

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

**SEXUAL BEHAVIOR
IN THE 1970S**

**NEW FICTION BY
GORE VIDAL**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
N. F. L. CZAR
PETE ROZELLE**

**TEN PAGES ON
BUNNIES OF '73**



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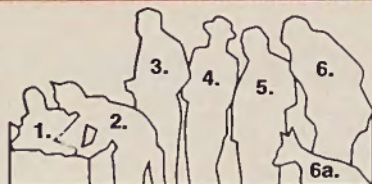
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Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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At class reunions almost everybody has a gimmick. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

- 1. Nope. He's Don Wand. Won school essay contest with "The Art of Pre-Marital Dancing." Gimmick: 200 mm holder to balance his 100 mm cigarette.
- 2. No. It's Rah-Rah Mendelson, ex-cheerleader. Gimmick: He's wearing it. Smokes whatever he finds in his pouch.
- 3. No.

He's Moe Mentum, alias "Stone Hands" for dropping passes. Just dropped statue of school mascot. 4. T. Deious, school bore. Gimmick: His voice, off-key contralto. Smokes oval cigarettes (he sat on his soft-pack and liked it). 5. Curley Gilroy. His hair was voted "Most Likely to Recede." Gimmick: Staples toupee on. Also staples his roll-your-owns. 6. Right. He's still his own man. Likes his cigarette honest, no-nonsense, too. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. 6a. Kicky VIII, mascot. Has eyes only for Mendelson (see 2 above).

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(but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.



HUNT

PLAYBILL

The sexual revolution has been raging—if that's the word—for some time, but until now no one has attempted to measure its effects empirically. Since the first Kinsey results were published in 1948, little has been done in the United States to determine accurately what changes have taken place in our sex lives. The Playboy Foundation retained a research organization to poll a representative cross section of the adult population to provide some of this information. Morton Hunt, a veteran human-behavior writer, who is the author of *The Natural History of Love* and *The Mugging*, was assigned to interpret this data for a series in *PLAYBOY*. He and his wife, Bernice Kohn, interviewed in depth 200 of the 2026 respondents to supplement the basic survey information obtained from a comprehensive questionnaire. *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s* presents an overview of the insights gained from this survey. During the next five months, *The Playboy Forum* will include special sections presenting additional material from the work, including findings concerning premarital and marital sex, extra- and postmarital sex, masturbation and variant sexual practices, including homosexuality. The entire Hunt report will be compiled into one volume to be published by Playboy Press.

"I was the last with the least," Bruce Jay Friedman says of *Burt Reynolds Puts His Pants On . . .*, the account of his personal experiences while investigating the Reynolds-Sarah Miles brouhaha at Gila Bend. "This in part results from being trapped in New York City. I had been feeling very oppressed and dejected before going to Arizona, and when I got on the plane and saw what was really out there—all that beautiful country—it was a real thrill. The trip and the hard work enlivened me and the subject became secondary to what I was feeling. So the story is really about the Southwest and the people who live there." That's hardly what we'd call "least."

In two stories this month, historical journalism has been turned into realistic fiction. Anthony Austin, who was born in China of White Russian parents, was a correspondent in Peking and experienced firsthand the effects of the American landing in Shanghai at the end of World War Two. In *When the Americans Came* (illustrated by Arsen Roje), he tells what this meant to the White Russians living in that city. Gore Vidal's *Burr: Portrait of a Dangerous Man* (with visual portraits by artist Phill Renaud) is a fresh and vivid examination of Colonel Aaron Burr's attitudes and actions around the time he killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. Burr never revealed how Hamilton had insulted him, but this story hints at what



VIDAL



FRIEDMAN



RENAUD



ROJE



Yafa



SHECKLEY



MORRILL



"ACE"



GREEN



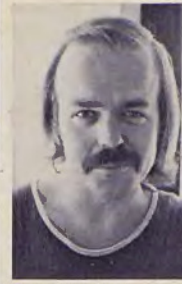
MORRIS



MC LOUGHLIN



KORNAFEL



LINDERMAN



AUSTIN

might have caused the fight. (It will appear in Vidal's novel *Burr*, to be published next month by Random House.) Neither historic nor journalistic, thank God, Robert Sheckley's fantasy *Voices* is about a man who can't conduct his affairs without the help of a voice in his head that gives him instructions. You may have noticed that a lot of people seem to suffer from a similar disorder; at least Sheckley's character is aware of the problem. So, apparently, is Dan Morrill, whose illustrative photograph accompanies the story.

Stephen Yafa says this about the supersalesmen he profiles in *The Promoters*: "They're not a hell of a lot different from us, except they've got more blood running through them: They're very speedy and have tremendous energy. You get the image of an animal that is capable of reaching out at any moment and grasping everything around it because it's always hungry. Money and the ability to live well don't mean much to them. It's the *action* they're

after, like machines that sputter and die when they're idling."

A bit of research that has been sorely needed is a cogent follow-up to Darwin's famous work. To supply this, we present *The Fallout Follies*, by Scot Morris and Wayne McLoughlin, the only soldiers of fortune we could find who were willing to brave the vast irradiated wastelands and come back with genuine specimens of mutant animals whose chromosomes must look like an ashtray full of cigarette butts.

One animal we found hard to classify was "Stroker Ace." We know for sure that he's well versed in the fine art of trying to bust his hump at high speed, as *I Lost It in the Second Turn* will testify. But we couldn't get him to take off his helmet and goggles, so no one is really sure if he's a reincarnation of Fireball Roberts or just a Bronx taxi driver out to make a fast buck. Little, Brown will soon bring out the whole story, *Stand on It*, and you can decide for yourself. A more serious job in the area of sports was done by Lawrence Linderman, who managed to get N.F.L. czar Pete Rozelle to sit still long enough for this month's *Playboy Interview*.

Richard Hammer delivers again with Part III of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*, in which sundry elements attempt to share New York City—with no love lost. This is also the month you can look ahead to what's happening in the world of threads in Robert L. Green's *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*. And photographed by Michael Kornafel is Sacheen Littlefeather, who represented Marlon Brando at this year's Academy Award ceremonies. Now hold onto your hat: As a special bonus, we've published this issue in English, numbered lots of the pages and stapled the whole thing together.

PLAYBOY



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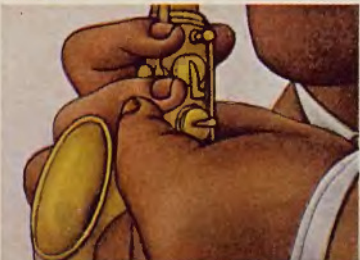
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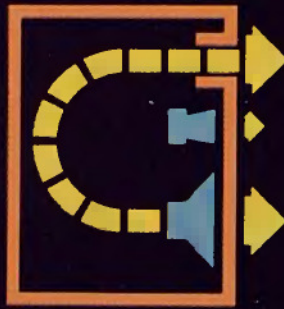
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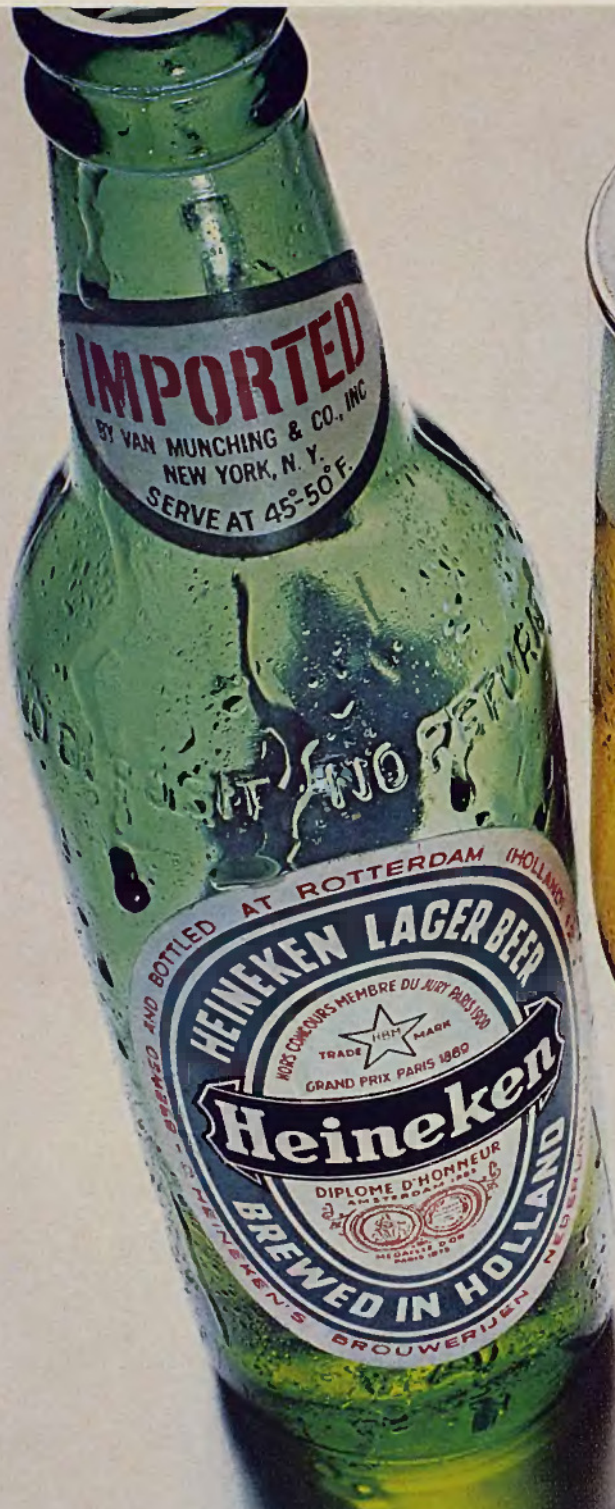
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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VIEWS ON VONNEGUT

I greatly enjoyed your July interview with the superlative Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Until I began reading Vonnegut, I was a conservative and a Christian. Now I am a full-fledged human being.

Terry Woodfield
Groves, Texas

Vonnegut may claim that everything he says is "horseshit," but, as is so evident in your interview, such a sentiment is a lie. Vonnegut's language may be inelegant, but I believe there is no one who better captures the pulse of our times. In your interview, Vonnegut goes beyond telling it like it is by displaying a basic understanding of the human need to belong and the contradictory human tendency to be suspicious of systems. Thank you for giving me a rare glimpse into the mind of a genius. And that's no horseshit.

Norman Gelas Dugas
Keene, New Hampshire

Vonnegut blames the loneliness in American society and the dissolution of community on "the factory system." He makes it sound as if a monstrous industrial conspiracy is keeping intelligent, rational, individual beings from coming together. This is nonsense. Inherent in a capitalist economy is free choice.

C. Tom Veilleux
Brookfield, Connecticut

Your interview contains one unsettling inconsistency. Early in the interview, Vonnegut declares, "Our brains are two-bit computers, and we can't get very high-grade truths out of them." Later on, he says, "The human brain is too high-powered to have many practical uses in this particular universe." Which is it, Kurt?

James L. Cunningham
Coconut Grove, Florida

Vonnegut reveals himself to be a witty, charming man. Nevertheless, his overriding pessimism casts a cloud over any utopia he might conceive. Curing cancer, getting to Mars, eliminating racial prejudice or flushing Lake Erie won't bring him happiness, and it's clear that he has very little faith in exerting effort to im-

prove the human condition. There'll always be some fools who do, though. It will be interesting to see Vonnegut's reaction if he should ever owe his happiness to one of them.

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

The introduction to my interview is slightly misleading about my relationship with the University of Chicago. The introduction claimed that the university never gave me a degree, which isn't so. It was almost so. In 1971, I was notified out of the blue that I was awarded an M.A. in anthropology. This was not an honorary degree but an earned one, given on the basis of what the faculty committee called the anthropological value of my novels. I snapped it up most cheerfully and I continue to have nothing but friendly feelings for the university, which gave me the most stimulating years of my life.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
New York, New York

Your Vonnegut interview is the first PLAYBOY interview I've read in months. Am I missing something?

Dean Cowan
APO Seattle, Washington

We think so.

STOCK ANSWER

Max Gunther's *How to Beat the Stock Market by Watching Girls, Counting Aspirin, Checking Sunspots and Wondering Where the Yellow Went* (PLAYBOY, July) is fine for small talk, but taking it literally could leave the capitalist with small change. The average investor would probably attempt to purchase his securities when the stock market was low, as predicted by any of the methods described by Gunther. However, depending on which particular stocks he buys, the investor might still wind up following in the footsteps of Jesse Livermore, to suicide, rather than in those of Bernard Baruch, to success.

James G. Urbanek
Parma, Ohio

BIJONAS—BOON OR BANE?

James Jackson Kilpatrick's *In Search of the Savage Bijoona* (PLAYBOY, July),

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describing the scourge of tumbling toilet seats in bathrooms everywhere, is a true public service and much appreciated. I rent a trailer that contains a plain but devious bijoona of the Sneaky Topple persuasion. But the worst thing about it is that it practices. Many's the time I've climbed into bed and dozed off, only to be awakened at the sound of its launching from the vertical to the horizontal position. It's scary.

Don Schwarzman
Tucson, Arizona

Kilpatrick's interest in the bijoona is echoed by an editorial in the June 4, 1973, issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, which said in part: "Physicians have often been urged to advocate elements of preventive medicine in the homes of the families they serve, the object being accident prevention. Nowhere, however, have we seen recorded a danger peculiar to the toilet cover. All is well for [the male] unless [the female of the house] decides to ornament the toilet lid with a gay cover. [Then] he becomes a victim of the penile-slam syndrome when the unbalanced seat crashes down."

Jim Herron
Canonsburg, Pennsylvania

I enjoyed *In Search of the Savage Bijoona* immensely, even though writer Kilpatrick omitted any reference to one of the most dangerous species, the Savage Reverse bijoona. The reverse model is a spring-loaded device that keeps the seat in an elevated position until sat upon. Overreaching for toilet paper results in an automatic flush and a reverse bijoona, whereby the seat rises up under the patron's shirttails, plunging patron onto a suddenly seatless bowl.

Donn J. Shands
Houston, Texas

Understandably, Kilpatrick's amusing article treated bijoonas from a male point of view. I must report, however, that when a lady rises from such a facility and hears a loud thud, accompanied by a slight breeze on her unprotected derrière, it makes her feel great sympathy for all males.

Helen R. Chapman
Freeport, Texas

In Search of the Savage Bijoona is a disgrace to the few remaining educated readers of PLAYBOY. Its low-grade humor truly reflects the decadence of today's society. I suggest you take this article and file it where it was intended. And don't forget to flush.

J. C. Matthan IV
Kenosha, Wisconsin

THE GRAY HOUSE

In those days before Watergate penetrated the public consciousness, when the unthinking herd seemed mesmerized

by White House word wizardry, David Halberstam's July essay on Nixon, *The Worst and the Grayest*, came on like a prophetic flash of light. Halberstam's piece goes a long way in revealing the blemishes beneath the political cosmetics of the Nixon gang. It took guts to write. Thank you, Halberstam and PLAYBOY.

Valmore Cote
Manhattan Beach, California

It seems Halberstam's chief complaints against President Nixon are that a group of his misguided devotees tried to tap Larry O'Brien's telephone and that many of the people he selected to serve with him do not have scintillating personalities. Halberstam can criticize all he wants, but he can't undo the results of last November's Presidential election.

J. R. Johnson
Tucson, Arizona

COVER GIRLS

Your July cover struck me as quite similar to one published a few years ago by



Psychology Today and later released as a poster titled *Authentic Self*. What do you think?

Ralph Costain
Cincinnati, Ohio

A curious coincidence, Ralph. Our cover designer swears he never saw it.

PASSION PLAY

Nik Cohn's entertaining account of the shooting of *Jesus Christ Superstar* in *Jesus Christ Superham* (PLAYBOY, July) shows how the film world has once again exploited something of real beauty. The original stage production of *Superstar* was a simpler depiction of a noble life. But, once again, the hucksters are transforming real emotion into popcorn. A pity.

James Evanitsky
Johnson City, New York

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for more than 15 years. But *Jesus Christ Superham* and its attending illustration are insulting to my religious convictions. Please drop my subscription immediately.

Manuel R. Morales
Coral Gables, Florida

Done.

I pity your souls for the blasphemous illustration to *Jesus Christ Superham* showing a hippie, cigarette-smoking

Christ sitting in a director's chair. I am sure that on judgment day, when you each confront the savior you had the gall to mock, he will say, "Depart from me. I never knew you."

L/Cpl. R. W. Kalwat
Little Creek, Virginia

As one of the few journalists who were admitted to the filming of *Jesus Christ Superstar* in Israel, I feel that I must take exception to Cohn's obviously prejudiced report. True, I was on the set after Cohn, but unless some miracle occurred in the interim, I'm certain that he didn't see the same company I did. On most movie sets, morale disintegrates as the shooting progresses, especially when the locations are as rough as they were in Israel. Not so here. In contrast to Cohn's view, I have rarely encountered such dedication to a project as I saw on the set of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. While I was with them, the shooting war broke out on the Golan Heights, barely 20 miles from where the *Superstar* finale was being staged. Only one man in a company of well over 100 asked out. Although I spent a good deal of time with Norman Jewison in the five days I was there, I was never aware of the flunky servility that Cohn described, and I simply don't believe Jewison capable of the statement Cohn attributed to him that "We could have had Mary going down on Jesus, right there on the cross." In the ten years I have known Jewison, I have never heard him give vent to that sort of vulgarity—or blasphemy. I might also add that the reverence the cast felt for Ted Neeley was not only real but earned. Neeley was a committed man, always on the set, whether he was in the shot or not. When Judas sang, "Every time I look at you I don't understand . . ." he was actually looking at Jesus. This had nothing to do with whether or not Neeley's salary was "in three figures"; it had everything to do with how the *Superstar* company related to the project. I resent Cohn's piece because, start to finish, it was an utterly irresponsible and unrelenting put-down. I resent it even more because, after seeing the completed film, I thought that Jewison had successfully accomplished precisely what he had set out to do—to translate a rock opera that had been enormously popular on records, in concert and in the theater, into something at least as compelling on the screen. I can anticipate howls of indignation from the B'nai B'rith and fundamentalists, but I didn't expect it in PLAYBOY.

Arthur Knight
Los Angeles, California

VIVE LE FRANCE!

I can't tell you how much my wife and I enjoyed Joseph Wechsberg's *A Crossing on the France* (PLAYBOY, July). We boarded the France, that dowager of the sea, on our 25th anniversary, for our first cruise ever. From the moment we got on

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board, we were greeted with courtesy and smiles; the officers in their dress whites lined up on one side, the young stewards on the other. From then on, the cruise was nothing but fun, friendship and wonderful cuisine—a dream of a voyage, even though we were traveling tourist class. For our return, however, we booked passage on the new Cunard Queen Elizabeth 2. We were met by a negligent, indifferent and hostile crew. Our accommodations were switched and our dining-room seating changed without our approval. We received no help with our baggage and we were sneered at and insulted by the lowest dining-room personnel. The France may be ancient in comparison with the sleek new Cunards, but I'll take it any time—at any price or fare differential. Many thanks to Wechsberg for helping me recall pleasant memories.

Mitchell R. Friedberg
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

A Crossing on the France reminded me of my experiences on the France's maiden eastbound voyage. For the first day or two, confusion reigned. Passengers kept getting lost—possibly because few of the stewards had yet learned any English. Passageways that should have been open were closed. The designations given the decks were confusing: The "main deck" was descriptive enough, but passengers would have to descend to reach the "upper deck." Below that was the "promenade deck" and, at the bottom, the "veranda deck." I was told I could dial the news on the phone. The first morning, I got the latest report on France's troubles in Algeria and word that some Peruvians were rioting. The trouble was, nobody ever bothered to change the recording. Each morning I dialed the number to learn that conditions in Algeria hadn't changed; the Peruvians never stopped their rioting. Nevertheless, the crossing was wonderful, and now, when I traverse the Atlantic in six hours, I look back on the old days with regret.

Herman Herst, Jr.
Boca Raton, Florida

WINNING WAGER

Robert L. Fish's *The Wager* (PLAYBOY, July) is a highly polished example of the fact that crime does pay—yielding absorbing interest for readers. If Fish isn't careful, though, he's going to get himself invited to the White House, as head of the Department of Dirty Tricks. Political persuasions aside, he should decline, because his crimes are successful.

Thomas Patrick McMahon
Nyack, New York

Crime novelist McMahon's latest is "The Hubschmann Effect."

DEATH IN MIAMI

Donn Pearce's account of the real horrors behind the myth of Miami in *Win*

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Some, Lose Some (PLAYBOY, July) was a moving thing to experience. It's not surprising that Florida has become a place where social undesirables die like flies. The Cubans and the elderly of today only recall the Indians who were rounded up and shipped to Florida by the Federal Government 100 years ago. The heat, humidity, hurricanes and tropical diseases did a better job on *those* social outcasts than bullets.

Michael Cohen
New York, New York

CAPTURING THE KING

Brad Darrach's superb article, *The Day Bobby Blew It* (PLAYBOY, July), on Bobby Fischer's antics prior to his world-championship chess match is the clearest look yet into the mind of this chess genius. I've a feeling that the whole episode will be repeated in 1975, when Fischer is forced to defend his title.

Gordon W. Gribble
Hanover, New Hampshire

Darrach's article is hilarious, if not altogether kind or perceptive. As Bobby's biographer, I also spent better than three months in Iceland, tracking down the inside story of why he played a *Zwischenzug*—a waiting move in chess—before he left New York. It's a pity that Darrach, who could have given your readers a truly memorable glimpse of Fischer in all his splendor as a gamesman (both on and off the board), could only come up with a trivial portrait of the champion as King Kong. Fischer is no baboon, as much as Darrach would have us believe it. Fischer's mind operates at immense velocity, and often he grows restless with less-than-pertinent conversation. Indeed, it's likely that the champion's lack of table manners can be attributed to his boredom with Darrach himself.

Frank Brady
Tannersville, Pennsylvania

Brady is an international arbiter of the World Chess Federation and author of "Profile of a Prodigy: The Life and Games of Bobby Fischer."

As is so clearly evident in Darrach's article, Fischer is a horse's ass. I'm happy he can play chess, because it's apparently all he's got going for him. But I hate to see adults making fools of themselves over him, especially when there are so many *real* problems to face.

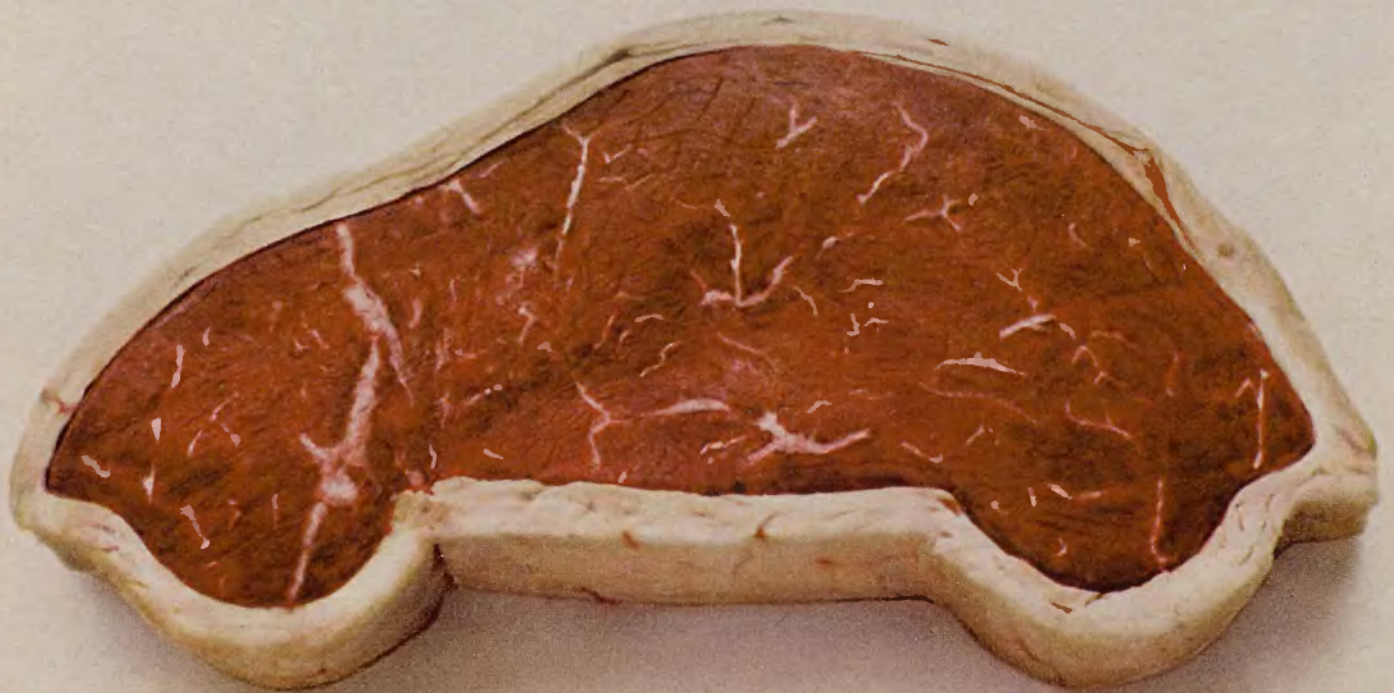
Ann Hotton
Venice, Florida

GORGEOUS GORGE

Your July pictorial essay *Great Gorge!*, on the newest Playboy Club-Hotel, was an excellent report on what looks to be a beautiful place.

R. L. Barko
South Bend, Indiana





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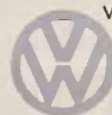
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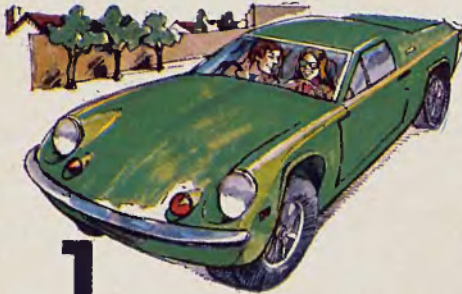
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4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower lefthand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received for each sweepstakes. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners.**
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Tell it like it is, sister: According to *The Dallas Morning News*, a lady management consultant for the General Electric company told an audience of career-oriented females at Texas Christian University that a woman who wishes to enter business or industrial management "has a natural opening she can capitalize on."

In San Jose, reports the *Los Angeles Times*, a blind man and a paraplegic, both convicted of bank robbery and sentenced to long prison terms, used karate to disarm and overpower the two Federal marshals who were driving them to prison.

Meanwhile, in Phoenix, a 3'6" dwarf was accused of a \$500 bank robbery. A bank official, quoted in *The Miami Herald*, said that while the bank's cameras were working, no usable pictures resulted, because the man's head "just didn't come up to the level of the counter."

"Dear Ann Landers," wrote Tactile Tillie in the *Raleigh News and Observer*. "Why don't some men realize that affection during sex isn't enough? My husband never touches me outside the bedroom. I'd give anything if he'd give me a squeeze, put his arms around me, or part my rump once in a while."

Good idea: In *The Tampa Tribune*, a large display ad for a monster film titled *Schlock* contained this boldface warning: DUE TO THE HORRIFYING NATURE OF THIS FILM, NO ONE WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE THEATER.

Sign seen on a community center in Utica, New York: ANNUAL POLISH DAY PICNIC—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8 & 9.

Our tumescent-ego-of-the-month trophy goes to the Maryland man who, according to the *Baltimore News American*, surprised a young schoolteacher sun-bathing on her apartment roof, raped her at knifepoint, forced her back to her apart-

ment, raped her again—and then left his telephone number. Police tracked down the number and arrested him.

Encouraging news from *Today's Health*: In New York State, which has the nation's highest ratio of doctors to patients (193 per 100,000), the life expectancy is two and one half years less than in Nebraska, which has 98 doctors per 100,000 people.

A form letter sent to prospective college graduates from the Navy Recruiting Command indicates that the old see-the-world pitch has been updated. In describing some of the goodies recruits can

the winner in an event that was recently announced on the church page of the Livermore, California, *Independent*. "Women's Association members are encouraged to wear centennial garb in keeping with the current church observances. A prize will be given for the best decorated box."

Some defense: According to the Greenville, South Carolina, *News*, Iowa State moved the ball effectively against Oklahoma State, but its offense was stalled by "a fumble, two pass interceptions and a couple of tits."

Looks like a long, hot winter: A back-to-school sale at a Tucson department store featured specials on rifles and shotguns.

Colonel Sanders is probably not amused, but a fast-service fried-chicken outfit is now prospering in Nova Scotia under the mouth-watering trade name Lick-a-Chick.

Deputy Defense Secretary William P. Clements, Jr., who recently said that the nation's 85-billion-dollar defense budget may have to be increased to keep pace with Soviet weaponry, has come up with a way to cut costs. According to Delaware's *Wilmington Morning News*, Clements has ordered limousines parked outside the Pentagon to shut off their engines while waiting for their passengers.

The dance of life: A death notice in Indiana's *South Bend Tribune* concluded on a decidedly upbeat note. "Burial will be in Chapel Hill Memorial Gardens. Friends may ball in the funeral home."

In Godfrey, Illinois, evangelist Larry Clayton held a cross aloft and told a tentful of the faithful how Jesus calmed the wind-lashed sea. "Jesus can calm the storm in your life, too," Clayton proclaimed. Just then, if we can believe a write-up in the *Chicago Daily News*, a prairie thunderstorm ripped the tent



expect from the new Navy, the letter said: "Then there are free medical benefits and low-cost insurance. And travel to foreign ports—with 30 days' paid vacation to see and enjoy these erotic places."

We're sorry we didn't have a photographer on hand to get a picture of

A few months back, a reader of this column sent us a limerick. That was a mistake. We never publish limericks in *Playboy After Hours*. They are the exclusive property of J. F. O'Connor, our Party Jokes Editor. Hyperenthusiastic readers might recall O'Connor's contribution to these pages in August 1972, when we asked him to provide us with the 12 most popular joke punch lines in modern America. He spent three months reading 250,000 jokes and then gave us the punch lines without including the jokes. (The winner was "Move over, girls, I have to gargle!")

We sent the wayward limerick off to O'Connor, suggesting that while we thought the limerick had its faults, it was both charming and contemporary. Here is the limerick:

*The standing position to Ps.
Is not exclusively Hs.
But when ladies essay
To do it that way,
They're very likely to Ms.*

Here's O'Connor's reply:

This limerick has several defects:

1. Starting out with *Ps.* might well confuse some slow-uptake readers. In a limerick involving this genre of abbreviated wordplay, the standard abbreviation—here *Ms.*—should appear first. This just to provide guidance regarding the subsequent confected abbreviations.

2. There is rhyme slippage. *Ms.* and *his* have the Z sound and *piss* is sibilant.

3. There are metrical faults in three of the five lines, specifically the second, fourth and fifth, as my scansion signs on the attached original show. The fourth line is a particular problem.

What to do? Well, if we accept the rhyme slippage, which is minor and almost unavoidable in this case, I can correct the metrical failings like this:

*Though the standing position to Ps.
Isn't always exclusively Hs.,
When the ladies effect
Micturition erect,
They're, of course, very likely to Ms.*

Effect could also be *affect*, which would provide additional women's

A LIMERICK IS BORN



lib bite, but *affect* would puzzle some readers. *To do it* had to be replaced in the fourth line to straighten out the metrics, and I've used *micturition* in preference to *urination* because it's more tasteful and has some fancy-word humor appeal. It would stump many readers, though, and this might rule out its use. If *affect* were to be used—*micturition* wouldn't work with *effect*—we might say *making water* instead. Or, if additional cuteness is desired, take your choice of *doing pee-pee*, *going tinkle* or *making wee-wee*.

That way likewise had to be replaced in the fourth line for metrical reasons, since it's normally inflected as *that way* and not *that way* and a final accented beat in the line is required, which *erect* supplies. *Erect* also carries a hazy connotation of penile erection even when used here in the basic body-posture sense, and that adds some subliminal spice.

Alternatively, the third, fourth and fifth lines might read:

*When girls try it matching
Their angle of snatching
Means, of course, that they'll
probably Ms.*

A problem here is that *angle of snatching* is obscure and does not immediately convey the necessary image of urinating erect. This might better be done if the problem couplet were to read:

*When ladies effect
Self-relief while erect. . . .*

But all of these alternatives leave point one unaccounted for. If I were to presume to supply a more drastic revision of the limerick, I would lead off with *Ms.*, thus establishing the abbreviation gimmick and the rhyme pattern, with a result like this:

*The gains now achieved by a Ms.
Make her world more equal to Hs.
But parity dangles
By reason of angles—
A Ms. lacks the standing to Ps.*

Standing is trisensed here, of course.

Well, we're trisensed, too. In fact, we're staggered. We feel we've midwived at the birth of a limerick, and we offer it to the world with a rush of creativity surging in our breast.

from its moorings and sent it 35 feet into the air, tearing it into six pieces and knocking down a large oak tree nearby. Ready for anything, Clayton later observed: "It was a miracle nobody was seriously injured."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Sex counseling has finally found its logical setting—a swinging singles night spot on New York's East Side. Since *Group Therapy* (550 Third Avenue), an intimate bar-restaurant, substituted stand-up psychotherapists for comedians and jazz combos, business has boomed. And why not? It's the only place in town where you can get a technical opinion about multiple orgasms or ejaculatory competence while having a drink and looking over the possibilities for an evening's companionship. "No one listens to more problems than a bartender or a night-club owner," says ex-Playboy bartender and *Group Therapy* owner Jerry Lepson. So he decided to professionalize the answers. Currently, four trained therapists—three clinical psychologists (one female) and a woman psychiatrist who specializes in sex counseling—take turns at the microphone to moderate the rap sessions (once a night Wednesday and Thursday, twice nightly Friday and Saturday). Patrons are provided with pencils and pads on which to write their questions. The night we were there, psychologist George Cohen (who has a private practice and also teaches) split the 50-minute hour with psychiatrist Merle Kroop (who is on the staff of a sex-counseling clinic). Their technique combined humor (Question: "How come my girlfriend doesn't have orgasms?" Answer: "How do you know—are you with her *all* the time?"), serious discussion on such topics as primal scream therapy and an attempt to open up the question-and-answer format to general discussion ("Here's a question on whether penis size is important . . . anyone want to say anything about that?"). Since the crowd is generally hip, many of them having logged numerous psychotherapeutic hours on the receiving end, somebody usually does have something to say. Despite having to compete with hubbub, hecklers and heavy action at the bar, the therapists put on a bravura performance. They don't answer highly personal questions but are available after the show for private conversation. (Incidentally, none of the therapists has received any flak from professional organizations or from their private patients, and the doctors feel that what they're doing may encourage some people who need or want therapy to investigate it more seriously.) The ambience at *Group Therapy* is a mixture of old neighborhood tavern, early Freud and lots of corn. The walls are covered with phobia charts, Rorschach ink blots and quotes ("There are times when a



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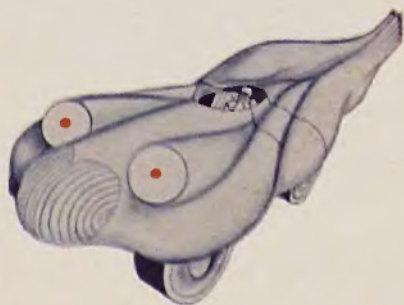


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cigar is just a cigar"—Freud). Waitresses and bartenders wear buttons proclaiming themselves LAY ANALYSTS. The menu calls appetizers "First Session," and entrees that combine two dishes, i.e., chicken and ribs, are labeled "Schizophrenics." A-la-carte dinners, with entrees ranging from \$3.95 to \$5.95, offer substantial amounts of passable food; drinks are large; and there's a \$5 minimum on Friday and Saturday nights, which covers food and drink. The whole thing may signal a new trend in night-club entertainment. Many of the questions, Dr. Cohen feels, serve to convey messages between people who want to use the therapist as a transmitter of mating calls. As one young lady said, as she departed with her new-found friend, "Do you know of a bar where there's a good gynecologist playing?" Telephone: 212-689-9670.

BOOKS

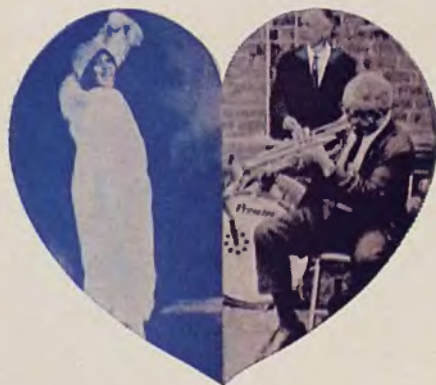
Maybe you think you know all about sex. And all about cars. And sex and cars. And sex and cars and violence. Ha! In *Crash* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), J. G. Ballard, hitherto known mainly for his sci-fi (you've read him in PLAYBOY), lays into the whole syndrome like nothing you've even dreamed. Set in London, this scenario for a nightmare begins when Ballard (he tells it first person) skids into a head-on collision at 60 miles per hour. The other driver hurtles through his own windshield and dies spread-eagled on Ballard's hood. The victim's wife is saved by her seat belt, and for what seems like hours, she and Ballard sit there "locked together face to face . . . the body of her dead husband lying between us." He finds it all strangely erotic, and after recovering from their minor injuries, he and the woman have a series of sexual encounters in various cars (they can't make it in bed) that somehow "recapitulated her husband's death, reseeding the image



of his body in her. . . ." Meanwhile, Ballard meets Vaughan, a crash-scarred excipient, now a kind of "accident bum" for whom crash injuries "were the keys to a new sexuality born from a perverse technology." The story develops with ineluctable illogic, surrealist "reality," a mounting succession of hypnotic horrors circumstantially portrayed. Numerous

aspects of this autoeroticism are explored in explicit detail, ending when Vaughan, now completely mad, is hurled to his death as he tries to crash into Elizabeth Taylor's limo. This was to be his way of raping her. He had long fantasized "the marriage of her body with the stylized contours of the car's interior," her wounds fusing together "her own sexuality and the hard technology of the automobile"—while he would die "at the moment of her orgasm." Maybe it all sounds pretty wild—but what nightmare isn't? Ballard can write, and though he frequently overwrites, it's hard not to get caught up in this verbal acid trip with its minatory vision of the sex-technology mystique. You may decide to trade in your car for a unicycle.

From its title alone, *Bourbon Street Black* (Oxford) would seem to be yet another book of legends about that place from which jazz came up the river. Actually, however, this collaboration between Danny Barker (a New Orleans-reared and widely traveled musician) and Jack V. Buerkle (a sociologist and former musician) is the freshest and most instructive



addition in years to the literature of jazz. It reports on "a semicomunity in New Orleans of musicians, their relatives, peers, friends and general supporters whose style of life is built around the fundamental assumption that the production and nurture of music for people, in general, is good." Although the book starts far back in New Orleans' past, its focus is on the present. Among its revelations is the fact that, contrary to what jazz writers have long been proclaiming, vintage New Orleans jazz is not dying; there are more than enough young black musicians in the city who fully intend to keep the tradition alive. There is hardly any aspect of the New Orleans jazz musician's life and work that isn't probed by Barker and Buerkle—attitudes about race and religion, the influential role of the local musicians' union, the social history of the music and what it tells of the social history of Creoles and darker blacks in New Orleans. The musicians' voices at the core of this work make affectingly clear the sense of privilege and communal joy that

have always characterized the most committed jazz makers. A book of equal substance and quality of writing is Bruce Cook's *Listen to the Blues* (Scribner's). Cook, author of the admirably sensitive and unsentimental *The Beat Generation*, is a passionate but thoughtful partisan of the blues, which he considers to be the fundamental American music. He blends history, sociology and, most importantly, the life stories and perspectives of bluesmen from diverse parts of the country to affirm his thesis that the blues is a living heritage whose influence is only glancingly understood by most Americans, including purported specialists. Cook's research took him to Texas, Tennessee, the Mississippi Delta, Virginia, Louisiana and his native Chicago. There are astutely concise profiles of such blues bards as Robert Pete Williams, Fred McDowell and Mance Lipscomb, as well as unusually lucid and largely accurate analyses of the impact of black blues on white country and rock musicians, along with nearly every other strain of current popular music. In the best sense of the word, *Listen to the Blues* is a "popular" book, for it warmly communicates the author's knowledge and appreciation of the value of the blues to those who create it and who have been touched by it.

The Honorary Consul (Simon & Schuster) represents a return to Graham Greene-land, that grim country of whiskey priests and wispy passions. Here in a backwater Argentinian river-border province are all the familiar played-out characters: a bored Anglo-Paraguayan doctor, an aging alcoholic British demiconsul, a ludicrous *machismo*-espousing Argentinian novelist, a 20-year-old *Mona Lisa* ex-whore, a connubial former cleric and his blundering band of rebels. The consul marries the whore; the doctor has an affair with her; the cleric and his crew, mistaking the consul for the American Ambassador, kidnap him; and the doctor is drawn into the middle of the whole muddle. The wonder of it all, as always, is how marvelously Greene moves events along toward his theologically appointed showdown: Though even with God there isn't very much, without God there is nothing. Greene, certainly the best living British novelist, writes with consummate polish. Verbal plums abound; penetrating insights adorn almost every page; and a rare sense of humor is present throughout. Greene's solitary sin, his Catholic tendentiousness, is never venal. "To appreciate Borges properly," muses the doctor, "he had to be taken, like a cheese biscuit, with an aperitif." Graham Greene goes better with an after-dinner cognac and coffee—offering fictional delights, comic and cosmic, best savored with a gathering sense of ever darkening night. It's a bountiful season for Greene fanciers. His



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newly published *Collected Stories* (Viking) contains 40 entries, taken mostly from other volumes. Though they vary considerably in quality, none is less than thoroughly professional.

Among the casualties of Watergate, there is poor Theodore H. White. Ever since Kennedy vs. Nixon in 1960, he has been covering Presidential elections in close detail. He started to do the same thing with last year's election, although there didn't seem to be as much promise in the raw material. After all, Nixon didn't run any campaign to speak of and all of the major events in the McGovern camp were covered almost to excess—even the Eagleton episode. Nevertheless, White went ahead and was just about ready to publish *The Making of the President 1972* (Atheneum) when it was discovered that a lot of that making had to do with a criminal conspiracy. White tried to recover: He added a Watergate chapter, sprinkled some earlier references and argued that Nixon would probably have won anyway. Maybe so, but that doesn't help the book a whole lot. Well, three out of four ain't bad.

Key West is the end of the line: southernmost point of the United States, a haven for pirates and artists of varying stripes and skills and, as such, a perfect setting for Thomas McGuane's third novel, *Ninety-Two in the Shade* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). As in *The Sporting Club* and *The Bushwhacked Piano*, McGuane's earlier books, something is terribly out of joint here: People do inexplicable things, sometimes harmless and merely crazy, sometimes violent and deadly, and always without being quite sure why. The central character of *Ninety-Two*, Thomas Skelton, has returned to Key West determined, after vague failures out in greater America, to become a guide for fishermen in pursuit of permit and bonefish on the tidal flats. He becomes victim of an elaborate practical joke played by Nichol Dance, supreme guide of the Keys and a man Skelton admires for his instinctive, nearly aesthetic approach to the craft. In revenge, Skelton burns Dance's boat to the water line. Dance, who has already killed one man back when he tended bar in the Midwest, tells Skelton he will never allow him to guide. Skelton promises that he will and the stage for a ritual American act, the showdown, is set. Along the way, McGuane introduces an alcoholic sergeant who runs the winos in a fleabag hotel through morning sessions of close-order drill; a former drum majorette who is deeply into buying things on time and remembers the days when she had a whole stadium full of men right by the balls; a Montana rancher who wins a free fishing trip with Skelton by placing first—

hands down—in a pie-eating contest. And McGuane writes about all of this in his own unique idiom: "These were heavy thoughts and Skelton sat down. He knew that the word 'serious' does not derive from the word 'cereal.' He had a feeling that on the Plains of America everyone was named Don and Stacy. He knew that spiritual miniaturism frequently lay waiting in the foothills where a ranch was exchanged for a golf course; and that the Spalding Dot, the Maxfli, and the Acushnet soared over the bones of dead warriors. So if he were driven from Key West, he knew the Plains were not the place he'd go." McGuane knows a dangerous lot about the way we live in this fraction of the 20th Century. He is one of our most promising young novelists and this is his best book yet.

Marilyn (Grosset & Dunlap) is Norman Mailer's biographical novel of Marilyn Monroe. (The categories grow more and more complex—Mailer himself has discovered factoids, "facts which have no existence before appearing in a magazine



or newspaper, creations which are not so much lies as a product to manipulate emotion.") It was to be a 25,000-word introduction to a collection of Monroe photographs but grew into a 90,000-word front-page event complete with lawsuits. Some of it is lovely, some of it is compelling, some of it is pure gossip, lots of it is boring old biography and all of it costs \$20 and makes you wish that someday Mailer would go back to writing pure novels and produce that titanic book he has been promising for so long.

"Those students are going to have to find out what law and order is all about," Brigadier General Robert Canterbury said during the demonstrations at Kent State University in May 1970. Four students were later killed and nine more wounded. In an astonishingly detailed book called *The Truth About Kent State* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)—originally *The Murders at Kent State* but changed to

avoid a libel suit—Peter Davies has assembled crucial facts and pleads for indictments of wrongdoers. Although former Attorney General John Mitchell conceded that the killings "were unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable," neither he nor his successor, Richard Kleindienst, brought the killers to justice. (The latest Attorney General, acknowledging "the sleazy atmosphere" at the Justice Department, has promised to reopen the case.) Davies, in eloquently controlled anger, has put together an indictment that should have been made a long time ago. The Justice Department concluded that the Guardsmen were not surrounded when they began shooting (the students were at least 200 feet away); the Guardsmen still had tear gas; only a few were injured (just one needed medical help); and no student posed a threat to them (witnesses say that no more than 15 students were throwing rocks—and from quite a distance). After examining numerous photographs, dozens of which are reprinted here, and talking to hundreds of witnesses, Davies writes that "It is shatteringly obvious that the danger to the lives of the Guardsmen was absolutely minimal." Then why the killings? An event minutes before the shootings arouses suspicion. Troop G, gathering on the practice field to plot strategy, suddenly turned around and commenced firing. "In other words," Davies writes, "we are left the clear possibility that a decision was reached among these men to shoot at the students." Some Guardsmen have admitted that the group agreed to shoot *at random*. The victims, after all, were students—and everyone knows where the Nixon Administration stood on that subject.

Film critic Hollis Alpert knows that movies are a "business with a complex set of operating rules." And rarely have they been limned better than in his new novel, *Smash* (Dial). It teems with an insider's insights into how Hollywood deals are consummated and pictures are made. One character, for example, "figured out that there were four main things that counted here: money, power, status and sex. Maybe I've got the order wrong, but we used to rate people on a scale from one to ten. Let's say, six for money, four for power, and so on. Then we added up the point total. Twenty-five points was big stuff." On such a scale, Alpert's characters themselves rate high, abounding with all the necessary elements. His anti-hero and anti-heroine might seem to some not unlike Robert Evans and Ali MacGraw; and his scriptwriter, a teacher of French literature working on a book about Camus, could be confused with an Erich Segal. For the plot of *Smash* is a fictional account, from script to grosses, of a breakaway success such as *Love Story*. Also involved are the usual hardheaded

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immediately viable solution to our traffic problems and does this with comfort, performance, economy and a low price. For center city commuters, the Honda Civic is the car of the future. And it's here now."

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Brylcreem shows you how to Without growing it.

Maybe you don't want to cut your long hair. Or grow your short hair. You just want to look different. You can—if you're willing to spend a little time. Here's what you'll need:

- Your hair, shampooed and towel-dried until damp.
- A hair brush.
- A comb.

If you have one, a blow-dryer or hot-comb is important for three of these styles. But you must use it properly. Always brush hair up and away from your scalp and dry it from underneath. Pull hard to get rid of curly tendencies. (If your hair is a bit too straight, small, circular movements with your brush and dryer can give it more life.) Longer hair should be dried with steady, continuous movements.

Just one word of warning about blow-dryers and hot-combs: they dry out hair. We believe it is vital to use a conditioner on hair that is hot-air dried in order to keep it healthy looking as well as styled.

If you don't have a hot-air dryer, don't run out and buy one. Three of these styles work perfectly well without one.

SHORTER HAIR

1. Short part

This is how you'd like your hair to look. But it won't. Because it isn't thick enough or long enough.

Blow-dry your hair up and away from your head for a chunky feeling. Now it looks like it just grew an extra inch in length. And doubled in thickness.

Lift your hair all over except one place—your neckline. If you keep your hair close here, even flip it out, it looks longer.

When you comb, make a short part. Comb your hair in the direction it grows. (Across the forehead and down over the ears for most guys.)

Since blow-drying dries out your hair, prevent this by using a little Brylcreem Hairdressing before you begin. It helps shorter hair in lots of ways. Its conditioners put

back the moisture hot-air drying removes, giving your hair a healthy looking, natural sheen. Brylcreem also makes your hair more manageable, so it does exactly what it's supposed to.

2. No part

Maybe you've had enough of parting your hair—and seeing your forehead—to last you a lifetime. (Or at least the next few months.) If so, try this.

Massage Brylcreem's new Dry Style into your hair. Then comb top hair from the crown of your head towards your forehead, side hair down to your ears and forward to the temples, back hair down and under around your neck.

Now you can leave your hair as is, or comb again for an even fuller look. (But remember, no part.) Dry Style is like hair spray in a bottle, controlling your hair naturally and invisibly.

3. Opposite part

You prefer your hair parted, but just want something different. How's this? It works without a hot-air dryer, too.

First, massage a little Brylcreem Hairdressing into your damp hair, for body and manageability.

Then, part your hair high, on the side opposite to its "normal" part. Grooming away from the growth pattern will temporarily straighten out waves and will also help give the height this style requires on top.

Brush hair up and back on top, straight down and flat to the head on the sides. Flip up the hair at the nape of your neck.

Let it dry just as it is.

LONGER HAIR

1. Side part

Here's how to get your hair looking its best if you want a side part.

Brush and dry your hair in one smooth motion, turning the ends under. This makes it look shorter. (Maybe you can get by without a haircut for a few more weeks.)



change the way your hair looks. Without cutting it.

Side hair is groomed under and towards your cheek. Top hair goes to the side, then back away from your face.

If your hair has a mind of its own, use a spray of Brylcreem Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein before you start blow-drying. It does two important things for longer hair: conditions and controls. Spray it on, then massage it into your hair and scalp. The protein penetrates your hair shafts, helping to protect your hair from the parching effect of blow-drying. And the styling control of Soft Hair will help you get your hair going where you want it. And keep it there.

2. No part

If you can't be bothered with blow-drying or you'd like to look more mature, try this.

Spray your towel-dried hair with Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein and massage it in. This puts styling control where you need it: down deep in your hair.

Then, with your brush, groom all your hair straight back against your head. You've got a forehead again. Earlobes, too. Flip the hair at your neck out and up.

Use the brush at the crown to lift your hair and turn it under. This gives a little extra height where you may need it.

Another spritz of Soft Hair where your natural part may be trying to appear will help prevent it from doing so.

3. Center part

The last time you parted your hair on the side it either fell in your food or made you look lopsided. Try a center part instead.

With your hot-comb or blow-dryer, turn your hair forward and under on either side of the part. Starting from the part, your hair should go away from your forehead, towards your cheek and back to your ear. An S-shape. This makes your hair flip out at the bottom.

From the end of the part down the back of your head, all hair goes up and under, for fullness. At the very bottom make the ends flip by turning them up.

And don't forget Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein. Its conditioners will counteract the drying effects of a hot-comb or blow-dryer. And it'll control your hair while keeping it healthy-looking.

After all, if your hair is dull and dried out, all the styling in the world won't help the way you look. That's why, no matter what style you decide on, we've got a product that will help you.



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since "a little dab will do ya."

studio head and easy-lay starlet, the fair-haired daughter of a first film family and an aging alcoholic homosexual star. PLAYBOY veteran Alpert keeps his story moving along with an airy deftness—from the moorings of Marina del Rey to the projection rooms of Beverly Hills—in a mood and tone that well befits his subject.

Michael Arlen's two previous books have been a collection of his nonpareil TV reviews for *The New Yorker* (*Living-Room War*) and a resonant family memoir (*Exiles*). His third book, *An American Verdict* (Doubleday), is a low-keyed account of the mugging of justice in the case of the Chicago police murder of Black Panther Party members Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in December 1969, during a raid in which four other Panthers were wounded. The events, from the initial "shoot-out" through the subsequent conspiracy by law-enforcement officials to fabricate evidence that would prove the homicides "justified," are familiar to newspaper readers. Arlen has no new information, but, considering how swiftly even the most horrific topical events blur in memory, his careful summation of each stage of this egregious act of official lawlessness is valuable. By May 1970, an FBI report had destroyed the Chicago police tale of a ferocious fire fight that necessitated the killings of Hampton and Clark in self-defense. ("There was physical evidence of between 83 and 99 shots having been fired into the apartment by the raiders, and of only one having been fired by any of the Panthers.") Yet, although state's attorney Edward Hanrahan and other lawmen involved in the raid and its cover-up were indicted, all were ultimately acquitted. Arlen fills out the chronology of *An American Verdict* with quick sketches of the social topography of Mayor Daley's Chicago as well as illuminating sections on street gangs, the quickness of the media to accept police versions of events as the "objective" story, and the symbiosis of political and economic interests that make Chicago work. Duly noted is the fact that Hanrahan was defeated last year in his re-election campaign for Cook County state's attorney. The black wards, long controlled by the Daley organization, delivered for the rest of the ticket. But not for Hanrahan. That, too, was an American verdict.

The running argument between baseball and football as to which is truly our national sport may be beside the point. A glance at the fall publishing lists indicates that America's current national sport is *reading* about sports—from history to gossip, from how-to handbooks to let-it-all-hang-out life stories of star performers. Towering (literally if not literally) over the crop is *Wilt* (Macmillan), the autobiography of Wilt Chamberlain,

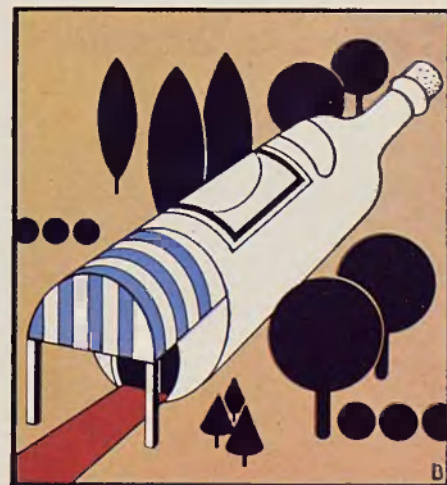
perhaps the greatest pro basketball player of all time. The book was co-authored by Los Angeles newsmen David Shaw, but it is far from a glossy ghost job: In some ways, it is as powerful as the dunk shots the 7'1" Chamberlain slams through the hoop; in others, it is as spotty as his foul shooting. What the book has going for it (besides any fan's normal interest in a man who describes himself as "just like any other seven-foot black millionaire") is a roughhewn honesty. From his early days as high school star in Philadelphia to his present eminence, Wilt has been neither an Uncle Tom nor a Black Panther. Mostly, he has been himself—egocentric, opinionated, filled with gusto for all of life's goodies, from \$100,000 contracts to his multimillion-dollar home, from high-performance cars to high-performance women (without regard to race, color or national origin). *Wilt* pulls no punches in his evaluation of either the on-court skills or the off-court personalities of the men (Bill Russell, Elgin Baylor, Jerry West, Bill Sharman, Kareem Jabbar) he has played for, with or against. He is similarly frank about the girls who are intrigued by the possibilities of his size, by the fans who think he owes them something, and even about his political adventures with Nixon. The book is a joyful ego trip—although Chamberlain's ego becomes a bit overbearing when he attempts to rebut the "loser" tag (hung on him because his teams had a tendency to blow championships in the deciding game) by continually pointing out how many points *he* scored and exactly who missed the easy lay-up that would have won the title. Another self-proclaimed giant—this time in the broadcasting booth rather than on the playing field—is Howard Cosell, whose autobiography bears the simple but majestic title *Cosell* (Playboy Press). The book fascinates not only for its behind-the-scenes explorations of sports and TV personalities but also for the insight it yields into the complex, sentimental, self-righteous personality of Cosell himself. A lawyer who gave up a lucrative practice for the chance to do a nickel-and-dime radio sports show, Cosell remains the crusading attorney even while he has become the most controversial of broadcasters. Woven into the anecdote-packed stories of his coverage of such events as two Olympiads, Muhammad Ali's rise and fall and the painful birth of *Monday Night Football* are enough pronouncements about athletes, TV executives, sportswriters and sports fans to fuel a dozen hot-stove leagues. Cosell is not without blind spots: He decries the seriousness with which sports figures take every tiny detail of their small worlds, without seeming to recognize that he has built his career around these worlds. Sports columnist Larry Merchant is in the same line as Cosell, but his book, *The National Football*

Lottery (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is written from the vantage point of a fan who bets. Merchant decided to join the 15,000,000 Americans who lay heavy bread on pro football—and to keep a weekly diary of how he did, from opening-day kickoff to Super Bowl Sunday. In the course of his financial ups and downs, he opens up the world where bookies, tipsters, big-time bettors and two-bit players gear their lives to such things as the "early line" and the "outlaw line," Roman Gabriel's sore arm and the weather in Cincinnati. At first, Merchant's play-by-play of his bet-by-bet is intriguing. But soon he is defeated by his own formula: a week-by-week rundown of odds, point spreads, bets made, canceled and hedged; of team strengths, weaknesses and records. By the time the season reaches its 14th week, and Merchant his 14th chapter, it's all pretty boring. Still, in case you're interested, Merchant wound up the season substantially ahead.

Also noteworthy: The engagingly abominable Flashman, Tom Brown's nemesis at Rugby, is back again in George MacDonald Fraser's *Flashman at the Charge* (Knopf). As readers of PLAYBOY's prepublication serialization of the book already know, this estimable sequel finds our boulder-hero in the Crimea, where he survives the charge of the Light Brigade and goes on to save India.

DINING-DRINKING

Aside from experiencing the piquant aroma of molten rubber mingling with the scent of burning leaves, there's another reason for visiting Akron, Ohio, this fall. It's to eat and drink at *The Wine Merchant* (1680 Merriman Road), an oe-



nological haven where wine with your meal is a must—not only because the cellar is so impressive but also because the bearded, rotund owner, John Piscazzi, staunchly refuses to stock hard liquor. The fact that this pleasant little restaurant, which seats only 75, has prospered

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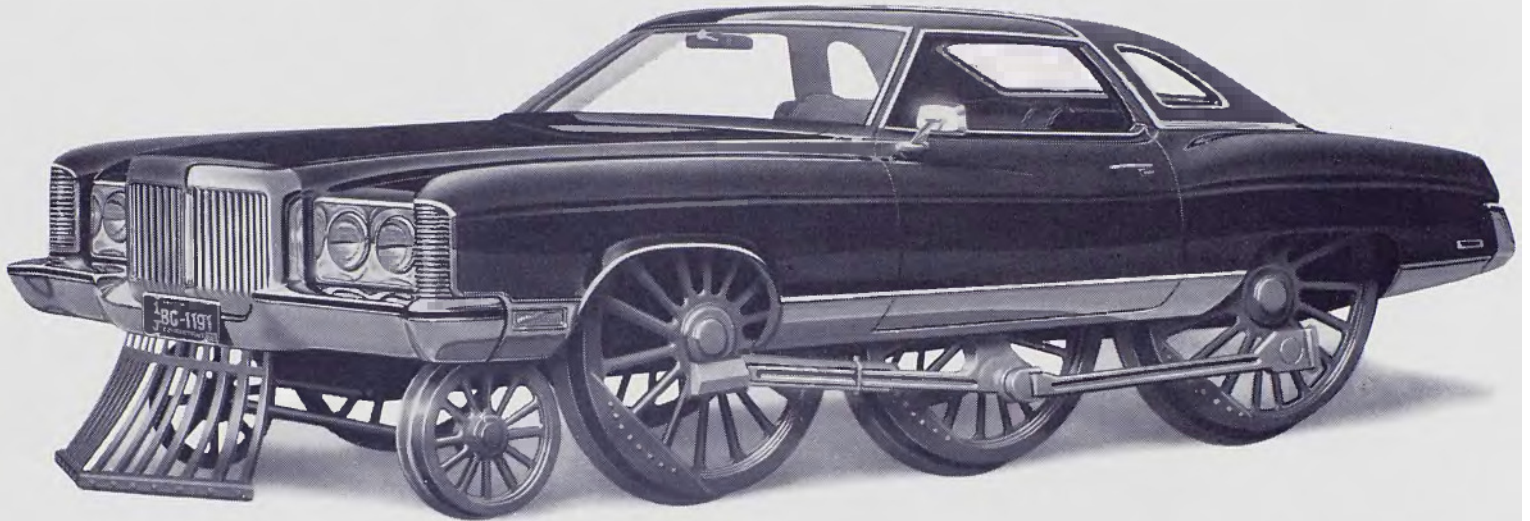
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despite such a self-imposed handicap is testimony to both its extensive wine list (which features over 400 selections) and the quality of its cuisine. Piscazzi's menu has an international flavor. With his momma, Lucia, he whips up such delicacies as *Carciòfi di Aragosta* (stuffed baked artichoke hearts cooked with chunks of lobster in a creamed Soave wine sauce) and *Sole Florentine* (fillet of sole covering a spinach soufflé, topped with a cream wine sauce). The sole, like all the other fish, is flown in fresh daily. Aside from about a dozen other entrees listed, there are two to six seafood specials, which change according to what fresh fish is available. Or, if you're lucky, you may arrive on a day when The Wine Merchant is featuring Steak Nomtanka, cooked with German, Oriental, French and oyster mushrooms—the latter freshly picked in nearby fields only in the spring and fall. It's a delightful dish, especially when sampled with a little-known Bordeaux—Croizet Bages 1957 at \$15. All dinners at The Wine Merchant are served with soup, rice or vegetable and salad. The first course is either a handsome portion of onion soup, prepared in a way that would warm the heart of a Breton chef, or a wedding soup—tiny veal meatballs in broth. For those with mini-appetites, several imaginative sandwiches are also offered, including thick broiled bacon with melted cheese on Arab bread, breaded veal steak smothered in a sauce of wine and mushrooms on a toasted bun and broiled Italian homemade sausages on Arab bread. With the exception of the Middle Eastern variety, which Piscazzi says comes from the same source that provides for the Lebanese embassy in Washington, D.C., all the bread is baked on the premises. It would seem that the more fare the Piscazzis can prepare themselves, the better they—and their customers—seem to like it. The Wine Merchant is open from 5:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. Monday through Saturday. Master Charge and BankAmericard are accepted and reservations are strongly recommended (216-864-6222).

MOVIES

Ingmar Bergman's favorite cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, lets his considerable gifts carry him to the threshold of nirvana in *Siddhartha*, based on the modern classic by Hermann Hesse, whose books have been attracting hordes of young readers for more than a decade. Nykvist's dreamy images may give them just what they want—the beauty and tranquillity of ancient India, a sense of order, melting sunsets and incredibly pretty people in search of a spiritual idea. Two of India's top stars, Shashi Kapoor in the title role and Simi Garewal as the courtesan who teaches him the richness

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of sensual pleasure, are the chief ornaments of this deceptively simple tale about a young Brahman who tells his father, "I want to be free . . . I want to be wild." Siddhartha then walks away from his religious teachers to find wisdom and the meaning of life through firsthand experience as a wandering sadhu, or holy man; as a wealthy rice merchant; finally, as a ferryman on a riverboat, where he attains peace in his old age. The ever-changing river, of course, is a metaphor for life itself; and Siddhartha's discovery that life is very simple, after all, holds irresistible appeal. Nykvist photographed *Siddhartha* on the estates of the maharaja of Bharatpur and near the holy city of Rishikesh (where the Beatles did their meditating not so many years ago). His camerawork is as restful as a stroll beside the sea hand in hand with a loved one, and such pastoral imagery matches the general level of perception achieved by adapter-producer-director Conrad Rooks, a 37-year-old independent film maker whose first and only previous feature was *Chappaqua*—a seldom shown but strikingly personal hallucination drawn from his experience with drugs. In *Siddhartha*, Rooks seems mainly a deadly earnest illustrator paying a fan's homage to Hesse.

The dilemma of modern young marrieds, itchy to swing but secretly scared of it, was pretty well covered several seasons ago in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. The subject reaches the same anticlimactic cop-out in *I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband*, directed by Robert McCarty and adapted by Dan Greenburg (from a Greenburg original titled *Chewsdays: A Sex Novel*). Carmine Caridi, Andrew Duncan, Cynthia Harris and Lynne Lipton are paired off as two couples sharing a summer house at Martha's Vineyard, where they play adult versions of kid games, such as strip-hide-and-seek, and try to get their nerve up for a bit of marital switcheroo. Instead, they just get on one another's nerves, though they do scatter a few of Greenburg's comic pearls along the way: A husband hearing his wife remark that their sex life might lack variety, innocently queries, "You don't like our position?" whilst the wife confesses she's had erotic dreams co-starring Warren Beatty, "but we didn't go all the way." Best moment in *I Could Never Have Sex* is the finale, when the four fraidy-cats hide behind the door to avoid an unexpected visit from a really swinging couple called the DeVrooms. Too bad they go away. This picture could have used a couple of DeVrooms as antidote for an overdose of coy titillation.

The career of automobile racing driver Junior Johnson—now in his 40s and retired from active competition on the stock-car circuit—is freely but vibrantly fictionalized in *The Last American Hero*.

Adapted by William Roberts from Tom Wolfe's whiz-bang prose in an *Esquire* article about Junior, the movie calls him Junior Jackson and takes a sympathetic approach to this "wild-assed mountain boy" who is determined to remain a loner, to burn up the track without selling himself body and soul to the establishment manipulators whose sponsored, factory-built cars dominate the racing world. How Junior wins his trophies at the expense of his impossible dreams about freedom and rugged independence is *Hero's* underlying theme—which hardly amounts to a startling new perception of the American experience. But director Lamont Johnson has a lot going for him in addition to lively footage of demolition derbies and stock races. Jeff Bridges as Junior was never better at giving his down-home shtick a sense of inner-directed urgency and conviction, and he sets the pace for earthy performances by Geraldine Fitzgerald and Art Lund (with Lund especially right as Junior's dad, a stubborn mountain man dedicated to making top-grade moonshine). Another noteworthy figure in the supporting cast is built-for-speed Valerie Perrine as a track follower who calls herself "a Georgia peach-pit," an amiable girl with very low resistance to winners. Junior's disappointment in love is part of his evolution from hillbilly rebel to superpro, and *Last American Hero* salutes him in a pop saga phrased with rough vernacular authenticity. It's no easy feat to project the innate class of a hero whose idea of a smart retort is, "If you had gas for brains, you couldn't back a piss-ant out of a pea shell."

Eddie Egan, the rugged former New York City detective whose real-life exploits as a crime fighter gave impetus to *The French Connection*, is at it again in a less smashing sequel called *Badge 373*. Once more, Egan himself plays a pivotal role as the police lieutenant who does all he can to curb the unorthodox methods of Detective Ryan (read Egan) when Ryan sets out to avenge the murder of a fellow officer. Taking the part originated by Gene Hackman, Robert Duvall is equally brutal, determined and convincing. He is also an unabashed racist, as quick to call a Spanish-speaking culprit a spick as to dismiss one of his law-enforcement colleagues as "a little Jew prick." Pending investigation of charges that he pushed a dope pusher off a roof in Spanish Harlem, Ryan indulges his own thirst for vengeance with practically no time out for hearts and flowers; a brief call on his dead chum's embittered widow (Tina Cristiani, featured in our July issue) and a few hours in bed with his favorite barmaid (Verna Bloom, putting true grit into another thankless role) are the only indications that our hero may be subject to recognizable human feelings. The dirty work he uncovers has to do

with smuggling arms to guerrillas intent on the liberation of Puerto Rico. Producer-director Howard W. Koch handles every outbreak of violence competently—but without sufficient razzle-dazzle to conceal the weaknesses of a sleazy script by columnist Pete Hamill.

Gangsters wearing baggy suits and the broad-brimmed hats of 1931 swagger through *Pete, Pearl & The Pole*, made in Italy but said to take place in Farmington, West Virginia, where the piazzas were presumably frequented by big-time racketeers. In fact, the movie doesn't look as wrong as one might expect, though it often sounds like a prep-school parody of *Little Caesar* or *Scarface*. "You're a bitch," says the Pole (Adolfo Celi) to Pearl (Lucretia Love). "Well, us bitches got rights, too," his moll retorts. Pearl has just got back after being kidnaped and held for ransom by the Pole's rival, Pete, who drives a vintage touring car with a crank-wound Victrola on the seat beside him (his taste runs to *You Made Me Love You* and *Sweet Georgia Brown*). Tony Anthony, who rose to eminence in Italy's spaghetti Westerns, plays Pete as if he were determined to stay a good 20 leagues behind Clint Eastwood. To put it bluntly, Anthony cannot act at all: his effort here might move even Clint to a guffaw.

Chubby Checker shouts, "Let's twist again!" and the sound of the Fifties comes back loud and clear. At this point in our social history, when almost any bygone era can be packaged and sold as an age of relative innocence, *Let the Good Times Roll* obviously fills a need. Staged in the spring of 1972 for the express purpose of being filmed, two rock-'n'-roll revival concerts (the first in Detroit, the second in New York) brought together such Fifties favorites as Chuck Berry, Little Richard, the Shirelles, The Five Satins, Bo Diddley, Bill Haley and the Comets, and more. Even a moviegoer for whom the names strike no spark of recognition should find *Good Times* an exhilarating time trip. Its concert footage is shrewdly edited and often combined, on a split screen, with other samples of Fifties memorabilia. There are flying saucers, Charles Van Doren and the quiz-show scandals, early Nixon political speeches, plus TV interviews with earnest public officials decrying the pernicious moral degeneracy of rock rhythms. The filmed concert is an overworked format, but this giddy musicale has much more than early rock to recommend it as a document in the history of the American youth movement.

Sean Connery's latest replacement as 007, in *Live and Let Die* (pictorially previewed in our July issue), is Roger Moore, better known to TV viewers

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as Simon Templar of *The Saint* series. Suave, cool and handsome, Moore lacks the earthy humor of his predecessor but plays the Fleming game passably well. He seems markedly less sex-conscious than Connery, too, though that may be simply a matter of de-emphasis by scenarist Tom Mankiewicz and director Guy Hamilton,



both experienced hands. Jane Seymour, as Solitaire the seeress—whose powers wane as her sex appeal increases—and Gloria Hendry, as a bedworthy secret agent, provide Bond's principal diversions from a plot that involves violence, voodoo and a fiendish evildoer named Dr. Kananga (Yaphet Kotto), who has a scheme afoot for conquering the civilized world through drug addiction. High point of the picture is yet another fantastic chase in speedboats that zing over land and sea and occasionally collide with police patrol cars. Except for this episode, the movie ranks low to middling on the Bond scale of hyperstimulant cinema. As a footnote, trend spotters will note an unusual number of blacks among the baddies, which must signify something, perhaps a put-down of the inverted racism (black for good, white for evil) that's been all too prevalent in action movies lately.

Montmartre, the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower are glimpsed as fleeting reflections in plate-glass doors by a troop of American ladies on a guided tour of Paris. These giddy tourists in the City of Light see little else, save traffic jams and chromium snack bars; thus, Paris is a case of love at first sight, because it reminds them of places back home, like Cleveland. That is the essence of *Playtime*, a brilliant comic essay by France's Jacques Tati, who has a great deal to say—or show—about the ludicrous situation of human beings in a modern world that is all coming to resemble Kennedy Airport. Far superior to his 1971 *Traffic*—another episode in the misadventures of Tati's Mr. Hulot—*Playtime* was made in 1967 and appears at the age of six to be not just a delightful social satire but a prophecy fulfilled. Tati doesn't


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invite moviegoers to roll in the aisles: he would rather we chuckle along with him at the patently absurd roles played by mankind on a planet where the revealed religion is Progress. He sees devastating implications in the opening of a swank supper club occupied by frenzied dancers, a man toppling repeatedly off his bar stool, a doorman with only a knob in his hand, who politely helps patrons enter through a nonexistent door. Tati's rueful metaphor is a merry-go-round world in which, at last, it seems utterly reasonable that the treasures of the Louvre cannot compete for public favor with the dizzy enchantment of cars moving up and down on a hydraulic lift.

On a bleak Oklahoma hilltop circa 1910, two ne'er-do-well men and an embittered woman defend their wildcat drilling site against an army of thugs recruited by a giant oil corporation. George C. Scott and John Mills play the beleaguered heroes of *Oklahoma Crude* with about as much gusto as a movie screen can hold—Scott as a hired hand, Mills as the estranged father of wildcatter Faye Dunaway (a fine actress flagrantly miscast—for Faye's inbred elegance defeats all efforts to disguise her, with long-john underwear and Max Factor smudges, as a feminist roustabout). First-rate cinematography by Robert Surtees, plus the screenplay by Marc Norman, might have sustained the elemental conflicts of *Crude* if producer-director Stanley Kramer had ever decided just what kind of movie he wanted to make. Living up to his reputation for sledge-hammer subtlety, Kramer stages one showdown scene with stark realism, another as farce—while Henry Mancini's velvety background music treats love, hate, hope, fear and sexual desire as if he hoped to turn every gush of emotion into a Top 40 song hit. The result is a film full of rumbling promise but aesthetically out of sync, with even its potent star power diminished by half.

Produced by Francis Ford Coppola (of *Godfather* fame) and directed by his protégé, George Lucas (whose first film was *THX 1138*, a muddled but promising try at science fiction), *American Graffiti* has very little plot and no particularly telling points to make. It is, nonetheless, a satisfying slice-of-life movie that takes the pulse of teenagers in an average California town on one hot night in the summer of '62. Every guy who's got wheels is cruising the main drag or stopping by Mel's Burger City to see where the action is. There's a hop in progress at the high school gym, if anyone is square enough to care. Girls are picked up and dropped as fast as they can be checked out for their accessibility. Two buddies named Steve and Curt (played by Ronny Howard and Richard Dreyfuss) are

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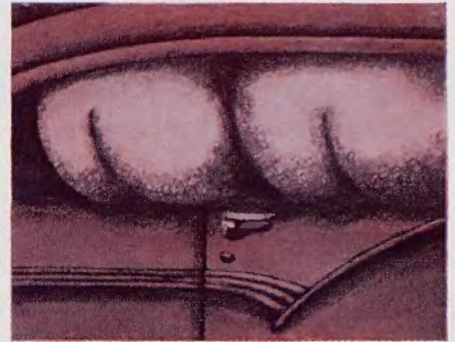
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enjoying their last night on the town before they fly away to an Eastern college; and two less privileged chums (Charlie Martin Smith and Paul Le Mat) are pre-occupied with fast cars and even faster chicks (fastest by far is a blonde named Debbie, caught like a butterfly in a block of crystal by Candy Clark). While a generally first-rate cast of little-known



performers makes *American Graffiti* come to life, substantial credit must be shared with director Lucas and co-scenarists Gloria Katz and Willard Huyck, whose rueful reminiscence of what it meant to be young in the Sixties is sharper than the retouched portrait of Fifties youth in *The Last Picture Show*. The fount of culture is a car radio blasting out then-current hits by The Platters and The Beach Boys, courtesy of a celebrated West Coast deejay known as Wolfman Jack. And cruising, the way Lucas treats it, becomes not merely a teenage social custom but a classic American ritual as stylized as a tribal salute to puberty.

Pinup boy Burt Reynolds enters his high bid for superstar status opposite Sarah Miles in *The Man Who Loved Car Dancing*, an entertaining, though inconsequential, film version of Marilyn Durham's hot seller, a kind of homespun erotic fantasy about a runaway wife who is kidnaped by train robbers. A woman's Western from first to last, and talented Sarah has all the best of it. In another vehicle, *White Lightning*, Burt is fully in charge as an ex-con mixed up with bootleg whiskey, wild women and corrupt cops in one of those lethal little towns down South. Great stunt driving. The rest is good tough Reynolds rap.

Liv Ullmann is dressed like a dowager and seems wildly wrong in *40 Carats*, the movie based on that Broadway hit about a 40ish New York career woman who decides to live happily ever after with a millionaire of 22. At least she doesn't die of cancer, as cradle-robbing movie heroines so often do. Young Edward Albert plays the boy in a manner to make a P. T. A. chairlady feel like Auntie Mame.

Little Cigars must have been meant as a comedy, but don't ask why: A blonde moll (Angel Tompkins) goes on a crime

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spree with a band of midgets—and falls in love with their diminutive leader. Give this one short shrift.

A herpetological horror show starring more snakes than you can shake a stick at, *Ssssss* stars Dirk Benedict and Heather Menzies as a boy and a girl who find that love is a drag when a fella turns into a king cobra. Excellent make-up and photography, though only a confirmed snake handler will watch this one with both feet on the floor.

RECORDINGS

Triumvirate (Columbia) brings together the talents of two third-rate rock stars, Mike Bloomfield and John Paul Hammond, and one great one, Dr. John. There's a long, dull story (part of which is printed on the sleeve) about how personal tensions and musical chaos almost

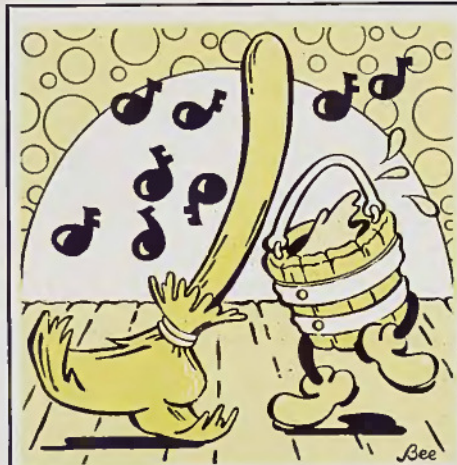
prevented the album from coming off. Well, the tape probably should have been left in the can. The opener, *Cha-Dooky-Doo*, is pretty good, even Hammond's singing is passable, but Chris Ethridge's bass makes it. From this point on, the descent is rapid. Mike is generally off mike and John Paul's attempts to sing "da blooze" (as the pop press distinguishes the imitative variety) are, to put it charitably, uninspired. As the Doctor has told us brilliantly elsewhere, "I was in the right place, but it must have been the wrong time."

Now that *O Lucky Man!* has made its mark on American

movie screens, we imagine the lines will be forming at the record shops to scoop up Warner Bros.' original-sound-track LP. The songs and the performance by composer-pianist-singer Alan Price (he is, incidentally, very visible in the movie) are merely sensational. Price is close to Randy Newman in his approach to a song; the title tune, *Changes, Justice* and, especially, *Poor People* are several cuts above most of the better pop stuff turned out today. Price's voice is beguilingly straightforward and his piano work meritorious. Guitarist Colin Green, bass gui-

tarist Dave Markee and drummer Clive Thacker add considerable support.

We had some unkind things to say about *Carney*, but Leon Russell more than redeems himself with *Leon Live* (Shelter), a three-disc concert recording that is the epitome of his vast talents. Since nearly every track is first-rate, you begin to get a picture of Russell's incredible creativity and drive. When you can listen to more than three sides of this powerhouse style at one sitting, you'll begin to understand what a Leon Russell concert is all about. The set includes classic country rockers, sometimes with an old-timey flavor, as in *Dixie Lullaby*, sometimes freshened up with new piano figures and Gospel fills, as in *Of Thee I Sing*, occasionally quiet and reflective, as in *Sweet Emily*. The band, featuring Don Preston's guitar (hear his lines above the clamor of *Jumping Jack Flash*), is superb throughout. A Dallas Gospel group, Black Grass, was



We always like a musician who's come up the hard way—who's suffered torment and bad women and cheap whiskey, who's paid his dues and really *lived* it. For this reason, we were happy to learn about Sam Leopold's first album. As a PR release tells it: "At age 24 he is living in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, and has been playing the folk-club circuit in the city since the summer of 1972. But his musical experiences date back to guitar lessons from his parents' cleaning lady in the mid-1950s."

touring with Russell last summer, and they fit in well here, with only an occasional straining to match his pace and tempo. There are nods to the blues and to Little Richard—important sources for Leon—and a fine musical discourse on the trials of touring and performing, *Out in the Woods*, featuring the Reverend Patrick Henderson's clever vocal obligato to Leon, strong riffs by the Gospel girls, rhythmic pauses and jumps and, as always, Leon's perfect pacing and gauging of the audience response. The concluding offering, *It's All Over Now Baby Blue*, caps the most important recorded statement Leon Russell has made.

Supersax Plays Bird (Capitol) is a wild thing. The idea behind it was to take classic Charlie Parker solos and turn them into ensemble charts. The results are astonishing. *Supersax* is made up of Med Flory and Joe Lopes on alto, Warne Marsh and Jay Migliori on tenor and Jack Nimitz on baritone, with Conte Candoli's trumpet adding the brass counterpoint and pianist Ronnell Bright, drummer Jake Hanna and bassist Buddy Clark supplying the rhythm (a brass choir



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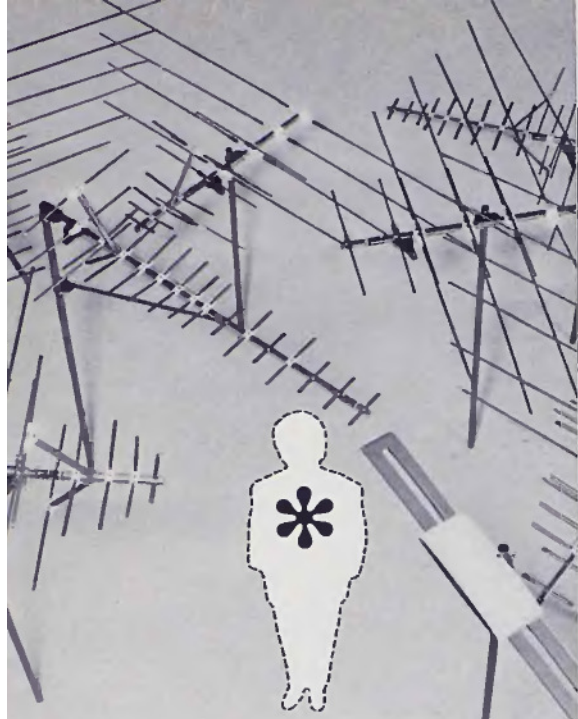
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was tacked on for three of the numbers). The reed work on some of the more frenetic Bird solos is breath-taking. But even on the slower, moodier pieces, the transformation of the solos into a contemporary group sound is startling. Able to leap impossible charts at a single bound, it's Supersax!

Let's hear it for Choice records, a new label with a couple of splendid debut albums. *A Flower for All Seasons* duos Eddie Daniels on flute, alto flute, clarinet and bass clarinet, and Bucky Pizzarelli on electric and acoustic guitars. Bucky, who created quite a stir when he teamed up with fellow guitarist George Barnes, has found another soulmate in Daniels. The two, with Pizzarelli usually providing the backup sound for Daniels, are supertasteful as they weave their way through a session that ranges from Chopin and Ibert through Harold Arlen's *As Long as I Live* and Henry Mancini's *Two for the Road* to a couple of jazz-bossa-nova items, *Samia* by Les McCann and *Blue Bossa* by Kenny Dorham. *The Jimmy Giuffre 3 / Music for People, Birds, Butterflies & Mosquitos* is equally impressive. Estimable composer-reedman Giuffre is heard here on flute, clarinet and tenor sax, along with bassist Kiyoshi Tokunaga and drummer Randy Kaye, as they perform a dozen of his compositions. Singly and *in toto*, they're fascinating, with Tokunaga making a major contribution to the over-all effectiveness of the album. But what we really appreciate most about both LPs is their ability to convey musical excitement while keeping the decibel count to an ear-preserving level, and that—in this day and age—is something. The records are available at \$5.98 each from Choice Records, 245 Tilley Place, Sea Cliff, New York 11579.

The new one from Sly and the Family Stone, *Fresh* (Epic), makes a silly concession to somebody by printing the lyrics to the tunes, thereby making people read and reflect on Sly's stock in trade, the great suggestive nonsense (*Babies Makin' Babies*, for instance) that his music is designed to present through those marvelous mumbles, mannerisms, ululations and incoherencies that have to be heard. This album is beautiful.

Bet you thought all the rock-star infatuation with gurus and things Indian was over. Not so: We're getting another go-round, or recrudescence, of the Perennial Pop Philosophy in two very different albums by George Harrison and Mahavishnu John McLaughlin. Harrison, the only Beatle to survive musically, offers his most appealing, if not sophisticated, mix to date of pop music and Vedanta enlightenment in *Living in the Material World* (Apple). Ranging from meditative prayer to love songs, lawyer songs and rock 'n'

roll, the album works best in the rock mode: *Don't Let Me Wait Too Long* is a nice uptempo ballad in the late Beatles vein; *The Lord Loves the One (That Loves the Lord)* uses a Gospel verse with power and ease; the title tune, tracing George's hopeful progress from birth through friends John and Paul to Sri Krishna's grace, is the best of the lot, aided in no small measure by Klaus Voormann's fine bloop-bloop bass, Nicky Hopkins' piano and Jim Horn's sax. The big production numbers try to mix sincerity and schmaltz, not too effectively. Yet George's religiosity—here much more firmly, musically grounded than in *All Things Must Pass*—is going to speak to millions. And that is no bad thing. *Love Devotion Surrender* (Columbia) finally brings together the converging talents of Carlos Santana and Mahavishnu John under the devout auspices of Sri Chinmoy. John's guru, whose message adorns the album's inner sleeve. Carlos began getting into McLaughlin's music with *Marbles* on the Buddy Miles/Santana album, then developed that direction in *Caravanserai*. This disc is no Hindu hoedown, however, but a fresh look at, among other things, the music of John Coltrane. *A Love Supreme* is grounded in some fine Larry Young organ, over which Carlos and John trade fiery guitar excursions, while *Naima* is the quiet message, the best thing on the album. In the traditional *Let Us Go into the House of the Lord*, a wholly different flavor is evoked: a modal and arrhythmic opening, then a middle section of congas in up-tempo with guitars flashing over and, finally, a lovely lingering close. A brief *Meditation*—McLaughlin now on piano, Santana now on acoustic guitar—concludes the proceedings, reverently.

TELEVISION

We asked the Chicago Sun-Times's Pulitzer Prize-winning television critic, Ron Powers (whose last PLAYBOY contribution was June's interview with Walter Cronkite), to ponder the upcoming TV season. Here's his gloomy report:

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice without hanky-panky? *Love Story* without death? *Shaft* without his gun? Yes, TV fans, there's all of that—and less—in store for you as the three major networks prepare to unveil a new fall prime-time season that's so innocuous you wouldn't be ashamed to watch it with your President.

Series adaptations of hit movies—sanitized of all the earthiness that made those movies hits—provide but one example of television's New Banality this fall. Even before the nation's TV critics gathered in Los Angeles in June to preview the season, there were disturbing indications that the Nixon Administration's displeasure with treatment of matters sexual

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and/or ideological was getting through to the license-conscious broadcasters. In the early spring, CBS had canceled *Sticks and Bones*, David Rabe's blackly humorous satire about a returning Vietnam-war vet, just days before air time—ostensibly because it would offend sensibilities during the wave of P. O. W. returns. That move cost CBS a promising long-term association with producer Joseph Papp, who severed his commitments with the network in disgust after the decision. (For more on Papp, see this month's "Theater" section.)

A few weeks later, CBS announced it would cancel the situation-comedy series *Bridget Loves Bernie*, though that tepidly amusing show about a Catholic bride and a Jewish bridegroom was among TV's top ten in the Nielsen ratings. "Performance below expectations" was the corporate rationale—but it was no secret that the series had drawn fire from outraged leaders in both the Catholic and the Jewish communities.

Given that acquiescent atmosphere—plus the U. S. Supreme Court crackdown on "obscenity"—no one expected fall 1973 to usher in a new level of TV candor on the order of *All in the Family* or *Maude*. But then, no one quite expected *The Return of My Friend Irma*, which is about what we're getting. ABC, for example, will tease viewers every week with its desexualized version of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. Another stern ruling from the network, disclosed Anita Gillette, one of the stars of the series, was that the cleavage of co-star Anne Archer was not to show.

Not only *femmes* but feminism seems headed for peculiar mass-cult modifications at ABC. Another of the network's new shows is a sitcom called *Adam's Rib* about a young husband-and-wife lawyer



team. As a sop to middle America's presumed antilib bias, the title was changed from *Mr. and Ms.* And in the episode screened for critics, the female half of the team (Blythe Danner) was portrayed as an ultimately helpless ninny, needing rescue at the 28th minute from her chauvinist hubby (Ken Howard). "Is the point of your series to keep *everyone* happy?" a woman critic asked Howard. "I think it is, yes," he replied. Lots of luck, Howard. At NBC, producer George Schaefer said


he wasn't sure *he* was happy with the title the network has given his anthology series about male-female relationships. That's understandable: The title is *Love Story*, but ne'er will be heard a four-letter word from the lips of Ali MacGraw. In fact, there will *be* no Ali MacGraw; the series won't have any regular stars and the title, once again, is a gimmick. "Out of 17 scripts I've seen," said Schaefer, "one or two will be slightly far out." Hot damn.

NBC will also offer what may be the definitively insipid sitcom: It will pair a fugitive from Walt Disney movies (John Davidson) with Flying Nun Sally Field as a young wife with ESP in *The Girl with Something Extra*.

In a new cop series, TV will demonstrate—again taking its cue from the Administration—that you can be cut off from reality and still get plenty of cheap thrills. The CBS schedule, in particular, will team with gunslinging cops and detectives, including the castrated *Shaft*, starring Richard Roundtree in a 90-minute rotating Tuesday series alternating with *Hawkins* (starring Jimmy Stewart re-creating his *Anatomy of a Murder* role), and Telly Savalas will lumber after crooks as *Kojak* on Wednesday. CBS also has a young new *Perry Mason* in Monte Markham whose practice will still be based on those quaint whodunits that wowed 'em in the Fifties.

There are a few bright spots. Detective-novelist Joseph Wambaugh, who has artistic control over a promising NBC series based on his *Police Story*, told critics in June that if the network does anything "ridiculous" to the integrity of his plots, "I'll just walk off." ABC will present Katharine Hepburn in a special production of Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*; will do a dramatization based on F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last of the Belles*, with Richard Chamberlain and Blythe Danner; and will offer Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. There's also an upsurge in series with black stars. Besides *Shaft*, CBS is doing *Roll Out!* (with Stu Gilliam and Hilly Hicks), a military comedy set during World War Two. And NBC has *Tenafly*, starring James McEachin as a harried black middle-American private eye; it could be outstanding.

The status of prime-time news and public-affairs shows this fall is uncertain. No network has a regularly scheduled week-night, prime-time slot for documentaries, though NBC plans 30 hours of such programming in 1973-1974, CBS 26 and ABC has promised 12. But how "investigative" will the journalism on these documentaries be? A recent hard-line interpretation of the fairness doctrine by the Federal Communications Commission staff would have the effect of virtually extinguishing broadcast journalism, should

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it be upheld by the full seven-member commission. The interpretation held that a Peabody Award-winning NBC study of failed pension plans in the U.S. violated the fairness doctrine because it didn't show examples of successful pension plans on the same show. Traditionally, the fairness doctrine has given broad discretion to the broadcasters in presenting all sides of a controversial issue over an indefinite period of time. Network newsmen (including CBS correspondent Dallas Townsend) fear that the decision against NBC, should it be upheld, is a dangerous infringement of broadcast journalism—and even if it's overturned, another Administration warning will nonetheless have been made perfectly clear.

In short, the New Banality is here. Pass the cottage cheese and catsup.

THEATER

This fall, Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival replaces the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—and the dapper, dynamic producer promises revolution. As he has shown in his past battles, he is a willing infighter who wades into action, mouth first. The man chews on controversy like his ever-present cigar. When CBS booted Papp's production of David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones* from the network in March, Papp's cry of foul was heard coast to coast—and he allowed his projected four-year contract to lapse after only 11 months and one televised production, an updated version of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*.

At Lincoln Center, he is plotting not only a complete change in artistic policy but also a total overhaul of the Vivian Beaumont Theater, which he has proclaimed "a disaster." He is dedicated to making a big splash. The emphasis will no longer be on revivals of classics ("There's something staid in that notion") but on new American plays by new American writers, such as Rabe, Jason Miller, Charles Gordon, Robert Montgomery and Richard Wesley, whom Papp discovered at his off-Broadway Public Theater. One thing he will not have is revolving repertory. "I think of that as something old and European. I get tired of seeing the same actors all the time."

The season's opener at Lincoln Center will be *In the Boom Boom Room*, by Papp's prize playwright, Rabe. This is a family play but with undertones of the author's favorite subject, the war in Vietnam. The main character is a go-go dancer, a role, says Papp, for a young Marilyn Monroe, if he can find one. He will follow that with a two-character Irish play, *Au Pair Man*, starring Julie Harris; a black play; Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, with Max von Sydow making his U.S.

stage debut; and a spaced-out rock musical (Papp was the first to produce *Hair*).

A look at that list—with its stars and its revival of a classic—and one might be inclined to accuse Papp of compromise. But he has always been an unpredictable, curious combination of rebel and realist. "Medium repertory with just good actors is not enough," he says. "Perhaps it is in a smaller place like Minneapolis, but not in New York. In New York, you have to compete with Broadway." What he wants is "distinguished performers—stars—with the decibel to fill a theater." But, he insists, "The play is still paramount. I will not start with Orson Welles and ask him what play he wants to do."

The Repertory Theater used to do its new works in the basement of the Beaumont, at the tiny Forum Theater. Papp will reverse the process. Rabe is to be on the main stage and Shakespeare in the basement, along with small versions of major plays, done in some cases by major actors. "Shakespeare is our Bach," he says, although he doesn't often play him the traditional way. Asked if blacks would object to his plans for a white Othello, he answers, "Not with a black Iago."

He hopes to bring a sense of spaciousness and of glamor to Lincoln Center theater. At the root of his enterprise, right next to artistic integrity, is his feeling about money: "It's always in the picture. How much good theater product we can disseminate to how many people is based on our money-raising capacity." Papp's fund-raising ability is fantastic: "I don't go with a tin cup on the subway asking for charity. I ask the person who gives me \$100,000 to give me \$200,000." Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse, the wife of the communications king, once gave him \$100; this year, she gave him \$1,000,000.

"There are two ways of being poor—poor poor and rich poor," he says, and explains that when Jules Irving was in charge of the Lincoln Center rep and "had between a \$500,000 and a \$750,000 annual deficit, they were ready to shut up shop. In a \$10,000,000 theater!" From Papp's point of view, "That makes no sense. The amount of money spent can't be niggling." He keeps raising the niggling level, which is now up to \$10,000,000 as a projected five-year deficit. He says he needs at least that much in order to be "freewheeling."

With Lincoln Center, the Public Theater, Shakespeare in Central Park, mobile theaters throughout New York City and shows on Broadway, Papp is the most prolific, probably the most powerful man in the American theater. But he has never been one to rest on his record. He now plans to film and to tape his own productions, another step in his ultimate dream—to operate a national theater. Or, as one of Papp's associates says, "All the world's a stage—and we own it."





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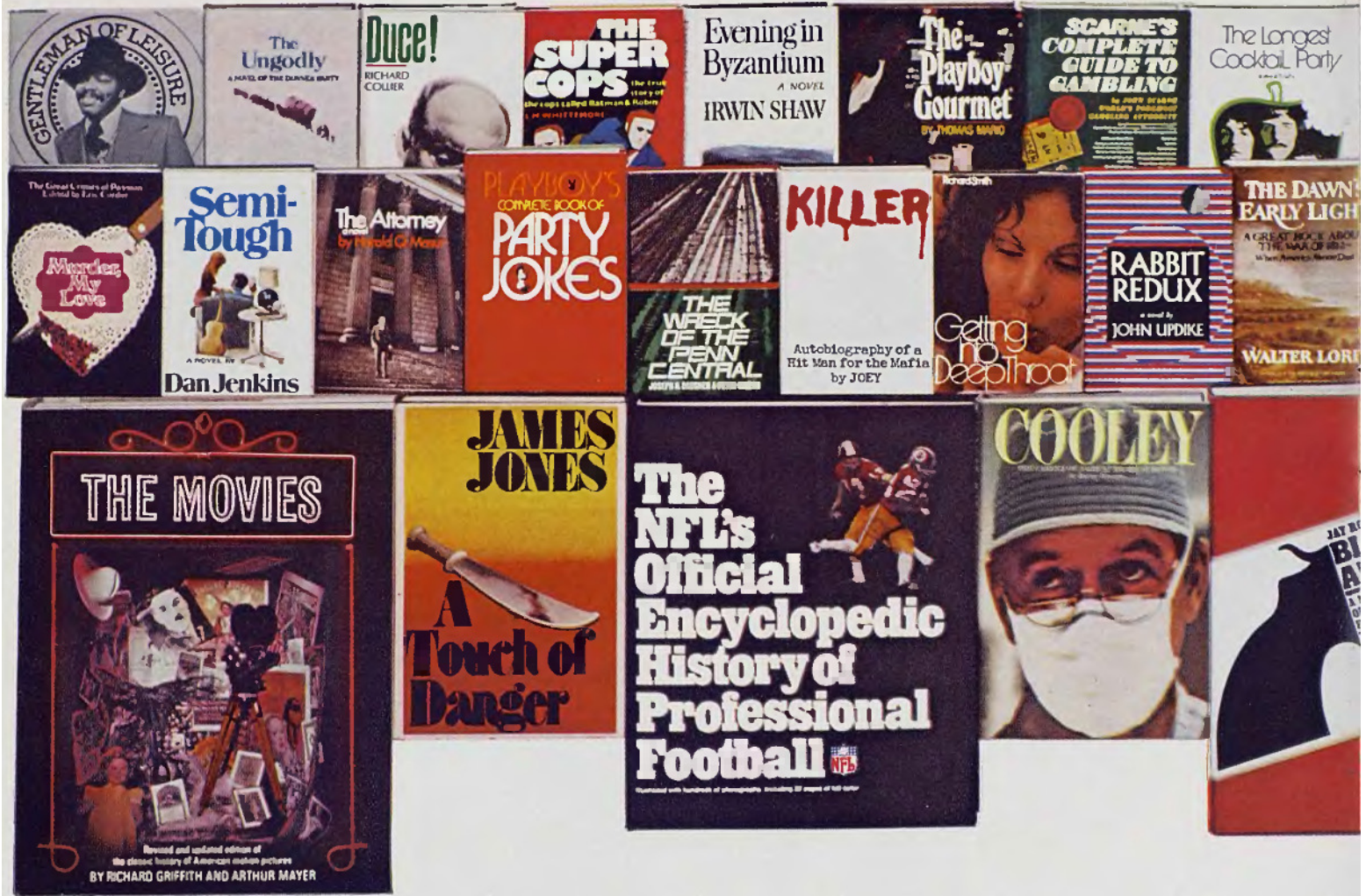
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Three years ago, I met an attractive and intelligent girl who had a notable sexual reputation around town. When I came into the picture, it was all sex at first, but gradually we became very attached and we now see each other daily. We are both 26, and she is becoming preoccupied with her age and future, especially as regards marriage. My family is prominent in this rather small town and I seem to have inherited some hang-ups as a result. Despite my need for her physically, emotionally and intellectually, and my deep and profound feelings about her, I still have a funny feeling when we are out in public, because I cannot seem to forget her past. And neither can my friends nor my family, who do not wholly accept her. I wish neither to leave her nor to marry her, but she won't wait through my indecision forever. Do you see a way to resolve my dilemma?—F. R., Conway, Arkansas.

If it's gotten to where you can't stroll down memory lane without getting mugged, then it's time to move. She may want to follow you; you may have earned the right to ask her to. Once you have escaped the prejudicial atmosphere of your home town, you will be able to give your future a fair hearing.

Being a virgin at 22 is a genuine social handicap. I've encountered so much skepticism and pseudo-Freudian insight that I stopped confessing the fact. No one ever meant enough to me to try sex until now. My new boyfriend *does* mean enough. Should I tell him about my handicap or let him find out for himself?—Miss G. A., Ames, Iowa.

Tell him. Virginity is a congenital defect that can be corrected by a simple operation. We're sure he'll cooperate.

I carry an aerosol breath spray in my car in case I'm stopped on the way home from a bar by a state trooper—a quick spray will prevent detection of alcohol on my breath. A friend of mine says that I'm making a big mistake. He claims that if I'm forced to take a Breathalyzer test, the alcoholic content of the aerosol spray will put the meter right off the scale with a reading that says I shouldn't be alive, let alone be able to drive. Knowing if this is fact or fiction may keep my fingerprints off a blotter down at the local station. Is my friend right?—P. S. R., Hartford, Connecticut.

Your friend is wrong, but you're still making a big mistake. In most states, evidence technicians must observe a suspect for 20 minutes before they give him a Breathalyzer test. Use of an aerosol breath spray would surely attract their attention;

it would not matter to the meter. (You could rinse your mouth out with bourbon and still not influence the outcome of the test.) However, it doesn't take a meter to indicate that you are unfit to drive and that you may not, for long, be alive. If you have to mask the odor of alcohol on your breath, you've already had too much to be on the road.

One of my girlfriends told me that making love on a water bed is like having a third person in bed who knows more about pleasure than the two of us put together. I want to get one for my apartment, but my landlord says no. There's nothing in the lease about it, but I would rather convince him of the safety than resort to legal measures. Can you help?—L. D., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Water-bed leaks are infrequent—a frame and safety liner will prevent flooding, should one occur. Your big worry is weight: A six-by-seven-foot water bed tips the scales at 1600 pounds when full and slightly more than that when occupied. Check your city's building code to find the minimum floor-load capacity for apartments; in most cities, it's from 40 to 65 pounds per square foot. You'll be safe unless your aquatic erotics include orgies. Also, for a few dollars, you can obtain tenant-liability insurance, so that the reparation of possible damage would not diminish your landlord's bank account. That should convince him.

For reasons that are not yet clear, I have always gone out with tall, willowy blondes whose cup sizes equaled their grade averages; they have all been dean's-list caliber. The girl I'm engaged to fits this pattern to the A and I find to my bewilderment that it really bothers me. Big breasts are a turn-on, and I doubt that I can go through life without dropping my gaze below eye level when I meet another woman, or without wondering what sex would be like with a more generously endowed partner. I must add that sex is not bad as it is—my attitude is the only thing that's wrong with my fiancée. I can't decide if it would be honest—to myself or to her—to go ahead with our marriage plans. What do you think?—F. J., Salt Lake City, Utah.

It's not a question of honesty; it's a matter of maturity—yours, not hers. A marriage is more than the sum of its anatomical parts; success depends on qualities of love, respect and compatibility. In this equation, breast size ought to be insignificant. Undoubtedly, you've heard the proverb that "more than a mouthful is superfluous." This advice overlooks the possibility that a man's preference for



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large breasts is deep rooted and largely involuntary. No one should plunge into a permanent relationship without some regard for his specific likes and dislikes. The result could be a marriage that flounders sexually: The couple may never know why, or the husband may feel guilty because his wife doesn't turn him on, or the wife may feel guilty because she doesn't turn her husband on. Living with another person is not easy in the best of circumstances; it would be foolish to start with a handicap. However, you may not have a problem. Your dating history is hardly an accident; it suggests that you are attracted to certain qualities (blondeness, intelligence, etc.). Your last-minute confusion about breasts may be a normal premarital impulse to make mountains, whether or not they are there. Marriage will not end your enjoyment of the visible assets of other women, nor will it idle speculation. Why not take time to satisfy your curiosity before you make a final commitment? Oscar Wilde said, "In this world there are only two tragedies: One is not getting what one wants and the other is getting it."

Should I tip the piano player in a lounge or club? If so, how much is expected and what is the most tactful way to bestow the reward?—L. B., Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

You don't shoot the piano player if he plays poorly and you don't necessarily tip him if he plays well. If you have asked him to play a special song, leave a dollar—there's usually a glass or a tray on the piano. Or buy him a drink.

After 15 years of marriage and a recent divorce, I am back in the ball game. I suspect that in my years in the dugout, the rules may have changed. How does an unmarried couple check into a hotel or motel these days? As I recall from many years ago, you carried in two bags, you had rings that looked like wedding bands and you signed the register Mr. and Mrs. Is this still the case?—R. B., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The rules of our national sport have not really changed in 15 years. Innkeepers are still concerned about the reputation of their establishment and do not condone openly any activity that violates law, custom or the other guests' ideas about propriety. Most hotels and motels insist on a Mr.-and-Mrs. signature; if you're willing to falsify the register, they'll look the other way. Confrontations are rare—desk clerks seem to be blessed with the kind of indifference that English teachers would call a suspension of disbelief. There are few laws that specifically prohibit the use of an assumed name or fictional relationship when registering in a hotel or motel, unless it's done with the intent to defraud. (Delaware, In-

diana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Virginia and New Jersey do prohibit the use of fictitious names; Arkansas, Georgia, North Carolina and Mississippi also have laws against misrepresenting relationships.) In most cases, you can avoid problems by paying the double occupancy rate in advance. Bear in mind that state laws against adultery, fornication or sodomy still apply, although prosecution for conduct of this type in private is rare. Be sure to double-lock your door and keep your blinds drawn, and do not admit anyone who is uninvited. The risks of this kind of behavior increase or decrease according to the community and its standard of morality. Be sure you're familiar with both.

Why is the zipper on a pair of trousers called a fly?—L. S., Hollywood, California.

Technically, it shouldn't be. Fly is the term for any folded material or flap on a garment. When breeches were first devised, the fly was a piece of cloth that covered the front and that could be flapped open. Men have laced, buttoned, snapped and hooked their flies for centuries; the zipper is a fairly recent invention and seems to have closed the case once and for all. Fly now describes the flap that covers the zipper.

I am a 28-year-old widow and am having an affair with a wonderful man who calls me by that quaint old term, "mistress." This man is good to me in every way and although I claim to be financially independent, he helps me out with money if I need it. He spends as much time as he can with me and sleeps with me about three nights a week. However, one of my friends believes that as his mistress, I should make him pay my rent and buy my clothes. Personally, I am content with the gifts he occasionally gives me, the dates we have and the emotions we share. Is my friend wrong, or should I look for more? Also, besides sex and loyalty, what should a man expect from his mistress?—Mrs. G. S., Hamilton, Ontario.

Discretion. What a lover calls you is his business. Whether or not, in this case, it is actually your business, it is none of your friend's. We see no harm in a vocabulary that is Victorian; your relationship sounds totally up to date. Before you negotiate a new contract, you might keep in mind Kurt Vonnegut's warning that you are what you pretend to be, so be very careful what you pretend to be.

A few weeks ago, I heard that if my bed partner douched with alum before intercourse, it would increase sensation for both of us. The idea seems plausible; I remember a scene in a *Little Rascals* comedy in which someone put alum in the

lemonade and no one could talk because their lips were puckered. I imagine the principle is the same for the alum douche. Have you ever heard of this use of alum?—G. C., Hanover, New Hampshire.

Yes: It belongs with the French tickler and Spanish fly in the catalog of demented, dangerous sexual idiocy. Alum is used medically as an astringent. Diluted solutions have a drying effect, while more-concentrated solutions act as an irritant. An alum douche dries and shrinks the mucous membrane that lines the vagina, which then seems to be tighter because there is less lubrication and more resistance to penetration. Frequent use of an alum douche will cause serious drying of the mucous membrane, along with irritation, cracking and bleeding. We doubt that your partner would find this pleasant. As for your own sensation—alum is a substance used to pickle dills.

My girlfriend recently showed me an article on astrological birth control that claimed the method is completely natural and 98 percent effective. The article explained that a woman has two periods of fertility each month—one based on the menstrual-ovulation cycle and one based on the angle of the sun and moon at the time of her birth (i.e., a woman is fertile during ovulation and whenever there is a full moon, if she was born during a full moon). There usually are 13 astrologically fertile days each year. To prevent pregnancy, a woman abstains from sex for three days prior to, and for all the days of, peak fertility. In addition, she follows the ordinary rhythm method and abstains from sex from the tenth through the 23rd day of her menstrual cycle. My girlfriend is eager to switch to this method, but I would like your opinion first. Is it effective?—A. C., West Orange, New Jersey.

The ordinary rhythm method is only about 65 percent effective, primarily because women are not as regular as other heavenly bodies. Astrological birth control merely adds a few more forbidden days to the monthly calendar, so that you end up practicing near abstinence, which is a very effective form of birth control. We wouldn't call it natural. Unless you can find true joy in a lovemaking schedule that coincides with the appearances of Halley's comet, your girl had better avoid this gift to star-crossed lovers.

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 Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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Alice, Here's how to start your fresh herbs indoors and have a ball doing it.



CUT HERE

After I saved my winter's supply of old, and sadly empty Cuervo bottles, I got out my bottle cutter and

cut them all off just above the label so I'd have a nice square glass. I did the usual little stones and earth. They really fit nice on a shelf. Planted Basil, Thyme, Cress and Chives for my salads.

Got to start now on next years supply of Planters (☺). It sure is wild tasting stuff (The Cuervo I mean.) Stop by next time you're by the big town and I'll fix you up with a little. Just straight with salt and lime.
Best Pat Jacobs



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE COURT'S OBSCENITY DECISIONS

The U. S. Supreme Court view of pornography reminds me of the story of a man in France who, a newscast reported, complained to the police that he could see topless bathers on a beach. The police investigated. The beach was 1000 feet away from the man's room and the bathers could only be seen with binoculars.

Moses Durham
Easton, Maryland

There's no need to take booksellers and theater owners to court to determine whether or not pornography violates community standards. The best way to determine community standards is to apply the good old free-enterprise system. If there are enough people in the community to keep a blue-movie theater or an adult bookstore in business, that should be sufficient evidence that pornography is acceptable in that community.

George Hayes
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am convinced that, ultimately, reason will prevail and that the foolish and restrictive Supreme Court decisions on pornography will be reversed. Meanwhile, I foresee a proliferation of court cases throughout the country, testing what a community is, what prurient interest really means and how much serious value a work must possess. Since the decisions were announced, the supreme court of Georgia has declared that the film *Carnal Knowledge*, which is not even rated X, is obscene.

After a long, hard day in New York City testifying as an expert witness in behalf of a well-done, educational Swedish film called *Language of Love*, I had to ask myself why the time of so many citizens and officials had to be taken up with such a trial, while muggings, robberies, burglaries and rapes plague this city. And I also wondered why the prosecution allowed the jury to see the film if they really believed that it could be injurious. As Alice said, "Things get curiouser and curiouser."

As a psychotherapist and marriage counselor, I sometimes recommend various erotic films, books and pictures to my patients. Many of them report that erotica helps to free them from their inhibitions and, thus, helps them function better with their spouses. Now they will have more difficulty in seeing and reading such seriously valuable material, and

I am afraid I must enlarge my own library for their perusal. I shudder to think what an ambitious prosecutor might do to me for this practice.

Paradoxically, the more contact people have with sexually explicit materials, the less they are affected by them. After 30 years of such exposure, I can testify to the stultifying effect of pornography. We really need more of this material rather than less, so it can take its proper position near the bottom of the totem pole.

Wardell B. Pomeroy, Ph.D.
New York, New York

Dr. Pomeroy, a participant in "The Playboy Panel: New Sexual Life Styles" (September), assisted in the research and writing of the Kinsey reports on human sexuality.

The Sex Information and Education Council of the U. S. (SIECUS) is concerned about the possible impact of the Supreme Court's obscenity decisions on serious educational programs in the field of human sexuality.

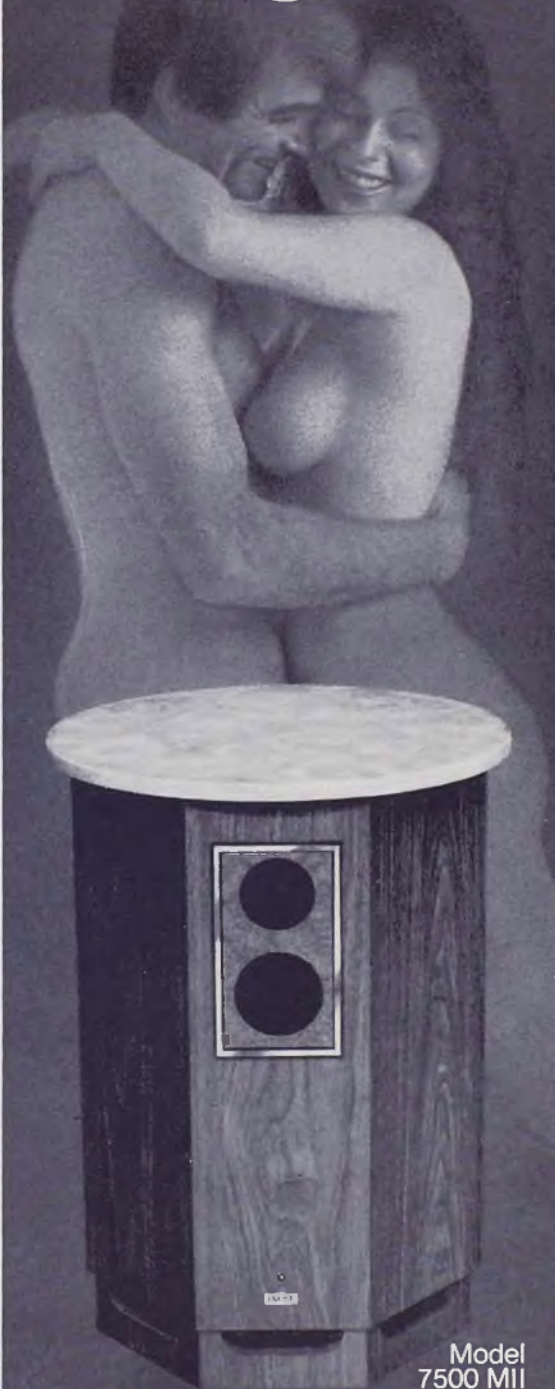
Nearly all U. S. medical schools, an increasing number of schools in related health professions and many training programs for ministers include human sexuality as an important part of their professional curriculums. Many of the materials they use are, for obvious and important reasons, explicit. In addition, many high schools and colleges have recognized that sex education is vital for the healthy development of individual personality and for elimination of the ignorance and confusion about sexual matters that still create widespread problems in our society.

Present and former board members of SIECUS, all leading professionals in their fields, will be watching closely for adverse effects of the Court's obscenity decisions on important teaching programs.

Mary S. Calderone, M.D., M. P. H.
Executive Director
Sex Information and Education
Council of the U. S.
New York, New York

The worst possible consequence of the Supreme Court's decisions on obscenity would be if publishers of books and magazines and producers and exhibitors of movies and plays were to react by censoring themselves. The best response would be to proceed as if the Court had changed nothing. I think the likelihood of criminal convictions increases every time someone responds to the Supreme Court's

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decisions by engaging in self-censorship.

In the past few years, there has been a great maturation in public attitudes toward sexually explicit materials. Today, average Americans treat the depiction of sex far more casually than do the Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court. There could be very little that juries will regard as "patently offensive" if the issues are properly developed for them by attorneys.

However, if self-censorship sets in and the distribution of sexually explicit material is substantially circumscribed, public attitudes will regress. Material that depicts sex frankly will then appear outlandish to juries and criminal convictions will result.

I do not mean to suggest that the bad consequences of the Supreme Court's decisions can be entirely negated by a venturesome response by publishers and producers. The decisions will undoubtedly encourage local officials to engage in a substantial amount of random mischief. My point is simply that the First Amendment rights—and I know of no clause in the First Amendment that excludes obscenity and pornography—thrive where they are used.

Aryeh Neier, Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

American constitutional rights are menaced more by the notion that it is the Supreme Court's peculiar job to interpret and protect them than by anything else. This becomes obvious when five men, four of whom were appointed by Richard Nixon, decide that the First Amendment doesn't apply to obscenity, that local communities can decide what is obscene and that, in doing so, they may ignore all evidence re the effects of pornography and, instead, rely on assumption, whim and prejudice.

Civil libertarians are understandably indignant over this affront to reason and good legal decision making. Law-and-order devotees should be upset as well, for the gathering avalanche of fatuous obscenity cases is likely to keep police, D.A.s and courts much too busy to deal effectively with people involved in real crimes.

Justice William O. Douglas noted in his minority dissent that the effects of the ruling will not be limited to hard-core pornography but will sooner or later overtake serious literary and artistic endeavors as well. It seems that to take away a little freedom from a few is to undermine the wider freedom guaranteed to all. All people who value liberty, therefore, must take it upon themselves to reassert the Bill of Rights. The Court said that obscenity laws are now a matter of local option. Fine. Let's put every kind of pressure at our disposal on legislators to enact laws that respect and reinforce the First Amendment and not give in to the

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

OREGON DECRIMINALIZES POT

SALEM, OREGON—Under a new Oregon law, possession of up to one ounce of marijuana has been reduced from a criminal offense to an ordinance "violation" punishable by no more than a \$100 fine. The reform measure represents the first time a state has moved to decriminalize pot, although possession of more than an ounce still constitutes a misdemeanor or a felony, depending on the amount.

CRIME BUSTERS

OXNARD, CALIFORNIA—Tenants' complaints have forced Oxnard police to turn in their master keys that would open any apartment in the city's low-income housing projects. The keys had been issued by the Oxnard Housing Authority to reduce the cost of replacing doors smashed by



officers searching for crime suspects or making drug raids. The police themselves didn't care one way or the other about having keys, a city commissioner reported. He said he had discussed the matter with the chief of police and had learned that "they would just as soon break the doors down."

NARC! NARC! WHO'S THERE?

NEW YORK CITY—An eight-week investigation by The New York Times has disclosed that mistaken, violent and illegal drug raids are not isolated occurrences, as the Government has claimed, but have happened frequently in the past three years. In the Los Angeles area, one police officer acknowledged that such "mistakes" happen once or twice a month; and in Miami, complaints of police harassment connected with drug searches are so numerous that the Legal Services of Greater

Miami can no longer handle the case load. According to the Times, abuses of police power and the no-knock laws occur on the Federal, state and local levels: "Details of each raid vary, but generally they involve heavily armed policemen, arriving at night, often unshaven and in slovenly 'undercover' attire, bashing down the doors to a private home or apartment and holding the innocent residents at gun point while they ransack the house. . . . Sometimes the agents have warrants and identify themselves. Sometimes they do not." Such tactics have resulted in at least four deaths, including a policeman who was shot by a terrified innocent woman whose bedroom door was being broken down, and a father who was shot in the head while cradling his baby when raiding officers fired a rifle in a neighboring apartment. The newspaper quoted one narcotics agent as saying, "I've been on 200 or so drug raids, and the no-knock is the scariest. You ask yourself what would you do if your door came crashing down at three A.M. and you had a gun. You'd let go, right? Personally, I think the danger might outweigh the value."

GRASS WORRIES BRASS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Almost one fourth of the Navy's 137-man elite ceremonial-guard unit in Washington has been transferred to other duties for allegedly smoking marijuana. A few weeks earlier, President Nixon's official military guard at Camp David and the crew of the Presidential yacht, Sequoia, were similarly transferred because of suspected pot smoking ("Forum Newsfront," September).

DOCTOR-PATIENT PRIVACY

Prompted by the disclosure that the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist had been burglarized in the name of national security, two professional organizations have expressed alarm at the "steady invasion" of the rights of psychotherapists and their patients. A statement adopted jointly by the American Psychoanalytic Association and the American Psychiatric Association said the burglary was one "outright illegal act" that focuses attention on many more subtle threats to confidentiality, such as subpoenas of psychiatric records, FBI requests for information on patients, public access to detailed computerized records and questions about psychiatric care on job and college applications. The presidents of both groups called on psychiatrists and therapists to resist attempts to invade the doctor-patient relationship, but pointed out that unlike clergymen and lawyers, doctors do

not have an inviolable privilege to protect information relating to the treatment or counseling of patients.

DON'T SIGN ANYTHING

VIENNA, AUSTRIA—A man is being tried on charges of adultery because he playfully drew a cartoon figure on his married girlfriend's buttock—and then signed it. His mistress failed to wash off the drawing



before she undressed later in front of her husband, who immediately recognized the cartoonist's signature and filed a criminal complaint.

DIVORCE MADE EASY

STOCKHOLM—The Swedish parliament has revised the national divorce law to permit instant divorce for couples with no children under 16 years of age. For couples with younger children, the waiting period has been reduced to three months. The new divorce law has the effect of putting marriage in almost the same category as voluntary cohabitation, which in Sweden is legal for adults.

HANDSHAKES AND HAND JOBS

NEW YORK CITY—A state supreme court justice has declared New York City's new anti-massage-parlor law unconstitutional



because of vagueness. The law was supposed to close down parlors offering customers masturbation and other sexual acts, but Justice Martin B. Stecher found

the language so broad "that any human contact more intimate than a handshake falls within its proscription." He said the terms of the statute could be construed to include barbers and manicurists.

LONG WAY TO GO

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA—Despite the gay liberation efforts of recent years, homosexuality appears still to be strongly and widely disapproved of in the United States. In a four-year study by the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, 3000 adults were asked, among other questions, "To what extent do you think homosexuality is obscene and vulgar?" Almost two thirds of the respondents answered "very much," 18.6 percent replied "somewhat," 7.4 percent said "very little" and 7.5 percent said "not at all." When asked to compare prostitution, masturbation, premarital and extramarital sex and homosexuality, respondents found the last two most objectionable (86 percent in each case) and objected least to masturbation (48 percent) and premarital sex by an adult male with a woman he loved (47 percent).

Correlating attitudes with backgrounds, the researchers found that the person who is most offended by homosexuality "tends to be a rural, white person who was raised in the rural Midwest or South . . . is more likely to claim a current religion . . . is less likely to have had any childhood sexual experience, especially homosexual experience, and has more guilt about the latter when it did occur."

LIVING IN SIN

BOULDER, COLORADO—A lieutenant in the Boulder police force was suspended from duty for six days and demoted to patrolman—apparently because his superiors learned he was living with his girlfriend. He has sued in district court to recover his rank and back pay, charging that his private actions did not violate police regulations on "immoral, indecent, lewd or disorderly" conduct.

NOBODY ELSE'S BUSINESS

NEW YORK CITY—A state supreme court justice has defied a higher court and ruled for the second time that women receiving abortions should not be required to have their names recorded on fetal death certificates. Sticking to his earlier decision, which had been returned by an appellate court for reconsideration, Justice Samuel A. Spiegel said he still could find no good reason "to invade the right of privacy by compelling disclosure, which is otherwise useless in this context." He added that the regulation in question was not dictated by any law or court decision and repeated his belief that an "abortion register" of women is morally and legally wrong.

yahoos whose fear of sex drives them to impute wickedness to films and publications that take an open and honest approach to the subject.

John Douglas
Atlanta, Georgia

In the welter of words being written about the Burger Court's vitiation of the First Amendment, I hope people don't overlook Justice William O. Douglas' veiled thrust in one of his dissents at the real obscenity of our times—the Nixon Administration's political behavior:

The list of activities and publications and pronouncements that offend someone is endless. Some of it goes on in private; some of it is inescapably public, as when a government official generates crime, becomes a blatant offender of the moral sensibilities of the people, engages in burglary, or breaches the privacy of the telephone, the conference room, or the home.

Daniel Leahy
Chicago, Illinois

WAVES FROM WATERGATE

The Watergate scandal proves only that there's no honor among thieves. The President's personal staff, his White House staff and his re-election staff are abandoning the sinking ship and dragging one another down in a frenzied scramble to survive. Alone on the bridge stands Captain Nixon, who, even if innocent of personal wrongdoing, deserves whatever fate befalls him for having surrounded himself with arrogant, power-mad liars who have shown contempt for the law, justice, civil rights and everything else this country stands for. A man with such bad judgment should not be President of this country.

Edward Hartman
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

JUDGE OF THE YEAR

There's a family-court judge in Providence, Rhode Island, who apparently has never heard of the principle of separation of church and state. An unwed mother who was trying to give her three-month-old child to an adoption agency appeared before this judge, Michael DeCiantis, and he ascertained that she was a Catholic. He also learned that she had not had the infant baptized because she had no way of predetermining the religion of the adoptive parents. "I'm a Catholic," said Judge DeCiantis. "We have been taught that a child that isn't baptized doesn't go to heaven; it's in limbo." With that statement, he refused

(On page 60, "The Playboy Forum" presents a statement on the U.S. Supreme Court's obscenity decisions. Letters continued on page 61.)

THE COURT AND OBSCENITY

It is one of the most amazing things about the ingeniousness of the times that strong arguments are made, which almost convince me, that it is very foolish of me to think "no law" means no law. But what it says is "Congress shall make no law. . . ." Then I move on to the words, "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." It says Congress shall make no law doing that. What it means—according to a current philosophy that I do not share—is that Congress shall be able to make just such a law unless we judges object too strongly. . . . It says "no law" and that is what I believe it means. . . . My view is, without deviation, without exception, without any ifs, buts or whereases, that freedom of speech means that you shall not do something to people either for the views they have or the views they express or the words they speak or write.

—The late HUGO L. BLACK
Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court

In what was supposed to end years of confusion over pornography laws, the U. S. Supreme Court has handed down a series of rulings that only further confuse the issue, increase the likelihood of injustice and perpetuate the dangerous idea that laws can prohibit one particular category of expression while remaining true to the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of speech. Acknowledging "the inherent dangers of undertaking to regulate any form of expression," the Court limits the material that can be prohibited to "works which depict or describe sexual conduct." Good reasons should be offered for regulating works in this category. Instead, Chief Justice Burger's opinions simply assume that there is something uniquely pernicious about sexual materials, while portrayals of violence, say, appear still to enjoy First Amendment protection. This fear of sex is central to the controversy over obscenity and censorship; it is nothing less than tragic that it afflicts a majority of the Supreme Court in 1973.

The Court states that we need not be concerned about any loss of basic freedoms. What is prohibited has, by definition, no worth, the obscene being confined to that which is "lacking in serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value." But trying to delineate valueless communication is like trying to bottle fog. The Burger opinions use such terms as prurient, offensive, lewd, lacking in serious value—which are words about words, over whose meaning people will wrangle till doomsday. The obscene is a subjective concept, existing only in the minds of the beholders, and there are no unambiguous words to define it. The Court admits as much by acknowledging that different standards for prurience and offensiveness exist in different communities. If it had gone one step further and conceded that such differences exist in individuals—that there are ultimately 200,000,000 qualified judges of obscenity in the U. S. and that each has a right to his opinion—we might have had decisions that made sense.

As it stands, however, the new community-standards test will do unlimited mischief to all legitimate national publishers, who will be forced to meet the most conservative common denominators for sexual materials or face constant litigation at the whim of local prosecutors. Meanwhile, the manufacturers of hard-core pornography will continue selling their material to limited audiences in large cities, which have more liberal standards than the country at large.

The Court doesn't even try to justify this limiting of personal freedom on the grounds that pornography is demonstrably

dangerous. In 1970, after the most comprehensive study ever made of the effects of sexually explicit materials, the national Commission on Obscenity and Pornography concluded:

In sum, empirical research designed to clarify the question has found no evidence to date that exposure to explicit sexual materials plays a significant role in the causation of delinquent and criminal behavior among youth or adults. The commission cannot conclude that exposure to erotic materials is a factor in the causation of sex crime or sex delinquency.

The Court simply ignored this commission finding and resorted instead to medieval reasoning:

But, it is argued, there is no scientific data which conclusively demonstrates that exposure to obscene materials adversely affects men and women or their society. . . . We reject this argument. . . . From the beginning of civilized societies, legislators and judges have acted on various unprovable assumptions.

Indeed they have; unprovable assumptions have been used to justify human sacrifice, slavery, the burning of witches, racism and any number of other barbarities that men in their ignorance have imposed on one another by force of law. But this may be the first time a U. S. Supreme Court has so openly endorsed the basing of laws on whim, prejudice or theological notions. Ironically the Court rejected this same fallacy—that believing something makes it so—in ruling that the state cannot prohibit abortions on moral or theological grounds.

The greatest harm done by the Supreme Court's obscenity decisions will not be that people will lose access to hard-core pornography—although we believe that such access is, despite these decisions, a constitutional right. More serious is the restricting effect the decisions will have on all the arts and the media of entertainment and information. Michigan attorney general Frank J. Kelley was quick to warn: "This really sets us back in the Dark Ages. Now prosecuting attorneys in every county and state will be grandstanding and every jury in every little community will have a crack at each new book, play and movie." Sheriffs, police chiefs, district attorneys and other public guardians already are moving against works that by no stretch of the imagination can be called hard-core pornography. Justice Douglas' dissenting prediction that the decisions "would make it possible to ban any paper or any journal or magazine in some benighted place" has come true. The "raids on libraries" he warns about probably won't be far behind.

It's understandable that many Americans are frightened by the transition to greater freedom of sexual expression in recent years. By both law and long tradition, sex and sin are practically synonymous in this country. But fearful people could have been protected from offense by the adequate enforcement of existing laws prohibiting the sale of sexually explicit material to minors and the public display or unsolicited mailing of pornography. It's also true that the commercial exploitation of sex has its ugly aspects, but chiefly because sexuality has so long been subject to official suppression in our society. The public has never had the opportunity to develop standards of good taste in depictions of sex and to enforce them in a free market. Now it may be another generation before American society discovers the positive contribution sexual candor can make to this culture when it is finally permitted to join the mainstream of expression.

permission for the child to be given to the agency.

On another occasion, a 14-year-old girl was brought into Judge DeGiantis' court for violating Rhode Island's law that makes sexual intercourse outside marriage a criminal offense. The girl was described by an investigator as being an excellent student from a good home. She was having sexual intercourse with her 18-year-old steady boyfriend and had told her mother, who gave her permission to obtain birth-control pills. The mother regretted the fact that her daughter had begun sexual activity at such an early age but felt that arranging contraception was more intelligent than shutting her eyes.

"I don't go for it," Judge DeGiantis said. "A 14-year-old girl taking the pill so she can go out and do this kind of stuff; what are we coming to, anyway?" He declared his opposition to giving "children" birth-control pills and told the mother, "This kind of activity is horrible. It was bad judgment on your part." He concluded, "It's a bad, bad thing; it's a very bad thing. We're practically cutting down girlhood; that's what we're doing." He sentenced the girl to a year on probation.

It's so much better, I suppose, for a 14-year-old girl to become an unwed mother.

Thomas Daley
Boston, Massachusetts

THE UGLY MALE

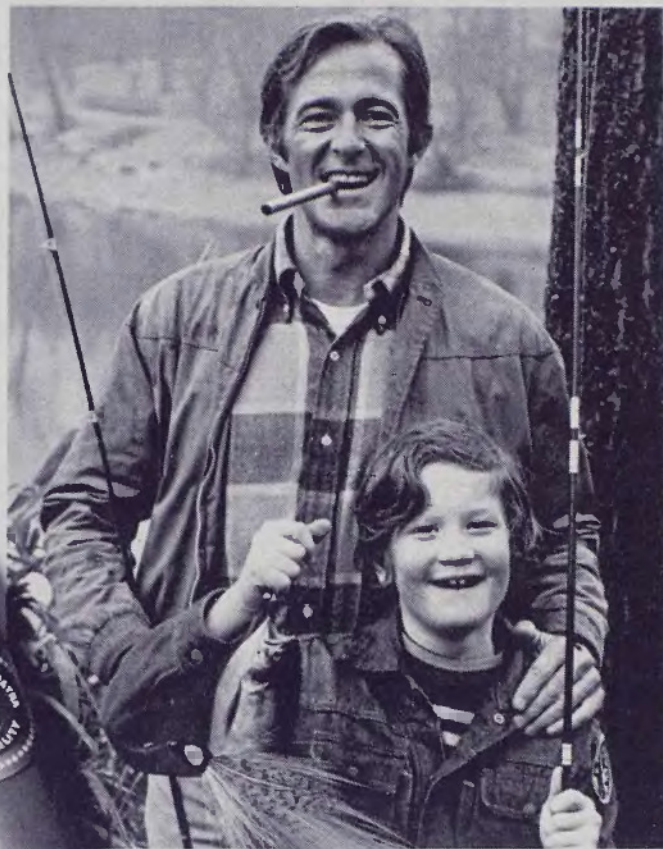
I'm a woman who would like to be able to take an occasional walk without feeling the need for a bodyguard. I am constantly accosted, yelled at, whistled at, offered rides, followed, honked at, mumbled to, smirked at and insulted. Anything, it seems, but a genuinely friendly smile. These hassles occur at the rate of about three per block. The offenders are all male, though none of them are what I would call men. As any woman can tell you, a real man worthy of a woman's attention will not make an ass of himself on the street. If he really has it, he doesn't have to force it on anyone.

Cheryl Buckingham
Nashville, Tennessee

MONOGAMY BY CHOICE

Pepper Schwartz's arguments against female monogamy published in the July *Playboy Forum* are specious. For example, she says that "Women are not biologically monogamous" and backs up the assertion with the fact of women's greater orgasmic capacity. But a physiological capability per se doesn't determine whether or not one is monogamous or promiscuous. It only produces predispositions, for both men and women, that are then influenced by culture and experience.

Miss Schwartz also infers from women's multiorgasmic capacity a "probably" stronger sex drive than men's and, from this, concludes that women are probably not getting as much sex as they'd like and that "It might be more reasonable to have



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several lovers than to expect one man to satisfy all of one's needs." Unless she means that a woman should have as many men on hand during a given lovemaking session as the number of orgasms of which she's capable, I don't see how this follows at all.

She bemoans the sexual double standard. As far as I can tell, it probably still exists for some men, but I know a lot of them who admit that women can enjoy liberated sexuality as much as their own (the women's) personal standards and temperament allow. I also know many men who are delighted that their wives find sex as enjoyable as they (the men) do.

Miss Schwartz says that "Women don't have a strong model of female sexuality that entitles them to as much freedom as men." Freedom is not a matter of having a model to imitate but rather of being able to make choices. One of those choices is monogamy, and choosing it certainly need not imply bondage to a double standard any more than it necessarily means that the partners are neurotically afraid of sexual adventure. My husband and I have chosen mutual fidelity freely and without coercion or undue deference to anybody's standards but our own. We see the choice as a true reflection of ourselves and of a life style that we wish to live; we do not see it as a form of denial. We feel quite liberated.

About the only thing Schwartz says that shows any tolerance is her last sentence: "Some women will find nonmonogamous sexual styles more in keeping with their desires." Fine, I agree. But that doesn't necessitate sweeping generalizations about all women, implying that those who choose monogamy have failed to respond to their nature as women or to the freedom the sexual revolution has afforded.

Mrs. W. O'Keefe
Boston, Massachusetts

RAPE BY INVITATION

An English rape case reported in a U.S. bar journal raises issues that would baffle a metaphysician. Briefly, the complainant, a girl of 18, was sleeping unclothed by an open window. The defendant disrobed outside, climbed through the window and had intercourse with her, while she believed him to be her boyfriend. Only afterward did she suspect that he was somebody else and turn on the light.

Both sides agreed that when the young man was looking through the window, the girl had sat up in bed and held out her arms to him in a welcoming fashion. The point of law then became whether or not this "invitation" excused his crime. Of course, force is not necessary to prove rape; a man is guilty of statutory rape if he deliberately makes a woman drunk or drags her to obtain sexual acquiescence, if he acts while she is asleep or if he deceives her in the dark by pretending to be one she loves. Nevertheless, there is usual-

ly no crime if there is clear-cut evidence of invitation by the woman.

The original trial convicted the defendant of burglary under a section of the law that makes it a crime to enter a house as a trespasser with intent to commit any crime, including rape. When the case was appealed, however, the issue narrowed down to whether or not he had begun trespassing at the time the open-armed invitation was rendered. The defendant was admittedly clutching the window sill. Was he outside the house and thus being invited in, or was he already in the house and thus already a trespasser and a criminal when the girl's gesture was made?

The defendant was released, although the Lord Justice commented that the legal point on which he overturned the conviction was "as narrow may be as the window sill which is crucial in this case."

Howard Messing
Attorney at Law
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

I've never written to a magazine before and I do so now only because *The Playboy Forum* doesn't seem to condemn sexual behavior that many people consider perverted or unnatural. I'm 24, and I grew up in a rural community in Texas where some high school friends and I occasionally engaged in sexual intercourse with farm animals. This was a group thing, because animals (in this case, goats) don't willingly hold still for sex, except maybe with the right animal. When I entered college, I soon learned that sex with animals is not only illegal but is considered a perversion that would never appeal to a sexually normal man. I think I am sexually normal, because now my sexual interests are only in women. They always were, and I got involved in sex with animals only as a substitute for girls. I dated some local girls, but I couldn't make them hold still long enough to do anything. Now, however, I keep wondering if what I used to do may indicate some basic sexual abnormality that I'm unwilling to admit to myself.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

The way you describe your experiences sounds like you participated in cultural conformity more than bestiality. Laws and popular opinion do not dictate what is perverse sexual behavior. It's the thought that counts.

GYNECOLOGIC MYTHS

Since I disagree with many of my sisters in the women's liberation movement about PLAYBOY and since I feel that you are basically fair and honest, I am writing to you about one example of how male dominance leads to bias and scientific inaccuracy. I refer to the field of gynecology, where 93.4 percent of all practitioners in the United States are male. The result

of this imbalance is that gynecologic textbooks are rife with scientific errors.

This is not just an idle assertion. Writing in the *American Journal of Sociology*, Diana Scully and Pauline Bart report that they examined 27 general gynecology texts published in the United States since 1943. Here are some of their findings:

Two of the four texts published before Kinsey's did not even index female sexuality; women in general were then assumed to be more or less frigid. Two texts even counseled the gynecologist to teach patients to fake orgasm.

As late as 1965, many texts had not yet incorporated Kinsey's findings and were still insisting that the vagina is as sensitive as the clitoris.

Even after the work of Masters and Johnson, eight current gynecologic texts continue to assert that the male's sex drive is stronger than the female's. (Over the past two decades, at least half of the texts have stated that the male's sex drive is stronger.)

To quote Miss Scully and Miss Bart, "Gynecologists, our society's official experts on women, think of themselves as the woman's friend. With friends like that, who needs enemies?"

Let me state explicitly that I do not agree with feminist writers who claim there is something innately wrong with the male mind. Because I reject that extremist claim, I think this study proves the philosophical case for women's liberation. Removing experimental bias is the hardest part of scientific discipline, and such bias can never be removed when the research and the writing of textbooks are 93.4 percent monopolized by one group, whatever group that is and however much good will it possesses. The case is especially absurd in gynecology, but isn't it likely that male domination of psychology or history or anthropology or any other subject, including office management, creates equally ridiculous one-sidedness?

Miss R. Hansen
Cleveland, Ohio

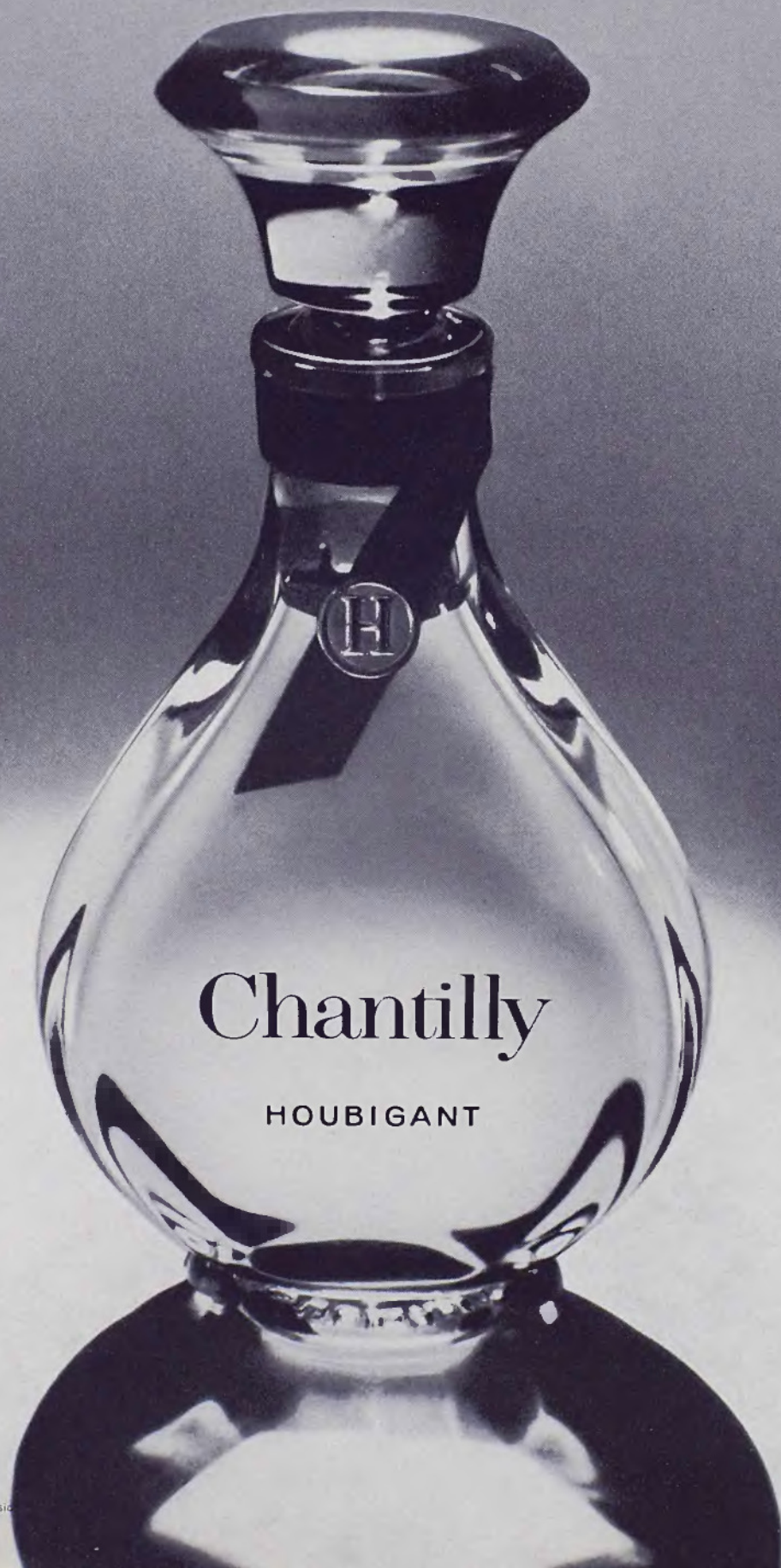
SEXUAL BIGOTRY

The *Manchester New Hampshire Union Leader* published a front-page editorial by its associate publisher and editor in chief, B. J. McQuaid, titled "Boot the Pansies Out of UNH." The editorial excoriated the University of New Hampshire's board of trustees for voting to recognize a campus gay liberation organization. McQuaid's remarks included these choice bits:

We had hoped, though without great confidence, that the trustees would crack down hard on university officials who encouraged these pansies and fairies. . . .

Any student, male or female, who
(concluded on page 192)

*... and suddenly nothing is the same **



* From "She Touched Me" used by permission

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETE ROZELLE

a candid conversation with the hard-nosed commissioner of the national football league

For the past 13 years, the ever-profitable and ever-growing National Football League has been ruled adroitly by Pete Rozelle, an outwardly unobtrusive 47-year-old who has quietly managed to become the most powerful sports czar of the century. With a well-deserved reputation for being slicker than greasy kid stuff, he has not only upgraded the image of pro football but presided over the elevation of the sport to a financial plateau that would once have been considered unimaginable. Last season, the 26 N. F. L. teams played before an all-time high of more than 15,000,000 fans—and cut up a television pie of approximately \$45,000,000. Since Rozelle's appointment as league commissioner, pro football has replaced baseball as our national pastime, and such is the sport's popularity that in many N. F. L. cities, the only way to acquire a season ticket is to have one willed to you.

When Rozelle took office in 1960, however, the pro grid scene was less than a bonanza for all concerned. Only 12 teams were then in existence, games were not automatically S.R.O. and some clubs were bringing in as little as \$75,000 a season in TV rights. But as Rozelle himself is quick to point out, the sport had reached a threshold of accelerated growth and would undoubtedly have prospered with or without his leadership. Still, the N. F. L. has been faced with a

number of crucial problems during his term as commissioner, and Rozelle has almost always seemed to have the right answer at the right time—whether the subject was expansion, merger with the American Football League, establishment of the Super Bowl or the decision to televise games on all three national networks.

But although both N. F. L. team owners and players are making more money than they ever did before he took over, the two warring factions seem to be appreciating Rozelle less and less. Says former All-Pro Bernie Parrish, "The number of half-truths and deceiving statements that Rozelle has handed the players over the years would be hard to count." And a recent poll conducted by the N. F. L. Players Association showed that more than 90 percent of active pros feel that Rozelle's decisions generally favor owners' interests; there's no denying that he has helped the average N. F. L. franchise multiply in value by 500 percent since he assumed office. But the owners, for their part, believe that the commissioner is becoming too independent for his own good. The New York Giants' Wellington Mara has likened Rozelle to an "iron hand in a velvet glove," and Dallas Cowboys' bank roller Clint Murchison claims, "He has milquetoast all over his high hand."

Rozelle hardly relishes such talk, but he understands that it comes with the territory—a territory he had no real reason to expect would ever be his to oversee.

Nicknamed Pete at the age of five by an uncle, Alvin Ray Rozelle grew up in Lynwood, California, a Los Angeles suburb. After high school and a two-year Navy tour, he attended Compton Junior College and then the University of San Francisco, where he received his B. A. in 1950. While a student, Rozelle was the school's athletic-news director and, upon graduation, was hired as USF's assistant athletic director, a post he held for two years. In 1952, Rozelle became the Los Angeles Rams' publicity director (at a starting salary of \$5500), but after three years, he quit to go into the more profitable field of corporate public relations. By 1957, he was back with the Rams—this time as general manager, at a salary of \$25,000 a year. N. F. L. commissioner Bert Bell had recommended him for the job because he felt Rozelle could tactfully untangle a complicated and bitter ownership dispute then raging among Ram stockholders. Rozelle smoothed things out as expeditiously as advertised, but his over-all performance as L.A.'s general manager was hardly memorable. Although he made the club a good deal of money by introducing such souvenir junk as Ram sweat shirts,



"Squabbling in public will eventually ruin football; there's no doubt it's hurting us already. Polls taken by Louis Harris—polls as valid as any political polls—indicate that very clearly."



"The most difficult owner for me was the late George Marshall of Washington. He would say to me: 'The Redskins will have a black when Abe Saperstein has a white on the Harlem Globetrotters.'"



HERB GORO

"Alex Karras was very upset about being suspended, even though he had been betting on games. Karras has a great sense of humor and he kids me, but it's done on the square: He's not an admirer of mine."

Ram cocktail glasses and Ram seat cushions, the team's scouting department somehow disappeared under his aegis, along with seven Ram players and a Ram draft choice in an exchange for over-the-hill Chicago Cardinal halfback Ollie Matson—one of the most spectacularly lousy trades in the annals of the N. F. L. But despite the fact that the team went nowhere when he was running it, the young G.M.'s obvious intelligence and sense of diplomacy impressed the N. F. L.'s fat cats, and Rozelle became the league's commissioner—at a five-figure salary—soon after the death of Bell.

At the height of pro football's popularity—if not of the man who runs it—we decided to send Lawrence Linderman to talk with Rozelle in Scottsdale, Arizona, where the commissioner and the league's team owners had gathered for a series of meetings. Reports Linderman: "Over the past few years, I've talked to several N. F. L. players and sports journalists about Rozelle, and I fully expected him to be the silken, almost dilettantish dude they portrayed. But the image in no way does justice to the man, and I think the same probably holds true of the way he photographs; the many pictures I've seen of Rozelle—maybe it's his chin—always gave me the impression of a man afraid to come out from behind his contract clauses. Well, Rozelle in person is a lot guttier—and earthier—than that. In fact, his speech is far more gravelly than befits a skillful media manipulator—which he is—and he could easily pass for one of those underworld gamblers he spends so much time publicly decrying. But he's also given to wearing white loafers, chain-smoking Vantage cigarettes and eating at restaurants like '21' and The Forum. And he's meticulously careful about what he says in public. As he sees it, any offhand criticism of an owner, player, official, weather condition or stadium hot dog might not be in the best interests of the league and, whatever he may feel personally, Rozelle almost always thinks first about the best interests of the league. He keeps his ego on an equally tight rein, and I personally think that's a shame, but maybe that's none of my business. It was my business, however, to delve into the commissioner's methods of handling the many problems currently plaguing pro football, so we began our conversation on that note."

PLAYBOY: Although professional football has reached unprecedented heights of popularity under your direction, the sport has been marked in recent years by acrimony between players and team owners, and you've been accused of trying to suppress public awareness of such disagreements. Is that true?

ROZELLE: Yes, it is, because I think squabbling in public will eventually ruin football, and there's no doubt that it's hurting

us already. Polls taken for the league by Louis Harris—polls as valid as any political polls—indicate that very clearly. Which comes as no great surprise to me, for I strongly believe that sports are an emotional outlet, just as television and motion pictures are. Considering what Americans have been confronted with in the last ten years, domestically and internationally, it's clear that we need emotional outlets; we have to have some peace from our problems. I'm not claiming that football is the nation's salvation in this area, but it's one of them, one little thing that apparently has captured the imagination of a large sector of our society. But when football can't be a relatively pure outlet, a fun thing, then it hurts itself. People are interested in pro football because it provides them with an emotional oasis; they don't want football to get involved in the same types of court cases, racial problems and legislative issues they encounter in the rest of American life. I'm not saying that the press is wrong to report any internal differences we have, but at the same time, I think it's our job to keep them from becoming public issues, for anything that detracts from the purely athletic aspects of the sport is bad for us. If we end up giving our game the same problematical coloration as the rest of the news, I don't think we'll be the popular escape valve we are now.

PLAYBOY: Is it realistic to think you can convince the public that you're presiding over nothing more than a "fun" sport when the N. F. L. is involved in making daily business decisions about such troublesome matters as salary disputes, drug scandals, film and television rights, product endorsements and the like?

ROZELLE: I think it's a realistic goal, but we've certainly been unsuccessful in achieving it.

PLAYBOY: One of the obvious reasons for that failure is your own standing with the players, who feel that your decisions generally favor team owners—and they feel that way primarily because the commissioner is hired solely by the owners. Would you like to see that changed?

ROZELLE: I don't know if 1300 players could really participate in the selection of a commissioner, and I've never given it a great deal of thought. I think it's a logical point they could make, but it's only an academic one. Rather than saying that the commissioner is hired by the owners and therefore is subservient to them, you have to look at whether or not the players are getting a fair shake. I feel that the commissioner's role is to balance the interests of the sport's three elements: the fans, the players and the owners. If any one of these three has too much of a good thing, one or both of the others would almost inevitably suffer, and you'd have a breakdown in self-government. That hasn't happened, and I feel it's because I've balanced the interests of all three very conscientiously.

PLAYBOY: Even if that's true, what's to prevent your eventual successor from being susceptible to owner domination, which is the rule rather than the exception among sports commissioners?

ROZELLE: Two things: a strong league constitution that's become even stronger since I inherited it, and a great deal of confidence that's been built into the office—also something I inherited when I succeeded the late Bert Bell in office. The N. F. L.'s expansion has also strengthened the commissioner's hand. During most of Bell's term of office, the league had 12 teams; there now are 26, which makes it much easier for a commissioner to operate. In the old days, when three or four clubs would get upset with Commissioner Bell—and I used to discuss this with him—it was a major problem. But with 26 teams, if four, five or six owners are upset with me, it doesn't bother me at all, other than personally; I don't like people to be angry at me. But that doesn't affect how I can operate the office, because the larger the number of teams, the less pressure you feel from any one of them. For those reasons, I feel that whoever follows me will inherit even more than I did from Bell.

PLAYBOY: When you were hired by the N. F. L. in 1960, you were generally unknown and hadn't previously been considered a candidate for commissioner. How did you land the job?

ROZELLE: I got it strictly because of circumstance. Commissioner Bell had passed away in October 1959 and in January, the 12 N. F. L. clubs met in Miami to pick a successor. I was general manager of the Los Angeles Rams and I was there voting on behalf of the team along with the late Dan Reeves, who was then president of the Rams. For seven days, we sat in the Kenilworth Hotel trying to select a new commissioner, and after 22 ballots, we were still a long way from coming up with one. There just seemed to be irreconcilable differences of opinion as to both the type of commissioner wanted by the teams and the specific individuals who'd been proposed, and an impasse had developed. Finally, at the close of a frustrating afternoon session, Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns and Wellington Mara of the New York Giants took me aside and said they were going to propose me. That surprised me, because at that point, I really didn't know either man.

PLAYBOY: Why did they want you, then?

ROZELLE: I guess because I'd been so timid through all of the arguing that I hadn't antagonized them. That's the only thing I could figure out, because the proceedings had been highly emotional and every person considered for the job had really been cut up in discussion; I didn't want to be a party to that. Neither did I want to be an object of that, so I told Brown and Mara, "Look, I'm just a 33-year-old kid from Los Angeles, and thinking of me as commissioner just doesn't make any

sense. I'd prefer not to be proposed." They told me to just keep quiet, because they were going to nominate me anyway, and they did, at the next session. I was asked to leave the room, because it might prove embarrassing to hear myself discussed. I was glad to get out, but when I did, a crowd of sportswriters was waiting right outside the door, so I went into the men's room—and stayed there. Every time someone walked in, I'd wash my hands until he left.

At last, someone came to tell me I'd been selected as commissioner, which gave rise to the line that I took the job with clean hands. I was then taken downstairs to a press conference, and the reporters were as surprised as I was. The first question was put to me by Louis Efrat of *The New York Times*, who said, "Mr. Rozelle, would you consider yourself a compromise selection?" Everyone in the room broke up, including me. Of course, if I'd known what I'd be facing when I took the job, I don't think I'd have been laughing. I'd have been terrified.

PLAYBOY: Why? Was the commissioner's job so different from what you'd envisioned?

ROZELLE: Actually, because I was hired so quickly, I didn't have time to envision anything. But I certainly didn't foresee some of the early problems I'd have to deal with, particularly the \$10,000,000 antitrust suit that was filed against us by the American Football League shortly after I got back from Miami.

PLAYBOY: What was the basis of that suit?

ROZELLE: The N. F. L. had expanded to include teams in Dallas and Minneapolis; the A. F. L. had also been considering having teams in those cities and claimed that our franchises in Dallas and Minneapolis were established just to kill off their league. They first went to the Justice Department, hoping it would file an action against us, and when that failed to happen, they filed a civil antitrust suit. That gave me my first real experience in dealing with the team owners. At least half of them made strong recommendations as to which attorney should defend the league, and in every case it turned out to be their own club lawyer. I decided to seek outside counsel instead, and did—and we won the case.

PLAYBOY: One of your biggest assets as commissioner has been your surprising ability to persuade team owners—who aren't known for being the most tractable of men—to go along with you on key decisions affecting the N. F. L. How have you been able to manage that?

ROZELLE: I think the big thing I've had going for me in that regard has been the success of the league. I don't have quite as much control over things as people believe, so I frequently receive more credit than I deserve, and occasionally more criticism as well. Pro football was taking off when I became commissioner, and

when a sport's successful and you're its chief executive officer, much of the credit flows to you and you develop a good track record. That gives you tremendous leverage when you sit down with people and patiently try to change their opinion on a given issue. In dealing with owners, I think the most important thing to do is keep them from painting themselves into a corner. When you need a couple more votes on something, you want to avoid a situation where individuals say, "I'll never do this!" When that happens, it takes a complete backdown for a man to come around to your side of an argument, which is difficult to accomplish, because the owners are all proud men. If that kind of situation doesn't arise, it's easier for the owners to change their minds. If they want to.

PLAYBOY: Which N. F. L. team owners have been the most difficult for you to deal with?

ROZELLE: *The most difficult owner for me was the late George Marshall of the Washington Redskins. He was a very colorful man, and he was also very, very strong-willed, a quality I suppose you'd have to say he was famous for. Marshall always made me feel like a boy when I was around him, and that was true even when there were serious issues between us.*

PLAYBOY: Did your run-ins with Marshall revolve around his policy of not hiring black football players?

ROZELLE: That's one of them. The Redskins, then the most southerly team in the league, had always been identified as a Dixie team. They'd never had a Negro player and it had become a kind of team tradition. That had always been their pattern, and Marshall personally found it difficult to make a change; at least that was the impression he gave me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he was a racist?

ROZELLE: I don't know what he was; I didn't get into that kind of discussion with him, because I wanted to change that situation, not irritate it. I can't tell you what was inside Marshall, except to say that his team had a particular tradition. He would explain it with one irreverent line: "The Redskins will have a black when Abe Saperstein has a white on the Harlem Globetrotters."

PLAYBOY: How did you get Marshall to change his mind?

ROZELLE: I don't know that I did, because people like Edward Bennett Williams also talked to him about it. Ed was a close friend of his and was doing legal work for Marshall and eventually he got ownership in the club. The fact that the Redskins didn't hire black players embarrassed Ed, made absolutely no sense to him, and I know he talked to Marshall about it. In the discussions I had with Marshall, I softly tried to point out that he was creating a problem for the league and, in a practical way, a problem for the Redskins as well, who weren't successful

during that period, because they were limiting the talent on their team. Our talks were oblique and I only made suggestions to him, because I didn't want him to get his back up and say, "This is my football team and I'll run it any way I damn well please." Quietly, we were able to get that policy changed.

PLAYBOY: Although those Redskin teams were the most blatant examples of racism in modern pro football, many black players feel that Jim Crow is still alive in the N. F. L. One of their main charges is that N. F. L. teams practice "stacking," assigning blacks in disproportionate numbers to certain positions, such as running back, and excluding them from playing other positions, such as quarterback.

ROZELLE: The charge of stacking has no validity and, as far as black quarterbacks are concerned, the N. F. L. has had more than many people realize. George Taliaferro was primarily a running back, but he played some quarterback for the New York Yanks and Baltimore Colts in the early Fifties. Willie Thrower was with the Bears in 1953, and Charley Brackins with Green Bay in 1955; Marlin Briscoe started five games with Denver in 1968; Jim Harris started the '69 season as Buffalo's regular quarterback; John Walton played in pre-season games for the Rams last year; Dave Lewis, primarily a punter, has played quarterback for Cincinnati; Joe Gilliam was a backup quarterback for Pittsburgh last year; and Karl Douglas was given a good trial as the Colts' quarterback in 1971–1972. My own conclusion on the subject of black quarterbacks is this: The black N. F. L. quarterbacks I've mentioned came, for the most part, from small black colleges, where they didn't face major college game competition. Also, it's likely that the colleges they played for didn't have the money to hire large coaching staffs, and so they weren't taught to play the position as completely as quarterbacks at major colleges. These are the basic reasons, and I think anything to the contrary is fallacious.

PLAYBOY: Is the charge of stacking really all that fallacious when you consider that there's never been a black starting center in the N. F. L.?

ROZELLE: I can't honestly see that a center's function is that much different from other positions on the line, so I really can't explain it. I'd like to talk to more people about it. But I do know that black publications report that close to 40 percent of the league's players last year were black, which is very high, I think, in comparison to the black percentage of the national population.

PLAYBOY: We're not disputing the fact that there are a great many black players in the N. F. L.; we're talking about what appears to be racial exclusion at the positions of quarterback and center, and this is also true at middle linebacker.

ROZELLE: Actually, middle linebacker might be similar to quarterback in that

small-college coaching staffs—which teach well below the pro level—have put black athletes at a disadvantage.

PLAYBOY: If that's the case, why wouldn't black wide receivers, tackles and running backs be similarly handicapped?

ROZELLE: I think that a quarterback and a linebacker require more education in technical and mental skills than any other positions. In a small-college situation, players just won't get the football education they need to make the N. F. L., just as a student at a smaller-staffed school isn't going to get the same education that a black or a white student will get at a university that has more money to spend on teachers.

PLAYBOY: Do you think all this stems from the fact that, until recently, most major colleges excluded blacks from playing certain positions?

ROZELLE: I don't know enough about the colleges to comment on that. But I would think there's no reason for stacking. After all, you can only keep so many players, and if you're stacking at a single position, someone's going to have to go—and then a rival team can end up with an outstanding football player. And no coach wants that. If you've got a good football player, you want to use him.

PLAYBOY: Surely you don't think such racial egalitarianism has been prevalent in certain college conferences until recently—or do you?

ROZELLE: The important thing is that today blacks are getting the opportunity to play for the major Northern and Southern schools, and they're taking advantage of that, rather than attending the small black colleges to which, for the most part, they were historically limited. And I think this is going to be helpful in developing black quarterbacks and linebackers.

PLAYBOY: Another grievance among black players in the N. F. L. is their conviction that they're paid less than white players. Are they right?

ROZELLE: We've never really done a study on it, but forgetting quarterbacks—which you have to do to get a good idea of average N. F. L. salaries—I believe that much more than 40 percent of the 50 best-paid players in the league are black, so by that measurement, there's no complaint to be made. One problem, perhaps, is that more blacks than whites come into the league as free agents, because they've played for small, out-of-the-way schools. In those cases, the initial contract will be smaller than one given to a drafted player; but when a free agent proves himself, he moves up the payroll rather quickly. Although there's an undercurrent of suspicion on this matter, I don't see it as a major problem. If it were, I assure you that the Players Association, which is a very intelligent and aggressive organization, would be raising the question with the owners or with me. It hasn't been raised. And on a very practical level,

the owners wouldn't even want that question to come up, because it would lead to dissension on a club, which can seriously interfere with a team's chances of winning.

PLAYBOY: The late Vince Lombardi summed up what many sports critics feel is the N. F. L.'s obsession with victory when he said, "Winning isn't everything, it's the *only* thing." Do you feel pro football attaches too much importance to winning?

ROZELLE: No. But I haven't met a player or a coach whose goal isn't to win the Super Bowl. The same holds true for team owners, especially for those who—like Lamar Hunt, Bill Ford and Clint Murchison—are in football as an avocation, not as a way to make their livelihood; for them, the *only* thing they want out of it is a Super Bowl victory. That doesn't mean they don't like to make money on their football teams, only that their primary concern is in winning a championship. And I see nothing wrong in that.

PLAYBOY: In his new book, *North Dallas 40*, former Cowboy receiver Peter Gent depicts N. F. L. club owners as little more than right-wing zealots who try to enforce martial discipline, restraint and conformity on their players. Do you take issue with that description?

ROZELLE: Yes, I do, because as a group, team owners just don't exert much influence on individual players. In fact, an awful lot of N. F. L. club owners have practically no influence on their players at all, simply because they're not full-time working owners. Men like Ralph Wilson in Buffalo, Gerry and Alan Phipps in Denver, Art Rooney in Pittsburgh, Gene Klein in San Diego, Max Winter in Minnesota, Bill Ford in Detroit, John Mecom, Jr., in New Orleans and Phil Iselein of the New York Jets don't take very active roles in running their clubs. And even Dallas' Clint Murchison completely delegates day-to-day affairs of the Cowboys to his club president, Tex Schramm. Certainly, at least one club owner is the philosophical antithesis of the description you've given me: Edward Bennett Williams in Washington is an attorney deeply committed to promoting individual rights.

PLAYBOY: If most team owners aren't authoritarian and regimental, and if they play such limited roles in running their teams, why is it that so many N. F. L. players—and ex-players such as Dave Meggyesy, Bernie Parrish and Johnny Sample—accuse them of black-listing outstanding but outspokenly dissident athletes?

ROZELLE: There's never been anything resembling black-listing in the N. F. L., at least not since I've been commissioner. And I'm close enough to the clubs to know. Ability is the key to a player's career in the N. F. L., and any idea that black-listing exists is totally erroneous. There are always players who'll have

trouble with their clubs, and yet they're either traded to another team or, if put on waivers, they find another coach willing to take a chance with them, often feeling the player involved hasn't been handled right. You may see discontented ballplayers moving around, but if they've got ability, they find a job.

PLAYBOY: Then why—as Bernie Parrish points out in *They Call It a Game*—was Walter Beach, an excellent Cleveland defensive back, unable to find employment in the league after he clashed with Browns owner Art Modell?

ROZELLE: Black-listing had nothing to do with it, and neither did his relationship with Modell. Beach was about 33 and had played with four or five football teams before finding a home with the Browns, where he had a fine career. But by 1967, when the incident you're speaking of took place, the Browns coaching staff felt that Beach was no longer the defensive back he'd been. I want to remind you that defensive backs can go downhill in a year very easily, because it's an extremely demanding position. There's no mystery why Beach wasn't picked up by another team after he was released on waivers by the Browns; his career was at an end. Just last summer, a Federal judge dismissed a case Beach brought on this very subject.

As far as the Parrish and the Meggyesy books are concerned, I felt that Meggyesy was being his own brand of idealist and I disagreed with many of his views. But I was much more concerned with the Parrish book, because it was filled with innuendo and charges about pro football—such as black-listing—that he wanted to be true but that he couldn't back up with fact. I'm not asking anyone to accept my word that both their books were filled with distortions and empty charges; Meggyesy and Parrish presented any evidence they had to a grand jury in Cleveland and nothing happened as a result. In fact, to the best of my knowledge, everyone who's ever openly criticized any aspect of the N. F. L. was brought before that grand jury, which was working on a criminal indictment against the league. The grand jury subpoenaed an incredible number of records from each of the 26 N. F. L. teams—records relating to every facet of our operation. We had to sit back and take it for 18 months as all our critics walked into that grand-jury room and then held press conferences on the courthouse steps.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say you *had* to take it? Couldn't you have responded to the charges as they were made?

ROZELLE: That wasn't done because our attorneys didn't feel it was appropriate to publicly discuss a pending court action against us.

PLAYBOY: You gave the impression at the time that your silence was judicially imposed. At any rate, what do you consider the main issues that were involved in the grand jury's investigation?

ROZELLE: It wasn't a question of a few specific issues; they went into discrimination, player contracts, the option clause, the Players Association, television—just about everything they could think of. And after a year and a half, the indictment was dismissed—in May '72—and nothing more has been heard of it. But no one in the Government ever came out and said, "We've looked into this thoroughly and we find no cause for action against the N. F. L." So we came out with a statement; at a press conference, I noted that the grand jury had been dismissed and that, in our opinion, nothing had come of its investigation. I had to gamble a little in saying that, because no one had officially cleared us—and this is what I felt was so wrong. I should also point out that we were never told *why* we were being investigated. Our attorneys found that rather strange, but other than defending ourselves against the various issues raised, there was no other action we could take.

PLAYBOY: One of the other issues discussed at those hearings was the N. F. L.'s salary structure. Most players testified that they were underpaid in relation to team profits. Is that still a bone of contention between players and team owners?

ROZELLE: Yes, it is. I think the answer to player salary disputes is simply to see if labor is getting a fair shake. During the negotiations that preceded the last N. F. L. labor contract, the players and owners jointly commissioned the Arthur Andersen accounting firm to survey the individual club finances of all the league's teams. After first standardizing the clubs' various accounting procedures, information was developed regarding profits and other significant financial factors. It turned out that the average pretax team profit was \$452,000. The players didn't want to accept that figure—at least their leadership didn't—because it meant there wasn't that much money available for them to ask for. In effect, they were saying that even though the accounting firm *they'd* helped hire had looked into the matter, the owners were somehow still able to cover up their profits.

PLAYBOY: That figure of \$452,000 was for the 1969 season. Since then, attendance, ticket prices, television revenues and even stadium seating capacities have increased substantially, so average N. F. L. team profits should be much higher by now. In fact, couldn't they easily be twice or three times the 1969 figure?

ROZELLE: I honestly don't know. I do know that income's gone up; but so have expenses. In what proportion to each other, I can't say.

PLAYBOY: Not even to the extent of being able to give us a general indication of N. F. L. profit pictures?

ROZELLE: I don't *have* the profit pictures of the clubs, except for those required by the SEC to make annual public disclosures. Green Bay, for example, showed a



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1972 net income of \$480,203 and the Patriots, \$545,313. But the clubs don't send yearly profit statements to me. I might get a glance at a bottom-line figure of what some club did the previous year, but in general, I'm not aware of clubs' specific financial conditions.

PLAYBOY: That's hard to believe. But don't you think you should be?

ROZELLE: I don't think I have an obligation to ascertain the financial picture.

PLAYBOY: Then how can you have any credibility when you say that the players are wrong in feeling that there's financial inequity between themselves and team owners?

ROZELLE: Based on what I've heard, I'd have to say I have a general impression that there is much more equity involved than the players realize. I think their charges are due to human nature; the player sees a filled stadium. If he saw a supermarket filled every time it was open, he'd feel it was doing extremely well.

PLAYBOY: And he'd probably be right. You say you have a "general impression" of the N. F. L.'s finances; doesn't the nature of your job obligate you to know *exactly* what the league's finances are?

ROZELLE: I think I have enough of an impression to guide me in the things I control—and I don't run the labor relations between the players and the owners, so my feelings are really immaterial there. The commissioner's job in such matters is only to get the players and the owners together for talks. I know it appears I'm being an advocate for the owners when I say there's more equity there than the players realize, but that's precisely the reason I suggest an independent financial study of the N. F. L. be done by an appropriate body both sides would respect and believe. I've had discussions on this with the owners, and I think such a study would benefit them as well as the players and the public, because it would eliminate suspicion. But we certainly won't use another accounting firm, because its findings would be suspect, as was proved by the jointly sponsored '69 financial study.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you like to see conduct such a study?

ROZELLE: A joint House-Senate committee, because then no one would dispute the findings. Everyone keeps saying that the N. F. L. won't open its books, but I've told the owners they're going to have to, and they've said they will. Congress is talking about changing various aspects of pro football, so I'd like to see its members go directly to the financial heart of the league to discover whether or not our self-government is working. Before Congress moves to change any part of the N. F. L., it should first investigate us thoroughly.

PLAYBOY: What has Congress indicated it wants to change?

ROZELLE: Several things, but I would think the most publicized one would be our policy of television blackouts of home games.

PLAYBOY: Not only are Congressmen interested in changing that but the White House itself last season put pressure on the N. F. L. to rescind that policy during the play-off games. How was that pressure applied?

ROZELLE: I was in Florida just before the play-offs started, when I got a message that Richard Kleindienst, who was then Attorney General, had tried to reach me. I called him back and he told me of the President's wishes on lifting the TV blackout, and so I asked to meet with Kleindienst to discuss it. He was at first reluctant, but then agreed to it, and I flew into Washington that afternoon. He explained to me that if we didn't voluntarily change our TV policy for the play-off games, the Administration would issue a statement in support of legislation for lifting the blackout. Kleindienst also told me that if we didn't go ahead and televise the play-off games in home cities, his office would review our antitrust exemptions.

PLAYBOY: How much concern did that cause you?

ROZELLE: Well, I wasn't overly worried about the antitrust part of it, because the N. F. L. has only two limited exemptions. The first was passed in 1961 and enables pro football and all other team sports to sell TV rights in a package, as opposed to having individual teams selling rights separately and occasionally competing with themselves. Our other antitrust exemption was passed in 1966, after I announced our intention of merging the A. F. L. and the N. F. L. We successfully sought a special bill that would exempt us from any litigation based upon the fact that the A. F. L. had become part of the N. F. L. Without that, we couldn't have gone ahead with the merger, because the potential for litigation would have been too extreme. For example, we could have been sued by every college player coming up in the draft who, instead of being drafted by two leagues, would now be drafted by only one. Those two bills are our only antitrust exemptions and because they're extremely limited ones, I wasn't terribly concerned about the Attorney General reviewing them. I was far more worried about our TV-blackout policy being challenged by the Administration.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that Kleindienst's arm-twisting was uncalled for?

ROZELLE: I was just very sorry that the Administration hadn't first given us an opportunity to review for it the ramifications of changing our TV procedures. Essentially, the Administration wants us to adopt a rule stating that if a play-off game is sold out by Friday, we'll televise it in the home city on Sunday. This is fairly similar to a bill introduced by Senator John Pastore, who wants us to experiment like that during the regular season. But even given the guarantee of a sold-

out game, ending the local blackout will seriously hurt our sport.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

ROZELLE: Let me give you a rather painful case in point: Our top attraction, the Super Bowl, was played this year in 80-degree weather in Los Angeles, and it was televised locally. It turned out that nine percent of the ticket buyers—who'd paid \$130,000 for seats to the Super Bowl—didn't go to the game. That was a shock to us.

PLAYBOY: Still, you had your sellout, plus additional TV money through coverage of the Los Angeles market, so what's the problem?

ROZELLE: If we have a well-publicized policy of televising home games provided they're sold out, people are eventually going to wait to purchase tickets. If people think there's a chance of watching from the comfort of their own living room, they'll wait until Friday to buy their tickets, and in no time at all, our attendance will suffer. In 1950, the Los Angeles Rams made a deal with Admiral television; their home games were put on local TV and the agreement was based on the attendance of the previous year. Attendance went way down that year—even though the Rams won their conference championship—and, although there obviously weren't that many TV sets in L.A. then, the Admiral people wound up paying them a tremendous amount of money because of the drop-off in attendance. That was one of the things that convinced Commissioner Bell and the other club owners that you just shouldn't give away what you're trying to sell.

PLAYBOY: Could the N. F. L. operate profitably if its only source of income were TV revenue?

ROZELLE: Not at all. Last year, each of the 26 teams received something like \$1,500,000 apiece from the networks, which is far below the annual cost of running a franchise. Although TV revenues will increase, they won't increase as dramatically as they have in the past. Furthermore, if pro football suddenly becomes a studio show—in the sense that there are only 10,000 to 15,000 people in the stadiums—it's no longer very important to watch a pro game anymore. It's crowd psychology; you can see the same great football game sitting alone in the Coliseum, but it's not going to have the same impact on you as it would if you were part of a crowd of 90,000 people. Really, I think the TV blackout is one of the main reasons for the popularity of professional football. I didn't begin the blackout—it was there before I became commissioner—but it's been an intelligent policy and if we change it, I strongly feel that our popularity will decrease.

PLAYBOY: After you told all this to Kleindienst, were there any further Administration pressures put on you?

ROZELLE: No, we merely had more discussions. But I was extremely surprised



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that something like the N. F. L.'s TV policy could be an issue at that level of Government.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it *should* be that big an issue?

ROZELLE: No, I don't. Football is a *game*; it should be something to enjoy and to keep in the proper perspective. All it does is temporarily keep our minds off the serious problems of the day.

PLAYBOY: Does it follow that if American society gets healthier, pro football will be less important—and less successful?

ROZELLE: I suppose that's possible. I've been told that during the Depression, most forms of entertainment did very well, apparently because people felt the need to escape their troubles. That's an interesting area for conjecture, but speaking realistically, the one thing that would surely drag us down in a hurry would be a change in our TV-blackout policy.

PLAYBOY: If that policy isn't changed, how much longer do you think pro football can continue to grow?

ROZELLE: I really don't know. I'd be satisfied—and I don't think this is defeatism—to see us just hold what we have with minimal growth. I think it would be extremely difficult to accelerate much more, for there's been great growth in the last 20 years.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any evidence of leveling off in popularity?

ROZELLE: On a television-rating basis, yes, there were indications of it this past year. ABC's ratings were about the same as they had been in '71, and although NBC was up, CBS went down fractionally. There was an over-all gain in our TV ratings, but I would have to say that a leveling-off factor was clearly indicated.

PLAYBOY: Are you at all worried that the public may be starting to get its fill of football?

ROZELLE: The only clear barometers by which we can judge the question of over-exposure are TV ratings and attendance, both of which were up last year. Another measurement we use is the public-opinion poll, which we take periodically. A Harris Poll we took last year showed that 71 percent of the public feels our TV coverage is about right. I feel it's about right myself, so I don't see us changing our present TV pattern. Thus, we won't be televising games on week nights other than Monday and, when further expansion takes place—ideally, we'd like to have 32 teams, because then we'd have four four-team divisions in each conference—we won't be televising more games. For example, rather than showing an Oakland-Los Angeles game in, say, Seattle, we'd just carry the Seattle team's game. That doesn't mean, incidentally, that Seattle has an inside track on an N. F. L. franchise. I have to mention that or all the cities hoping for a franchise—and the list is extensive—will get upset with me.

PLAYBOY: One thing you haven't mentioned is the N. F. L.'s possible use of pay TV. It's been speculated that within the next few years, the Super Bowl will become a closed-circuit theater-TV attraction. Will it?

ROZELLE: That's not being considered, and we have no plans even to start thinking seriously about it. But I wouldn't preclude anything in perpetuity; if we were back in 1940 and I was being asked if we'd be only on radio forever, I'd probably be saying yes. We don't know what the future holds, but basically, we're committed to free television. Our only possible use of pay TV would be some kind of cable arrangement that will be considered if and when CATV becomes an accepted mass-communications medium. By that, I mean that if the great majority of the nation's television sets were wired up for cable TV, we'd give some consideration to televising home games on CATV. At that point, however, we'd again have to start weighing what the effects would be on stadium attendance. But it's going to be a while before we're confronted with that choice: By 1980, I'm told that only about 30 percent of the country will be wired for CATV. And I can't see what would compel us seven years from now to shift our policy to reach only 30 percent of the nation.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think that in seven years the television audience won't have wearied of football the same way it's done with boxing and baseball?

ROZELLE: I can't honestly answer that, because TV's done that to other forms of entertainment as well as to sports. I remember that when quiz shows were at their peak, everyone was home watching *The \$64,000 Question* and most people couldn't conceive that those shows wouldn't be there forever. So it's very possible the same thing could happen to us.

PLAYBOY: Even if it declines, why do you think the sport has been able to achieve the level of popularity it now enjoys?

ROZELLE: I think it's based on several things. The game's fast-paced, complex action is more in keeping with our times than other forms of entertainment. I believe that the TV exposure we've gotten and our policies in regard to TV have taken the game to an ever-increasing number of people, just as expansion and merger have, and that's made pro football national in scope. The excellence of our TV coverage itself has been a factor; such things as instant replay have made millions of TV fans for us, and much of this audience then wants to go out and see games in person. I also think that the league's competitive balance has been very important, because in sports, people want to see a contest. Last season, nearly 40 percent of our games were decided by seven points or less. So N. F. L. football is good competitive entertainment, and all

these things help explain its increased popularity.

PLAYBOY: Since you haven't mentioned it, are we correct in assuming you disagree with the idea that football's popularity is predicated on its violence?

ROZELLE: Well, I think there's violence in football, but it's a disciplined form of violence rather than open, undisciplined violence. But if you're going to try to find a word that describes professional football, action is a much better choice than violence. When you sit in the stands of a huge football stadium, I don't think you can be intrigued—as you might be on the side lines—by the sport's physical contact. I really don't think that, in a stadium or watching a game on TV, the steady feeling you get is of violence. If you're sitting at the top of the Los Angeles Coliseum, you can't hear the contact, as you can down on the field or at ringside at a boxing match. What you're left with is a sense of flow, of movement—of action. To me, the idea that football's popularity is based on violence seems completely wrong.

PLAYBOY: Violence, however, is responsible for football's high incidence of game injuries. What preventive steps, if any, are you taking to cut down on them?

ROZELLE: I don't think we can control injuries other than the way we're doing it—by working with the sporting-goods companies and by conducting studies. For instance, the Stanford Research Institute is now studying such factors as the number of N. F. L. injuries incurred on baseball infields—where the hard surfaces apparently are a hazard—and the entire matter of injuries on artificial turf versus natural turf.

PLAYBOY: When will that study be finished?

ROZELLE: It's ongoing, but we have some initial results. The entire injury history of the N. F. L.'s past three years has been fed to them, and we're continuing with more detailed research this season.

PLAYBOY: If they discover that artificial turf is a significant factor in causing severe injuries, will you ban artificial turf from N. F. L. stadiums?

ROZELLE: The first progress reports indicate that there may, indeed, be more injuries on artificial turf, but not serious injuries—mostly abrasions and that sort of thing. The findings aren't yet conclusive, but even if they turn out to be, banning artificial turf would present a serious problem. About half our 26 teams play on artificial turf, and the football teams don't necessarily control the choice of turf; the stadiums do. Many stadium groups use artificial turf because it allows them to hold as many events as they want to, thus enabling them to amortize the cost of the stadium as quickly as possible. Artificial turf is more economical in the sense that it can guarantee stadium usability. If you have adverse weather, you can



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still hold an event one day and another the next day; but it's hard—in fact, it's impossible—to convert a sea of mud into a baseball diamond overnight. All of this is to say that it would be extremely difficult, and perhaps impossible, to walk into somebody's stadium and say, "Tear up your artificial surface." If the study shows that some artificial surfaces produce a higher incidence of injuries than natural turf, I'd just hope that the improvement in artificial surfaces—as we get into new generations of them—would eliminate that problem.

PLAYBOY: Pro football injuries have been a source of controversy for another reason; many of the sport's critics contend that players shouldn't be allowed to compete while they're handicapped by such serious injuries as broken bones.

ROZELLE: I agree that seriously injured players shouldn't be playing, and for the most part, I don't think they are. The one thing we've tried to stress is the upgrading of the teams' medical departments. We want each club to have a very competent physician who has authority over the coach and everybody else as to whether or not a player can play. He's got to make the decision. I think that in the last five or six years, we've seen a great improvement in the physical examinations that are given, in medical treatment generally and in decisions as to whether an injured player can or can't play. Example: This year, a player—whom I don't care to name—was a first-round N. F. L. draft choice. He'd performed for four years in college, but when he was given a thorough team physical examination after this year's draft, a decision was made that he shouldn't be in football, because of a heart condition. The club that had selected him thought it had lost a first-round choice. Further examination cleared him, but if it hadn't, the team was prepared to accept the initial results.

PLAYBOY: What are the responsibilities of the N. F. L. regarding player injuries?

ROZELLE: They're great. First of all, I want to say that the owners take a great personal interest in the players; they become part of their families in many cases. Not all, but most of the owners are close to the players. They have a strong emotional interest in the players' physical well-being and, beyond that, a heavy practical one: The 26 clubs pay out in excess of \$5,000,000 a year in medical payments and in salary to injured players who don't perform for all or part of the season. An N. F. L. player injured in training camp or in pre-season or regular-season games receives all the money called for in his contract, plus all medical expenses until he's well. I really believe that our league now has a highly sophisticated medical program.

PLAYBOY: Unfortunately, that sophistication is often used to get an injured player ready for a game in situations where,

under less expert medical care, he wouldn't be allowed—or even be able—to play.

ROZELLE: The team physician obviously understands medicine and also understands football. He's unique in that way and his decision—as told to him by the club owners—must be made keeping the player's best interests at heart, and not the coach's or his teammates'. If he says that a particular injury won't restrict a player to the extent that he can't contribute and, more importantly, that no further harm will result from allowing the injured man to compete, well, he's the guy who has to answer for it if something serious should occur.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think the N. F. L. commissioner should at least set some limits as to how much a man may be injured and still be allowed to play?

ROZELLE: As a nonmedical man, I don't see how I could. Medical science isn't so precise about injuries that I, as a layman, could determine which injuries you can be allowed to play with and which you can't play with.

PLAYBOY: To alleviate the pain of injuries, players are injected—and now even sprayed—with painkillers. Do you think there's any inconsistency between condoning that and publicly bemoaning players' use of pep pills?

ROZELLE: If you're talking about the use of painkillers for a minor injury, I really have to defer—again—to competent physicians. But I'm very opposed to the use of amphetamines, which was much more common in the N. F. L. several years ago than it is today. Now I think there's a greater awareness of their dangers not only in football but also in Government, because it wasn't until two or three years ago that the Food and Drug Administration and Congressional committees got on the problem.

PLAYBOY: As we go to press, reports are circulating about a drug scandal that will implicate at least four N. F. L. players said to be involved in smuggling and/or selling large amounts of cocaine and hashish. How seriously do the arrests of N. F. L. players on drug charges affect the sport?

ROZELLE: First, I want to note that we've been in touch with the FBI and other agencies and we're confident that the reports aren't true. But I also have to point out that there are hundreds of thousands of people under investigation at any given time, and if four are professional football players, well, that's the price we pay for being in public life. As to the effect of actual arrests: When a player is picked up for possession of pot or other drugs, I frankly don't like getting letters from fathers who complain that the N. F. L. comes into their living rooms and to their kids, who idolize the particular player who's been arrested. Obviously, we have players who take drugs, and it would be

silly for me to deny it. Our players come out of college, where drug use is particularly heavy. Football is no different from the rest of our society, but we hope to minimize drug use in the N. F. L., because if a player gets heavily into drugs, it presents two problems: It's difficult for him to play football and it's bad for our image.

PLAYBOY: Some members of the sports press have suggested that players convicted on drug charges should be banned from the N. F. L. Do you feel that athletes should be treated differently from, say, executives in this regard?

ROZELLE: I go both ways on that. First, I'll tell you what I've told players: I think they have to realize there is a double standard. You see, the income and other benefits that accrue to a sport and everyone in it come directly from the public, so I don't think a player can live his life with the freedom of someone not in the public eye. When you're dependent on the mass public for support, when you've got to bring in as many people as you can to be television viewers, ticket buyers and radio listeners, I don't think you can afford to ignore their feelings on the issue of drugs. So because our standing with the public is so very important to us, I say yes, there has to be a double standard.

But I said I go both ways on the question, and here's the other half: I don't feel we can have automatic suspensions for drug use. Our attorneys investigated the drug question for more than six months when we began developing our drug program, and they encountered a number of serious problems involved in setting up automatic sanctions such as suspension. One of the most important was a medical problem; if a player goes on the operating table and the surgeon doesn't have complete knowledge of every drug he's been taking, the player can die from anesthesia. If you were to institute automatic suspension for drug use, players wouldn't be candid with team doctors about their drug habits—and the very last thing we want to see is an accidental death.

The problem is similar to what the Armed Services once encountered with both venereal disease and drugs. When both those things carried automatic sanctions, they weren't reported by GIs, and not only did the problems spread but individual cases were invariably more serious than they should have been, which caused the military to alter its policy. So I think it's understandable why we won't automatically suspend players we find using drugs. We will, however, continue to educate them about the harmful effects of drugs through the team doctors and the material we provide.

PLAYBOY: What about players who might prove to be chronic drug users? How do you deal with them?

ROZELLE: Again, automatic suspension isn't

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the answer, but I'll qualify that to the extent of saying that if I see a continuing drug problem with a player, it's very possible he could be suspended. Not black-listed or quietly put out of the league—suspended. When a player has such a problem, we look into it thoroughly. We talk to the judge and the probation officer and I talk to the player. I've told such players, "Look, it's a problem for this office, it's a problem for your team and it's a problem for you. If you're going to keep getting the benefits from our sport, let's not have a repeat of this." I'm not saying suspension couldn't result from a drug arrest, but if a judge and a probation officer tell me a man's best chance for rehabilitation lies in allowing him to do what he's best suited for—in this case, playing football—that's a strong persuading factor with me. The mail from angry fathers bothers me, but I also realize that a problem can develop with anyone, and if one of the best ways to help the individual correct it is to allow him to participate in pro football, that judgment will be made. But, again, I'm not ruling out suspension in the best interests of the league.

PLAYBOY: Although this is a far less serious matter than the subject of drugs, a number of N. F. L. coaches still won't allow their players to have long hair. How do you feel about it?

ROZELLE: I would prefer better grooming rather than leaning toward total freedom.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROZELLE: Because, again, I think we have to appeal to as much of the public as possible to continue the success of the sport. And I know how most fathers—rightly or wrongly—feel about their kids' grooming.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you, in a sense, giving those fathers direction about how they should view young men with long hair?

ROZELLE: That's going to an extreme. I didn't say I wanted a row of 40 crewcuts on N. F. L. teams, because I think latitude has to be given to an individual. I just feel that extremes should be avoided.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, why have you allowed so much militarism to creep into N. F. L. half-time pageants, a trend that has resulted not only in public debate but also in formations of Air Force jets flying over football stadiums?

ROZELLE: The last flyover we had was at the 1972 Super Bowl, and it was clearly a P. O. W. tribute, which everyone around the country was more or less for. There were no flyovers this year. You know, it's tougher than hell in a 90,000-seat stadium with TV cameras around to just present a harmonica player down on the field. Half-time shows have had patriotic motifs because they have scope and they're fairly traditional. Unfortunately, a lot of people read things into half-time shows, and in political ways. The conservatives say, "That's the right thing to show," and the

liberals say, "That's terrible, you should have antiwar demonstrations at half time." Well, they both read too much into it. We try to put on a pageant and that's all. It's really a kind of national tragedy; the war in Vietnam and the divided feelings about it made both the flag and the national anthem political. It hasn't been our intent to be political and we certainly don't want to become a cause of political controversy among our fans.

PLAYBOY: Regardless of their political views, N. F. L. fans seem united in their feeling that pro football is rapidly becoming a sport only the affluent can afford to attend regularly. Does that concern you?

ROZELLE: To a certain extent it does, yet we're fortunate, in a sense, that our teams play only a small number of games each year; season tickets to all other sports cost much more money, because many more games are played during the hockey, basketball and baseball seasons. While pro football may be considered expensive on a per-event basis, it still takes only \$50 to \$75 to buy a season ticket. And if they care enough about football, most people in the country—regardless of income bracket—can come up with that kind of money. But to go to the basic question: Yes, increased ticket prices bother me. We don't want to price ourselves out of reach of people who like football, yet continuing inflation has caused team managements to feel forced to raise ticket prices. I personally hope, however, that our prices will reach a period of stability.

PLAYBOY: Another complaint by football fans concerns the growing number of N. F. L. teams that tack the cost of exhibition-game seats onto season-ticket prices. Why has this been instituted?

ROZELLE: About half the clubs in the N. F. L. have such a ticket plan, and it's because they felt it was a better alternative to meet spiraling costs than if they charged astronomical prices to attend regular-season games. They felt that by obligating the purchaser to buy tickets for pre-season games, they'd be able to provide additional entertainment while, at the same time, keeping their regular-season prices at a reasonable level. There's been litigation over it, and so far, the litigation has gone with the clubs.

PLAYBOY: We're not questioning the legality of such a policy, because if football-team owners want to charge \$50 to see a game, it seems to us they have the right to; and fans have a right not to pay the price. We're talking about coercion. Is it right to, in effect, force fans to attend pre-season games in order to attend regular-season games?

ROZELLE: It may have been economically necessary. But this goes back to the teams' finances and, again, I have to tell you that they don't send me financial statements.

PLAYBOY: By not shedding any new light

on the subject of N. F. L. finances, aren't you adding to the suspicions you've said already exist among players and fans?

ROZELLE: Once more I'll tell you that those are the reasons I want to have an independent financial study made and that it has to be a Congressional study, in view of Congressional talk about regulating us.

PLAYBOY: You've already noted that many members of Congress want to revise the N. F. L.'s TV policy. Are there any other aspects of pro football they're interested in changing?

ROZELLE: There's been some talk of changing our option arrangements and our player draft, both of which are necessary to preserve the league's competitive balance. If we had a situation where the athletes were free agents, the richest owners in the league would simply buy up the N. F. L.'s best players and we'd wind up like the old All-America Conference, which had the Cleveland Browns beating everyone so easily that fans both at home and on the road stopped going to their games. So we say that upon expiration of a player's contract, there's a one-year option period, and unless he agrees to a new contract during that time, he becomes a free agent the following May first and can then sign with any club he wants to. When he does, however, his new team is obligated to negotiate a fair compensation in players and/or draft choices with the club he's left. If the two front offices can't agree on what's fair, then both must accept the judgment of the commissioner as to the settlement. In that way, players aren't bound to teams they don't wish to play for; yet, at the same time, the competitive ability of the teams they left isn't necessarily impaired.

We think our player draft is also responsible for keeping N. F. L. teams continuously competitive; without it, there's no way Don Shula and the Miami Dolphins could have won a Super Bowl. If we ever got to the point where baseball was several years ago, when the Yankees completely dominated the sport, pro football wouldn't be at all healthy. We need a cycle, with our down clubs able to come up, and the draft ensures that by allowing teams to select the best graduating college players in inverse order of their standings during the previous pro season. In other words, the N. F. L. team with the worst record picks first each year and the team with the best record picks last. This has consistently allowed the weaker teams to grow into formidable clubs.

In addition to our competitive balance, another thing that keeps our sport healthy is its honesty. Scandal could very easily be pro football's downfall, which is why I feel the integrity of our sport is so terribly vital. And to keep that integrity above suspicion, we're fighting legalized gambling as hard as we can. The league's concern about it is this: If you legalize

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gambling on football games, you enhance the possibility of so-called fixes; but this isn't our paramount concern. My major worry would be the suspicions bettors would attach to all our games. We know that people now bet on football and we spend \$200,000 a year on our security department to run down rumors of fixed games and to police our sport.

We're not Pollyanna about gambling, but with legalized betting and the way it would operate with point spreads, we can envision the day when, let's say, the New York Jets, six-point favorites, are ahead by five near the end of the game and they have the ball close to their opponent's goal line. Obviously, the intelligent thing for the Jets to do is to run out the clock and take the five-point win. But if they're playing at home, a big part of the crowd in Shea Stadium will be booing because they won't be happy with just a team win; they also want to win their bets. And they'd curse the Jets for stalling out the clock rather than kicking a field goal or going for another touchdown.

PLAYBOY: Didn't a similar situation occur at the end of the 1958 N. F. L. championship game between the New York Giants and the Baltimore Colts—and wasn't Colts owner Carroll Rosenbloom suspected of ordering his team to go for a touchdown instead of a field goal because a three-point win wouldn't have allowed him to collect a big bet he'd allegedly made on Baltimore?

ROZELLE: Right, and the suspicion was totally without merit. The championship was won by the Colts in a sudden-death situation and many people, indeed, felt that rather than going for a touchdown to break the tie, the Colts could much more easily have kicked a field goal. But, of course, people in football know that field goals are far from automatic; they can be blocked and they can be missed. The Colts scored on third down, not fourth down, which many people tend to forget; on fourth down I'm sure they would have tried for three points. That's an even better illustration of the N. F. L.'s case against legalized betting than the one I gave you, for the Colts didn't really have to make a hard fourth-down choice, and yet many bettors are still speculating about the reasons Baltimore went for a touchdown.

PLAYBOY: A poll taken not long ago by *Football News* showed that 46 percent of football fans would like to see football betting legalized, with 11 percent undecided on the question. That would seem to indicate not only that a majority of fans might well go along with legalized football betting but that a sizable minority of them are already gambling on games.

ROZELLE: In answer to that, the National District Attorneys Association, which includes about 5000 D.A.s from all over

America, tells us that less than three percent of the people in the country bet on sporting events through a bookmaker. And because betting is still illegal, there's a minimum of complaining about the outcomes of our games. But if betting were legalized, police switchboards during the season would be flooded with complaints and calls for criminal investigations. There's sufficient pressure on our players now without their having to put up with that kind of flak.

PLAYBOY: As far as the N.D.A.A. estimate is concerned, it doesn't seem likely that virtually every newspaper in the U. S. would carry N. F. L. point spreads for the benefit of only two percent of the readership. But if you're so opposed to football betting, why haven't you asked newspaper editors to stop publishing point spreads?

ROZELLE: There's no real way we can put pressure on newspaper people and I've never tried, because I'm sure they'd feel it would be an attempt by us to infringe on freedom of the press. They think it's in the best interests of their newspapers to print the point spreads, and I don't question that. Instead of moving in that direction, we're presenting our objections to legalized football betting before state legislatures that are considering passage of such measures. Not long ago, we met with a number of members of the New York State legislature, New York being the state that's most actively pursuing legalized football betting.

PLAYBOY: Why does the N. F. L. supply the newspapers with the league's weekly injury lists, which are invaluable aids to bettors?

ROZELLE: We really do it for the opposite reasons—to avoid suspicion and innuendo. If we didn't force the clubs to disclose injuries, inside information about disabled players would almost certainly seep to gambling interests, and then heavy money would be placed the other way on a given game. The game might then be taken off the boards, meaning that bookmakers wouldn't accept bets on it. Whenever that happens, it creates suspicion about the honesty of our games; we make spot checks with bookmakers about three times a week to see what the point spreads are, and if we learn that bookies aren't accepting bets on a specific game, we immediately investigate. Normally, these things have to do with an injury situation, and that's why we force disclosure: so there can't be inside information for gamblers to act upon.

PLAYBOY: It's been suggested that the profits made through syndicate bookmaking operations subsidize organized crime and that legalized betting would significantly weaken criminal interests. Do you agree with that?

ROZELLE: On the contrary. The same type of argument was used in the Thirties

when Prohibition was lifted; we were told that ending Prohibition would end organized crime and, of course, it didn't. The same is true when the subject is legalized football betting, especially when you realize that legalizing it won't have a major effect on organized crime's income from bookmaking. The reason is simply this: You don't have a tax problem when you deal with a bookie, but you're going to pay taxes on what you win from a legalized betting operation. I just can't foresee Federal, state or local governments' saying to the bettor that his winnings will be tax-free. Additionally, all kinds of rumors would be floating around to the effect that relatives of various players had been seen at the off-stadium betting office and that they therefore not only had inside information but were probably betting for the players themselves. There's no question in my mind that we'd get much more suspicion attached to our sport if betting were legalized. Yes, there's gambling on football today, but why not also legalize heroin and prostitution?

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it strike you as inconsistent that while you inveigh against legalized betting, you permit your security forces to work closely with bookmakers—presumably, with the understanding that the N. F. L. won't turn the bookies over to the police?

ROZELLE: The men we work with are known to law-enforcement people as bookmakers, but knowing they're bookmakers and convicting them are apparently two different things. We deal with people in that business because we need to get accurate betting information, and our telling the police about them would hardly be a news bulletin at the station house.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the reasons for dealing with bookies, isn't it true that N. F. L. security men assure them that they won't testify against them in court?

ROZELLE: I don't know what their relationship is, because I haven't explored it with our security people. But I'm sure the person giving us betting information realizes it's being done in confidence. It's an odd relationship, but it's a very necessary one if we're going to accurately police our sport.

PLAYBOY: The morality—and even the legality—of that position seems dubious, but let's go on to one of the results of the N. F. L.'s collaboration with bookies. When your security forces are tipped off that players are suspected of betting on or rigging games, it's been the league's policy to give lie-detector tests to the players involved. Are they required to take such tests?

ROZELLE: No, it's not mandatory, and we've given them to both owners and players. And our purpose in giving them isn't primarily to catch the guilty but to clear



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the innocent. For example, three or four years ago, NBC came out with a report that a grand jury in Detroit was about to accuse Len Dawson and other N. F. L. players of gambling on games. We quickly investigated, found that the charges were groundless and told the players involved, "Listen, we've looked into this deeply enough to feel we know that you're not guilty. But for us to come out with the strongest possible denial—which we want to do—we've got to have some backup. We'd like to be able to say that the players are so upset about this thing that they've virtually volunteered to take lie-detector tests. And the tests show that they're clean." We were able to do that and Dawson and the other players—who *were* clean—benefited from it.

PLAYBOY: If you found evidence that a team owner had bet on N. F. L. games, would you discipline him as severely as you have players who've been found to be betting?

ROZELLE: I would oppose discipline similar to what was imposed on the players; I'd more likely force the owner to sell his franchise. I don't want to prejudge the circumstances that might enter into such a situation, but you're talking about a violation of the strongest rule in the N. F. L.'s constitution. The action I'd take would therefore be stronger than what was done to the players, because just suspending an owner from football indefinitely and then ending that suspension after a year—as we did with Paul Hornung and Alex Karras—wouldn't be enough.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to find out that Hornung and Karras were betting on games?

ROZELLE: Our security people had picked up rumors, so we started looking into them and talking to players. We began our investigation in December 1962 and finished it in April 1963, after talking to about 20 players and thoroughly investigating rumors concerning each of them. I want to mention that we never found evidence that Hornung or Karras ever gave less than his best on the field or that they ever bet against their own teams. They were betting relatively nominal amounts, but it was a clear violation of the player contract and the N. F. L. constitution, and so we suspended them.

PLAYBOY: How did they react?

ROZELLE: Hornung was frankly more understanding and much more of a man about it. Paul knew he was wrong; he didn't bet big money, but he was giving out some information on games and a man was placing small bets for him. Paul acknowledged all this the first time I called him into our offices to talk to him about what we'd heard. On the day I announced our findings and actions, I called Paul up to tell him about his suspension before our press conference and he took the news as well as could be ex-

pected. Karras, however, was very upset about being suspended, even though he had, in fact, been betting on games. He felt that my action was the wrong thing to do and said so publicly and in a highly critical way. He's never changed his opinion and he still enjoys needling me in speeches. Karras has a great sense of humor and he kids me humorously, but it's done on the square: He's not an admirer of mine.

PLAYBOY: The most recent N. F. L. gambling suspicion involving a player was your Bachelors III run-in with Joe Namath a few years back. How did you feel when it seemed you were pushing the sport's top gate attraction into retirement?

ROZELLE: I wasn't really bothered in regard to the game's top player's not being in the league, because I'd gotten injured to that in 1963, when Hornung was probably the N. F. L.'s number-one man. But on a personal level, I felt very badly for Joe. He had announced his retirement rather than sell his interest in a New York bar and restaurant whose telephones were being used to place bets—and we had solid proof of that. Joe did that out of loyalty to his partners; it wasn't an economic decision. The entire episode was a very distasteful experience for me, as I'm sure it was for him, because it lasted in a high glare of publicity for some six weeks before we had a chance to really sit down and work things out.

PLAYBOY: Namath has the reputation of being something of a prima donna. Was he that way during your talks?

ROZELLE: I can't say that I know Joe, but we spent a number of hours together just before he came out of retirement—which wasn't a sham, incidentally—and I thoroughly enjoyed him as a person. When he wants to, he can just have tremendous charm, and I found him to be a really appealing guy. And I was almost amazed by a few things I hadn't known about him at that time: I knew he had a great arm, but I hadn't been aware of his knowledge of football, his mental approach to it and the dedication he gives to the sport. We discussed the Jets' Super Bowl win over the Colts, and it was obvious to me then—as it's since become obvious to everyone—that he has a lot more going for him than just an arm. Namath is an exciting player, and he helped make that Super Bowl game against the Colts about the most exciting one that's been played so far.

PLAYBOY: Since that Jets-Colts game, Super Bowls—including this past season's Dolphins-Redskins match-up—have become increasingly bland and anticlimactic affairs. Have you figured out why?

ROZELLE: Our people feel it's the result of extreme caution, especially in the teams' game plans. Coaches talk about how mistakes can hurt you, and they usually go into the Super Bowl feeling that if their teams can avoid mistakes, they've got a

good chance of winning. That's a very conservative approach to the sport and changes the entire pattern of exciting play that we saw during the play-offs. The key to it is more wide-open play in the Super Bowl, but that's not really something the commissioner's office can bring about.

PLAYBOY: Have you decided how much longer you intend to remain in that office?

ROZELLE: I really don't know. I've had conversations on that subject with people in the past, and I've also had several good job offers, but I enjoy what I'm doing and it's never boring. If someone had asked me about pro football's future when I became commissioner in 1960, I wouldn't even have come close to predicting what the sport has achieved in 1973 as to number of teams, television exposure and revenue, attendance, and so on. And even now, the future of the N. F. L. is something I'm just not visionary enough to give a calculated guess about. There are some other career fields that interest me—such as public relations and television work—but when I sit back and realize what's happened to the sport in the 13 years I've been commissioner, I say to myself, "Well, why not sit back and enjoy being a part of this?" Although we've achieved some stability, the job will never be Civil Service; we're always going to have crises, but I hope not to the degree of those in the past. And since I really enjoy football per se, I finally can't see any reason to leave. I've been in sports all my life and it's hard to imagine doing something that wouldn't have a sports connotation.

PLAYBOY: When you finally do leave your job, how do you think people will remember your administration of pro football?

ROZELLE: I would hope they'll remember that I made a strong and, for the most part, successful effort to balance—frequently with compromise, but balancing as best I could—the interests of the sport's club owners, players and, most importantly, its fans. But I really won't be surprised if that doesn't happen, for I think I'll be remembered mostly for what I was publicly identified with in the media—things like television negotiations and disciplinary actions, which I find somewhat unfortunate.

PLAYBOY: How do you think people will remember you personally?

ROZELLE: Due to the types of things I've been most identified with, I think I've come across as a rather cold, hard person, and I have to attribute that to feeling forced to keep a somewhat aloof exterior—except with the small number of very, very close friends that I relax with. And they are probably the only people who will ever really know Pete Rozelle.

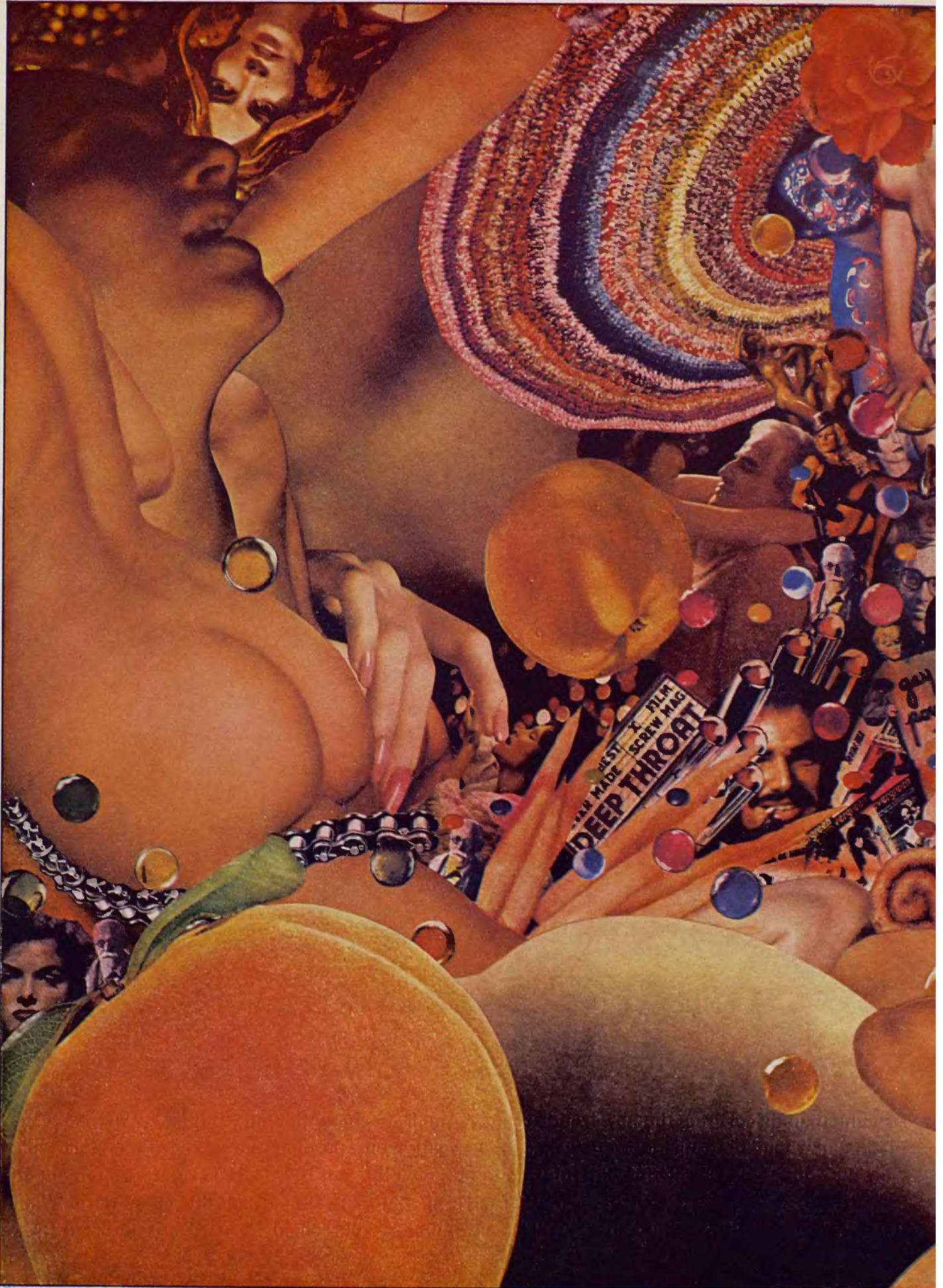




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SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970s

article

By **MORTON HUNT**

the first major national survey since the Kinsey reports reveals marked changes in the sex habits of Americans

AMERICA IS IN THE MIDST of a sexual-liberation movement. In the quarter century since Dr. Alfred Kinsey made his celebrated census of American sexual behavior, there have been dramatic increases in the frequency with which most Americans engage in various sexual activities and in the number of persons who include formerly rare or forbidden techniques in their sexual repertoires. This distinct trend toward liberation—long intuitively recognized but never confirmed by actual measurement—has now been investigated in an extensive national survey funded by the Playboy Foundation. The survey, conducted by a private research organization, studied the sexual attitudes and behavior of 2026 persons in 24 cities and suburban areas; it re-examined most of the sexual practices studied by Kinsey and his associates, and thus provides measurements of change. In a few instances, it explored areas of behavior not reported on in the Kinsey research.

Here are some of the key findings:

- Premarital sex has become both acceptable and widespread; the change is especially noteworthy in females. Kinsey reported that one third of the single women in his study had had intercourse by the age of 25; the Playboy survey found that today, about three quarters have done so before they are 25. (Kinsey's published data deal with white-only samples; in all direct comparisons of our own data with his, we use only the white portion of our sample. The charts on pages 86-87, however, are based on our total sample, some ten percent of which is black; figures in the charts therefore differ somewhat from those used in our direct comparisons with Kinsey's data.) Kinsey reported that nearly half of the women who married before the age of 25 had had premarital sex; in the Playboy study, too, half of the women who married before 25 had done so, and among our youngest married women, four fifths had done so. The over-all incidence of premarital sex (text continued on page 88)



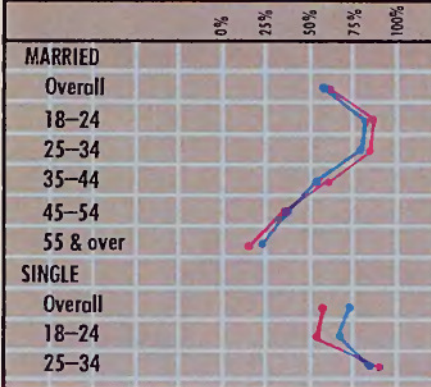
SEXUAL PRACTICES

Beginning on the previous page is a full account of a far-reaching sexual-liberation movement in the United States—charted in a comprehensive survey sponsored by the Playboy Foundation and conducted by a private research organization. On these two pages are graphic reports on the incidence of a variety of ordinary and extraordinary sexual practices among contemporary Americans—fellatio,* anal intercourse,* cunnilingus,* masturbation, homosexual contact, sexual intercourse,* animal contact, mate or partner swapping,* sadism and masochism—and on the proportion of intercourse that results in orgasm. The data in the graphs are taken from the survey's complete representative urban sample, which includes blacks. In the article, some data are presented on whites only to compare them with Kinsey data, which are based only on whites.

*Heterosexual

MALE — FEMALE —

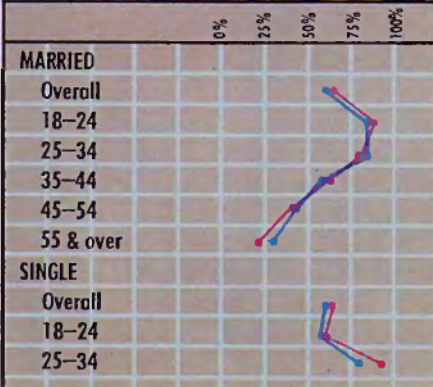
FELLATIO (heterosexual) in past year



ANAL INTERCOURSE ever



CUNNILINGUS (heterosexual) in past year



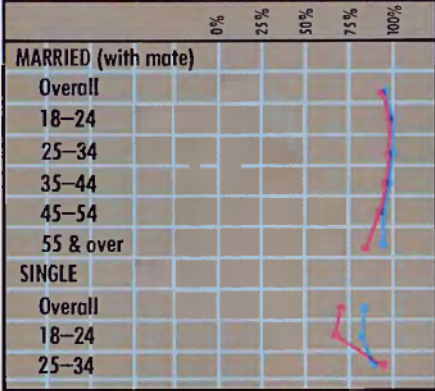
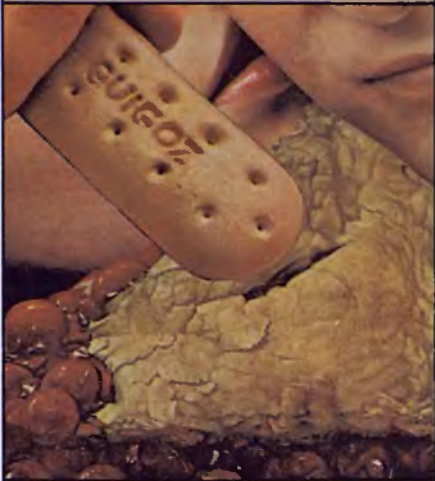
MASTURBATION TO ORGASM in past year



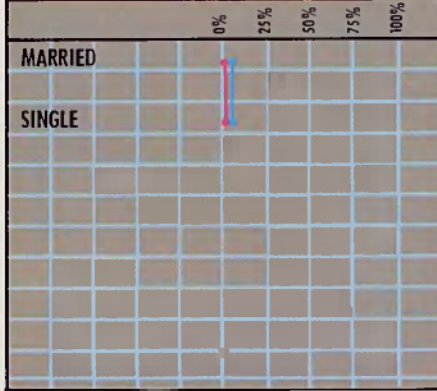
HOMOSEXUAL CONTACT ever (after the age of 11)



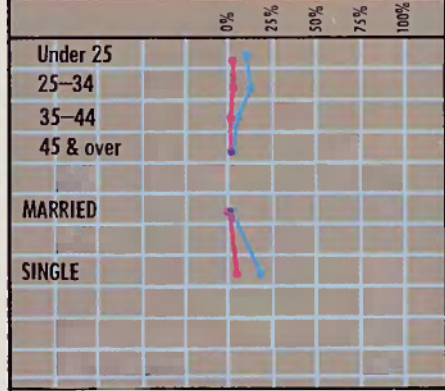
SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
in past year



ANIMAL CONTACT
ever



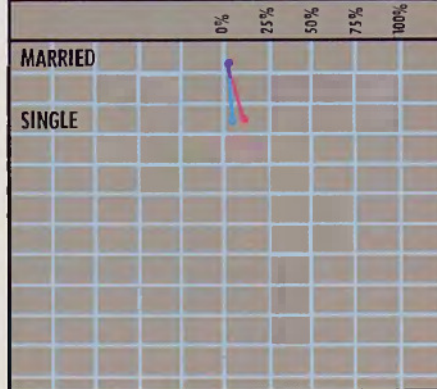
MATE OR PARTNER SWAPPING
ever



SADISM
ever



MASOCHISM
ever



ORGASM
(proportion of intercourse that results in orgasm)



among males has increased only slightly, but single males are beginning their premarital coital experiences earlier: By the age of 17, nearly three quarters of our noncollege males had had premarital coitus, as against about two thirds of Kinsey's; of those males in our sample who have had at least some college education, more than half have had premarital coitus by 17, as against about a quarter in Kinsey's sample.

• The virtual abandonment of the double standard has affected the choice of coital partners by young single males. In Kinsey's sample, nearly a third of the men who were single between 16 and 20 had coitus with prostitutes at least once during those years; the same was true for men who were single between 21 and 25. In our own sample, only three percent of single men in the 18-to-24 age range had had contact with prostitutes in the past year; this one-year basis is not directly comparable with Kinsey's five-year basis, but the figures suggest that the use of prostitutes by young single males today is, at most, only about half as widespread as it was in the Forties, and possibly much less so. Young husbands are only a little more likely, but young wives are much more likely, to engage in extramarital sexual activity today. Kinsey reported that fewer than one wife in ten under the age of 25 had had extramarital coitus; the Playboy survey found that no fewer than 24 percent of wives under 25 had done so. This incidence, though smaller than that of husbands under 25 (32 percent), is much closer to it than a generation ago; in this area of behavior, women are attaining sexual equality.

• Oral sex is far more widely used than it used to be. Kinsey reported that fewer than four out of ten husbands with more than grade-school education had ever made oral contact with their wives' genitals or had ever had their own genitals orally stimulated by their wives; the Playboy survey found that more than half again as many had engaged in marital cunnilingus and fellatio in the past year alone. (In Kinsey's sample, men with only grade-school education were much less likely than other men ever to have had oral-genital experience. Since our sample includes virtually no grade-school men, we use only the relevant part of Kinsey's sample, in order to avoid exaggerating the change from his time to ours.) These practices are especially common today among younger men and women: More than four fifths of single males and females between 25 and 34 and about nine tenths of married persons under 25 had practiced cunnilingus or fellatio, or both, in the past year.

• Heterosexual anal intercourse is much more widely used today than formerly, although it remains primarily an experimental or occasional variation, chiefly among younger persons. Kinsey commented in his volume on male sexuality

HOW THE SURVEY WAS DONE

With this article, PLAYBOY presents the major findings of a comprehensive survey of the sexual behavior and attitudes of the American people, a study that explores the principal areas investigated 25 years ago by Alfred Kinsey and his associates and, in a few important instances, goes beyond the Kinsey work.

The Playboy Foundation retained The Research Guild, Inc., an independent market-survey and behavioral-research organization, to do the field work with a representative sample of urban and suburban adults throughout the nation. The Research Guild staff developed a basic questionnaire of more than 1000 items with which it examined the backgrounds, sex education, attitudes toward sexual practices and complete sex histories of 2026 persons who participated as subjects in the survey.

The sample, collected in 24 cities, closely parallels the composition of the adult (over-17) American society: It includes 982 men and 1044 women and is roughly 90 percent white and ten percent black; 71 percent are married, 25 percent never married, four percent previously married (and not remarried). All other major demographic characteristics of the sample—age, educational attainment, occupational status, geographical location—roughly match those of the entire American population.

Morton Hunt supplemented the questionnaire data with in-depth tape-recorded interviews in which he sought clues to the meanings of the trends that showed up in the data. His interview sample consisted of 100 men and 100 women and was similar in character to the questionnaire sample. Hunt interviewed the men; his wife, author Bernice Kohn, interviewed the women.

Hunt's complete report on the survey is to be published as a book, "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," by Playboy Press. This article is adapted from the book manuscript. Detailed reports based on Hunt's book—on (1) premarital sex, (2) marital sex, (3) extramarital and postmarital sex, (4) masturbation and (5) homosexuality and other variant behavior—will appear in installments in PLAYBOY in succeeding months.

that "anal activity in the heterosexual is not frequent enough to make it possible to determine the incidence of individuals who are specifically responsive to such stimulation." In sharp contrast, we found that nearly a quarter of all females and

more than a quarter of all males in our total sample had experienced anal intercourse at least once, and that nearly a quarter of married couples under 35 had used it at least once in the past year.

• Couples have, in general, considerably increased the variety of their coital techniques. Kinsey's study indicated that virtually 100 percent of American males who were having intercourse used the missionary (male-above) position much or most of the time; our survey shows that today, six percent of married men and 11 percent of single men had not used this position in the past year. Three out of ten married males in Kinsey's sample used the female-above position at least occasionally; in our sample, nearly three quarters do so. Only one out of ten married males in Kinsey's sample used rear-entrance vaginal intercourse occasionally or more often; four times as many of our married males do so. Fewer than a quarter of the married males in Kinsey's study sometimes or often used side-by-side intercourse; half of ours do so. As for the sitting position, a favorite in many other cultures, fewer than one tenth of Kinsey's married males used it occasionally or more often, as compared with more than one quarter today.

• Sexual liberation has resulted in measurable, and sometimes noteworthy, increases in the frequency of sexual intercourse by the single and the married, the young and the not-so-young. In Kinsey's sample, those single males between 16 and 25 who were having sexual intercourse (with nonprostitutes) were, typically, doing so some 23 times a year (this is the median, or mid-point; half of these males were having less intercourse than this, half were having more). In the Playboy survey, the median frequency for single males between 18 and 24 who are having intercourse is 33 times a year, a definite, though not remarkable, increase. In the case of young single females, however, the increase is both definite and remarkable: In Kinsey's time, single females between 16 and 20 who were having intercourse were doing so about once every five to ten weeks, and those between 21 and 25 about once every three weeks; in our study, single females between 18 and 24 who are having intercourse are doing so with a median frequency of more than once a week. The married, similarly, show increases in coital frequency—and in every age group. In Kinsey's studies, the frequencies based on male statements differ here and there from those based on female statements; but if we assume that the truth lies somewhere between them, the median frequency for married people 25 or younger, a generation ago, was about 130 times a year; today, to judge from our sample, the figure is about 154. The increases in older groups are proportionately larger: For the ages of 36 to 45, for instance, the Kinsey median was some

(continued on page 194)



"I'm a hooker—that's what a nice girl like me is doing in a place like this."



*she dreamed of
dancing, of love, of a
new life—and dr. rokoff
was the door to it all*

WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME

fiction By ANTHONY AUSTIN

DR. ROKOFF had not expected anyone that afternoon—his few remaining patients came at fixed intervals—and the prolonged ringing at the door of his one-room office and home seeped into his dream as part of the clamor that had come over Shanghai in the month or so since the end of the war. He saw himself, in this dream, at a soiree at the czarist officers' club, perusing one of the local English-language newspapers with the help of his pocket dictionary. The newspaper referred to the war tidily as

ILLUSTRATION BY ARSEN ROJE

World War Two. He contemplated the others, standing silently with bowed heads. "Gentlemen, put this down in your field dispatches: September 27, 1945. We are outflanked. *Our World War, the World War, is now only World War One.*" From the wall a painting of Nicholas II in an admiral's uniform gazed vacuously into the middle distance, as though the Autocrat of All the Russias were secretly passing wind. Dr. Rokoff downed a vodka, killed the taste with some herring—vile stuff both, the buffet was better in World War One—and drifted out into the night.

Along Avenue Joffre the American soldiers lurched, singly and in groups, as hands plucked at them and faces, white and yellow, male and female, beckoned and leered. In the slashing neon light outside the Renaissance Café the downy face of a young American sailor rose before him. "Uh . . . is this where they've got that White Russian colony you hear about?" Dr. Rokoff could understand that much. "Yes. Shanghai has several sectors, you see. We are in the French Concession, where most of us Russian *émigrés* are living, although some of us are living also in the International Settlement. There are also the Chinese sectors: Nantao and—" "Uh . . . is this where you get them White Russian girls?" Dr. Rokoff turned angrily on his heel; he was suddenly back in his room, sitting at his desk, and an American Army officer in a meticulously pressed uniform filled the doorway. "Dr. Constantine Rokoff?" Dr. Rokoff stood up. "Yes." "We have discovered what you have been doing. We are confiscating your license. Have you anything to say in your defense?" The officer took off his gold-braided cap to wipe his forehead in the steamy noonday heat; he had meticulously parted steel-gray hair like General Zubronoff's during the retreat before the Bolshevik offensive in eastern Siberia. Dr. Rokoff was ashamed of the room's peeling walls and his own seedy appearance. The ringing in his head grew louder; he woke up.

"*Horoshó, odnú minúku,*" he called out. "All right, one minute." The ringing ceased. He lifted himself heavily off the couch and straightened the bedspread to hide the sheets underneath. How faded it was, the embroidered flowers smudged and torn. He folded the material partly under, partly over the pillow, as his wife used to. Dousing his face in a basin of cold water behind a folding screen—running water was not yet fully restored—he put on his white coat and went to the door.

"Doktor Rokoff?"

"Da."

It was a young woman, smiling uncertainly. A tall, elderly man stood behind her. "*Ya nadyéus,*" she said. "I hope—"

"Yes?"

"I didn't know if you received patients

in the afternoons. I couldn't find your name in the telephone book."

"Please come in."

He studied them warily across his desk when all three were seated—the girl with her narrow shoulders and pinched, unpainted face, the gaunt man sitting ramrod straight beside her. The girl placed her hand on the man's arm and the man took off his pince-nez. "My wife," he said, with a ceremonious nod toward the girl, whom Dr. Rokoff had taken to be his daughter, "my wife wishes to work in the Arizona Bar."

"I beg your pardon?"

"That is why we are here." His grave voice and manner would have befitted a government minister reporting to the cabinet.

"I see."

"We have discussed it."

"Oh—well. . . ."

"Exhaustively."

"Then what is there left to say? Please keep me in touch with further developments." Dr. Rokoff's head ached and he felt put upon. Derelicts he could contend with; feeble-mindedness was too much. "Now, if you'll excuse me—"

"Doctor," the girl intervened, "this is my husband, Ilya Stepanych Gorin. He is a night watchman at the Jardine Matheson Company warehouse."

"I shall bear it in mind. Also that you wish to work in the Alhambra Bar."

"Arizona Bar."

"Ah, yes. Now—"

"If you can fix my leg."

"Oh?"

"If you can straighten it."

Even in the dimness of the stairway, Dr. Rokoff had been aware of some troubling quality in her. Looking more closely—high cheekbones, eyes somewhat aslant, a mixture of delicacy and Russian peasant in her face—he realized that she reminded him of Maria, though his wife had never been this pretty. Perhaps their daughter would have been. The past clung to him these days like a bad conscience. What he had felt, seeing his doorway unexpectedly alight with this young woman with eyes brimming with what?—something he couldn't find a word for—life?—was, he realized now, a tremor very like joy. It was part of his unhinged state since the end of the war, no doubt.

"What is the matter with your leg?"

"I broke it ice skating."

"When?"

"Three and a half years ago. A doctor put it in a cast. But afterward, it was crooked."

The husband, as though hearing his cue, leaned forward, placing an envelope before Dr. Rokoff, and sat back triumphantly. "Sixty dollars, American currency." In faded violet ink, in curlicued, old-fashioned Russian handwriting, the envelope bore the words NINA'S LEG.

Dr. Rokoff was aware that the long

silence was lending itself to misinterpretation.

"*Nnn-da,*" the husband said. "Mmm-yes," as though prepared for this outcome. "All right. I'll sell my stamps. That should bring another fifty American dollars, I am sure."

The girl touched his arm again. "Il-yusha, I told you, we're not selling your stamp collection. Doctor, will you let me pay you the rest in installments? You see, now that the Americans have arrived—well, we hear that the Americans pay well for dancing with them."

"Just dancing?" The words escaped him; he wished he could unsay them.

She regarded him coolly. "And talking a little."

"My wife speaks excellent English," the husband offered. With his long, clouded face and shabby suit, he did remind Dr. Rokoff of those cabinet meetings in Vladivostok. The Provisional Government of the Maritime Territory, no less. When was that—1921? Dr. Rokoff, just turned 30, was assistant minister of public health. They met interminably, plying one another with judicious observations on the demoralized state of the Bolshevik government in Moscow, avoiding the obvious: their own imminent military collapse. Then the last railroad station. The last border town. White sheets over Chinese padded coats in the glistening Manchurian snow. Maria pulling the tiny white-painted sled with their infant in it.

"We had hoped," the husband continued, "to have one hundred American dollars saved up by the time the war ended. A colleague at the warehouse was able to change Occupation tender into American currency for us. *Akh,* what you cannot change on the Shanghai black market! However, the war ended too soon."

Too soon, yes. Poor fellow. Whenever the war ended would have been too soon for you. For me, too. The Japanese Occupation—wonderful, wasn't it? Like being immured. At last. You with your Nina and your stamps. Me with my— Now the doors have been blasted out of their frames. What are we to do, we damaged ones who prefer the dark?

He went around the desk. The girl wore flat shoes. The right shoe was only partly laced; a strap sewn onto the heel buttoned around the leg. "Please lift your skirt," he said. "Higher." It was a shapely leg, finely boned, and bent perceptibly to the right below the knee. She tensed when he took off the shoe and removed the cloth wound around the instep. She did not cry out when he pressed the sole of the foot, but he saw her eyes singed with pain.

The Russian colony was full of incompetents. There were people practicing as doctors who would not have been male nurses in Russia. One of them had turned the journalist Filipoff into a morphine

(continued on page 208)



SACHEEN

ms. littlefeather—thrust into the spotlight on oscar night—has managed to combine a career and a cause

YOU DON'T EASILY FORGET a name like Sacheen Littlefeather—especially if it's associated with a face as arresting and singular as hers. The first time most people encountered Sacheen was at the Academy Awards ceremonies last March, when she made an unscheduled appearance to announce Marlon Brando's rejection of the Best Actor award. "I was acting less on behalf of Brando," Sacheen explains, "than as a representative of the American Indian Affirmative Image Committee." Political activism is a big part of the life of the 26-year-old Apache, but only part of it. "Most reporters," she says, "glossed over the fact that I'm an actress. So far, I've had only a couple of cameo roles—in *The Laughing Policeman* with Walter Matthau and *Freebie and the Bean* with James Caan—and one minor part in an Italian film, *America*. But I've learned to be patient and develop a sense of humor about my work. I mean, why else would I play a prostitute in *America* if I didn't want to get back at all those Italian actors who play Indians?" So far, she thinks the dues paying is worth it. "Acting makes me happy," she says. "I only hope I can make others just as happy watching me." No problem there, Sacheen.



Sacheen talks at a press conference after her announcement at the Academy Awards show.



"If there was any one event that finally made me proud to be an Indian, it was the take-over of Alcatraz by Bay Area tribes in 1969. I was attending college at the time and, frankly, I'd always felt little but shame for my Indian heritage. But Alcatraz changed all that—and me, too."





**MATCHLESS
WONDERS**

ICEBOX SOLD TO ESKIMO
NEEDLE FOUND IN HAYSTACK
...MORE

**TOPLESS
DANCING**

SEE
GIANT BARE BOOBS

WATCH
**GROWN MEN
PLAY KID GAMES**

AND EARN
\$1,000,000

SEE
MUSICI
SEX WIT

BORN W
INSTEAD OF



THE PROMOTERS

article

By **STEPHEN YAFFA**

Thou art not for the fashion of these times, Where none will sweat but for promotion.

Shakespeare said that. He said everything, as a matter of fact, and although he did not live long enough to meet these seven promoters personally, he would be pleased to know that they conform to his dictum. They are among the country's

most successful promotional and public-relations people; by the rigorous application of energy, intellect and muscle, they have turned chutzpah into cold hard cash. Lots of it—for themselves, their families and sometimes even for their clients. While they are out there making all this money, they are also determining what records we buy, what film stars we pay to see, what sporting events we go to, where we build our vacation homes, what

we spray under our arms, in our mouths, on our feet and over our privates.

How do they do all this? It's easy; we help them. As a people, we love to be promoted, there is so much security in letting someone help us make up our minds. Our Government, for instance, is always eager to help: For decades it sold us the Yellow Menace; then overnight, as our President shook hands with Chairman Mao, it sold us instead the Yellow Compatriot, and we



seven fellows who've never lost a nickel underestimating the taste of the american public

bought that. In fact, we owe our very existence to one of history's great promoters, Christopher Columbus. You remember him—he promoted the idea of a New World to Queen Isabella of Spain and then went out and discovered it. There are no hard-and-fast rules in promotion as to whether the product actually exists. As women and other great promoters have known down through the centuries, suggestion is often more enticing than reality.

The following seven Wunderkinds understand all this and more. They sense our needs before we do, and they fill them. It's not just being in the right place at the right time, they say, it's discipline. Stay with it, maintain self-control and don't look back. You should be prepared to lose everything, but if you start with

nothing, there is little downside risk, so stop worrying. Go do it.

They did. And while some of them seem to be speeding through life like marathon runners past a picnic, at least a few have taken time off to enjoy the rewards of their own success. That, for any of us, may be the hardest discipline of all.

PUBLICIST JIM MORAN knows more about everything than you and I will ever know; yet, in spite of this handicap, he manages to enjoy life. What he does for his living is a \$150,000-a-year mystery. It starts something like this: A sane businessman with a new product decides to find an unconventional means of publicizing it; being both sane and conventional, he seeks the assistance of a sympathetic maniac. Others who have been through

this sort of thing refer him to James Sterling Moran. "He likes his booze," they say, attempting to suggest that Moran isn't quite as crazy as he may appear. The businessman then meets with him in Moran's 11-room New York apartment and is offered the opportunity to pay Moran a \$3000 "30-day cogitation fee."

Wiping up his spilled martini, the businessman asks what he might expect to get for his money.

"Nothing," Moran replies. "Or everything. During that thirty days I shall devote myself to research and development of ideas. I may solve your problem or you may blow three grand. In either case, I won't return your money. If you then wish me to implement my ideas, it will cost you between thirty-six and fifty thousand dollars, plus expenses. Frankly,

compared with a one-minute commercial on TV, I'm a great fucking bargain."

It is necessary to Moran's stratagem that he remain an anonymous benefactor to his client. He won't discuss his present projects nor the companies employing him. He gets paid to dissemble publicity as news; if he blows his cover, the news story loses its credibility. Reporters back off. "Christ," they shout, "it's another one of Moran's stunts; we've been had."

Familiarity sometimes breeds contempt. City editors grow wary, but in Moran they are dealing with a former newspaperman who saw the light; Moran knows their problems, what turns them on and what puts them off. "If my ideas are good," he asserts, "it's their obligation to cover them."

Among the several hundred Moran-inspired incidents they've been obliged to cover:

- A bizarre accident in front of the United Nations Building: A kid on a white horse bearing a lance roams the streets of New York to promote a local hotel. Nobody pays much attention. But in front of the UN he lurches forward, his lance punctures the radiator of a taxicab. Water shoots into the air. There is a terrific commotion, a threat of violence; newsmen from the *Times* and *Post* and *Daily News* and Associated Press rush to cover the story. Photos are sent out over the wires and in them the name of the hotel is prominently displayed. Only much later is it revealed that this apparent accident was a staged contrivance; that the taxicab driver was, in fact, an employee of Moran's and that the shooting water resulted from a small pump having been concealed within the cab's radiator. Moran scores again.

- A camel crosses Manhattan laden with Persian rugs and parks in front of the New York Times Building: It won't budge. When people stop to inquire, its Bedouin keeper explains that there was to be a Persian-rug sale at Madison Square Garden. But the *Times* will not run an ad for it—no room, they say. So the camel is boycotting the *Times*. Curiosity mounts. Camel dung messes the sidewalk, the *Times* reneges, runs the ad, as well as a small news item, and \$2,000,000 worth of rugs are sold in Madison Square Garden. Chalk up another for Moran.

- The same camel becomes the first customer of the One Hump Camel Wash. In a parking lot next to Toots Shor's, photographers gather to shoot the event. They get a picture of a sudsy camel balking at the entrance while a desperate man tries to push him in. The man is . . . Moran . . . who owns the camel and has as his client the detergent manufacturer whose product name is boldly displayed over the One Hump Camel Wash.

In the line of duty, Moran has literally acted out some of our more venerable clichés, and has won considerable publicity doing it. It is he who once sold an

icebox to an Eskimo, found a needle in a haystack (it took 82 hours) and changed horses in midstream.

But none of Moran's professional escapades are as intriguing and complex as the man himself. Thrice married and divorced, he lives alone in his baronial West End Avenue apartment—a baroque affair cluttered with exotic impedimenta including pith helmets, clawed traps, gongs, a hand-carved embossed antique piano, Balinese masks, Venetian wall carvings, animalskin drums (in each bathroom), zithers, tapestries, Turkish hookahs and a 10,000-volume library. He carries himself with the bearing of a professor, an illusion further enhanced by his long gray-flecked beard, his soft, precise tones, his scholarly mien.

The haughty posture represents a perfect front for the madman within. He will, for example, appear as a guest on the David Frost show and listen patiently to a computer expert explain his most recent digital discovery. Eager to assist, Moran will stroke his beard and ask: "You're familiar, of course, with De Groot's principle of the excluded thirteenth?"

The computer expert clears his throat, studies the somber, erudite gentleman beside him and nods. "Of course," he replies. Sweat forms on the upper lip. Please, God, change the subject. And when in time the computer expert rushes back to his books to learn of De Groot, he will find there is no De Groot. No principle of the excluded thirteenth. Only that crazy fellow sitting beside him in front of millions giving him acute gas pains.

It is this sort of action that Moran, 65, loves and lives for. Women come a close second. "Someone defined youth for a man as a time when a woman can make you happy and miserable; old age as a time when women make you sad; and middle age as a time when women make you only happy. By that definition I'm middle-aged," says he. His emphatic tone carries a suggestion of defiance: Others may go gentle into that good night, but not Jim Moran. "My sex life has never been better," he reveals. "Never." It is aided and abetted, he explains, by ten women in their early 20s who respect Moran's wisdom, delight in his classical-guitar virtuosity and have only good things to say about his physical prowess. "With me they get no deception, no lies. I rotate 'em through here pretty good." And taking notes along the way: He recently published *How I Became an Authority on Sex*.

What prevails is a sense of detachment. In the end, he must be by himself in order to create; permanent relationships compromise the privacy of one's thoughts. Suddenly now an idea comes into his head. He reaches for a tin of Dr. Rumney's Mentholypus Snuff; he taps the top three times for luck, snorts a hefty noseful and gazes out through watery eyes to the

polluted Hudson below. Tomorrow an ostrich will be discovered laying eggs on the mayor's desk; news reports will be certain to disclose the name of the moving company that has been mysteriously called in to transport the bird from city hall. Only later will it be revealed. . . .

What: (a) weighs 365 pounds, (b) escorts nude women to airports in the line of duty and (c) once insured a pair of siliconed breasts for \$1,000,000?

The answer to all three of the above is Davey Rosenberg, who bills himself as "the world's greatest press agent." Well, the bulkiest, at any rate. Davey, 37, credits himself with the rise to glory of that particular art form known as topless entertainment. "All I had to work with was a Rudi Gernreich swimsuit and a flat-chested cocktail waitress named Carol Doda," he explains by way of historical perspective. That was back in 1964. The Beats had filtered away from the North Beach area of San Francisco, leaving behind several hundred Italian restaurants and several million tourists from Kansas City looking everywhere for a little action. Along came Davey, fresh from promotional alliances with several pro athletes. He was after, well, bigger things. Just then, as serendipity would have it, he ran into a North Beach night-club owner who sought to boost trade by snipping the bra straps off his go-go dancers. Davey, master of the malapropism, tells it best: "I'm in the Condor and Pete comes over to me and he says to me, 'Davey, I got some business I want you to help me curtail.' So I say OK, but now I gotta find a handle. So I'm walking down the street, it's four A.M. and I see on the newsstand this picture of a four-year-old girl in a topless bathing suit. So bells ring! That's it—TOPLESS! I personally am responsible for the name topless entertainment. I personally put topless in the dictionary. Then later we branched out, of course, into bottomless. I had a whole bunch of merkins made up special for the event."

In the meantime, it was press agent Rosenberg's task to keep the customers packing into Big Al's, El Cid and other nude nighteries that rim Broadway in North Beach and ream tourists to the tune of \$2.75 per drink—lots of water, a spray of Scotch, and don't order champagne.

"For a while," says Davey, "people used to come just to watch Carol Doda's tits grow. They grew from a 34-B up to a 44-D. When they stopped growing, I stepped in with a few campaigns. I'm always thinking, thinking . . . and what I don't think up myself I steal. So one day I see in the paper an item on Grauman's Chinese Theater. So I got fresh cement poured in front of Big Al's on the sidewalk and I stage a press conference and I have all our big-name topless entertainers lie down and stick their

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"What about me? I'm hungry, too."

PAD WARMER

for the man on the move, a festive break in those setting-up exercises

THE TIME IS MOVING DAY plus one; the place, your new digs, where the furniture hasn't even begun to scrape up acquaintances with the floors and walls; the people, a number of your easygoingest friends from your old fiefdom. You can be sure that when you phone your invitations, your invitees will get the impression—what with the nerve-wrenching ordeal of uprooting, transporting and replanting—that you're the captain of the Titanic asking them to join you on the bridge. And that's the secret of your party's success. The very fact that a *(continued on page 182)*

food and drink By THOMAS MARIO





THE PROMOTERS

(continued from page 98)

boobs in the wet cement. I called it a landmark of busts. What happened? I got arrested, that's what happened. For disturbing the peace. Fine with me. Press-wise, the police are my greatest ally."

The sidewalk—riddled with craters—was later decreed a safety hazard by the city's Public Works Department and resurfaced. So Davey moved on. He managed to get La Doda's breasts insured with Lloyd's of London to promote her return to Broadway. Thinking, thinking, thinking all the time, he ushered in San Francisco's first topless Santa Claus, nude nubile bathers in the city's newest public fountain and topless Berkeley coeds.

Says Davey, less humble than large, "The day I die, the street will die."

His greatest challenge: to get Carol Doda on the Johnny Carson show. It would seem to be a natural, but not to Johnny, who wants no part of such parts. Still, Davey keeps trying. A nonswinging bachelor devoted to his mother and father, he delights in his own success. Despite women's lib, the decline of sin and guilt as traditional American neuroses—and even despite the Supreme Court, as of the time this issue went to press—North Beach topless-bottomless clubs continue to prosper. They are about as erotic as pot cheese, but no matter. As long as Davey keeps pushing the product—for fat fees netting him "a good income for an illiterate"—people of both sexes will come and pay to visit "the adult Disneyland of the universe." (Guess who thought up *that* phrase?)

A somewhat vainglorious flack, Davey loves to be the center of attention; all 365 pounds of him pout when ignored. Among those who have ignored him most recently is Henry Kissinger. Davey sent Henry unretouched photos of some of the girls who take it all off for the tourists. Why? "Look, Henry might come to San Francisco and be searching for a date. So I offered him his pick, plus a lifetime pass to the Condor. He never answered. Well, so I'm not hurt, maybe he has other things on his mind."

Future plans—"To diversify myself," Davey confides. And, indeed, he has. He is now promoting San Francisco's first X-rated men's room, deep in the heart of the financial district.

• • •

"WOOLF ESTABLISHES SPORTS LAWYER AS UNSIGNED STARS' BEST FRIEND ON THE DOTTED LINE," bannered the Sunday *New York Times* sports section early in 1971. Directly under the front-page head ran a four-column photo of Robert Woolf, Esquire, standing between hockey star Derek Sanderson and basketball star Calvin Murphy, two of the 300 professional athletes Woolf represents, advises and promotes. In the photo, all three men smile with the certitude of those who know what it means to prosper: Exuding

confidence, beatific, they impart an air of implacable trust in themselves and in the lavish, benign kingdom of sports.

Eighteen months later, in his lawyer's Boston office, Sanderson is sitting across the desk from Woolf and nervously sucking the juice from the bones of his Southern fried chicken lunch. He is grouching, cursing and miserable. Woolf consoles, interrupts to take an emergency phone call.

Murphy, on the other end, is upset, frantic and edgy. The Houston Rockets aren't playing him, there are rumors afloat that he's about to be traded. Will Woolf check them out?

"I'll see what's going on, Cal," Woolf tells him. "What? Buffalo? Hey, that might not be so bad. For Christ's sake, you'll be a star in Buffalo. Yeah. Right. Right. Sit tight. OK. Bye." Woolf hangs up.

Sanderson licks his fingers, then his mustache. "Calvin's got trouble, too?"

"Well," says Woolf, "you know, they stop playing you for a few games, you begin to wonder."

"I know," says Sanderson. "I fucking goddamn know."

Woolf smiles, places a call to the Rockets' general manager. "I don't know why they think it's their attorney's job to make sure they're playing," he tells the man. "But when they get worried . . . well, you know. Cal's a little worried. If there's nothing to the rumor, I'll tell him, Ray, it will put his mind to ease. It's not my business to interfere with a team's organization. Oh, thanks, Ray. Sure. OK, I'll . . . fine, I'll tell him everything's OK. Well, you know, he wants to play, he wants to contribute; who can blame him? Bye, Ray." Woolf hangs up.

"You can't fucking blame anybody for wanting to play the fucking game they're paid to fucking play," Sanderson observes, downing three French fries whole.

Compared with Murphy's, Sanderson's current problems seem massive and unsolvable—to himself and everyone else in the sports-crazed city of Boston; but not to Bob Woolf, whose grace under pressure is equaled only by his ability to navigate safely through the choppy waters of professional sports. Notwithstanding the moral virtues pro sports are meant to exemplify in the American scheme of things, expansion has blown the lid off their integrity. Tammany Hall and Billy Sol Estes might profit from a study of the manipulations of many new franchise owners. In order to compete, they have been known to bid for players with money they don't have and with promises they can't fulfill. Recipients of their largess often wind up victims of their hype. Derek Sanderson is, at the moment, such a victim. Tempted away from the Boston Bruins by a \$2,600,000 contract with the Philadelphia Blazers of the

World Hockey League—"Derek had to be the world's highest-paid athlete so he would feel it was worth while to play in a new league," says Woolf—the sybaritic hockey star was benched after eight games. The Blazers claimed he was physically unfit to play. Sanderson and Woolf claimed that the Blazers couldn't afford to pay Sanderson and were trying desperately to dump him, preferably with a breach of contract on Sanderson's part. For 30 Blazer games, Sanderson showed good faith by sitting it out in the stands. Mobbed by fans, yelled at to cut his hair by nonadmirers, he was permitted to hang around the Blazers' dressing room fully clothed, but was not allowed by the Blazers' management to don skates in any league game.

As the man who helped get Sanderson into this bind, Woolf feels compelled to extract him from it—with dignity and with a just cash settlement. "This scene is contrary to anything I've ever been involved in," he repeats daily as he fields offers from other hockey clubs and parries questions from sports editors across the country. Occasionally, he pauses to ask a visitor, "What would you do?" And on this particular afternoon, with Sanderson munching toward the marrow of a chicken leg, Woolf pauses to take a phone call from his mother, now 78. He has just finished speaking to the Rockets' general manager in tones of easy authority, but confidence gives way to a son's frustration when Mother phones. "Momma," says Woolf, 45, "I've been doing this for *three weeks!*"

Later, he hangs up, smiling. "My mother's telling me how to practice law. She doesn't want I should get discouraged with our problem, Derek. 'If you come over, maybe we could talk it out,' she tells me. Oh, gosh."

Sanderson snorts. "I'm going," he says suddenly. He flips the chicken into a wastebasket. "I got a hot one lined up tonight. Last night was outrageous. All she wanted was to go at it, boom boom boom. That's my kind. See ya." He stomps out, turns at the door and tells the visitor, "They don't make 'em any better than Bobby."

Woolf's success does seem to prove that occasionally nice guys finish first. It helps to possess a shrewd analytical mind, and in sports it doesn't hurt to operate from a position of humility and boyish enthusiasm. Way back, Woolf decided that athletes had replaced movie stars as national celebrities. With proper management, they could capitalize on their fame. Autographed T-shirts, for instance. Personal appearances. Caricature wrist watches. Helmets. Bats. Sneakers. Talk shows—whatever the traffic would bear. Then, too, many professionals weren't getting paid as much as they deserved. A former collegiate basketball player caught up in criminal law, Woolf entered the world

(continued on page 222)



SUMBITCH!



IT'LL DO ONE MORE LAP... SIDERWAYS!



I LOST IT IN THE SECOND TURN

funny thing happened on the way to the nascar championship—damn near broke my ass

memoir By "STROKER ACE"
I CAME WHIPPING into the pits at 97 miles an hour with all my brakes gone. This little move is absolutely, flat guaranteed to give everybody a little thrill right down the line—and I could see all the other crews hopping right up on top of the pit

wall as I came past, with the car doing wide, sweeping fishtails. And when I figured I had it slowed down just enough, I double-clutched the balls out of it and popped that rascal right into reverse. And I came sliding right up against Lugs Harvey's belly button.

He shook his head and then ran around to the driver side and stuck his big, sweaty face right into the window at me.

I yanked down my mask.
"Brakes," I said. "No fucking brakes."
He nodded (continued on page 108) 103

no doubt about it,
world war eleven was
some mother!

The Beegle

This is a beegle, the first mutant species that we discovered on our historic voyage shortly after World War Eleven.* It is a cross between a bee and an eagle. Scores of these saucer-eyed birds swarmed about our ship as we neared the Panama Straits.

The beegle is a successful species in its native habitat, an obvious beneficiary of widespread radiation. A worker beegle sucks the nectar from a palm tree, then flies to his mountain-side beegle hive to store his honey in a neat row of Ball jars. Then he performs his communication dance, a lascivious spectacle that resembles a cross between the funky chicken and the high hurdles. The other creatures immediately make a beeline for the palm tree, aided by the extreme acuity of their many-faceted eyes (normal beegle vision is 20-20-20-20-20, etc.).

Through all of this, the Great Bald Queen Beegle remains in the nest; the queen that we saw wore maroon tights and hummed with a lisp. We renamed our vessel the H. Ms. Beegle in his or her honor.

**In Florida, this was known as World War Kathleen.*



The Buckaroo

Cruising along the Isthmus of Australia enabled us to study several new species that have sprung up there*—notably, the buckaroo. As our woggish first mate put it, "Wallaby domned! This here's buckaroo country!"

The buckaroo mating ceremony is frightening to behold. Two stags, competing for a piece of whitetail, lower their antlers, hop toward each other and crash in mid-air. The stag with the milder concussion is the winner. The mating act itself is a risky, dangerous affair, and oral-genital acts are often fatal.

We found one young buckaroo that had punctured a hole in his mother's pouch and fallen out. We named him Bamboo and nursed him back to health on a diet of beegle honey and Mexican jumping beons.

**Including the octopussy, the buffaloon and the kittyhawk.*

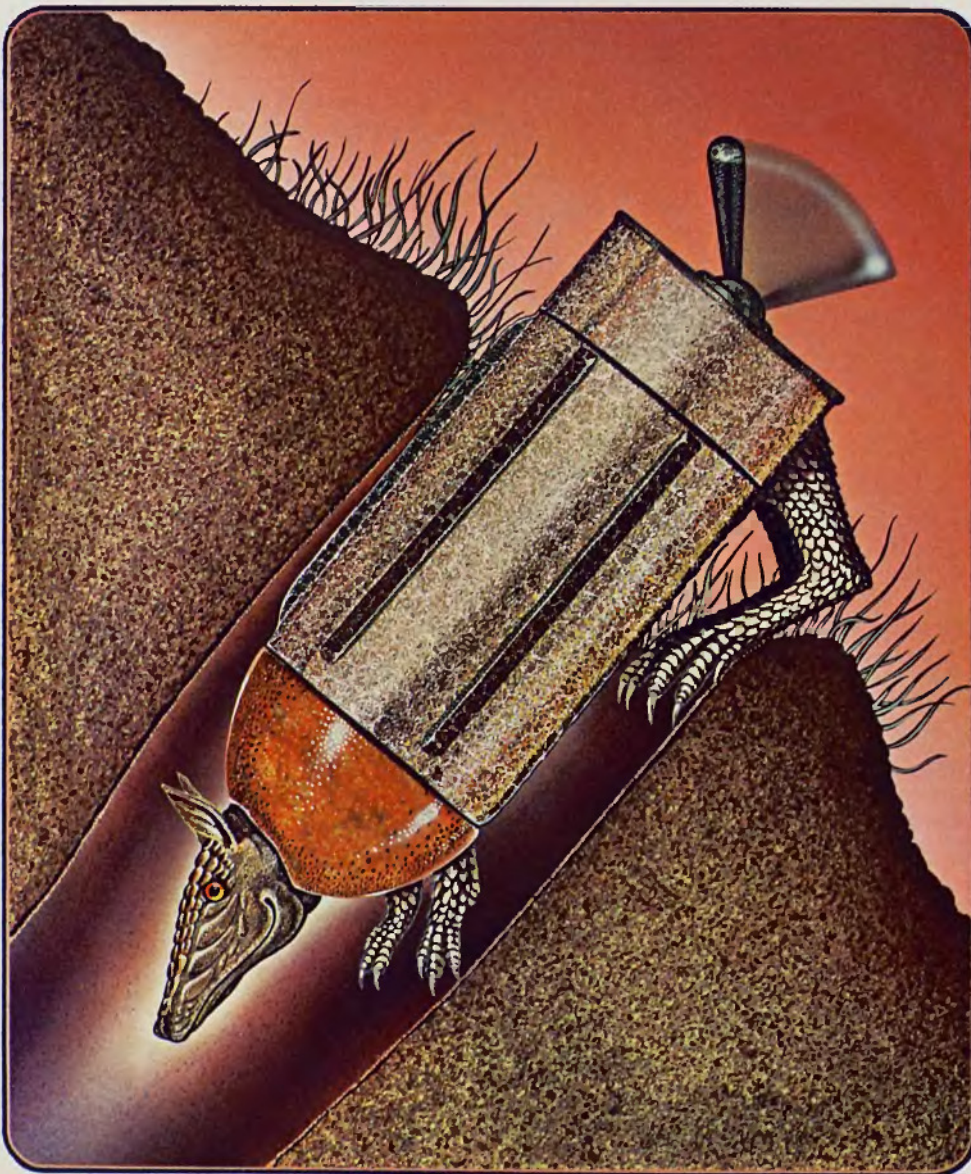
**THE
FALLOUT FOLLIES**
or
Eat your heart out, Charles Darwin
humor By SCOT MORRIS and WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN

The Blackhead

This is an unretouched photo of the vicious *blackhead*, a cross between a black widow and a copperhead. Blackheads live on greasy plains near virgin forests and usually come out the night before a prom. Blackheads mate once, after which the female kills the male by squeezing its head off.

We found a large blackhead colony on the shores of Crater Pond, near Hershey, Pennsylvania, along with other unsightly animals such as the wort hog, the horny mole and the ubiquitous hickey. One blackhead got sore and bit our bumbling first mate with its poisonous fangs. We hurried him back to sick bay for the only known antidote to a blackhead bite: massive doses of Cleorasil.

Blackheads thrive on peanut butter and pepperoni pizzas and are prey to many natural enemies, including the tweezerbird and the ultraviolet lomprey. Their most formidable enemy, however, is a cross between a dik-dik and a meadowlark—known as the Dik-Lark—which can clear out an entire blackhead community in no time, leaving all mirrors clean and spotless.



The Armadillo

This little bugger is an *armadillo*, a cross between an armadillo and a personal vibrator. It is a nocturnal, burrowing animal that ranges throughout North America—although colonies tend to concentrate in girls' schools, in convents and in the Houston suburbs near Mission Control.

Its favorite hiding place is a top dresser drawer, underneath the lingerie. Occasionally it comes out (3.2 times per week, on the average), tail wagging, to explore the underbrush. It digs small holes and it eats, roots, and leaves.

Some of the armadillos we sow were cranky, but only when they weren't given enough love. Usually they walk around with a wry, cocky smile and make good pets: They come when they're called, they don't pester when the owner has a headache and you can't hold a candle to them for cleanliness.

In one subspecies of this breed, when an adolescent male reaches his 13th birthday, he has a big party and announces, "Today I am a fountain pen."



The Tortilla

This is a *tortilla*,* a cross between a tortoise and a gorilla. It is found deep within the jungles of Mexico but occasionally can be found atop a thatched skyscraper, brandishing a native girl and fending off villagers in their crude airplanes.

When aroused, the male *tortilla* stands erect and beats on the underside of his shell, producing a thunderous shack wave that can be heard for miles. As a result, all *tortillas* are deaf. Their mating call is "Huh?"

These animals are very cunning, as we discovered when our jocular first mate tried to restage Aesop's fable about the race between the *tortilla* and the *harelip*.** Our *tortilla* got an early lead, then stopped and lay down next to a stream, pulling its head and limbs inside its shell. We realized it was not asleep but was cleverly disguised as a covered bridge. When the *harelip* came along later, it ran full speed into one of the darkened arifices. It didn't come out.

**Nat* to be confused with the *burrito*, which is a cross between a *burro* and a *mosquito*.

**The *harelip* is another indigenous species, an indescribable mutation of a *Hare Krishna* fanatic and a *tulip*.

The Bob-n'-Ray

With its tiny bobwhite's head on its graceful manta ray's body, this animal is a *bob-n'-ray*. We kept one specimen on board ship for a while, but after catching up a lot of dry *humar*, it gave a last, plaintive mating call—"Wa-lee-balaaa!"—and died. We were sorry to see it go—it had been a *gaad skate*. However, we found it had left us two *bob-n'-ray* eggs in the *crow's-nest*; and when they hatched, we nursed the infants on a diet of *Piel's beer*. We named one of them *Bab* and the other *Ray*, but no one could ever remember which was which.

During the mating season, these animals skim across the water like giant *Frisbees*. They will mate with anything, a habit they have inherited from their *manta-ray* ancestor, one of the most *pramiscuous* species in the post-war world.* We saw one *manta ray* making eyes at a *Portuguese man-of-war*. If there is an offspring, we will call it the *Man a' la Manta*.

*Our royal geneticist has been able to mate *manta rays* successfully with *sugar cane* (producing the *sugar ray*), with a *TV tube* (the *cathode ray*) and with *Charley the Tuna* (the *ray charles*, of course).





The Vamoose

The vamoose is a breed of flying, bloodsucking elk that inhabits the Transylvanian north woods. It is classified as an endangering species, as it comes out at night to prey on unsuspecting giraffes or to lurk around the deposit windows of all-night blood banks. It always returns before sunrise to sleep in an abandoned World War Five bomb shelter. It can be blinded by the sight of a silver TV antenna but can only be killed by driving a hamburger through its heart (due to the high price of a good steak nowadays).

Our royal geneticist decided to breed a domestic, commercial vamoose by crossing a Beluga goosery and a bullwinkle.* The crew was rightly incensed by this outrageous experiment and voted to keelhaul the royal geneticist. Bearing torches, they smashed down the door to his lab but were repulsed by the odor of guano. Our indelicate first mate dubbed it the Royal Ordure of Vamoose, at which point the crew voted to keelhaul him.

*The former, a cross between an arctic dolphin and a Canadian goose; the latter, an amusing hybrid of a bullfrog and a periwinkle.

The Mariguana

This is a mariguana (Latin name: *cannabis galapogos*). He is much like an iguana but is twisted at both ends, has a pungent smell, and his nose is nearly always alight.

He has a strange behavioral ritual: His eyes become bloodshot as his breathing pattern becomes irregular.* He will sit and stare at a sunset for hours, occasionally emitting his mating call: "Ooooh-woww." Mariguanas will laugh at anything, including Cheech and Chong albums and late-night reruns of *Gilligan's Island*. They move in a slow, deliberate shuffle and often have great difficulty remembering what it was they started out to do.

A hungry mariguano will eat anything in his path. We saw one consume, with no apparent ill effect, a whole box of vanilla wafers, a bowl of radishes and a ketchup sandwich.

As a mariguana ages, his ash gets longer, until finally, at death, there is nothing left but the dark stub of his tail, about the size of a common household insect. The young may stash these corpses in a secret common grave, but will often swallow them under stress.

*He will take a long, deep breath—and hold it.



I LOST IT

(continued from page 103)

and pulled his head out just as the whole right side of the car went up into the air: The crew had jacked it up and was snatching off the wheels. Behind me, they began dumping in the gas and, in front, Limpy Clawson came hopping up with that crablike gait of his. He had a cloth rag in his left hand and a paper cup full of cold Dr Pepper in his right. He stuck the cup in through the window at me, hitting the doorsill with the butt of his hand and spilling most of it right down into my lap. I drank what little there was left of it and tugged my mask back up, contemplating the prospect of finishing the race with sticky balls. Then Limpy swabbed off the window with his rag and stepped back just as the car came banging back down on all four.

Poised over by the right fender, Lugs waved to get my attention. Then he drew a small circle in the air with his left hand; he was holding his thumb and forefinger together. And then he held both hands out in front of him and motioned downward with the palms. And then he jerked his right thumb back toward the track.

I hit the throttle and got the hell out of there.

Lugs had just told me a lot. This is what Lugs had told me with his hands:

"Mr. Ace, it sore grieves me to tell you that your brakes seem to be hopelessly shot. Ruined. There is no goddamn drum left, as you can see from the position of my thumb and forefinger. However, in my experienced mechanical judgment, you should be able to finish the race if you will only take it easy, as I am indicating by holding my palms down. And while you are mulling over these fearsome prospects, may I respectfully suggest that you get your ass back into the race, since we don't have that much time left. It sure was nice seeing you again here in the pits, but now you gotta go."

All this took 26.7 seconds. Dr Pepper and all.

Everybody does this, though maybe nobody in the world does it as well as Lugs Harvey, who can make a fast pit stop look like he is directing the goddamn Mormon Tabernacle Choir through a tricky section of Handel's *Messiah* or something like that.

We talk to each other this way for damn good reasons: (1) I have got cotton stuffed into both ears. (2) I have got my Bell helmet over that with its big, padded earpieces and (3) who the hell wants to listen to Lugs Harvey talk about brakes in the middle of a race, anyway?

I wound that sumbitch up as high as it would go in second gear and, while doing that, I looked all around through all the other cars for Turbo Ellison and Hack Downing.

When last I left the two of them buggers, they were slamming around the

track in that order, front bumper against back bumper, as if they were welded together. Turbo was leading the race. Hack was second. I am third.

Take it easy, my ass.

I cranked into the number-four turn and came howling back down the main straightaway—and out of the quick corner of my eye I could see Lugs standing at the pit wall with the two stop watches on his clipboard. In a couple of seconds, when he got my time calculated, he was going to have something of a mechanical fit.

And *there* was Hack Downing, that bastard. Turbo was smack in front of him and, going through the one-two turn, they looked all blurry and stretched out, like the longest race car in the whole goddamn world.

Understand, now, everybody knows that Hack Downing is a drafting sumbitch: He is known all over the South for it.

Here is the way it goes: At top speed, a car churns up a whole lot of air turbulence behind it, and if you are riding a bit off to one side, it can suck the fillings right out of your teeth. But at the same time, just behind the same car—right smack behind it—there is this little, narrow envelope of quiet air. People who know all about physics have a proper term for this, I think. But race drivers around the South all know it just naturally and most of them don't know what physics means. They can't spell physics; they can't pronounce it; hell-fire, most of them would have a tough fucking time making the letter P.

They all call it drafting.

Any race driver with any balls at all knows that if he can ease his car right up behind, he can ride along inside this little breather space. Right away a couple of great things happen. One: He can back off just a little bit on his own gas, because the car in front of him is pushing all the air and doing most of the work. Two: He is actually conserving fuel, a factor that can just win the race for him if it is close. Three: If you *really* pin down that physics bullshit, there are times when he is actually going just a little teeny bit faster than the car in front. Thus, four: If his timing is really good, then he can pull off what is known as the slingshot. Now, I don't know what in Christ's name Einstein called the slingshot, but consider this: When the car directly in front of him slows down just a touch for a hard corner—well, then, just for that split second there, the back car is still going faster, see? So, if a driver is good enough, that is the precise second when he will whip his car around and pass the front car—slingshotting out in front.

Item five: Drafting also drives the front driver goofy. I mean, every time he

glances into his rear-vision mirror, he sees nothing but windshield and radiator behind him and the only thing he can do is trust the other driver a whole awful lot and pray to beat hell that nothing goes wrong on the track out there in front of him. Any front-running driver who hits his brakes at a time like that knows goddamn well that he will absolutely, promptly end up with a 4000-pound stock car right up his ass.

And there was Turbo: screaming down the back straight, steady as could be. With Hack Downing right on his tail pipes.

I touched my brakes going into the turn and got just about what I expected. Nothing. So I just stayed on the gas. I mean, what the hell, right?

The force of the curve without any brakes was twisting the car on its frame and just about pulling me out of the seat toward the right-side door, and my damn heart and spleen and bowels and everything sloughed over to the right side of my damn stomach and hung there like tapioca pudding shaking. Tires howling to beat hell, I came up alongside J. R. Hoffman in his Olsen Garages Mercury and we rubbed door handles there for a fast second or two. Old J. R. always races with an unlit, dead contraband Cuban cigar clamped right in the middle of his mouth, and when I nicked him, I also glanced over at him: He bit the fucking cigar smack through and it fell away from his face somewhere into the inside of his car.

Well, screw you, Hoffman. If you can't race that sumbitch, you'd best park it.

And now you, Hack, my boy. And I snuck right up behind him. At, oh, say, about 198 miles an hour.

We all came off the number four like a damn three-car close-order parade and I could look up ahead and see old Hack hunch up his shoulders and hunker down his head when he suddenly saw me in his mirror. That's not all I could see: Just out of the edge of my left eyeball, I could see Lugs Harvey holding up a pit sign that had e-z smeared on it in giant chalk letters. And then he was gone. And then came the end of the straightaway, just like that.

Easy, my ass. As we say in racing.

Just ahead, Hack dropped his left shoulder just a teeny bit and hunched his head down even further. I knew what it meant.

It meant that he was about to slingshot Turbo, that's what it meant.

And, sure enough, he hauled right out to the left and rifled up alongside Turbo. The space between them was thinner than a goddamn infield-concession-stand hamburger.

Good for Hack.

Bad for Turbo. That's because I was tail-piping Hack and what neither one of them bastards knew was that I was the

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PART III: SLICING UP THE BIG APPLE



article By RICHARD HAMMER *costello, luciano, lansky and the others had better manners than their chicago counterparts—and more ambition. today, new york's booze; tomorrow, the gross national product*

THERE ARE NO COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUES on the benches in New York's Central Park, but maybe there ought to be. The nation's elder statesman Bernard Baruch sat on one of them for years, holding court, philosophizing, advising, handing down judgments that would influence the direction of the nation and the world. And just inside the southern boundary of the park on 59th Street, there is another bench where, during the decade after World War One, an underworld elder statesman, Arnold Rothstein, held court, listened to propositions, philosophized and handed down advice.

On a bright warm day in the early fall of 1920,



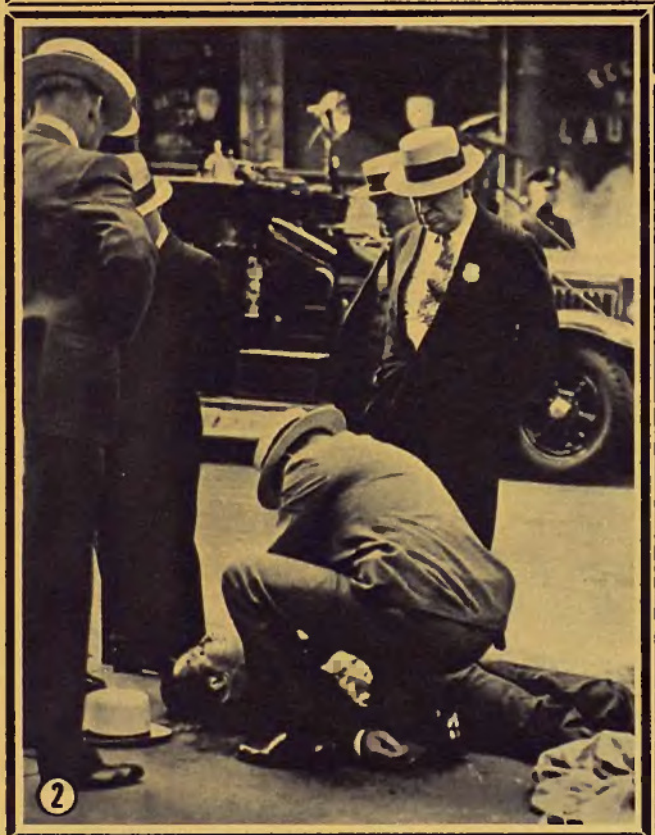
Speak-easy raids were followed by a short and somber ceremony: A Prohibition agent padlocked the doors and posted a CLOSED sign that sent patrons in search of another speak.



A classic pre-Prohibition saloon, which (according to Prohibitionists) took food from the mouths of workingmen's children and otherwise contributed to national moral decay. After 1920, such saloons were replaced by illegal speak-easies, most of which were converted back rooms and apartments where thirsty Americans continued to wet their whistles with bootleg booze that was either diluted, polluted or even poisonous.



relaxing on his favorite park bench, Rothstein came to a decision that would send tremors down through the years. Prohibition had been the law of the land for nearly nine months, but it was clear that the law was barely enforceable. There weren't enough Federal or state agents and many of them were easily bribed political hacks. And much of the nation, particularly the big cities, showed no inclination to stop drinking just because the law said to. People were drinking just as much, and many would soon be drinking even more. Only now, instead of patronizing a neighborhood saloon or a gilded night club, they were drinking in the thousands of speakeasies that had sprouted since January 17 and that, though illegal, made little pretense of being anything but what they were and opened their doors to anyone who knew the passwords—"Joe sent me." And now, instead of buying stock for their private bars from neighborhood package stores, they were patronizing the neighborhood bootlegger. For liquor and beer and wine were still available, but not from legitimate businessmen; gangsters had moved in and were selling booze "right off the boat"—which could mean that it really came right off the boat; or maybe from an illegal distillery; or was good stuff that had been cut, rebled and rebottled, watered down; or came from a homemade



In 1929, crime became truly organized when the country's most powerful mobsters assembled in Atlantic City to gamble on the beach, settle their differences and coordinate their criminal enterprises "for the good of all." In the painting (left to right) are Meyer Lansky, Lucky Luciano, Albert Anastasia, Frank Costello and Dutch Schultz, whose contrariness resulted in his death four years later. Right: (1) Frankie Yale, dapper Brooklyn bootlegger who crossed Chicago's Al Capone and became New York's first recorded victim of the Thompson submachine gun. (2) One of hundreds of nameless "hoods" gunned down on the streets of New York during Prohibition. (3) Legs Diamond, whose celebrated ability to survive serious bullet wounds was (4) put to the test once too often.

still and was only a little better than poison.

During these early months, Rothstein—millionaire gambler, swindler, loan shark, fixer, friend and confidant of politicians and gangsters—had made no move to cut himself in for a piece of the action. He was essentially a loner, a man who wanted to run his own show his own way. But bootlegging, he saw early, was just too big and too complex to be controlled by a single man, or even by a single organization. Rothstein, however, was wary of developing an organization of his own, because he didn't trust the intelligence or balance of the labor pool he would have to draw upon: the underworld. He understood that with hoodlums competing for control, violence was inevitable, and he was a man who abhorred violence in most circumstances. He had no desire to cross the Federal authorities, for he was certain that they would make a major effort to enforce the law, at least at its outset.

So Rothstein stood aside and let others open up the business and take the initial risks. Some he financed, provided with bail and lawyers when they were arrested (and, as security, in addition to the usurious rate of interest a Rothstein loan entailed, anybody who borrowed from A. R. was forced to take out a noncancelable insurance policy, with Rothstein as the sole beneficiary). But that was all. However, he watched and examined and thought. By the fall, he was convinced it was time for him to make his move. All he needed was the opportunity.

It came on the warm day in Central Park. A Detroit bootlegger named Max "Big Maxey" Greenberg had been running Scotch and other good whiskey across the Detroit River from Canada since January and had done well enough to buy a fleet of trucks and open a string of warehouses. But the competition for good whiskey from Canada was increasing, driving the prices up. Most of Greenberg's money was tied up in the stock on hand, in his trucks and storage depots, when he was approached by a contact in Canada who could guarantee a continuing supply of good whiskey. To secure the deal, Greenberg needed \$175,000; he didn't have it. He went to his friend Irving Wexler: thief, sometime dope peddler and strikebreaker, now seeking to become a bootlegger and winning a reputation under the name "Waxy" Gordon. If Gordon could come up with the money, Greenberg would cut him in as a partner. But in 1920—within a year, it would all change—Gordon didn't have that kind of bank roll. He knew someone who did, however: Arnold Rothstein. Gordon took Greenberg to meet Rothstein at his bench in Central Park.

Rothstein listened to Greenberg's pitch and questioned him closely, his mind moving far ahead. When Big Maxey had finished, Rothstein turned him down. But

Rothstein came back with a counterproposal. It was stupid, he said, to buy booze in Canada at the high prices caused by competition. The way to buy it was to tie up the production of whole distilleries right at the source, in England and Scotland. Greenberg was intrigued, but that would take a hell of a lot more than \$175,000. Don't worry, Rothstein told him. He would make all the arrangements and would, instead of lending Greenberg the money in cash, cut him in for \$175,000, taking as collateral his trucks and warehouses—thus giving Rothstein immediate transportation and storage facilities—and, of course, as much life insurance as Greenberg could take out. And, in lieu of a finder's fee, Waxy Gordon would be given a small percentage of the new partnership, and thus his hoped-for start in the business. Greenberg and Gordon agreed with alacrity.

Rothstein set about the bootleg business not on a chaotic and random basis, as did most other early entrants, but with an approach copied from big business. He sent Harry Mather, a former Wall Street bucket-shop operator who had done jobs for him in the past, to England as his European agent. Mather was to tie up the output of good Scotch distilleries and make arrangements for shipping the whisky to a point just outside the American territorial waters in the Atlantic. Within weeks of his arrival, he had bought 20,000 cases of good Scotch and leased a Norwegian freighter to haul the stuff to a point off Long Island.

At home, Rothstein pulled together the other threads of the business. He bought half a dozen fast speedboats to carry the booze ashore and, to make certain it got there with no trouble, he bribed the Coast Guard at Montauk Point not merely to look the other way when the freighter arrived but actually to help unload it onto the speedboats and even to carry some of it ashore in Government cutters. At the landing zone, he had the Greenberg trucks, protected by tough gunmen, and in Long Island City and other points around Manhattan, he leased warehouses to store the merchandise. And he cemented contracts both with other bootleggers and with the better speak-easies in midtown to purchase the Scotch.

During the next 12 months, Rothstein's Norwegian freighter made 11 trips carrying booze to the man who had suddenly become the most important dealer in illegal liquor in the East. But as the ship set sail on its 11th voyage, Rothstein was tipped that a new officer-in-charge had assumed command of the Coast Guard station at Montauk and was going to take the ship when it started to offload. Rothstein urgently signaled the ship, diverting it to Havana, where an agent of a sometime Rothstein partner, Charles A. Stoneham, sportsman and

owner of the New York Giants baseball team, took delivery and managed to smuggle the whiskey into the States another way (though Rothstein's partners, Gordon and Greenberg, were told that Stoneham had bought the booze at cost, so there were no profits from the trip).

Though the final voyage of the Norwegian freighter had been turned from a potential loss into the usual profit of more than \$500,000 for Rothstein, it gave the gambler pause. He had in a single year made several million dollars out of rum-running—or, in his case, Scotch-running—but buying abroad and waiting for a shipment to reach the States tied up a lot of ready cash for months, and if, by chance, that shipment happened to be picked off by the Federal men, the money was irretrievably gone. There were, he figured, quicker and easier ways to turn Prohibition into a buck. Also, in his year as a whiskey importer, Rothstein discovered what he had suspected: Bootlegging was just too big for one man to control. There were too many people in it, all with big ideas about their own roles and their own power; the competition was intense; he could not command events nor the actions of other people. This was not the game Arnold Rothstein liked to play, so he decided to get out—of importing, at least.

After the freighter's final trip, he called in Gordon and Greenberg to tell them that it had been profitless—for them. And he told them he was quitting the racket; the business would be theirs after they paid up what they owed him, plus the usual high interest. They paid readily enough and without complaint. Then Gordon, with Greenberg receding into a secondary role as junior partner and aide, pyramided what Rothstein had started, becoming one of the leading illegal liquor importers along the Atlantic Seaboard and one of the biggest over-all bootleggers in the East. By the end of the decade, he would be a multimillionaire, would own blocks of real estate in New York and Philadelphia, where he centered his empire, would live in a castle complete with moat in southern New Jersey, would own a fleet of ocean-going rumships, night clubs, gambling casinos. His Philadelphia distilleries would be cutting, reblending and rebottling booze for scores of other major bootleggers around the country for a share of their action.

But Rothstein, although no longer importing, was not completely out of booze. In his year in the business, he had put together an efficient organization, and while much of it had been turned over to Gordon, Rothstein was not willing to let it all go. He owned pieces of some of the best speak-easies and he held onto them, turning their back rooms into lavish gambling casinos. And he had in his employ a killer named John T. Noland, who

(continued on page 130)



"Oh, nothing, Miles—just for one minute I thought this might be the start of something big."



"COME INTO MY PARLOR"

...says men's hair stylist valerie lane, "and let me run my fingers and some scissors through your hair."



Miss October lives just a short distance from her work at Mr. Ron's in Newport Beach, California. "The shop is located in back of a group of offices, off Pacific Coast Highway, the main drag. So we don't get a lot of walk-in customers who just see a sign and stop. But I'm always busy, which proves that word of mouth is the best advertising."

Although she notices a definite trend toward shorter hair styles, Valerie predicts that men will never return to the simple routine of a haircut. "Let's face it, men are peacocks, and now that they've gotten used to the idea that their hair can be styled to really improve their looks, they're not about to get out the Butch Wax again."

"JUST A TRIM, please. A little off the top, and leave the sides full." "OK," says the barber as he turns on his clippers—and proceeds to give you white sidewalls. It's happened to almost all men at one time or another—not so often, perhaps, since the transformation of barbershops into "men's hair-styling" salons, but the prospect of hair spray and Hot Combs can still make a man a mite uneasy when he climbs into that revolving chair. It's not that way, fortunately, at Mr. Ron's in Newport Beach, California, where Valerie Lane is ready and able to reassure all her nervous customers. "When I first started

my job, I couldn't believe how uptight most guys were when they walked in. Usually, they were carrying some wadded-up picture showing a great-looking guy with this tremendous head of hair, and they'd say, 'I want my hair to look like this.' Well, that's fine, except they might have four hairs on their head, and they expect me to make them look like the guy in the picture. But I can identify with their apprehension. I was always scared to death to get my hair done for fear of what some beauty operator would do to it." Keeping in mind that the customer is always right, Valerie handles these situations delicate-

ly. "I try to explain to guys that all faces aren't structured the same way and suggest ways to style their hair so it'll look good for *them*. I mean, if someone with a really round face comes in, chances are he'll ask for a hair style that's flat on the sides and full on top, thinking that'll make his face look longer. Actually, that would just make his face look fatter. I have to tell him that the sides should be full, so his face will be better proportioned." Valerie has been styling men's hair since she was graduated from high school in Long Beach. "I didn't want to go to college," she explains, "and I wanted to make some money right



away. At first I thought about going to beauty school, but a guy I was dating at the time kind of jokingly suggested that I become a *men's* hair stylist instead. 'Hey,' I said, 'that's not a bad idea.' It sounded kind of fun, and there weren't many women doing it, so the unique aspect of the work appealed to me. I took a styling course and started. Mr. Ron's is the only place I've worked." But that's not where she plans to stay. "Eventually, I'd like to open my own shop," says Valerie. "In fact, I'd like to open a couple of them, and I sometimes fantasize that if they were successful enough, I'd have other people run and staff them. That way I'd have to work in the shop only a few days a week. That would be ideal." Perhaps for her, but it's certainly not the way a whole lot of customers would prefer it.



Above right: One of a hair stylist's occupational hazards—a few wisps of cut hair are whisk-broomed away by a fellow employee at Mr. Ron's. "When I first started doing this work," she says, "I only tried to make my customers happy. Now I've learned to kind of bring the guy around to my way of thinking by pointing out why his ideas may not be right for his face. So I make my customer and *me* happy."



Left: Valerie and colleague Dan Simmans begin a busy workday. Above: Having suggested a new hair style to a new customer, Hugh Sackett, Valerie holds up the mirror for his final approval. After a moment of serious appraisal, Hugh's smile shows that it's obviously a job well done.



Enjoying a needed day off, Valerie gets together with friends Diane and Joe Leaverton and Dan Simmons for a picnic in nearby Laguna Canyon. Above: They toast Valerie's dream of becoming an independent businesswoman when she opens her own styling shops. "First, I've got to think of something really clever to call them. 'Miss Valerie's' just doesn't make it. That sounds like some old maid's nursery school."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Although she's never strayed far from the Southern California coast for any length of time, Valerie has no urge to live anywhere else. "Some people might think I'm narrow for staying close to home all my life, but to me, it just means I'm perfectly happy and have everything I need right here. I do some water-skiing, I love the ocean and I have my friends. I can't see any reason to go looking for more."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The couple was divorced but remained good friends. When the man happened to break his arm, he called up his ex-wife one night and asked if she could possibly come over to help him take a bath, and she readily agreed. After she had helped him into the tub and had begun washing his back, she noticed a change gradually take place in his anatomy.

"Now, isn't that sweet," she cooed. "Look Harry, it still recognizes me!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *breast-fed* as a female FBI agent.

Look," said the rural general practitioner to the dejected mother of a dozen children, "I want you to put both of your feet in a ten-gallon crock when you go to bed at night and keep them there until you get up."

But six weeks later the woman returned, pregnant once again. "Didn't you follow my instructions about the crock?" asked the exasperated doctor.

"Well, sort of," replied the woman. "We didn't have no ten-gallon crock, so I had to use two five-gallon ones."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pornography* as cliterature.

Adopting the metric system would have certain psychological advantages—such as being able to claim 18 centimeters instead of seven inches.

While touring a Government building in Washington, a man had to visit the john. As he rejoined his tour group, he exclaimed, "Talk about bureaucracy! The graffiti were all neatly printed—and in triplicate!"

A campus biggie went out for the first time with the vivacious little baton-twirling champion of the college marching band, and he ended up in the hospital. "What happened, Bob?" inquired his visiting roommate.

"Let's call it a case of overreaction," groaned the patient. "After the dance and a hamburger, we drove over and parked in Memorial Grove. Matters proceeded nicely and she began to give me a tantalizingly slow hand job—but then some jerk in the car alongside began to whistle the school fight song!"

Every man should have a girl for love, companionship and sympathy," philosophized the wise old bachelor, "preferably at three different addresses."

Not many people know that Sherlock Holmes had a secret vice unrevealed in the stories. When Dr. Watson came around to 221B Baker Street one afternoon, the housekeeper told him that Holmes had a visitor, a schoolgirl. Watson sat down to wait but then heard muffled sounds coming from the study. Fearing that the schoolgirl might be an assassin in disguise, he broke open the door, only to find the great detective and the girl—for it was, indeed, a quite young girl—engaged in a rather shocking form of play. "By Gad, Holmes," huffed the doctor, "just what sort of schoolgirl is this?"

Smirked Holmes, "Elementary, my dear Watson."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay daisy chain* as swish kabob.

What time did you pull out this morning?" asked one bus driver of another as they washed up at the terminal.

"I didn't," said the other driver, shaking his head, "and I'm worried about it."

The giant tackle had viciously slammed the ball carrier out of bounds directly in front of the visitors' bench. As the big man got to his feet, the opposing coach, choking back an expletive, gave him the finger.

"What'd I tell ya?" chortled the tackle to a teammate as they trotted back to line up. "We're still number one!"



I want someone who'll do absolutely everything I ask for as long as I want," muttered the prospective client.

"Lorraine's your girl," said the madam, "but it'll cost you five hundred bucks."

Lorraine, of course, insisted on the money up front, so the man handed it over and then proceeded to outdo Krafft-Ebing's kinkiest case histories in his successive exactions. Finally, he produced a studded belt and set to beating the girl with it mercilessly. After a time, she gasped, "I can't . . . take much more! When . . . are you going . . . to quit?"

"When you agree to . . . fulfill my next and final demand," panted the client. "Give me back my five hundred!"

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.



"So many—and so little time."

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

attire

By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

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



The urban renewal of country tweeds.

Left: Donegal tweed single-breasted suit with flap frame patch pockets, side vents and single-pleated trousers with extension waistband, by Jaeger, \$210; worn over a polyester-and-cotton shirt, by Enro, \$14; sleeveless V-neck cashmere pullover, by Gino Paoli, \$30; and wool plaid tie, by Briar Tiemakers, \$7.50. Above: Donegal tweed double-breasted suit, \$170, tone-on-tone satin shirt with medium-spread collar, \$25, both by Pierre Cardin; and a wool knit square-bottom tie, by Resilia, \$6.50.

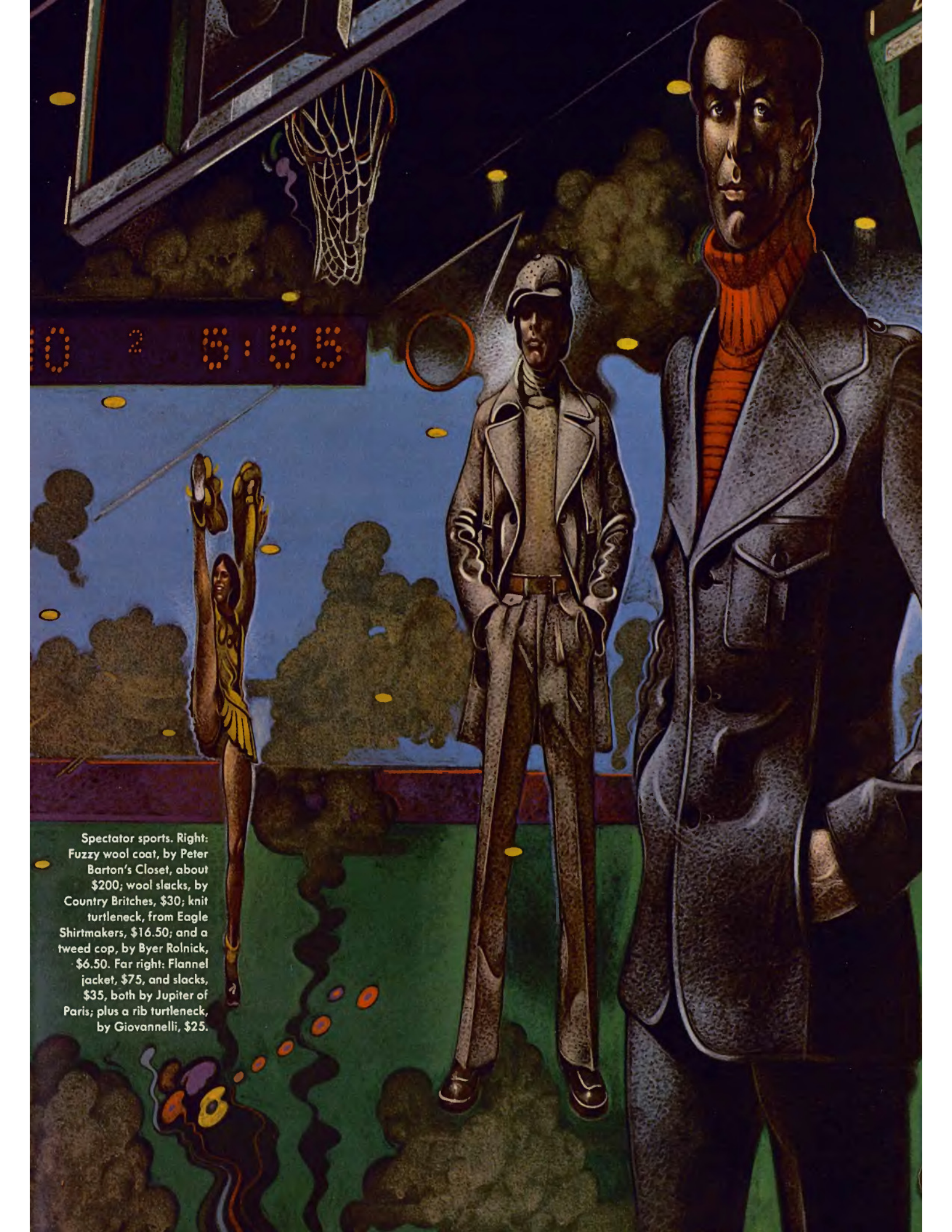


A boom market in belted coats and sweaters. Above: Wool herringbone double-breasted coat with epaulets, \$250, worn with double-pleated slacks, \$65, plus a wool cable-stitch turtleneck, \$65, all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Right: Acrylic knit shawl-collar self-belted cardigan with patch pockets, by Landlubber, \$25; Harris tweed slacks by Chaps division of Polo, \$32; multicolor-check cotton shirt, by Excello, \$20; acrylic knit sleeveless V-neck pull-over, by Levi's Panatelo, \$13; and a plaid wool bow tie, by Chest Knots, \$6.

THIS FALL and winter will be the seasons of the which—the question being, of course, which outfits to select from the almost limitless variety of looks that are now acceptable. Perhaps a cardigan with a bow tie? Or a three-piece suit with an open shirt? Or something in tweeds, flannels, muted plaids, belted or wrap styles? Do it, just as long as whatever you choose does justice to your psyche and physiognomy. And the best part of all is, there's no higher fashion authority than your mirror. Hello, you well-dressed devil, you.



Fit to be tied. Right: Loden-cloth belted coat, about \$170, herringbone-patterned slacks, about \$50, and an eggshell knit turtle-neck, about \$20, all by Calvin Klein. Far right: Gobardine shirt suit, by Pinky & Dionne for Pretty Boy Floyd, \$110; and a geometric-print shirt, with matching bow tie, by Bouncing Bertho's Banana Blanket, both \$30.



Spectator sports. Right: Fuzzy wool coat, by Peter Barton's Closet, about \$200; wool slacks, by Country Britches, \$30; knit turtleneck, from Eagle Shirtmakers, \$16.50; and a tweed cop, by Byer Rolnick, \$6.50. Far right: Flannel jacket, \$75, and slacks, \$35, both by Jupiter of Paris; plus a rib turtleneck, by Giovannelli, \$25.



Balancing your checks. Left: Herringbone worsted cheviot self-patterned windowpane-plaid three-piece suit, by Arthur Richards, \$185; and a cotton/wool-plaid shirt, by Clydella for Eagle Shirtmakers, \$26. Above: Glen-plaid wool and Vestan polyester double-breasted two-button jacket, \$110, double-pleated slacks, \$45, and an Art Deco combed-cotton shirt, \$23, all by J. Hornby of Landon.



Above: Muted-plaid wool worsted suit, by Berhen, \$175; Kodel/cotton chambray shirt, by Sero of New Haven, about \$14; and a plaid corduroy bow tie, by Chest Knots, \$5. Right: Wool herringbone with muted windowpane-overplaid sash-tie coat, by Dimitri, about \$325; Dacron/royon gabardine slacks, by Country Britches, \$27.50; striped shirt, by Lonvin, \$25; and a polyester twill tie with wreath design, by Hathaway, \$8.50.

Roger Hane

SLICING UP THE BIG APPLE

(continued from page 112)

adopted the name "Legs" Diamond (the Legs from his speed in fleeing from the cops during his petty-thieving days). With his brother Eddie, Diamond had worked for Rothstein as a strikebreaker and, when Rothstein moved into liquor, as a guard for the trucks. Now Diamond came to Rothstein with a new proposition. While a number of big and tough outfits were coming to the top in the bootleg business, the highways were still filled with hundreds of amateurs trying to make a quick buck. They had little power or little ability to retaliate if they ran into trouble. Diamond wanted Rothstein to turn him loose to prey on these amateurs; he and Eddie and their gang would hijack the trucks and turn the booze over to Rothstein to dispose of. Since Rothstein was into both wholesale and retail outlets for booze, he bought the idea and financed the Diamonds.

For a couple of years, it worked well. But by 1924, the amateurs were giving way more and more to the tough professional gangs. With soft targets scarce, Diamond went against Rothstein's orders and began to try his luck hijacking the professionals. One of those he picked on was William V. "Big Bill" Dwyer, an Irish ex-stevedore who, in partnership with a rising Italian mobster named Frank Costello, had moved to the top in the illegal liquor-importing business. Dwyer was the wrong guy to take on. He went to Rothstein and told him to call off Diamond or it would be open season on the hijacker. Rothstein, who was becoming weary of Diamond's penchant for violence, anyway, and of the whole uncontrollable bootleg racket, informed Dwyer that Diamond was running on his own and he wouldn't mind at all if Dwyer put a stop to him. Dwyer tried: In October of 1924, as Diamond drove down Fifth Avenue, a car pulled up alongside and pumped a load of shotgun shells at Diamond. Somehow, Legs received only minor wounds. Diamond, who would become one of New York's most conspicuous and flamboyant hoods, couldn't understand it. "I don't have an enemy in the world," he said. But the shots had their effect; the Diamond mob fell apart; Legs became little more than a feared outlaw among outlaws, everybody's target, who managed to escape both upper- and underworld retribution until 1931, when he was finally gunned down.

The shedding of Diamond was Rothstein's last direct involvement in bootlegging. He decided to let others take all the risks and remain, himself, strictly a peripheral figure. He would bank-roll those who needed money at the usual high interest rates. He would, for a price, use his political muscle, which went to the top of Tammany Hall in the person of his close friend boss Charley Murphy and his heirs,

to put the fix in when a bootlegger was arrested (and the fix was good; during the Rothstein years, of the 6902 liquor cases that went before the New York courts, 400 never went to trial and 6074 were dismissed).

By the middle of the decade, Rothstein's importance in bootlegging was almost at an end. He had always wanted to be the top man in whatever he did, and that just wasn't possible in booze (and besides, he used to point out to friends, he himself didn't drink). He gradually turned his energies back to his first love, gambling—owning casinos and staying involved in some perpetual card game. His loan-sharking continued to prosper; he went heavily into jewel smuggling, a thriving business in good times, when the wives of the *nouveau riches* were trading all their loose change for sparkling gems; and, in the last years of his life, he became more and more involved in narcotics, then a small but expanding business, sending his agent to Europe and the Near East to make purchases and supplying the big dealers in the underworld with the junk. In November of 1928, after welshing on losses of more than \$300,000 in a card game, Rothstein's life came to an end; he was fatally shot at the Park Central Hotel on New York's Seventh Avenue (no one was convicted of the crime). In another couple of days, he could have paid off his losses with a flourish: He had bet heavily on victories for Herbert Hoover in the Presidential election and Franklin Roosevelt in the New York gubernatorial race and when they won, he stood to collect nearly \$600,000; further, even without those bets, there had been no need for Rothstein to welsh, for the initial accounting of his assets revealed an estate of about \$3,000,000. And if he had really been tight, there were scores of friends in the underworld who would gladly have come up with the money for him.

As the years passed, Rothstein's influence remained strong and he was constantly sought for advice; the philosopher of the underworld, constantly preaching cooperation and the most limited use of force, unconcerned with ethnic or religious ties, but only with intelligence, imagination, ambition and nerve—he made use of anyone who could help him, unlike most underworld leaders, who seemed unable to break free of traditional ties and suspicions—Rothstein had drawn into his orbit all those who would lead the underworld in the years ahead. His ideas would influence their thinking and their actions.

In the first years of Prohibition, three young hoodlums, then little more than hungry thugs, had been drawn into the Rothstein circle and were changed forever. They were a Calabrian named

Francesco Castiglia, a Sicilian named Salvatore Lucania and a Polish Jew named Maier Suchowljansky. They would become infamous as Frank Costello, Charlie "Lucky" Luciano and Meyer Lansky.

Born in 1891 in Cosenza in the south of Italy, Costello was the oldest. He arrived in New York at the age of four and settled in the Italian community in East Harlem, where, though considered one of the neighborhood's brightest boys, he took to the streets after finishing elementary school and became leader of the 104th Street Gang, a bunch of young Italian hoodlums. Afflicted early with throat trouble—the result of a slipshod operation to remove tonsils and adenoids when a child—he never spoke much above a rasping whisper and that soft voice seemed to lend added authority and importance to whatever he had to say. In these early years, he was considered one of the toughest young hoodlums in the area. By the time he was 21, he had been twice arrested and twice freed on charges of assault and robbery. In 1915, though, at the age of 24, he went to prison for the first time—and it would be 37 years before he saw the inside of a cell again. He was convicted of carrying a gun and sentenced to a year. Released from prison, Costello promptly took up his old life. And he renewed a friendship he had made a year or so earlier, with Luciano, and teamed up with him in a steady parade of burglaries, robberies and other crimes. With Prohibition, his world and his outlook altered. For many Italians at that time, it would have been unthinkable to form close friendships and lasting partnerships with Jews like Rothstein, Lansky, "Dandy Phil" Kastel and others, with Irishmen like Big Bill Dwyer, even with Sicilians like Luciano. But Costello was an unusual man, unconcerned with background; he had married a Jewish girl named Loretta and would remain married to her for more than half a century, until his death this year.

Six years younger than Costello, Luciano was born in the poverty-stricken sulphur-mining town of Lercara Friddi in the Palermo district of Sicily. He had been brought to New York in 1906, where his family settled on the Lower East Side, in a district teeming not only with Sicilians and Italians but with Jews as well. His formal education, like that of most of the mobsters, ended with elementary school, though while there, he developed a racket he would later use to earn millions: He sold, for a penny or two a day, his personal protection to the younger and smaller Jewish kids who were being waylaid and beaten on their way to and from school. In the streets, Luciano was soon leading a gang of young Sicilian toughs through their ghetto. It was not long before he graduated to bigger things

(continued on page 156)

BURT REYNOLDS PUTS HIS PANTS ON...

...one leg at a time—which leads our man on the spot in gila bend to try it himself, with uneven results

article **By**
BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

GILA BEND. You pronounce it Heela Bend, and I get annoyed with people who give it a hard G, as in Garbo. It has some meaning to me. The first "serious" story I ever published (see *Antioch Review*, turn of the century) begins, "High above the desert at Gila Bend. . . ." Ten years after I left the Air Force, my best friend, who stayed in and became a fighter pilot, took a plane into the desert in that area. I went out to get a look at what was left of him: a scarf, some medals and ribbons, a citation, all under glass in a large frame. They said it (continued on page 158)



ARREN
INN





A LOT HAS BEEN HAPPENING around the world of Playboy Clubs and Club-Hotels, we found as we begin our annual survey of Playboy's Bunnies, who now number 1000. In Los Angeles, the Club moved this summer from its old Sunset Strip location to brand-new quarters in Century City. Earlier, the Montreal Club had pulled up stakes and gone to new premises on Mountain Street, and plans for relocation of the Detroit Club are expected to be announced soon. After a two-month summer closing for extensive remodeling, the Miami

Club is reopening at the same address, on Biscayne Boulevard, but with a completely new look and expanded live entertainment. And overseas in England, the Portsmouth Casino Club is in full swing and the Manchester Casino Club is due to open shortly (with *discothèque* and restaurant as added attractions). All of this is being enjoyed by a record total of keyholders: just over 1,000,000. Warning: If you're one of them, and you plan to game with Playboy at its English casinos in London, Portsmouth or (soon) Manchester, (text continued on page 142)

BUNNIES OF 1973

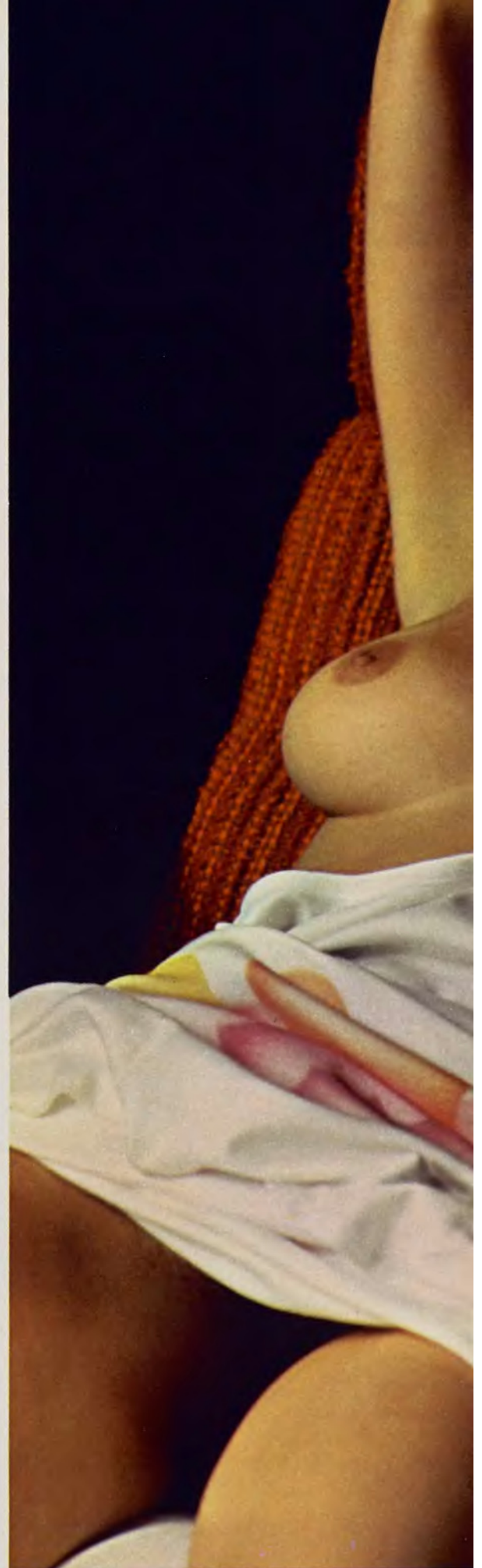
*playboy presents its yearly array
of international cottontails*



Playmate-Bunny Gwen Wang (above) divides her time these days between the new Las Angeles Playboy Club and her fast-growing interior-design clientele. In recent months, she's done the decar for three area homes and two office buildings. New Orleans' Jillian Bergamo (top right) is an animal lover whose ménage has included as many as five dogs and cats at once; Phoenix cottontail Taby Ostreicher (right) used to be a high schaal teacher.



Battersea Fun Fair, an amusement park in London, provides a colorful backdrop for Bunny Zee Tomkins (above) of Playboy's Park Lane hutch; halfway around the world, the rocks at White River Beach in Jamaica set off the beauty of Bunny Bridge Ryan (below) of our Caribbean outpost at Ocho Rios. At right is native Georgian Karin Sims of the Atlanta Playboy Club; her goal is to be a nurse.





"My ambition is to become a super Bunny," says Coke White (above) of Kansas City. Off duty, she keeps busy—and fit—playing volleyball and baseball. "The only time I sit down," she claims, "is to watch a movie." Great Gorge Club-Hotel Bunny Alyson Merkel (below) is an accomplished choreographer.





Travel tops the list of favorite postimes for all three of these Bunnies: Jill deVier (top left) of Baltimore, Jan Serott (left) of San Francisco and Terri Striebel (above) of St. Louis. Jill also raises tropical fish; Jon fences, designs clothes and has spent two years tutoring underprivileged children; and Terri worked for a couple of seasons as a dude-ranch hand and trail guide in the Ozark country.



Linda Sorensen (above) confides that she hates dieting and smog. We can't see why she'd need to diet, but the smog may come with her territory: Los Angeles. Across the country, Boston's Sora Reynolds (top right) finances college studies by working as a Customer Service Bunny—helping keyholders with reservations, local entertainment arrangements and the like. At right is the reigning Bunny of the Year: Coni Huggie of the Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Playboy Club-Hotel.



Playboy Plaza Bunny Carol Vitale (left), our August 1972 cover girl, has appeared in three of PLAYBOY's annual Bunny pictorials; L.A.'s Ruthy Ross (below), last year's Bunny queen, in two. This is a first, though, for New York's 1973 Bunny of the Year, Bonita Rossi (above).





Nancy Turner (above) alternates work at the Miami Club with classes in travel agency—the better to visit her mum in Australia, at discount fares. Detroit's Carolyn Larkin (below) is a Tigers fan; Cincinnati's Cher Miller (right), Miss Photogenic at the Bunny Beauty Contest, a Bengals roofer.





Denver cottontail Terri Johnson (above left), a hometown girl, has hometown values: She wants to get married and raise a family. Simone Pertuset (above center) attends Montreal's McGill University and plans to go into agricultural research. Portsmouth Casino Club Bunny Lorraine Turrell (above right) confesses that she hates to go to bed at night—or get up in the morning, for that matter. Chicago's Sue Huggy (below) admits to wanderlust—which she frequently satisfies by working as a Jet Bunny aboard Hugh Hefner's DC-9-32, the Big Bunny. Kacey Cobb (right) of the St. Louis Club has set her sights on finishing her course of study in business and interior design at Washington University this year.





you must register on the premises 48 hours in advance of play. That's the British law and it's ironclad.

With the addition of the Portsmouth Club, officials for the Bunny Beauty Contest found their job just a bit more difficult. Contestants at the pageant, staged at the Playboy Towers in Chicago, numbered an all-time high of 22—up from 19 when the competition started four years ago. But the judges—comedian George Kirby, actress (and Academy Award nominee) Cicely Tyson, writer-editor George Plimpton, columnists Jim Bacon, Maggie Daly, Irv Kupcinet and Dorothy Manners, Warner Bros. casting director Nessa Hyams and cartoonist-balladeer-poet-humorist Shel Silverstein—duly deliberated and came up with a winner: Bunny Coni Hudgee of the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Black and beautiful, Coni received her bachelor's degree in retailing from the University of Wisconsin in May. "You know, I've never had a feeling like that in my life before," says Coni of the moment her name was announced as Playboy's international Bunny of the Year. "I just wanted to throw my arms up and keep jumping around in a circle. I could hardly stand still long enough to get the crown put on." With the title, Coni won a bonanza of prizes, including a replica of the classic Model A Ford and a free trip to Great Britain, which she's already taken. "I fell in love with London," she reports. But first place in her heart still goes to Atlanta, a city in which she hopes someday to use her retailing savvy by opening a women's ready-to-wear shop.

Runners-up in the Bunny Beauty Contest were New York's Bonita Rossi, a veteran of television commercials who hopes to move on into motion-picture roles; Montreal's Maryse Larose, a native of Haiti who's a popular model in her adopted province of Quebec; San Francisco's Nikki Johnson, member of a primitive-dance troupe and a featured dancer at Black Expo '73; Cincinnati's Cher Miller, who first won national acclaim in 1967, when she was a winner of *Seventeen* magazine's Be a Model contest; and Phoenix' Vicki Snell, who also represented her hutch in last year's contest.

While awaiting the results, the 22 Bunny finalists turned the tables by doing some voting of their own—and choosing their list of the Ten Most Beautiful Men in the World. They were: Muhammad Ali, Clint Eastwood, Senator Edward Kennedy, Joe Namath, Paul Newman, George Plimpton, Robert Redford, Burt Reynolds, Omar Sharif and Mark Spitz. Runners-up were Neil Armstrong, Jim Brown, Robert Evans, Jean-Claude Killy and Rod McKuen. It's not surprising that a heavy proportion of the men on the list are in showbiz: That's a field that attracts a heavy proportion of

Bunnies, too. New York's Gloria Hendry was James Bond's short-lived love interest in the latest 007 epic, *Live and Let Die* (see PLAYBOY's July layout); she's also been cast in *Black Caesar*, *Slaughter's Big Rip-Off* and *Hit Man*. But she always comes back to the Club: "Being a Bunny is my security," she says. "Besides, I enjoy working there. It helps me learn more about people—all kinds of people—and that helps my acting." Gloria's hutchmate Jackie Zeman is one of two "K-Girls" on disc jockey Murray the K's television show. Across the continent in Los Angeles, 11 cottontails sing and dance as the Bunnettes: Ninette Bravo, Niki Chin, Playmate-Bunny Cathy Rowland (who's a songwriter, too), Jaki Dunn, Laurie Cammarata, Barbara Garson, Lynn Moody, Jo Jo Burke, Bevy Self, Pat Holvay and Kandi Keith (who's also been signed to appear in an Italian movie, *Sergio Bravo*). Bunny Lynn, fresh from TV commercials and *Mod Squad* roles, is in the film *Scream, Blacula, Scream*; Ninette was seen in the *Alias Smith and Jones* series. Community theater interests Great Gorge Club-Hotel Bunny Alyson Merkel, a choreographer who has spent 15 years in dancing lessons and seven in vocal studies; and New Orleans cottontail Linette Burgess, whose local little-theater group, Le Petit Children's Theater, produces plays for youngsters—sometimes as many as 10,000 a day. Linette feels it's more demanding to work before children than before grownups: "You might be able to fool an adult when you blow a line, but children are smarter. They know what's going on, and you really have to be on your toes." Now thoroughly stage-struck, Linette is angling for a transfer to the Los Angeles hutch, where she'll be closer to Hollywood's professional drama coaches.

Bunny thrushes abound, too. Gloria Weems of New York, Sheila Ross of Baltimore, Sher Dixon of St. Louis and Zorina London of San Francisco sing professionally in night clubs (Playboy and others). Gloria recently returned from an engagement at the Palace Hotel in Paramaribo, Surinam; and Sheila has cut two records for Warner Bros. this year. Television provides opportunities for Kansas City Bunnies Leslie Norman—who has, eclectically enough, been Chrysler Corporation's Midwestern regional Dodge Girl and American Motors' Kansas City-area Gremlin Girl—and Barbara Earp, who is daylighting in an ad agency as a producer of commercials. Perhaps the longest-running showbiz career is that of London's Bunny of the Year, Ginger O'Doherty, a native of Londonderry, Northern Ireland, who has been dancing since the age of two. She made her first trip to the United States when she was 11, on tour with the Gaelic Singers. As a competitive Irish dancer, she won more than 30 cups and 300 medals before turning professional.

While some Bunnies are looking to see their names in lights, others are looking to see theirs on diplomas. Boston's Marcy Feinzig was just graduated *magna cum laude* from Boston University; "I've always been a bookworm," she says. "My brother used to kid me that my idea of light reading was browsing through a dictionary." An education major, Marcy did her student teaching in the field of criminology at Homebase High School in Watertown, Massachusetts, taking her students on field trips to courts and prisons. Marcy hopes to combine her interests in education and criminology by landing a teaching position in a penal institution.

Another Bostonian, Bunny Mei-Yong Tam, enters Columbia this fall with a \$6000-per-year scholarship for a six-year course in the university's Medical Scientist Training Program. And Boston cottontails Sara Reynolds and Renée Worthington have been hitting the books at the University of Massachusetts, where both are seniors. In Miami, Joy Hughes is bringing straight A's home from her prenursing course at Charron-Williams Business College; Nana Wagner is attending real-estate school, from which Renée Camper has already graduated and become a licensed realtor. At Arizona State University in suburban Tempe, Phoenix cottontail students include Dawn Grote-wold, majoring in ceramics, and Jennifer Edl, who's in graduate school after earning her bachelor-of-fine-arts degree. In an ASU ceramics class, Dawn and Jennifer met—and recruited to Bunnydom—Lee Mar, an elementary education graduate of the university. Though pottery is definitely a side line for Lee, Dawn and Jennifer plan to open their own shop sometime in the future.

St. Louis Bunny Maura Hemann earned a bachelor's degree in special education from Southern Illinois University this spring; her fall schedule is a triple-header, calling for teaching retarded children, working toward a master's degree and Bunny-hopping at the hutch three nights a week. Chicago's Tina Gerard has just completed requirements for her master's degree in teaching, specializing in mathematics, at the University of Illinois' Circle Campus. "Working as a Bunny is a wonderful way to put yourself through school," Tina says, "because the hours are so flexible. I'm looking for a position in high school or junior college teaching, but I may decide to sign up as a substitute teacher and continue working at the Club."

Great Gorge Bunny of the Year Waren Smith has her master's degree in communications from Montclair State College, and hutchmate Bea Edelstein earned hers in speech pathology from Seton Hall university. Bea also studies yoga, plays the violin, dances and holds green-belt standing in karate. Strenuous hobbies are, in

(concluded on page 180)

VOICES

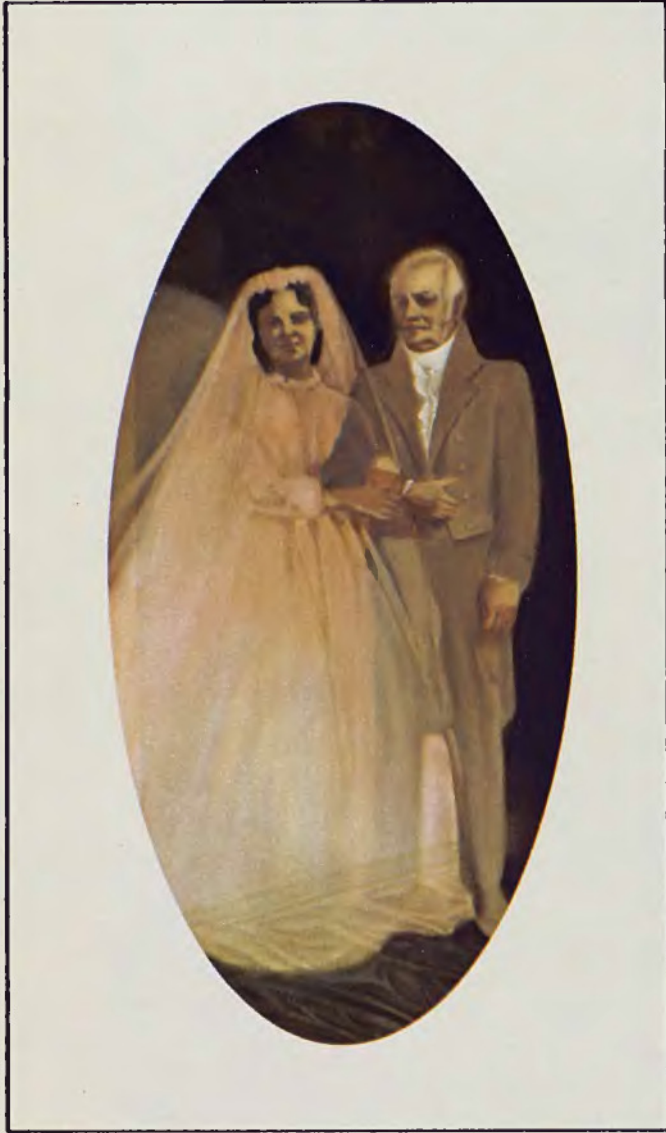
VOICES

VOICES



he had two problems—how to recoup his losses and how to get his teenage niece

fiction **By ROBERT SHECKLEY** LIKE MANY OF US, Mr. West sometimes found it difficult to make decisions. But unlike many of us, he refused to seek irrational forms of assistance. No matter how acute his problem, he refused to let himself be guided by *The I Ching*, or by spreading the tarot cards, or by consulting a horoscope. He was a large, glum, secretive man who worked for the New York accounting firm of Adwell, Gipper and Gascoigne and believed that everyone should make up his own mind in a rational manner. The way Mr. West did this was by referring his problems to a Voice in his head. The Voice always told him what to do and the Voice was always right. Mr. West's Voice-in-head system worked well (continued on page 184)



Burr: Portrait of a Dangerous Man

fiction By Gore Vidal

A SPECIAL DESPATCH to the New York *Evening Post*, written by Charles Schuyler:

"Shortly before midnight July 1st, 1833, Colonel Aaron Burr, aged 77, married Eliza Jumel, born Bowen 58 years ago (more likely 65, but remember: She is prone to litigation!). The marriage took place at Madam Jumel's mansion on the Washington Heights and was performed by Dr. Bogart (will supply first name later). In attendance were Madam Jumel's niece (some say daughter) and her husband, Nelson Chase, a lawyer from Colonel Burr's Reade Street firm. This was the colonel's second marriage; a half century ago, he married Theodosia Prevost.

"In 1804, Colonel Burr—then Vice-President of the United States—shot and killed General Alexander Hamilton in a duel. Three years after this lamentable affair, Colonel Burr was arrested by order of President Thomas Jefferson and charged with treason for having wanted to break up the United States. A Court presided over by Chief Justice John Marshall found Colonel Burr innocent of treason but guilty of the misdemeanour of proposing an invasion of Spanish territory in order to make himself emperor of Mexico.

"The new Mrs. Aaron Burr is the widow of the wine merchant Stephen Jumel; reputedly, she is the richest woman in New York City, having begun her days humbly but no doubt cheerfully in a brothel at Providence, Rhode Island. . . ."

I don't seem to be able to catch the right tone, but since William Leggett has invited me to write about Colonel Burr for the *Evening Post*, I shall put in everything and look forward to his response: "I don't think"—and he'll gulp air in his consumptive way—"that the managing editor will allow any reference to what he calls 'a disorderly house.'"

Well, the euphemisms can come later. Recently, mysteriously, Leggett has shown a sudden interest in Colonel Burr, although his editor, Mr. Bryant, finds my employer, the colonel, "unsavory" and adds, "Like so many men of the last century, he did not respect the virtue of women."

Because I am younger than Mr. Bryant, I take Colonel Burr's "unsavoriness" as a nice contrast to the canting tone of our own day. The 18th Century man was not like us—and Colonel Burr is an 18th Century man still alive and vigorous, with a new wife up here in Haarlem and an old mistress in Jersey City. He is a man of perfect charm and fascination. A monster, in short. To be destroyed? I think that is what Leggett has in mind. But do I?

I sit now under the eaves of the Jumel mansion. Everyone is asleep—except the bridal couple? Somber thought, all that aged flesh commingled. I put it out of my mind.

This astonishing day began when Colonel Burr came out of his office and asked me to accompany him to the City Hotel, where he was to meet a friend. As usual, he was mysterious. He makes even a trip to the barber seem as if it were a plot to overthrow the state. Walking down Broad Way, he positively skipped at my side, with no trace of the stroke that half paralyzed him three years ago.

At the corner of Liberty Street, the colonel paused to buy a taffy apple. The applemoan knew him. But then, every New Yorker knows him on sight. The ordinary people greet him warmly, while the respectable folk tend to cut him dead—not that he gives them much

opportunity, for he usually walks with eyes downcast or focused on his companion. Yet he sees everything.

"For himself the colonel, and not a dear worm in it!"—obviously a joke between Burr and the old bid- dy. He answered her graciously. Businessmen hurrying across from Wall Street quickly took him in with their eyes, then looked away. He affected not to notice the sensation his physical presence still occasions.

"Charley, are you free for an adventure tonight?"

"Yes, sir. What sort of an adventure?"

The large black eyes gave me a mischievous look. "Half the fun of an adventure is the surprise."

In front of the City Hotel an omnibus was stopped, its horses neighing, pissing, groaning. Stout, prosperous men converged on the hotel; sundown is their time to meet, gossip, drink and then go home on foot—because that is faster than going by carriage. Nowadays, lower Broad Way is almost blocked with traffic at this hour and everyone walks; even the decrepit John Jacob Astor can be seen crawling along the street like some ancient snail, his viscous track the allure of money.

Instead of going inside the hotel, the colonel (put off by a group of Tammany sachems standing in the doorway?) turned into the graveyard of Trinity Church. I followed obediently. I am always obedient. What else can a none-too-efficient law clerk be? I cannot think why he keeps me on.

"I know—intimately—more people in this charming cemetery than I do in all of the Broad Way." Burr makes a joke of everything, his manner quite unlike that of other people. Was he always like this or did the years of exile in Europe make him different from the rest of us? Or—new thought—have the manners of New Yorkers changed? I suspect that is the case. But, if we seem strange to him, he

*"I knew that
this world was now
far too narrow
a place to contain
the two of us"*

is much too polite to say so. Full of the Devil, my quarry.

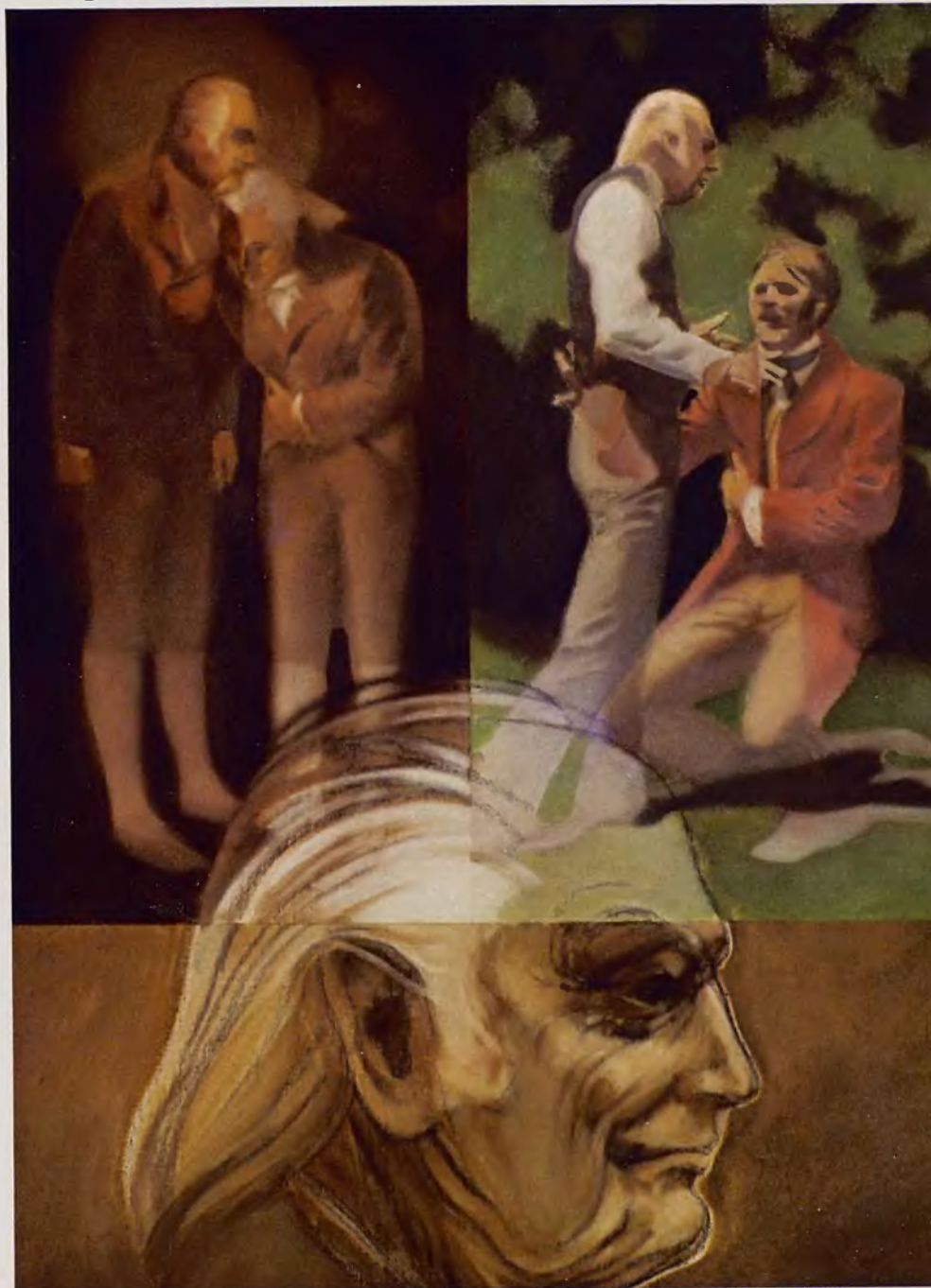
In the half-light of the cemetery, Burr did resemble the Devil—assuming that the Devil is an inch shorter than I (no more than five feet, six), slender, with tiny feet (hooves?), high forehead (in the fading light, I imagine vestigial horns), bald in front, with his remaining hair piled high and powdered absently in the old style and held in place with a shell comb. Behind him is a monument to the man he murdered.

"I shall want to be buried at Princeton College. Not

that there's any immediate hurry." He glanced at Hamilton's tomb. No change of expression in face or voice as he asked, "Do you know the works of Sir Thomas Browne?"

"No, sir. A friend of yours?"

Burr only grinned, a bit of apple peel, red as old blood, on his remaining incisor. "No, Charley, nor was I present when Achilles hid among women." Whatever that meant. I record it all.



"I have always preferred women to men. I think that sets me apart, don't you?"

Knowing exactly what he meant, I agreed. New York gentlemen spend far more time with one another than in mixed company. Lately, they have taken to forming clubs from which women are banned.

"I cannot—simply—be without the company of a woman."

"But you've had no wife——"

"Since before you were born. But then, I have not 145

lacked for . . . gentle companionship." He gave me a swift grin; suddenly, in the pale light, he looked to be a randy boy of 14. Then abruptly he became his usual self, full of dignity save for that curious, unexpected wit. I always find his brilliance disturbing. We do not want the old to be sharper than we. It is bad enough that they were there first and got the best things.

"We shall be met presently at the hotel by my old friend Dr. Bogart. He has rented a carriage. We shall then drive to the Haarlem Heights—or *Washington Heights*, as I believe they are currently known." A fugitive smile.

Burr delights in tomb inscriptions. "Elizabeth! Of all people. Never knew she was dead." Burr slipped on his octagonal glasses. "Died 1810. That explains it. I was still in Europe, a fugitive from injustice." Burr removed the glasses. "I think her birth date has been—as Jeremy Bentham would say—minimized. She was older than I but . . . beautiful! Beautiful, Charley." In the churchyard trees, birds chattered, while Broad Way's traffic was at its creaking, rattling worst.

"I know you're writing about my adventurous life." I was startled. Showed it. My face has no guile. "I've observed you taking notes. Don't fret. I don't mind. If I were not so lazy, I would do the job myself, having done part of it already."

"An actual memoir?"

"Bits and pieces. I still have a lingering desire to tell the true story of the Revolution before it is too late—as it may be already, since the schoolbooks seem to have cast the legend of those days in lead. It is quite uncanny how wrong they are about all of us. Why do you see so much of Mr. Leggett at the *Evening Post*?"

I literally stumbled at the rapidity of his charge; and it was a charge of the sort for which he is celebrated in courtroom cross-examinations. I gabbled. "I see him because—I have known him since I was at Columbia. He used to come there, you know, to talk about literature. About journalism. I'd thought, perhaps, as a career, I might write for the press before I took up the law. . . ."

Whatever Burr wanted to get from me he must have got, for he changed the subject as he led me out of the graveyard and into Broad Way, where the flaring, hissing street lamps were now being lit and where passers-by cast flickering, dark shadows. He led on to the barroom of the City Hotel, where we sat down and drank madeira until the arrival of Dr. Bogart, a thin, white old man with a parrot's face and a most birdy manner.

Burr was exuberant, festive. I still had no idea why. "Dominie, you're late! No excuses. We must set out immediately! The tide is at the full." He put down his glass and I did the same, noticing how the gentlemen at the nearest table were straining to hear our every word. Not an easy thing to do, considering the rumble

of masculine voices in the smoky room and the sound of the bartender cracking ice with a hammer.

"Heigh-ho!" Burr started briskly to the door, causing a covey of lawyers—some with awed bows of recognition—to scatter. "To the heights, gentlemen." He clapped his hands. "To the heights! Where else?"

. . .

Aaron Burr's recollection:

At about the third week of June 1804, I was sitting in the library of my Richmond Hill house with William Van Ness and his former law clerk, Martin Van Buren. We were going through a number of newspapers just arrived from Upstate and enjoying some of the more fantastical portraits of me (including a learned dissertation on the precise number of women I had ruined) when Van Ness showed me a copy of the *Albany Register* dated April 24th, 1804. It contained what looked to be a letter from a Dr. Charles Cooper reporting on a dinner party at Albany and stating, "General Hamilton and Judge Kent have declared, in substance, that they looked upon Mr. Burr to be a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government."

"That is hardly exceptional," I said. Then I saw what had attracted Van Ness's eye: "I could," wrote Dr. Cooper, "detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr." We looked in vain for that "more despicable opinion," which was nowhere given.

"It is the usual Hamilton diatribe." William did not take the matter seriously. Nor did I at first.

But in the night, I began to meditate on just what was meant by "more despicable." Hamilton had already called me Caesar, Catiline, Bonaparte (while himself dreaming of a crown in Mexico, should he fail to subvert Jefferson's feudal utopia). What did he now mean by more despicable? I fear that my usual equanimity in such matters had been shaken by the recent election. I did not sleep that night.

The next morning, June 18th, I wrote a letter to Hamilton asking for "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which could warrant the assertions of Dr. Cooper." I enclosed the newspaper cutting. Van Ness, looking very grim, went off to deliver it to Hamilton.

On June 21st, I received a long reply from him in which there was a good deal of quibbling as to the precise meaning of despicable. He then declared that he could not be held responsible for the inferences that others might draw from anything he had said "of a political opponent in the course of a 15 years' competition."

I answered him the same day, remark-

ing that "political opposition can never absolve gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honour." I pointed out that the accepted meaning of the word despicable conveys the idea of dishonor. I asked for a definite reply.

The next day, Hamilton gave another letter to a friend of his—complaining of my peremptory style but refusing to be any more definite than before—and authorized this friend to tell Van Ness something in addition. Hamilton's recollection of the dinner, it seemed, was somewhat hazy, but, to the extent that Colonel Burr was discussed, the context was entirely political and bore upon the current election for governor. Apparently, no reflections upon Colonel Burr's *private* character were made by General Hamilton.

It was about this time that I learned exactly what it was that Hamilton had said of me and I knew that this world was now far too narrow a place to contain the two of us.

Hamilton's friend made one further attempt to get him off the hook but only further impaled the slanderer by remarking that should Colonel Burr wish to inquire of any *other* conversation of Hamilton's concerning Burr, a prompt and frank avowal or denial would be given. This was too much. I told Van Ness to set a time and place for an interview.

It was determined that we would meet across the river in New Jersey, on the heights known as Weehawk. Nathaniel Pendleton would be second to Hamilton. Van Ness would be second to me. Pistols would be our weapons. Hamilton then asked that we delay the interview until after the close of the circuit court. It was agreed that we meet in two weeks' time, on July 11th, 1804.

For two weeks, we kept our secret from all but a handful of intimates. I put my affairs in order; wrote letters to Theodosia; prepared a will. I worried a good deal about the debts I would leave behind if I were killed. No doubt, Hamilton was in the same frame of mind. If anything, he was in a far worse position than I: He was deeply in debt, largely due to The Grange, a pretentious country seat he had prepared for himself several miles above Richmond Hill. He also had seven children. Fortunately for them, his wife was a Schuyler, so the poorhouse would never claim these relicts.

I soon discovered that I had made a mistake granting Hamilton a two-week delay. He immediately arranged for one Samuel Bradhurst to challenge me to a duel with swords. I had no choice but to answer this gentleman. We fought near Hoboken. I was at a considerable disadvantage, since Mr. Bradhurst's arms were about three inches longer than mine. It was Hamilton's design that I be, at the least, so cut up by Mr. Bradhurst that I

(continued on page 176)



the playboy jazz & pop poll

vote for your favorites for the 1974 all-star band

THEY LOOM LARGE in our lives, these people who make music. Some are stars who can hardly leave the house without getting attacked and whose private lives are of interest to millions; others are folks who slip around unnoticed, until they pick up their instruments and start to play. All of them—assuming that they reach us and we listen—get inside our heads; and thanks to the media, they're brought to us from just about everywhere: the swamp and the concert hall, Hollywood and Harlem, Nashville and Memphis. Some would say it's unfair to have them compete. But our poll is no test of their skills, except their ability to make friends and influence people; it's a census of our readership, which is large enough to include people of all musical persuasions. So press on to your ballot and the instructions for using it; honor the music makers who've added something to your life. They'll appreciate it.

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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. Eumir Deodato
9. Duke Ellington
10. Don Ellis
11. Gil Evans
12. Maynard Ferguson
13. Lionel Hampton
14. Woody Herman
15. J. J. Jackson
16. Harry James
17. Quincy Jones
18. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
19. Stan Kenton
20. Henry Mancini
21. Chuck Mangione
22. Charles Mingus
23. Sun Ra
24. Buddy Rich
25. Bobby Rosengarden
26. Doc Severinsen
27. Billy Taylor
28. Clark Terry
29. Gerald Wilson

TRUMPET*(Please choose four.)*

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Cat Anderson
4. Chet Baker
5. Ruby Braff
6. Oscar Brashear
7. Randy Brecker
8. Bobby Bryant
9. Billy Butterfield
10. Donald Byrd
11. Conte Candoli
12. Pete Candoli
13. Bill Chase
14. Don Cherry
15. Buck Clayton
16. Burt Collins
17. Miles Davis
18. Harry Edison
19. Roy Eldridge
20. Don Ellis
21. Jon Faddis
22. Art Farmer
23. Maynard Ferguson
24. Luis Gasca
25. Dizzy Gillespie
26. Bobby Hackett
27. Bill Hardman
28. Eddie Henderson
29. Al Hirt
30. Freddie Hubbard
31. Harry James
32. Jonah Jones
33. Thad Jones
34. Hugh Masekela

35. Bob McCoy
36. Blue Mitchell
37. Cynthia Robinson
38. Doc Severinsen
39. Marvin Stamm
40. Clark Terry
41. 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. Maynard Ferguson
11. Carl Fontana
12. Bruce Fowler
13. Curtis Fuller
14. Harry Graves
15. Benny Green
16. Urbie Green
17. Al Grey
18. Dick Halligan
19. Slide Hampton
20. Bill Harris
21. Wayne Henderson
22. Dick Hyde
23. Quentin Jackson
24. J. J. Johnson
25. Grachan Moncur III
26. Turk Murphy
27. James Pankow
28. Benny Powell
29. Julian Priester
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. Emilio Castillo
5. Ornette Coleman
6. Hank Crawford
7. Sonny Criss
8. Eddie Daniels
9. Vince Denham
10. Paul Desmond
11. Lou Donaldson
12. Bunky Green
13. William Green
14. Alan Holmes
15. Paul Horn
16. Eric Kloss
17. Lee Konitz
18. Yusef Lateef
19. Arnie Lawrence
20. Fred Lipsius

21. Jackie McLean
22. Charles McPherson
23. James Moody
24. Oliver Nelson
25. Art Pepper
26. Bill Perkins
27. Bobby Plater
28. Marshal Royal
29. Tom Scott
30. Bud Shank
31. Zoot Sims
32. James Spaulding
33. Sonny Stitt
34. Grover Washington, Jr.
35. Bob Wilber
36. Edgar Winter
37. Paul Winter
38. Chris Woods
39. Jimmy Woods
40. Phil Woods

TENOR SAX*(Please choose two.)*

1. Gene Ammons
2. Curtis Amy
3. Gato Barbieri
4. Gerry Bergonzi
5. Mike Brecker
6. Sam Butera
7. Al Cohn
8. Bob Cooper
9. Corky Corcoran
10. Eddie Daniels
11. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
12. Joe Farrell
13. Frank Foster
14. Bud Freeman
15. Jerry Fuller
16. Stan Getz
17. Dexter Gordon
18. Johnny Griffin
19. Eddie Harris
20. Joe Henderson
21. Jim Horn
22. Illinois Jacquet
23. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
24. Al Klink
25. Yusef Lateef
26. Charles Lloyd
27. Eddie Miller
28. James Moody
29. Oliver Nelson
30. David Newman
31. Ray Pizzi
32. Boots Randolph
33. Sonny Rollins
34. Pharoah Sanders
35. Tou Scott
36. Archie Shepp
37. Wayne Shorter
38. Zoot Sims
39. Buddy Tate
40. Lucky Thompson
41. Stanley Turrentine
42. Junior Walker
43. Grover Washington, Jr.
44. Ernie Watts
45. 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. Eddie Daniels
8. Charles Davis
9. Charlie Fowlkes
10. Raphael Garrett
11. Chuck Gentry
12. Jimmy Giuffre
13. Frank Hittner
14. Bill Hood
15. Jim Horn
16. Steve Kupka
17. John Lowe
18. Gerry Mulligan
19. Pat Patrick
20. Cecil Payne
21. Romeo Penque
22. Jerome Richardson
23. Ronnie Ross
24. Clifford Scott
25. Bud Shank
26. Lonnie Shaw
27. Sahib Shihab
28. John Surman

CLARINET*(Please choose one.)*

1. Alvin Batiste
2. Barney Bigard
3. Acker Bilk
4. Phil Bodner
5. Ray Burke
6. John Carter
7. Frank Chace
8. Buddy Collette
9. Eddie Daniels
10. Buddy De Franco
11. Pete Fountain
12. Bob Fritz
13. Jerry Fuller
14. Jimmy Giuffre
15. Benny Goodman
16. William Green
17. Jimmy Hamilton
18. Woody Herman
19. Peanuts Hucko
20. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
21. Walt Levinsky
22. Fred Lipsius
23. Matty Matlock
24. Bob Palmer
25. John Payne
26. Art Pepper
27. Russell Procope
28. Perry Robinson
29. Tony Scott
30. Pee Wee Spitelara
31. John Surman
32. Bob Wilber
33. Phil Woods

PIANO*(Please choose one.)*

1. Mose Allison
2. Burt Bacharach
3. Count Basie
4. Bayeté
5. Eubie Blake
6. Darius Brubeck
7. Dave Brubeck
8. Ray Charles
9. Alice Coltrane
10. Chick Corea
11. Neal Creque
12. Duke Ellington
13. Bill Evans
14. Erroll Garner
15. Herbie Hancock
16. Donny Hathaway
17. Hampton Hawes
18. Earl "Fatha" Hines
19. Nicky Hopkins
20. Dick Hyman
21. Pete Jackson
22. Ahmad Jamal
23. Keith Jarrett
24. Elton John
25. Hank Jones
26. Robert Lamm
27. John Lewis
28. Ramsey Lewis
29. Les McCann
30. Marian McPartland
31. Sergio Mendes
32. Lee Michaels
33. Thelonious Monk
34. Peter Nero
35. Randy Newman
36. Oscar Peterson
37. Billy Preston
38. André Previn

39. Leon Russell
40. Joe Sample
41. George Shearing
42. Horace Silver
43. Lonnie Liston Smith
44. Billy Taylor
45. Cecil Taylor
46. Allen Toussaint
47. McCoy Tyner
48. Dick Wellstood
49. Mary Lou Williams
50. Mike Wofford
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. Jim Cathcart
6. Ray Charles
7. Wild Bill Davis
8. Bill Doggett
9. Keith Emerson
10. Ronnie Foster
11. Johnny Hammond
12. Isaac Hayes
13. Groove Holmes
14. Garth Hudson
15. Dick Hyman
16. Keith Jarrett
17. Al Kooper
18. Ray Manzarek
19. Dave Mason
20. Brother Jack McDuff
21. Jimmy McGriff
22. Lee Michaels

23. Spooner Oldham
24. Don Patterson
25. Billy Preston
26. Sun Ra
27. Merle Saunders
28. Shirley Scott
29. Jimmy Smith
30. Richard Tee
31. Rick Wakeman
32. Walter Wanderley
33. Stevie Winwood
34. Khalid Yasin

VIBES*(Please choose one.)*

1. Roy Ayers
2. Larry Bunker
3. Gary Burton
4. Gary Coleman
5. Don Elliott
6. Gordon Emmanuel
7. Victor Feldman
8. Terry Gibbs
9. Tyree Glenn
10. Gunter Hampel
11. Lionel Hampton
12. Bobby Hutcherson
13. Milt Jackson
14. Stu Katz
15. Phil Kraus
16. Johnny Lytle
17. Mike Mainieri
18. Garry Mallaber
19. Buddy Montgomery
20. Red Norvo
21. Dave Pike
22. Emil Richards
23. Cal Tjader
24. Tommy Vig
25. Clement Wells

GUITAR*(Please choose one.)*

1. Arthur Adams
2. Laurindo Almeida
3. Chet Atkins
4. Elek Bacsik
5. Jeff Beck
6. George Benson
7. Chuck Berry
8. Mike Bloomfield
9. Mel Brown
10. Kenny Burrell
11. Charlie Byrd
12. Glen Campbell
13. Eric Clapton
14. Larry Coryell
15. Steve Cropper
16. Herb Ellis
17. Lloyd Ellis
18. José Feliciano
19. Al Gafa
20. Eric Gale
21. Jerry Garcia
22. João Gilberto
23. Grant Green
24. Marty Grosz
25. Buddy Guy
26. Jim Hall
27. George Harrison
28. Terry Kath
29. Barney Kessel
30. Albert King
31. B. B. King
32. Freddie King
33. Alvin Lee
34. Mundell Lowe
35. Pat Martino
36. John McLaughlin
37. Tony Mottola
38. Jimmy Page



39. Joe Pass
40. Keith Richard
41. Howard Roberts
42. Carlos Santana
43. Bola Sète
44. Cat Stevens
45. Stephen Stills
46. Gabor Szabo
47. Peter Townshend
48. Philip Upchurch
49. David T. Walker
50. T-Bone Walker
51. Mason Williams
52. Johnny Winter

BASS

(Please choose one.)

1. Walter Booker
2. Ray Brown
3. Jack Bruce
4. Mike Bruce
5. Herb Bushler
6. Joe Byrd
7. Ron Carter
8. Jack Casady
9. Peter Cetera
10. Stanley Clarke
11. Bob Cranshaw
12. Art Davis
13. Richard Davis
14. Chuck Domanico
15. Donald "Duck" Dunn
16. George Duvivier
17. Cleveland Eaton
18. John Entwistle
19. Wilton Felder
20. Jim Fielder
21. Jimmy Garrison
22. Eddie Gomez
23. Rick Grech
24. Bob Haggart
25. John Heard
26. Percy Heath
27. Michael Henderson
28. Milt Hinton
29. Charlie Larkey
30. Earl May
31. Cecil McBee
32. Paul McCartney
33. Charles Mingus
34. Monk Montgomery
35. Carl Radle
36. Chuck Rainey
37. Rufus Reid
38. Larry Ridley
39. James Rowser
40. Jule Ruggiero
41. Jack Six
42. Dave Troncoso
43. Philip Upchurch
44. Andrew White III
45. Bill Wyman
46. El Dee Young

DRUMS

(Please choose one.)

1. Ginger Baker
2. Louis Bellson
3. Hal Blaine

4. Art Blakey
5. John Bonham
6. Karen Carpenter
7. Kenny Clarke
8. Jimmie Cobb
9. Billy Cobham
10. Cozy Cole
11. Bobby Colomby
12. Alan Dawson
13. Jack De Johnette
14. Bobby Durham
15. Vernel Fournier
16. John Guerin
17. Chico Hamilton
18. Louis Hayes
19. Roy Haynes
20. Red Holt
21. Stix Hooper
22. Paul Humphrey
23. Al Jackson, Jr.
24. Elvin Jones
25. Jo Jones
26. Philly Joe Jones
27. Rusty Jones
28. Connie Kay
29. Jim Keltner
30. Gene Krupa
31. Bill LaVorgna
32. Mel Lewis
33. Shelly Manne
34. Harvey Mason
35. Roy McCurdy
36. Buddy Miles
37. Mitch Mitchell
38. Keith Moon
39. Joe Morello
40. Idris Muhammad
41. Sandy Nelson
42. Carl Palmer
43. Bernard Purdie
44. Buddy Rich
45. Max Roach
46. Mickey Roker
47. Bobby Rosengarden
48. Bob Scott
49. Daniel Seraphine
50. Jack Sperling
51. Ringo Starr
52. Grady Tate
53. Ed Thigpen
54. Marshall Thompson
55. Charlie Watts
56. Tony Williams

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

(Please choose one.)

1. Curtis Amy, *soprano sax*
2. Ian Anderson, *flute*
3. Ray Brown, *cello*
4. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
5. Buddy Collette, *flute*
6. Ry Cooder, *mandolin*
7. Papa John Creach, *violin*
8. Kenny Davern, *soprano sax*
9. Pete Drake, *steel guitar*
10. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
11. Keith Emerson, *Moog*
12. Joe Farrell, *soprano sax*

13. Maynard Ferguson, *superbone*
14. Al Grey, *baritone horn*
15. Tommy Gumina, *accordion*
16. Sugar Cane Harris, *violin*
17. George Harrison, *sitar*
18. John Hartford, *banjo*
19. Dick Hyman, *Moog*
20. Budd Johnson, *soprano sax*
21. Doug Kershaw, *violin*
22. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, *flute, manzello, stritch*
23. Steven Kupka, *Flügelhorn*
24. Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
25. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
26. Hubert Laws, *flute*
27. Charles Lloyd, *flute*
28. Chuck Mangione, *Flügelhorn*
29. Herbie Mann, *flute*
30. John Mayall, *harmonica*
31. Charlie McCoy, *harmonica*
32. James Moody, *flute*
33. Airtio Moreira, *percussion*
34. Ray Nance, *violin*
35. Walter Parazaider, *flute*
36. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
37. Sun Ra, *Moog*
38. Mongo Santamaria, *congas*
39. Earl Scruggs, *banjo*
40. John Sebastian, *harmonica*
41. Bud Shank, *flute*
42. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
43. Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
44. Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
45. Michael White, *violin*
46. Russ Whitman, *bass sax*
47. Bob Wilber, *soprano sax*
48. Stevie Wonder, *harmonica, clavinet*
49. Rusty Young, *steel guitar*

MALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Harry Belafonte
3. Tony Bennett
4. Brook Benton
5. Andy Bey
6. Bobby Bland
7. David Bowie
8. James Brown
9. Oscar Brown, Jr.
10. Solomon Burke
11. Jerry Butler
12. Glen Campbell
13. Johnny Cash
14. Ray Charles
15. David Clayton-Thomas
16. Joe Cocker
17. Perry Como
18. Alice Cooper
19. Bobby Darin
20. Sammy Davis Jr.
21. Neil Diamond
22. Donovan
23. Bob Dylan
24. Billy Eckstine
25. John Gary

26. Marvin Gaye
27. Al Green
28. Merle Haggard
29. George Harrison
30. Johnny Hartman
31. Donny Hathaway
32. Isaac Hayes
33. Dan Hicks
34. Mick Jagger
35. Dr. John
36. Elton John
37. B. B. King
38. Kris Kristofferson
39. Steve Lawrence
40. John Lennon
41. Jerry Lee Lewis
42. Gordon Lightfoot
43. Dean Martin
44. Johnny Mathis
45. Curtis Mayfield
46. Paul McCartney
47. Don McLean
48. Van Morrison
49. Mark Murphy
50. Randy Newman
51. Harry Nilsson
52. Buck Owens
53. Wilson Pickett
54. Robert Plant
55. Elvis Presley
56. Lou Rawls
57. Jerry Reed
58. Little Richard
59. Leon Russell
60. O. C. Smith
61. Cat Stevens
62. Rod Stewart
63. Stephen Stills
64. Grady Tate
65. James Taylor
66. Johnny Taylor
67. Joe Tex
68. Leon Thomas
69. Mel Tormé
70. Andy Williams
71. Joe Williams
72. Stevie Winwood
73. Bill Withers
74. Jimmy Witherspoon
75. Bobby Womack
76. Stevie Wonder
77. Neil Young

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Loretta Alexandra
2. Joan Baez
3. Pearl Bailey
4. Teresa Brewer
5. Joy Bryan
6. Lana Cantrell
7. Vikki Carr
8. Jeanne Carroll
9. Betty Carter
10. Chér
11. June Christy
12. Merry Clayton
13. Judy Collins
14. Rita Coolidge

15. Ella Fitzgerald
16. Roberta Flack
17. Aretha Franklin
18. Eydie Gormé
19. Linda Hopkins
20. Lena Horne
21. Helen Humes
22. Lurlean Hunter
23. Carole King
24. Teddi King
25. Gladys Knight
26. Peggy Lee
27. Abbey Lincoln
28. Claudine Longet
29. Miriam Makeba
30. Barbara McNair
31. Carmen McRae
32. Melanie
33. Bette Midler
34. Liza Minnelli
35. Joni Mitchell
36. Melba Moore
37. Laura Nyro
38. Odetta
39. Esther Phillips
40. Maryann Price
41. Bonnie Raitt
42. Helen Reddy
43. Della Reese
44. Linda Ronstadt
45. Diana Ross
46. Buffy Sainte-Marie
47. Carly Simon
48. Nina Simone
49. Grace Slick
50. Mavis Staples
51. Barbra Streisand
52. Tina Turner
53. Sarah Vaughan
54. Dionne Warwick
55. Margaret Whiting
56. Nancy Wilson
57. Tammy Wynette

VOCAL GROUP

(Please choose one.)

1. Allman Brothers Band
2. The Band
3. Bee Gees
4. Bread
5. Carpenters
6. Creedence Clearwater Revival
7. Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show
8. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
9. Family
10. 5th Dimension
11. Four Freshmen
12. Grand Funk Railroad
13. Grateful Dead
14. Guess Who
15. Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks
16. Hi-Lo's
17. Hot Tuna
18. Jackie & Roy
19. Jackson 5
20. Jefferson Airplane

21. Gladys Knight & the Pips
22. Led Zeppelin
23. Loggins & Messina
24. Johnny Mann Singers
25. Moody Blues
26. New Heavenly Blue
27. Pink Floyd
28. Poco
29. Kenny Rogers and the First Edition
30. Rolling Stones
31. Seals & Crofts
32. Slade
33. Sly & the Family Stone
34. Sonny and Chér
35. Spinners
36. Staple Singers
37. Stylistics
38. Supremes
39. Temptations
40. Three Dog Night
41. Ike & Tina Turner
42. War
43. The Who
44. Yes

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Ian Anderson
3. Harold Arlen
4. David Axelrod
5. Burt Bacharach—Hal David
6. Carla Bley
7. Oscar Brown, Jr.
8. Dave Brubeck
9. Ornette Coleman
10. Betty Comden—Adolph Green
11. Chick Corea
12. Miles Davis
13. Eumir Deodato
14. Neil Diamond
15. Bob Dylan
16. Duke Ellington
17. Gil Evans
18. Bob Florence
19. David Gates
20. Dizzy Gillespie
21. Tom T. Hall
22. Herbie Hancock
23. George Harrison
24. Isaac Hayes
25. Dan Hicks
26. Freddie Hubbard
27. Mick Jagger—Keith Richard
28. Antonio Carlos Jobim
29. Dr. John
30. Elton John—Bernie Taupin
31. Quincy Jones
32. Carole King
33. Kris Kristofferson
34. Robert Lamm
35. Michel Legrand
36. John Lennon
37. John Lewis
38. Gordon Lightfoot
39. Melba Liston

40. John D. Loudermilk
41. Henry Mancini
42. Johnny Mandel
43. Curtis Mayfield
44. Paul McCartney
45. Eugene McDaniels
46. Don McLean
47. Johnny Mercer
48. Charles Mingus
49. Joni Mitchell
50. Thelonious Monk
51. Oliver Nelson
52. Randy Newman
53. Harry Nilsson
54. Laura Nyro
55. Kenny Rankin
56. Lou Reed
57. George Russell
58. Leon Russell
59. Lalo Schifrin
60. Seals & Crofts
61. Horace Silver
62. Shel Silverstein
63. Paul Simon
64. Cat Stevens
65. Stephen Stills
66. Jule Styne
67. James Taylor
68. Allen Toussaint
69. Peter Townshend
70. Jimmy Van Heusen
71. Sid Wayne
72. Stevie Winwood
73. Bill Withers
74. Stevie Wonder
75. Neil Young
76. Frank Zappa

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please choose one.)

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Gene Ammons
3. Roy Ayers
4. Gato Barbieri
5. Bee Gees
6. Al Belletto
7. Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers
8. Blood, Sweat & Tears
9. Bread
10. Dave Brubeck
11. Kenny Burrell
12. Charlie Byrd Trio
13. Chase
14. Chicago
15. The Chicago Jazz
16. Dennis Coffey
17. Ornette Coleman
18. Alice Cooper
19. Chick Corea
20. Crusaders
21. Danny Davis & the Nashville Brass
22. Miles Davis
23. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
24. Bill Evans Trio
25. Stan Getz
26. Dizzy Gillespie
27. Grand Funk Railroad
28. Al Grey
29. Bobby Hackett
30. Chico Hamilton
31. Johnny Hammond
32. Herbie Hancock
33. Eddie Harris
34. Hampton Hawes
35. Earl Hines
36. Al Hirt
37. Groove Holmes
38. Hot Licks
39. Hot Tuna
40. Freddie Hubbard
41. Bobby Hutcherson—Harold Land
42. Illinois Jacquet
43. Ahmad Jamal Trio
44. Jefferson Airplane
45. Elvin Jones
46. B. B. King
47. Rahsaan Roland Kirk & the Vibration Society
48. Yusef Lateef
49. Ramsey Lewis Trio
50. Charles Lloyd
51. Loggins & Messina
52. Mahavishnu Orchestra
53. Malo
54. Chuck Mangione Quartet
55. Herbie Mann
56. Shelly Manne
57. Hugh Masekela
58. Les McCann Ltd.
59. Marian McPartland Trio
60. The Meters
61. Charles Mingus
62. Willie Mitchell
63. Modern Jazz Quartet
64. Thelonious Monk Quartet
65. Mothers of Invention
66. Oscar Peterson Trio
67. Jean-Luc Ponty Quartet
68. Max Roach
69. Sonny Rollins
70. Pharoah Sanders
71. Santana
72. The Section
73. George Shearing
74. Archie Shepp
75. Horace Silver
76. Jimmy Smith Trio
77. Lonnie Liston Smith
78. Supersax
79. Gabor Szabo
80. Clark Terry
81. Jethro Tull
82. Ventures
83. David T. Walker
84. Jr. Walker and the All Stars
85. T-Bone Walker
86. Grover Washington, Jr.
87. Weather Report
88. Tony Williams
89. Teddy Wilson Trio
90. Winter Consort
91. Phil Woods
92. World's Greatest Jazzband
93. Young-Holt, Unlimited

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 1979 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, Eric Clapton, 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, George Benson, Ray Brawn, Eric Clapton, Hal David, Miles Davis, Buddy De Franco, Billy Eckstine, Duke Ellington, Keith Emerson, Roberta Flack, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Lionel Hampton, Slide Hampton, Herbie Hancock, Milt Jackson, Mick Jagger, Elton John, J. J. Johnson, Carole King, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Paul McCartney, Gerry Mulligan, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Daniel Seraphine (for Chicago), Dac Severinsen, Jimmy Smith, Ronald Townson (for The 5th Dimension), Kai Winding, Edgar Winter, Phil Woods, Si Zentner; plus all other musicians who got enough votes to be listed in last February's results; and David Axelrad, Capitol; Don De Micheal; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; Milt Gabler, Commodore; Nat Hentoff; Jimmy Hilliard, Warner Bros.; Teo Macero, Columbia; Jack Maher, Dawn Beat; Jahn Rosica, CTI; Bob Thiele, Flying Dutchman; and George Wein, Newport Jazz Festival.

Before compiling the list of performers on the preceding pages, we sent nominating ballots to all of the above—the list came to several hundred people. Now, our readers' ballot has a finite number of spaces, so, of course, we can't get everybody on it—and for everyone we add, we have to drop someone. So we try to get a list that reflects the range of today's musical spectrum—and it's possible that one or more of your favorite artists may not be included. If so, do not panic. You can still vote for that artist; just print his (or her) name in the appropriate space on the ballot—which is the flip side of this detachable page.

If the person you wish to vote for is on the list, you don't need to write the name—just the number. Last year, some readers wrote in names when numbers would have sufficed, which made things a little bit harder, not only for them but also for the people (and computers) who tabulated the vote.

The difference between a Big-Band Leader and the leader of an Instrumental Combo is the difference

between nine and ten. If the group has nine pieces or fewer, it's a combo; ten or more, and it's a big band.

Speaking of big bands, the reason you are asked to vote for more than one person in some categories is that big bands usually carry several men in those categories.

In voting for the Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame, keep in mind that the following people are ineligible, because they've already made it: Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, 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.

When you've completed your ballot, make sure it has your name and address on it; otherwise, it won't count. Then mail it to **PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL**, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1973. Results will be in our February 1974 issue.



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

THE VARGAS GIRL

"I guess I'm just a fall girl."

Vargas



WHEN THE CONFEDERACY became troubled by a shortage of niter, which was essential to the production of gunpowder, an enterprising agent of the Niter and Mining Bureau in Selma, Alabama, decided to try an untapped source. On October 1, 1863, he inserted in the *Selma Sentinel* the following notice:

The ladies of Selma are respectfully requested to preserve all their chamber lye collected about their premises for the purpose of making niter. Wagons with barrels will be sent around for it by the subscriber.

(signed) Jno Haralson
Agent, Niter and Mining Bureau

This notice inspired Thomas B. Wetmore, a young lawyer who was serving as provost marshal of Selma, to inscribe a poem to his friend:

*Jno Haralson! Jno Haralson!
You are a funny creature;
You've given to this cruel war
A new and useful feature.
You've let us know, while every man
Is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless them, can be put
To making lots of niter.
Jno Haralson! Jno Haralson!
Where did you get the notion
Of sending barrels round our street
To fill them with that lotion?
We thought the women did enough
At sewing shirts and kissing;
But you have put the lovely dears
To patriotic pissing.
Jno Haralson! Jno Haralson!
Can't you suggest a neater
And faster method for our folks
To make up our salt-peter?
Indeed, the thing's so very odd,
Gunpowderlike and cranky,
That when a lady lifts her skirt
She shoots a horrid Yankee!*

Not to be outdone, Haralson wrote a reply:


*The women, bless their dear souls,
Are every one for war,
To soldier boys they'll give their shoes
And stockings by the score.
They'll give their jewels all away,
Their petticoats they'll lower,
They'll have salt-peter or they'll say
In earnest phrase—"Wet more!"
The women, were it not for them,
Our country would be lost;
They charm the world, they nerve our hearts
To fight at every cost.
What care they how our powder's made?
They'll have it or they'll bore
Through mines or beds in stables laid,
And, straining, cry "Wet more!"
Women, yes they stoop to conquer
And keep their virtue pure;
It is no harm to kill a beast
With chamber lye, I'm sure.
But powder we are bound to have
And this they've sworn before;
And if the needful thing is scarce,
They'll "press" it and "Wet more!"*

This irresistible nonsense was circulated widely and surreptitiously, and after the Civil War, even a Yankee con-



tributed to the fun. The following poem was supposedly written by a Boston widow:

*Jno Haralson! Jno Haralson!
We read in song and story
That women in all these years
Have sprinkled fields of glory;
But never was it told before
That how, midst scenes of slaughter,
Your Southern beauties dried their tears
And went to making water.
No wonder, Jno, your boys were brave;
Who would not be a fighter
If every time he shot his gun
He used his sweetheart's niter?
And, vice versa, what could make
A Yankee soldier sadder
Than dodging bullets fired from
A pretty woman's bladder?
They say there was a subtle smell
That lingered in the powder;
And as the smoke and fire grew thick
And din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound
A serious objection,
That soldiers could not sniff it in
Without a stiff erection.*

—Retold by Ralph Draughon  155

SLICING UP THE BIG APPLE (continued from page 130)

and was pushing narcotics, just becoming an underworld money-maker with the enactment of the Harrison Act, which ended the legal narcotics trade and forced thousands of people who had become addicted to legal opium-based patent medicines to turn—as Prohibition would cause drinkers to turn—to an illegal market to support their habit. In 1916, Luciano's career as a pusher came to a sudden end; he was arrested and sent to prison for a year—it would be 20 years before he was in jail again. Back on the streets, he reassumed the leadership of his gang, teamed up with Costello and was soon joined, as well, by Lansky. As his reputation as a neighborhood tough with imagination grew, he came to the attention of older, powerful underworld leaders, particularly those of the Sicilian Mafia. What set Luciano apart from most of his Sicilian friends were driving ambition, considerable native intelligence and shrewdness and little prejudice or suspicion of outsiders. He recognized the value of brains as well as courage. At a young age, he became a close friend of Lansky's and would remain his friend and partner almost until the end of his life.

Lansky was the youngest. He was born in 1902 in Grodno, in the Polish Pale of Settlement, then under Russian rule, and brought to New York's Lower East Side, with his younger brother, Jake, in 1911. Although he was small as a child and as an adult would never stand more than a few inches above five feet, Lansky was, nevertheless, tough and belligerent, good with any weapon and seemingly always in the middle of a fight. While his education ended with the eighth grade, he was something of a mathematical prodigy; he combined this with mechanical aptitude, a penchant he shared with Luciano. Wherever he went, he was trailed by a taller, handsomer and four-years-younger Jewish kid named Benjamin Siegel, nicknamed "Bugsy." The two were a team and would remain so, the leaders of a gang of young Jewish hoodlums. But when it was time to graduate from petty larceny into more daring and violent crimes, Lansky, with Siegel at his elbow, looked for those with brains, cunning and ambition to match his own. He found them in the older Costello and Luciano.

It was Prohibition that gave them, as it gave so many others, the chance to move up from the small time. And it was Rothstein who showed them the way. In recruiting strong arms and guns to protect Rothstein liquor shipments, Legs Diamond had, on occasion, made use of the services of Costello, Luciano, Lansky and their friends, and in so doing, he opened the door to the master. They knew Rothstein by reputation, knew that he was a man from whom they could learn what

could never be discovered in the streets. And Rothstein had enough ego to be flattered by their respect and by their willingness to listen, ask questions, follow his advice. They were his pupils and he taught them well. He lectured constantly on the need for organization; free-lancers in the rackets were only looking for trouble, were always weak and at the mercy of the stronger, whether from the world outside or from the underworld. In organization (though he himself had always shunned it; what applied to others did not necessarily apply to him, he was sure), there was the strength and the ability to go after what was too big for the single man.

But Rothstein's ideas about organization far exceeded those commonly understood and practiced in the underworld. As they stood, he said, the gangs were ridiculous; ethnic exclusivity and rivalry were both stupid and wasteful. Make use of the best, organize the best, make alliances with anyone who could help, and to hell with where they came from. Look around at the way big businesses were run and copy their methods. That, Rothstein insisted, went beyond just selection of personnel, hiring and training of specialists, departmentalization and diversification, prudent use of money and time. It went to the creation of an image. Prohibition was giving the gangster an opportunity that might never come again, a chance to walk at least part way through the door to respectability and a measure of social acceptance as a good businessman, dealing in an illegal commodity, certainly, but a businessman nevertheless. All this could be blown if the image was only a grosser and richer reflection of the old portrait of the gangster. Let Capone and his Chicago contemporaries dress garishly, flaunt their wealth and power openly, becoming the objects not merely of public fear but of public derision and amusement as well. The outward façade won more than half the battle, according to Rothstein, and he pointed to himself as an example. His pupils—and they followed his advice—should look only like the successful businessmen they were; they should dress in good clothes, but clothes from the same tailors and in the same conservative styles as the Wall Street bankers; they should watch social leaders and ape their manners and their style; they should live quietly and conservatively, giving little indication of their wealth or power. They should avoid public display, notoriety or publicity as much as possible, remain in the background and let the light shine on somebody else, for when the light shone, so, too, did the heat. Look at Johnny Torrio; he had practiced these rules, had amassed great power and wealth, but few seemed even to know his name, while

everybody knew Capone, and this would eventually be Capone's undoing.

Rothstein also lectured on the limited use of force. And he taught them one thing more: Survival was dependent on alliances with those in political power. Cultivate them assiduously. Rothstein had the key to the doors, he would open them and let them through.

Beyond those doors, the young gangsters discovered a changed world. As money from booze poured into their pockets, they no longer had to seek favors from Tammany Hall; now Tammany leaders came to them, and so did the police; they could buy and own Tammany, and much more.

Using these contacts, Costello managed to corrupt the political world of New York even more than it had been corrupted before. He had already begun to make a number of contacts with contemporaries who had become ward leaders, and now, through Rothstein's influence, he widened his scope, began to forge deals with Tammany, with city hall, with the police department that would, by the end of the decade, pour more than \$100,000,000 a year in graft into official pockets up and down the line and would give the gangsters free rein to operate almost any racket in the city.

The moves to capture the allegiance of the politicians could not have come at a more opportune time for the racketeers. For Tammany was embroiled in a struggle for power. Boss Charley Murphy was coming to the end of his long rule; he would die in 1924. The heirs apparent were greedy, venal and eminently corruptible. They were James J. Hines, out of the traditional mold of Irish Tammany bosses. He had come up the long political ladder, and the closer he came to reaching his goal of power and wealth, the more desperate he became to achieve it, seeking support wherever he could find it. He bought the assistance of, and eventually sold himself to, almost every Irish mobster in the city.

Hines's chief rival was the first Italian to drive a wedge into the once solid Irish suzerainty over Tammany. He was Albert C. Marinelli. As Hines sought support, strong arms and votes from the Irish underworld, Marinelli turned to the Italian.

The struggle between Hines and Marinelli intensified and when Murphy died, the other powers in the Hall, rather than throwing in behind one or the other and so alienating the loser, turned to George W. O'lvany as their new leader. But O'lvany was a weak mediocrity who made little use of his power. So the struggle between Hines and Marinelli continued. Arnold Rothstein was friend to both, and to O'lvany as well, and soon Costello became their friend and their benefactor, too. In the process, the Hall fell completely to the underworld. Before the end of the decade, both Hines and Marinelli

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at what point
in time
did your addled
brain become
inoperative?

The Watergate Addict's Trivia Quiz

By G. BARRY GOLSON



AH, 1973. When life was simpler, when coffee was still 26 cents to go, when Watergate was still fresh and exciting rather than a part of our daily ablutions. . . . Remember? Remember how Senator Sam would lean over to Senator Howard and whisper something, and they'd both giggle, and you'd feel kind of . . . tingly all over? Were you the type of person who hoped the camera would zoom in on John Dean's face just as he was about to

make an important point? Or were you the kind who hoped the camera would zoom in on Maureen Dean's legs just as she was about to cross them? No matter. We all became Watergate addicts of one kind or another back then, and most of us got hooked for good. So let's take a trip through memory lane together, to those good old days that began and ended with the crash of a gavel—before the Watergate series went into reruns.

1. Immediately following the arrests at the Watergate, the first thing one of the burglars said to his superior was:
 - A. "I think we'll be able to keep a lid on it."
 - B. "I've got some good news and some bad news for you, boss. The good news is that we got *inside* the Democratic Headquarters OK. . . ."
 - C. "What kind of support can we expect?"
 - D. "Does this mean I don't get to go to Miami?"
2. John Dean testified that during the March 21st meeting, he warned the President there was a "_____ growing on the Presidency."
 - A. conspiracy
 - B. canker sore
 - C. cancer
 - D. azalea bush
3. Which of the following is *not* a nickname used by White House staffers in private conversation?
 - A. "The Brush" Haldeman
 - B. "The Pipe" Mitchell
 - C. "Chuckles" Colson
 - D. "L. Patsy" Gray
4. Dean testified that John Ehrlichman instructed him to take a briefcase of sensitive documents to the Potomac River and:
 - A. "deep-twenty" it
 - B. "deep-fry" it
 - C. "deep-six" it
 - D. "deep-throat" it
5. Special counsel Richard Moore, the "fatherly" witness who refuted some of Dean's testimony despite occasional lapses of memory, responded to one question in the following way:
 - A. "I'll let the answer stand—whatever it was."
 - B. "I can't understand my answer—whatever it was."
 - C. "I'll stand on my answer—whoever I am."
 - D. "Let me answer while I'm standing—this boil's killing me."
6. Dean claimed that the President discussed with him the matter of certain Watergate defendants' demands for:
 - A. Executive privilege
 - B. Executive clemency
 - C. Executive washrooms
 - D. more Parks sausages
7. Liddy's statements to the press, to the prosecutors and to the Senate select committee can best be summarized in the following way:
 - A. "I'm guilty, but so are others higher up."
 - B. "I'm guilty, but no one higher up is guilty."
 - C.
 - D. "I'm guilty, but I'm also horny."
8. Former policeman Anthony Ulasewicz, who delivered money to the defendants, said he refused to be involved after September 1972 and said

(concluded on page 220)

BURT REYNOLDS (continued from page 131)

was an accident, but I never bought it. I knew him and I knew the way he drove. So it's important, at minimum, to get it pronounced right. Gila Bend. With an H up front.

In any case, I get going. I'm off to ferret out some answers to the celebrated Burt Reynolds-Sarah Miles Gila Bend puzzle, a case that brought temporary relief to the Hollywood community, victims of a long drought in scandalous activities. I don't know it at the moment, but I am not fated to be the one observer in a great horde to discover that the butler did it. Or the nanny. Or the busboy or the mayor. Before long, I'm going to be over my head in police chiefs, rattlesnakes, bad-assed wranglers, Japanese masseuses, CIA agents, relatives of Barry Goldwater, John Wayne-style mothers, you name it. At the moment, it's not important. All I know is that I am not exactly feeling like a tiger these days, and it's a chance to get out of the city. Amazing the way a lot of it slips off your shoulders when you get on a plane. Goodbye Valium, goodbye put-downs, goodbye taxes and the same identical people. Farewell to fighting your way to sleep at five in the morning. I'm on my way. To Gila Bend. A friend, who is a Southwest freak, tells me not to get cute with the wranglers.

"But I'm in shape."

"Not that kind of shape."

And he's right. Lean, crazy, stockyard guys, chair-throwing, eye-gouging, a lot of leaping over bars and throwing you through a window. Sumbitch. Yahoo. Jesus Christ, I hit this guy with everything I've got and he keeps on coming. I'll probably take my friend's advice.

Dropping down over Phoenix, it begins. Southwestern talk. The fellow behind me is describing something amazing, snowflakes that fell on his ranch in the Southwest, each one "bigger than a silver dollar." Each one with a different pattern, too, like fingerprints. I tell him I haven't been to Phoenix in 20 years and all I remember is a night club called The Flame.

"The Flame, eh? Well, you've been there."

What does he mean, I've *been* there? Because I know The Flame? And if I didn't know The Flame, I *hadn't* been there? What's so terrifically Southwestern about that? I let it go and tell him I'm headed for Gila Bend. Note the "headed." When in Rome, etc.

"That's rough country," he says. "I lost an engine flying over it. You can't fly out, jeep out, bulldoze out; you put one foot in front of the other foot. Otherwise, that's where you stay."

And now I'm there, Steve McQueen country. Not Randolph Scott, but Jack Nicholson, Lee Marvin, the Cadillac West, scene of the new contemporary

Westerns that don't gross too well at the box office but that I love so much. Ben Johnson and Karen Black and the Ann-Margret of yesteryear. Once in a while, Paul Newman drops in, but he doesn't stay. Stetsons, pickup trucks out the ass. Trailer camps and land development, sassy drum majorettes and Arnold's Pickle and Olive Company. Bulldozers plowing up choice land, leftover cowboys making up quick-buck schemes and losing everything. My favorite kind of West. I'm picking out Cybill Shepherds all over the place, except that no one's told them they're pretty. This, finally, is the quintessential home of prettiness. Except that I remember I've said that about London, Stockholm, New York, every place I've been. What I see around me are incredible mismatches. Jabbar guarding Dean Meminger. Rangy, long-legged Cybill Shepherds walking around with humpbacked little Southwestern weirdos, guys who've been thrown from a horse and kicked in the head. And the reverse. Lean, terrific-looking, blue-eyed wranglers, not an eighth of an inch of fat on them, led around by massive, shapeless Papago Indian brides; no one ever told them they were great-looking guys. Meekly, they walk along, and out of the side of his mouth, one says, "She's breaking my balls." Wranglers with Jewish-Papago moms? What an incredible country!

Sudden fags, too. A guy who ambles up like a cowpoke and hits me with a high-pitched voice full of heavy Mae West intonations. In a barbecue pit. "Gila Bend?" he says, lowering his eyelids. "Why on earth would you want to go *there*? There's not even a pitcher show. All you can do is go snakin'." This is too much for me. Southwestern wrangler fags who go snakin'. I like the pitcher-show stuff and the snakin', but I can't deal with the rest.

So now it's tomorrow; I rent a car and head down toward Gila Bend, except that a little birdie whispers to me that I ought to visit *The Phoenix Gazette*; they were close to the action: maybe there's something in their files. Maybe I'm not so anxious to get down to Gila Bend.

About the case. For that lonely band who might have missed out on it, it goes something like this: They're shooting a Western called *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*. Big best seller. Not as big as they figured, but big enough. Big names. Burt Reynolds. Sarah Miles. George Hamilton. Lee J. Cobb. MGM. Sarah Miles of *Ryan's Daughter* fame, the wife of the man who is always described as "the distinguished Robert Bolt." He gets involved only with distinguished things. *Lady Caroline Lamb. A Man for All Seasons*. Sarah has a fellow around named David Whiting, who is described as her business manager. Young kid, 26, former *Time* correspondent, who gets infat-

uated with beautiful film stars: Candice Bergen ("In the bright sunlight, her spun-gold hair framing her face, a faint mustache of milky health elixir on her upper lip . . . it is one of the world's most perfect faces"); Inger Stevens, Paula Prentiss and now the beautiful, unpredictable (she enters rooms on her hands), outrageously quotable Sarah Miles ("When nature calls, I must have a wee-wee. . . . It makes a pleasant sound—tinkle, tinkle—and it does relieve one so."). He begins by writing an article about her: "Sarah Miles: The Maiden Man-Eater," and somehow gets himself adopted by Sarah and Robert Bolt as "one of the family," an example of those triple-edged Pinteresque arrangements the British are able to handle without batting an eyelash. David is moody, unpredictable, alternately witty and deeply depressed, bordering on the suicidal. He threatens to take his own life if they ever unload him and, indeed, makes one such attempt. They keep him on board, Sarah taking him along for the filming of *Cat Dancing*. Though Sarah describes their relationship as brother-sister, he watches her with a wary eye, gets upset by her obsession with wranglers. ("By Christ, they're wonderful!" she tells the press.) They're shooting part of the picture near Ajo and the company stays at the nearby Gila Bend Travelodge. On the fateful night, the way it's supposed to go is this: Sarah gets bored by a party for the company at the Palomino Bar and Café (to which David isn't invited). Even though she's knocked out by the wranglers, she's bored anyway. All anyone wants to do is eat. And she's got a jittery stomach. So she hops into Lee J. Cobb's Maserati-powered Citroën and they shoot back to the motel; she stops in at Burt Reynolds' room. Little haziness on just how long she stays. Time is a little hazy throughout the story. Unlike film-shooting schedules, everything is approximate. What's for sure is that Reynolds is being massaged by little ReTsuKo, a Tokyo-trained masseuse hired in Scottsdale to work on the company. After a hazy amount of time, Sarah goes back to her own room and walks right into Whiting, who leaps out of a clothing rack, foaming over with jealousy. Whiting: *Where have you been, where have you been, where have you been?* Miles: *None of your business, none of your business, none of your business.* Later, Sarah tells an investigating officer that David "slapped" her; but at the inquest, the slapping gets escalated into a "beating," with Sarah receiving "two goose eggs" on her forehead, a bloody nose and a cut lip. Whatever the case, according to published accounts, a 22-year-old cupcake of a nanny named Jane Evans (who is looking after Sarah's child, Thomas) enters, tries to pry apart Sarah and David. Sarah tells the nanny to

Taste CROW LIGHT.

So smooth, it's the fastest-growing
Light Whiskey in America.



CROW LIGHT is a clean break with the past. A totally different *kind* of whiskey made by processes all its own. It's not a Bourbon. And it's actually lighter than Scotch, *smoother* than Canadian. Try it tonight. Discover for yourself why CROW LIGHT is far and away the fastest-growing Light Whiskey from coast to coast!



call Burt, who, apart from being a genuinely fine actor (*Cosmopolitan* centerfold to the contrary), has carved muscles, trapezoids, lats, the works. This seems to cool it for Whiting, who splits the scene. Reynolds appears, tells Sarah, "My God, you look like a mess!" and takes her back to his room, where he looks after her for the night. This includes bathing her wounds. Next day, Sarah returns to her room and finds Whiting dead. Burt is called, takes his pulse ("Something I must have picked up in the movies") and, in what he later refers to as "an error in judgment," pries a pill bottle out of David's hand. Pills are found all over the place, 12 different varieties: sleepers, vitamins, downers, etc.

Eventually, the police chief is summoned and it looks like a routine O.D. case, too many tablets of methaqualone, a tricky new downer, very popular with the kids. But then, all of a sudden, it doesn't. When David gets rolled over onto his back. Too much blood, all pouring out of what becomes a famous "star-shaped" wound on the back of the kid's head. And he's been banged up pretty badly, too. Bruises on his chest, wrists, pelvis, etc. Blood in three rooms, blood on towels, Kleenex, back in his own room. Furious round of activity. Important lawyers showing up, and then everyone, in the words of the local police chief, "hauling ass." There's an inquest, and then, pressed on by the dead boy's mother, Mrs. Louise Campbell, and a court order, the principals are forced to return and testify in person at a second

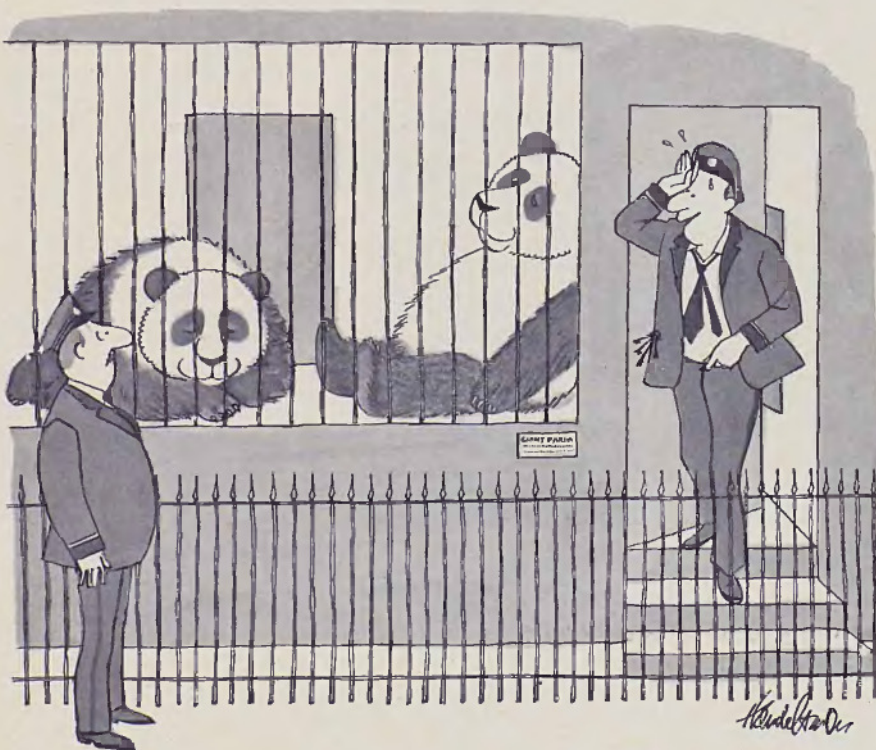
session of the inquest. The autopsical verdicts divide. Dr. Bernard Brodie, a visiting professor of pharmacology at the University of Arizona, says that Whiting's drug level of .88 milligrams per 100 milliliters of blood was only "one third of the lethal level, and not much higher than a doctor would prescribe." He's not buying the O.D. trip for a minute. But Maricopa County medical examiner Heinz Karnitschnig implies that Brodie's figures are old ones; he has new material indicating that the dosage was "lethal." There's a suspenseful wait for the verdict of Hollywood's famed "coroner to the stars." Thomas Noguchi, whose credits include Janis Joplin, Marilyn Monroe, Bobby Kennedy and Sharon Tate. The Japanese forensic specialist goes with Karnitschnig, says there's enough methaqualone in the boy's body to support the O.D. thesis. In the questioning of the principals, Mulford "Sonny" Winsor IV, local justice of the peace, is thrown off his game by Sarah Miles's clinging white blouse ("One way or another, I've been naked in all my films—by now I've got a veteran pair of breasts."), administers the wrong oath and admits, "You're so pretty, you shook me up." Upset at being called back for what seems to be a perfunctory questioning session, Reynolds calls the justice of the peace a "plumber" and the local folks get their backs up. Big dispute over whether he's a plumber or a "plumbing contractor." "I lost all respect for Burt Reynolds," Gila Bend police chief Tom

Cromwell tells me later. "the day he cast aspersions on our justice of the peace, a man who knows the law and didn't have to drop his drawers in *Cosmopolitan* to get where he is." *Variety's* Army Archerd quotes Dan Melnick, MGM producer-vice-president, as backing up his star, Reynolds, by sending him a set of plumbing tools and saying, "If moviemaking gets too dull, you can always go in with the plumber in Gila Bend."

The inquest ends with an uncertain verdict from the coroner's jury: "We, the jury . . . say: That the dead body inspected by us was the body of David Andrew Whiting, that he died at Gila Bend in Gila Bend Precinct, Maricopa County, Arizona, on the 11th day of February 1973, and that said death was the result of poisoning due to an overdose of drugs. Whether this overdose was taken intentionally or accidentally has not been determined. Also, it has not been determined whether or not physical injuries found on the body were contributing factors in the death or how these injuries were sustained." Very fudgy. Yet the jury checks with Mulford "Sonny" Winsor IV and asks if they can give a verdict like this. They're asking—but it's the only kind they're going to give. Press very restless. Too many unanswered questions. Too much blood. Too much courtesy, even shyness, on the part of the law. A quality of the perfunctory about the questioning. What about all that blood? And all those wounds? How come the stars' lawyers got to sit at the same table as the deputy county attorneys, while David's mom and her attorney, Raul Castro, had to sit in the spectator section? And exactly what was Sarah doing in Burt's room all that time? Sarah tries to clear that one up herself, outside the courtroom. It's right up her alley. "If anyone had been beaten up as badly as I was, it was not the most ideal circumstances to have sexual relations."

But the beat goes on. In fact, it just begins to get under way. A lot of heavy theorizing on New York's Upper East Side: Could Reynolds have beat the kid up and shoved some pills down his throat? Could Sarah have beat him up? Awful lot of speculating on the various affair combinations. Burt and Sarah. Sarah and the nanny. David and the nanny. Burt, Sarah and the nanny. David, Sarah and the nanny. Bolt, David and Sarah. Endless combinations. None of them involve Lee J. Cobb. He's not linked with anyone. Neither, for some odd reason, is George Hamilton.

And what about the Japanese massage? And the star-shaped wound? That's the one that gets me. Like the organic prunes in the Howard Hughes-Clifford Irving affair. At Elaine's, someone comes up with a Phillips-screwdriver theory. It's the only thing that makes a star-shaped wound. The kind of tool you



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use on foreign cars. Someone clobbered the kid with a Phillips screwdriver. And people are buying it. It's very late. Someone orders a Phillips screwdriver, on the rocks.

At *The Phoenix Gazette*, a terrific-looking columnist, blue-eyed, well-muscled, British accent, sees me picking through the files and introduces himself. Paul Dean. Anything he can do to help me? He's an itinerant journalist, been around the world three times, settled in Phoenix because he likes it there. The only thing he can do to help me is to help himself by marching over to audition for some new James Bond picture. Or a Frederick Forsyth novel. (I'm suddenly aware that there are a lot of terrific-looking guys marching through this story. What's going on here? Is this a closet I see before me—with me living in it all these years? If it is, I'm staying right in there.) Dean likes the notion that Reynolds could have smacked the kid around. "After all, if a lovely lady is under attack, summons your assistance, you go after the blighter and punch him in the nose, don't you?"

"Not automatically. I size up the situation first. Look the guy over. Make sure I'm not getting sucked in by the lady. Then I decide whether to move."

He thinks that one over, doesn't seem pleased, but decides I'm all right and he's going to help me anyway. He tells me that the fabled Japanese masseuse, ReTsuKo, is living in nearby Scottsdale. Not only that but just the other day, chief Tom Cromwell of the Gila Bend police department called her, asked her some questions about Reynolds, the condition of his body while she was massaging him. Any marks, etc. What's this? The case is supposed to be closed. It ain't that closed. And I'm within spitting distance of the fabled ReTsuKo. I thank Dean and track the little rascal down to Jack LaLanne's International Health Spa in Scottsdale, right beyond the Camelback Mountains. Damned if they don't have a camel's back, too. I could have called ahead, but I decide to be very Columbo, very Harper, and simply drop by. Some ladies see me and think it's men's day at the spa, which it isn't. I run outside, haul them back in. ReTsuKo is busy with a lady client, but she'll see me in 20 minutes or so. I'm assuming that she's got clients backed up for months on the basis of the Burt Reynolds publicity, but it turns out she hasn't. She's massaging very quietly, anonymously, on Camelback Road. I wait in the lounge, watching Scottsdale ladies work on those unsightly bulges; it's my view there's no way on earth they're gonna get 'em to disappear. They should just swing with 'em, but it's easy for me to say; they're not my bulges.

I spot ReTsuKo and she is *small*. I mean big-league small. You can put two of her in your pocket. A little embarrass-

ing to admit this, but I get a terrible urge for Japanese food. I've just heard about a Scottsdale law that says women can't massage men, and vice versa, but when she comes out, I tell her that what I'm looking for is the exact same massage she gave Burt Reynolds. She's a very pretty little thing and I forget about her height and my yen for shrimp *tempura*. She says I have a pleasing personality, but she's a little edgy. I figure money talks, nobody walks, so I mention a pleasing figure to go with my pleasing personality. She's got to check with her husband, Mr. Roberts (her name is ReTsuKo Roberts), to see if it's all right to slip me this massage at her home. She can't do it, obviously, at Jack LaLanne's. Her husband, she says, is a former CIA pilot, who went through the window of his cockpit in Laos, escaped from the Laotian version of the Cong, but has poor eyesight and can't fly anymore. This is getting a little weird. It gets even weirder. She got to Burt Reynolds and Sarah Miles via Barry Goldwater's sister, who recommended her to the Hilton people, who passed her along to the MGM *Cat Dancing* company. Barry Goldwater's sister is crazy about ReTsuKo and calls her a "comedian." I notice she does a lot of giggling, but I don't see the comedic talent quite yet.

She suggests I check into the Scottsdale Hilton and she'll come over with her special massage table. I check in and it's not that hard to take. The Hiltons have done it again, building a beautiful new hotel that looks very Scottsdale, blends right into the landscape. None of this is getting me any closer to Gila Bend; it's getting me farther away, come to think of it, but I figure it's worth it. These spools have a way of unwinding; suddenly, the Goldwaters and the CIA are in the picture. At this rate, I may wind up in Beirut, talking to Palestinian guerrillas.

Nine o'clock on the dot, ReTsuKo is at the door and following close behind is her husband, lean, silver-gray hair, and a guy who can knock off a quick 100 one-armed push-ups. He can also pull out your Adam's apple and feed it to you, if he gets carried away. Somehow I'm not surprised to see him. We shake hands, he helps her set up a low-slung, finely tooled Sonylike table, which she could have set up by herself. Is he going to sit down and watch me get massaged? No, he just wanted to say hello. He'll be downstairs at the bar. It's not very relaxing, but I go along with it. He leaves and ReTsuKo is still a little edgy. This is just a massage, right? she wants to know. Of course, a Burt Reynolds massage. It turns out that Reynolds shamed her. How so? He wanted her to do "a little sexual."

"Well, maybe you shamed *him*." I explain all about massage parlors in New York, L.A., places where it's almost impossible to get a massage if you don't want the masseuse to do "a little sex-

ual." You ask for a straight massage and they think you're some kind of freak. She doesn't hear any of this. All she knows is that she's studied for two years, learning how to manipulate nerve endings, at Professor Nagasomebody's in Japan. I say terrific, and she can forget about the sexual, just give me the same massage she gave Burt.

"Better," she says, as I whip off my clothes. It's going to be better, because she didn't have her table at Gila Bend and had to work Reynolds on a motel bed. The table enables her to hop all over the place. She puts some cold eye patches over me and goes to work. I'm a little worried about the disgruntled CIA fellow down at the bar. Bare-assed, with patches over my eyes—I'm not exactly ready to deal with the CIA. ReTsuKo tells me Burt has a terrific body, but he isn't that natural a person. Sarah has a fine body, too, lean, really dynamite, and she's a little more natural. ReTsuKo would prefer doing women, because there isn't all that muscle to get through. At first, she was impressed by her assignment, the cast of *Cat Dancing*, but then it was just another massage gig. Who would have impressed her? Henry Fonda or Peter O'Toole, either together or separately. They're more her style. One nice thing about Burt is that even when she backed down on doing "a little sexual," he let her keep the extra bread. (The fee was \$20; he gave her \$40.) She felt guilty about this and threw in an extra massage for the lady hairdresser on the picture, a friend of Burt's.

I'm starting to get into the massage. She really does know about nerves and she's discovering entire communication centers of New York tension in my neck and shoulders that I never knew I had. She tips in at a fast 85 pounds soaking wet, but she gets all 85 pounds behind her fingers and each probe is like the perfect punch that Torres used to take out Pastreano. I've brought all this East Coast tension to Arizona and she's able to smoke it out, all the while saying "Poor baby, poor baby." For a split second, I'm a lonely GI listening to Tokyo Rose and really digging it. I'm ready to throw in the towel and go A.W.O.L. We're both really cooking, when there's this pounding on the door. The CIA guy. A lot of my tension shoots back in. He just wants to let her know that he's waiting. Of *course*, he's waiting. We all know that. He goes back to the bar and ReTsuKo apologizes, saying he's shamed because he can't fly and has to carry her massage table. Everybody is shamed around here. We go back to the massage, and now she really ups the ante. I'm not exactly sure how she's pulling it off, but whatever she's doing, it comes across as either heavy raindrops on my ass or light-footed Japanese ponies. Maybe a combination. Ponies and raindrops. She does an elaborate slapping



Inuitlandi

"He pulled something called executive privilege on me..."

thing on the soles of my feet and talks about relaxation. I'm going to be relaxed for a month. I'm not sure I want to be this relaxed. The CIA guy shows up again and he's a little testy now, but I'm too relaxed to worry about it. ReTsuKo tells *him* to relax and apologizes. He heads for the bar again and we're off. To tell the truth, up front, I was hoping for "a little sexual." I'm always ready for "a little sexual"—some kind of family thing that got passed on—but I swear to you this is better than sexual. Suddenly, I'm right behind Mayor Lindsay and his effort to throw the massage parlors out of the city—but only if he replaces them with a city full of licensed ReTsuKos. This has got to be a substitute for hash, coke, skag. Assign each junkie a ReTsuKo and you can close down the methadone clinics.

Meanwhile, ReTsuKo can't get over how big I am. Burt's got the lats and the pecs, but she's marveling over my bigness. This is some Japanese cupcake. No wonder Goldwater's sister passed her along to the Hiltons, who passed her along to MGM. I'm the most relaxed fellow in Arizona when the CIA guy comes back. This time, he shoves open the door and says, "Fuck it, I'm getting out of here."

Very tense there for a moment, and I'm worried about my Adam's apple. ReTsuKo says don't worry, he's like a little boy, she can handle him, and then she finishes me off with more ponies and raindrops. She leaves; I make a feeble attempt to check the local Scottsdale action, but then I collapse, drugged, sure that I'm going to sleep for a week. I haven't made it to Gila Bend; I certainly haven't solved any mysteries; but I've gotten myself some son of a bitch of a massage. Miraculously, I wake up the next morning and decide she's overdone it a little; there are two pressure points at the base of my neck that are pounding away. Is it possible she and the CIA guy have slipped a finely tuned electronic gadget in there and that all my activities for the next month will be piped back to some underground headquarters? I've been reading too much about Watergate.

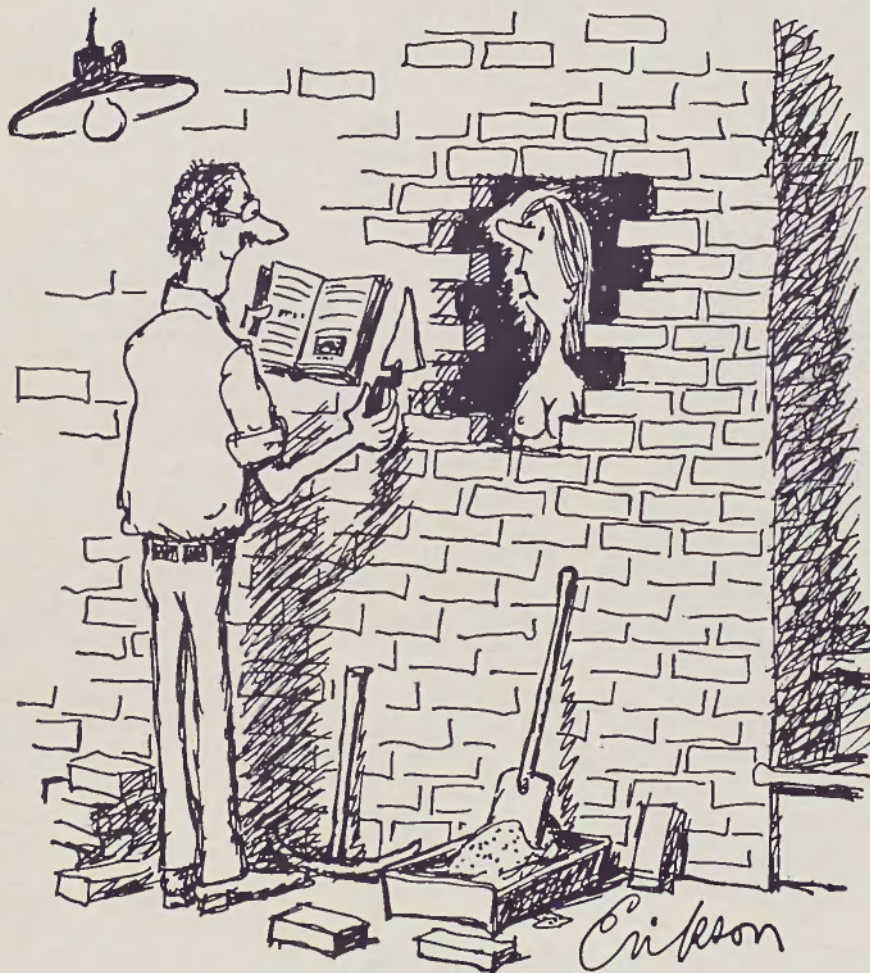
I say goodbye to the Scottsdale Hilton, but not before a blonde lifeguard right out of the Cybill Shepherd cookie cutter comes up and asks, "Is it possible, in your view, to sustain a one-on-one relationship for the duration of a lifetime?" What am I, some older, venerable sage type she's spotted? I tell her that the prospects are

a little dim, in my view, and she looks forlorn. A single strand of pubic hair peeps out of her bikini bottom, but I'm not blowing Gila Bend for any pubic-hair strand. I've done that kind of thing. Maybe I'll catch her on the way back.

I hear it gets to be 126 degrees in the summer down at "the Bend" (they call it the fan-belt capital of the world, because everybody's fan belt breaks down there on the way to Tucson), so I get Hertz's two-door Montego special in tiptop condition before I head out. The garage mechanic says his dog just bit a neighbor child. Is he covered under normal insurance? I don't know about things like that. I just love the expression—neighbor child—and can't get over how casual he is. Of course, the neighbor child's father, equally casual, is liable to stroll over and casually put one between his eyes. A breakfast of old-fashioned buttermilk pancakes—"tender as a woman's heart"—and I start traveling, headed 60 miles south of Phoenix. Glen Campbell country. I pass the Triple A Ranch, the Quick Seed and Feed Company, Arnold's Pickle and Olive Company, a massive sheep farm, four-legged woolled sweaters, benign, fairy-tale animals, totally oblivious of the chaos in meat prices. I turn on the radio—Stevie Wonder, Roberta Flack, Marvin Gaye—no matter where you are in the country, the music ties it all together. At a drugstore, I spot a classy-looking upright citizen, a pillar of respectability, sneaking out with a copy of *Anal Nieces*—with all this conservative stuff, they're just as horny here as they are back East. Now I'm in the craggy, ferocious Gila Bend desert country. I used to fly over it and I get a little nauseated, as I remember crawling along the bosoms of nasty-looking pock-marked mountains. I can still smell the sweet and sickening fuel as it leaked through to the cockpit of an old prop-driven trainer. The Air Force owns millions of acres in this territory, used it and still does as a gunnery range. The idea then was to build up simulated Korean villages and ammo dumps and let the new jet fighters practice blowing them to ribbons. Build them up again, blow them out. That was salute-the-flag, the-Marines-are-coming, gung-ho and my-country-'tis-of-three time. It still is, at least for the Air Force.

On the ground, they've got F-84s disguised as MIGs, and also simulated SAM missile sites. The jets fly over and practice wiping them out. The poor bastards on the ground paste the targets back together and the jets zero in again. It goes on like this.

Now I'm in Gila Bend, and it's a lucky thing I jam on the brakes; otherwise, I'd be on my way to Tucson. I'm a pretty good describer, but I'm going to pass on describing this burg. Someone back in Phoenix said it was "2000 people and



"Farnum, what kind of marriage manual is that?"

Johnny, walk'er to a bar and say...



“Don’t give up the ship!”

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"What more could you want for
seven ewe lambs? She's comely, strong, great in bed and
never heard of women's lib."

that's a bunch. Two thousand if you throw in the rattlesnakes." You see the Santa Fe Railroad, some motels, a feed company, and then you're past it. You can't call it a small town; it just begins and then it's over. There's not even room enough to gossip. And they ought to be thrilled they have something to gossip about. They ought to send Burt Reynolds a small, mysterious weekly check for the material he handed them.

I find the now-notorious TraveLodge and it's more insignificant than advertised. I haven't reserved a room and say I'd like one. The fellow gives me the key to room 135, and, with a wink, says, "That's the one Burt Reynolds had!" Now I identify myself and he gives me the score card on room requests. Reynolds is way ahead. That is, curiosity seekers ask for his room more than that of any of the other principals. Sarah Miles follows close behind and David Whiting, the dead boy, is near the end of the list. Only a few people want to sleep in his pad. No one wants Lee J. Cobb's room.

The proprietor's wife says she doesn't like the smell of the whole thing. "It just wasn't right." I'm going to hear that a lot in the next several days. "Between you, me and the fence post, it just won't wash." The motel manager's wife says if there was all that screaming, if Whiting was, indeed, beating up Sarah Miles, how come there was no sound? She's got a point there.

Later, in Reynolds' room, the wind shifts slightly and the whole TraveLodge shakes. It's like a prop in a Victorian suspense novel. The manager's wife wants to know if I think any money changed hands to keep people quiet. I don't know, ma'am, I just got here, but it's my notion that it didn't work that way. "There wasn't all that much blood,"

she says, being very fair and judicial. The newspapers described a "massive pool of blood" around the boy's head. Who cleaned it up? I ask. Just one of the girls, she says, got the room back in shape in no time, just as if a guest had had a rough night and dropped his cookies. That's all there was to it. One more thing. She saw Sarah Miles after the "incident" and she certainly wasn't all bruised up the way they had her pictured in *The National Tattler*. Does she remember David Whiting? Nope. Nobody does. He just slipped around, was almost invisible. I'm going to be hearing this often in Gila Bend. All anyone knows is he ordered the same meal each time he entered the dining room: a club sandwich and a shrimp cocktail. Do I think Burt "bashed" the boy? Again—I don't know, ma'am. I just rolled in. If I find out, I'll sure let you know. How's business? I ask her. A little slow, actually. When it starts getting warm in northern Arizona, the "snow-birds" don't bother much with Gila Bend.

I go to my room. What did he mean, Burt Reynolds' room? It was my room first. That is, I've been in that room a hundred times. Anyone who's traveled has been in that room. It's the room I check into once in a while to get a cold, mentholated quiet so I can get a piece of writing done. Which I never get done. I think Truman Capote gets writing done in rooms like that. Or at least he did in Kansas once. Do I smell dried blood? I swear to myself that I'm smelling some. I once saw a homicide detective pick up a kitchen knife, little serrated job, with a drop of blood on the end. Looked like catsup to me—what there was of it I could see—but he pinned a stabbing homicide on the kitchen owner with it. I get carried away once in a while, but I'm

no homicide dick, and I decide not to look around for bloodstains. What am I supposed to do with them if I find them? They found blood all over the place a couple of months before and the company went on making *Cat Dancing*.

It's too late to catch the police chief, so I go out to the TraveLodge bar and the first fellow I run into, a heavily muscled Mexican, tells me he's heard I'm a writer and that I might as well check right out, because the town was totally unaffected by the "shooting." Suddenly, it's a shooting. Everyone refers to it as either a shooting or a killing. Maybe they know something I don't know.

The Mexican asks me how I can expect the town to get excited about one shooting when at least four guys a month fall asleep on the Santa Fe tracks and get cut in thirds. What do they do that for? I ask. He can't help me. They get sleepy, so they lie down on the tracks.

"So death comes easy in Gila Bend."

"Nothing to it," he says. "Especially at some of the bars. You mix up Papagos, wetbacks, gringos, wranglers and you get a plenty hot fire."

A TraveLodge waitress, Ireland-born, freshly divorced from a gunnery-range GI, says she didn't think much of the *Cat Dancing* folks, figuring they were a bunch of "carnies"; that is, people who don't actually work for a living. She loved Burt Reynolds, though, and stood on her toes to slip him a kiss. Every woman I run into has the same story, and that would include the ladies in the old-age home if they had one. The women couldn't get over Burt and the men, for the most part, could just as well have passed. Dave, the TraveLodge bartender, on duty at the time of the "incident," is not among the Reynolds lovers. He turns out to be a Jewish guy from Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, and when two truckers ask for beers, he says, "Don't rush me, I'm not an A-rab, I'm a Hebe." I don't see the logic in that statement, but nothing surprises me anymore. It wasn't anything Reynolds said that got Dave pissed off but something in his eyes. "His eyes told me he thought I was a peasant. I'm from Bay Ridge, Brooklyn."

"Maybe it's because he's a new star. When he gets a little deeper into it, he'll ease up."

"For Christ's sake," says Dave, "Ed Sullivan once shook my hand at *Toffenetti's*."

While I'm flashing back to the story about the guy who went around bragging that he once pissed next to Gene Krupa, Dave hints that he can tell me plenty, or at least he could if he weren't part of the management. I take him aside and all he's got for me is that Sarah Miles drinks grasshoppers and that the Big Four kept constantly checking one another's whereabouts. What am I supposed to do with that? What I do is try to figure out who

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the Big Four are. I think they're Reynolds, Sarah, George Hamilton and an actor named Bo Hopkins, whom I remember from *The Getaway* and who always seems to be in the picture. I ask Dave if there's any action in the vicinity and he tells me to forget about it. "Nothing between here and El Centro. The GIs at the gunnery range are dying for a chance to use penicillin, but there's no way." I see an inconspicuous blonde head slumped over at the end of the bar, except that it's not that inconspicuous. I recall the motel owner's telling me about a blonde girl reporter, staying at the Travelodge. So he'd blown her cover the second I checked in. I march her over to a side table; she trots along like a naughty child. We almost exchange information. Turns out she knew and worked with David Whiting. I want to know about Whiting and she wants to know what I was doing in Phoenix. Mexican standoff. We decide to be friends and tell each other nothing. She says I have a big advantage being a man and I look at the piled-up blonde hair and I'm not convinced. I flash on the idea of bouncing around the world as a team, her getting the blonde-hair material, me getting what's left over—but then I drop it; it's probably a TV series.

What she's done is to get me thinking about Whiting. Really thinking about him. The reality of him. This was a friend of hers, about the same age, a writer, and he's dead; one way or another, he went out in one of those Burt Reynolds motel rooms. She gives me a little tidbit. "The key to David," she says, "is that he lost his father when he was very, very young." I give her a little tidbit in return, mentioning Reynolds' friend, the hairdresser on the picture, and we call it quits. Much later, I remember how cagey I've been and I don't like myself for it. I call her in Los Angeles and apologize for being so cagey. But that's much later. A trucker at the bar tells me no matter how badly I want action, to avoid the Owl Buffet at all costs, very rough wrangler place. I shoot right over to the Owl Buffet.

I take a seat at the bar and read a sign—or warning—between the mirrors:

THERE WAS AN OWL
THAT SAT IN AN OAK
THE MORE HE SAW
THE LESS HE SPOKE
THE LESS HE SPOKE
THE MORE HE HEARD
WHY CAN'T WE ALL BE
LIKE THIS WISE OLD BIRD?

In other words, I'm supposed to keep my mouth shut or I'll get my head handed to me. At the end of the bar, I get my first wranglers, five of them, real vintage types; each of them looks as though he's been chewed in a giant mouth for a while and then spit out. The worst and most chewed-up one is named Earl and is shooting pool with his friend, a one-eared

fellow. Each time Earl misses a shot, he picks up a chair and asks the bartender, "Can I hit him with this?" He misses another shot, picks up a spittoon and says, "Can I hit him with this?" And so on, with giant ashtrays, pool cues, beer bottles.

Very good-natured stuff, and the bartender tells me, "Don't pay them no mind." Everyone kids the one-eared man about the way he lost his ear. A girl slammed a ladies-room door on it.

A third pool shooter insists that he doesn't care about the Papago wife who's left him. "I got all the pussy I wanted off that girl."

"Well, she hid plenty more from you," says Earl, "because I happen to know she's out there right now, passing it around at the trailer camp."

Big laugh from everyone, and then the man who lost his wife slumps over the bar and says, "Oh, hell, I can't drink, I can't shoot pool and I can't get a hard-on." The bartender rubs it in a bit, telling him he's so dumb he'd lend a man his horse so he could steal his car.

There's an awareness that I'm at the bar—let's not kid ourselves, with my beard and my California-casual outfit, I don't exactly fade into the wallpaper at the Owl Buffet. I decide to shoot some dice and take a try at old Earl.

"Those movie people ever come in here?"

He fixes me through an eye slit—a look that probably kills cattle swiftly and painlessly—and after a long pause, not exactly a Pinter pause but more of a deadly Southwest wrangler pause, says: "No comment."

"Fine," I say, and then I decide to run right up the middle on him, none of this end-around stuff. After all, what's the worst thing that can happen? My Blue Cross is paid up and there's probably a halfway-decent doctor around. Maybe not in Gila Bend, but somewhere in the area, working with the Indians.

"I'll bet you've been waiting to say that all your life."

Second pause, much worse this time, and I feel an involuntary muscle start to go in my left arm, probably not a heart attack but definitely not a sign of physical fitness. Suddenly, Earl laughs, or guffaws, I suppose, wraps a bear's arm around me, says I'm all right and buys me a drink. I'd guessed right. There's a TV set in the Owl Buffet—that's the local pitcher show—and I'd imagined Earl watching the parade of celebs on the seven-o'clock news, each of them saying "No comment." I've always wanted to say "No comment," so I figured Earl did, too. The problem now is to get rid of him. I've got a friend for life. He tells me that during the inquest, a woman resembling Sarah Miles came into the Owl one night wearing a blonde fall and escorted by a fellow Earl saw later on television. The fellow placed a call on Sarah's behalf to New York,

using a credit card, but when the call came through, Sarah, or the woman resembling her, ran and hid behind the jukebox.

Then both Earl and the bartender go to work on Reynolds. He's a man, just like they are, puts his pants on one leg at a time. The next day, the police chief is going to tell me the same thing. That Burt Reynolds puts his pants on one leg at a time. All the men in Gila Bend stand as one behind this theory: that Burt Reynolds puts his pants on the same way they do. What makes them so sure? He could really cross them up if he thought of another way of getting his pants on. And the women in Gila Bend would love to watch. As for Sarah, the bartender says she was good-looking but nothing to raise the flag about.

"You see, I'm different," he says. "If I want to raise the flag, I got a little woman sittin' back home who'll raise the flag and the whole damned flagpole!" Earl and the bartender lean in close now—I'm their new buddy and I'm going to get handed a blockbuster.

"Don't say you got it from here," says the bartender, "but just between you, me, Earl and the fence post, the whole thing don't *smell* right. It don't *feel* right. And that's the way most people around here figure." I promise not to let the cat out of the bag, and then I leave. Earl follows me out to the car. He wants to hang around with me. I'm not looking for new friends, but I can't tell him that. I say I'd like to, but I have to "mosey around some." He understands that and we say goodbye.

Southern-police-chief time: Big, Beefy. Heavy hands. Weighs in at 230. Ice-cold eyes. Got the right name, too: Tom Cromwell. Except that he's not Southern. He's from Illinois; they'll do it every time. We make some hard eye contact. Something like arm wrestling, except that I've gotten good at the eye thing. I try to think of someone who can stare me down. Maybe Chou En-lai, but that's about it. Has something to do with losing your father. After that, you can return anyone's stare. We go at it awhile, chatting casually, as though there's no duel going on. He's proud of a daughter who broke 100 words a minute in a typing contest. His biggest coup before the Reynolds-Miles case? Arrested the same man twice for two separate homicides. Fellow killed his brother in Ajo, then killed another man in Gila Bend. "Maybe he's not finished," I say, but the chief doesn't think that's funny.

The eye battle ends in a draw and the chief takes a deep breath. "The case," he says, "is officially closed." But the "officially" is in italics. The chief has been getting letters from all over the country. And they hurt. "How much did those Hollywood bums pay you to close the case?" The letters really sting.

"Hell," he says, "I didn't haul ass out of here, the MGM people did." He switches the subject around to how industrious the

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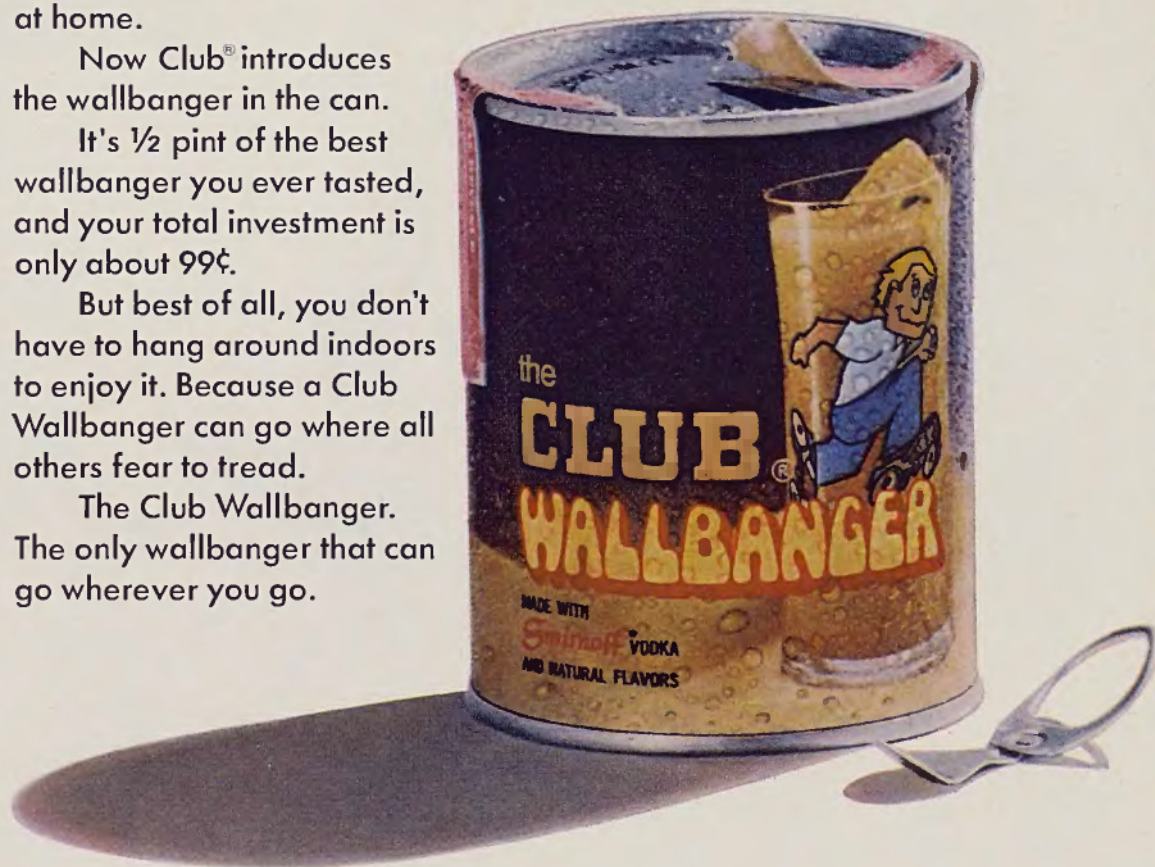
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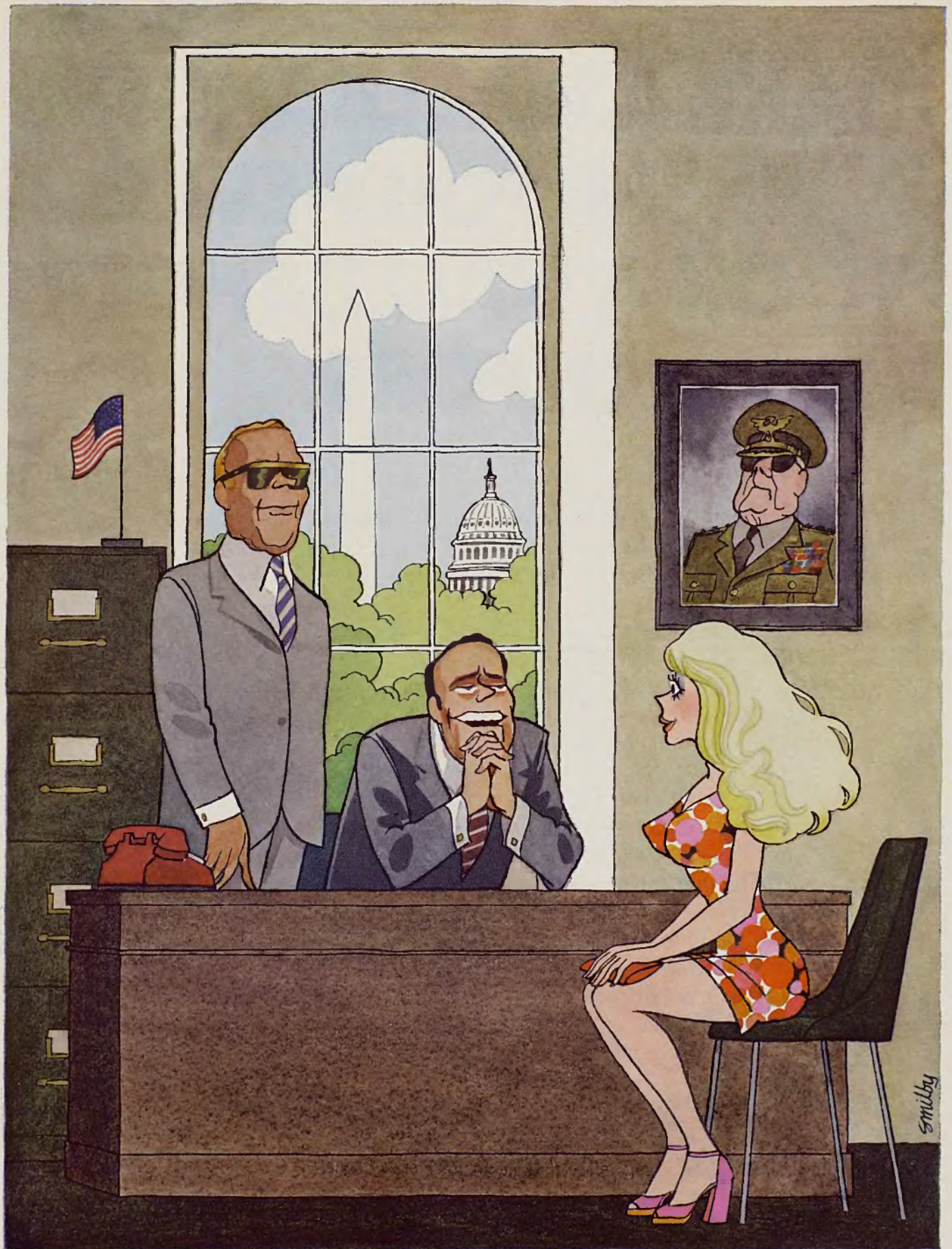
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"To put it bluntly, Miss Capworth, there are certain assignments with the Central Intelligence Agency where intelligence is not the primary requisite."

British reporters are—and I tell him, fine, but has he ever actually looked at the British tabloids? They make ours look like *The Christian Science Monitor*. He doesn't really want to talk about the press, although, obviously, all that attention from people all over the world had to affect him a bit. Mostly, though, he seems to feel he's been made a fool of. It really hurts. Hurts his stomach. "If only they'd stuck around an extra twenty-four hours," he says, "we'd have had a proper investigation, and maybe we'd have found exactly what the inquest found. An O.D. But every time I tried to talk to someone, there was an attorney standing in front of him." What would it take to reopen the case? Some hard evidence. Getting the coroners and pharmacologists together. One of the drugs in question was Mandrax. Shouldn't someone go to England, where the drug is manufactured, and ask the people there what the tolerance level is? There are just too many unanswered questions. Too much blood. Questions about keys. And mostly about time. Time is driving the chief bughouse. No one seems to have gotten the time straight and the chief runs through the case a hundred times, trying to break through on the time sequence. And the bruises. All over David's body. Markings on his chest, pelvis, hands, bruised knuckles, jawbone, the star-shaped, or stellate, wound. . . . And how about the way he was found, crumpled up in the dressing room? Think about it. When people O.D., how do they go about it? Marilyn Monroe, etc. They pop the pills in bed. Or they slump over in the driver's seat of a car. What's this dressing-room stuff? Ever heard of a guy O.D.ing in a dressing room before? I tell the chief there's nothing more attractive than seeing a well-trained criminologist, customs man, homicide dick go to work with real precision. Spurred on, he says, "I may look dumb, but . . ." a line that comes to us courtesy of TV, then proceeds to lecture me with that precision I'm talking about—on the subject of *rigor mortis*, how you'd have to break the arm and crack off the fingers of a dead man if you wanted to get something out of his hand, and he was in a certain stage of *rigor*. But all of this thinking is unofficial. The case is closed. Crimes are solved by manpower, man-hours. He's got eight men on his staff and he's from Gila Bend. He's lucky if the L.A. police take his phone calls. "I just wish," he says, "I could take a year's sabbatical and go off on my own on this one. You bet your ass I'd come back with some answers."

I get the impression he doesn't think the answer lies in the area of the rumors that are floating around New York and California, that Reynolds took the kid out. I also get the impression he doesn't feel the story that came out at the inquest was right on target, either. The real McCoy was somewhere in between, and if

the story were told, it probably wouldn't result in any new actions or arrests. Deputy County Attorney Douglas Peacock, who did some of the questioning at the inquest, seemed to feel the same way: "I wish somebody would have said what happened. It probably wouldn't have changed anything. It probably all was justifiable. But. . ." Did he mean that someone probably struck David before he died? he was asked. "Right," he said. To use the current phrase, this is where the chief's head seems to be at—and there is all this pressure building up inside him. It's going to drive him up the wall.

Before I leave, I begin to get the first fuzzy image of what David Whiting's mother is like. The chief is obviously down on Reynolds for mouthing off at the local justice of the peace in front of the national press; he has generally good feelings about the movie people who passed through, and MGM in particular. This is not a case of a small-town yokel pissed off at highfalutin showbiz types. On the contrary, he's a rather sophisticated man. He gets paternal about the dead boy, referring to him on a first-name basis. But the one he has a grudging admiration for is Mrs. Campbell, David's mother. "I've got to give the old girl credit," he says. "She came in here with her guns high and firing, determined to get some answers. [Attention, staff of *Psychoanalytic Review*: Robert Bolt, recording his first meeting with Sarah Miles: "She came into the party like a ship in full sail with all guns firing."] She poor-mouthed a lot, said she had no funds, but she shook the place up. That was her son, and damned if she wasn't going to find out what happened to him."

The police chief and David's mom have their differences, mostly disputes over David's belongings—his clothing and cameras, his last effects. Sarah claims the cameras are hers, and the chief is caught in the middle, unable to relinquish David's belongings without a court order. At one point, the old girl locks herself in the chief's office, shutting out the deputies—so she can call her lawyer. Everything she does, this "tiny, wrenlike" woman, throws the chief off his game; but in spite of the hassle, he comes up with unconcealed admiration for her. In one instance, she points at Cromwell's briefcase and asks: "Is that your briefcase or my son David's?" I'm beginning to get a little feeling of her style. The more I hear about her, the more she reminds me of someone I knew.

Later in the day, I read some notes taken by Irene Guilbert, a local stringer for *The Arizona Republic*. They tell of her first impressions of the "subdued, mouselike little lady" arriving in Gila Bend: "She had been in [Chief Cromwell's] office but minutes when voices began rising, Cromwell's as well as Mrs. Campbell's. Soon Chief Cromwell strode out, red-faced, saying, 'I can't deal

with her. Forey [a deputy], get the hell in there!' As the reluctant Forey obeyed, Cromwell said to me, 'He used to be a minister; he can handle her.' Evidently, it worked, because voices quieted. Cromwell entered again, voices rose. Exit Cromwell, angry, with Mrs. Campbell dashing around in his wake, shrieking, 'Is power so important to you that you can treat the mother of a poor dead lad like this?' The argument was over David's possessions. Mrs. Campbell wanted them immediately—Cromwell said they were impounded. . . . The police were left very shaken, because . . . they had expected to be solicitous and comforting to a grief-stricken mother and had not expected this."

I spend the rest of my time in Gila Bend picking my way through rumors the way you might step through a mine field. They're all over the place. The townspeople insist the whole affair meant nothing to them, that they plan to just go about their business, that Burt Reynolds puts his pants on, etc. But everyone has a little rumor to toss in, a theory. Several question Sarah's bruises. "The bruises began to get so bad," says Miss Guilbert, "that after a while it looked as though Sarah Miles was the one who was dead and David was alive." Even little Thomas, Sarah's five-year-old son, gets into the act. There's a story that his 22-year-old nanny was heard saying: "The reason Thomas is acting so precocious is that he was the one who broke in and found David dead." There's plenty more where these came from—but by this time, all I really care about is David and his mother. I've phased out my Hollywood stage of the story and I'm working on the mother-and-son legend. They wouldn't let David's mother speak at the inquest, but she insisted and finally got a list of testimonials read into the record: *Time* magazine's John Steele (David was a staff member for three years) found him "one of the brightest young men with whom I have come into contact . . . a young man of high character and honesty." A film producer, Warren Kiefer, had this to say: "He was one of the very few men I have ever known intimately who demonstrated from the very first day I met him in London . . . courage. . . . He became, for both me and my wife, in his short life, a standard of what in fact an exceptional young man can and should be." So where does Sarah Miles come off calling Mrs. Campbell's son "half-mad"?

Come to think of it, Mom's really got it in for Sarah. Her final words to the inquest jury: "We believe that Sarah Miles will find in her own conscience the best rebuttal of her allegations about my son." Somewhere along the line, I get my hands on David's last letter to his mom. It's dated January 15, 1973, and is written from London. Here's some of it: "All goes well here. My skiing trip was very successful. I have bought some splendid

new cameras. I am just finishing the first draft of a screenplay. I have bought the film rights of a book called *The Mistress*, by Andrew McCall, and, generally, things are going very well here, indeed." Options . . . screenplays . . . new cameras. . . David's mother would like to know if these sound like the ravings of a "half-mad" young man. I poke around some more, following Mrs. Campbell's trail a bit. A waitress at Mrs. Wright's Dining Room remembers her storming into the restaurant and saying, "I hear you have some god-awful barbecued food here and that all of your fish is frozen, too." But the girl recalls this with affection. She's one of those women who can get away with this kind of thing. Insult you and make you love it.

I had that kind of mother. She used to walk over to a baby carriage, look inside and tell the proud mother, "What an ugly child." I don't know how she did it, but she made the mother love it. The mother knew that, in some weird way, ugly meant beautiful. It's a tough one to

pull off, but my mother had that knack. So, apparently, does David's mother. At least in the legend I'm creating. A Mr. Ferrante, of Western Auto Associate Store, who drove David's mother back and forth to the inquest from the Westward Motel in Buckeye, didn't see any of this edge to the woman. But he was with her all the way. He found her motherly, polite, considerate. "Mankind has to like people like her, especially middle-class people like us. You see, we get into battles and lose them. A woman like her just keeps on coming." Ferrante has a boy, 15, and an eight-year-old daughter. If one of them were to die, tragically, like David, would he wade in? "You bet your life. With everything I had. But the thing is, I'd probably have to drop out at some point. That's the thing about Mrs. Campbell. She'll never drop out."

Late at night, back at the Travelodge, I stand in my room, the Burt Reynolds room, and it really gets to me. A kid is dead. A writer, too, 26, just getting off the ground. (To his credit, Reynolds

points this out on the courtroom steps, right after he's taken a rap at the local "plumber." "Let's not forget," he says, "a boy is dead.") And his mother is not taking no for an answer. She plans to keep on coming. And brother, do I know that kind of mother. We all had them, all 35 of my friends in the Bronx, 34 of whom became dentists and doctors. And me. We all had John Wayne for a mother. The fathers were invisible, so the mothers took over, but at least there was one John Wayne in the family, even if he was wearing skirts. We paid a big price for having this kind of mother (see Kraft-Ebing, any chapter will do). Once in a while, there was a kid whose father was in the rackets, a "bad Jew," but I notice those guys didn't turn out so terrifically, either. Whatever the case, David is dead, but at least he's got a John Wayne mother on the case. Taking on coroners and police chiefs and lawyers and movie studios. With no intention of quitting. The way those tough Bronx mothers wouldn't have quit. The way my mother would have hung in there. Even in Arizona. In the Andaman Islands, if that's where the trail led her. Forget about *why* these mothers hang in there. The textbooks might hint there's a little guilt in the picture. Maybe they didn't do too hot a job on the kid when he was alive. Not important. Mrs. Campbell is going to keep on coming. David is out of private day schools and St. Albans and *Time* and London and his mother now lives and works in Berkeley and is married to a former official in the Truman Administration. Neither David nor his mother ever set foot in the Bronx, but put all that aside for the moment. She's some kind of Bronx Jewish John Wayne mom, at least in the story I'm making up. Standing in the Burt Reynolds room, I start to focus on David and I'm tempted to check out his last room, but I don't do it. What's that going to accomplish? All these goddamned rooms are the same, anyway.

Driving up to L.A. through the desert, I start to see David as some kind of tortured Seymour Glass type, pill popping, sporadically brilliant, unable to cope. His colleagues in the Luce group remember him as being "flaky—a star-struck man-child with a Bond Street wardrobe, lavender glasses . . . a lust for the life of the Beautiful People." Well, that's not quite Seymour Glass, but I make an adjustment; I force it to work. Quirky, brilliant, erratic—all of it snuffed out just as he's starting to cook. The trouble is, as they say at Watergate, it just won't wash. For example, when I get to L.A. (I miss Candice Bergen—one of David's crushes—by ten minutes; she's off to China, and I don't know the Zip Code), I take another look at David's last letter to his mom. Here's a paragraph I missed the first time around: "What I need is roughly six pairs



"Where is this wench who claims to turn straw into gold?"

of boxer shorts. I find the English variety abominably badly cut. They should be for a 33" waist; thus the size should be either 32"-34" or more likely simply 34". Plaids, stripes and other bright colors would be appreciated, and I suggest you unwrap them, launder them once and then airmail them to me in a package marked 'personal belongings'. . . There are various kinds of boxer shorts, but it is the most standard normal cut which I want."

This is kind of sad, in a way, but it's a little hard to work with. "Abominably badly cut" boxer shorts. He's got to have the most standard normal cut. Where's the quirky brilliance? Where's the failed genius? What happened to Seymour Glass? This guy is into boxer shorts. And they have to have the right cut or he's not going for them. That's what happens when you fool around with legends. They have a way of backfiring on you. I even swing with the boxer shorts for a while; I figure I'll give him the boxer shorts. But then I get my hands on some of his magazine stuff. I try an article called "Dick and Paula: Two Real Fun Kids." Right off, he's got Dick Benjamin and Paula Prentiss "bounding into the living room of their Manhattan apartment like frisky elk. Dick with his hand-in-the-cookie-jar grin and Paula with breasts squirming like live puppies beneath her jersey top." Now I'm in big trouble. It's going to

be hard to work with those live-puppy breasts. All right, the kid was 25 when he knocked off the piece, but you just don't do live-puppy breasts. Even if you're just getting off the ground. You take live-puppy breasts out, even if it hurts. And particularly if you want to be Seymour Glass. I have to remind myself that *he* doesn't want to be Seymour Glass. *I'm* the one who's making this all up. And his magazine work, give or take a live-puppy-breast allusion or two, is readable. Competent; slick. Not that easy to pull off. Try keeping someone glued to the page with 6000 words on a starlet and you'll get the idea. But there's no way I'm going to get Seymour Glass out of him. And the deeper in I go, the more trouble I'm in. I round up one of the female stars of whom he was temporarily enamored, and all she can remember is that he was "sweaty."

For a while, I was working with a young Robert Ryan or Hurd Hatfield vision of David (I'd come off Seymour Glass), and she hands me "Mike Nichols with a paunch." If you had to do him in the films, which actor would you pick for the part? Art Garfunkel, she says. "Kind of a WASP Art Garfunkel." I can't deal with this and I decide to quit while I'm behind. Not fool around anymore. I forget all about Seymour Glass and live puppies and WASP Art Garfunkels and I decide to go back to my original made-up (but possibly truer than the real thing,

the way the Italian spaghetti Westerns often achieve an epic form that's more accurate than the American realistic films) version of the story, the one I like about the gray-haired little old lady sailing into a strange Arizona town, guns firing, loaded for bear, absolutely determined to find out what happened to her son, her masterpiece, and nobody better stand in the way. I'm not sure what happened to David Whiting that night (early morning?) in Gila Bend, and that troubled police chief isn't, either. As David's writer-girlfriend put it: "Every one of those thousand journalists who covered Gila Bend has a little piece of the truth. If you could put all those pieces together, you'd have the answer." More important, if I were on the stand in Maricopa County and I had told even a little fib, I wouldn't be sleeping very easy—not with my legendary mother on the case. Not with this woman who obviously plans to keep on coming.

So I'm going to stick with my mother-and-son legend for a while. I don't know how it squares with the facts, but it would make a terrific film. You'd need someone young, wide-eyed, a real believer, to tackle the screenplay. Come to think of it, a David Whiting would be perfect. Got all the stuff and he'd probably work cheap. Except that . . . well. . .



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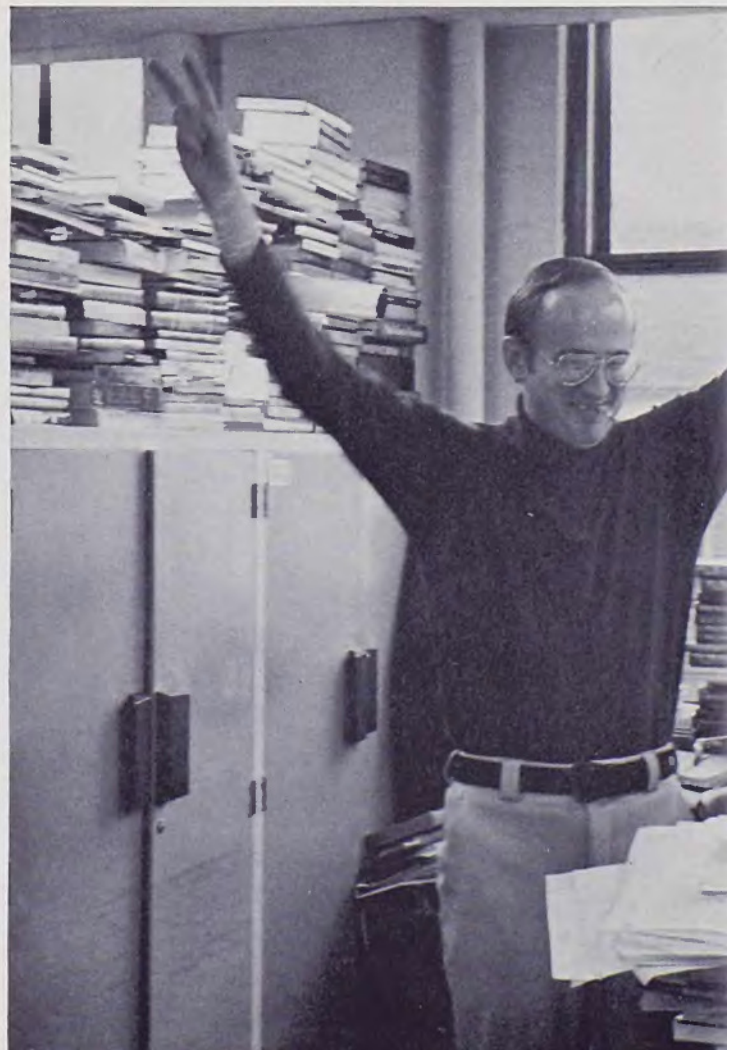
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SUZANNE SEED

JAMES THOMPSON *mr. district attorney*

SLOUCHED IN THE CHAIR of his large, glass-walled Chicago office, U. S. District Attorney James Thompson talks on the phone, telling a reporter that it's much too early for him to think about running for mayor. After the call, he turns to a visitor and says, "Guessing who's going to succeed Daley is the favorite pastime of political reporters here. If they get someone who looks like a halfway-decent candidate and he doesn't deny his interest, that just fans the flames to a white heat in this town." Certainly, Thompson is more than halfway decent. After his appointment in 1971, he launched a massive attack on political corruption in the mother-lode city of such connivings—prosecuting Cook County Clerk Edward Barrett, numerous aldermen and, in his most significant conviction to date, former governor Otto Kerner, whose reputation had been that of a clean—if stiffly starched—public official. Since then, "Big Jim" (he's 6'6" and weighs 230 pounds) has been almost daily news, which he doesn't mind at all. At a conference of U. S. attorneys, he and a colleague held a tongue-in-cheek impromptu seminar, telling fellow Federal prosecutors, "TV-news people love visuals. If you can show them a bag of heroin or a confiscated arsenal of rifles, you'll get 30 seconds on the air any time." He was joking, but there's no denying that he knows how to get coverage, and that ability, together with his sincere outrage at official malfeasance, has made him the most important, and feared, Republican in town. It's also prompted speculation about his future, although he recently declined an offer to head Nixon's new narcotics-enforcement administration. "I want to stay in Chicago," said Thompson. So he's busy looking for a town house on the city's Near North Side and has spotted at least one he particularly admires. "It's Cardinal Cody's mansion," he says; then he winks and adds, "It would be perfect for me: a big, stately place with a coach house in back, where the mayoral cabinet could meet."



ON
THE
SCENE

WAYLON JENNINGS *best by a country mile*

IF HE HADN'T given up his charter-flight seat to a friend back in February 1959, the world might have known Waylon Jennings only as an accident statistic. The flight ended in a crash outside Mason City, Iowa, killing all aboard, including Buddy Holly, Richie Valens and J. P. "Big Bopper" Richardson, the guy to whom Waylon—who was then vocalist and bass sideman with Holly's group, The Crickets—gave his seat. Instead, columnists are now speculating that Jennings could make it as "the performer of 1973," and fellow artist Kris Kristofferson has called him, simply, "the best country singer in the world." But it's been a slow climb for Jennings, who's been singing for his supper for nearly 25 of his 36 years. He was pretty broken up by the airplane tragedy: "I just kinda quit for quite a little while," he draws. He went back to Lubbock, and later to Phoenix, to work as a disc jockey—an occupation he had taken up at the age of 12 for radio station KVOW in his native Littlefield, Texas, a place he describes as "out in the suburbs of a cotton patch." The local station manager recruited Jennings after hearing him sing at a box supper. "I was so scared I like to died. I learned two songs—and then went and sang one of them clear through to the tune of the other." By the early Sixties, a more seasoned Jennings was ready to form his own group, the Waylor's. Since 1965, Jennings—who now lives outside Nashville with his wife of four years, singer-composer Jessi Colter—has been recording for RCA, with some 20 albums to his credit. He thinks the last two, *Lonesome, On'ry and Mean* and *Honky Tonk Heroes*, which he's produced himself, will make the difference. "Everybody had ideas of how I *should* sound instead of how I *did* sound," he says. "Now I'm just going to go ahead and do my own thing. It's not the instrument or the arrangement that makes country music: it's the soul and the performance. Otherwise, Dean Martin could be the biggest country singer in the world."

JILL KREMENTZ



RICHARD R. HEWETT

JOHN LEONARD *changing "times"*

"I ALWAYS WANTED to be the Great American Novelist," muses John Leonard. "After three novels, it was clear I wasn't going to make it." Instead, as editor of *The New York Times Book Review*, Leonard is probably the most powerful man in American book publishing—not a bad consolation prize. And a lucky break for literary buffs. Controversial, argumentative, often feisty, Leonard's new *Review* has shaken the mildew out of literary criticism. "I want it to be more than a shopping guide," he says. "We'll launch introspections, publish career essays, interview everybody in sight, even, occasionally, declare war." Unconventional is the best word for the *Review* and its 34-year-old editor, whose career is a zigzag of left to right and East to West. After flunking out of Harvard in 1958, he was discovered by William F. Buckley, Jr., who put him to work on the conservative *National Review*. "I was always vaguely liberal," Leonard recalls. "Buckley helped radicalize me." He moved on to Berkeley, where he was director of drama and books for San Francisco's radical FM station, KPFA. After a first novel, *The Naked Martini*, Leonard moved East again, this time to work with migrant apple pickers in New Hampshire. In 1967, *The New York Times* hired him first as book previewer, then as critic—and he found his métier. Witty, urbane, scathingly precise, his reviews have run the topical gamut from Nabokov to The Partridge Family. On Hubert Humphrey: "One doubts that Humphrey could inspire bacilli to connive at anthrax." On Jean Genet: "The only thing more irritating than a novel by Genet is a critical text on his fiction." On Merv Griffin: "Merv always comes on like Charlie Brown in a rep tie." Chiefly an editor now, Leonard still finds time to write—surprise!—the ubiquitous "Cyclops" column formerly in *Life* and *Newsweek*, now in the *Sunday Times*. "Editing a magazine," he says, "has none of the grosser ego satisfactions of a regular column; but there are subtle pleasures attached to it." We've noticed.

Burr

(continued from page 146)

would not be in any condition to succeed in our interview on July 11th. Fortunately, I drew blood immediately. Mr. Bradhurst withdrew from the field of honor, leaving me unscratched.

On the evening of July fourth, I attended the celebration of the Society of the Cincinnati at Fraunces' Tavern.

Hamilton was most poised. In fact, I have seldom seen him so charming. "I must congratulate you on a successful interview," he murmured as we bowed to each other in the taproom.

"I hope your friend Mr. Bradhurst will make a swift recovery," I turned away.

Despite Hamilton's notorious arrogance and shortness with those whose minds worked less swiftly than his own, he had the gift of enchanting others when he chose. Suspecting that this might well be his last public appearance, he meant for all the world to remember him as he was that night, still handsome despite the fleshiness of too much good living, still able to delight with subtle flattery those older than himself, to dazzle with his brilliance those younger.

As we sat at table in the long room—a group of middle-aged men who shared nothing but the fact that we had all been young at the same time and had fought as officers in the Revolution—I, too, had the sense that this might be my last appearance upon the republic's brightest stage. There was a good chance that I would be killed. There was an even better chance that Hamilton would be killed. But whatever happened, nothing would ever be the same again in a week's time.

I felt curiously detached as I sat in the place of honor (despite my recent electoral defeat, I was still Vice-President of the United States); saw myself as from a great distance already a carnival wax-works and no longer real.

Others have written that I was moody and distant that night. Obviously, I was not in full command of myself. But then the ultimate encounter was at hand. The man who had set himself the task of ruining me during "15 years' competition" was now about to complete his work, and I must have known in some instinctive way that he would again succeed, no matter what happened on the Weehawk Heights.

I was genuinely moved when at the company's request General Hamilton got up and in his fine tenor voice sang *The Drum*, a song that no veteran of the Revolution can listen to without sorrow for his lost youth and the dead he loved.

Needless to say, I did not realize with what cunning Hamilton had prepared his departure from this world, and my ruin.

Charles Schuyler's account, continued 1834:

Today the colonel was in a most curi-

ous and excited mood. "If it amuses you, Charley, we shall go to the Heights of Weehawk and I shall act out for you the duel of the century, when the infamous Burr slew the noble Hamilton, from behind a thistle—obviously a disparaging allusion to my small stature. Yet Hamilton was less than an inch taller than I, though now he looms a giant of legend, with a statue to his divinity in the Merchants' Exchange, his temple. While for me no statue, no laurel, only thistle!"

I was delighted and somewhat embarrassed. Burr almost never speaks of the duel; and most people, unlike Leggett, are much too nervous of the subject ever to bring it up in his presence, even though it is the one thing everyone in the world knows about Aaron Burr, and the one thing it is impossible *not* to think of upon first meeting him.

"He killed General Hamilton," my mother whispered to me when the elegant little old man first came into our Greenwich Village tavern, after his return from Europe. "Take a good look at him. He was a famous man once."

As I grew older, I realized that my family admired Burr more than not and that my mother was pleased when he took a fancy to me, and gave me books to read, and encouraged me to attend Columbia College and take up the law. But my first glimpse of him at a table close to the pump-room fire was of the Devil himself, and I half expected him to leave not by way of the door but up the chimney with the flames.

We walked to Middle Pier at the end of Duane Street. "I've ordered my young boatman to stand by."

The colonel's eyes were bright at the prospect of such an unusual adventure—into past time rather than into that airy potential future time where he is most at home.

"It was a hot day like this—30 years and one month ago. Yet I remember being most unseasonably cold. In fact, I ordered a fire the night of the tenth and slept in my clothes on a sofa in the study. Slept very well, I might add. A detail to be added to your *heroic* portrait of me." An amused glance in my direction. "Around dawn, John Swartwout came to wake me up. I was then joined by Van Ness and Matt Davis. We embarked from Richmond Hill."

The tall young boatman was waiting for us at the deserted slip. The sun was fierce. We were the only people on the wharf: The whole town had gone away for August.

We got into the boat and the young man began to row with slow, regular strokes upriver to the high green Jersey shore opposite.

"On just such a morning. . . ." He hummed to himself softly. Then: "My affairs were in order. I had set out six blue

boxes, containing enough material for my biography, if anyone was so minded to write such a thing. Those boxes now rest at the bottom of the sea." He was blithe even at this allusion to the beloved daughter: trailed his finger in the river; squinted at the sun. "What, I wonder, do the fishes make of my history?"

I tried to imagine him 30 years ago, with glossy dark hair, an unlined face, a steady hand—the Vice-President on an errand of honor. But I could not associate this tiny old man with that figure of legend.

"Love letters to me were all discreetly filed, with instructions to be burned, to be returned to owners, to be read at my grave—whatever was fitting. My principal emotion that morning was relief. Everything was arranged. Everything was well finished."

"Did you think you might be killed?"

The colonel shook his head. "When I woke up on the sofa, saw dawn, I knew that I would live to see the sun set, that Hamilton would not." A sudden frown as he turned out of the bright sun; the face went into shadow. "You see, Hamilton *deserved* to die and at my hands."

I then asked the question I had wanted to ask since yesterday, but Burr only shook his head. "I have no intention of repeating, ever, what it was that Hamilton said of me."

In silence, we watched the steamboat from Albany make its way down the center channel of the river. On the decks, women in bright summer finery twirled parasols; over the water, their voices echoed the gulls that followed in the ship's wake, waiting for food.

Apparently the Weehawk Heights "look just the same now as they did then." The colonel skipped easily onto the rocky shore. While I helped our sailor drag his boat onto the beach, the colonel walked briskly up a narrow footpath to a wooded ledge.

"Ideal for its purpose," Burr said when I joined him.

The ledge is about six feet wide and perhaps 30 or 40 feet long, with a steep cliff above and below it. At either end, a green tangle of brush partly screens the view of the river.

The colonel indicates the spires of New York City visible through the green foliage. "That is the last sight many a gentleman saw."

I notice that he is whispering; he notices, too, and laughs. "From habit. When duelists came here, they were always very quiet for fear they'd wake an old man who lived in a hut nearby. He was called the captain and he hated dueling. If he heard you, he would rush onto the scene and thrust himself between the duelists and refuse to budge. Often to everyone's great relief."

Burr crosses to the marble obelisk at the center of the ledge. "I have not seen this before." The monument is dedicated to

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"We'll have to let you go, Miss Pickett. You've been appealing to our prurient interests."

the memory of Alexander Hamilton. Parts have been chipped away, while the rest is scribbled over with lovers' names. The colonel makes no comment.

Then he crosses slowly to a large cedar tree, pushing aside weeds, kicking pebbles from his path. At the base of the tree, he stops and takes off his black jacket. He stares down at the river. I grow uneasy; cannot think why. I tell myself that there are no ghosts.

When Burr finally speaks, his voice is matter of fact. "Just before seven o'clock, Hamilton and his second, Pendleton, and the good Dr. Hosack—Hamilton was always fearful for his health—arrive. Just down there." Burr points. I look, half expecting to see the dead disembark. But there is only river below us.

"Pendleton carries an umbrella. So does Van Ness. Which looks most peculiar on a summer morning, but the umbrellas are to disguise our features. We are now about to break the law."

Burr leaves his post at the cedar tree, walks to the end of the ledge. "Now General Hamilton arrives there, with his second."

For an instant I almost see the rust-colored hair of Hamilton, shining in summer sun. I have the sense of being trapped in someone else's dream, caught in a constant circular unceasing present. It is a horrible sensation.

Burr bows. "Good morning, General. Mr. Pendleton, good morning." Burr turns and walks toward me. "Billy," I swear he now thinks me Van Ness. "You and Pendleton draw lots to see who has choice of position and who will give the word to fire."

With blind eyes, the colonel indicates for me to cross to the upper end of the ledge.

"Your principal has won both choices, Mr. Pendleton." A pause. "He wants to stand *there*?" A slight note of surprise in Burr's voice.

I realize suddenly that I am now standing where Hamilton stood. The sun is in my eyes: through green leaves water reflects brightness.

Burr has now taken up his position ten full paces opposite me. I think I am going to faint. Burr has the best position, facing the heights. I know that I am going to die. I want to scream but dare not.

"I am ready." The colonel seems to hold in his hand a heavy pistol. "What?" He looks at me, lowers the pistol. "You require your glasses? Of course, General. I shall wait."

"Is General Hamilton satisfied?" Burr then asks. "Good, I am ready, too."

I stand transfixed with terror as Burr takes aim and shouts, "Present!"

And I am killed.

Burr starts toward me, arms out-

stretched. I feel my legs give way; feel the sting, the burning of the bullet in my belly; feel myself begin to die. Just in time, Burr stops. He becomes his usual self, and so do I.

"Hamilton fired first. I fired an instant later. Hamilton's bullet broke a branch from this tree." Burr indicated the tall cedar. "My bullet pierced his liver and spine. He drew himself up on his toes. Like this." Burr rose like a dancer. "Then fell to a half-sitting position. Pendleton propped him up. 'I am a dead man,' Hamilton said. I started toward him, but Van Ness stopped me. Dr. Hosack was coming. So we left.

"But . . . but I would've stayed and gone to you, had it not been for what I saw in your face." Again the blind look in Burr's eyes. Again he sees me as Hamilton. And again I start to die, the bullet burns.

"I saw terror in your face, terror at the evil you had done me. And that is why I could not go to you or give you any comfort. Why I could do nothing but what I did. Aim to kill, and kill."

Burr sat down at the edge of the monument. Rubbed his eyes. The vision—or whatever this lunacy was—passed. In a quiet voice, he continued. "As usual with me, the world saw fit to believe a different story. The night before our meeting, Hamilton wrote a letter to posterity. An astonishing work reminiscent of a penitent monk's last confession. He would reserve his first fire, he declared, and perhaps his second, because, *morally*, he disapproved of dueling. Then, of course, he fired first. As for his disapproval of dueling, he had issued at least three challenges—that I know of. But Hamilton realized better than anyone that the world—our American world, at least—loves a canting hypocrite."

Burr got to his feet. Started toward the path. I followed dumbly.

"Hamilton lived for a day and a half. He was in character to the very last. He told Bishop Moore that he felt no ill will toward me. That he had met me with a fixed resolution to do me no harm. What a contemptible thing to say!"

Burr started down the path. I staggered after him. At the river's edge, he paused and looked across the slow water toward the flowery rise of Staten Island. "I had forgot how lovely this place was, if I had ever noticed."

We got into the boat. "You know, I made Hamilton a giant by killing him. If he had lived, he would have continued his decline. He would have been quite forgotten by now. Like me." This was said without emotion. "While that might have been *my* monument up there, all scribbled over."

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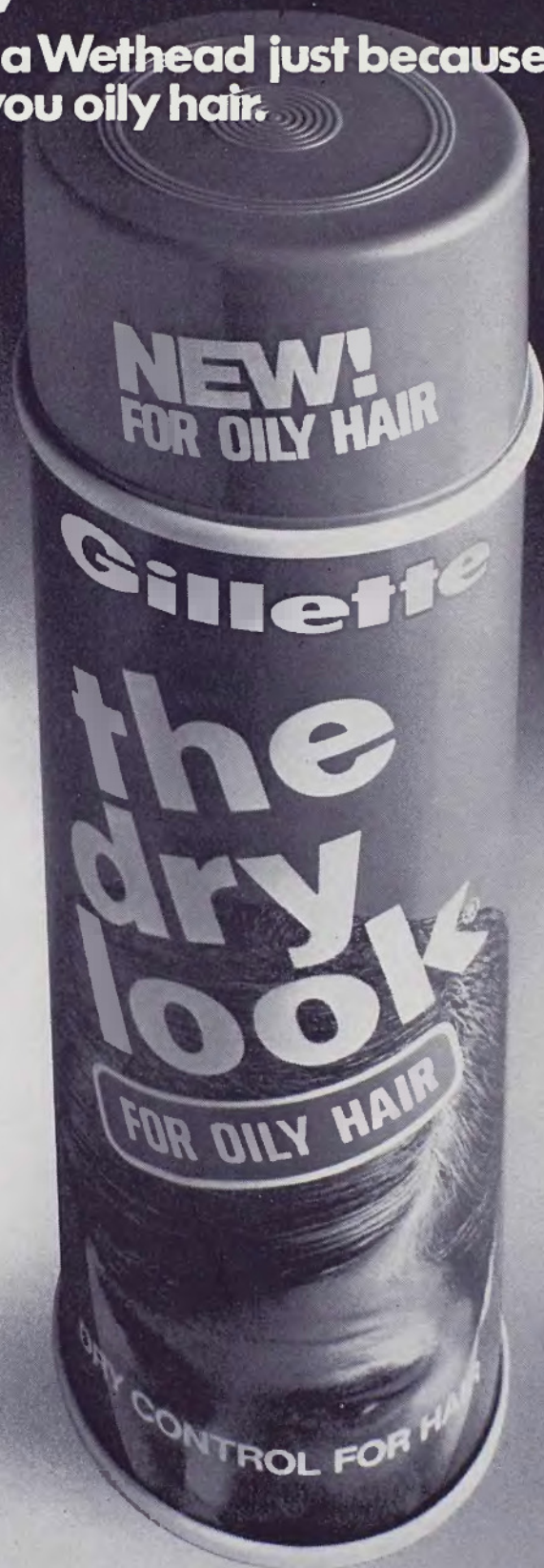
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BUNNIES OF 1973

(continued from page 142)

fact, rather common among the cottontails. Phoenix Bunny Connie James has earned a purple belt in the *kenpo* school of karate, and St. Louis Bunny of the Year Rhetta Penninger lifts weights—as does fellow cottontail Joan Egenriether, a lifeguard for the past four years. Miami Bunny Monica White teaches yoga classes at several Miami Beach hotels, including the Playboy Plaza. Los Angeles Bunny Barbara Garson, daughter of ex-race-car driver Joe Garson, is one of the few women in the country allowed in the pits at championship-class events. She's often been a scorer for Dan Gurney's All-American Racers team, for which Bobby Unser is the principal driver. "Having a race-car driver for a father helps," she says frankly. "I consider it a real privilege to work in the pits. That Indianapolis race this year, though, I could have done without. I spent my vacation from the Club in Indy watching it, and I should have stayed home." Having a motorcycle racer for a boyfriend helps, too; Barbara's guy customized an off-road machine for her, and she won an award in the Tridents Custom Car and Motorcycle Show at the Los Angeles Sports Arena. "I don't race

it, though," she adds quickly. "I'm strictly a trail biker."

Another Angeleno, Dyane McMath, rises at 4:30 A.M. daily so she can get to Santa Anita race track in time for morning workouts; she's learning to be a horse trainer there. "I've loved horses since I was a kid," Dyane recalls. "I used to sneak into a race track near where we lived, just to be close to the animals." Another equestrienne, London's Gillian Van Booram has won more than 300 jumping prizes with her horse Charley Brown; Gillian's ambition is to be a veterinarian. In Montreal, Bunny Ilona Wahl is a volunteer social worker, taking underprivileged children on trips to the zoo and ball park. Once or twice a year, the Canadian cottontails stage "clean-out-the-closet days" to provide clothing for Ilona's charges.

On Phoenix' not-uncommon 110-degree days, Bunny Toby Ostreicher goes inner-tubing down the Salt River. Over in Miami, Chris Adams recently purchased an 18-foot boat, learned to navigate the South Florida waters and is teaching other Bunnies to water-ski. St. Louis Bunny Claudette Eisele, a self-con-

fessed camping freak, makes her own fishing poles from green limbs, tent string and beer-can pull-tabs. Denver Bunny Shelia Winkler, an amateur ichthyologist, has 13 aquariums in which she breeds hybrid guppies; another Denver cottontail, Nancee Walsh, is a pilot. Which figures: Both her parents are, and she and her dad once spent three years building an acrobatic-stunt plane. "My ambition," says Nancee frankly, "is to pilot Hugh Hefner's jet."

There are already cottontails aboard the Big Bunny, of course, but they're there as hostesses, not cockpit crew. The Jet Bunny contingent now numbers 14, all stationed in Chicago—where they work as Club Bunnies when they're not in the air. Of late, these high fliers—Anne Denson, Playmate-Bunny Lieko English, Britt Elders, Kathy Jovanovic, Maynelle Thomas, Leah Anderson (named first runner-up for the Miss Photoflash title in Chicago this year), Karen Ring, Michele Spietz, Joy Tarbell, Sharon Gwin, Pam Gazda, Carole Green, Rebecca Shutter and Sue Huggy—have been speeding about the country with Sonny and Chér, who've chartered the Playboy jet to meet concert commitments.

And within the past year, several other cottontails have been logging flying hours—as traveling representatives for Playboy. Los Angeles Bunny of the Year Bevy Self, Great Gorge B. O. T. Y. Warren Smith, Denver Bunny Judy Berry, Atlanta Bunny Ida Wilson and Chicago Bunny Leslie Moehrle jetted to Japan on a public-relations visit for Playboy Products. As *Pureiboi Bani Garu*—a rough Japanese version of Playboy Bunny Girls—they became instant celebrities, appearing on six television shows and at five Tokyo department stores; and they were interviewed for uncounted newspaper and magazine stories, in both English- and Japanese-language publications. Halfway around the world, six London Bunnies—Catherine McDonald, Anna Gardiner, Rema Nelson, Rebecca Welnitz, Pekoe Li and Anita Stevenson—paid a good-will visit to Norway; and New York Bunnies Sohelia Maleki and Jackie Zeman toured Brazil on behalf of Playboy Records.

Even if your head's not in a spin from traveling through Bunnydom, you can be forgiven for seeing double in three of the Playboy Clubs. Twin Bunnies Julie Anne and Tomie Winsor work in London; in New Orleans, keyholders often confuse Sherry Crider with twin Merry; and in Atlanta, the same problem arises with Brenda and Glenda Lott. But single or double, the view is fine at any Playboy Club, and it's not too soon to stop by and start thinking about your nominee for Bunny (or Twin Bunnies) of the Year—1974.



"I know back at the start of the season that I said I didn't care what you did on your own time as long as you gave me 100 percent on the playing field . . . however. . ."

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON MARIJUANA AND DRUG ABUSE REPORT, 1972

MYTH. Marijuana use leads to heroin.

FACT. "Marijuana use per se does not dictate whether other drugs will be used nor does it determine the rate of progression, if and when it occurs, or which drug might be used."

"Whether or not marijuana leads to other drugs 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 should be emphasized that the overwhelming majority of users do not progress to other drugs."

MYTH. Marijuana use causes crime and aggressive behavior.

FACT. "In sum, the weight of evidence is that marijuana does not cause violent or aggressive behavior; if anything, marijuana generally serves to inhibit the expression of such behavior."

MYTH. Marijuana is addictive.

FACT. "In a word, cannabis (marijuana) does not lead to physical dependence."

MYTH. Marijuana users are societal 'drop outs.'

FACT. "The most notable statement that can be made about the vast majority of marijuana users — experimenters and intermittent users — is that they are essentially indistinguishable from their non-marijuana using peers by any fundamental criterion other than their marijuana use."

"Young people who choose to experiment with marijuana are fundamentally the same people, socially and psychologically, as those who use alcohol and tobacco."

Although the Presidential Commission on "Marijuana and Drug Abuse" clearly indicates there is no justification for criminalizing marijuana use, that report in and of itself, will not guarantee the necessary legal reforms. People are still continually harassed, arrested, convicted and jailed for smoking marijuana. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws is carrying out a public information/lobbying effort at the community, state and national levels. We ask your support as a member, as a contributor, and/or an organizer in our campaign to legislate new and responsible marijuana laws. We cannot permit a whole generation to be made outlaws because of anachronistic and unjust marijuana laws.



Enclosed is my membership fee of \$7 (students and military, \$5). This fee includes: a subscription to The Leaflet newsletter, a pamphlet analyzing marijuana laws in the fifty states, and an illustrated marijuana penalty poster.

Love what you are doing and here's some pin money to help you along.

Anxious to contribute to your effort but wish to remain anonymous.

Would like to distribute literature and work for the reform of marijuana laws in my area. Please furnish me enough materials for 5, 15, or 25 people.

I am interested in becoming involved in a large scale effort to reform marijuana laws. Please send me additional information for my club, military base, legislature, head shop, _____

Include _____ 'Liberate Marijuana' bumper stickers. Two for \$1 (see illustration).

Include _____ sheets of 'Liberate Marijuana' stamps. \$2 a sheet.

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PAD WARMER

(continued from page 100)

dinner party among rolled-up rugs and vacant bookshelves seems so wildly out of gear fosters a what-the-hell spirit that makes the big platter of browned *Bratwurst*, the foaming beer and the shrimp, apple and pistachio salad twice as tempting as they would be if offered in a well-ordered dining room with every bread-and-butter dish and every little saltcellar meticulously in place.

You can turn the great upheaval into an evening of relaxed fun simply by taking first things first. It's always a wise move to carry in your own car the contents of both your liquor cabinet and your wine racks, as well as barware, silverware and valuable glassware. China and kitchen equipment, from carving sets to Dutch ovens, will arrive with the total van load but will be easily found in identifiable crates or cartons.

Setting up the food and drink should be as effortless as possible, but don't pin all your hopes on too-easy options; they're sometimes deceptive. For instance, you may decide to turn your party into an indoor picnic by arranging for a local caterer to supply the goodies. If you intimately know the caterer's offerings, his punctuality, etc., well and good. But if you have to begin scouting the neighbor-

hood for a new caterer, the time spent in preliminary visits, planning and phone calls may only lead to the conventional deli sandwiches on plastic platters, dull salads and last week's cheesecake.

However, there are some party dishes turned out in your own kitchen that at first may seem like extended culinary stints but which, in fact, are often free and easy. A boiled-beef platter, for example, is one of the most *gemütlich* of all dishes for a pad-warming party. It takes three to four hours' cooking time. But the main job consists of nothing more onerous than lowering a piece of beef and vegetables into a pot of water. While the brisket is slowly getting tender, you can unpack several wardrobes or fill a wall with books. It's the kind of party dish accompanied with garnishes that you can expand or keep down, following your own epicurean whims. In France it's called *bouilli*; when a chicken is added to the beef, it's a *pot-au-feu*. Hollanders sometimes cook salt pork with the beef and call it *hutspot*. The German and Austrian versions, known as *gedämpftes Rindfleisch*, often come to the table looking like elaborately groomed productions, but almost all of the garnishes outside of a fresh horseradish sauce are tart salads—

imports from Germany—that are available in this country in jars.

Many lightning-fast dishes are a matter of knowing where to shop. If you've access to a specialty cheese shop, it's a simple matter to assemble a tray of French cheeses such as cantal, brie, reblochon and roquefort, delectable with the predinner drinks or with the fruit bowl at the dinner's end, or both. A skewered antipasto would suggest a shop featuring Italian foods; it's a no-hassle appetizer made up in minutes by jabbing folded slices of Genoa salami, prosciutto, artichoke hearts and other delicacies on a wooden spear. For the best large veal *Bratwurst*, you would go to a German part of town or to a shop specializing in freshly made *Wursts*. The shrimp, apple and pistachio salad that follows is assembled from shrimps freshly boiled and shelled, available at any reputable seafood shop; cooked fresh crab lump or cooked fresh lobster from the same source could fill the salad bowl just as sumptuously and as easily.

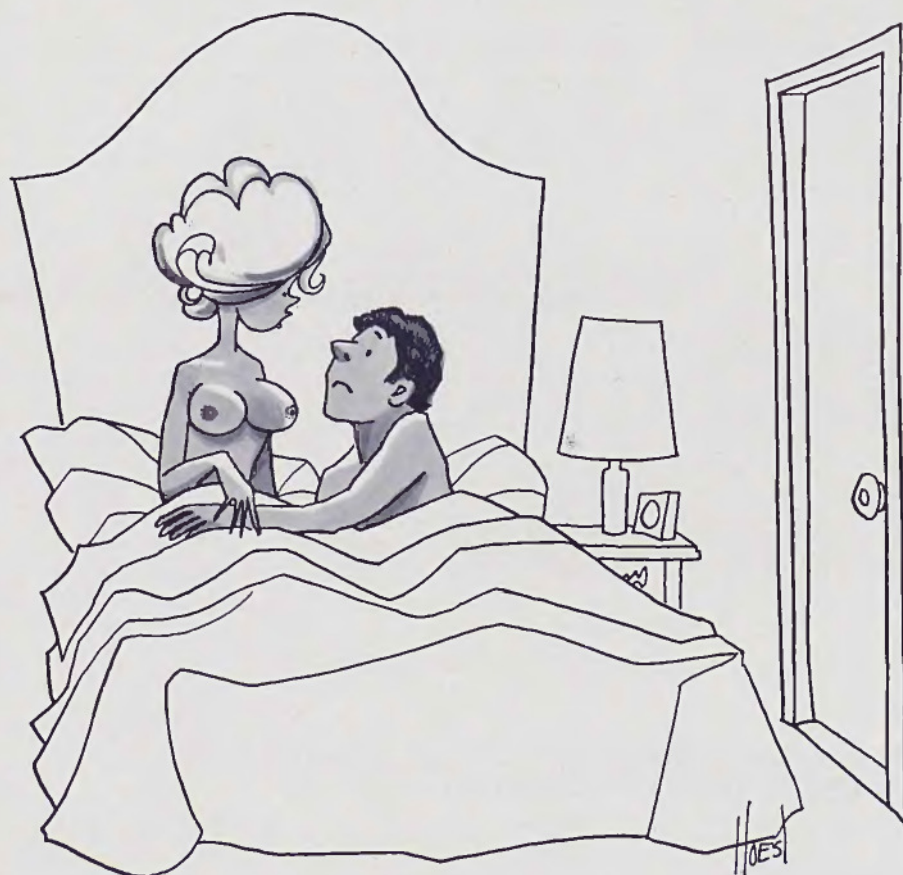
A house is not a home unless it's toasted. To insist that the only way to warm a new pad is with iced French vintage champagne is a form of Bacchic racial snobbery now generally outmoded. Obviously, French champagne is in a different class from American sparkling Burgundy. But just as many a *vin du pays* is enjoyed not because it's less expensive than a prestigious chateau wine but because its easy drinkability fits in with modern informal living, so do the other bubblys, from German *Sekt* to sparkling rosé, serve perfectly for any pad launching. Each sparkling wine within its own family is endowed with its own personality. Americans who taste one *asti spumante* and then generalize about all *asti spumantes* have much to learn about the liveliness, flavor and relative dryness of the charming bubblys from the Piedmont region of Italy. The uncontrolled tidal wave of bottled cold duck that has flooded the U. S. is a reminder that the original cold duck from Germany was a half-and-half mixture of iced sparkling white wine, iced still wine and orange peel; it's one of the most magnificent after-dinner drinks you can uncork; it can be mixed in a large pitcher or in the individual glass.

For men on the move, we offer the following explicit ways of saying welcome. Each recipe serves six.

SKEWERED ANTIPASTO

- ¾ lb. bel paese cheese in one chunk
- 9-oz. jar tiny artichoke hearts in olive oil
- 3¾-oz. jar marinated mushrooms in oil
- 13-oz. jar Italian sweet red and yellow peppers in wine vinegar
- 6 large red radishes (or more, if desired)
- ½ lb. thinly sliced Genoa salami
- ½ lb. thinly sliced prosciutto ham

With scissors, cut off sharp ends of 6 wooden skewers. Cut cheese into cubes



"If your wife comes home, do I leave or just shove over?"

about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. Drain artichoke hearts and mushrooms, reserving liquid. Cut peppers into 18 strips about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and $1\frac{1}{2}$ ins. long. The above will supply enough for 6 skewers, with leftovers. Portions may be enlarged with duplicate pieces, or additional skewers may be made up for second helpings. Fasten a radish at the end of each skewer. Allowing 3 pieces of pepper for each, fasten balance of ingredients alternately to skewer. Chill well. Brush each skewer with reserved oil just before serving.

BRATWURST WITH WHITE-BEAN SALAD

2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. large veal *Bratwurst*
 2 16-oz. cans small white beans (not baked beans)
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup French dressing
 2 tablespoons wine vinegar
 2 3-oz. cans chopped mushrooms, drained
 2 tablespoons very finely minced shallots or scallions
 Salt, pepper
 Butter
 Salad oil

Drain beans; wash well to eliminate thick liquid and drain well. Place beans in mixing bowl. Add French dressing, vinegar, mushrooms and shallots; mix well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Let salad marinate in refrigerator at least 3 to 4 hours. Place *Bratwurst* in large pot with

cold water; slowly bring to a boil. As soon as water boils, drain *Bratwurst*; wipe dry with paper toweling. Melt enough butter to cover large skillet. Add an equal quantity of oil. Sauté *Bratwurst* until well browned. Serve hot with sharp mustard and cold bean salad.

BOILED-BEEF PLATTER (BOUILLI)

4 lbs. (first cut) fresh beef brisket or bottom round
 2 large onions, peeled
 2 leeks
 2 stalks celery
 8 sprigs parsley
 1 parsnip
 2 large fresh tomatoes, cut into quarters
 Salt
 1 medium-sized head cabbage
 6 large carrots, peeled
 6 medium-sized potatoes, peeled

Bring 3 quarts water to a boil in large pot. (A *bouquet garni* of a bay leaf, a few sprigs thyme and a few peppercorns is sometimes added to pot; beef purists prefer the bouillon without these grace notes.) Add beef, onions, leeks, celery, parsley, parsnip, tomatoes and 2 teaspoons salt. Bring to a second boil; skim; reduce flame and let barely simmer $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 hours. Cut cabbage into 6 wedges, leaving each wedge attached to core. About half an hour before cooking of beef is completed, add cabbage, carrots and potatoes and simmer until tender.

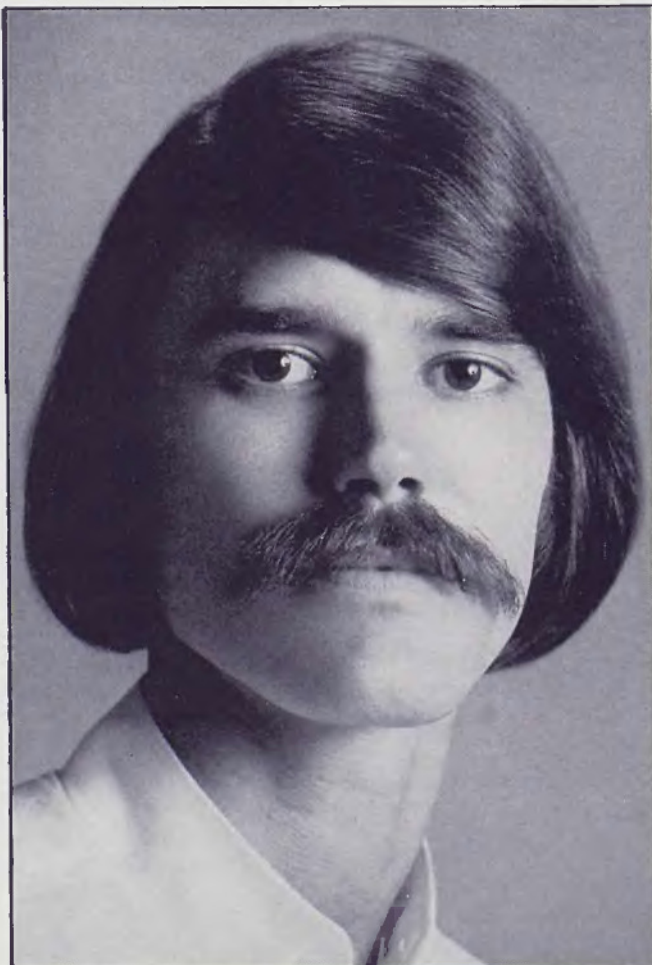
Remove and set aside beef, cabbage, carrots and potatoes. Strain broth and serve as first course, if desired. Or cool bouillon and serve on the rocks with vodka as bull shots. Carve meat against grain with very sharp knife. Arrange cabbage in center of platter. Place beef with slices overlapping on cabbage. Garnish with carrots and potatoes. Pour a small amount of hot broth onto beef just before serving. Serve with cold prepared horseradish or hot horseradish sauce (below), small sour pickles, sharp mustard and coarse salt.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

1 cup beef bouillon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fresh white bread crumbs
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 tablespoons prepared horseradish, drained
 Salt, pepper

In saucepan, combine bouillon, cream, bread crumbs, butter and horseradish. Bring to a boil; simmer 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Boiled Beef, Viennese Style: Prepare beef as above. At the table, pass hot horseradish sauce and a compartmented tray of assorted relishes on the sweet-tart side. These are available in jars and should be chilled before emptying onto tray. They include sour pickles and small white onions in the same jar, *Senfgurken*,



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pickled beets, celery salad, pickled squash, pickled vegetable salad and pickled red cabbage, which may be served hot or cold. If served hot, allow 2 jars for 6 people and omit cabbage in recipe above.

Pot-au-feu: Add a 4-lb. fowl to pot after beef has simmered 1 hour. Serves 8-10. If a 3-lb. spring chicken is used, place in pot after beef has simmered 2 hours.

SHRIMP, APPLE AND PISTACHIO SALAD

2 lbs. (cooked weight) shrimps, boiled and shelled

4 large Delicious apples, peeled and cored

2 cups celery, 1/2-in. dice

1 1/4 cups mayonnaise

1 tablespoon very finely minced chives

2 tablespoons lemon juice

2 teaspoons sugar

4-ozs. shelled salted pistachios

Salt, pepper

Boston lettuce

Cut apples into 1/2-in. dice. In large bowl, combine shrimps, apples, celery, mayonnaise, chives, lemon juice, sugar and half the pistachios. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add more mayonnaise if desired. Chill several hours. Line serving platter with lettuce leaves. Place salad on top and sprinkle with balance of pistachios. Salad may be further garnished with wedges of hard-boiled egg and tomato, if desired.

For unveiling your pad at a late-night supper, try these light fondue sandwiches along with a bubbly or beer.

GRILLED FONDUE SANDWICHES WITH HAM

6 eggs

1/2 lb. shredded gruyère cheese

Softened butter

Salt, pepper

6 large slices boiled imported ham

12 slices large white sandwich bread

Beat eggs well in top part of double boiler. Add cheese and 1/3 cup softened butter. Place over bottom section of double boiler with simmering water and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture becomes thick and resembles soft scrambled eggs. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill slightly. If butter separates from cheese mixture, stir to blend ingredients. Sauté ham slices in butter until lightly browned. Spread cheese mixture on 6 slices of bread. Fold or cut ham slices and place on cheese. Top with remaining slices of bread. Cover or wrap with wax paper and chill in refrigerator until serving time. Spread top slice of bread with softened butter. Place sandwiches buttered side down on preheated skillet or griddle. When bottom is brown, spread top with butter, turn and sauté until brown. Cut sandwiches diagonally before serving.

It's your move.



VOICES

(continued from page 113)

for many years. But trouble came during the week when the engineers were testing the generators in the newly constructed Conglomerate Building across the street from his apartment. It must also be mentioned that sunspot activity was unusually high that week, cosmic-ray output reached a ten-year maximum and the Van Allen belts temporarily shifted four degrees to the south.

Mr. West had two big problems on his mind. One had to do with Amelia—lovely, desirable, willing and attainable, but also 14 years old, his niece and feeble-minded. She was staying with him while her parents were in Europe. The very thought of her made his hands itch and his nose tremble. But then he thought about the penalties for statutory incest-rape and decided to postpone that one.

The other problem concerned his shares of South African Sweatshops, Ltd. They had been slumping lately and he was thinking of cashing them in and buying International Thanatopsis Corporation.

To come to a valid market decision, Mr. West had to assess such factors as leverage, margin, seasonal variation, investor confidence, the Dow-Jones averages, alfalfa futures and many other things. No one can be expected to think about those things himself. It was obviously a job for the Voice.

The Voice considered the problem overnight, then, during breakfast, said, "OK, I think we got a solution. The difficulty was in discounting certain properties that may be induced in tensile web structures."

"What?" said Mr. West.

"Rigidity and flexibility can be combined as a single gradient function," the Voice went on, "but an absolute one in terms of self-enclosed systems homeostasis. Therefore, molar incrementation will result in exponentially increased product strength."

"What are you talking about?" Mr. West asked.

"The apparent reversal of Frochet's Law is due to the fact that energy flows through end-oriented web-and-pebble systems can be considered a simple bipolar variable. Once you understand that, the industrial applications for this form of lamination are obvious."

"Not to me, they're not!" Mr. West shouted. "What's going on here? Who are you?"

There was no reply from the Voice. It had signed off.

During the rest of the day, he could hear numerous Voices in his head. They were saying all sorts of strange things:

"Martin Bormann is alive and well and working as a Scientology auditor in Manaus, Brazil."



*"I can't speak for the rest of the rabble,
but he certainly rouses me!"*

"Leaping Lady in the third at Aqueduct."

"You are a potential ruler of the solar system, but your evil pseudo parents have trapped you in an unclean mortal body."

That sort of talk alarmed Mr. West. He figured that one Voice in the head was rational, normal and perfectly OK. But hearing a lot of Voices was one of the signs of a crazy person. And, worst of all, he couldn't get any answers from his own individual Voice.

He kept calm over the next few days and tried to solve his own problems unaided. He sold Sweatshops, Ltd., and it promptly went up five points. He bought Thanatopsis Corporation and it fell to a record low when *Time* magazine announced a new immortality serum as "imminent."

He tried to solve the Amelia problem. He rubbed his twitching nose with his sweating hands and thought, "Let's see, I could sneak into her room at night wearing a black mask. She'd probably know who I was, anyhow, but I could deny the whole thing in court and who'd take the word of a dummy? Or I could tell her that the latest technique in sex education was actual demonstration."

But he knew that these solutions were filled with danger. He was simply no good at solving his own problems, and there was no reason he should be. That was work for his Voice—which he pictured as a miniature Mr. West about the size of a pea who sat in the part of his brain labeled CONTROL CENTRAL and looked out at the world through Mr. West's senses and sorted things out and made decisions.

That was the normal, rational way that nature had intended. But his own personal Voice was no longer speaking to him, or had disappeared, or simply wasn't getting through.

Toward the end of the week, he became impatient. "Solve something, damn you!" he shouted, pounding his forehead with his fist. But nothing happened except that various Voices told him how to fix liquid helium at room temperature, how to build a multiple-take-off substance extractor out of an old washing machine and how to vary his collage technique with overprinted rotogravure backgrounds.

Then, at last, the generator tests were completed, sunspot activity started to decline, cosmic-ray activity returned to normal, the Van Allen belts shifted four degrees north and Mr. West stopped hearing Voices.

The last two messages he received were these:

"Try wearing a strapless push bra one size too small. If that doesn't get his attention, nothing will!"

And:

"Go forth, then, and lead My Children to Sanctuary on Mount Alluci, and tell them to render praises unto Me, for only



"That wasn't your daughter screaming—that was me."

this Place of Righteousness shall remain after the Evil Nations have destroyed each other with Fire and Plague, and make sure that you buy with Clear Title as much unentailed land as you can, because the price of real estate around here is going to go Sky-High after the Balloon goes up next year."

However, that was not quite the end of the matter. For on the day that the Voices stopped, Mr. West read an interesting item in *The New York Times*. The item told how a municipal policeman in Rio Grande do Sul, moved by what he called a "message in my head," went to Manaus and discovered Martin Bormann, alive and well and working as a Scientology auditor.

Mr. West also glanced at the sports pages and found that Leaping Lady had won the third race at Aqueduct the previous day.

The following evening, on the seven-o'clock news, Mr. West heard that the Smithsonian had been blown up, with great loss of stuffed animals.

Mr. West found this disturbing. He hurried out and bought an armload of newspapers and magazines. In *Art Times*, he read how Calderon Kelly, in his latest one-man show, had varied his collage technique with overprinted rotogravure backgrounds, achieving an effect at once profound and lighthearted. And *Science Briefs* had a column about John Wolping, who had just announced a new form of lamination utilizing energy flows through end-oriented web-and-pebble systems. The Wolping Method was expected to revolutionize lamination techniques.

Mr. West was especially interested in a

New York Post feature story about a new religious colony on the northern slope of Mount Alluci in eastern Peru. Two dozen Americans had followed Elibu Littlejohn Carter (known as The Last Prophet) to this desolate place. They were confidently awaiting the end of the world.

Mr. West put down the newspaper. He felt strange and numb and disoriented. Like a sleepwalker, he picked up the telephone, got the number of Braniff, called and booked a flight to Lima for the following day.

As he put down the telephone, a clear, unmistakable Voice in his head—his Voice—said to him, "You should never have sold Sweatshops, Ltd., but you can still recoup by doubling up on Thanatopsis, which is really going to take off next month."

The miniature Mr. West was back at Control Central! "Where have you been?" the big Mr. West asked.

"I've been here all along. I just haven't been able to get a connection until now."

"Did you happen to hear anything about the world's coming to an end next year?" Mr. West asked.

"I don't listen to that irrational weirdo stuff," the miniature Mr. West said. "Now, look, about Amelia—all you have to do is spike her Kool-Aid with two Nembutals tonight and you can figure out the rest for yourself."

Mr. West canceled his trip to Peru. Thanatopsis Corporation split ten for one at the end of the month and Amelia got hooked on Nembies. Every man must follow the dictates of his own inner Voice.



I LOST IT

(continued from page 108)

only one who didn't have any brakes. And that's the way we got into the middle of the turn, right up there on the banking. Crissakes, I think maybe I hunkered down my own shoulders there for just a little bit.

Turbo wasn't having any of that old bullshit, not a second of it. He had more power left than either one of us in his monster goddamn Plymouth and he was a dead, immortal cinch to outdrag both of us down the straights. So he put his foot right into it. And, as we came off the turn, he inched up ahead of Hack again and he drew a goddamn bead on the curve.

Hot damn. Drew a bead. That means that Turbo came diving down to his left, going to beat hell, and he chopped Hack off right there. Good for Turbo.

Bad for me.

Naturally, Hack hit his brakes right now. Well, hell, fans, it was either hit his brakes or let Turbo rip off the whole right side of the car. Which certainly makes a lot of sense. Except that I was right there on Hack's tail. Drafting, remember?

Oh, shit, Ace.

This sort of thing makes for what they call Great Moments in Stock Car Racing.

I cranked that sumbitch left as quick as I could and got out of Hack's air pocket and out into the turbulent world on my own. And there we were: three abreast on the back straightaway, all three cars fishtailing an awful lot, puffing up smoke from the tires. With Turbo on the outside, poor old Hack in the middle. And Stroker Ace—no goddamn brakes—roughly on the rail.

They tell me the crowd went wild.

There was no way we were going to make it through the turn in that sort of line-up. No fucking way.

Well, hell. Somebody simply had to give it up. I stayed on the throttle and I ran all the prospects through my mind like a very quick public-opinion poll:

QUESTION: Mr. Racer Man, has Turbo Ellison ever been known to back off in a race?

ANSWER: Turbo Ellison? Are you crazy?

QUESTION: Well, how about Hack Downing?

ANSWER: How about that?

So long, Hack.

We came boiling out of the turn and there was just one split flash there where I could glance to my right and see two sets of radiators and hoods glaring at me. And that's exactly when Hack Downing's bowels froze right up. He eased off and let us through.

And then it got worse. *Worse.*

For one thing, I was already into the turn too damned fast for a guy who

couldn't tap his brakes, and that meant that there was probably only one thing to do. So I did it: I cranked the wheel hard left and let that sumbitch drift right around.

Well, you got to know how to do it and I hadn't spent all my wasted youth in cars for nothing: I once got a brand-new Nash Rambler into a four-wheel drift coming around that big turn near Wendover, Utah, and drifted the damn thing all the way to Lily's whorehouse in Ely. And Ely is in Nevada.

So I stayed right on the gas and listened to the car do strange things and twist and pop and I was so full of torque that my damn eyes began to water and my tongue was squashed flat over against all my right-side teeth and I could feel the rough texture of all my fillings and that one gold cap that I have back there on the third upper-right molar.

Then there was a clean sort of *snap!* and the right side of the windshield suddenly turned into a spider web of little radiating cracked lines from the strain. And the gearshift began acting like it was going to jump clean out the right-side door, so I tore one hand loose from the wheel and held the shift lever down with the butt of my hand. And I looked along the nose and drew a bead on the main straight.

And I stayed on the gas.

Turbo must have been right out of his skull. There he was, hammering along nicely, right beside a car that was flat fucking sideways. Turbo was going forward, right enough, giving it all he had—and here was this damn car going just as fast *sideways*, for God's sake, with the front stretch coming up.

And you think that dumb bastard would choke up just a little bit?

No way.

Then we snapped right out of the turn and there was only one small comfort. Small comfort: I was in the groove and Turbo was on the outside. Probably madder than hell, I would venture to say.

We rocketed down the straight and, this time, Lugs was just a despairing blur. *Smudge*, and he was gone.

Down at the end of the straight, race starter Dollar Bill Handley had the white flag out: one more lap. Except that he wasn't waving the flag in that very flashy manner of his that is something of a tradition all over the South. He was just standing there with his poor goddamn mouth open, watching the two of us come right at him. About two full seconds after we had gone by, he jumped out of the way.

Question-and-answer time again:

QUESTION: Let's see, now. About one more of them dumb fucking dipsy-doo turns and you'll have no

more windshield. Is that right, Mr. Ace?

ANSWER: One more. Right.

QUESTION: Or any chassis. Is that correct, Ace?

ANSWER: Correct, yes. No chassis. Not to mention nuts, bolts, doors and roll bars. And pretty soon that gearshift is going to boogaloo right over where I can't even reach it, for crissakes.

QUESTION: But what the hell, Ace? You do want to win this race, don't you?

ANSWER: Well, yes. Matter of fact, I do.

OK, then. Let's try it one more time. Jesus Christ, there's only this one more lap to go. You do this and you've done it all.

Two hands, this time: I wheeled left and jammed my foot down on the pedal until my toes hurt inside my \$75 handmade Italian-leather driving shoes. And I yanked it back hard to the right and clenched my teeth. I also clenched my armpits, kneecaps, elbows, thighbones and testicles (which were already pretty well clenched, anyway, from that spilled Dr Pepper). And around we went.

Crack! The goddamn windshield sort of *imploded* when the frame twisted and for a few seconds, the inside of the car was full of gently floating, drifting little pieces of glass, like the pictures you see of a spaceship at zero gravity. Then the gearshift just sort of jiggled right out of the damn socket and lay on its side, kicking and quivering. And then the glass shattered on the tachometer and sprinkled itself down on top of my right knee like bright, shining crystal rock candy.

There was still the goddamn back straight. And I eased the wheel left again and let the car snap back around.

And there I was: ahead of Turbo Ellison. I glanced at my rear-vision mirror and discovered that there wasn't any rear-vision mirror.

But I knew he was back there, all right. That's because he came powering right along and gave me a sharp *whap!* on the rear bumper.

Uh-huh. Well, at least it was nice to know that the rear bumper was still there.

So I took my right hand off the wheel for just a second and I flashed old Turbo half a peace sign and then I got set to crank into the last turn.

I'm not sure where Turbo was just then. Except that he sure as hell didn't have enough room to come around me and I was just too busy to check and see.

Down the main straight—and by this time I had my foot locked into the gas. And two things happened:

Thing one: Just as I rolled past Lugs Harvey, the whole fucking transmission blew apart.

Thing two: And just after that, I got



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I took my feet off everything and let the car roll and roll. And then I shook my head around a little bit to try and unlock my neck muscles.

And I sort of drummed my finger tips on the steering wheel and I hummed a few bars of *Stick It in Your Ear, Mrs. Murphy*.

The car coasted and coasted and coasted. Right through the number-one and number-two turns, and I let the rest of the drivers come on around me, including Turbo Ellison. You recall Turbo Ellison. He's number two, that fucking meatball.

Finally, just as I was reaching over to turn it off, the engine just gave an apologetic kind of little cough and died. Little wisps of blue smoke started curling up from around the hood edges.

And then the steering wheel came right off in my hands.

I sat there, parked alongside the infield, until the fire truck came up. Lugs was perched on the front fender, still carrying the clipboard with the two stop watches attached. He hopped off before the truck even stopped and came running up.

Lugs gave me his usual cheery postrace greeting:

"You dumb bast—"

"Hey, Lugs. How you doing? Here"—I handed him the steering wheel out of the window—"here is a special award from all the gang at Rain Tree Farms. I want you to take this here award and give it to old Turbo. Tell him he knows where he can hang it."

Lugs snatched the wheel away and threw it down and kicked it halfway across the infield, just missing a few spectators who were running up. "Come on," he said. "Goddamn it, now, Stroker, come on. Crissakes, you crazy goddamn—"

"And one more thing," I said. "I'd like this front windshield replaced and maybe check the oil and check on the transmission. It squeaks just a bit there on the turns. You know. Probably nothing serious. Oh, yeah. The brakes need just a little work. Think maybe you can have it ready for me by, say, five o'clock?"

Lugs threw down his clipboard and stamped it right in half under his heel. When he gets real worried, he always stutters just a little bit.

"F-f-f-for crissakes," he said. "Y-y-y-you scared me half to d-d-d-death, you crazy sumb-b-b, uhhhh, you sumb-b-b-b, ummmm—"

"Bitch," I said. Then I unhooked the master release on all my safety harnesses and shrugged them off. "Look out, there, just for a second." Then I sort of squinched around in the front seat and put the bottoms of both my feet against the door. Sure enough, it fell right off. "I thought that might happen."

Lugs kicked the door, too. Then he

danced around a little bit, holding onto his toe with one hand.

"You could have been k-k-k-killed," he said, full of reproach. "I tole you to take it easy. God's sakes, I even wrote it on the fucking chalk board. E-z. No brakes, for God's sakes. And you had to go out there and take off after Turbo Ellison. You coulda been killed out there."

"Uh-huh. Listen: How'd I look on those turns?"

Lugs thought about it for a long minute. Then he grinned. "Never seen nothing like it, ever," he said. "I mean, *ever*. Shit, this whole place was nothing but eyeballs and elbows and teeth for them last two laps. I mean: You was absolutely flat fucking *sideways*, you crazy bastard. And that Turbo was squinched right up against the wall. Why, shit, he—"

"Come on, you guys," the fire chief said. "Your goddamn adoring public is waiting."

"Shall we?" I said to Lugs.

He bowed. It was not really all that bad a bow for a guy with his size stomach. "Let us," he said.

And we took our victory-parade lap standing up in the back of the fire truck.

Lugs waved at everybody just as much as I did. Hell, a couple of times there, I caught him blowing kisses to the crowd.

. . .

"This here," said Clyde Torkle, the Chicken King and my sponsor, "is *imported* champagne. I mean, the real stuff. See here, right on this label? It says, right here: 'Napa Valley.'"

Lugs leaned over and looked at it. Lugs moves his lips when he reads things. "Well, Napa Valley is in California, for crissakes," he said.

Torkle shrugged. "Exactly. They're all a bunch of galldamn foreigners back there anyways. Here, have some more."

Lugs made a face. "Shit, doesn't anybody have any *beer* around here?" he said.

We were sitting in the Goodyear van, the two big back doors open and the tail gate down. I had my shoes off and my driving uniform unzipped down to my belly. I also had lipstick all over my neck and a check for \$26,890.64 in my pocket.

The crowd had gone home and, outside, the slanting sun was turning the track into a sort of shimmery gold. There were just a few trucks and campers left, and one or two lonely drunks throwing up in the infield, and the air had cooled down real quickly like it does in the South. And, maybe, if a man breathed in deeply enough, he could smell honey-suckle. This is the best time around a race track.

We were sitting on stacks of tires wrapped in brown paper and there was a galvanized-iron washtub full of ice and bottles in front of us.

Clyde Torkle had his cowboy hat pushed back and his forehead was sweaty. He had started drinking, I suspect, just

about the first time he saw me get his brand-new car sideways on the track. And now his face had a really sort of fine, shiny glow to it. Matched the tip of his cigar.

"I can't believe it," he said. "I *got* the championship. Honest to God, I can't believe it."

"You better believe it," Lugs said. He burped, gently. "This here"—he waved one of his greasy hands at me—"this here is the greatest fucking race driver ever to get ahint the wheel of a race car. I mean: Did you see that finish?"

"Shit fire, I *seen* it. I don't believe it, but I sure saw it."

"Sideways," Lugs said, nodding.

"And going faster than Turbo. Sideways."

"Never mind that," I said. "More champagne here."

Lugs leaned over and pulled a fresh bottle out of the washtub. He closed one big, massive hand around the cork—the fancy aluminum foil, those little tiny wires and all—and he simply snatched the whole thing right off in one smooth pull. The wine sprayed up and down across his stomach. Then he leaned back and yelled out loud.

"Charley!" he yelled.

And Charley Heffer stuck his head up at the back doors. "I'm countin' tires," he said.

"How many you got?"

"I got, uhhhh . . . I got, mmmm . . . shit, Lugs, you made me lose count." And his head disappeared.

"That there," Lugs said solemnly, "that there is the greatest fucking tire buster in the whole world. I mean: Charley is the greatest. You understand me? Ain't a thing that Charley don't know about tire compounds. Always saves the best tires for Ace here. Hell, Charley tells *me* what tires to put on and when to change 'em. Shee-it. Imagine that. He tells *me*. You understand?"

"Mr. Harvey?"

It was the track maintenance man, his head appearing at eye level at the back tail gate. "Mr. Harvey?"

"Have some champagne, my good man," Lugs said. "I'm awful sorry, fella, but we don't have any beer."

"Thank you. Just a drop. There, that's fine. Uhh, well, congratulations to the championship, Mr. Ace."

"You can call him Stroker," Torkle said. Then he thought about it for a minute. "Well, for today only."

"Mr. Harvey?"

"Mmmmm?" Lugs said.

"Mr. Harvey, what do you want done with the car?"

Lugs looked blank. "Whut car?"

"The *race* car. The one you all *won* the race in. It's still asittin' out there by the backstretch."

Lugs swung his head around and looked at Clyde.

And Clyde thought about it, shaking



"Relax, Miss Goodbody—you can't stop an idea whose time has come."

his head. "Well, now," he said. "Uh-huh. The car. The car, right?" He looked at all of us. "You know, now, that there is the car that won the championship. I mean: That there is a *historic* car, you dumb peckerheads. You realize that we just won the goddamn *title* in that very car? You can't just let it sit out there."

"Sure can't," the maintenance man said.

"I didn't ask you," Clyde said.

"Excuse me, sir."

"Can you drive it back to the garage in town?" Clyde asked Lugs.

Lugs leaned back and yelled again.

"Charley!" he yelled.

And Charley Heffer stuck his head up over the tail gate again. "Now what?"

"The man wants to know kin we drive that car back to the garage in town."

"Mr. Torkle," Charley said, "everybody knows that when Lugs builds a car, he builds it to run five hundert miles. Five hundert miles. And that's all."

Lugs burped again. "And then the fucker self-destructs," he said.

"And that ain't all," Charley said. "When Ace here gets through with a car, the goddamn frame is bent all out of shape and the chassis is sprung and the doors is all off and the windows is often bust right out."

Torkle nodded, blinking. Then he sniffed deeply and a perfect tear came out of each eye and rolled halfway down each jowl. "Listen," he said. "Think of Goshen, New York. I mean: That's all I ask." And he sniffed again.

"Goshen?"

"Well, *sure*, Goshen, you dumb bastards. I mean: Old Messenger, the world's most famous trotting horse, right? I mean: One day Old Messenger just up and *died* right there in harness. Just fell right in his traces and by-God *died*.

And, by God"—Torkle snuffled again, heavily—"and, by Jesus, they buried him right there on the spot. And today, to this very *day*, there is a little old, teensy white picket fence around his very grave there in the infield at old Averell Harriman's race track. And there's a little old printed sign that says: 'Here Lies Ol' Messenger, Greatest Fucking Harness Horse That Ever Drew a Breath!'"

Then he really started crying.

Lugs stood up and put one big hand over his chest.

"By damn," he said, "we'll dig a hole and"—Torkle looked up—"and we'll *bury* that car right there in the infield. And I'll have a monument made out of real, solid Georgia sea-wall marble and——"

The maintenance man blinked. "I don't think we're allowed to do that, sir," he said.

"Who asked you? Here, have some more champagne."

"Excuse me, sir. Uhhh, yes. Just a drop there. But, no, I don't think you can just up and bury——"

"Tell you what," said Lugs. "You got a truck, fella?"

"Yessir, I have. This here is sure good champagne."

"Imported," Torkle said.

Lugs poured some more all around. "Now, you take your truck," he said, "and . . . you know where Hobbs Corners is at?"

"Yessir, I do."

"It's imported from Napa Valley," Torkle said. "Them fucking foreigners."

"Well," Lugs said. "You just load up that race car in your truck. Now, don't forget to pick up the steering wheel in the infield there. And then you drive the whole thing over to Hobbs Corners. You got that part?"

Charley stuck his head up. "Take the tires and all," he said. He turned to me. "You know, Ace, you flat *rooned* them tires on the turns. I mean: going sideways at the speeds you was going. Hot damn. Talk about flat spots."

"Sorry."

He nodded. "'S nothing. Goodyear got plenty more."

"More wine, Charley?" Torkle got up again, a little bit unsteady.

"You made me lose count again," Charley said. "But, yup. Just pour her right in there."

"Well, anyway," Lugs said to the maintenance man. "You get to Hobbs Corners and you come to the stop light. And you turn left there and you go on past the hardware store. And you go on down the road a section and you come to a sort of fawn-colored house. Got that?"

"Uh-huh. Yessir."

"Well, then. On the mailbox, you'll see painted there: 'Turbo Ellison, R. F. D.' And you take that race car and you dump it right in the middle of the driveway. Best if you do it at night."

"Well, sir. All this will cost——"

Torkle jammed his hand down deep into his pocket. And he came up with a fistful of big bills. He bent over at the tail gate and peeled a few off.

"Here," he said. "This'll cover it, won't it?"

"Sure will. Yessir. Uh-huh."

"Remember, now," Lugs said. "Turbo Ellison. Dump it right there in the fucking driveway."

"So much for that," Torkle said. "Now, then."

Lugs snatched the top off another bottle. "Cups!" he yelled.

We all held ours out. Charley Heffer popped up at the tail gate. "Me, too," he said. "Sumbitch, but, I swear: A few more of these here and I may start to *like* this stuff."

"I propose a toast," Torkle said.

"And I accept," said Lugs.

"Not you, asshole. No. I propose a toast to the new NASCAR champeen. And to the greatest fucking feat of stock-car driving ever done on any race track at any time, *anywhere*."

We all stood up to drink the toast.

And Charley looked up over the tail gate at me.

"Stroker," he said. "Kin I ask you something?"

"HMMMMM?"

"Did you piss in your pants out there in the race?"

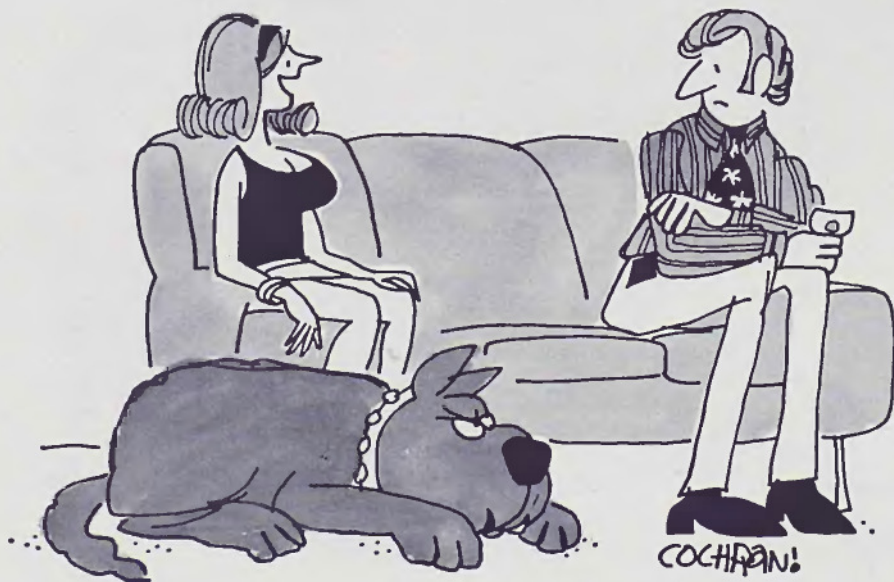
"No, why?"

"Well, look there."

I looked down at my crotch. It was all suspiciously yellow-stained.

"You are not going to believe this," I said. "But that is Dr Pepper."

Torkle burped. "That Dr Pepper. Another fucking foreigner," he said.



"Act like you're going to rape me."

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PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 62)

admits publicly to homosexuality should be booted off campus and prosecuted in court for violation of applicable statutes.

Pansy student organizations have been officially aided, it is said, on many college campuses. This is the most disgusting depth to which our permissive educators have yet descended, far more degenerate than their promotion of student fornication through so-called "parietal hours" of intersexual dormitory visitation.

The *Union Leader* is New Hampshire's only state-wide newspaper and is well known for its right-wing views.

P. C. Mollema, Jr.
Keene, New Hampshire

FREUD AND HOMOSEXUALITY

In the June *Playboy Forum*, Dr. Donald B. Rinsley insists that homosexuality is some sort of psychiatric illness requiring therapy. This is an example of the lengths to which some people will go in trying to demean sexual expressions that differ from their own. Freud, on whose authority Rinsley relies, not only felt that homosexuality was the result of "arrested psychosexual development" but also that any form of sexual expression other than male-female genital contact resulting in orgasm was perverted. But Freud did not invent sex, and variations on the theme have been practiced by thousands of people for several thousand years in most cultures. Many therapists, even Freudians, have ceased to describe the variations as unhealthy.

Steven D. Mount
Seattle, Washington

GLUG!

I have occasionally let men make love to me, but this leaves me feeling cheated of my self-respect. When I go to bed with a man, I'm usually drunk and need K-Y Jelly to facilitate intercourse. In the arms of another woman, I lubricate copiously. A clean-smelling female, a pair of warm breasts close to my own are what turn me on. I much prefer a woman's kiss to that of a man.

Recently, I drove a woman to her apartment from the local gay bar. Before she got out of my car, I leaned over and we kissed. The kiss was sweet, clean, gentle, simple, soft, enjoyable and appreciated. Had my passenger been a man, I probably would have endured a probing, sloppy, drunken tongue down my throat.

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

CONTEMPLATING NAVELS

I liked the letter in the June *Playboy Forum* praising navels. I prefer innies to outies, but, in any case, the sight of an umbilicus turns me on just as much as a

glimpse of breasts, buttocks or pubic hair. It's a laugh that laws regulating public dress require women to cover those other parts but allow them to leave the navel exposed, with lust-crazed navel gazers like me freely roaming the streets.

(Name withheld by request)
Kankakee, Michigan

TO CUT OR NOT TO CUT

John Griffin's letter on circumcision (*The Playboy Forum*, June) failed to mention that cancer of the cervix is more common among women whose sexual partners were not circumcised. This disease is found in prostitutes and among women in India, South America and Africa. In Israel, where circumcision is well-nigh universal, cervical cancer is rare.

Dr. Irving Kessler of Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health is now seeking out the widowed and divorced spouses of cervical cancer victims to learn if the same disease has developed in subsequent wives. The director of the National Cancer Institute in Washington, D.C., recommends that every male capable of intercourse have himself circumcised, regardless of his age.

Harry Soffer
Brooklyn, New York

NAKED LUNCH

It's about time our society changed some of its archaic laws and stupid attitudes about nudity, and I'm doing my part to help. Last summer, I publicly auctioned off my bikini top at a busy Norman, Oklahoma, corner before a cheering noontime crowd of about 1200—including the police chief, the sheriff and the city manager. Everyone seemed to be having a good time and no one looked offended (though the sheriff said he was), but I was arrested immediately for indecent exposure, a felony punishable by 30 days to ten years in jail.

Wendy Berlowitz
Norman, Oklahoma

CRYBABY FREAKS

A neighbor gave me a copy of *PLAYBOY* and when I read *The Playboy Forum*, it became clear to me what type of reader you attract. There is nothing new in *The Playboy Philosophy*; your brand of bullshit appeals only to the lower instincts in man and does nothing to advance or uplift a man's life. You say that everyone should be allowed to do as he or she pleases, as long as it doesn't hurt anyone else. Who are you to say that a person has no right to hurt others? You don't acknowledge the existence of God, so how do you know that murder is wrong?

Your *Playboy Forum* is nothing more than a place for a bunch of crybaby freaks to let off steam. These freaks speak out against those who condemn pornography

as a cause of increased sex crimes. They want blood when it comes to the Watergate situation, but when it comes to drug-law enforcement, they bitch and cry. They want capital punishment abolished, then they call for legalized murder in the name of the right to abortion. They support equal rights for women, then they applaud when *PLAYBOY* uses them in a degrading fashion as Playmate material.

Of course you think the Bible is just a fairy tale, but believing that this universe created itself, wound itself up, is not only a fairy tale but science fiction. When the Bible tells me it's wrong for one man to lie with another man for sex, I believe it. I believe the Bible when it says long hair is a shame unto a man but a woman's glory. There are people who will always lap up your brand of bullshit, but don't try to make out that you're high-class material. Yours is gutter-type filth, peddled to gutter-oriented people.

No, I'm not 70 years old, only 43.

R. H. Woods
Elko, Nevada

Are you suggesting that ignorance, intolerance and puritanism are characteristics of old age, and that you're precocious?

PLAIN COMMON SENSE

I've heard that terrifying midnight raids, complete with drawn guns and battered doors—often the wrong ones—have become a trademark of U.S. narcotics agents in pursuit of marijuana suspects. Our Royal Canadian Mounted Police take a somewhat different approach to apprehending marijuana violators. A story in the *Toronto Globe and Mail* reported that when Mounties raided an apartment last May "and carried off nine boxes containing 213 marijuana plants in the early stages of growth, all they left behind was a message for the apartment's occupant to give them a call." He did, and was charged with and pleaded guilty to cultivating marijuana.

R.C.M.P. superintendent Marcel Sauve noted that his men would have waited around had they found large quantities of hashish or heroin, but said he couldn't spare men for minor cases such as this one. He also said that he can't recall a case in which a suspect has failed to respond to the please-get-in-touch approach, which he characterized as "plain common sense in a case like this."

John G. Murphy
Scarborough, Ontario

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





*National Clothing Study by Opinion Research Corporation

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SEXUAL BEHAVIOR (continued from page 88)

75 times a year, while our 35-to-44 married people have a median of about 99; and for married people beyond the mid-50s, the percentage increase is even larger, the median having risen from 26 to 49.

• The rates of orgasm for females have increased along with frequencies of intercourse; this can be taken as one measure of the satisfactoriness of intercourse for today's females—and, considering the general nature of contemporary male-female sexual interaction, an indirect measure of the satisfactoriness of intercourse for today's males. In Kinsey's sample, only about half of the younger females who were having premarital intercourse were having any orgasms at all, as compared with three quarters in our sample; and the median frequency of orgasm for our single females was three

times as high as that for Kinsey's females. Among married women, similarly, there is evidence of an increase in orgasmic regularity: 53 percent of our married women, but only 45 percent of a comparable subsample of Kinsey's married females, have orgasm all or almost all the time, and the percentage of those who only sometimes or never have orgasm has dropped from 28 to 15.

• Homosexuality, as well as we can tell from the somewhat untrustworthy data, has not increased in incidence, although it most definitely has increased in visibility. Kinsey's figures, and our own, present difficult statistical problems, with which we will deal in more detail in a later installment in this series; our guarded conclusions, however, are that some 20 to 25 percent of all American males have at least one homosexual experience and

that this figure is about the same as an educated downward correction of Kinsey's exaggerated incidence. Our female figures, smaller to begin with, also show no increase. Much of the homosexual experience included in both Kinsey's figures and our own is early or adolescent play or experiment. When we look only at those persons with homosexual experiences beyond the mid-teens, or at those who are mainly or exclusively homosexual in adult life, we again find figures seemingly smaller than Kinsey's or close to his when statistical adjustments are made—but at no point were we able to find proof of any increases whatever.

The social changes related to sexual liberation have been vast, profound and unprecedented. For the most part, they have been highly visible—in newspapers, magazines, books, television and movies. There is no doubt that sex has become the property of the media and a major concern of the public at large.

Consider these examples:

• Although Kinsey's first volume (published in 1948) was immediately acclaimed as a major contribution to knowledge, much of the public and many academic persons regarded Kinsey, his associates and their work as unwholesome and suspect. By the end of the Sixties, however, sex research had become so respectable that any number of doctoral candidates were engaged in it and foundations and Government agencies were funding projects that studied such phenomena as prostitution and homosexuality.

• In 1944, anthropologist John J. Honigsmann wrote in the *Journal of Criminal Psychopathology* that sexual interaction in the presence of a third party would unquestionably be considered obscene in our society and, indeed, that "our cultural norms would scarcely tolerate such a situation [even] in the scientific laboratory." (Kinsey witnessed and filmed some sexual acts but said nothing about them in print.) Scarcely a decade later, Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson were closely scrutinizing couples in coitus in the laboratory and recording the condition of organs and tissues at every stage of intercourse. When they published their findings in 1966, under the title *Human Sexual Response*, medical men and the general public alike hailed the work, and only a few intellectual troglodytes considered the book obscene. Professional journals of sexology and sociology have followed suit boldly, even publishing articles by researchers who have attended group-sex parties and who have been participants and/or observers at pickup bars and at homosexual public-toilet encounters.

• In recent years, the border between the showable and the unshowable, the



"Your head still isn't in the right place. In my book, dreams about the Dow-Jones do not rate as true occult experiences."



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"It's no good, Angela—you're even taller than me lying down!"

speakable and the unspeakable, the printable and the unprintable, had practically disappeared—at least until the Supreme Court's ruling in June of this year opened the way for a new border somewhere short of total freedom. During the past decade, female and male nudity made the grade in X-rated films, in the theater—on and off Broadway—and in mass-circulation magazines. Onstage, copulation was represented explicitly (simulated) in *Oh! Calcutta!*, cunnilingus in off-Broadway's *The Beard* and homosexual rape in *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. Hard-core blue movies showing full-color close-ups of erect penises penetrating every available orifice and freely spouting semen began to be publicly exhibited at erotic-movie houses in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, Des Moines, Kansas City, Nashville, Dallas, Denver and elsewhere. At the bottom of the literary ladder, low-grade hard-core pornography of no discernible literary or artistic merit, but of great explicitness and infinite perversity, became available by the millions of copies in some 850 bookstores that specialized in erotica and, to some extent, in many of the more conventional bookstores throughout the country.

Even in respectable literary works, descriptions of sex acts ceased to be poetically allusive and indirect. Novels by such writers as Philip Roth and John Updike began to include clinically graphic scenes of masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus, buggery—oh, yes, and intercourse—of such explicitness that Lady Chatterley seemed second cousin to Heidi. Words such as fuck, cock, cunt, prick and the like began to be freely used in respectable books and magazines, and in late 1972, the unthinkable happened—the magisterial *Oxford English Dictionary*, for nearly 90 years the ultimate authority on the English language, included the word fuck in its long-awaited supplement.

• In the Thirties, the most advanced and liberal marriage manual in print was Theodore Hendrik van de Velde's *Ideal Marriage*. Dr. Van de Velde advised the use of foreplay—he included (daringly, for that time) oral-genital stimulation—and described, in most refined terms, a number of alternative positions. Here's a sample:

In the astride attitude, there is no possibility of mutual embrace or kisses. On the other hand, the full unimpeded view of each other's bodies . . . has a strongly stimulant effect. And the opportunity, often missing in other attitudes, of gazing face to face, into one another's eyes, of beholding, in the reciprocal play of expression, the rising tide of excitement to its ecstatic culmination, greatly enhances all the other stimuli of this attitude.

He recommended the genital kiss (if needed), but he warned the husband to use it with "the greatest gentleness, the most delicate reverence," and cautioned the wife, in employing fellatio, to exercise utmost "aesthetic delicacy and discretion" in order not to cross "that treacherous frontier between supreme beauty and base ugliness." (Presumably, this meant that she should not carry it through to the point of ejaculation; Van de Velde, like most other authorities of the time, regarded fellatio to orgasm as a species of perversion.)

Today's marriage and sex manuals take a lustier, earthier approach. They urge readers to attain maximum sensation and some of them recommend—along with a wide variety of positions—simultaneous oral-genital stimulation to orgasm, anal play with the finger or tongue, anal intercourse and the use of vibrators, mirrors and crushed ice (a handful of which, jammed into the crotch at the moment of orgasm, immensely heightens the experience, according to Dr. John Eichenlaub). The tone of the prose employed in such books has changed radically from that of Van de Velde. For example, in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . .*, Dr. David Reuben describes 69 as follows:

She feels the insistent throbbing of the organ against her lips and experiences a slightly salty taste, as well as the characteristic but not unpleasant odor of the sudoriferous glands of the area. Because the penis is much larger in comparison to the clitoris she can also see the male genitals as she proceeds. By simultaneous cunnilingus and fellatio every possible sense is brought to a fever pitch and a mutual orgasm occurs rapidly unless the couple switches to a penis-vagina position. The most presumably undersexed man or woman will be brought to an explosive orgasm by using this technique providing they are willing to do it.

Indeed, the immensely popular sex manuals written by "J" (*The Sensuous Woman*) and "M" (*The Sensuous Man*) employ a palpitating, salivating eroticism not far removed from the hard-core pornography that once was sold only under the counter:

Put your girl in a soft, upholstered chair and kneel in front of her so your head comes about to the level of her breasts. . . . Now slide her off the chair and right onto that beautiful erect shaft. The feeling is dizzying. She is wet and very, very hot; you are face to face and in about as deep as you can be. . . . You lean back with your hands on the floor

and raise your pelvis to plunge into her for a few moments, and then she should take over the action by moving her pelvic area up and down on your penis—faster and faster. . . . [It's] an exciting way to come. When you do explode, you'll find yourself in each other's arms—exhausted, wet, beautiful—a total state of A. F. O.—all fucked out.

—*The Sensuous Man*

He may wish to investigate you anally with his mouth and tongue and expect you to reciprocate. Now don't freeze. If you have washed in this area, it is *not* dirty and, if you'll stop wailing like a banshee or playing Purity Raped for a moment, you will notice the beginning of a curious, warm and divinely demanding sensation and be secretly hoping he'll go on to the next step.

—*The Sensuous Woman*

• In addition to all this talk, we are now surrounded by evidence that people are openly doing things that a generation ago were unthinkable, or at least were among the most guarded of personal secrets. Sex-therapy clinics and nude encounter groups are burgeoning, and not just in New York and on the West Coast. Students of both sexes room together openly in many colleges. Pickup clubs and singles bars have spread like crab grass. So-called massage parlors provide paid-for sexual services. Sex magazines and direct-mail companies offer dildos, equipment for sadomasochism and assorted other sexual devices; New York and a few other cities have shops that openly sell such merchandise. Gay baths that function as places for quick sexual encounters now flourish in a number of cities.

• Open marriage and flexible monogamy have been advocated by a number of best-selling authors. Group marriages have become a reality; close to 2000 communes were located by one newspaper survey in 1970, a large number of which involved some form of group marriage. Unwed alliances have either grown in number or come out into the open, or both: One reads every day of actors and actresses, jet setters and other celebrities who openly live with their lovers or who have children out of wedlock, by choice.

• Several states have moved toward the model penal code adopted by the American Law Institute in 1962 and have revised their sex laws so as to drop from the list of crimes most or all private sex acts between consenting adults. Illinois, Connecticut, Colorado, Oregon, Ohio, North Dakota, Delaware and Hawaii have wiped out their long-standing penalties against private consensual sodomy, both heterosexual and homosexual. In most states,

the old laws against fornication, cohabitation, adultery and sodomy still stand, but, with a few notable exceptions, such laws are now rarely enforced.

• In January 1973, the Supreme Court handed down its epochal decision that recognized the constitutional right of women—as part of the right of privacy—to decide for themselves whether or not to terminate pregnancy by abortion. (However, states still can proscribe abortion in the final trimester, when the fetus is viable, except when abortion is necessary to preserve the life or health of the mother.) Ten years ago, legal, safe and easy abortion in the United States was unthinkable; five years ago, it was thinkable but nonexistent; in 1972 it was legal, subject to certain limitations, in half a dozen states; and in 1973 it is legal everywhere.

• • •

Thus, things unseen and unheard of a generation ago or even a decade ago are now to be seen and heard on every side. And yet, for all the words and the strange new phenomena around us, we have had no good way to judge whether the changes that have taken place affect only a highly visible minority or the large unseen majority; whether the increase in freedom, whatever its scope, has strengthened love relationships and marriage among the sexually liberated or weakened them; whether sexual liberation is bringing the liberated greater satisfaction or only a frenetic quest for stronger sensations and new kicks; and whether America is becoming a dissolute and degenerate nation or a sensuous and healthy one.

The Playboy survey attempts to provide a body of information from which such judgments can be derived. We sought, in resurveying the territory that Kinsey mapped out during the Forties

and reported on in 1948 and 1953, to measure, scientifically and precisely, the changes that have taken place since then. Many of the measurements yielded astonishing results—some because they revealed change greater than expected, but some because they thoroughly refuted certain widely accepted beliefs about the scope and meaning of sexual liberation.

In the 2026 completed questionnaires and in 200 supplemental depth interviews, our survey teams and interviewers examined sexual attitudes before they investigated behavior. The Kinsey group had attached little value to verbally expressed attitudes, reasoning that an individual's acts show what his attitudes really are, while the things he says are "little more than reflections of the attitudes which prevail in the particular culture in which he was raised." Kinsey himself had originally been a biologist dealing with infra-human creatures—wasps, in fact—which may account for his antiverbal bias. Most sociologists and psychologists, however, do not share his bias against attitudes. In fact, sociologist Ira Reiss, a leading investigator of contemporary sexual mores, recently compared the attitudes expressed by a sizable group of unmarried college students with their actual behavior and concluded that "in the great majority of cases, belief and action do coincide."

Because attitudes were so sparsely reported in the first and second Kinsey volumes, we can make few direct comparisons with those works. But even without a firm statistical base line, it is abundantly clear to anyone who is acquainted with the state of sexual attitudes a generation ago that in many particulars, our data show a dramatic shift toward permissiveness. Americans are much more tolerant of the sexual ideas and acts of other persons than formerly and feel far

freer to envision various previously forbidden acts as possible for themselves—and, hence, to include such acts in their own sexual repertoires.

The Roper polling agency asked national samples, in 1937 and again in 1959, "Do you think it is all right for either or both parties to a marriage to have had previous sexual intercourse?" There was virtually no change over that span of years: In both 1937 and 1959, 22 percent said it was all right for both men and women, eight percent said it was all right for men only and somewhat more than half said it was all right for neither. Our own survey shows a major shift: Depending on the degree of emotional involvement between the partners, premarital sex is considered acceptable for males by a large majority of our men and by 37 to 73 percent of our women. It is considered acceptable for women by 44 to 81 percent of our males and 20 to 68 percent of our females, again depending on the closeness of the relationship.

More than half of all women and almost half of all men in our survey disagree with the statement "Homosexuality is wrong." Nearly half of the men and women, in fact, believe that homosexuality should be legal; slightly smaller proportions feel it should not and the rest express no opinion. Near majorities or even large majorities of our total sample take the supposedly unpopular or avant-garde view on similar issues. For instance, distinct majorities favor legal prostitution and legal abortion, and divorce laws that would eliminate the need to offer reasons to the court.

Christian civilization has always viewed anal intercourse as among the vilest of perversions and the blackest of sins. We expected to find some measure of tolerance for it as a result of the general

FREQUENCY OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE IN PAST YEAR

	SINGLE				MARRIED									
	Male		Female		Male					Female				
	18-24	25 & over	18-24	25 & over	18-24	25-34	35-44	45-54	55 & over	18-24	25-34	35-44	45-54	55 & over
None	21.7%	12.1%	31.5%	11.6%	—%	—%	1.0%	4.9%	5.1%	—%	0.5%	2.4%	5.1%	13.0%
1-3 times	7.6	2.8	4.3	—	—	—	1.0	2.8	6.4	—	1.4	1.0	—	5.2
4-11 times	6.5	7.5	5.1	7.2	—	—	1.5	1.4	2.6	1.2	0.5	2.4	4.4	—
12-24 times	14.1	9.3	8.1	8.7	1.4	2.5	6.7	9.8	16.6	1.2	2.8	5.2	19.0	18.5
25-52 times	10.9	15.0	14.0	15.9	6.8	11.4	18.5	31.0	34.6	12.0	11.3	23.3	20.3	20.8
53-104 times	10.3	22.4	9.8	14.5	18.9	27.8	29.8	30.3	20.5	21.7	31.5	31.6	30.4	15.6
105-156 times	9.8	19.6	8.9	10.1	23.0	27.8	24.2	12.0	6.4	22.9	25.8	16.8	7.6	6.5
157-208 times	6.0	4.7	8.1	11.6	23.1	13.4	7.2	1.4	—	18.1	15.9	9.6	3.2	2.6
209-313 times	2.7	—	5.5	8.7	17.7	8.9	5.7	2.1	—	13.2	5.6	3.9	1.2	—
314-365 times	1.6	2.8	1.3	1.4	1.4	2.5	1.5	—	—	4.8	0.9	1.0	—	—
More than 365 times	1.6	1.9	0.9	2.9	6.8	2.0	0.5	—	—	4.8	0.9	—	0.6	—
Not ascertained	7.1	1.9	2.6	7.2	—	0.5	0.5	1.4	2.6	—	1.4	0.5	3.2	10.4
Median last year (number of times)	22	103	24	99	155	148	102	52	50	153	117	99	52	49

liberal trend, but we were in no way prepared for the results that came out of the computer: Only a little more than a quarter of all men and women in our survey agree with the statement "Anal intercourse between a man and a woman is wrong," while substantially more than half of each sex disagree. The data are worth listing here in detail:

ANAL INTERCOURSE IS WRONG
(percentages are rounded)

	Men	Women
Agree strongly	17%	18%
Agree somewhat	10%	9%
Disagree somewhat	26%	25%
Disagree strongly	33%	32%
No opinion	14%	16%

The explicit permissiveness of the "Disagree" replies is, if anything, understated by this table, since the unusually large proportion of "No opinion" replies probably signifies unwillingness to criticize the practice. This is not to say that the majority of our sample considers anal intercourse appealing, exciting or mutually satisfying; clearly, however, the majority no longer accepts the traditional negative evaluation of the act.

The Congressionally authorized Commission on Obscenity and Pornography found that only a third of all Americans feel that adults should be allowed to read or see any sexual materials they wish, but more than half indicated that they would feel this way provided it were proved that such materials do no harm. Our data indicate a similar mixture of restrictive and permissive feelings about erotica: Four tenths of the men and women in our survey sample say that pictures, drawings, movies and prose that show or describe sexual acts either disgust them or cause a mixture of disgust and delight—yet from half to more than nine tenths of our sample also admit to being sexually aroused by material of this sort. The latter figures are two to four times as large as the comparable figures reported for women by Kinsey and are consistently larger, though by a smaller degree, than his figures for men. In some part, the greater capacity to be aroused probably has to do with mere opportunity. But in all likelihood, a substantially larger number of persons than formerly—particularly women—today see erotic material with some frequency; and while they continue to feel some revulsion or guilt, probably attributable to cultural conditioning, they have become sufficiently uninhibited to be aroused by it.

Generally speaking, we found that permissive attitudes about sex were more common among the young and among males than among older persons and females. Permissive attitudes generally were associated with higher education, political liberalism, white-collar status



"Mister, I can make your dollar go farther."

and the absence of strong religious feelings. Conservative attitudes about sex, on the other hand, were more common among older persons and among women and generally were associated with lower educational attainment, political conservatism, blue-collar status and religious devoutness. We were surprised, however, by the magnitude of the age factor; with certain exceptions, it overshadowed the other major influences on sexual attitudes.

We found the young, the middle-aged and the old in substantial accord only on those sexual issues that threaten no one and represent no danger to marriage or social stability. The statement "Sex is one of the most beautiful parts of life" won the agreement of nine tenths or more of the men and women in every age group. In contrast, women under 25 are three and a half times as likely as women of 55 and over to believe that premarital intercourse makes for better and more stable marriage (the percentages were 64 and 18, respectively). Again, nearly twice as many persons under 35 as over 35 think that homosexuality should be legal, and similar differences exist on the importance of virginity and the wrongness

of masturbation. These permissive attitudes, though they are correlated with youth, do not necessarily express youthful irresponsibility and general rebelliousness; they may do so to some extent, but they are also part of the contemporary culture and have been learned and adopted by every age group, though to a declining degree all along the dimension of increasing age.

This raises the question Do the differences associated with age represent a natural evolution from liberalism to conservatism that is repeated in every generation, or has something been happening that does not replicate the past? One would expect that the status and habits that go with increasing age would naturally make people more conservative about sex, as they do about politics, money and many other things. Reiss and others have pointed out, too, that there is a strong tendency for the sexually permissive to become more conservative as their own children approach puberty, because, as parents, they feel responsible for what may happen.

But the differences in attitude between the very youngest group in our survey 199

and the 35-to-44 group—the first in which pubertal children would be involved—showed no sudden discontinuity, nor was the curve flat thereafter, as it should have been if children were the cause of conservatism. While some part of the swing to conservatism is surely due to the inherent nature of the life cycle, we feel that the data may suggest something more interesting than this: They suggest that for the past generation, a major—and permanent—re-evaluation of sexual attitudes has been occurring throughout our society, a process that has left its mark on each age group. The greater part of one's attitudes toward sex is acquired in the learning years of the teens and young adulthood, and the attitudes of each age group therefore tend to indicate what the norm was for that group when it was at the formative stage. Here, for instance, is the striking record of the growing tolerance of men and women toward heterosexual cunnilingus:

CUNNILINGUS IS NOT WRONG (percentages who agree)			
	Under 25	25-34	35-44
Men	85%	89%	77%
Women	86%	89%	81%
	45-54	55 and over	
Men	56%	48%	
Women	67%	47%	

(The paradoxical dip for those under 25 does not signify a revival of puritanism but, rather, the inexperience and inhibitions of the very youngest members of this group; by the age of 20 or thereabouts, however, permissiveness on this matter is even more predominant than it is in the 25-to-34-year-old group.) In each age group, virtually the same percentages are permissive about fellatio as about cunnilingus, showing the same degree of change along the age parameter.

A considerable number of the under-25 men and women report that the use of some stimulants and depressants makes their sexual experiences more pleasurable; others report the opposite:

Thirty-six percent of the women and 30 percent of the men state that alcohol makes intercourse more pleasurable; however, 12 percent of the women and 27 percent of the men find that it makes intercourse less pleasurable.

Six percent of the women and 11 percent of the men state that barbiturates make intercourse more pleasurable; six percent and nine percent, respectively, report the opposite effect.

Twelve percent of the women and 15 percent of the men state that hallucinogens make intercourse more pleasurable; four percent and seven percent, respectively, say the opposite.

Forty-one percent of the women and 45 percent of the men state that marijuana makes intercourse more pleasurable; only

two percent and four percent, respectively, vote the other way.

Two percent of the women and six percent of the men state that hard drugs make intercourse more pleasurable; two percent and five percent, respectively, say the opposite.

Slightly smaller percentages of persons in older age groups say that alcohol makes intercourse more pleasurable, but only very small percentages of older groups have anything good—or anything at all—to say about the other drugs. In the age groups from 35 up, only about five to ten percent have ever had intercourse while using marijuana, but nearly all who have done so thought it made sex more pleasurable. Only a few scattered individuals have had sex while using the other drugs mentioned above; nearly as many of them reported negative effects as reported positive ones.

The real significance of what is happening, however, begins to appear when we compare the importance of the age factor with the other major variables in determining attitudes. In most cases, age has never been as important as such other factors as educational level or degree of religious feeling; today it is generally as powerful as—and in many cases more powerful than—these or the other classic determinants of sexual attitudes. The process of change has been affecting all kinds of Americans, significantly narrowing the gap—among the younger people—between the devout and the non-devout, the blue-collar people and the white-collar people, the college-educated and the non-college educated, the political liberals and the political conservatives.

In the older half of our sample, for instance, college-educated women are considerably more permissive about fellatio than their noncollege peers: Three quarters of the former do not think fellatio wrong, compared with a little more than half of the latter. Among women in the younger half of the sample, however, four fifths of the college-educated—and almost as many of the noncollege—women no longer think that fellatio is wrong.

Occupational status is also correlated with sexual attitudes, but again, we found that younger persons are more permissive than older persons at both blue-collar and white-collar levels, and that young blue-collar men are now generally as permissive as the older white-collar men. Consider this example:

HOMOSEXUALITY SHOULD BE LEGAL (percentage of males who agree)		
	Under 35	35 and over
White collar	65%	43%
Blue collar	41%	27%

• • •

The more lurid accounts of the growth of sexual liberation might lead one to imagine that younger Americans balk at

nothing in the catalog of sexual behavior and that sexual liberation means the casting off of all internal and external restraint. Indeed, among our interviewees, we found some advocates of sexual liberation who took this view—and were embarrassed by their own inability to enjoy every activity suggested to them. As one young divorcee said, "I feel so silly—this fellow I'm seeing is keen on rimming me [performing anilingus], but I always get embarrassed and turned off by it. I guess I'm not as loose as I'd like to be." And a young man said, "Some of my friends tell me I'm still hung up because I can't bring myself to try it with guys. Maybe they're right—I mean, what difference does it really make?—but I'm chicken, or something; I just can't do it."

Most people, however, read a different meaning into sexual liberation; they regard it as a freedom within which they have the right to remain highly selective, choosing only those sexual acts that meet their emotional needs. Many persons have adopted or at least tried a number of practices that were proscribed and avoided by all but the sophisticates a generation or so ago, and many contemporary Americans are somewhat less fettered in enjoying their sensations than their precursors were; but by and large, they have added to their regular repertoires only acts that are biologically and psychologically free from pathology, they have remained highly discriminating in their choice of sexual partners and they continue to attach deep emotional significance to their sexual acts rather than regarding them as sources of uncomplicated sensuous gratification.

Consider our finding that premarital intercourse has become the prevailing standard. Young women today are much more likely than their mothers were to feel they have a right to complete sexual lives before marriage, but they do not exercise that right in a purely exploratory or physical way. The inhibitions of the *demi-vierge* of the Forties have been replaced by sexual freedom within the confines of emotional involvement, not by free-and-easy swinging; in Reiss's terminology, the contemporary norm is "permissiveness with affection." In Kinsey's study, almost half of those married women who had had premarital intercourse had had it only with their fiancés; in our own sample, while twice as many have had premarital intercourse, an even larger proportion—slightly over half—limited it to their fiancés; and among the youngest women in our study, the figure is still higher. It is very likely that there are more single women today who are willing to have intercourse on a purely physical level, without emotional ties, but most sexually liberated single girls



"I think we should make it a point to come in some night and find out what the hell's going on with this watchman."

still feel liberated only within the context of affectionate or loving relationships.

Even parents are beginning to accept the new premarital freedom and to regard it as healthy. One woman, a 50-year-old saleslady, commented:

Ten years ago, I would have wanted my daughter to go with a fellow, fall in love, have a courtship and get married. Now, I only want to get across to her that what's important is to know when she's ready to handle sex, ready to take care of herself physically and emotionally. I want her to feel that the important thing is to have a real experience with

someone, and not to think she has to marry some guy just because she's slept with him.

Premarital sex in a loving relationship still has marriage as its implied goal—and the quality of sex within marriage still seems to be integrally connected to the strength and security of the emotional relationship. A young housewife described the growth of her sexual life in the following terms:

I thought it was quite good before we got married, and no doubt it was, but being married and having our own place made a big difference in

my whole mental state about sex. Of course, there had been a certain excitement before marriage—we were always trying to get together, and find some privacy, and keep it hidden—but that was an artificial excitement. Once we could take our minds off those extraneous concerns and pay more attention to each other, it rapidly got very much better, and we took a lot more time and seemed to penetrate much deeper into total feeling. We had varied our lovemaking before marriage, but in the first few years of marriage, we varied it a lot more and tried out many new things; we kept some and

dropped others as we came to understand what we both enjoyed most. Sometimes there's a lot of foreplay, sometimes not, depending on the mood we're in. We both like oral acts very much, with the one limitation that he doesn't like me to bring him too close to climax that way, because it makes it difficult for him to last long inside me. Now I, as it happens, can climax more than once, and I just love to do so, so we try to arrange it so that he sends me off into one and then another, and then joins me for the grand finale, and I do mean grand. The best position for me is the standard one, but I also get great pleasure out of being on hands and knees and being entered from the rear, which he likes best. We've tried just about everything possible, including my sitting up on him with my back toward him. We even use anal intercourse, although everything has to be just right, in terms of my stomach and bowels, for me to want to do that. At first we did that very rarely, because there was pain, but he found it very exciting, so I persisted and learned to relax so that there is no pain, and now—though I don't know how it's physiologically possible—I actually climax in that position. . . . We have sex less frequently now than we did seven years ago, at the beginning of marriage, because it's not so novel a thing anymore, but at the same time it's lots

more exciting because of the familiarity and ease of it, and a much richer and freer experience than ever before. The only thing that limits it is when we're unhappy with each other about something, because it isn't possible for either of us to enjoy the physical thing unless we're emotionally in tune.

Even masturbation continues to be linked to sexual acts of emotional significance; a large majority of men and women in every age group say that while they masturbate, they fantasize about having intercourse with persons they love. But they do feel notably freer than they formerly did to administer such sexual relief to themselves in times of tension or deprivation.

While we found very small increases in the percentage of all males, or all females who have ever masturbated (a little over nine tenths of all our males and six tenths of all our females have done so at some time in their lives), we did find that girls are far more likely today to start masturbating early in adolescence, and that boys begin somewhat earlier; both single males and single females, moreover, masturbate considerably more frequently in the mid-20s-to-mid-30s group than formerly. Both of these trends indicate lessened guilt feelings, rather than sexual hunger, since these same people are also having more intercourse.

Even more indicative of lessened guilt feelings is the increase we found in mas-

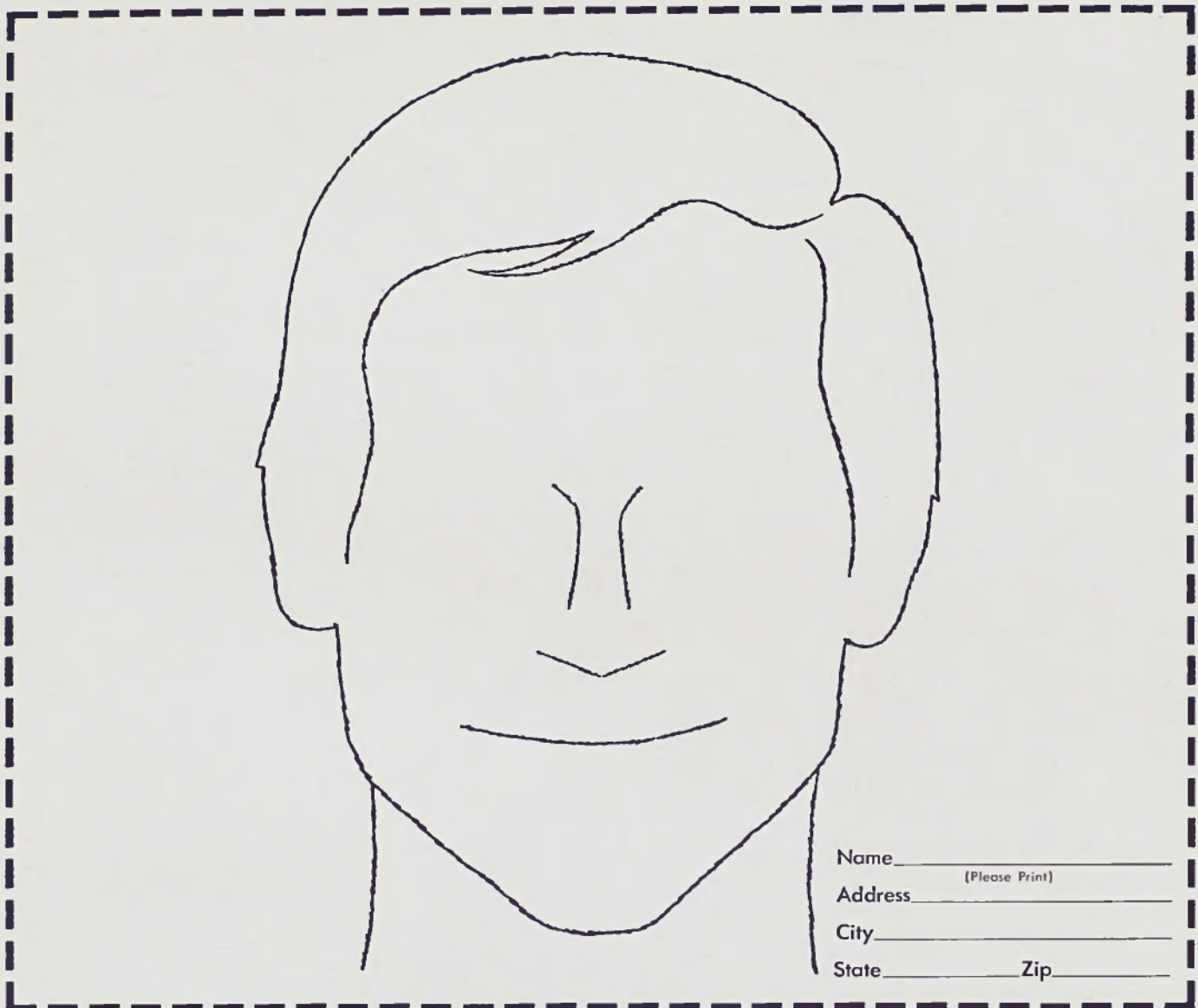
turbation among the married. An example: Kinsey's data showed that in the Forties, more than four out of ten married men between the ages of 26 and 35 still masturbated, and with a median frequency of six times a year; today, according to our data, more than 70 percent of married men in that age group do so, and with a median frequency of 24 times a year. Kinsey found that a third of the married women in the same age bracket masturbated, their median rate being ten times a year; while we found no increase in the median rate, more than twice as many do so today.

These remarkable increases might mean that there is more sexual disharmony in the marriages of the young today than there was a generation ago, but other data from our survey—the answers to questions on marital happiness and marital sexual satisfaction—effectively eliminate this possibility. It is more likely that young husbands and wives feel more at liberty than their counterparts of a generation ago to turn to masturbation whenever sexual frustration develops out of sexual or emotional conflict, unavoidable separation or abstinence caused by illness, pregnancy and other extrinsic factors.

Our data concerning sex outside marriage further amplify our general finding that liberation has not cut sex loose from significant personal relationships or from the institution of marriage. As mentioned earlier, there is a small but distinct increase in the incidence of extramarital behavior among under-25 males and a major increase among under-25 females, but a close look at the over-all curves, and an examination of how early in marriage persons with extramarital experience begin having it, makes us think that there is little lifetime change. What has happened is that the males who will be unfaithful start being so earlier; as for the females, they apparently are on their way to catching up to the males in the incidence and earliness. But in the over-all picture, there is very little change thus far. The great majority of people still feel that love and sex are too closely interwoven to be separable at will or for fun. Anywhere from 80 to 98 percent of the men and women in our study say that they or their mates would object to any kind of extramarital sex experience by their partners. And extramarital affairs, at least in the eyes of those who are currently divorced, are related to the disintegration of marriage—more than half of the divorced males and females who had had extramarital relations say that such activities caused their separations or divorces. This is much the same range as Kinsey reported; apparently, for many contemporary persons—and certainly for most of those who have had extramarital relationships and whose marriages have subsequently broken up—sexual activity



"Of course you don't believe in nudity on the stage—you don't believe in it off the stage either!"



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A close shave doesn't have to hurt.



"Oh, that, well—there's this dizzy blonde who lives in the apartment upstairs."

outside marriage has lost none of its traditional significance as a serious breach of trust and intimacy and as a major offense against their marital partners.

Divorced persons, in the newly free climate, are much more apt to be sexually active and experimental than their precursors of a generation ago; and since many of them go through a stage of avoiding emotional entanglements—even while testing themselves sexually—they seem, at least on the surface, to fit the picture of active single swingers better than our premarital single people do. Kinsey reported, for instance, that four to 18 percent of his postmarital males under 56 (he included widowers in this category) were sexually inactive, the figure being higher among older men. None of the divorced men in the Playboy survey are sexually inactive. Our divorced males have a median of eight intercourse partners a year (there are no comparable Kinsey figures), while our single white males under 25 have only 1.5 partners a year and our single white males from 25 to 34 have four. Kinsey reported that from 28 to 64 percent of the divorced women and widows under 56 in his study were sexually inactive, depending on age. Only nine percent of the comparable divorced women in the Playboy survey are sexually inactive. Those who are active, moreover, have a median of 3.5 partners per year, as compared with only one partner for our single women under 25 and three for our single women from 25 to 34.

It is in the phase of sexual testing, and avoiding emotional entanglement, that they often say things such as this young woman says:

I had always thought that sex with my husband was very good, but after

we broke up and I was dating some older and really hip guys, I began to find out what it was all about. One man I went out with for a while taught me how to be really aware of my body and my movements. Another man was so sensuous about every little detail that I became that way myself. One of the fellows I'm seeing now is getting me to see the fun-and-games side of sex. My only problem is that I have this fear of getting trapped again. I hate being alone, but I get into a panic whenever I feel someone closing in on me or think I'm letting myself get too involved with someone.

But consonant with our other findings, liberation has not really sundered sex from emotion, even for the divorced, as is clear from the fact that four out of five of them eventually remarry, most of those marriages enduring for life. In our interviews, moreover, it was often clear that much of the postmarital behavior of the divorced is aimed at the restoration of ego strength and is a preparation for renewed intimacy—when it can be found. The following narration by a middle-aged, formerly divorced man illustrates the point:

I was shaken up pretty badly by the breakup of my marriage. I didn't even date for half a year. Then I started in, and gradually got into the sex thing, and realized that I'd been pretty stuffy and blocked as a sex partner up to then. I opened up and learned a hell of a lot from different women; I had a real ball. But I didn't want to get too close to anybody, and I was honest about it—I

always laid it right on the line, and those who didn't like it got out, and those who did had a ball right along with me. There was one gal who'd been married to a homosexual and was really ripe, just like me; we went at it hot and heavy for a couple of years. Sometimes we'd screw for two or three hours, off and on, until we were so exhausted and hungry and thirsty that we had to stop and feed ourselves before we could get back to it. With her, I learned how to work up to it slowly and carefully and excite her in all sorts of little ways, and then, when I was finally in the saddle, pace myself so I could last for an hour, maybe, while she had one, two, three—or half a dozen—climaxes. It was great; it was a good life.

I wasn't planning ever to marry again, but then I met a girl I liked, and more than liked. After a while, I realized she was someone I hadn't thought existed anywhere. I didn't feel the least fear of getting totally wrapped up in her, and she felt the same about me. Our sex was just fine—about as good as any I'd been having—but it was only part of the whole magoo, and we both knew after a few months that we just had to be married to each other. We've been married for ten years and we still feel the same. The sex is still fine, too—naturally, we don't do it nearly as often as we used to and we don't try to make it last as long, either, but it's great anyway. It's still a big thing in our lives and yet *not* a big thing in a way; I mean, it's not what we're thinking about or planning or working on all the time, it's just there, part of us, like breathing and sleeping.

In those aspects of sexual behavior that we have viewed so far, we have found no evidence that sexual liberation has produced sexual *anomie*. Despite the extensive changes that the liberation has made in the feelings that most Americans have about their own bodies, about the legitimacy of maximizing sexual pleasure and about the acceptability and normality of a wide variety of techniques of foreplay and coitus, sexual liberation has not replaced the liberal-romantic concept of sex with the recreational one. The latter attitude toward sex now coexists with the former in our society, and in many a person's feeling, but the former remains the dominant ideal. While most Americans—especially the young—now feel far freer than their precursors to be sensation-oriented, at times, rather than person-oriented in their sexual activities, for the great majority sex remains intimately allied to their deepest emotions and inextricably interwoven with their conceptions of loyalty, love and marriage. The

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web of meaning and social structure that surrounds sex has been stretched and reshaped; it has not been torn asunder.

But sex supplies a vocabulary for love, and liberated Americans today use their greater freedom as a broader and more expressive language, as well as an end in itself. Educated, nondevout, politically liberal and white-collar people feel freer to use advanced techniques of foreplay, both expressively and sensuously, than do noncollege, devout, politically conservative and blue-collar people. Yet, as we have noted already, the shift toward liberalism among the young is narrowing the gap. There is a dominant, near-consensus sexual ethic among the young, despite the diversity of their life styles. As an example, in the older half of our sample, there is a wide gap between noncollege males and college-level males in the incidence of cunnilingus, while in the younger half of our sample, more men in each category have practiced cunnilingus and the gap

has vanished; indeed, the noncollege men seem to have gone beyond the college men:

	CUNNILINGUS, EVER PERFORMED: ALL MALES	
	Some college	No college
35 and over	68%	50%
Under 35	75%	83%

Actually, noncollege and college men under 35 probably are closer in their behavior than these figures indicate: The difference shown is due to the fact that the noncollege men start coitus sooner and marry sooner, and so get around to cunnilingual activity earlier.

Still more remarkable is our evidence that the buttocks, and even the anus—regarded as erogenous and sexually attractive areas in many other cultures—are gaining some measure of sexual acceptance among Americans. We do not find evidence of increased perversion in this trend; there was no response in our survey or interviews indicating obsessive anality or coprophilia and coprophagia (fecal fetishism). However, we do find that

rather large minorities of men and women have had at least some experience of non-pathological forms of anal stimulation. We did not determine how many persons respond strongly to such stimulation or employ anal foreplay regularly, but a sizable minority of younger Americans (almost a majority) and a small but measurable minority of older ones have experimented with such techniques as fingering, kissing and tonguing of the anus, and, as mentioned earlier, about a quarter of married couples under 35 engage in anal intercourse at least now and then. (In our youngest group—18 to 24—the incidence of anal techniques was not as high as in the 25-to-34 group; presumably, many of the former have not yet broken through early inhibitions but will do so.)

Since the new freedom does not jeopardize the basic conception of marriage and does not disjoin sexuality from affection or love, sexual liberation has occurred within a framework of cultural continuity. A genuine break with the past and a repudiation of all cultural values concerning sexual behavior, such as some sexual revolutionaries advocate, would have quite different characteristics. Among them:

- Nonvaginal and nonheterosexual sex acts such as masturbation, sexual union with animals, sadomasochistic acts and homosexuality would replace vaginal coitus altogether for an increased number of persons.

- There would be a major increase in sexual acts that fundamentally alter the connection between sex and marriage, such as mutually sanctioned extramarital affairs, mate swapping and marital swinging.

- There would be a growing preference for sex acts that are devoid of emotional significance or that are performed with strangers.

There is no evidence that any such radical change, or such violent discontinuity with the past, has occurred.

The Playboy survey found that sex acts with animals are actually less common today than when Kinsey was taking histories. Only five percent of our total male sample and two percent of our total female sample have ever had any kind of sexual contact with animals; Kinsey's figures were eight and 3.5 percent, respectively. Homosexuality, as indicated earlier, is apparently no more common now than it was in his time. Kinsey published no data on sadomasochistic acts, but for all their popularity in contemporary humor and pornography, we find them uncommon in reality: Only three percent of married men and fewer than one percent of married women, and ten percent of single men and five percent of single women have ever performed sadistic sexual acts; fewer than one percent of married men



"Goody! You're making home movies! We thought you were showing home movies!"

and two percent of married women, and six percent of single men and ten percent of single women have ever been on the masochistic end of an SM interaction; and very much smaller percentages of our whole sample have had sadistic or masochistic experiences in the past year. For most of these persons, such experiences have been very few in number. Finally, oral, anal and masturbatory methods of gratification have not been substituted, in any systematic or significant way, for vaginal intercourse.

We also found that the much-publicized sexual practices that greatly alter the relationship between sex and marriage are far less common than they are generally alleged to be. In our total sample, only two percent of married males and fewer than two percent of married females have ever participated in mate swapping with their spouses, and most of them on very few occasions. (The incidence was somewhat higher for younger couples—five percent of the husbands and two percent of the wives under 25 have practiced mate swapping; five percent of the husbands and a little more than one percent of the wives between the ages of 25 and 34 have done so; but some of this activity seems to have taken place prior to marriage.) The incidence of secret extramarital intercourse, despite the popular impression that it is virtually universal, has not, as noted earlier, increased measurably for the over-all sample for either sex, though it has risen moderately for under-25 males and markedly for under-25 females. The great majority of all married people, including the young, still are not inclined to grant their mates permission for overt extramarital sex acts.

If sex had become devoid of emotional significance, we would expect to find an increase in recourse to prostitution and in group sex, especially with multiple partners. There is no increase in the use of prostitutes. As for multiple-partner sex, only 13 percent of our married males and two percent of our married females have ever engaged in such activity, and most of this took place before marriage; also, for two thirds of the married males and nearly all of the married females, there was only one such episode. Among our single people, there has been a little more of this kind of thing: Twenty-four percent of the single men and seven percent of the single women in the sample have had multiple-partner experiences, but a third of the men and half of the women have done so only once. We did find that many persons today are willing to abandon the privacy—at least on an experimental basis—that our culture has always held to be essential to sexual intercourse: Eighteen percent of our married males and six percent of our married females have had sex in the presence of

others, although some part of this was premarital and, in any case, three quarters of all these persons have had only one such experience. An astonishing 40 percent of our single men and 23 percent of our single women have had sex in the presence of others, but it is hardly a way of life, since nearly half of the men and more than three quarters of the women with such experience have done so only once.

Finally, in an attitude section of the questionnaire, we offered the statement "Sex cannot be very satisfying without some emotional attachment between the partners"; there was very little difference in the reactions of the various age groups, large or very large majorities of all of them agreeing with the statement—most of them strongly.

Analysis of our questionnaire data leads us to conclude that sexual liberalism is the emergent ideal that the great majority of young Americans—and a fair number of older ones—are trying to live up to. Sexual liberalism covers a broad range of possibilities, but essentially it combines the spontaneous and guilt-free enjoyment of a wide range of sexual acts with a guiding belief in the emotional significance of sexual expression: It identifies liberated sexuality as the expression, the concomitant or the precursor of monogamous heterosexual love, whether within or without marriage.

We thus find our survey results contradicting what both the evangelists and the Cassandra of sexual liberation have been saying; we find ourself agreeing with the more balanced appraisals made by such sociologists as Reiss and Erwin Smigel and by psychologist Keith Davis, sexologist Isadore Rubin and other behavioral scientists, who say that there has been no chaotic and anarchic dissolution of standards but, rather, a major shift toward somewhat different, highly organized standards that remain integrated with existing social values and with the institutions of love, marriage and the family.

This by no means belittles the scope or significance of the changes; it merely quantifies and defines them. The changes that have taken place are none the less important and profound for having done so within the culture rather than by breaking with it; indeed, they may be more valuable than total, radical change would be, for while they have brought (and are bringing) so much that is pleasurable, healthful and enriching into American life, they have done so without destroying emotional values that we rightly prize and without demolishing institutions necessary to the stability of society itself.



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WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME

(continued from page 92)

addict after a minor operation; the operation had not even been necessary. By the time Dr. Rokoff got him, he had sunk to the heroin dens in Nantao. Dr. Rokoff was stabilizing his intake, trying at the same time to uncover the psychological roots of the addiction in the hope of enabling him to overcome it, when the officers' club cut off his morphine supply. "I'm sorry, Kostya," the head of the club's hospital had said, "the Japanese have reduced our ration." Dr. Rokoff had had to go to the black market. Even so, Filipoff had broken off treatment. Where was he now? Dead?

He found a measuring tape in one of the drawers where Maria's things still lay untouched. "Hold both legs out. Straight." The right leg was an inch shorter than the left.

He went back to his chair. "That piece of cloth doesn't do much good."

"It hurts less to walk."

"What you need is a special shoe." He wrote on his prescription pad. "Here. This man, I know him. It's all explained here. Wear the shoes he makes for you for a few days, then come back to see me." He held out the piece of paper and the envelope with the 60 American dollars.

The girl shook her head vehemently. "Doctor, doctor, it's not for a shoe we came."

"A shoe may be all you need."

"What American will dance with me with this leg?"

The stridency of her cry released a flood of resentment within him. This fever, this feverish wind blowing under the skirt of every virgin and matron and whore, young and old, rich and poor, in this famished Babylon of the China Coast, was it now searching out the last forlorn crannies of the Russian colony and blowing the halt, lame and blind into his office? He could hang out a sign—everybody was hanging out signs—DR. CONSTANTINE ROKOFF, LATE OF THE CITY HOSPITAL OF KIEV, STRAIGHTENS LEGS, GRAFTS ON ARMS AND SCREWS IN EYEBALLS FOR DANCING WITH THE AMERICANS.

"Why do you need the money?" (What business was it of his? He was losing control of himself. But she answered.)

"To buy a gas stove."

"Come, now!"

"For three and a half years, we've had to make do with a kerosene cooker. It breaks. I hate it."

"Then buy a new kerosene cooker."

"We want a gas stove."

"Mr.—ah—"

"Gorin." The husband sat up even straighter.

"Kindly take this, and this." He held out his prescription blank and the envelope.

Gorin looked like a child pulled two ways in a grownups' argument.

"Dr. Rokoff!" the girl blazed at him,

"The war is over! The Americans have arrived!"

Dr. Rokoff bridled. "For us to grovel at their feet and scramble for their dollars and smile when they kick us aside?"

"The Americans are not like that!"

"What do you want?"

"I don't want to rot."

"We all rot. In Shanghai, Paris, San Francisco, New York, all Russian *émigrés* rot. We are people without a country. People without a country rot."

"People who have lost courage rot! I want an operation before it is too late."

"Courage? *Ahh*, there is no such thing as people with courage and people without courage. Courage is a commodity, a talisman, a magic verse—it passes from hand to hand. You borrow a little courage from others of your kind to get you through the day. Our kind has spewed us out. What good could the English do me, or the French, with their precious little settlements and concessions—garden parties at which we 'White Russians' were the footmen, one step, we consoled ourselves, above the Chinese, the 'Chinks'?"

"Dr. Rokoff, I came to you about my leg and you're telling me about garden parties and footmen and—"

"Listen to the doctor, Ninachka," Gorin said respectfully. "He's right."

"You see, your husband knows what I mean!" Exhilarated by the rush of words to his head, he yielded to the pleasure of talking seriously to someone again, even though he knew he was rambling. "And now that it's the Americans who are in charge, do you want me to go to them and say, 'Kind sirs, though only a stateless person, I am a doctor and I want to practice my profession splendidly again? And after the Americans, we will doubtless see—oh, unthinkable!—the Chinese take over in China? So what would you have me do—establish an expensive practice in abortions and fake nostrums and buy a passport on the black market for some banana republic of South America and have my ears assailed by Spanish as well? Before it's too late, you said? For twenty-five years, it has been too late. Nothing can please us, there is no reason for anything, there is no future. Russia has spewed us out and our only function is to become extinct."

"Doctor! I am talking about my life and you quote me the words of a song to make fashionable tears with at *émigré* night clubs!"

He laughed, delighted at being found out. "You know that song? Alexandre Vertinsky sings it at that night club on Yu Yuen Road. 'Someone else's cities. And above them, someone else's star.' Very beautiful." He realized he had been pacing between the desk and the window. His headache was gone. Nina was smiling up at him impishly. The unwelcome moil

outside had invaded his room with an impish, kindred face.

"Doctor."

"Yes."

"Can the operation be done?"

"Yes."

"And can you do it?"

He sat down. "This is how it is." They craned forward as he sketched the operation on his pad, showing where the bone, set incorrectly, had grown together at a slight angle, affecting the position of the foot during stance and gait. Operative treatment would call for breaking the bone again at the same place and realigning the bone fragments. A bone plate might be necessary. The leg would be kept in a plaster cast while the bone knit together again.

"The same thing happened with the colonel's horse," Gorin informed them.

"Were you in the cavalry?" Dr. Rokoff asked.

"Yes. Third Cavalry Regiment. I was the bookkeeper. In the beginning. In the end, I was taking care of the horses. There were no books to keep anymore."

"Whose army? What was the general's name?"

Gorin pondered, then shook his head. "The colonel's horse broke its leg and the bone was badly set. The colonel had to shoot it."

Nina frowned. "How long would the leg be in a cast?"

"Two months, at least."

"And then? Would it be straight again?"

"Yes, if the fragments are realigned correctly."

"And the same length as the other leg?"

"Yes."

"And the foot will stop hurting?"

"The tenderness should disappear."

"And will you do it?"

Can you do it? Will you do it? It kept coming back to that. Hell, it had been that all along. Admit it: It wasn't disgust with the chase after the Americans and their dollars that had stiffened him against her appeal, it was fear. He looked at them in wonderment. "Why, why did you come to me?"

"Ah," Gorin said, "we wanted the best."

"The best?"

"My colleague at the warehouse, the one who was able to get American dollars for us on the black market, he told us you were the best doctor in Shanghai. He told us how you saved his life."

"I saved his life?"

"During the Revolution, doctor," Nina said. "You took a bullet out of his chest, near the heart. His name is Ivanoff, Boris Vasilievich Ivanoff."

Ivanoff . . . such a common name. He was disappointed at not being able to

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remember the man. "Where did this . . . exploit take place?"

"In the province of Kazan, I think he said."

Ah, yes, he could remember the field hospitals in Kazan. But that would have been 25 years ago. What kind of doctor had he been since, unable to preserve his own infant daughter from the cholera epidemic, unable to save his own wife, failing to question the diagnosis of stomach ulcers by that specialist in Harbin until—so swiftly!—it was too late, when a simple hysterectomy could have saved her? And what kind of doctor had he become in the past three years, since the Filipoff affair? He wanted to tell them: "Dear good people, don't you know what they say about Constantine Rokoff on that black market where your friend got you those American dollars? Didn't he hear anything over the glasses of tea and saucers of jam at the Renaissance Café?"

What could he have done? Filipoff had blabbed. Soon other addicts were coming to see him. Should he have turned them away, abandoned them to Nantao? Another evasion! Surely some providence in which he no longer believed had sent this strangely matched couple into his room to wake him up! The stoicism with which he had watched the loss of his reputation, as his regular practice shrank and he descended to what he was, a shady dispenser of injections that could not be had in any other doctor's office in the colony; the comfort he took in working among the most wretched of his fellow exiles, giving them some hope at least of slugging their way back to health; the point of honor he made of not charging anyone more than he could pay or not charging anything at all if he was penniless; his own slide into virtual penury—was not all this a pretense, a way of avoiding the truth: that he had *wanted* to escape from the demands of his work as general practitioner, that he *wanted* to have his license revoked?

"Mrs. Gorin."

"Yes, doctor."

"I will perform the operation."

He had never seen such radiance in anyone's eyes.

Ilya Stepanych Gorin climbed the broad curving stairway to the Arizona Bar. He was carrying on a conversation in his mind with Dr. Rokoff. "Dr. Rokoff, you appear to assume"—the words were falling very satisfyingly into place—"you appear to assume that to be a professional dancer in a respectable business like the Arizona Bar is synonymous with . . . that is, my wife assures me that it is respectable, and I don't mind admitting that I am here to take a look for myself—" The prickly silver light in his eyes and the crazy music tearing at his eardrums interrupted his train of thought and he found himself in a dim, crowded dance hall with high balconies and huge distorted faces

carved out of shiny rosy glass beaming down on the dance band at the back. A white-gowned Chinese waiter came through the crush. "Wanchee table? Wanchee dancing girl?"

Gorin gaped. Here were the American soldiers and sailors who paid so well for being danced with. They made up perhaps half the men on the dance floor. The others, both whites and Chinese, danced in the normal fashion: the *fokstrót*, as it was called in Russian (the word, he believed, was borrowed from the English). But the Americans held their partners at arm's length, twirling them around in a strange, offhand manner. It must be, he thought, the dance of the cowboys. "Wanchee Chinese girl?" the waiter asked. "Loshian girl? Portuguese?"

A few feet away, an American soldier flung his partner away from him and turned his back on her in sudden violence. Gorin started forward to catch her before she fell, thinking at the same instant that Nina could not work here, after all: Americans were dangerous. The soldier reached behind him without looking and, as the room drowned in a screaming beat from the bandstand and the grotesque masks overhead turned from rose to pulsating red, his hand and the girl's made a perfect fit and miraculously they were some distance away, the Chinese girl arched in another spin, smirking up at the placid face of the soldier. "Want Flench girl?" the waiter asked; then, losing his patience: "*Wei!*"

Gorin took off his pince-nez. "Arizona Bar?" he inquired, in English.

"Upstairs," the waiter said, and he left him.

Gorin was spellbound by the gyrations on the dance floor. *Ekh*, Ilya Stepanych, it's just a dance, and you imagined goodness knows what. No wonder Dr. Rokoff thought you were a little . . . *nnn-da*. "Dr. Rokoff: You also evidently assume that Nina married me only because of her leg. Permit me to inform you that when Nina arrived in Shanghai from Harbin, before the skating accident—*before* the accident, mark you!—she brought a letter to me—yes, to *me!*—from her *mother*, asking me to look out for her. Her mother, you may not have heard, is an actress of great talent." He recalled the orderly world backstage at the Russian Dramatic Theater in Harbin, where he was in charge of the pulleys. His colleagues, the actors and actresses, all treated him with respect.

"Wanchee table?" It was another waiter.

Gorin was irritated at the interruption. "I . . . looking . . . Arizona Bar." The waiter led him to the bottom of a staircase and pointed up. As he climbed the stairs, he wished he had not come. On the landing above, there was another door, another waiter. Summoning his best English, he said, "I . . . want talk . . . manager."

With the door closed behind him, the insensate music snapped off. The room seemed dark and empty, until his eyes adjusted themselves to the pink glow of the small table lamps (right before him, a woman's bare shoulder!) and his ears caught a murmur of voices and the slithery notes of a piano. The waiter led him to an alcove where there was more light. A man, a white man, said, "Yes, I am the manager. What is the trouble?"

"Huh? Someone making trouble?" An American officer sitting next to him lifted a flushed, handsome, no-longer-young face.

"Usual thing. Squeeze."

"Huh?"

"Bribes. Payoff. For the police. Look," the man said to Gorin, "I am not giving any more. I have with Chief Inspector Wong the matter arranged."

"Out," said the American. "We don't need any cops in this place. This goddamn corruption in this goddamn country has got to stop. And I'll tell you who's gonna stop it. Uncle Sam."

Gorin suddenly understood. They thought he was a policeman. Because of his watchman's uniform. He had to wear it because he had stopped off on the way to work. He bowed to the American officer. "Sir. How do you do? I watchman. Night watchman. Jardine Matheson Company."

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" the manager asked. Gorin didn't understand. "*Russe? Russian?*"

"Ah—yes. Roshian."

"Hey," the American gripped his glass. "I said beat it."

"No, no, major," the manager said. "He is not from the police. He is a . . . nobody."

Gorin chuckled with pleasure at having been mistaken for a policeman, and he looked around him. From behind the bar, a row of Russian bar girls waiting for customers stared at him expressionlessly. He turned back to the American. "Sir. My wife want work Arizona Bar. Dance." He brought out Nina's picture.

"What's he saying?" the American asked.

"He is asking if his wife can work here," the manager said.

"He's asking *what?*"

"If his wife can work behind the bar here. Or dancing. Or perhaps with you, major?"

"Hey, you a Kraut?"

"I am Cherman, major, but anti-Hitler since 1934."

"You mean this joker here is asking if his wife can work *here?*"

Gorin nodded. "Wife. Picture. My wife." He leaned over the table and handed him the picture.

The American looked at it for a long time. Then he looked at him and said



"We think the Government has some nerve sending a female to check our tax returns!"

slowly, "Why, you poor bastard. You poor bastard."

A dancing couple brushed by. A sprinkle of notes came from the piano. Gorin was transfixed by the look of profound compassion on the American's face. His chest tightened. He wanted to grab the American's hands and say, "Thank you, brother, for understanding." But what there was to understand began forcing its way up again and he could not speak. He smiled weakly at a Chinese waiter with a tray of drinks. After the waiter was gone, he turned his congealed smile on the Russian bar girls.

He heard the American shout, "Hey, Russki, have a drink." That terrible look was gone from the American's face. Gorin accepted a glass. "Siddown!" He sat down.

The manager seemed displeased. "This picture is not satisfactory. It is only showing the face. It is not showing the figure. The legs."

"Right," the American said. "How about it, Ivan? Her legs any good?"

"Ah, yes." The drink burned, burning away the tightness in his chest. Gorin seldom drank. "Yes. Leg good. Dr. Rokoff fix."

He turned to the bar girls and said in Russian, "One leg was bent, you see. Dr. Rokoff has straightened it. Dr. Rokoff is a remarkable manipulator of fragments, though in other matters he tends toward exaggeration."

Everything seemed to be getting noisier, and there were more people dancing. The American and the manager were deep in conversation. They were arguing, he was sure, about whether to employ Nina. There was a full glass in his hand. He got up and went to the bar. "Where is the need for this exaggeration?" he demanded of the bar girls. "If a good and decent woman wishes to improve her financial situation by dancing, is there any need to assume that. . . . That is what I should have put to Dr. Rokoff! Yes, I should have!" The faces were a row of painted, powdered stone. He swallowed the remains of the drink. The warmth was spreading. It calmed him down. The girls were smiling and he smiled in response. There were some American officers at the bar now and the girls were smiling and drinking with them. Then the American who had been at the table was standing next to him. Nina's picture was in front of him on the bar. Gorin gripped the American's hands in his, saying, "*Spasibo, bratyets*. Thank you, brother, thank you." The American was saying something he could not understand and, in his bad English, Gorin tried to explain to him his *real* plan about Nina and the Arizona Bar, not the plan of the gas stove but the other plan, his private plan, which he would tell her about after she got the job here and they saved a little money.

They would use the money to go back to Harbin—yes!—where Nina was born

and her mother was still living, and they would make a new life there, because there were stables there and he knew horses from the time of the White Armies. The American looked sober and unfriendly. He had placed an American bank note next to Nina's picture on the bar and was saying something. Gorin could make out "Five dollars, huh?" but he would not listen. He told him how his friend Ivanoff had promised to write to Harbin and arrange for a job for him and he would earn plenty of money himself—himself, yes!—he pushed the bank note away—because he knew how to take care of horses and Nina would not have to dance with anyone. The American placed a second bank note on the bar and said something sharply, demanding an answer, but Gorin did not understand, he frantically would not listen, as he told the American in his bad English how the gas stove was only the excuse and they would go back to Harbin and there they would be happy again.

. . . .

Nina lay in the women's ward of the Club of the Officers of the Imperial Russian Army and Navy. It had been the whist room at one time; the men's ward was contained with difficulty in the former ballroom and billiard room. The hospital had begun as a clinic in a corner of the building, but as the officers and their wives and other relatives began to fail, the white iron beds marched slowly across the building, driving the card and billiard tables and the ballroom furniture into the basement.

Afternoon sunlight buttered the scabbiness of the walls. Some of the other women sat on the edge of their beds in their gray sweaty nightshirts, staring. Their conversation, a hypnotic singsong on the theme of those of their circle who had died or gave promising signs of dying ("*Da, matushka, da*, and our turn is coming, and our turn is near"), would not resume until closer toward evening. Nina turned back a page of her notebook and reread what she had just written:

My dear Friend!

I am writing you from a funny little hospital in Shanghai. Really, I must tell N. about it the next time I visit Florence; he must put it into one of his novels. The hospital is attached to (you would never guess) a club of czarist officers. Sometimes in the evenings you can hear a shout from the billiard room. "Yellow ball in corner pocket—*bouf!*" Just like Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*. Other evenings the generals and their wives and daughters arrive in their uniforms and their finery, and the strains of the waltz and the mazurka keep me pleasantly awake late into the night. Some of the women in my room were ladies in waiting at the

court in St. Petersburg, and the talk is all of the balls and flirtations and gossip of those days.

The only trip Nina had ever made in the 22 years of her life was from Harbin to Shanghai, and the letter, like the other letters in the notebook, and in all the other notebooks locked away in a drawer at home, was not addressed to anyone she knew. In the novels, *novellas* and short stories that filled the Russian-*émigré* library in Harbin, the heroines of some of her favorite books wrote to kindred spirits, favoring the salutation "My dear Friend"; so *haut monde*, it seemed to her, its very tactfulness bespeaking worlds of intimacy. She liked to write late in the evening, in bed. "Write, Ninachka, write," Gorin would say reverently, looking up from his stamp albums. "Give your mother my regards." She had told him they were letters to her mother in Harbin.

Just two days ago, a famous doctor repaired my stupid leg. It lies there in front of me in its plaster cast, like a great big cocoon, hurting a little, but that's fine—the doctor says a little pain is normal after an operation. It means my leg is knitting together, healing, getting ready for my new life.

(The Alps. She, Nina, flying on skis, Rolf in pursuit. The French Riviera. A spray of foam. René's enamored face. New York. Fifth Avenue! Hobbling down the sameness of some Shanghai street, she would stop sometimes and close her eyes and let the sunlight pry them ever so slightly apart. Seen through the golden haze of her eyelashes, the street would lose its familiar look. Wall and pavement would tremble and dissolve and the shimmer would be her longed-for Fifth Avenue. She imagined stairs of glass, a jauntiness in her step, a crystalline feeling. Up ahead, Bob stood waiting impatiently by a fountain.)

"*Okh, hot.*" The woman next to her worked her bare, purple-veined feet over the wooden floor. "Hot. Even the floor."

Nina looked away. The sight of those feet under that tent of a nightshirt always brought out the room's sour smell.

The woman was starting on her. "Your husband is late today, isn't he?"—craftily. Ilyusha. Poor Ilyusha.

"Comes every day, eh? But late today, isn't he?"

How was she to tell him she was leaving him?

"Never learned to talk, eh?"

"Leave her be, leave her be, *matushka*"—the dirgelike voice from the far corner. "She'll lie here a few months, she'll learn to talk, she'll learn."

"I am the widow of an *officer*! I am not to be *insulted* in this fashion! Who do you imagine you are?" the woman bellowed. "Is your husband an *officer*?" The young

(continued on page 216)

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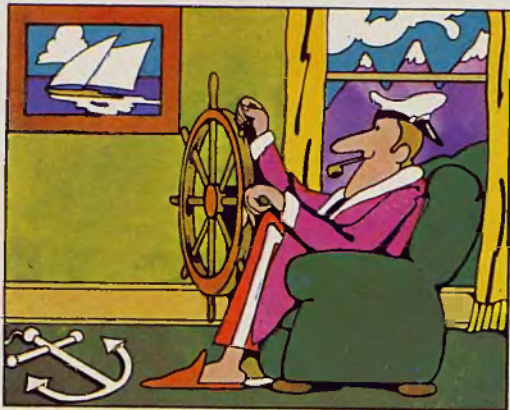
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SILENT TREATMENT

In case you haven't heard, Holly Woodlawn, transvestite star of Andy Warhol's *Trash*, has attempted to pick up where Theda Bara left off. Currently in the can is a 24-minute black-and-white silent drama, *Broken Goddess*, in which Holly not only stars but steals the show. (He/she's the only character.) *Goddess* is the first production of director Peter Dallas' Immortal Films, a company dedicated to restoring "glamor and elegance to the American screen," and will be released with *Blonde Passion*, a forthcoming silent tale of love and insanity starring Candy Darling. We're speechless.

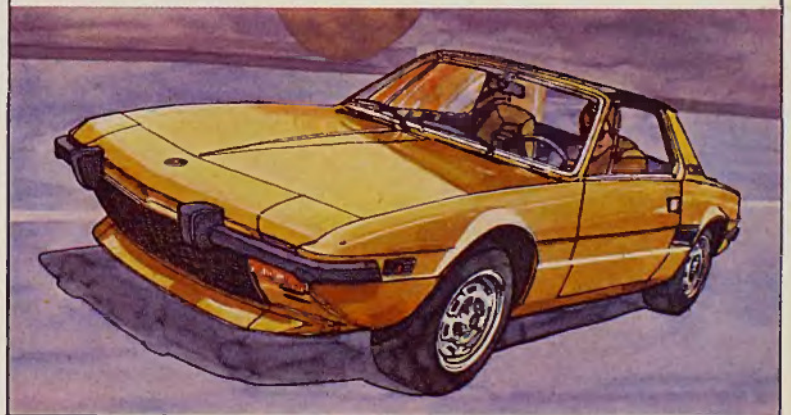
UP AGAINST THE WALL

In this age of overkill, the poster has become cliché decor. Stroll into any head shop and what do you see? Mark Spitz with a chestful of gold. Raquel Welch with a chestful of chest. Ho-hum. If it's gen-u-ine posters you're after, try Miscellaneous Man at 1728 Thames Street, Baltimore, Maryland—a unique store that boasts an exceptionally large collection of original graphics, ranging from ancient circus and vaudeville broadsides (the one below costs \$70) to recruiting bills from various wars. Miscellaneous Man's latest catalog of over 300 19th and 20th Century posters and related arcana costs just a buck and even lists a rare preblonde pinup of Marilyn Monroe.



FIAT FLAT OUT

No, the X1/9 is not some inscrutable algebraic puzzler that defies you to solve for X. It's Fiat's new Bertone-bodied, mid-engined two-seater sports car—obviously imported to give the Porsche 914 a run for its money. Looking vaguely like a Model 128 stretched thin, the X1/9 costs about \$3500 and features four-speed synchromesh transmission, four-wheel disk brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, all-round independent suspension and a 1290-c.c. engine that will push you to a maximum speed of about 105 mph. Furthermore, Fiat gives you the choice of many colors, has incorporated a roll bar into the rear window structure and, best of all, also has thrown in a removable roof panel for all you breezy riders.





THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

Does your Sumerian Libation Cup leak? Does your angel-sleeved hooded ceremonial robe have a nasty rip in it? Has your King Tutankhamen Scarab Ring lost its zing? Despair no more, you witches, warlocks and weirdos of the cosmos—this is your chance to come out of the closet in style. The Warlock Shop (300 Henry Street, Brooklyn, New York) will supply your every whim and fancy, however macabre, by mail order, no less. *And* for prices even you can afford. (Their catalog's 50 cents.) May the powers of Earth, Air, Fire and Water smile upon you.



COAT OF PAINT

Here's an item that will keep you warm, make you new friends and even serve as a hedge against inflation. Ready? It's Charles Densler's hand-painted Turkish sheepskin coat, which comes in two lengths, long (\$1000) and three-quarter (\$750), as well as four sizes—S, M, L and XL. Densler, who's at 213 W. 85th Street, Manhattan, will customize each coat to the design you choose, from an Art Deco cityscape to a monkey on your back—or you can let him do his own thing. Come summer, you hang it on the wall.

LIGHTS! CAMERA! HELMET!

Occasionally, we all engage in some spectacular activity that we'd like to cinematically record for posterity. Sky diving, perhaps. Powder skiing. Jumping into bed. Sure, you can hold a movie camera in your hot little hands. Or you can pull on a balanced Point-of-View camera helmet (8mm, Super 8 or 16mm) and let the action rip. POVs have already been utilized in a number of movies and TV shows. At \$89.95 from Gilbert-Waugh Productions, 3518 Cahuenga Boulevard West, Hollywood, California, the helmet's one sure way to put an audience in *your* shoes.



SPLIT DECISIONS

The racing teams of Vince Granatelli, Roger Penske and Mario Andretti all swear by them . . . and Prince Philip owns one in gold. It's the Accusplit-I digital stop watch—the greatest invention since the second hand for people who want to know how fast men and/or machines are moving. The hand-sized quartz-crystal Accusplit measures action to a hundredth of a second, features two modes for intermediate timings, weighs only 15 ounces and comes in three casings: high-impact plastic (\$199.50), aluminum (\$250) and spun gold (\$275). To order one, write TAFCO, Box 296, Los Altos, California. Tick . . . tick . . . tick.



HAVE A BALL

Every weekend for two months, art professor George Bucher drove 65 miles from his home in Freeburg, Pennsylvania, to New Holland, where Sperry Rand had given him space to work on his sculpture—a 12-foot-high sphere (appropriately titled *Ball*), created by winding 117,000 feet of baler twine onto a wire frame and then painting the layers with polyester. If you'd like a pint-sized son of *Ball* for your art gallery, Bucher is accepting commissions for various sizes, commencing from three feet in diameter at \$350. "*Ball* is almost like a focal magnet," he comments. "It's difficult to stand near it and not be attracted." Anything you say, George, but we'd rather not stand *too* near. . . .



WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME

(continued from page 212)

intern came in with the tea: Nina heard the clinking of spoons in glasses. "Is he an officer? What regiment is he in? Where is my butter?"

"Eat your bread," the intern said. "The butter is on the bread. There are no regiments anymore."

Nina heard him place a glass and plate on her night table. "How is the pain?" he asked.

She faced him. "Oh, it's fine!"

"You mean there's less pain than yesterday?"

"Oh. Well . . . a little more, perhaps."

"Then we'll have a little more medication."

"Where, I am asking," the woman in the next bed demanded, "is the butter? Where is the butter on this bread?" She chewed loudly.

Nina turned her face back to the wall. Dear God, how was she to tell him?

("I had to," she said.

"I know," Bob said.

"I had to leave him. But I do love him. Not the way I love you."

"I understand. Don't cry."

Bob and she stood against the railing on board the President Coolidge. The paper ribbon wound around her index finger snapped; it quivered across the yellow water, entwined in all the other ribbons, back to the wharf, where, indistinguishable now in the receding crowd, Ilyusha held the other end.

Later, Bob and she were in the bridal suite. In the velvet darkness, the ocean whispered: a gleam of moonlight sculpted his smooth young back as his dress shirt fell to the floor. She turned her head away on the pillow, her heart beating fearfully.)

The scene was blotted out. Nina opened her eyes. She still felt her heart beating. She felt flushed and moist. She closed her eyes again.

(The glow of their cigarettes in the dark. Happiness like a deep quiet pool in her heart. "Dear," Bob said, deeply moved, "why didn't you tell me?"

"I was ashamed.")

And yet she had not set out to withhold herself from Gorin. "Sleep, Ninachka, sleep," he had said the night she moved into his room after the private ceremony in Father Nikodim's vestry, as he spread an army blanket for himself on the floor. She had taken it for an older man's delicacy of feeling toward an 18-year-old virgin. But a month passed and they were like father and daughter, or like mother and child. She thought it her wifely duty to talk to him about it, but that seemed only to frighten him. She embraced him, and he held onto her and presently was asleep, and they did not talk of it again, to her own relief. He had never been married, though he was already past 50.

(She told Bob all of this now. There had been boys in Harbin, but she had never

dreamed of giving herself to any of them. Her true life was not to begin until she escaped. Her mother had placed her in an American missionary boarding school, where she acquired English and a mute yearning for America. Her father? Oh, he was a musician. And a Don Juan, her mother said. He had disappeared before she was five. She remembered him in his black sable coat, standing with her one evening outside the Harbin opera house, smoking a long, perfumed cigarette. She remembered the laughter of the men and women coming out of the banquet room of the Hotel Moderne; one of the men gave her a gold ruble. Harbin, the Paris of the Orient, they called it; a refuge for all the wealth and privilege that had been thrown across the Chinese border by the Red Army; her birthplace; who remembered it now? And where was the laughter and the glamor by the time she grew up? The Japanese invasion of Manchuria had killed it. Time had killed it. Every-one who could leave had left. And she?

"They said to me: There is Shanghai. You must go to Shanghai. There are ships in Shanghai for every corner of the world. So that is what I dreamed of and that is where I went, and three weeks after I got there, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Shanghai was cut off. And I broke my leg. I thought: The war will go on and on, you are a cripple, now you will never catch up. Give up, give up, give up!"

Bob held her tenderly.

"Ilyusha saved me. I agreed to marry him. I had nowhere to turn. He said, 'I know I am too old for you. But if you would let me take care of you. . . .'"

The scene shifted back to when she and Bob were standing at the ship's railing. On the pier, a Filipino band was playing *Aloha*. Bob was reading her the ship's itinerary. Hong Kong. Manila. Guam. Honolulu. And 21 unbelievable days later, San Francisco. Ilyusha came toward them through the crush. He was wearing his old raincoat, which belted at the waist, and he looked tall and distinguished and military. He and Bob shook hands and he embraced her.

She began to cry. "Ilyusha, dear Ilyusha, tell me I'm selfish, tell me it was heartless of me to divorce you. Tell me it's wrong of me and I'll stay!"

Ilyusha said, "Nina. Ninachka. Listen. If, for a kindness, you miss your life, you will never forgive yourself, or me."

"And you, Ilyusha? What will you do?"

He told her, smiling pinkly, rather pleased with the cleverness of it, but she could not make him out. She could see his face over the heads of the people jostling between them, his lips carefully framing the words "Understand? Understand?" but she could not hear him above the noise of the crowd drawing him away.)

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

Ilyusha was standing by her bed. He

smiled apologetically. "Hello, Ninachka. I didn't mean to wake you up."

"Oh. . . . No, no, I wasn't asleep." Still, far away, the hubbub of the crowd. But gone now the brave swagger of the raincoat, in its place the washed-out watchman's blue, so tame on the shoulders, so tight, so pathetically tight about the neck. It probably hurts him. It hadn't occurred to her before. "Did you have something to eat?"

"Oh, yes. The cooker works very well."

He sat down. She could see he was flustered. "What is it, Ilyusha?"

"I—ah—I have arranged matters with the people at the Arizona Bar."

"You went there?"

"I stopped by. They have agreed to employ you. It seems a pleasant enough place."

She hoped he had not complicated things for her. It didn't matter. There were plenty of other bars. (She closed her eyes again, to see the time Bob and she first met. She was sitting behind the bar when he came up, the wings of the American Air Corps shining on his chest. He said, "Hello. You don't look like the others."

"Hello. You don't, either."

"Will you dance with me?")

She felt guilty, with Ilyusha beside her, and opened her eyes. Ilyusha looked away. "I—ah—was not entirely honest with you."

"What is it, my dear?"

"The cooker, as always, is a misery."

"I knew that." The room was very still. They were all listening.

"After this is over, there is something—" He wrung his hands in the effort he was making to tell her something. Then he subsided. "I have a surprise for you."

He was putting money aside to buy her a pair of dancing shoes, if she knew him. Lying back and looking at his dear, kind face, she grew sad, with the kind of sadness she had known as a child, waiting to be discovered in some wrongdoing. The time she had snipped off the dog's whiskers came back to her. *Mama*, she thought, close to tears. I am so unhappy.

. . .

Dr. Rokoff's telephone, reinstalled through the good offices of his former associate, Dr. Vladimir Steinberg, now a success in the International Settlement, with influential English and American friends, awakened him at two in the morning. The caller sounded spiteful: the doctor took him at first for one of the jeerers in the street below. Dr. Rokoff, having resumed advertising in the medical directory in the White Russian daily *Nováya Zarya* (*The New Dawn*), had given up sleeping in the afternoons, and his glutinous dreams, after leaving him for a while, were returning at night. He had been dreaming that he had painted his shabby walls a clean beige and enriched the room with the East Indian



"He certainly chose a great last breakfast."



"Can't you damn dudes get anything straight?"

tapestry that used to hang in his office in Kiev. Yet the walls were bloated with water and the beige was running leprous to the floor. He searched about for a bucket when half the ceiling and the wall fronting the street collapsed, leaving him in full view of the people in the street. It was then that the telephone rang, and it took him a moment to realize that it was the young intern calling from the hospital.

Dr. Rokoff went back to his couch and lay down. He gave himself five minutes of not doing anything, not thinking anything.

He had to walk to the hospital. In the deserted streets, the Chinese shop fronts, boarded up for the night, looked like a traveling carnival crated for departure. Could he have been off in the realignment? No, he would have spotted it in the postoperative X ray. An infection, after all? There was always a small chance of that in the best of operating rooms, and in that converted clubroom. . . . No, he had operated in peasant huts and he had never been more careful. He kicked a stone; if it reached the opposite curb, everything would be all right. It

had to be all right. There was *nothing* wrong in the way he had broken and reset the bone, *nothing!* The jeep was almost on him before he saw it. Too late to jump back. He thought: There it is; it isn't a question of realignment or infection, it is in general too late. But instead of smashness and oblivion, the screech ended in nothing: the street still there, the close-up face of an American soldier at the wheel of a jeep skidded askew and touching him with a fender. From under a visored cloth cap, tranquil eyes in a strong, broad face regarded him quizzically. Dr. Rokoff felt foolish.

"I am sorry," he said.

"That's all right," the American said. "This is China. You walk in the middle of the street and drive on the sidewalk—naturally."

"I am looking for—how you say?—pebble."

"Oh, sure, a pebble. Shoot, ain't no law against huntin' down a pebble in the shank of the night."

A magnanimous giant in a children's book. What was he saying? The Americans were a new breed of men, a young

people uncorrupted by defeat. If he shook this American's hand, some of their new strength would flow into him and it would not be too late. He stepped around the front of the jeep. "Please. Permit me—" But with a grating of gears, the jeep shot away.

The intern was waiting for him beside Nina's bed. Dr. Rokoff cut open the plaster cast. "Mama!" Nina said in a high, clear voice. "I didn't mean to do it!" The smell hit him.

The operation was performed very successfully by Dr. Rokoff, with Dr. Steinberg, driving halfway across the city, assisting. Gorin stood waiting outside the operating room, where the two doctors' jackets hung from the clamps of an empty billiard-cue rack. This must be the former billiard room, he kept telling himself. But how could it be, when Nina told him the billiard room was now the men's ward? Maybe they moved the billiard room here first. Then, after a few years, they had to move it down into the basement. That was probably it—yes. He started in panic when Dr. Rokoff and another man in white passed by, but they did not notice him.

"Kostya," the other man said, "can I give you a lift?"

Dr. Rokoff stood by the window, staring into the gray morning.

"Kostya," Dr. Steinberg said, "how long has it been since we worked together? Ten years?" Dr. Steinberg persisted. "Twelve?"

"Steinberg. Please. Not now. Good-bye."

"You never performed a better operation, Kostya."

"Volodya, I beg of you. . . ."

"Listen to me. Nobody could have foreseen it."

Gorin found his voice. "Dr. Rokoff. . . ."

Dr. Rokoff turned around. His face was unrecognizable.

"Wait!" Dr. Steinberg commanded. "Are you—" He took Gorin by the elbow. "You must try to understand. The very best of doctors cannot always—The fact is, your daughter's leg was so delicate that the pressure of the plaster cast was enough to cause a deep gangrenous wound. There was no choice—"

"Volodya, go!"

"But to amputate."

Gorin sank to the floor, propped against the cue rack. He could see Dr. Rokoff's white stubbly face before him and he could hear him saying, "Gorin, my brother, before God I am guilty. Something was bound to have gone wrong. For me, the Americans arrived too late. What brought you to me?" But the voice was a dry rustling in his ears and the morning light was unreal, and it was lamplight again before he stood bewildered beside Nina's bed, afraid to look any lower than her bright, cheated eyes.



Photographed on Vancouver Island, British Columbia.



Canada at its best.

Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist®

Watergate Trivia Quiz

(continued from page 157)

- to Attorney Herbert Kalmbach:
- A. "Not a nice kosher boy like me, thanks."
 - B. "Something here is not kosher."
 - C. "Are these guys Hoydelman and Oydelman strictly kosher?"
 - D. "A kosher pickle is a thing of beauty."
9. Jeb Magruder, in describing how "inured" the White House had become to lawlessness, admitted his own crimes but said he'd been influenced by the example of:
 - A. The Incredible Hulk
 - B. Gordon Liddy
 - C. James Bond and *Mission: Impossible*
 - D. his former minister and professor of ethics
 10. The testimony of Liddy's secretary was memorable for little except the fact that she had a musical name. Her name was Sally:
 - A. Melody
 - B. Harmony
 - C. Zappa
 - D. Moog Synthesizer
 11. John Dean, when advised that other witnesses would shortly refute his testimony, repeatedly avowed that his "only ally" was:
 - A. truth
 - B. integrity
 - C. Allah
 - D. Mescalito
 12. Ehrlichman testified that the FBI had not pursued the Ellsberg investigation vigorously because J. Edgar Hoover was:
 - A. "just friends" with Ellsberg's mother-in-law
 - B. "close friends" with Ellsberg's father-in-law
 - C. "constant companions" with Ellsberg's psychiatrist
 - D. being embalmed at the time
 13. A shocking phrase was used in the "enemies list," where it was suggested that Federal agencies could be manipulated so as to "_____ our political enemies."
 - A. feel up
 - B. get a little nooky off
 - C. penetrate with deep, sensuous thrusts
 - D. screw
 14. When witnesses testified that certain campaign contributions had been "laundered" in Mexico, they meant the money was:
 - A. smuggled across the border and converted into pesos
 - B. smuggled across the border and converted into tacos
 - C. deposited in Mexican banks, making it difficult to trace
 - D. scrubbed in Mexican tap water, making it get sick
 15. The first public figure in Washington to denounce the activities of the Committee to Re-Elect the President and, by extension, the White House staff was:
 - A. John Dean, April 1973
 - B. James McCord, March 1973
 - C. Soupy Sales, October 1972
 - D. Martha Mitchell, June 1972

16. When Dean was asked why he had taken campaign money to pay for his honeymoon rather than charging expenses on a credit card, his response was:
 - A. "My assets were tied up in the stock market."
 - B. "I made an error in judgment."
 - C. "I don't like to live on credit."
 - D. "It was a peculiar kind of honeymoon. Maureen wanted cash on the barrelhead."
17. When Dean finally told Haldeman that he intended to spill the whole story to the Watergate investigators, Haldeman is supposed to have replied with the following colorful phrase:
 - A. "If you haven't brushed your teeth until now, you certainly aren't going to get them clean."
 - B. "Once the tooth paste is out of the tube, you might as well throw away the cap."
 - C. "Once the tooth paste is out of the tube, it's going to be very hard to get it back in."
 - D. "I found the cap off the tooth-paste tube again, you silly bitch."
18. When John Mitchell testified, he referred to the totality of illicit activities emanating from the White House—apart from the Watergate break-in itself—with one memorable phrase; he called it:
 - A. White House tales of terror
 - B. White House horror stories
 - C. Teenage Fiends from the White House Crypt
 - D. Elmer
19. Senator Sam generally speaks with:
 - A. a Boston accent
 - B. a South Carolina accent
 - C. his eyebrows
 - D. God
20. Dean claimed that at the crucial September 21st meeting in the Oval Office, the President greeted him, pointed at H. R. "Bob" Haldeman, who was standing nearby, and said:
 - A. "Bob's been doing a good job of telling me about you, John."
 - B. "Bob's been telling me what a good job you've been doing, John."
 - C. "Good job, and tell me, Bob, are you going to the john?"
 - D. "Go to the john, Bob, and do a good job, I'm telling you!"

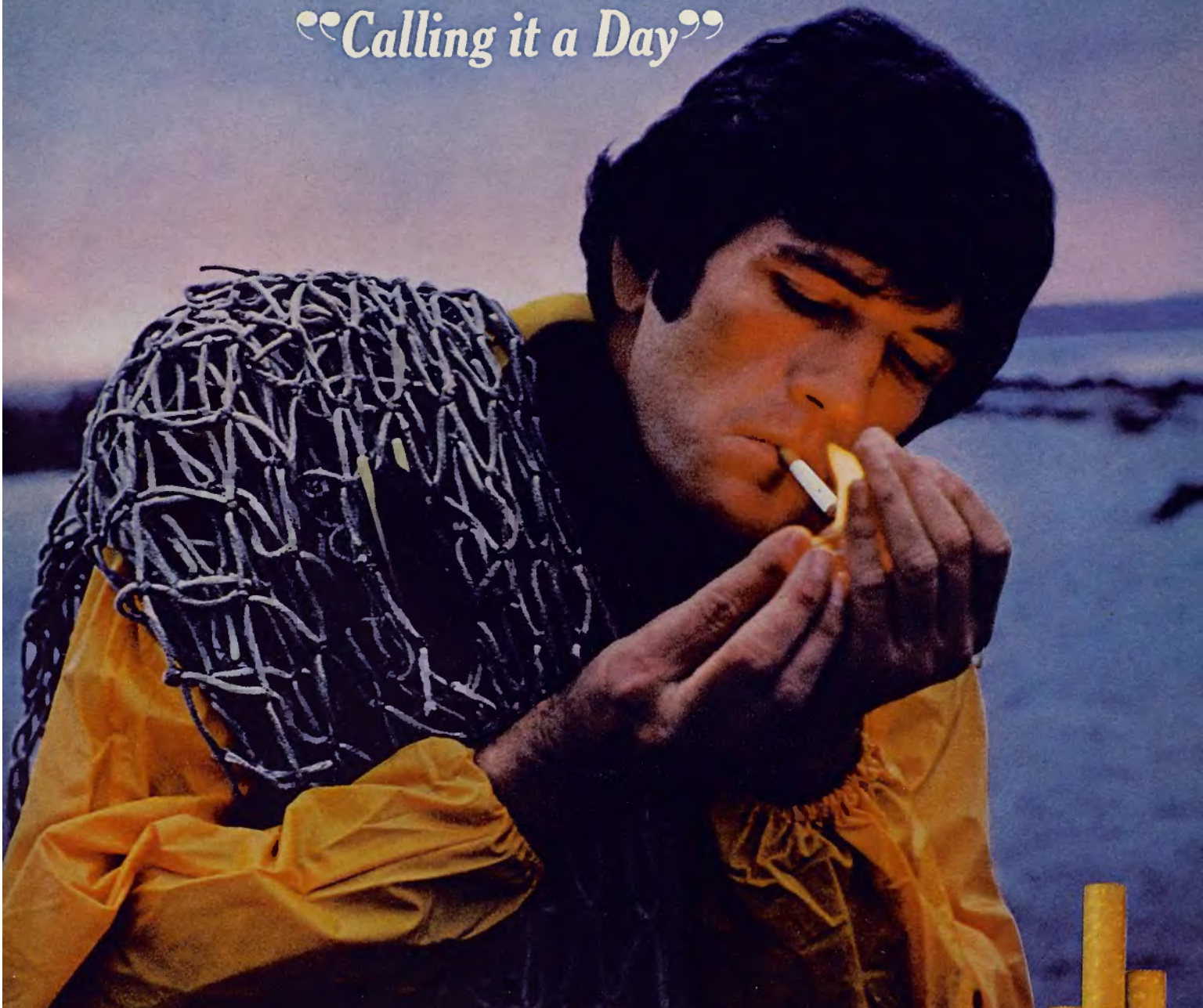


ANSWERS			
1 - D	6 - B	11 - A	16 - C
2 - C	7 - C	12 - B	17 - C
3 - D	8 - B	13 - D	18 - B
4 - C	9 - D	14 - C	19 - C or D
5 - A	10 - B	15 - D	20 - B

"And, another thing, he mentally undresses everyone."



“Calling it a Day”



How good it is

Winston tastes good,
when a cigarette should.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

THE PROMOTERS

(continued from page 102)

of sports biz when a Red Sox no-hit pitcher sought his advice on negotiating a contract. "Oh, wow," said Woolf, "this is an area that has been virtually untapped!"

Eight years later, he has tapped nine out of twelve Boston Celtics as clients, Sanderson, Jim Plunkett, athletes on more than half the teams in every division of every major league in pro sports. He is their advisor, manager, surrogate father and number-one fan. A staff of eight legal assistants helps him put together a mighty package for each client. Woolf pays all bills, handles taxes, investments, promotions, drafts, contracts, endorsements, speaking engagements, wills and estates. His athletes draw an allowance. "I try to teach them how to handle money," says Woolf.

"These are often young, inexperienced kids who have been coddled and protected from the time they entered high school. They're continually getting surrounded by fringe people with wild schemes for quick riches. I get calls at two A.M. from young clients, would I send five thousand dollars fast, they've got a friend with a wild idea. Most of my time

I spend preventing exploitation. . . ."

What distinguishes Woolf from others performing similar services is his rapport with the men he represents. He walks the snowy streets of Boston with despondent Plunkett after yet another Patriot debacle, opens his home to all, is available always for any emergency. His family includes a loving wife, three happy children and dozens of clients who drop by for snacks, pool games and moral inspiration.

Team owners and managers who have to deal with him at contract time find Woolf invariably as good as his word. He won't renegotiate a client's contract for more money and, because of it, last year lost basketball star Julius Erving. In his quiet and unassuming way, Woolf is a man of strong principle. With an income of \$200,000 a year, one might assume that he can afford to be. The suspicion lingers that he still would be if he were to go broke tomorrow. "My job," he says, "is to make sure an athlete gets what he's worth and learns how to manage what he gets. His body is his skill, and it can depreciate very fast."

When it seems to be depreciating overnight, as in the case of Sanderson, Woolf's

solid reputation enables him to deal directly with management—in this case, the Blazers' owner—in an atmosphere notable for its lack of contempt, distrust and deception. The meeting takes place at Woolf's vacation home in Hollywood, Florida. In the end, Sanderson walks away with \$1,000,000 (or \$125,000 for every game he played as a Blazer) and his freedom to rejoin the Boston Bruins. And Woolf? He leaves the way he came in: respected, unperturbed, slightly awed by the power he wields. "It's unbelievable!" he exclaims. "Think of the damage I could do to sports if I ever lost my head." But there must be something difficult. "There is," he admits. "The hardest thing is trying to do it all as a gentleman."

Terry Knight, 30, has learned to express himself with precision ("I may mention discipline many times, because to me discipline is the essence of any promotional campaign"), with humility ("As a singer, I worked until nobody would have me") and with conviction ("My thing is *not* to sell record albums, my thing is to turn a group into a *longevity* money-maker"); but it is not until the subject turns to his former rock group, Grand Funk Railroad, that he begins to talk turkey: "It cost me a fucking fortune to get the exposure I should have been getting for free" and "On their last tour, when I wasn't in charge, people came to see them the way they come to a car wreck to see the remains. I'll tell you what the problem was, they weren't fucking hungry any longer."

Pop-music trade papers gloated over the decline and fall of his relationship with Grand Funk, three young men who are currently suing Knight for more than \$8,000,000 and are being sued by him and others in turn for \$56,000,000. Hip young writers delved into every detail of the separation and divorce with such smarmy self-righteousness that Louella Parsons must have belched in her grave. Why? Because, man, Grand Funk was boondock rock! I mean, like, those dudes couldn't even play *Tea for Two* and they were grossing, like, \$50,000 a night, man, just for balling their guitars in front of spaced-out teeny-boppers. That's why. Dig it?

Yet let it never be said that Knight, the engineer of Grand Funk Railroad, did not give rock critics something to hate. And it may now come as a mild surprise to these critics and their readers to learn that Knight had it calculated all the way. In fact, he ran only bad reviews of the group in his ads. He reasoned that kids were always being lied to and would take the reviews as a hype. He refused to let G. F. R. appear on television; he refused to allow them to be interviewed; in short, he turned aesthetic hostility into a massive financial success. Amazingly, he did it without much air time. It was all part of the master plan—a case study in



"Jim got a raise for naming him after his boss, and I got a raise for not naming him after my boss."

superb music promotion—and it all began when he got a call one winter night from three musician friends who were playing a gig on Cape Cod and eating snow to stay alive. That was 1968. Knight, himself poor, fronted them a little money, then listened to their music. "I didn't know whether I liked it or I hated it," he recalls. But something told him it would sell if properly packaged—experience, perhaps, for Knight had put in time as a Detroit disc jockey in his early 20s and had developed a commercial ear. Consigning a sizable chunk of G. F. R.'s earnings to himself, he choreographed the group's stage act from start to finish. When histrionic performer Jimi Hendrix died, he realized that "there was a gap here" and he determined that one of the group would fill that gap by ripping off his vest during each gig, kneeling on the stage and feigning intercourse with his Fender. (Eventually, the musician would object that it got his pants dirty and would refuse to copulate; Knight would offer to launder his pants for him after every performance, but by then nothing would ease the tension.)

Knight wanted Grand Funk to be "bigger than life." They were actually three farm boys from Michigan with lots of ambition and not much talent, but when they were hungry they listened well, and Knight told them enough about a stage presence to make them a highly

salable commodity. Having done that, he then went out and spent several months pounding on doors to get them a record contract. Then he talked Capitol Records into putting up \$250,000 to promote their first album.

Knight is a very persuasive person. Intense. Deceptively boyish. And very good at hard-nosed pitching. But if you work for him, listen and don't talk back. Because he has a . . . concept. He understands society and its relationship to cultural trends, and you will be part of it—a leader of it, in fact—if you pay attention.

"What I say to record executives is, 'Fuck truth and honesty and being cool and sitting on your ass behind a desk, figuring out what kids are gonna listen to in Omaha!' When I want to know, I go to Omaha, I get out among the people. I have to be on the street. On the street I learned that after any national catastrophe, like the first Kennedy assassination, there will be a swing toward fun escapist entertainment. After 1963 it was the Beatles singing *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. Then what happened? The Beatles grew introspective. Vietnam. Another cycle of depression, so I put together Grand Funk, a totally escapist group, and they played to capacity houses wherever they went. In one month in 1969, we played 23 dates. They put on a great show. I mixed the sound from the middle of the audience. I made it incredibly loud. Why? Be-

cause it's a fact that loud music affects the fluid in the inner ear and creates a sense of euphoria and you go home from a concert feeling stoned. That's why."

Did it work? Christ, did it work. Thanks to his inner-ear awareness, Knight's income now increases by \$1,000,000 every 90 days, according to *The Wall Street Journal*. He invested wisely, he observes. "I exist as an entertainment complex today—including a limousine company, two publishing companies, a movie company in partnership with Twiggy and a new record company, Brown Bag."

While he was running Grand Funk's railroad, he never let the boys read their awful reviews, he isolated them from the public and spread their faces over two blocks of billboard in Times Square, among other places. When they grew up, they learned that they were disdained as schlock musicians and they freaked. Now Knight has moved on, with Brown Bag, to promote new groups—first Mom's Apple Pie and, more recently, Faith. He has saturated the news media with press releases informing one and all that Faith members must remain anonymous. Only their thumbprints appear on the recording contract. They're photographed from behind, naked to the waist. Their arms are interlocked. Could they be . . . queer? Who are these gay and nameless blades?

Knight is telling no one, not even those

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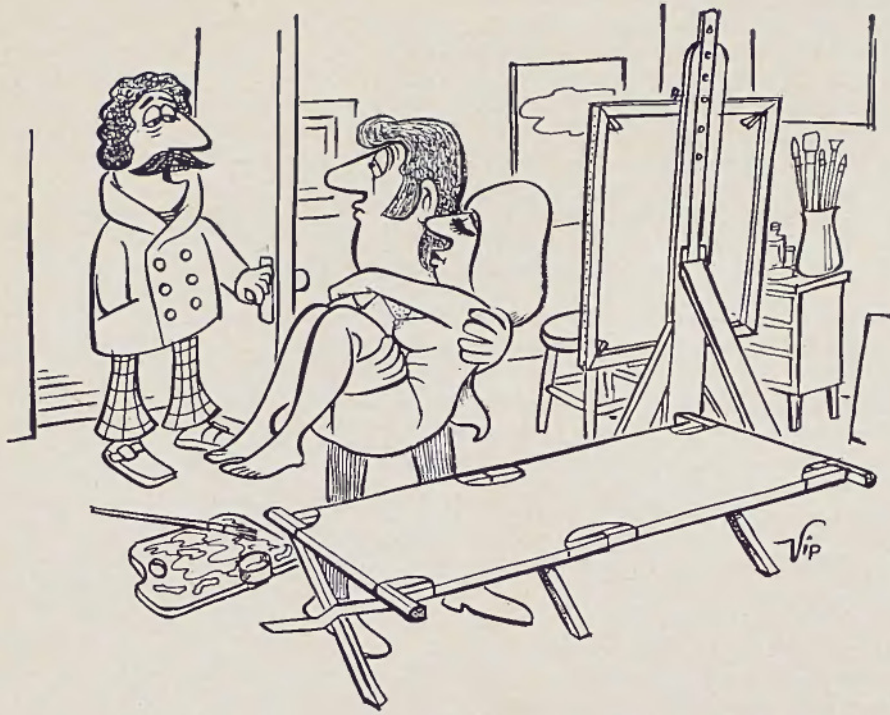


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"Glad to see you're finally getting something down on canvas."

who couldn't care less. He has launched yet another assault on the musical tastes of young America, and rewards are sure to follow. He's been to Omaha; he should know.

Like many other promoters, Knight refuses to socialize with his groups. "I never lower myself to their level," he says. "Nothing personal, it's professional discipline. When you get too close, you begin to listen to excuses." But groups are not really where Knight is at. It's promotion that gets him off. Not to mention 9000 units of vitamin E twice a day. If there is any challenge left, it is purely one of status. "It would please me to convince the people with muscle in the industry that I am not a bullshit hype. If they would pay attention the way I have, it would make the word promoter taste a hell of a lot better to me and everyone else."

...

In the lavishly furnished rotunda of a boathouse lodge fast by a lake in Orlando, Florida, a black woman on an improvised stage breaks down and sobs: "My parents took my baby from me when I joined the organization and my husband left me and my friends wouldn't have nothing to do with me, 'cause they thought I was crazy, too . . . but I'm gonna show 'em, so help me, God and Glenn Turner, I'm gonna dare to be great if it kills me!"

The audience of 100 women rises to its feet. Cheering. Shouting. Stamping: "GO! GO! GO!" The black woman

brushes away tears, a look of defiant self-confidence sweeps over her features. She is one of thousands, millions now, who have been caught up in one of America's most incredible evangelistic movements, a lapel-tugging, hard-sell, beat-the-bushes sales Gospel whose followers worship at the shrine of a man with a harelip, a toupee, false teeth, boots fashioned from the skin of unborn calves, red double-knit straight-legged suits and legal actions pending against him in 46 states of the Union.

The unstoppable Glenn W. Turner comes about as close to being a working-class hero as anyone in recent memory. We created him, America, now we don't quite know what to do with him. He has pitched himself into the hearts and minds of the proletariat; has won fame, fortune and a devoted following by twisting and warping the Horatio Alger myth out of shape. "You know what's wrong with the world?" he yells. "*We're too dignified!*" (Cheering) "Who says you got to go to college? I come into the world with a harelip, the son of a sharecropper, I never got past the eighth grade and I'm driving an Eldorado!" (Cheering) "You know why? 'Cause I was stupid, that's why! I didn't know you was supposed to go to school, then wait six years. I made a profit my first month! *And I'll teach you to be stupid just like me!*" (Wild applause)

A failed sewing-machine salesman, Turner six years ago borrowed \$5000 from a bank to start his own cosmetic company. He brought in 23 recruiters and sold \$1,000,000 worth of distributor-

ships even before he found a full line of products to distribute. He wasn't worried. The worst he could do was go broke. "Going broke," he reckons, "is just like brushing your teeth. You have to do it a few times to get over your fear of failure. Sure I made mistakes. I bought sixty-seven years' worth of eyebrow pencil from a manufacturer 'cause nobody told me better . . . but I put errors out of mind, and so can you!"

It's the same exhilarating pitch wherever Turner, 39, travels in his Convair 880. He runs down the aisle, leaps up onto the stage, pulls off his suit coat, loosens his tie, throws off his boots, jumps up onto a chair. "Fake it till you make it," he cries. "GO! GO! GO!"

The audience does go. It goes crazy with the heat and fever of promised success. Chimney sweeps, chambermaids, midgets, cabdrivers, hash slingers—"real folk"—they come thick and fast to hear Turner's hustle; many leave a few thousand dollars leaner; they have taken the plunge, have signed up and paid their money to join Turner's Koscot Interplanetary Cosmetics as "distributors." What they get in return for their checks puzzles and upsets law-enforcement agencies everywhere. But at the moment, it doesn't matter. Turner is about to mount the stage in the rotunda. The women he will speak to are salesladies in many of his corporations, which now number 70; some sell cosmetics; some sell self-motivation courses; all are frantic with delight at being invited to his Orlando "clinic" for a week of instruction; they are, in his words, "jacked up." Way up. One has called Turner's organization "Christianity in action" to a healthy round of applause. Others have cried, kissed, hugged.

Now, Glenn: At leisure he plays the informal host—no flaming-red croupier's suit tonight: Levis rolled up over his boots, a captain's hat, a polo shirt. He talks about himself, about how he felt clumsy in public in the early days but soon got to where he could make tears flow. The checks started coming in. "If it all collapses on me tomorrow, so what? I'll pick up and start again," he says. Later he reads from a poem given to him by one of the young ladies in attendance. "The poem I want to read to you is *If* by Rudolph Kipling," he announces. Rudolph? Occasionally, like a nervous friend, his lack of formal education betrays him. Turner likes what Rudolph has to say, he analyzes the verse line by line. Two hours later, the bleary-eyed women file out. Turner and his charming wife, Alice, shake all hands. In three days he will be in Venezuela, then Puerto Rico, then Malaysia . . . Mexico . . . Italy . . . spreading the word around the globe. Jacking them up. Putting down the corporate ethic of hard labor, low wages and a gold watch at the end of 50 years. It's out there for the asking. Go get it. I did. "I took two lemons—my speech

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impediment, my harelip—and I turned them into lemonade. You can, too.”

In recent years, Turner's sales methods have been called “a cancerous vice,” a “Frankenstein,” “an enormous fraud” by Federal and state authorities. They involve “multilevel distributorships” if you like them, “pyramid sales” if you don't. In either case, it will—or would have, until Turner's most recent round of legal hassles—cost you up to \$5000 to buy the right to sell his products—which now include wigs, pink fur coats and mink-oil body lotion—and the first thing you did when you paid up was go out and try to sell someone else a distributorship for a hefty commission, and the first thing he would then do . . . and so it went. The problem with chain letters is that they seldom work. Sometimes you don't even get back the price of your stamp. But in spite of the odds, many Koscot converts turned a handsome profit. At its inception, Turner's organization was riddled with sloppy management: no defined sales territories, no exclusive sales areas, no logical chain of command, no way of controlling headhunters who stormed people in the streets for their check. Complaints flooded the offices of attorneys general. They set out to cramp Turner's style; and the vengeance with which they have attacked the man suggests that they see more at issue than consumer protection. For as long as greed has flourished, others have bilked, cajoled and coerced under the corporate ethic of sanitized larceny. That's what lobbyists are for. Today others operate with official blessings in areas of merchandising more marginal than Turner's, but few corporate heads have been so bold as to preach heresy in the church of establishment success. Governmental agencies, so it seems, are paternalistic toward the uneducated; they will feed them and find them menial jobs as long as they keep their place. If they start driving Eldorados, they must be either pimps, gangsters or dope dealers. The idea that they, too, might have a right to succeed on the basis of their own initiative and hustle offends, infuriates and boggles the mind. There is something goddamn . . . revolutionary . . . about this concept.

A bastard child of capitalism, Turner sells these have-nots the confidence to play at the Horatio Alger myth. Far from being a cynical crook, he demonstrates a genuine love for them and is, for instance, a leading employer of the handicapped in Florida. A magnificent salesman, he also happens to be a miserable business administrator. Surrounding him is a crew of subordinates who display little of his warmth, openness or sympathy for the meek. They look, act and carry on like a hard-nosed corps of mercenary soldiers; and Turner, who is a genius at inspiring his troops, is so shaky on troop deployment that he has in the past allowed them to run amuck, plundering

neighborhoods at will. Civil suits have cost him a small fortune in legal fees alone. Attempting to extricate himself, Turner recently relinquished control of his companies and now functions primarily as a consultant. He has worked out a tentative agreement with civil plaintiffs to the tune of \$4,700,000 in liquidated funds, turning over this amount to an independent holding company. Its negotiable stock will be issued to those who got burned and want their money back.

Under similar duress, lesser men might be expected to retreat from the wars of commerce. Not Turner; he has set about to advance in yet another direction. Within 18 months he plans to open 1000 “mind spas” throughout the country. “These are just like health spas,” he explains, “'cept we're gonna exercise and develop the *mind*. It's a place where you can go and jack up your attitude for twenty-five dollars a month. We're callin' it Welcome to Our World. There's no pyramid sales involved. I had my fill of that.”

Despite their eagerness to quash his activities, few states have any statute against multilevel selling. And Turner, despite his defiant nature, has worked hard to clean up his operation. Too late, perhaps: In May, a Federal mail-fraud indictment was handed down against him by the Post Office, the IRS briefly locked up his Sand Lake facility and, a month later, he was arrested in Germany, facing extradition to Britain on charges of fraud.

About these and other adversities he remains philosophical. “When you're the fastest gun in the West, everybody's always trying to draw on you.” And in a more meditative analogy: “When a feller reaches for the sun, he's bound to get a few blisters.”

Blisters, guns, civil and criminal suits—all impart the same advice: If you sense in yourself a talent for promotion, do it, but go easy on administration. Chances are you'll be terrible at it and will suffer the consequences of overreaching ambition. Turner may still do himself in. If he isn't in jail or otherwise occupied at the time, he plans to run for President in 1980. He says he would legalize marijuana but hang smugglers who try to bring it into the country illegally. There are other inconsistencies in his platform; they may bother you, but they don't bother Turner. It will all work out. “God,” he confides, “has programmed my computer.” Looking up past the turrets of his \$3,000,000 Orlando castle, he smiles.

• • •

Jay Bernstein, the world's most successful young show-business public-relations man, has just taken delivery on one of the world's most expensive automobiles, a Stutz Blackhawk. For this hand-tooled Italian touring car he paid \$37,000, the expense of which presented no problem.

The difficulties set in when Bernstein tries to understand why he bought it. He already owns a customized Fleetwood. After one spin around the block on Sunset Strip, where his office is located, he takes his driver aside and asks: “Jack, what will I use this car for?” It is a solemn inquiry.

The driver reflects, “Well,” he explains, “you'll use it for . . . pleasure.” Bernstein sighs mournfully and climbs back inside.

At 35, Bernstein has reached the top of his profession, and he has managed to do so at least in part by avoiding pleasure at all costs, except where it happens to coincide with business. He safaris with client Bill Holden in Africa, kayaks with client Isaac Hayes in Hawaii, sport fishes with client Susan Hayward off the Bahamas. Dozens of framed color photographs on his office walls bear witness to these excursions, and proudly he takes a visitor on a guided tour, jabbing at each one with a long-bladed dagger. “Here I am with Susan . . . with Isaac . . . now over here are my *TV Guide* covers, just a few of the clients I've had on the front . . . and over here are some of the Nielsen ratings I helped achieve, and—”

The visitor remarks that the dagger Bernstein uses as a pointer is a Balinese kris, a ritualized weapon of great significance in the Hindu religion. Bernstein suddenly turns. “You like it? Here, it's yours. I insist, take it, I have another one at home.”

Upon closer inspection, it develops that the kris has a cigarette lighter embedded in the butt end of the handle. The visitor makes an earnest effort to refuse. Too late. Bernstein loves to give things away, has probably given away everything in his possession that anyone has ever paused to admire.

What he has given away free to one of his newest clients, Mark Spitz, is open to speculation. The fee for his professional advice is not: It is definitely costing Spitz a cool \$12,000 a year and it will cost you the same, unless you happen to be the sponsor of a TV special employing Bernstein to ensure good ratings, in which case it will set you back \$25,000 per shot.

And what in hell do you get for all this money? You get Oklahoma-born Jay and his staff of 42 dynamo flacks hustling you press and media coverage when you want it, and noncoverage when you might want that even more. If you are a celebrity and you get arrested on a messy morals charge, for instance, Jay will use his contacts to get the arrest buried deep inside the morning newspaper; when and if you get acquitted, the news will make page one. If, as a celebrity, you get picked up in a riot and hauled off to jail, Jay might very well smuggle a camera into your cell, slip it around your neck and have a reporter send out a story over the



"When he invited us sailing, I thought it meant just lying in the sun with our bras off."

Smilby

wires explaining how you were mistakenly arrested as a rioter while photographing location shots for your next film.

These are but a few of the services he has provided in the line of duty. When the major Hollywood studios collapsed, they abandoned their elaborate publicity departments, whose energies had been concentrated on protecting the stars and the public from one another. Enter Jay Bernstein, independent PR man, ready and waiting to pick up the slack. You and I may be convinced that the star system is dead, but Hollywood isn't. It still maintains its lines of defense and its anachronistic belief in projecting an image. Bernstein knows all about projecting an image. He's terrific at it. Needless to say, he's a millionaire.

The son of a wealthy department-store owner, Jay refused to be carried along into the family business. As a youth, he earned spending money by shoveling dung out of Oklahoma outhouses. Eventually, he moved West to break into showbiz, got fired from a couple of jobs and sank his last \$400 into his own PR firm.

Today, ten years later, it costs him \$80,000 a month "just to keep the lights on."

"I've created a monster I can't get out of," he confides, pausing to spray Binaca into his mouth. Two squirts later he continues: "I'm a computer, I run my organization by electronics. I've got to have efficiency or I'm dead, it's the nature of the business."

Efficiency is as close at hand as the little transistorized beeper that each mem-

ber of his staff is required to wear at all times. He can be beeped on a golf course, in bed with his old lady, anywhere day or night. When a PR man's services are needed, Bernstein explains, they are needed *now*. "I don't tolerate failure. We're the Green Berets of the public-relations industry, and I try to run my firm just like a general. My employees are units, I don't have time to be nice to them. I don't want to hear about their personal problems. I have a house rabbi and a house priest for that. I am totally dedicated, ninety-five percent of my time is spent in my business. I demand the same from people who work for me. It's the only way I can survive. For example, I know exactly how much time I have at night to get my sleep. I'm a bachelor, I have Jack drive my date home at midnight. Now, if I should wake up at four in the morning and have to open my eyes to look at the clock, it would take me a long while to fall back to sleep. So I've had a clock built beside my bed that's operated by a button. If I wake up now, I keep my eyes closed, I push the button and the clock speaks. It says 'Four-thirty-seven' and I fall asleep immediately. See?"

It is easy to see but difficult to behold. In an age of practiced lassitude among rich young men, Jay Bernstein is out there hustling like a Turk. In an age of sensitivity and humanistic concern, he insists on coldly impersonal relationships. Patton would have admired him, but Patton is dead. If Bernstein were not quite

so candid—and, in an odd way, innocent—about himself and his career, he would be damned intolerable.

Yet he is as open as a child, and not in the least cynical. He understands media people better than they understand themselves. Backstage at a press conference with Spitz, he demonstrates his knowledge. ("Spitz is easy to work with. I say, 'Take the red pill, then the green pill,' and he takes them without any arguments.") As Spitz listens, Bernstein calmly instructs him on how to handle the press. "They'll be after your throat today," Jay tells him. "It's part of the trend. First they love you for winning medals, then they hate you for trying to make a living, and eventually they'll be back on your side again. But at the moment, expect the worst."

Five minutes later, Spitz gets it. He has come to announce his association with an outdoor-pool firm—"Money didn't have anything to do with it, I like the quality of their product." But the newsmen scoff at that. One says that Spitz seems to be endorsing everything except hemorrhoids. Spitz smiles. Another asks: "Is it true you plan to replace Flipper the Porpoise when he retires?" Spitz smiles again. Doesn't lose his cool. Doesn't kiss any asses, just stands there and parries these loaded questions with considerable skill. How? Only his press agent knows for sure, and throughout the press conference, Jay Bernstein never says a word.

CHICAGO, 1935: A man sits in a restaurant doodling on a napkin. He's read somewhere that 93 percent of American fathers buy skates for their children. Facts like this stick in his mind. What he would rather do is garden—he loves plants—but there's no money at the moment in geraniums and the country's in the midst of a Depression, so he's gone into sports promotion. He reasons: "Anything you're good at as a kid you'll stick with if there's an outlet." On his napkin he jots down some ideas on how to make roller skating work as a sports attraction. Where there's a wheel there's a way, if only he can find the angle. The angles turn out to be shaved off the corners of a looped track. He arranges to present the world's first roller-skating marathon at Chicago's Coliseum. People come to watch, they fall asleep in droves. The "Nightly Sprint to Nowhere" goes on the road. People fall asleep in Louisville, in Miami; promoter Leo Seltzer begins to lose faith. He doesn't know yet that he has invented one of America's two original sports—the other being basketball. All he knows is, he's losing money. Along comes Damon Runyon. He likes Seltzer's folly, and offers to help. Together they devise a set of rules to make the marathon into a contest, complete with winners, losers, heroes, villains, pratfalls, elbows, grunts, fights . . . and female participants as well as male. "Empathy," says Seltzer, "it's got



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to have empathy." It does. He goes out and copyrights a name: Roller Derby. Now he owns a name and a sport that people will pay to see. "Everybody loves my game," he decides. "It gets rid of frustration."

OAKLAND, 1958: Nobody loves Leo's game any longer. On a good night it draws 200 fans into a 10,000-seat auditorium. There is plenty of leg room. Like *Candide*, Seltzer wanders back to his garden, wondering where he went wrong. Ten years earlier, Roller Derby and Milton Berle were the two hottest properties on television. They were, of course, almost the only properties, and soon became television's first victims of overexposure. Derby Queen Tuffy Brasuhn and other talents named Pee Wee, Bumper, Slugger and Bouncing Betty experienced a rapid dispiriting descent into obscurity. The Derby died on its tracks, never to roll again, it seemed.

But wait. Leo has a son, Jerry, who used to eat lots of paint chips and pencil lead and sofa strings as a kid. Somehow he survived his gastronomical habits and grew up to graduate from Northwestern's School of Business. Bored, he heads West, dabbles around the fringes of Roller Derby, which is like being on the fringe of a fringe, and discovers in himself, much to his amazement, an inherent gift for promotion. He revives his father's moribund idea and sets out to apply a few resuscitation techniques of his own device. In a deserted garage, he kinescopes the games and syndicates them to an Oakland TV station. Attendance picks up. Along comes video tape, a vast improvement over the fuzzy kinescope prints that

made many viewers think they were watching Martians with acne. Jerry, son of Leo, capitalizes a parent company for \$500, locates a sponsor and sends off a video-taped game to Portland, Oregon. At the end of the televised turbulence, the announcer asks, as an afterthought, "Would you like to see Roller Derby in Portland?" Hundreds write in. Seltzer books a game there. The track arrives but not the players, whose plane is grounded. Two hours late, they show up anyway. Nine thousand patient fans give them a standing ovation. Just for making the game, Seltzer knows he's got a hot one. There is nothing to do but expand.

By 1961 there are 40 TV stations carrying the Derby. "It hardly seems to be any sort of revelation now," Jerry will remark some years later, "but at the time I was stunned, for it suddenly occurred to me that there were no longer any boundaries as we had known them. As far as the great eye extends, people have the same interests." In the particular case of Roller Derby, these common interests include a zest for hoked-up violence, pseudo slaughter and calculated chaos. "I produce programs I wouldn't watch myself," Seltzer will also later remark. No cigar-chomping carney reject, he carries himself with a style and elegance befitting the owner of a thoroughbred stable and uses part of his Roller Derby revenue to produce a film on ballet.

But his genius lies in promotion. He owns the leagues, players, skates, uniforms and concessions. He is forced to outbid no one but himself, and his players work for wages not far above their

former salaries as secretaries, truck drivers, dishwashers, stevedores. They don't seem to mind. Roller Derby has quickly become the last rags-to-riches Hollywood myth: They seek fame more than fortune, a shot at glory. "They're all escaping from something," Seltzer reveals. Famous or not, Roller Derby stars arrive early to put up the track they will skate on, and they go back later to pull it down. There are no pretensions other than to entertain. Seltzer, 41, insists on a lighthearted approach. Sitting in his Oakland office, he manipulates his television shows to draw fans for live performances; he institutes a concept of regional home teams that small-town blue-collar audiences can identify with; he puts his stars in direct contact with his fans; he shortens the tracks, spruces up the uniforms, adds cities to his off-season touring schedule and prospers.

OAKLAND, 1973: Twenty million people now watch Seltzer's Roller Derby on television, 5,000,000 pay to see it live each year. Fifty-thousand paid to see one game in Chicago, 17,000 at Madison Square Garden, 35,000 at the Oakland Coliseum. Some sportswriters now refer to Jerry Seltzer as "the finest promotional mind in professional sports." Others go out of their way to ignore him. Two years ago, Seltzer attempted to buy The Golden Seals' National Hockey League franchise. He had the money but not the reputation. One N. H. L. owner fell asleep as Seltzer made his presentation. "I knew we were in trouble when nobody bothered to wake him up," Seltzer recalls. "They called me a 'hippodrome promoter' and they gave the franchise to Charley Finley. He's already tried to sell out. I won't touch it now."

Is he bitter, then? "Sometimes the lack of personal recognition among my peers bothers me. In Roller Derby, I didn't start with the most palatable subject. Look at me today. I could fool anybody. My strength is conceptual—putting our teams on tour, for instance. Execution, forget it. I have a staff for that. I don't like to do something the same way twice, it's a personal quirk, and it can tend to drive you batty if you work for me. Are Roller Derby games fixed? No, not exactly, but let's put it this way: You pick a team in any game, I'll bet against you and win. The fans don't care, they come for the noise, the color, the body contact. We don't take ourselves seriously; everybody can see us for the sham we are."

Seltzer smiles broadly. Behind him on the wall of his plush office, he and P. T. Barnum stare nose to nose in cameo caricature. "My secret," says Seltzer, "is that I know how to use people." He leans forward to shake the hand of an Inquiring Writer. "I'm using you, I hope you realize that."

Oh, dem promoters, they sure know how to close a deal.



"Good grief! Oil!"

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SLICING UP THE BIG APPLE

(continued from page 156)

not only would be on the payroll of the underworld that supported them but would also be partners with underworld leaders in some of their ventures—Hines with, among others, one Arthur Flegenheimer, who adopted the name Dutch Schultz, and Marinelli with “Joe the Boss” Masseria, Luciano, Costello and others. As Tammany capitulated, so did the rest of the city’s official complex, which took its cue from Tammany. Mayors, district attorneys, police commissioners and others would all be dependent on the underworld, afraid to move without first getting clearance from the organization. By 1932, a new mayor, John Patrick O’Brien, would tell the press when asked who his new police commissioner was going to be. “I haven’t had any word on that yet.” By that, he meant the word from Hines, Marinelli and the underworld.

Though there were parallels between New York and the Chicago of Torrio and Capone, there were also decided differences. Torrio had fallen victim to the violence that marked the Chicago scene, had been forced to flee for his life, leaving behind the brutality of Capone and a city strewn with the bodies of Dion O’Banion, Hymie Weiss, the victims of Saint Valentine’s Day and hundreds more. The city had become a war zone, its street corners battlegrounds, its gutters often rivers of blood; Torrio’s dicta of cooperation and peace were forgotten.

Such, though, was not the fate of New York. Perhaps the barons competing for power, most of whom had come under the Rothstein influence at one time or another, had listened and paid close attention to his words. Perhaps, too, New York was just too big for any one man or organization to control and there was a recognition of this simple truth. For whatever reasons, the city itself escaped the kind of ravages that filled Chicago. There were shoot-outs. Dutch Schultz was not above putting his enemies to a violent end, often in public and personally. In the early Thirties, he was embroiled in a running war with the young Irish killer Vincent “Mad Dog” Coll, in which the body count ran up to a score or more. Louis “Lepke” Buchalter’s guns were often busy in the Garment District of Manhattan, where he was moving in on the rackets. Legs Diamond’s count was high. Bootleggers had a nasty penchant for knocking one another over. Frankie Yale, the Brooklyn bootlegger-killer-Unione Siciliane president, was cut down in his car on 44th Street in Brooklyn in 1928 by a submachine gun (the first time that weapon, a stand-by in the Chicago gang wars, was used in New York), but his killers, it turned out, had been sent from Chicago by Capone to pay off Yale for some double crosses on liquor shipments.

But the body count in New York never matched Chicago’s, even though the New York underworld was proportionately much larger. And though the city itself was the scene of many of the killings, there was a kind of circumspection about the murders. Most took place in lonely ambushes, in sparsely populated restaurants or speak-easies, on streets where there were few people about, at night, on back roads during a hijacking or after a one-way ride. The warfare, unlike Chicago’s, tended to be private. The public was rarely involved, seldom caught in street-corner cross fire.

By the middle of the Twenties, the bootleg business in New York had been left to the strongest, and despite sometimes sudden and violent confrontations, they managed to cut the city up among themselves and maintain the power within their own provinces to repel attempted invasions. Aside from the older *mafiosi*, who were just emerging into the world at large, the bootleg rulers were mostly young, still in their 20s when Prohibition arrived and, if they survived the violent decade, only into their middle 30s when it ended. Though they were often rivals and bitter ones, they were often, too, friends and allies on a temporary or even a semipermanent basis. Their comparable ages and great ambitions both drove them apart and, particularly in the later struggles with the older gangsters from another generation, brought them together. Binding them, too, were common interests in turning Prohibition into wealth, and the lessons of Arnold Rothstein. Later, all this would enable many of them to work closely together to forge a national Syndicate that would make the underworld an organized business.

The Bronx was the realm of Dutch Schultz, a name he was later to regret: “It was short enough to fit in the headlines,” he complained. “If I’d kept the name Flegenheimer, nobody would have heard of me.” He was only 18 when Prohibition became law, but he had already served a prison term for unlawful entry (his rap sheet would eventually list 13 arrests, for every crime from disorderly conduct to homicide). Tough and merciless, Schultz fought his way to the top in his borough, eventually bossing an empire that would include liquor and beer, speak-easies, numbers, protection and assorted other rackets and would earn him millions every year. But Schultz was a miser. He paid those who worked for him as little as possible and would rage when anyone had the temerity to ask for a raise; Otto “Abbadabba” Berman, a human computer who handled all Schultz’s financial details and even worked out a method to rig the numbers so the payoff from the policy racket would be more astronomical than usual, had to threaten to take his valuable

services elsewhere before Schultz agreed to pay him \$10,000 a week.

Schultz never spent more than two dollars for a shirt or \$35 for a suit, and rarely had them cleaned. “You take silk shirts, now,” he once said. “I think only queers wear silk shirts. I never bought one in my life. Only a sucker will pay fifteen or twenty dollars for a silk shirt.”

As Luciano, a meticulous dresser, later said, “Dutch was the cheapest guy I ever knew. The guy had a couple of million bucks and he dressed like a pig, and he worried about spending two cents for a newspaper. That was his big spending, buying the papers so’s he could read about himself.”

But for all his parsimony, Schultz was willing to spend money to solidify, expand and protect his empire. He took Jimmy Hines in as a partner, thereby not only gaining Tammany’s protection but also buying a piece of it. And he bought himself a piece of the Bronx Democratic organization, too, becoming such a power that boss Edward J. Flynn (later to be a major dispenser of patronage for Roosevelt), when sheriff of the borough in 1925, made Schultz a deputy sheriff. And Schultz, like all who rose to power, was merciless with his enemies; they had a way of dying or disappearing. Thus, the Dutchman became the strong man of the Bronx and later, when he muscled in on policy, of part of Harlem as well.

Brooklyn was more populous and thus more profitable, so no man could hold complete suzerainty there. Until his death, Frankie Yale, with his base in the Unione, a tight organization and his early entrance into rumrunning, had a major slice. Another slice belonged to a bright Jewish boy who aspired to culture and a more genteel life and thought the way to get it was through the riches of illegal booze, and who spread out from the Jewish ghetto into more of Brooklyn. His name was Abner “Longy” Zwillman. As the competition in the borough intensified, Zwillman, while maintaining a hold there, saw more riches and less trouble in the outlying districts and began to branch out into then-sparsely populated Queens and beyond into Long Island’s Nassau County. He crossed the Hudson River to northern New Jersey, where he linked up with a rising young Italian mobster named Willie Moretti, who sometimes went by the more Anglo-Saxon name of Willie Moore. Together they controlled bootlegging in their province and moved into gambling with a string of back-room casinos that stretched down the Hudson from Fort Lee, directly across the river from Manhattan and easily reachable then by ferry. Through Moretti and growing out of his own bootlegging, Zwillman met and became friends and partners with his contemporaries, Luciano, Lansky, Costello and the rest.

Brooklyn, in the mid-Twenties, was



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becoming more and more a territory the young Italian gangsters were looking on as their own. A handsome young Italian named Joseph Doto—who took a name to match his good looks and vanity, Joe Adonis, or, to his friends, Joe A.—moved in from his original Manhattan base. The waterfront was gradually coming under the influence of a tough killer named Albert Anastasia, and a young and rising mafioso named Vincent Mangano was moving up in the wake of Frankie Yale.

But the real power and the real big money lay in Manhattan, which was split up a dozen ways among a dozen groups. In Harlem, just beginning to fill with blacks but still Italian ground, *Ciro Terranova*, a Mafia leader, gave the orders; in Little Italy in Lower Manhattan, other mafiosi, those who would be called the Mustache Petes—Joe Masseria, Salvatore Maranzano and others—controlled all the rackets, terrorized the people, warred on one another and were just beginning to edge into the outer world, a world still foreign to them and their methods.

The rest of the island, the world of the middle and upper classes, was the realm of the young mobsters who could adapt to this society and could deal with it on its terms. Costello, Luciano, Lansky and Siegel (soon joined by Adonis) worked closely together in midtown. They supplied good whiskey to the best speak-easies and to the best people and they cut themselves in for pieces of many of the speaks they serviced. They worked together and they worked with others. Needing regular sources of supply, they struck up deals with Waxey Gordon, Max "Boo-Boo" Hoff and Harry Stromberg, alias "Nig" Rosen, who had become the bootleg powers in Philadelphia, a city vital to their success, for there Gordon and his friends ran a string of distilleries where domestic liquor was produced and imported whiskey was cut, rebled and rebottled. They came to arrangements with Enoch "Nucky" Johnson, the boss of Atlantic City, whose resort community was one of the prime landing zones for the imported stuff, and with Charles "King" Solomon of Boston, whose port was constantly busy unloading booze. In search of supplies to keep their growing list of thirsty customers happy, they bought from the Cleveland powers—Moe Dalitz, Morris Kleinman, Sam Tucker and Louis Rothkopf—who were running a regular ferry service across Lake Erie from Canada. Lansky, as treasurer of the group in addition to other activities, was often dispatched on quick trips around the country to seek out new alliances and new sources of supply. He also went to Nassau, Bermuda, the other British islands and Cuba to tie up whiskey supplies there and to strike the toughest bargains, something at which he proved singularly adept.

Adonis, in partnership with Luciano and the others, put together what was called the Broadway Mob. Its territory was the great center of Manhattan and its clients were the class speak-easies—such places as Jack and Charlie's "21" Club, Jack White's, the Silver Slipper, Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club and the rest. In some they had a personal investment, to all they supplied only the best whiskey, "right off the boat"—which meant from Gordon's distilleries, from distilleries they took over, from their other sources, but not the rotgut that was being turned out in the thousands of stills in East Harlem, Little Italy and elsewhere. Not satisfied with only Manhattan, though, Adonis also branched out into Brooklyn and, backed by the growing reputations and might of his associates, was soon entrenched there. And he followed another pursuit that was to entrance him all his life: He became one of the master jewel thieves of the era.

Costello, meanwhile, was ubiquitous. Quiet, dignified, radiating success and power, he became the go-between for the underworld and the Tammany politicians, succeeding Rothstein in that role. But pulling the strings of politics was only one Costello role. Backed by a \$40,000 loan from Rothstein, Costello went into partnership with Big Bill Dwyer as a rumrunner. By the middle of the decade, both had become millionaires. The Government would charge Dwyer with evading more than \$2,000,000 in taxes in just two years—taxes, that is, and not income. The partnership broke up in 1925, when both were indicted for bribery and rumrunning. Costello beat the rap and rose steadily upward; Dwyer, however, was convicted and sent to the Federal prison in Atlanta. When he emerged, he decided to go straight, becoming a renowned sportsman who brought professional hockey to New York, opened race tracks around the country, including Tropical Park near Miami, and eventually settled down in Miami to a life of rich respectability. But Dwyer's departure signaled more than the end of a single man; it also marked the end of an era: the influence of the Irish as leading underworld figures in New York went with him, and the Italians and the Jews now moved to the fore.

Dwyer, though, was only one of Costello's partners. Costello teamed up in brewery and bootlegging enterprises with Owney "The Killer" Madden, an English-born gunman who had served a term in Sing Sing for murder. Suave and smart, Madden was eventually sent down to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to oversee the Mob's growing interests in that wide-open resort town.

And Costello was into more. With a former Rothstein Wall Street operator and swindler named Dandy Phil Kastel, he

branched out into gambling, gaining a near monopoly on the punchboards that infested every candy store in town, and the two soon secured a monopoly over the abundant slot machines. Later, Kastel would oversee the Costello interests in New Orleans.

Inseparable in these years, Lansky and Siegel not only worked closely with their friends and partners but also took off from the Legs Diamond trade. Bringing together the toughest Jewish hoods they could round up, they formed the Bugs and Meyer Mob. With their cars and guns, they were the protection service for the group's booze shipments, and they were its hijacking arm. Selling their services to the highest noncompeting bidders on a free-lance basis, they would protect or hijack—it didn't matter which. The quality of their service was exceptional, but the price was high and soon, rather than paying Bugs and Meyer, many a bootlegger decided it would be a lot simpler and cheaper just to cut them in as partners. But they soon discovered that they were getting more than Lansky and Siegel as partners; they were getting Adonis, Costello and Luciano, too, which often meant that the original owners became servants or were forced out altogether.

To those who watched closely, it became evident that Luciano was emerging

as the leader among these equals and as one of the rising young powers in the underworld. Behind Adonis in the Broadway Mob, there was Luciano. He had his own bootlegging going, too. He was involved with Costello in almost everything Costello did, and with Lansky and Siegel. He was in partnership with Zwillman and Moretti in a number of their deals and had a partnership, too, with Gordon. Schultz was his friend and, at times, partner. In the Garment District, he was working with Lepke and Lepke's strong gun, Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, and with the rising young Thomas Lucchese, known as "Three Finger" Brown, in union and management protection rackets, loan-sharking and all the rest. There seemed to be hardly an area of crime in Manhattan in which Luciano was not involved in some way. As his power and stature increased, he was wooed intensively by the competing Mafia rulers, particularly by Masseria and Maranzano. Though he worked at times with one and then the other, cooperated with them when need be, he delayed until late in the decade making the decision to join one. Before he would become an underling, even second man, he wanted his own power to be substantial enough to allow him to set the terms of a merger. And during this period of his rise, his power base lay in his partnerships with Costello, Adonis, Lansky

and Siegel, in his dealings with the other young princelings.

The longer Prohibition lasted, the deeper seemed to become the thirst of Americans. Prices kept going up, both in the domestic market and at foreign sources of supply. Competition for those supplies among rival bootleggers intensified. In order to keep the customers happy, in order just to keep them, the bootlegger had to be able to fill his orders promptly and at a competitive price. In a time of mounting demand, this was not always easy. Through 1926 and 1927, hijackings increased sharply, and so did the almost concomitant casualties. Lansky might go to Nassau and buy all he needed from the Bay Street Boys, but there was increasing danger that somewhere between Atlantic City and the Philadelphia distilleries, or somewhere between the distilleries and the point of delivery, the shipment might be hijacked. A deal could be struck with Dalitz and his Cleveland friends, with the Reinfelds, Brofman and Rosenstiels in Canada, but there was no guarantee that the vital whiskey would ever reach its destination. The Bugs and Meyer Mob was constantly on the road, protecting the shipments of the partners, hijacking those of competitors. But this was a dangerous and costly game, cutting into the profits and the personnel and potentially bringing the East to the

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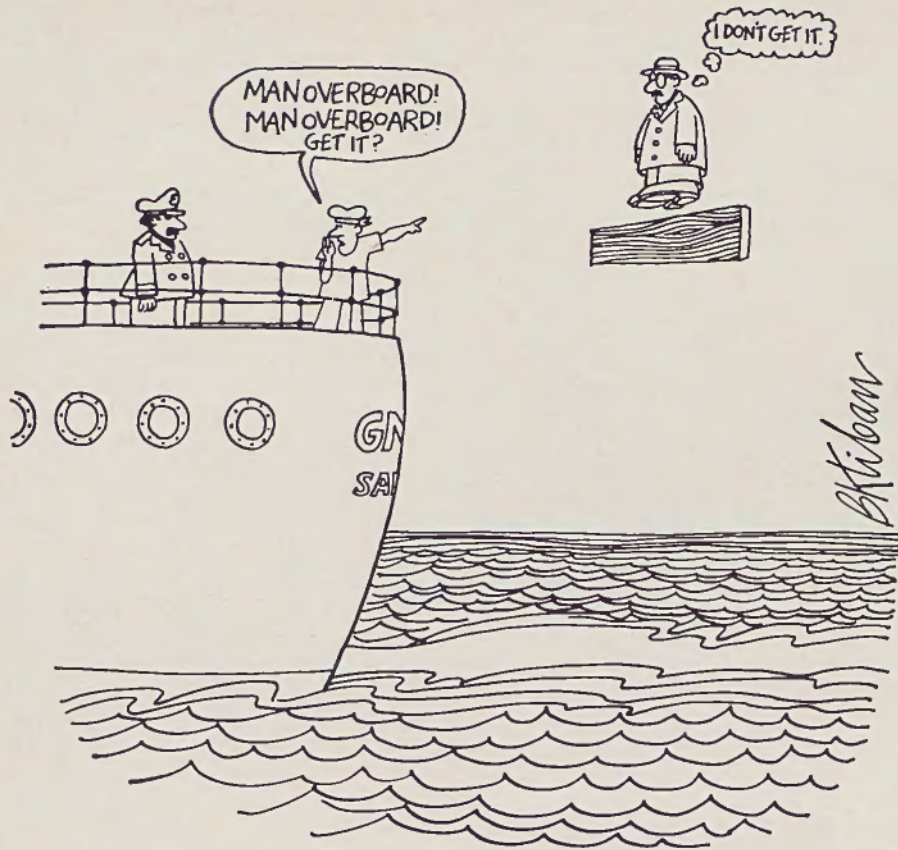
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man and as a major underworld power in his own right. From this central core, alliances were formed with King Solomon in Boston, Danny Walsh in Providence, Moe Dalitz and his associates in Cleveland. Within the year, more than 22 gangs, from Maine to Florida and westward to the Mississippi River, were linked to the Seven Group and much of the bloody competition that had marked the first eight years of Prohibition came to an end (except in Chicago, which wrote its own special story for the decade) and the first tentative steps had been taken toward an interlocking criminal alliance of national scope.

But the underworld does not act in a vacuum unaffected by outside events. And there were some disturbing omens for anyone who thought that Prohibition had an unlimited future. Now that bootlegging was beginning to emerge from chaotic competition into monopolistic organization with increasing profits and peace for all, the realization began to seep in that Prohibition itself might be only a temporary national aberration, that liquor might well become legal again. The signs were there. Governor Al Smith of New York had for years made no secret of his disdain for the dregs, his absolute conviction that Prohibition not only wasn't working but was actually deleterious to the nation. Now, in 1928, the Democrats nominated Smith to run for President against the Republican Herbert Hoover, and Smith carried his demand for an end to the Noble Experiment across the nation. In November, Hoover, trounced Smith badly, but the reasons for the defeat were many—not just Smith's wetness. He was a Catholic in a Protestant country; he was a city boy—a Lower East Side New York City boy, at that, with the cigar, derby and accent—in a still essentially rural country; and he was a Democrat running against a Republican, and the Republicans had brought the nation eight years of unparalleled prosperity and good times.

But the indications were clear that Smith's demand for repeal of the 18th Amendment had not been rejected as fully as he himself. Indeed, if anything happened to the economy—and in the months before his murder, Rothstein was telling friends that he saw some very disturbing signs on Wall Street and around the country; farmers weren't doing well, he said, were going broke, and trouble on the farms was eventually going to reach the cities; and, further, Wall Street was beginning to look to him like one big bucket shop, and he knew from experience that bucket shops could go on for only so long before collapsing—nobody was going to be able to stand in the way of the people's getting a legal drink. "Boys," Torrio told his friends in New York soon after the election, "we'd better

edge of a Chicagolike war. In a number of Eastern cities, the realization that there had to be a better way seemed to strike almost simultaneously.

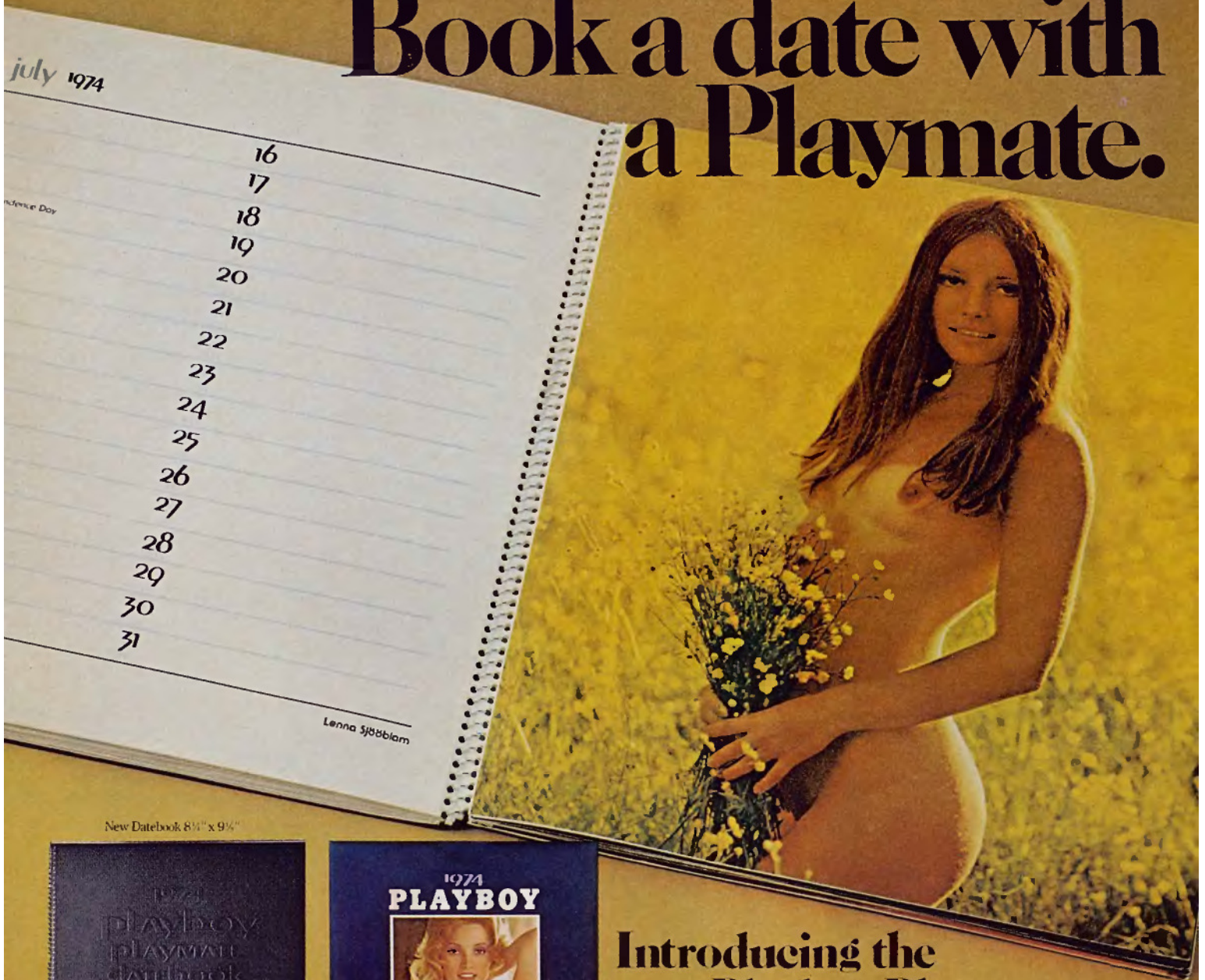
Rothstein had always preached the absolute necessity of cooperation. So, too, had Torrio, his contemporary and his intellectual equal. Now Torrio was back from Italy; he had discovered that the climate there was nearly as treacherous as in Chicago, for Mussolini had declared that he was going to round up any American hoodlums he found in Italy and lock them in cages for public display before giving them what they deserved. Torrio packed his bags and set sail for home. In New York, he immediately renewed his contacts with his old underworld friends and promptly began to echo the Rothstein line that competition was bad for business and so was violence—just look at Capone in Chicago.

But what Rothstein and Torrio were talking about was not just cooperation among the gangs of a single city like New York. That would come eventually and was eminently desirable and should be worked for, but at the moment, it was only partially practical; the rivalries—ethnic, religious and generational—were just too deep to bring about more than a temporary truce. The cooperation they saw as attainable was sectional and, ultimately, national. Instead of everybody from every city competing with one another in search of booze, there should

be some sort of merger. At the very least, a central buying office should be established that would take the orders from everyone, buy in huge quantities and, since there would be no competition, at reduced prices, then make sure everyone got his allocation. The buying office would make its purchases in Canada, England, the West Indies, from domestic distilleries, everywhere; it would make the shipping arrangements and handle trucking schedules. A member from every group that joined would serve on a kind of central committee to make sure that nobody got shortchanged. This kind of cooperation would benefit everybody; it would guarantee that every member got all the booze he needed at reasonable prices; it would sharply cut down on the number of hijackings, since they wouldn't be hijacking one another's shipments anymore and, in combination, their guns would be numerous enough to turn back any outsiders who tried.

At the end of 1927, that organization came into being. It was called the Seven Group—not a group of seven men but a group of powers. Its charter members included Luciano and Costello from Manhattan; Lansky and Siegel, the enforcers; Adonis from Manhattan and Brooklyn; Zwillman from Brooklyn, Long Island and northern New Jersey; Nucky Johnson from Atlantic City; Waxey Gordon and Nig Rosen from Philadelphia; and Torrio, as counselor, advisor, elder states-

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start planning. I give Prohibition another four, maybe five years."

But planning for a new and unknown future was a vast and complex undertaking, far beyond the scope of a single organization. In the underworld in those months, there was increasing talk of the desirability of a national conference of underworld leaders, especially of those who had emerged with Prohibition and so were young enough to expect to lead crime into this unexplored territory. The proposals went around the nation and by early spring of 1929, there was unanimous agreement that such a conference ought to be held, and soon. Dalitz and his friends in Cleveland—which had been the scene of smaller meetings—offered to be the hosts. But the Cleveland cops, though on the pad, had developed the annoying tendency of picking up suspicious out-of-town mobsters they happened to spot and throwing them in the can for a few hours. Any major influx of out-of-towners would certainly mean a great deal of undesirable publicity and harassment. Dalitz' offer was politely declined. Then Nucky Johnson offered the sanctuary of his bastion in Atlantic City. What could be safer? Johnson ruled the town like a personal fiefdom. And, besides, if the conference were held at the beginning of the holiday season, when thousands were flocking to the seaside resort, who would notice a few extra visitors, even a very rich ones?

On May 13, 1929, in their huge limousines, with chauffeurs and armed bodyguards to protect them, the delegates began arriving, taking over the President Hotel on the Boardwalk. Capone came from Chicago and brought along his financial advisor and, some thought, the real brains in his outfit, Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik. King Solomon drove down personally from Boston and Nig Rosen and Boo-Boo Hoff came up from Philadelphia. From Cleveland there were Moe Dalitz, Lou Rothkopf and Chuck Polizzi (his real name was Leo Berkowitz; an orphan, he had been raised by the Polizzi family and had adopted its name; with his adopted cousin, "Big Al" Polizzi, he would become one of the leading Cleveland mobsters, the man who could deal with and be accepted by both the Jewish and the Italian organizations). The Detroit Purple Gang sent a large delegation headed by its boss, Abe Bernstein. Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City couldn't take time off to attend personally, but he sent a surrogate, John Lazia. Zwillman was there as the northern New Jersey power. And from New York came the largest and most prestigious delegation of all. It included Torrio; Luciano; Costello; Lepke; Adonis; Schultz; one of Costello's partners in the gambling and bookmaking business, Frank Erickson; Lansky, using the occasion to cele-

brate his honeymoon with his new bride, Anna Citron; Vince Mangano; Frank Scalise, a Brooklyn *mafioso*; and Albert Anastasia.

There were, however, some very prominent absentees, including Masseria, whose Mafia organization Luciano and Costello had finally thrown in with, on their terms, about a year earlier, with Luciano emerging as the number-two man to Masseria; and Salvatore Maranzano, who was still in bitter competition with Joe the Boss for Mafia rule. In fact, the list of delegates included not a single one of the older Mafia rulers around the nation, those the younger generation scorned as Mustache Petes. Perhaps, if invited, they would not have come, for they disdained outsiders, were suspicious to the extreme of anything they didn't know or understand, and this meeting was swarming with Jews and other non-Sicilians. But their very absence permitted Luciano, Costello, Adonis, Lansky and the others to form friendships and forge alliances that would, in a few years, propel them to the top of the new organization of the underworld and would spell doom for those who stayed away, uninvited.

The Atlantic City conference lasted three days, intermingling gaiety—Nucky Johnson was a lavish host, providing carloads of steaks, good whiskey, high-priced entertainers and a never-ending parade of willing girls—and serious business discussions. Rest periods found the gangsters strolling along the beach with their trousers rolled up around their knees, their shoes and socks in their hands, their feet washed by the lapping surf of the Atlantic Ocean.

For the first time in the history of American crime, the major leaders of the underworld were not only gathered in peaceful enclave but were looking to, and planning for, the future. The success of the Seven Group was held up as a model, and there was general agreement that as long as Prohibition lasted, this was the way to go: from that time on, there would be cooperation all across the nation in buying and dealing booze, an end to cut-throat competition. When Prohibition ended, as all were now convinced it would, there was the possibility of going legit. Money would be set aside for that day. Breweries, distilleries and liquor-import franchises would be bought and the control of liquor would remain right where it had been during the dry years. "After all," Luciano said, "who knew more about the liquor business than us?"

But going completely legitimate was something, of course, that nobody at Atlantic City ever contemplated. Even with liquor out of the way, there were myriad other illegitimate enterprises into which they could move, and there were enterprises they were already in that could be expanded sufficiently to take up some of

the slack. Some were strictly local, such as protection and union busting, even policy and other forms of minor gambling. While they were certain to grow, each outfit would handle its own without interference. But there were some that could easily mushroom on a national scale, require the cooperation and alliance of every organization and might end up even bigger than booze. Gambling was the major one, in casinos of all kinds and on horses and any other kind of sporting event. If Americans liked to do anything better than drink (putting sex aside, though sex, through the control of strings of cathouses, was still a good business for many), it was to gamble. And except on horses and then only at the tracks, gambling in most places in the United States was just as illegal as liquor. The mobs would begin to work out ways to give the public every opportunity to gamble, and would do so in cooperation where that was feasible, as, for example, in the dissemination of racing odds and results across the race wires, and deals would be worked out with Moses Annenberg, who controlled the wire syndicate.

The New York group, led by Torrio, Luciano and their friends, and backed by Dalitz and his friends from Cleveland and others, opened up a discussion of the unfortunate increase in underworld violence, particularly in Chicago. While violence and force were part of the business and were sometimes necessary, the way Capone was going at it, witness the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre, was just too much. This was hurting everybody, forcing the cops and the politicians to put the heat on. Something had to be done to get the heat off. Capone agreed and set up a deal. The most prominent of the nation's gangsters and the most voluble advocate of violence would stand an arrest and a short jail term on a minor charge as a sop to the public outcries.

Then, on May 16, the delegates packed and went home.

Before the next major steps could be taken and the national Syndicate could really come into being, those who stood in its way would have to be eliminated. Those of another generation and another background so wedded to their traditions that they could not see into the future, could not see the necessity of cooperation and peace and businesslike methods, the necessity of working as equal partners with those of different backgrounds, would have to follow the Irish into the garbage bin. They would not fade gracefully, so they would have to go violently.

Luciano, Costello and their allies went back to New York, to a war that was beginning.

This is the third in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.





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