself. I'll know I am ready to begin actually working on a new picture when I begin to hate it. I get full of this hate, thinking the public will really loathe this film, this will finish me. Then one day you launch your boat from the shore and you set out. It's always an adventure—not knowing what the destination will be."





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