

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

SIZING UP CIGARS

**JAMES DICKEY
INTERVIEWED**

**THE RETURN OF
URSULA ADDRESS**

**GARRY WILLS ON
JOHN KENNEDY**

SEX IN CINEMA '73



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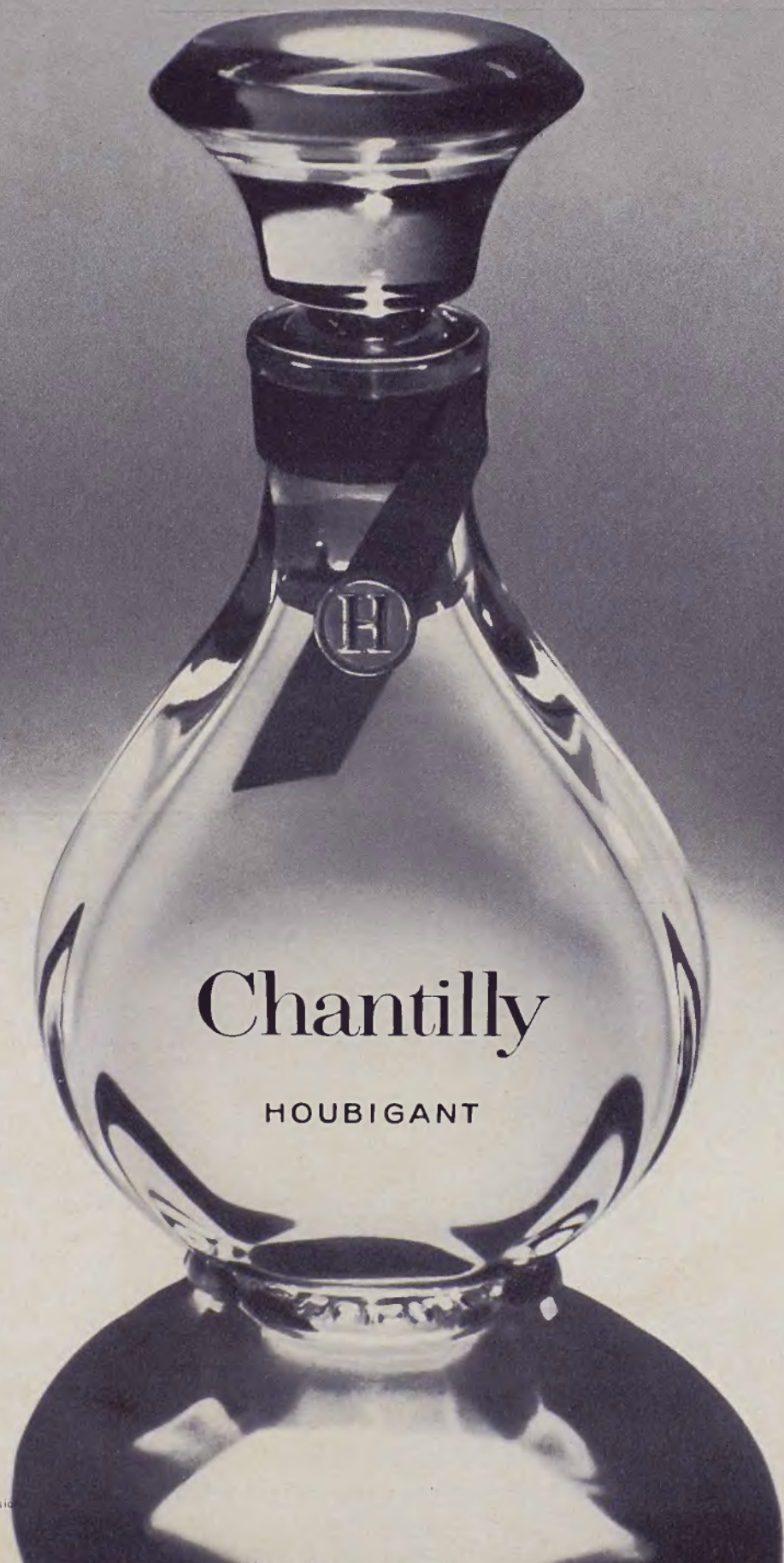


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PLAYBILL MAN, SO THE SAYING GOES, was invented because God was disappointed with the monkey. This is probably not true, but even if it is, the improvement is dubious. But here we are, for better or for worse, and the fact remains that we evolved from something that was not as handsome, articulate or suave as we are. What, in fact, was this something, this first blushing creature to emerge from the swamp? Nobody knows for sure, but in recent years paleontologists have been making some remarkable breakthroughs. To report on these and to generally explore the ooze whence we all came, Richard Rhodes traveled 9000 miles to Africa. Back in 1957, when Rhodes was but a college sophomore in search of adventure, he wrote to the late great Louis Leakey for a job and passage to Kenya. Leakey responded in the negative, so Rhodes stayed in college, harboring a quiet but gnawing obsession. Fifteen years later, we sent him to Kenya, where he viewed, among other phenomena, the skull of what is now considered to be the first human being. "When I saw the skull in its white case in that dilapidated museum in Nairobi," Rhodes reports, "the first thing I thought of was the moon rocks and how so much time had passed, how so much had happened in those 3,000,000 years." In *Goodbye to Darkest Africa*, brought to visual life by artist Charles Lilly, Rhodes captures the mysteries that still lurk in man's first neighborhood.

Speaking of the great mystery that is man, we were wondering whatever became of Mason Hoffenberg, co-author of the mock-porno best seller *Candy*. It's been 15 years now since that epic Southern-Hoffenberg collaboration and, although we've kept tabs on Southern, Hoffenberg has somehow managed to elude us. Keeping tabs on people whom mere mortals have long since forgotten is one of the chief sports of the magazine editor. Nobody escapes us and gets



RHODES



LILLY



ARNOLD



MERRILL



GROSSMAN



PRITCHETT



WILLS



GOLD



KNIGHT



PARKER



MC CALL



SIEGEL



DEREK



LASKY

away with it. So we put ex-underground newspaper editor Sam Merrill on the Hoffenberg case, and after wading through piles of New York dental records, our man found Hoffenberg dwelling obscure and forgotten in Woodstock, New York. *Mason Hoffenberg Gets In a Few Licks*, illustrated by Robert Grossman, is the result. Hoffenberg and Southern, it seems, aren't—or haven't been—on the best of terms. "After I finished the piece," Merrill reports, "I met Mason in New York and we got twisted, went to the theater and ran smack into Terry Southern. When they saw each other, they squared off and a crowd gathered. Mason did Henry Armstrong putting up his dukes and Terry did Kung Fu, and the crowd went wild. Then they kissed."

Our lead fiction, *The Night Surgeon*, by Robert Chatain, is a horrifying tale of a man who develops mysterious scars on his body overnight. You may need a night light after reading it. Less alarming, but no less interesting, are Herbert Gold's *San Francisco Petal*, illustrated by Sam Parker, and *Jamaican Holiday* by Elliott Arnold.

To blow holes in some of the great myths of our time, we hired two of the world's sharpest essayists. Author-critic V. S. Pritchett, in *The Ignoble Nobel*, shows us how the venerable Swedish Academy has missed the boat over the years; and Garry Wills, in *Ten Years After*, shatters a few of our favorite illusions about Kennedy's Camelot.

On the lighter side in this issue are two pieces. Larry Siegel's parody, entitled *Last Polka in Albania*, raises the sex of *Last Tango in Paris*, which Pauline Kael called the greatest artistic event since *Le Sacre du Printemps*, to the Keystone Comedy level, where some say it belongs. On a more deadpan level is Bruce McCall's *Project Superscrooge*, which introduces the latest developments in low-budget armament.

In keeping with our concept of writing on the installment plan, we bring you Part IV of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*, by Richard Hammer. This month we follow our organized criminals through one of their most overwhelming traumas—the Castellammarese wars. In Part II of *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, Morton Hunt discusses changed attitudes on premarital sex since Kinsey days. In light of the new Supreme Court decisions on pornography, attitudes may be changing even further. *Sex in Cinema—1973*, by Arthur Knight, and the accompanying ten pages of pictures, may document the end of an era. No one knows for sure how far the erotic rollback is likely to go, but while we're waiting to see, take a long look at John Derek's pictorial on lovely Ursula Andress. You'll also find out what's new in the current state of the stogie in Michael S. Lasky's *A New Leaf*, rolled in accompanying pictures by Playmate-actress Anne Randall. Remember what Kipling once said: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke."

PLAYBOY



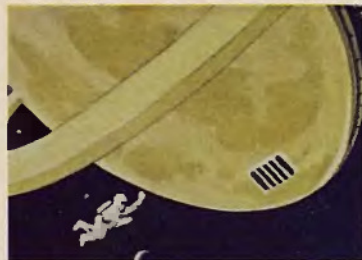
CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Mason's Licks P. 100



Skin Game P. 137



Cheap Weapons P. 115



Ursula Reprised P. 102



Cinema Sex P. 150

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	19
HOTELS.....	20
RECORDINGS.....	22
BOOKS.....	34
MOVIES.....	46
MUSIC.....	60
EXPERIENCES.....	60
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	65
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	71
SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970S—article.....	MORTON HUNT 74
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES DICKEY—candid conversation.....	81
THE NIGHT SURGEON—fiction.....	ROBERT CHATAIN 96
MASON HOFFENBERG GETS IN A FEW LICKS—personality.....	SAM MERRILL 100
ENCORE—pictorial.....	102
BOTTLE STOPPERS!—modern living.....	112
PROJECT SUPERSCROOGE—humor.....	BRUCE McCALL 115
GOODBYE TO DARKEST AFRICA—article.....	RICHARD RHODES 120
LAST POLKA IN ALBANIA—parody.....	LARRY SIEGEL 123
UBIQUITOUS MISS—playboy's playmate of the month.....	124
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	132
SAN FRANCISCO PETAL—fiction.....	HERBERT GOLD 134
THE SKIN GAME—attire.....	ROBERT L. GREEN 137
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME—article.....	RICHARD HAMMER 143
JAMAICAN HOLIDAY—fiction.....	ELLIOTT ARNOLD 147
SEX IN CINEMA—1973—pictorial essay.....	ARTHUR KNIGHT 150
THE POTTER AND THE WIDOW—ribald classic.....	161
THE IGNOBLE NOBEL—opinion.....	V. S. PRITCHETT 163
A NEW LEAF—modern living.....	MICHAEL S. LASKY 165
TEN YEARS AFTER—opinion.....	GARRY WILLS 169
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	188
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI.....	222
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire.....	HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 255

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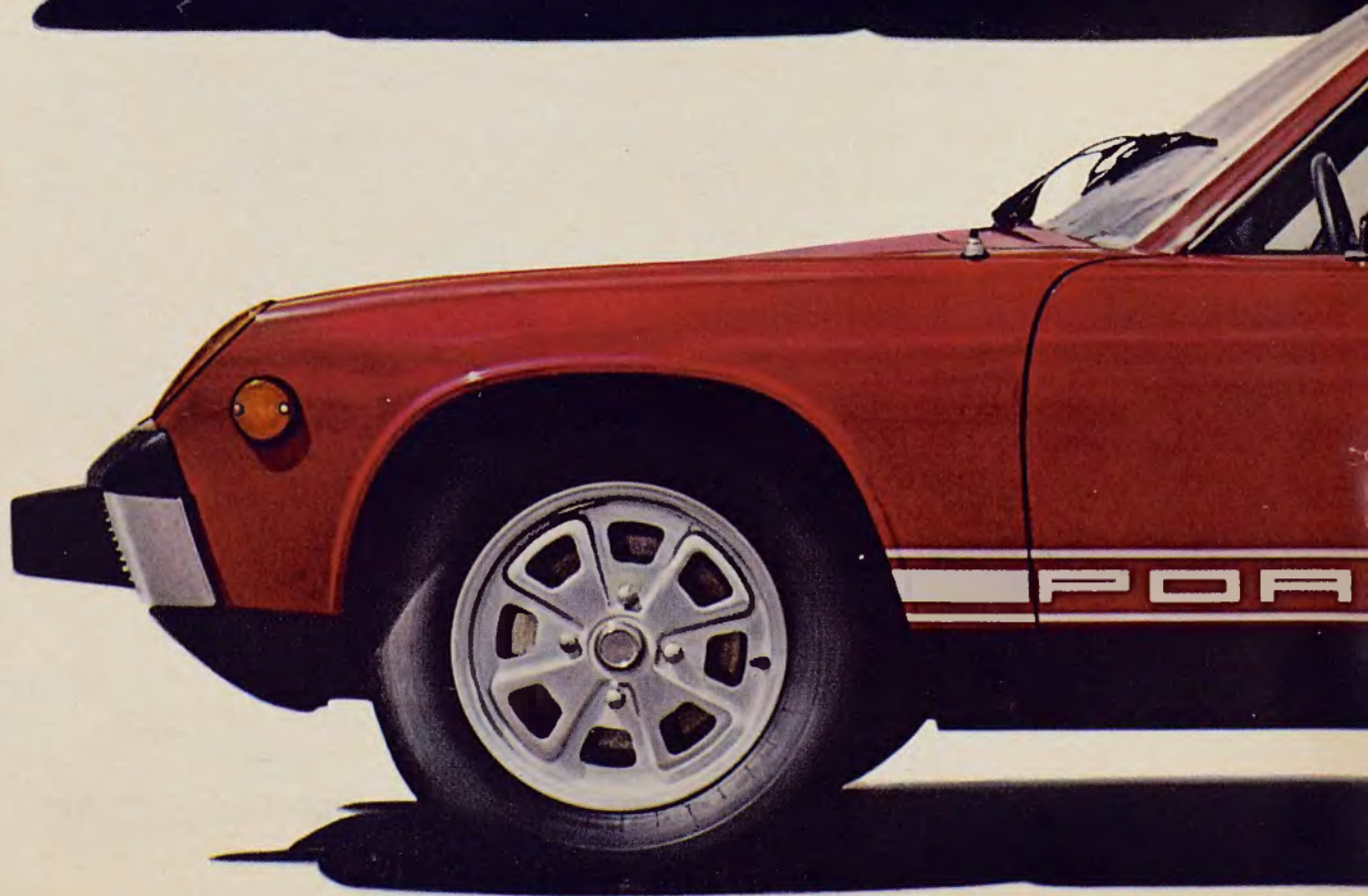
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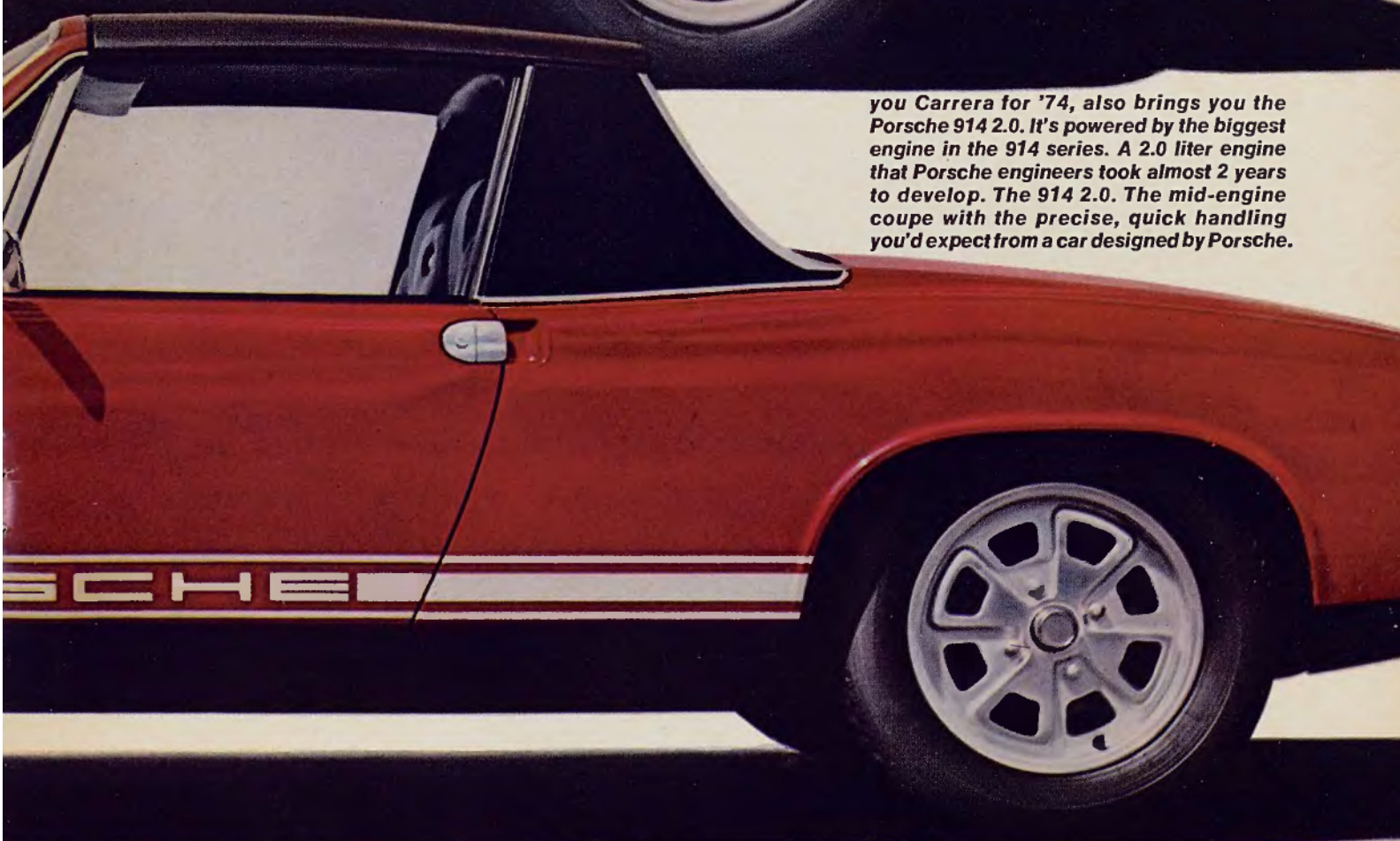
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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A STAR IS PORN

Your pictorial essay *Porno Chic* (PLAYBOY, August) is the best thing I've ever seen between your covers. Your photographs are especially outasight. The trouble is, considering the Supreme Court's recent rulings, "outasight" may soon describe what might happen to you and your incomparable photography if you continue to publish pictures of such explicitness.

Don D. Garland
Omaha, Nebraska

I enjoyed Bruce Williamson's informative and well-written essay, *Porno Chic*, but I'm afraid that the only conclusion I could come to regarding hard-core movies is that people like Gerard (*Deep Throat*) Damiano don't know what sex is really all about.

David M. Arnold
Sacramento, California

As a longtime connoisseur of cock, I was literally drooling while reading about porno star Johnny Wadd's 13 inches. Learning of Marc Stevens' nine inches also got me excited. The most I have ever seen or had the pleasure of accommodating is about seven inches. But of all the genital giants you could have photographed, you chose the average-appendaged Harry Reems for your exclusive full-frontal nude male photograph. I'm disappointed.

Ann Wilson
Los Angeles, California

Thanks for acknowledging women's lib and the fact that girls enjoy PLAYBOY, too. I'm referring to your wowie, zowie, well-hung pinup of Reems. What a treat!

Jackie Lou Cooke
Williamsburg, Virginia

As an ex-porno star who was nominated for the Golden Dildo Award at the New York Erotic Film Festival, please allow me to thank you for *Porno Chic*. As a result of my onscreen activities, there are two warrants out for my arrest, charging me with conspiracy to commit sex perversion and with oral copulation. I am also connected with Tom Parker's case, which Williamson mentions in his article. My purpose is to inform you of my intention to return to the U. S. and

face the courts. I hope to be able to clear myself so that I may continue to commit oral copulation, but in the privacy of my own bedroom exclusively.

Jason Yukon
Frankfurt, Germany

I more than identified with *Porno Chic*, having been a hard-core movie actress for some time now. Since your last mention of me in your October 1971 pictorial essay, *The Porno Girls*, I have been arrested and prosecuted twice and cannot return to the U. S., because my visa was denied. For the "crime" of acting in a sex movie, I am an "undesirable person" to your State Department, which further claims that my "entry [into America] is a danger to [its] welfare, safety and security."

Nora Wieternik
Frankfurt, Germany

Yukon, known professionally as Jason Williams, and Miss Wieternik starred together in the blue sci-fi parody "Flesh Gordon."

IN YOUR VERY EXTENSIVE AND GENERALLY WELL-RESEARCHED PIECE ON PORN, WILLIAMSON WRITES THAT JAMES BUCKLEY IS THE INVENTOR OF THE "PETER METER." THIS IS TO CORRECT YOU THAT I AND I ONLY AM SOLE CUSTODIAN AND PROPRIETOR OF THE PETER METER. I AM LOOKING DOWN AND VERIFY IT ONCE MORE. PLEASE MAKE IMMEDIATE CORRECTION OR THE WRATH OF "SCREW" SHALL BE WROUGHT UPON THEE.

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We stand erected.

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

Jack Denton Scott's *Journey into Silence* (PLAYBOY, August), which describes the author's voyage to a lost arctic lake, is one of the most refreshing articles I've ever read. The feeling of tranquillity it generates is a rare treat in this hurry-up society of ours. Scott's descriptive powers are marvelous. Thank you for publishing such a pleasurable piece.

Jim Stagg
Lakewood, Colorado

I am one of those who rarely write to express their feelings, but after reading Scott's *Journey into Silence* and experiencing its sensations, I find that I have

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to say something, though words are inadequate. The joy of imagining myself in the virgin arctic is impossible to describe. So reluctant was I to return to the real world that I was compelled to read Scott's work again. I rest contented.

Larry Daniels
Eatonton, Georgia

One expects any story or article centered on adventure to feature action, color, drama, and so on, but *Journey into Silence* has something more. It is in turn reflective, nostalgic and exultant. It is artistry of a very high order.

Howard La Pray
Minneapolis, Minnesota

POLISH TRIBUTE

Thanks to Richard Lourie for his brilliant tale *Next Train to Warsaw?* (PLAYBOY, August). As an instructor of Polish history and a visitor to Poland, I felt my sentiments confirmed by Lourie's story. I can't remember reading a more eloquent tribute to the freedom-loving people of Poland. Lourie made me both laugh and cry, but mostly he made me remember.

Judith Zak
Cleveland, Ohio

JUST VISITING

I was honored that Richard Warren Lewis recognized me as a Monopoly-trivia expert in his fine article on championship Monopoly, *Showdown on Boardwalk* (PLAYBOY, August). It is in that capacity that I must inform you that one of the Monopoly marathon records chronicled in Lewis' piece has been broken. The underwater record of 50 hours, established by a DeMolay fraternity in Orlando, Florida, in 1972, was surpassed on June 4, 1973, by 37 scuba divers at the Y. M. C. A. in Granite City, Illinois, who played for 57 hours. In the progress of the game, two other world's records were established. A team-duration record, with all participants remaining underwater without surfacing, was set at 12 hours, 45 minutes. And Don DiGirolamo set an individual standard by remaining submerged for 15 straight hours.

Mike Alber
New York, New York

It is obvious to any psychologist current with the literature that Rosenberg's loss to Naftaly, chronicled in *Showdown on Boardwalk*, was brought on by a case of 24-hour monopolosis. The malady was first brought to light in the 1971 World Series of Monopoly and has since been under study by a team of Detroit researchers. In Rosenberg's case, the symptoms were classic. After his semifinals win over Schaefer, Rosenberg chalked up his victory to "luck." Yet, in prefinals trading, he took an aggressive tack: He revealed an abnormal anxiety to get trading going and later, in absolute frustra-

tion with his opponents, he became unable to deal seriously. In the end of pregame trading, he ended up with yellows, lavenders and railroads, none of which are status symbols. Then, in a futile attempt to gain status, he took the car, a fading American status symbol, as his token and, in addition, depleted his cash revenues. Consequently, the win was not, as Naftaly claimed, "all in the wrist" but, rather, all in Rosenberg's head.

Dr. Joyce Brothers
New York, New York

PLAYBOY thanks the redoubtable Dr. Brothers for her provocative analysis and awards her a purple monopoly.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Folio, the magazine for magazine management, recently published—or, more accurately, tried to publish—a pictorial essay featuring the 1973 winners of the Society of Publication Designers annual show. PLAYBOY won three of its awards, but, unfortunately, the magazine's printer—Brown Printing Company of Waseca, Minnesota—refused to print two of them. Your illustration of Dan Greenburg's December 1972 article, *My First Orgy*, was one of the winners conspicuous by its absence.

Michael S. Lasky
New Canaan, Connecticut

Lasky, formerly a contributing editor of *Folio*, is author of "A New Leaf," which appears on page 165 of this issue. For frustrated *Folio* readers, we present the offending orgy, below.



WHY WERE WE IN VIETNAM?

Your August interview with David Halberstam is one of the best ever.

Ernie Moorad
Brooklyn, New York

After reading your Halberstam interview, I understood why the Vietnam war lasted as long as it did. To me, Halberstam and others of his ilk not only are guilty of parroting Hanoi's line but are basically responsible for the long-drawn-out war and 46,000 American war dead.

James L. Pearl
Los Angeles, California

Halberstam's analysis of America's national leaders and foreign policies is brutally accurate. He understands the

importance of the adversary in American life and has had the guts to be one. But, unlike many critics, he draws a line between the skeptic and the cynic. This, to me, is vitally important. There is hope for America. Government can be clean and responsive. But that hope rests with those who aren't afraid to be positive.

Walter J. Hickel
Anchorage, Alaska

As the Secretary of the Interior who stood up to President Nixon and lost his job as a consequence, Hickel knows whereof he speaks.

Halberstam's analysis of several problems facing us is both cogent and timely, and I find myself in agreement with much of what he says. As Halberstam implies, the complexities and tensions of modern society require a Chief Executive with wide authority. But such realities do not require the magnification of an ordinary human being, which most Presidents obviously are, into a facsimile—or caricature—of Louis XIV. There is also the need to shrink drastically Executive confusion in regard to "national security." This term now embraces not only the basic interests of the American people but every foreign enterprise initiated by the Executive, every military program, regardless of extravagance, every revelation of information about foreign or military affairs and even the election or re-election of a President.

Charles W. Yost
New York, New York

Yost is former chief U.S. Representative to the United Nations.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Loudon Wainwright's short opinion piece (*Heroic Nonsense*, PLAYBOY, August) on Nixon speechwriter Patrick Buchanan is great. It is good to know that there are writers and publishers still around who aren't afraid to call a bunch of bullshit exactly what it is.

Ted Hall
Des Moines, Iowa

Wainwright's opinion is perhaps one reason Buchanan, myself and a few other Americans feel that some journalists are dupes, liars or both.

Bob Bell
Louisville, Kentucky

CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY

Richard Hammer's first installment of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime* (August) is very well done. Everyone in the country should be aware of this background information.

Representative Jack Brooks
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

As a member of the House Judiciary Committee and of the House Select Committee on Crime, which has just

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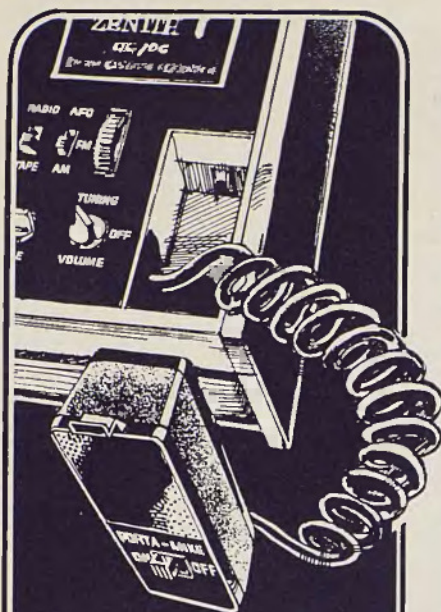
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ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

completed a four-year study of crime in America, I am very hopeful that your 11-month report, *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*, will significantly add to a better public understanding of what an enormous task it will be for this country to rid itself of the cancerous growth of organized crime. While our citizens and their elected representatives have looked the other way, organized crime has infiltrated practically every major institution in this nation—including the Government. I trust that you and your writer, Richard Hammer, will find nothing to glorify in a system that preys upon the defenseless, the inexperienced, the scared and, almost invariably, the poor. I applaud your attempt to address what is perhaps one of the greatest evils in our society.

Representative Jermone R. Waldie
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

The first installment of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime* only made me hungry for more. I eagerly look forward to the remaining installments.

Mark K. Roberts
Bellingham, Washington

PEPYS SHOW

Marshall Brickman's August parody, *Samuel Pepys in Funne City*, is quite amusing. Believe it or not, I've met Pepys—or his double—several times on our crowded streets. Brickman captures the type perfectly.

David C. Berliner
New York, New York

TUNED IN

Readers who enjoyed your August *Playboy After Hours* item about the Chattanooga radio station that sponsored the "Climaxing with Elvis" contest might like to know that the same station is running another giveaway. This one's being advertised as "The Big Snatch."

Jerry McCollum
Chattanooga, Tennessee

NEWSWEEK VS. PLAYBOY

In its July 23rd article *Porn: The Vice Goes on Ice*, *Newsweek* claims that your August issue may be "the raunchiest ever." Since I had already read my August *PLAYBOY* and hadn't noticed this, I thought I'd better reread it to see what I had missed. I ended up rather puzzled. Your interview with David Halberstam was first-rate journalism and your other prose articles and fiction were excellent. The girls were as pretty as usual and sex was treated with the same honest good humor that has helped make you famous. So I checked back to see why *Newsweek* had labeled the *PLAYBOY* issue in question as the raunchiest. *Newsweek* pointed to your "totally nude cover girl." Shucks, the July 16th bikini-clad *News-*

week cover girl revealed as much. In fact, *Newsweek's* cover blurb, "Games singles play," seemed far more suggestive than anything on *PLAYBOY's* cover. Could it be that raunch is in the eye of the beholder?

Bob Gerber
Greensboro, North Carolina

HORROR STORIES

Tom Griffin's macabre August story, *Flies, Snakes, Fat Benny*, is superb. I am sure that Alfred Hitchcock, Rod Serling and, yes, even Edgar Allan Poe would admire Griffin's exciting style and craftsmanship. Thanks to *PLAYBOY* and my congratulations to Griffin.

Carrie Rudd
North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

Griffin's story is an insult to blue-collar workers. I have worked with and am friends with many factory workers and I find them capable of much more than, as Griffin writes, "late-night TV, first-position ho-hum sex and the dregs of countless six-packs." Griffin should experience life before he attempts to write about it.

Russell J. Battaglia
North Las Vegas, Nevada

TAPES' JAPES

Your August humor piece *The Watergate Tapes* is very funny. I am curious to learn why you didn't tell us the writer's name. Whoever the author is, he should be commended—maybe even indicted.

James R. Wilson
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The piece was a collaborative effort from the typewriters of PLAYBOY's craziest editors.

MESSAGE FROM THE STARS

In your August *Potpourri* column, you suggest that *Star Trek's* Captain Kirk would love the \$200 microelectronic digital desk clock from Georg Jensen. This hardly seems likely, for, according to *Star Trek* creator/producer Gene Roddenberry, time aboard the U. S. S. Enterprise was broken down into days and tenths of days, as expressed in the Stardate. For instance, Stardate 3724.6 is one day later than Stardate 3723.6. Also, your closing line, "Is it time to blast off, Mr. Spock?" could not possibly apply to the Enterprise. Since the ship was constructed in space and was not designed to land on any planet, it would never "blast off." Besides, the Matter/Anti-Matter engines on the Enterprise did not produce the customary rocket blast to which Walter Cronkite has made us so accustomed. Consider yourself chastised.

Randall L. Cooper
The Federation Archives
Sunnyvale, California

Mission accomplished, Randall.





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photography by Howell Conant

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Bernstein, New York Philharmonic
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- 230839* Sergio Mendes And Brazil '77
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- 230102* DOBIE GRAY
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- 203919 CARPENTERS
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- 227439* TAMMY WYNETTE
KIDS SAY THE DARDEST THINGS
- 229369* (SOUNDTRACK) JOHNNY CASH
THE GOSPEL ROAD
- 222653 JOHNNY MATHIS
SONG SUNG BLUE
- 229609 JERRY LEE LEWIS
THE SESSION
COUNTS AS TWO
- 220038* Ferrante & Teicher
Play The Hit Themes
- 216093 SONNY & CHER
ALL I EVER NEED IS YOU
- 232587* CHICAGO VI
Feelin' Stronger Every Day
- 231613* SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE
FRESH
- 230896 JOHNNY MATHIS
KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HER SONG
- 231670* JANIS JOPLIN
GREATEST HITS
- 232652* THE DELLS
GIVE YOUR BABY A STANDING OVATION
- 225367 ARTHUR FIEDLER and THE BOSTON POPS
Gotta Travel On
- 231662* Grover Washington, Jr.
231663 KUDU SDUL BDX
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- 229526 THE BEST OF BREAD
If/Make It With You
- 232165* The Partridge Family
Crossword Puzzle
- 176594 CHOPIN'S GREATEST HITS
ORMANDY - KOSTELANETZ
ENTREMENT, Piano
- 231506* CURTIS MAYFIELD
Back To The World
- 227538 AROUND THE WORLD
227539 with THREE DOG NIGHT
COUNTS AS TWO
- 229336* INTRODUCING JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ
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GREATEST HITS
- 230870* AL GREEN
CALL ME
- 230144* ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
A Little Night Music
- 223123* LIZA MINNELLI
Liza with a "Z"
- 210112 MANTOVANI
To Lovers Everywhere
September Song + 8 More
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MOVING WAVES
- 225102* JOHNNY NASH
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STAR IT UP
- 231589 CAROLE KING
FANTASY

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222018 BELL THE 5th DIMENSION Greatest Hits On Earth	229781* COLUMBIA CONNIE SMITH A LADY NAMED SMITH	226431 ELEKTRA CARLY SIMON NO SECRETS You're So Vain	229211* MGM DONNY OSMOND ALONE TOGETHER
230672* COLUMBIA Miles Davis In Concert	173674 COLUMBIA BEETHOVEN'S GREATEST HITS	229310* MONUMENT CHARLIE McCOY GOOD TIME CHARLIE Orange Blossom Special	201129 COLUMBIA TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 Overture Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy
226373* London Phase 4 ETHEL MERMAN Merman Sings Merman	224295* COLUMBIA LOGGINS AND MESSINA Your Mama Don't Dance	229195* MCA LORETTA LYNN Entertainer Of The Year	229153* EPIC JOHNNY NASH My Merry-Go-Round
203539 GDE CAROLE KING Tapestry	222919 FARFOT ENGELBERT HUMPERDINK IN TIME	187112 COLUMBIA GERSHWIN'S Greatest Hits Rhapsody In Blue, etc.	227074 BELL LOST HORIZON MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY Burt Bacharach
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You agree to buy just 10 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

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You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. (Since you'll receive 13 informative magazines a year, you'll always be up-to-date on the most current hits.)

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. . . if you want only the Selection of the Month for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically (naturally, you may return the regular selection at our expense and for full credit if you did not have at least ten days in which to decide)

. . . if you want any of the other selections offered, just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

. . . and about four times a year, we will also offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices), which you may reject by mailing the special dated form provided . . . or accept by simply doing nothing

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227322* COLUMBIA JOHNNY MATHIS ME AND MRS. JONES	227066* COLUMBIA RAY CONNIFF I Can See Clearly Now
227199* MAM GILBERT O'SULLIVAN BACK TO FRONT	221424 COLUMBIA CHICAGO V Saturday in the Park State of the Union
226449* GDE ROY CLARK LIVE! Alabama Jubilee	196246 COLUMBIA Sly & The Family Stone GREATEST HITS
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Big-time European-style bicycle racing has crossed the Atlantic, and a teenager's match was recently held in Manhattan's Central Park. During the race, five competitors were mugged and four had their bicycles stolen.

A belletristic friend of ours sends the following literary tidbit: "Graham Greene came to lunch last Saturday, in a mood of happy delirium. A film of his *Travels with My Aunt* is playing in Paris. Someone sent him a cutting from *France-Dimanche* wherein the film is advertised as *Travels with My Aunt*. 'My first chance to outsell Harold Robbins,' Graham said happily."

Is nothing sacred? Buster Crabbe, who played Tarzan in many of the great Thirties jungle flicks, has confessed that neither he nor his predecessor, Johnny Weissmuller, could utter Tarzan's patented yell. "The studio had a recording of three men," Crabbe revealed. "One a soprano, the second a baritone and the third a hog caller." The three voices were blended mechanically, and out came Tarzan's trademark.

The price of meat being what it is these days, Ohio residents must have jammed the supermarket that, in a large display ad in *The Lima News*, offered BIG JUICY KNOCKERS for 89 cents a pound.

The Missouri legislature has passed a bill requiring the state to grant funds to localities forming public water-supply districts. The title of the bill was Senate Substitute for Senate Committee Substitute for House Substitute for House Committee Substitute for House Bill 657.

Great moments in doctrinal history: From the *New Catholic Encyclopedia*, in a discussion of the canon-law aspects of consummating marriage, we learn that "historically, with only rare exceptions, all canonists considered the presence of male semen [within the woman's vagina]

as essential for marriage. This view was officially sanctioned by the famous reply of Pope Sixtus V (1585-1590) to the Bishop of Navarre: *Cum Frequenter*."

Wearing nothing but a sign on her back—DON'T ARREST ME, I'M EN ROUTE TO ANALYSIS—a 25-year-old woman bicycled four miles through the business district of a St. Louis suburb in the middle of the afternoon. She was finally stopped by a duty-bound security guard while she circled the county courthouse.

A belated salute to King Ibn-Saud of Saudi Arabia. From Leonard Mosley's recently published *Power Play*, a worthy book about the politics of Middle Eastern oil, we learn that the spunky Saud, "from the age of 11 until a few weeks before his death in 1953 at the age of 72, had sexual



relations with a different woman every night, save during battles and while the pilgrimage to Mecca was in progress."

It's been a banner month for oddball business names, as the following sightings should indicate: In Portsmouth, Virginia, there's the Loving and Gay Funeral

Home. Apopka, Florida, boasts a vegetable processor called the Lust and Long Carrot Company. Boston has a Deathwish Piano Movers, and Grand Junction, Colorado, a Stiff Erection Company. And down in Clearwater, Florida, an auto junk yard does business under the name Oedipus Wrecks.

A U. P. I. feature on British prostitutes, as printed in the Ontario, California, *Daily Report*, told interested readers how they could identify London whores. "The inheritors of the grand tradition," the paper revealed, "hide behind lighted doorbells, gesture from open windows or pee invitingly from doorways."

The reading list for a summer school course at the University of North Carolina included a book entitled *The American Woman: His Changing Roles*.

At last, a Supreme Court obscenity interpretation we can understand: *The Sacramento Bee*, writing up the recent smut decision, defined the new test for obscenity as "whether the average person, applying contemporary community standards, would find that the work, taken as a whole, appeals to prurient interest."

Johnny Miller, surprise winner of the U. S. open golf championship, honored a long-standing commitment and played in a tournament in Landover, Maryland, just one day after his open victory. As *The Washington Post* headlined his show-must-go-on performance: "MILLER TIRED, MANAGES 69."

In the introduction to a catalog accompanying an exhibition of prints by an artist named Karl Fortess, we found the following appreciation, which we read with mounting disbelief, until we encountered the signature of sportswriter-humorist Heywood Hale Broun:

"The work of Fortess the artist brightens the mansions of the great as it

illuminates the shadowy interiors of the huts of the humble, but what of Fortress the man, the limner behind the limning?

"Even to those who have long known this inscrutable figure, the task seems as impossible as to play the etchings of Rembrandt on the violin, to perform *The Art of Fugue* with a lithographer's pencil. It is to sketch a refulgent cloud with a butter knife.

"This exuberant, puissant savant, this rousant corposant, who can become, in the twinkling of an eye, a somnambulant,

mutant vagrant—at one moment concordant, consonant and concomitant, at the next a rampant, combatant recusant, never a pedant yet sometimes a postulant, a despiser of the sycophant, something of a hierophant, ready for service as sergeant or commandant, ends, oddly, as a miraculous equant, a veritable ant hill of qualities which might be called renaissance if the term had not already been applied to so many whose versatility is that of the mendicant seeking favor on many corners, or that of a supplicant with

a mechanically variant plea. When you travel with Karl Fortress there is only one way to go—*en avant!*"

In Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, according to the Associated Press, an undertaker was fined \$12 for trespassing in a hospital and selling coffins to patients.

A medical show we're sorry we missed, as listed in *Star Week*, a Toronto TV supplement, was *The Beaver Transplant*.

Stern warning from a bulletin distributed at Illinois' Scott Air Force Base: "It will be necessary for all military personnel or dependents requiring passports to have a certified birth-certificate copy as a verification of citizenship. The original birth certificate will not suffice."

HOTELS

Silhouetted by floodlights against a craggy mountainside near San Luis Obispo on the coast of central California, the gaudy pink-and-white expanse of the *Madonna Inn* (Highway 101 and Madonna Road) looks like a bad dream of Busby Berkeley's. A 300-acre complex of rococo gingerbread spires, towers, minarets and balconies resembling a landlocked Mississippi showboat tossed hopelessly off course on a bed of rocks and boulders, it stands unchallenged as a masterpiece of *kitsch*.

Motorists distracted from the nearby freeway between Los Angeles and San Francisco enter the premises through a rock-fortified Union 76 station, where a platoon of pink-painted gas pumps stands sentry. Then they pass the Madonna zoo, stocked with lions, bison, elk and show ponies. In the registration office, they study color photographs of the Inn's 95 rooms and 15 suites—each of them named, decorated and laid out differently—and consider the more exotic possibilities for a one-night stand:

- The Austro-Hungarian Suite, at \$50 a visit, which boasts a 76-foot-long living room, authentic antique furnishings, imported lithographs and heavy damask draperies leading to twin balconies.

- The Caveman Suite, literally a cave whose walls, ceilings, floors and shower are hewn from irregularly shaped rocks. Real leopardskins cover the bed and couch. A crawl door leads to the adjacent Daisy Mae Suite, another cave distinguished by a shower that gushes down jutting rocks and abundant foliage.

- The Flintstone Suite, whose appointments include a waterfall behind the king-sized bed and a stained-glass window with life-sized replicas of TV cartoon characters Fred and Wilma Flintstone.

- The Tall and Short Room, which offers mismatched partners a custom-made

THREE DAYS AT THE ARMADILLO RACES

For want of anything better to do, the good citizens of Victoria, Texas, recently held their Third First Annual International Armadillo Confab and Exposition—three days of improbable contests, dedicated beer drinking and unstructured hell raising. It was truly a Texas bash: more than 40,000 people, old and young, cowboys and long-hairs, local families and out-of-town college students, harmoniously guzzling 300 kegs of "1973 beer at 1953 prices"—25 cents a 12-ounce cup—and carousing to the music of bands playing everything from rock to rankst hillbilly.

What gave the exposition its only semblance of order was the loosely followed schedule of whimsical events that often as not (if they were held at all) resulted in some new and exotic world's record. There was, for instance, The World Championship Armadillo Race, which drew 80 contestants at "a dolla' a 'dilla" and was won by "one swift 'dilla" named Juan de Monte-Longo, entered by owner-trainer-manager Chicken Mendez. He or she, bragged Mendez afterward, "broke all existing records—whatever they were." Another big event was The World Championship Armadillo Throw (for ladies or anybody who looks like one). The program explained that past contestants had thrown such things as "plates, fits, saucers, tantrums, whiskey and up," and that contest proceeds would go

"to the memorial fund for the little kid and the old lady that got hit by last year's flying simulated armadillo (a weighted football)." Once more a world's record was ostensibly set, but in the excitement, nobody remembered to jot down the winner's name. The World Championship Beer Can Smash ended indecisively when the

mallet broke, but The Miss Vacant Lot of the World Extravaganza talent contest was won hands down by an 18-year-old named (she said) Modine Gunch, who may (or may not) have balanced on one hand while twirling a Hula-Hoop with her foot. The judges, who by that time could barely find their faces with their beer cups, explained: "She had on a halter top and real skimpy little pants. No one is really sure she stood on her hand. She said

she did and we took her word for it."

According to confab chairman Fred Armstrong, the only sour note during the three-day beerathon was sounded by local sheep farmers, who complained that "there was too many purty young girls in town for too long a time, and the sheep was getting jealous." Sheepmen notwithstanding, Victoria will do the same thing again next year—at the First Second Annual International Armadillo Confab and Exposition. Said Armstrong, after a gentle belch: "Some of you all might not think the arm'dilla is much of an excuse to throw such a big celebration, but hell, it's the only excuse in town."



A hot lather dispenser is only as good as the hot lather it dispenses.



*Leading Independent Research Organization. ©Schick Safety Razor Co. Div. Warner-Lambert Co.

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So when you think of hot lather, think of Schick.

And remember...a hot lather dispenser is only as good as the hot lather it dispenses.

The Schick Hot Lather Machine.



bed five feet, six inches long on one side and seven feet long on the other.

The two-story, three-room Merry-Go-Round Suite, in which the walls, beds and furniture are all circular. The visionary behind these fantasies come to life is 53-year-old Alex Madonna, a millionaire whose primary vocation is building shopping centers, highways, bridges, dams,



canals and airports. He has never advertised for customers since the Madonna Inn opened in 1961, principally because word of mouth has understandably kept the pace at better than 90-percent occupancy. Despite the absence of swimming pools, saunas, game rooms and the other typical extras Americans expect from their motels, many of the suites are booked a year in advance and most of them were first conceived by Madonna as sketches on cocktail napkins.

"Each room has for me the same character as children do to a family," he says, ambling by Madonna-pink lampposts and Madonna-pink garbage cans as he begins a two-hour guided tour of the accommodations—from the eight-foot chandelier in the Morning Star Room to the stuffed trophy in the Buffalo Room to the water-activated wheel in the Old Mill Room to the Mini-Maxi Room, where guests pay what they think it's worth—the morning after. The trek is a phantasmagoria of love letters embedded in see-through shower doors, sofas formed from tree trunks, seven-foot-long bathtubs built for two, wine barrels converted into armoires and tables, American Gothic wastebaskets, indoor and outdoor spiral staircases and pink cherubs wafting arrows of love. Not surprisingly, he takes particular pride in the Madonna Suite—memorable not only for carpeting, walls, bedspread, towels and toilet paper all in the same pink hue but also for a shower that can accommodate four, and three polished-rock stools, which, Madonna claims, are as popular as any overstuffed easy chair, arranged in front of a fireplace chiseled from a 45-ton boulder. But his ultimate gimmick is reserved for the public men's room located one floor beneath the Wine Cellar. Visitors approaching the stone-faced urinal, measuring eight feet across and ten

feet high, trigger an electric eye that in turn activates a gurgling waterfall. The effect is most conducive to the business at hand. The men's room is so popular that liberated women are taken on guided tours during periods of slow traffic.

Like most visionaries, Madonna is already thinking big for the future. On top of the 1300-foot mountain immediately behind the inn, he hopes to reconstruct a six-century-old English barn purchased from the Hearst Castle at San Simeon—another tourist attraction 40 miles to the north—and convert it into a wedding chapel. He also talks about building an adjacent artificial lake around a 300-foot-long bar, reachable only by canoe; cantilevered cabins up and down the mountainside; a three-story fireplace that could burn a tall tree for a week; and a machine to dispense artificial snowflakes year round. Then—maybe—he might consider his Camelot complete. Reservations recommended: 805-543-3000. No credit cards accepted.

RECORDINGS

It looks like *him*, or rather a miraculously rejuvenated vision of his world-weary frame. The same high hard cheekbones, the hooded brown eyes, the same thickly sensuous lower lip that has had them squirming for close to a decade now, the same languorously punky Cockney drawl when he talks.

"Er, I've always listened a lot, and sung in the bath. I've always been *around* a lot of music," says Mick Jagger's kid brother, stating the obvious as he runs his Jagger tongue along the leading edge of a roll-your-own cigarette paper. "This is like turning something passive into something active. A very natural progression, really, innit?" Chris Jagger, at 25, has launched a musical career.

Not surprisingly, the process whereby all this was effected wasn't the usual business of a few years' roadwork, practice, equipment purchase, A&R men, agents, bookers, lawyers and wheeling and dealing, leading up to a record contract and X number of days and nights in a recording studio. "It's sort of like we came in the back door, y' know?" says Jagger the Second: He is referring to the fact that his album was made by the simple process of borrowing the Stones' mobile studio, enlisting the support of musically inclined friends and doing it. Not that it was easy; far from it. "It's all right to say that I made it because I was Mick's brother," Chris explains, "but we 'ad no fuckin' money. We made it on a shoe-string, so we 'ad none of the trappings and a lot of difficulties. I mean, we didn't 'ave a producer, the engineer was the tape operator. . . ."

Mick, mostly absent in foreign parts and not willing to interfere, anyway, left

Chris and his mates alone—and when the tapes were all finished and ready to be turned into an album, they gathered cobwebs at the Stones' office for a full six months. "I don't think anyone took it very seriously," says Chris. "So we decided to get out and do it ourselves. Which we did." And that is why the album, *Chris Jagger*, is on the British GM label—or Asylum in the U.S.—not that of Rolling Stone Records.

It's a commendable first effort, a sensitive and intelligent mélange of late-period rock styles (all the songs having been written by Chris over a two-year period), sounding very little like the Rolling Stones. Well, there *are* a couple of numbers that betray some indebtedness to the white-funk sound of the Greatest Rock-'n'-Roll Band in the World and, though Chris's vocal delivery is more airy, less dirty, than his brother's, there is a certain fraternal similarity. Chris's characterization of the album as "some things that 'ave a little thought behind 'em, not just going on about lost women and all that crap" is, on the whole, accurate. No matter that it stands absolutely no chance of causing a commotion anything like that which surrounded the Stones in '62. "Back when the Stones started, it was wide open, man," says the younger brother somewhat plaintively. "But now, I mean, what can you do *now* that's different, eh?"

He is lounging in a large leather chair in GM's Soho office, pulling on his expertly homemade cigarette, and he is not enjoying himself. Like his brother, Chris



Jagger is no enthusiast in matters of album-selling publicity and all it entails.

"I wasn't that close to it to be jealous of Mick," he says, answering the obligatory question. "I mean, the fact that I'm almost five years younger—you're jealous of the fact that your brother 'as girlfriends when you're 12, but I mean, it would be much worse if I was 'is twin brother or something like that, wouldn't it? I was never that jealous. I was 'appy to be included in the festivities—like, if

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I went along to a few gigs and that. I used to jump around and enjoy it."

There are, of course, problems now. The critics won't need a great deal of encouragement to savage this lad on account of his having it somewhat easier than most.

"It doesn't worry me," he declares when this point is raised. He is well aware that being closely related to the fabulous Mick increases his publicity value—and, therefore, his chance of making it big in the music business—enormously. There'll be no working on some construction job during the day and playing a few gigs around the coffeehouse circuit at night for *this* boy. As he says, with a grin—part wise but mostly cynical: "If you wanna get into showbiz, then that's it, innit? That's what it's all about!"

The Great Soloists Featuring Louis Armstrong 1925-1932 (Biograph) is a smashing sampling of early Louis—then a trumpeter on the verge of greatness, whose sound was already formed into the pattern that was to become as easily recognizable as his photograph. Some of the musicians on this recording were famous in their own right at the time or were to achieve stardom later on, but none could come close to Armstrong (with the possible exception of Sidney Bechet) as a quintessential stylist. This isn't just musical arcana; it still comes across as jazz of the highest order.

Pianist Ellis Larkins has been a jazz name for 30-odd years now and there isn't the slightest sign that his formidable talent has in any way abated. Larkins has always had a lyrical approach to the keyboard and nowhere is it more apparent than on *Ellis Larkins Plays the Bacharach & McKuen Songbook* (Stanyan). He fills two LPs with some of the most sensitive sounds we've heard in a long time. With drummer Panama Francis and bassist Al McKibbon, Larkins swings sweetly through 26 of the composers' best. Another fine slice of Larkins is available on *The Grand Reunion* (Chiaroscuro), on which he once more teams up with trumpeter Ruby Braff (they first got together 18 years ago) for some hand-in-glove music-making. Braff, who is cast in the Bobby Hackett mold, provides the perfect counterpoint for Larkins as they drift dreamily through the likes of *Fine and Dandy*, *Liza*, *Skylark*, *Easy Living* and *Love Walked In*. A marvelously relaxed session.

Not too long before he died in 1949, the legendary Huddie Ledbetter gave a concert at the University of Texas. That concert was recorded and is now available for the first time as an album. *Leadbelly* (Playboy) is filled with the stuff that the legend was built upon. Leadbelly's voice had seen far better days, but the folk-blues giant could still mesmerize with



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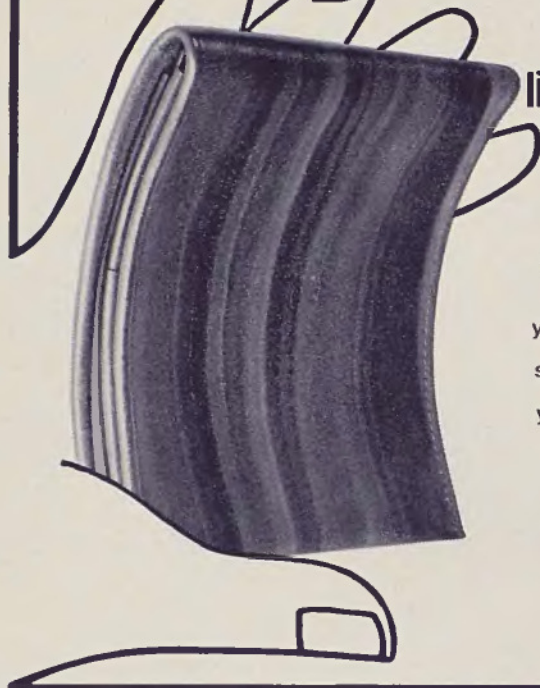
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the unadorned honesty of his vocalizing. Included is his big hit, *Irene Goodnight*, plus such staunch old-timers as *Rock Island Line*, *Shine on Me*, *Skip to My Lou* and *John Henry*. His college audience was obviously impressed by Leadbelly. Now, nearly 25 years later, you will be, too.

How did it happen that Aretha Franklin and Quincy Jones would produce such a mediocre album as *Hey Now Hey (The Other Side of the Sky)*? Atlantic records has always let Aretha experiment, although it seems clear to most of us that she does her best work with Jerry Wexler, Arif Mardin



and Tom Dowd in charge of production. *Young, Gifted and Black* showed her moving capably into new areas and *Amazing Grace* may be the most exceptional Gospel album ever recorded. But this one, in its sometime jazz orientation, is empty. *Angel*, elaborately arranged, is the best thing here, and it is pure pop. Aretha seems trying to be everyone but herself—she's into the Roberta Flack mode with *Somewhere* and the Anita O'Day bag with *Moody's Mood*. The old fire comes through momentarily on *That's the Way I Feel About Cha*, but this, like much of the disc, is marred by lapses in taste and editing, even with its fancy overdubbing. Let's get back to the r&b roots, baby, there's nothing there to be ashamed of.

"Gimme an F . . . gimme a U . . . gimme a C . . . gimme a K." Remember the Fish cheer? Well, if you thought that was pretty expressive of Country Joe McDonald's attitude toward things in general, you ought to hear his attitudes toward things specific in *Paris Sessions* (Vanguard). Though this album won't get much AM air play, Joe has ironically included three or four tunes in a Top 40 vein. In his best d.j. voice, he dedicates a tune and tells his listeners when to turn

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
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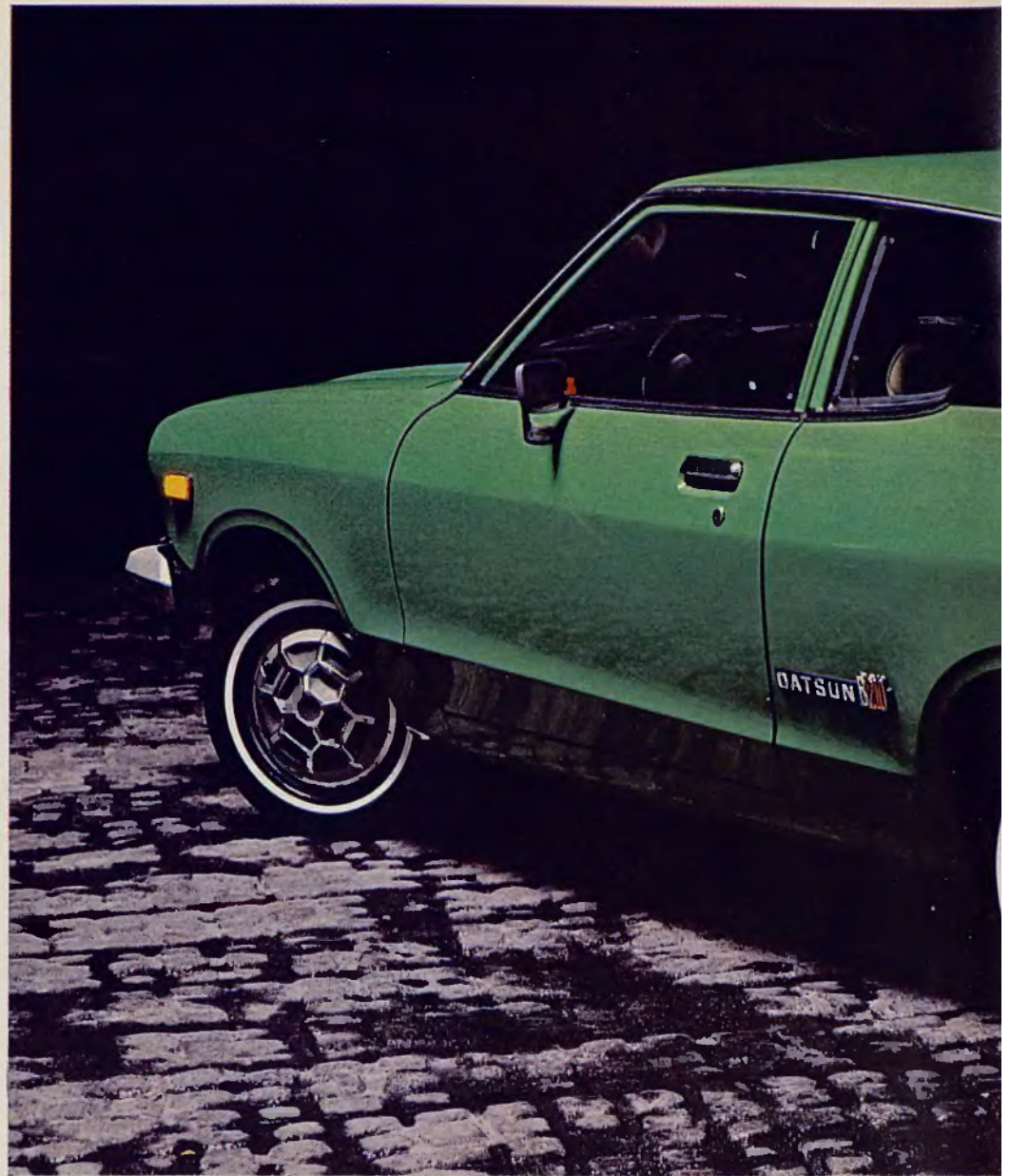


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the record over. Aided by some fine backing from his new All-Star Band (which includes three ladies), Joe plunges into his musical excoriations: the trite violence of the movies, a harrowing yet funny story of a Colorado dope bust, a boiling-angry song called *Sexist Pig* ("He's a fool who thinks his tool is the revolution") and a tale of female oppression and retribution (*Coulene Anne*). *Zombies in a House of Madness* is a nightmare poem of life in the slam by prisoner Michael Beasley, which Joe recites rapidly over a crazy Moog background—one of the most trenchant and powerful things he's ever done. The album concludes with *St. Tropez*, a lilting acoustic bit ("Oooh, everything's all right") and, finally, there's Joe close on mike eating potato chips and making a final plug for the record. All of it has a cutting edge.

The Lettermen must have a portrait of themselves that keeps aging, because they sound the same—and as good—as ever. *"Alive" Again . . . Naturally* (Capitol) is packed with beautiful harmonies and a precision that the trendy new vocal groups would be well advised to emulate. The performance includes a couple of Mac Davis numbers, plus items by Paul Simon, Carole King, Jimmy Webb, Gilbert O'Sullivan and Ewan MacColl. Everything, but everything, is turned out with impeccable taste.

You better pick up on the newest by Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen, the most polished and joyful hoke band around. *Country Casanova* (Paramount) has something for everyone: revivalist reckonings (*Shall We Meet*), coruball regional sentiment (*My Window Faces the South*), a jazzy jump tune about "truckin'" and "fuckin'" (*Everybody's Doin' It*). Bill Kircher plays good lead guitar, but it's Andy Stein's fiddle and Bobby Black's pedal steel and dobro that give this band its zap. Billy C. Farlow sings most of the lead vocals very well and the Commander himself is heard from in the Tex Williams opus *Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette)*. There's a lotta good times here and a lotta true grit.

Roger McGuinn (Columbia) sounds almost like the old Byrds again, and it proves that Roger and David Crosby can still get off together. Their vocal harmonies, particularly in *My New Woman* (with Gene Clark) and *The Water Is Wide*, are a joy. Jacques Levy collaborated with McGuinn in writing most of these songs, which embrace everything from a fantastic cross-country drag race of two 747s to a very hard-nosed P.O.W. ballad, *Hanoi Hannah*. Charles Lloyd contributes some fitting tenor-sax noodling and Buddy Emmons plays masterful steel guitar on two numbers. But this is McGuinn's show all

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the way, and it's good to know that, after the recent dismal reunion album, at least one of the Byrds is still flying.

*Show me a good man.
I'll show you the door.
The last hymn is sung and the Devil
cries "More."*

Thus Jethro Tull in one of the more coherent bits of verse from *A Passion Play* (Chrysalis). What the devil these chaps are up to here is anyone's guess. One might hazard the speculation that, beneath the surplus of whimsy and tommyrot, there lurks a serious purpose. But then, one would have to contend with the facsimile theater program, with its wry blurbs for the actors (who look suspiciously like the members of Tull). And what is one to say about the singular beast fable, *The Story of the Hare Who Lost His Spectacles*, recited by some quaint Scottish person midway in the proceedings? Ah, yes, the music: As one might expect, it is in the usual competent Tull suite style—fething and eclectic. But Messrs. Ian Anderson, Martin Barre & Co. have proffered precious little passion, Christlike or otherwise, in this freaky fairy tale. One remains gasping on the strand, groping for an *Aqualung*.

BOOKS

Washington journalist Robert Sherrill's *The Saturday Night Special* (Charterhouse) is a continuously interesting series of probes into what might be called the psychohistory of this country. The subtitle gives a partial idea of its scope: "And Other Guns with Which Americans Won the West, Protected Bootleg Franchises, Slew Wildlife, Robbed Countless Banks, Shot Husbands Purposely and by Mistake and Killed Presidents—Together with the Debate Over Continuing Same." There is also a history of the business of guns; a morphology of the National Rifle Association and even an explication of the Second Amendment in which Sherrill quotes constitutionalist Irving Brant: "The purpose of the Second Amendment was to forbid Congress to prohibit the maintenance of a state militia. By its nature, that amendment cannot be transformed into a personal right to bear arms." As for the book's title, Saturday-night special was a term coined by Detroit lawmen in the late Fifties because the citizens there were buying a lot of artillery "to satisfy the passions of Saturday night." Sherrill includes all kinds of statistics. Among the more intriguing: Five million new handguns are produced in the U.S. every year for civilian consumption. As for the notion that civilians need guns to protect their homes, Sherrill notes that "householders succeed in shooting home robbers less than two percent of the time and home burglars less than .2 percent of



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the time." Sherrill spares no one, not even the police, who, according to his thesis, should be the first to lay down their arms, because they are morally inferior to the rest of the community. This book is likely to start many a Saturday-night argument.

Who is Elena—what is she?—that Joyce Carol Oates should lavish on her acres and acres of some of the most mystifying prose ever put on paper? Well, for one thing, she is the daughter of Leo Ross, divorced husband and madman, who kidnaps his own daughter from a school playground and damn near kills the child in his attempt to keep her hidden. She is the daughter of Ardis Ross, half whore, half pirate, and all ambition, who eventually becomes a TV personality with her own show, kissing all that past sad jazz goodbye, including daughter. And she is the wife of Marvin Howe, criminal lawyer extraordinary. There is a possible clue to this large, lumpy novel in its title, *Do with Me What You Will* (Vanguard). Elena Howe is supplied with reams of elliptical, italicized passages that presumably should put the reader in touch with her inner life. Unfortunately, Elena remains a near-total vacuum—her relations with her mother indefinable, her relations with her husband incomprehensible, her relations with her lover inexplicable and her numerous introspections unfathomable. There are, indeed, sections (such as the lawyer-rapist chapter published in the JUNE PLAYBOY) that demonstrate what art Miss Oates can fashion when she escapes chaos. But in this novel, things keep flying apart. It is very odd to find so anarchic a strain in so accomplished a novelist. One can only hope that we've seen the last of the wild Oates.



For the man who has everything, Arcadia Press in London has published a limited edition of Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, hand-printed on seaweed.

J. P. Donleavy attained instant fame in the Fifties with *The Ginger Man*, a most promising first novel involving a cunning cocksman. With each succeeding novel, however, Donleavy seems to have promised more and delivered less in terms of final literary payoff. It's not that his quirky sense of humor has deserted

him but, rather, that after an initial spurt of inventiveness, his plotting imagination typically seems to flag. At the same time, his style has increased in both flamboyance and affectation. In his new novel, *A Fairy Tale of New York* (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence), his hero, Cornelius Christian, is an expatriate who sails into his native city with a dead wife in tow. In quick succession the undertaker to whom he has consigned the



body employs him and he beds down with the bereaved widow in the very first funeral he is assigned to, a rich and horny ex-hustler whose "dream was to be fucked in her three throats, top, bottom and back, by three pricks while holding two more, one in each hand. Gave her a religious feeling she was being crucified." So far so sprightly. But then Cornelius, in addition to contributing to the fulfillment of that dream, gets bogged down in a tired succession of Candidelike misadventures: There are raunchy sexual encounters, one in a mortuary; there are many scenes of gratuitous New York crime and violence; there are take-offs on medical quackery and business fakery. Inevitably, Cornelius leaves New York as he came—allegedly having lived the kind of fairy tale of New York he had dreamed of as a foster child. Donleavy does get off some fine black-humor bits and has some lovely descriptive moments, but once again, he has expended more creative energy in launching his tale than in developing it.

Nobody has been making money out of Wall Street lately, except for the fellows who write about it. Ever since Adam Smith's *The Money Game*, primers, warnings and exposés of stock investment have been almost as numerous as books on sex. Today, when people are staying away from the market as if it were under quarantine, there are still plenty of books, but most of them are devoted to trying to figure out what happened. The blue chip in this season's publishing crop is John Brooks's *The Go-Go Years* (Weybright & Talley). A

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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ELLIS E. REID

HOME: Chicago

AGE: 38

PROFESSION: Attorney

HOBBIES: Art, travel, good restaurants.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Exorcist"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Elected President Cook County Bar Association (second term). Started scholarship fund for minority law students. Directs a lawyer's reference plan for the poor.

QUOTE: "The Law must be available to all. For study, for protection, for justice. Working for those goals has made being an attorney more rewarding than I had ever hoped."

PROFILE: Dedicated. A strong spirit. A leader that finds no job too small to do himself. Concerned for others. Willing to take action in their behalf—even at a sacrifice.

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of problems. And I just got disgusted
putting parts and money
into them. So I bought
a '73 bug.

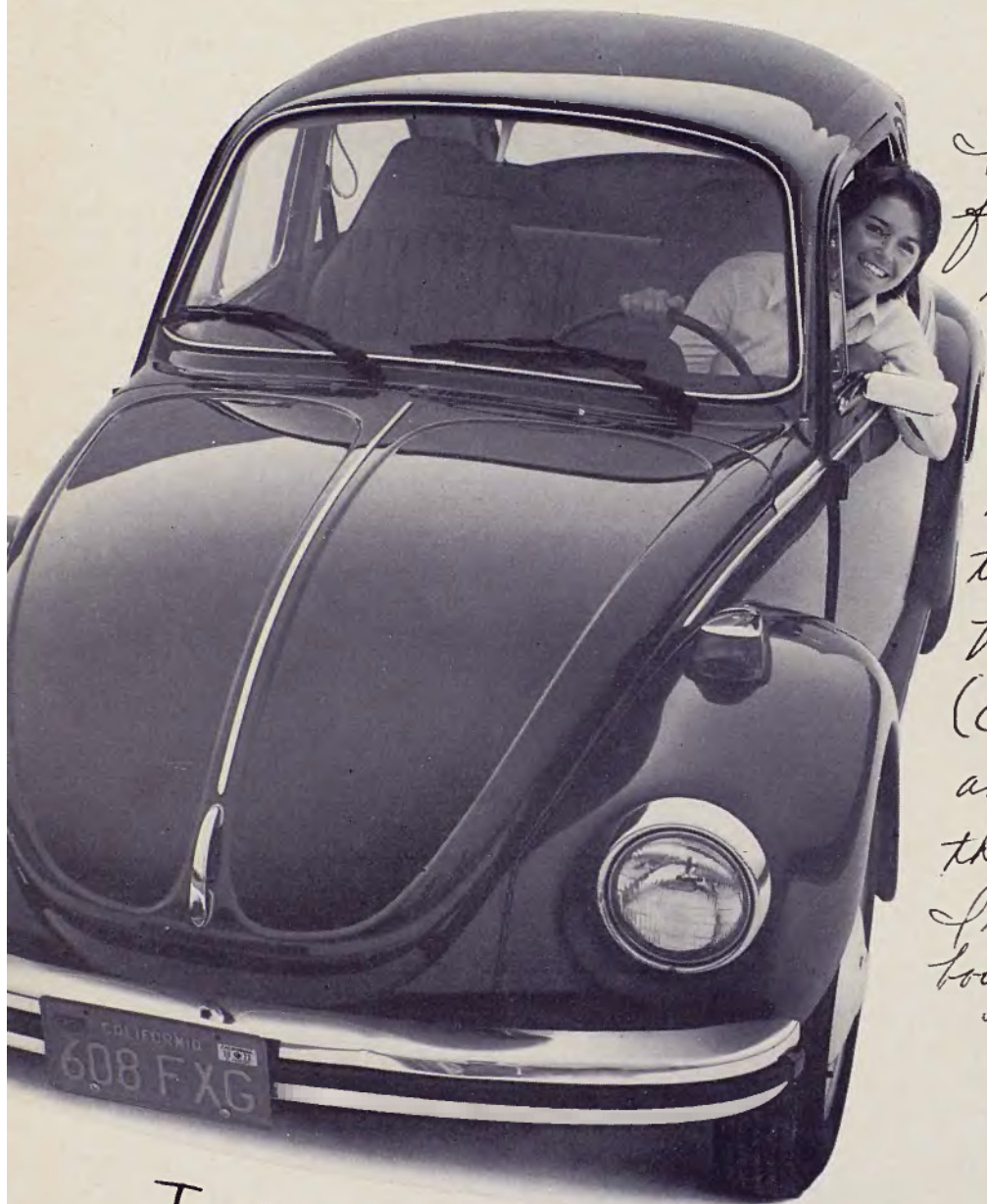
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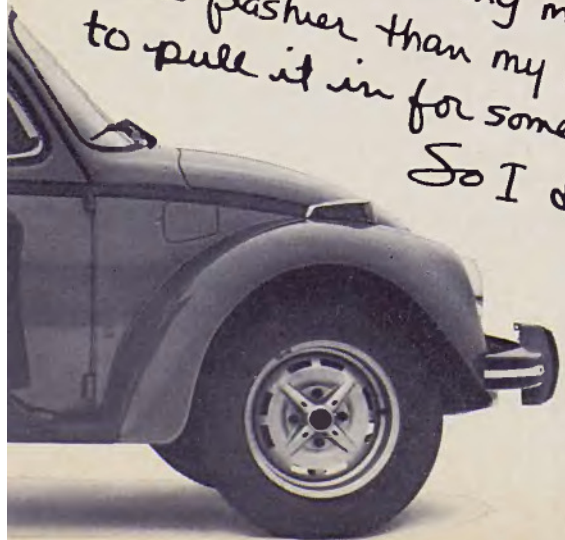
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bug again.



I left basically for looks. About all it had was looks. I was stranded about four times in the first month or two. So I went back to Volkswagen. (Even if I had another three or four thousand to spend, I wouldn't have bought another car.)
Kathy Deiber,
Mt. View, Calif.



I started making money so I figured I'd try something a little flashier than my bug. Well, every time I turned around I had to pull it in for something. It nicked and dined me to death. So I decided to get another Volkswagen.
William D. Allright
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veteran observer of the business-and-financial scene, Brooks has written a fascinating account of what happened in that boom-and-bust decade since the early Sixties. He examines such people as billionaire H. Ross Perot (who had a one-day paper loss of \$450,000,000) and "go-go" fundsman Gerry Tsai; and such phenomena as the rise of the conglomerates, the paperwork log jam that helped destroy some brokerage houses and the mighty 1970 crash. To anyone who follows Wall Street at all, much of the basic information here is not new—but Brooks uses each personality and development to characterize a broader facet of the principles at work. He threads his way through the complexities of Wall Street machinations with clarity, style and wit. Brooks points out that as the trading floor and the stock certificate—Wall Street's two main focuses—give way to electronic substitutes, the Street may no longer serve as a target for social comment. Well, if this is to be one of the last books about Wall Street, it is certainly one of the best. Burton G. Malkiel's *A Random Walk Down Wall Street* (Norton) is a schmaltzy effort by a Princeton economics professor (and amateur investor) to tell us how to turn a profit in stocks. Malkiel gives "four rules for successful stock selection"; they add up to the oldest, safest—and most useless—advice. He says, in essence: Find an undervalued, imagination-gripping stock that no one else has latched onto, buy it low and sell it high. Don't panic, don't churn your account, don't get sucked in by smooth-talking brokers and don't sell till you see the whites of those long-term capital gains. Who wouldn't if he could? Around the corner from Wall Street are the banks, and *The Bank Book* (Little, Brown) tells us about them, presumably in the words of "Morgan Irving," a cynical bank executive, "as audited by" Charles Sopkin. In an aggressively informal style, Irving (or Sopkin) tells us everything that is mean, dreadful, tricky—and often just dull—about banks. He covers robberies, swindles, employment practices and devious loan-and-credit techniques. His conclusion is that not only don't we have a friend at Chase Manhattan, we don't have a friend at any bank, anywhere, ever. "Banking," he says, "is a blend of greed, ignorance, prejudice and complete indifference to the public good." In which case, one would think Irving would have written about it with more concern, less superficiality and fewer corny jokes. For tales of 23 young men who made it big in business and finance during the giddy Sixties, see *The Young Millionaires* (Playboy Press), edited by Lawrence A. Armour.

The Bridge (Doubleday) is D. Keith Mano's sixth novel in as many years. At 31, Mano also keeps busy writing a regular column for *National Review*, reviewing movies for *Oui*, writing occasional



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magazine articles (such as the one on the Disney empire in next month's issue) and running the family cement business. But his output is one of the least impressive measures of Mano's talent. It is his uncommonly powerful vision that sets him apart from most novelists, young and old. He is a rigorous Christian, a stern anti-Communist and a traditionalist; he sees most of the trends of recent history as anti-human and ludicrous in their historical optimism. But Mano is not just a novelist who might get a good review from *Human Events*. His characterizations are deft and sure (*Horn*); his style is forceful and unique (*The Proselytizer*); his narratives are uncompromising and pitiless (*War Is Heaven!*). He is, in short, a major talent. It's possible to ruin *The Bridge* by giving away too much. But you should know that it begins in the middle of a terrible religious ceremony of human sacrifice and cannibalism. It is a celebration of life by the descendants of the last survivor of our civilization, a man named Priest, who refused to give in to a collective death wish. This savage who refused to die meets the last Christian and learns just enough to begin his own religion—a perversion, accurate in the superficialities and horribly wrong in the spirit. The animal in us is in the ascendancy. It all seems plausible, even the first stirrings of reflection and culture in a man who has just taken the sacraments. You can guess what they use for bread and wine. Maybe not Mano's best, but still a disturbing, relentless comic exercise—one that should be read.

A *Child's History of America* (Swallow Press), subtitled "Some Ribs and Riffs for the Sixties," is Charles Newman's third book, and the one most likely to capture its audience of the young, the hip, the disabused, the hopeful, the greedy, the intelligent, the epileptic. It is a raw, comic, autobiographical assault on the American delirium by a young writer who straddles academe—where he edits *TriQuarterly*—and the universe, where he falls in love, visits relatives in Paris who refuse to see him, gets gassed and beaten in San Francisco and France, floats in the dreamy nostalgia of the mid-century American artist and levitates in the cyclonic rage of the mid-century man who notices what is going on about him. What is going on about him sends him to Greece, Spain, Oxford, fucking, Araby, books and the Y. M. C. A. The book has some tricky footnoting, liner notes, Nabokovian stunts, *serioso Weltschmerz*; but the reader is in the liveliest hands and should navigate gladly the complex intellectual vocabulary. Newman is a soarer.

The hero of Seymour Epstein's new novel, *Looking for Fred Schmidt* (Doubleday), is a discount appliance retailer approaching 50 who suddenly realizes that not only are his days dwindling down to a precious

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few but so, too, seem the world's. And this upsets him. For "Joe Weiler, faulty husband, father, citizen, uneasy sensualist, wanted the world to survive in a proper way so that he should not feel futureless the remainder of his days." So Joe sets out in the middle of the end—or the end of the middle—of his life's journey on a voyage not so much of self-discovery as of soul renewal. Feeling "outside of things," he wants to get to the essence of them. And this elegantly controlled novel deals with his series of encounters with himself as a young man; his emancipated daughter, her hirsute Gonzo Journalist husband and her energetic Israeli boyfriend; his dropout son; his doll-like mistress; and Fred Schmidt, a business partner he once treated less than honorably. Finally, Joe decides, the world of alienation is not for him. "Someone once called me a responsible man," he tells his son. "The only thing that person failed to tell me was how much I would come to feel responsible for." And Joe begins to feel responsible for nothing less than the idea of Man himself, as embodied even by a grotesquely distraught and beaten friend. Epstein, like Wallace Stegner and Thornton Wilder, is that rare practicing fiction-alist who can sound his alarms through the quiet ticks of a delicately set clock. His new novel touches and awakens the human heart.

The world's oldest profession seems to have been newly discovered. Last year Gail Sheehy exposed prostitution in a series of articles, now out in book form as *Hustling*; and Susan Hall and Robert Adelman interviewed pimps for a book called *Gentlemen of Leisure*. This season Hall and Adelman are back with *Ladies of the Night* (Trident), photographs of and interviews with prostitutes. Hall sets up a tape recorder and lets the prostitutes talk without her intervention or sociological asides, and "the life" comes to life, vividly, sordidly, pathetically. Better than any psychologist or sociologist, the girls articulate their self-hatred, their contempt for their tricks, their servility toward their pimps. And over and over again they make it clear that in their view, prostitution is very much part of our economic and social system. Foxy works for a garment manufacturer who trained her to please his buyers: "My boss had to sell himself as a person—he had to be personable and witty whether he felt like it or not. People in business sell themselves. Why shouldn't a woman? It's the American way." Diane, a madam, says that a good prostitute "must make a man feel that, for the moment, he's the only man in the world. That's the secret of a successful callgirl . . . and, for that matter, the secret of any woman. Look at Zsa Zsa Gabor." Diane gives Green Stamps to her clients to ensure repeat business. Maggie says: "Business would crumble

without (prostitution). . . . Our backs are the bridges that link business deals." Rationalizations, of course—but the girls make it all seem plausible enough. Who doesn't want a Rolls-Royce, a mink, a



fancy place to live? Robert Adelman's photographs are strong and direct. The ladies of the night, some in the course of doing business, pose defiantly for his camera. Why be ashamed? After all, as Maggie observes: "Prostitution may not be legal, but it sure is legitimate."

"I have no taste, only hunger," says Alexander Main, *The Bailbondsmen*, in one of Stanley Elkin's three novellas, collected under the title *Searches and Seizures* (Random House). As storytelling, Elkin's approach falls somewhere between Vonnegut's outer fantasies and Roth's inner frenzies. Essentially a realist, Elkin stretches reality until it emits a sustained, unbearable, demonic shriek. The line quoted above is fairly representative of the postures assumed by an Elkin character—extreme but not impossible. Alexander Main is time's own bailbondsmen, in it for the buck, certainly, but personally involved in all the history of wrongdoing. "I'm Alexander Main, the Phoenician Bailbondsmen, other men's difficulty my heritage." He dreams of being present at the despoliation of a Pharaoh's tomb when the culprits are caught and brought to trial. No bail for this crime, the judge rules. No bail for the stealing of treasure in which men have invested their hopes of immortality—and the parable becomes clear: We, too, have had our sacred places plundered by crooks. In his tale *The Making of Ashenden*, Elkin compounds an amalgam of Jay Gatsby and James Bond, a moneyed overachiever who has the world for a playground and who comes to his moment of truth in sexual confrontation

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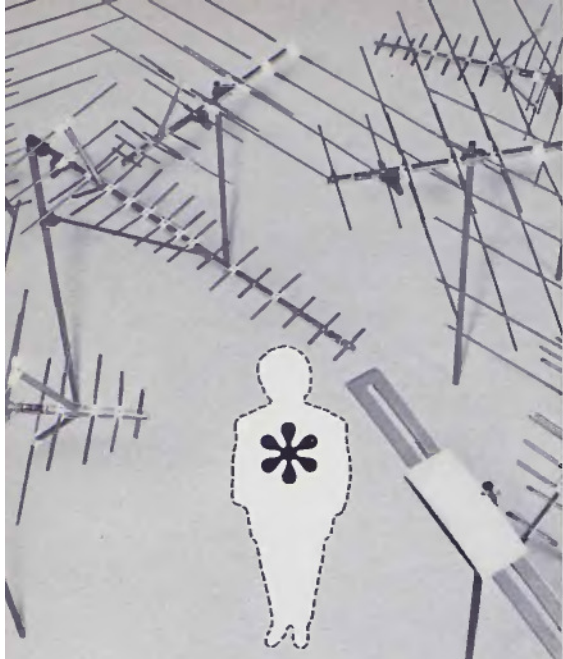
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with a 700-pound female Kamchatkan bear. In rut. *The Condominium* is an updated *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* in which the overcrowded planet is analogized through the crazy antics of those who have bought expensive quarters in a high-rise condominium and now would like to draw up the drawbridge and flood the moat. They live for the impregnability of their investment. Elkin allows himself too free a rein at times, which makes for distortions—but this is a minor fault in the art of plucking out our suicidal follies and shrieking their names piercingly and unforgettably.

Dr. Thomas Cream learned about poison early and, by the time he died, was perhaps the best man in the world with a lethal dose of strychnine. When he was finally hanged in London for multiple murder, crowds gathered to cheer. Cream had that kind of effect on people. John Cashman has turned Cream's story into a novel, *The Gentleman from Chicago* (Harper & Row), Cream's own account of his life, written while he awaits execution. Cashman has done a first-rate job on a classic psychopath who still believes the world has wronged him and remembers fondly the way his victims squirmed.

MOVIES

Ten years ago this month, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Texas. The question of who killed him is still open for many who find the Warren Commission's conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin even more difficult to swallow than New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's wild charges of a conspiracy that, in retrospect, becomes less unthinkable with every new Watergate headline. *Executive Action*, scheduled for release this month, promises to fan all the doubts—and might even rouse the public to demand that the investigation be officially reopened. In the film, Burt Lancaster, the late Robert Ryan and Will Geer all portray wealthy right-wingers who successfully mastermind a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy. *Executive Action* will probably be compared to *Z*, yet it differs from the Costas-Gavras shocker in at least one significant aspect: *Z*'s conspirators were known to be real. The men who made *Executive Action* readily admit that the conspiracy they've depicted may not be literally true, yet they relate to it as approximate fact. Says executive producer Edward Lewis, "What the nation has been told about John F. Kennedy's death is patently false. In *Executive Action*, we offer a far more reasonable and plausible explanation for what happened in Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1963."

Spoken like a true wild-eyed radical. Ed Lewis, however, is one of Hollywood's



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most respected film executives, and in the past he has produced such popular entertainments as *Spartacus*, *Grand Prix* and *Seven Days in May* (which featured Lancaster as an Air Force general who unsuccessfully attempts a military overthrow of the U.S. Government). Lewis—a short, stocky and forceful man—is not known to be particularly political, but his newest production may turn out to be the most politically unsettling movie ever made in America.

Why did he decide to make it? The idea, he told us, hadn't entered his mind until early 1971, when actor Donald Sutherland asked him to read a script he'd purchased from Mark Lane (the author of *Rush to Judgment*) and playwright Donald Freed. "The screenplay knocked me over," Lewis recalled. He had its main contentions carefully researched and, after finding no conflict between Lane's theories and the documented facts, he bought the script and persuaded Dalton Trumbo, the dean of American scenarists, to do a rewrite. When Trumbo completed his screenplay, a copy was quickly sent to Lancaster, who had a difficult time deciding whether or not to appear in the film. Lancaster told Lewis: "It's more than just another movie—much more." After several months of fretting (and reading books about the assassination sent to him by Trumbo), Lancaster finally told Lewis to count him in.

Veteran director David Miller, whose screen credits include *Lonely Are the Brave*, *Sudden Fear* and *Captain Newman, M.D.*, eagerly accepted the chance to call the camera shots on *Executive Action*. "But it was an emotionally harrowing experience," he told us while working on the film's final cut at a downtown Los Angeles film laboratory. "We filmed the entire assassination sequence—it's seen through a rifle scope—here in Griffith Park, using doubles for the Kennedys, John Connally and Mrs. Connally. It's hard to convey just what we were feeling, but it was a strange and very troubling day for us all. There were many days like that."

To Miller, the most fascinating character in the entire affair was Lee Harvey Oswald. "The deeper you delve into his life, the less you find you know about him," he said. "He'd be pro-Castro one week, anti-Castro the next. I think it's obvious he was being used. In fact, in an interview in the Dallas jail just before his death, Oswald said just that: 'I'm a patsy.' We portrayed him that way in *Executive Action*."

Why, we asked coproducers Gary Horowitz and Dan Bessie, have American moviemakers shied away from making films as politically sensitive as this one? "It's very simple," said Horowitz. "Nobody thinks they make money." Added Bessie: "*Executive Action* marks the first

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time an important man in the American film industry—Ed Lewis—has said 'fuck it' to that kind of thinking and has gone on to make a film of major political import. And he's done it for less than \$500,000."

Finally we spoke with Dalton Trumbo, the only writer ever to win both an Academy Award (for *The Brave One*, written under the pseudonym Robert Rich in 1957 while he was still one of the black-listed Hollywood Ten) and a National Book Award (for *Johnny Got His Gun*, in 1939). Trumbo's health has declined severely, but he was pleased to talk about the screenplay he'd initially refused to write. Sitting in the study of his house high above Sunset Boulevard, Trumbo told us: "I didn't want to work on *Executive Action*, because, by and large, I'm suspicious of conspiracy theories—they're just a convenient way of explaining history. But such theories always make for fascinating reading, and Lewis sent me a pile of books. By the time I'd gone through eight or ten of them—particularly Josiah Thompson's marvelous study of the ballistics—I was convinced that at least two gunmen must have committed the Kennedy murder. Two gunmen acting together, of course, would constitute a conspiracy—and because such an undertaking isn't easy to pull off, a great many other men probably were involved. I have since discovered that even Lyndon Johnson thought J.F.K.'s death was the result of a conspiracy. He told that to Walter Cronkite in the course of those three one-hour interviews conducted shortly before he died. But L.B.J. had the right to approve what CBS could show and he cut that part out."

Just a few facts concerning Oswald's rifle, Trumbo continued, would be enough to convince any objective observer that it couldn't have been the assassination weapon. Said Trumbo: "The Mannlicher-Carcano rifle he used was known in the Italian army as the 'gun that never gets angry,' because it almost never shot straight enough to harm anyone. Oswald's had a cheap scope on it that was especially difficult to operate. Ed Lewis hired experts to test the Mannlicher-Carcano with that particular scope, and they found that although three shots could be fired at a stationary target within the five and a half seconds in which the assassination took place, the additional time necessary to adjust the scope to sight a *moving* target would rule out Oswald's rifle completely."

Trumbo recalled his own reaction to the news of November 22, 1963. "I was in Rome in my apartment," he said, "and when my secretary telephoned and told me, 'President Kennedy has just been killed in Dallas,' all I answered was 'Oh.' I still can't really analyze why I wasn't shocked, but perhaps it's because I've seen so much violence in this country. It

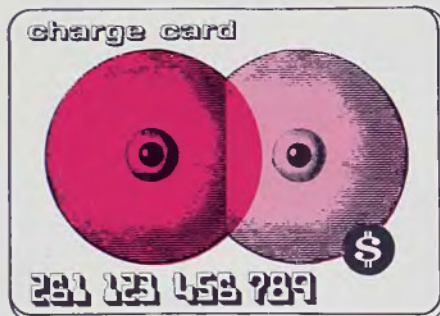
wouldn't surprise me at all, for example, if Richard Nixon were assassinated tomorrow—except that the political right doesn't seem to be on the receiving end of the bullets these days."

The surreal eroticism of writer-director Ralph Bakshi's *Heavy Traffic* makes his previous effort, *Fritz the Cat*, look as innocuous as a Bugs Bunny cartoon. In feature-length animation films, there has never been anything quite like the enlightened misanthropy of Bakshi, who manages to offend just about every ethnic group in the contemporary urban jungle. Blacks, Jews and Italians clobber one another and climb over the corpses while Bakshi mixes live actors and their cartoon counterparts in this tale of a young Italian artist named Michael Corleone (played in the flesh by Joseph Kaufman), a black hustler (Beverly Hope Atkinson) and sundry specimens of human flotsam. Specific references to *The Godfather* and *On the Waterfront* are merely asides to the film's apocalyptic vision of life as a pop horror show—linked to the recurrent image of a pinball machine, symbolizing the vicissitudes of blind chance. Actual objects, actual photography of Times Square or slummy side streets segue into animation so seamlessly that the bedazzled viewer scarcely realizes how much of the film's graphic sex and violence came off a drawing board. Though his brutal animated fantasies are executed with great skill, this decadent Disney is still an incoherent storyteller, unable or unwilling to impose any narrative structure upon his nightmare collage of impressions. One day, Bakshi may get it all together and turn out a work with real substance as well as cultural shock.

John Huston directing Paul Newman, Dominique Sanda, James Mason and Harry Andrews in a glossy espionage thriller ought to produce something more exhilarating than *The Mackintosh Man*. Call it one of Huston's ready-to-wear jobs, minor league compared with his vivid work on last year's *Fat City*, and telling a rather conventional Cold War story of an Australian secret agent who manages to get himself convicted of a jewel theft in order to land in prison—and ultimately to escape, in the company of a Communist spy (Ian Bannen) who may or may not lead him to traitors higher up in British government circles. Newman's wavering Aussie accent would hardly fool Central Casting, much less a band of ruthless cloak-and-dagger types; yet he manages to project box-office magnetism while the weightier acting chores are handled by Mason (keep your eye on *him*), as a superpatriotic peer of the realm, and Andrews, as Mackintosh of the Secret Service. Miss Sanda plays Mackintosh's daughter—don't

brood about her heavy French accent, she was educated abroad or something—and has little to do but look beautiful and submit to drugging, kidnaping and other perils visited upon cinema damsels in distress. She also submits to Newman, on the eve of his dangerous mission, explaining, "That's the least I can do." To alleviate such stale romantic interludes, there's good Huston-style toughness in a jailbreak sequence and a pretty fair chase over the Irish moors. Easy to sit through, easier to forget.

Screw them before they screw you is the uppermost thought of the character played by Ron Leibman in *Your Three Minutes Are Up*, an amiable but aimless comedy about two pals who carom along the California Coast, ripping off everyone willing to accept pay-later arrangements. As somebody says in a massage parlor: "When hookers start asking if you want to pay cash or charge it, the whole world is gone crazy." The best lines as well as the best bits fall to Leibman as Mike, a professional lay-about who lives



on overcharged credit cards, unemployment insurance (when they have the gall to send him on job interviews, he shows up drunk) and a kind of sleazy bravura. He is an absolute phony, but an engaging one, and Leibman slams through the part as if to clinch his status as last year's most promising actor, while simultaneously living up to publicity blurbs that call him a cross between Marlon Brando, Jerry Lewis and Lenny Bruce. The drumbeaters are not altogether delirious, for Leibman steals every scene worth taking in an otherwise negligible movie that finally reaches a contrived melodramatic climax because it has nowhere else to go. In the early sequences, Beau Bridges plays second fiddle creditably as Mike's friend Charlie, a regularly employed, engaged-to-be-married square who keeps phoning his fiancée (Janet Margolin, of *David and Lisa*) from wherever he happens to find himself—hence, the title. Too bad, though, that such communicative actors couldn't get a better connection.

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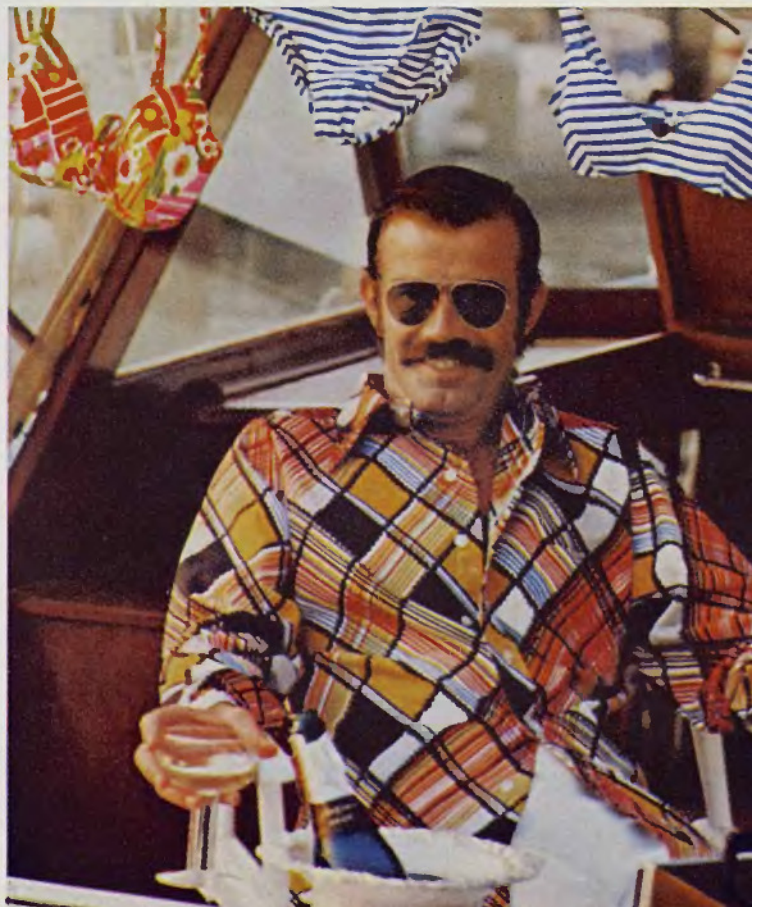


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everywhere should note that writer-director François Truffaut's latest and brightest bauble is a captivating comedy about making movies by a man who really knows how. In *Day for Night*, a highly appropriate selection to open this year's New York Film Festival, Truffaut himself plays a director who has collected an all-star international cast on the Riviera to turn out a romantic drama called *Meet Pamela*. The movie itself opens and closes with the filming of a street scene that has to be redone when *Pamela's* leading actor (Jean-Pierre Aumont) is killed in an accident. Everything else that happens is either sad or heart-warming or hilarious or wryly tolerant, and all of it is observed with accuracy by Truffaut, his coscenarists and a cast consisting of Jacqueline Bisset (as the uncertain English-speaking star, married to the doctor who officiated at her last breakdown), Jean-Pierre Léaud (as the juvenile lead, whose offscreen amorous scrambles keep the company in turmoil), beautiful Alexandra Stewart (playing a supporting actress who shows up inconveniently pregnant) and Valentina Cortese (altogether marvelous as a fading film star). Truffaut's total affection for the world of cinema is what sets *Day for Night* well apart from all previous efforts to expose moviedom behind the scenes, for he never loses his impish humor nor falls out of love with the subjects of his satire. Truffaut has brought off a cinematic *coup de théâtre* that replies with a sly Gallic shrug to cynics who insist that all the glamor has gone out of showbiz.

Two infinitely corruptible policemen, representatives of New York's finest, endorse the new rip-off morality in *Cops and Robbers*. Tired of beating their brains out for peanuts, Tom and Joe decide that a bigger caper is in order after Joe (Joe Bologna, co-author and co-star of *Made for Each Other* with his wife, Renee Taylor) has turned his off-duty hours into profit with a liquor-store hold-up. "It was so easy," he tells his buddy. Tom (Cliff Gorman, of *The Boys in the Band* and *Lenny*) isn't so sure how their wives will take to a life of crime: "If Mary suddenly finds herself in Trinidad with a million bucks, she's going to suspect something." They nonetheless outwit Wall Street, the Mafia and their colleagues on the force with a daring theft of \$10,000,000 in securities, grabbed during a ticker-tape parade for three astronauts. Everything that Bologna and Gorman can do is done to make *Cops and Robbers* a viable comedy, though Donald E. Westlake's scenario—basically the story of a couple of jerks on the take—puts cardboard characters into implausible situations and extricates them in utter defiance of the laws of probability. Get yours, by hook or by crook—and preferably the latter—is the message this movie teaches, thereby earning a PG

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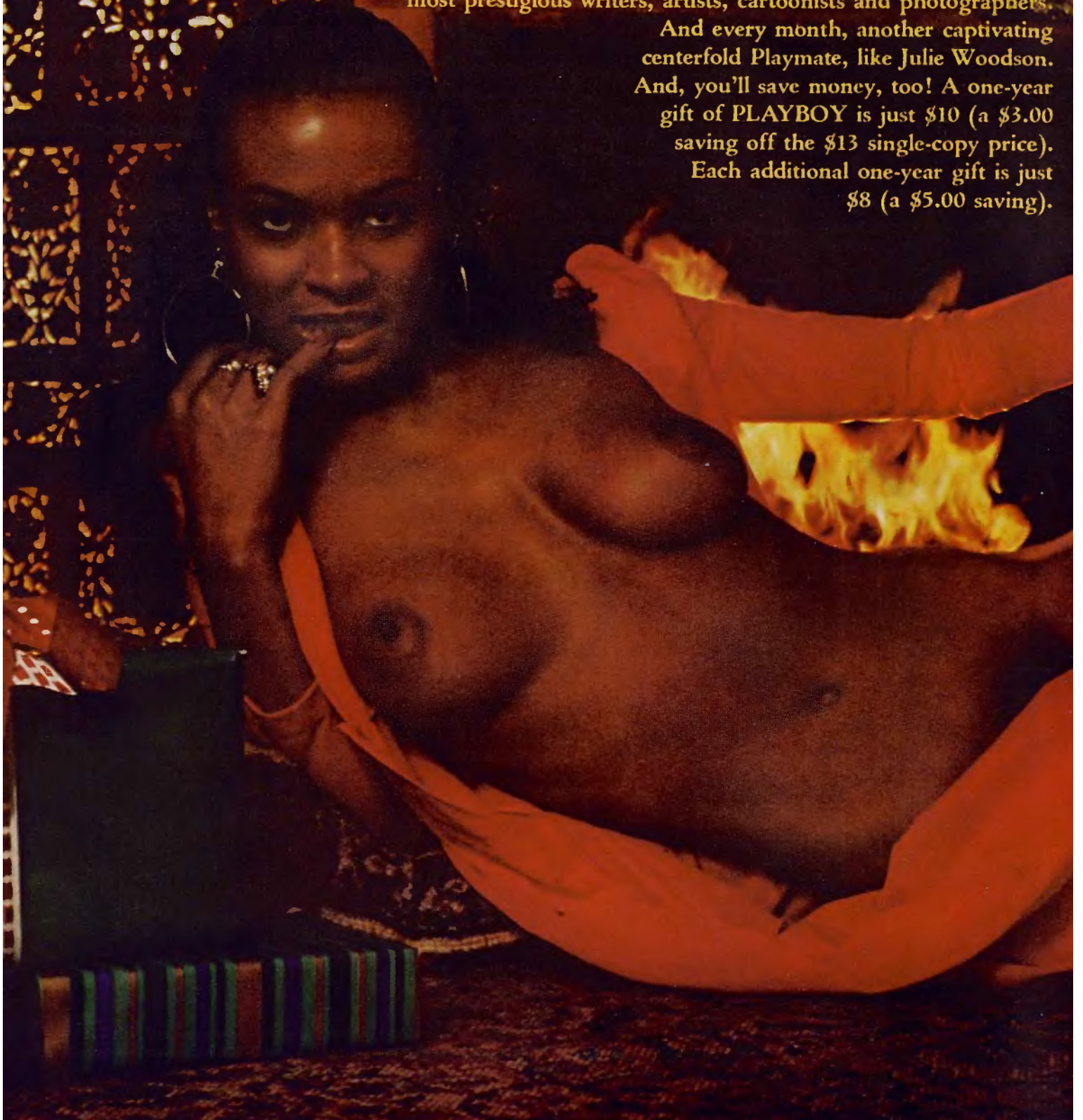
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rating because it wastes little footage on sex, still the final test of film morality.

With the U. S. release of his next-to-last film, *A King in New York*—made in 1957 and long delayed as a consequence of Charlie Chaplin's love-hate relationship with America—evidence is now at hand for a full study of the lovable Little Tramp. A provisional happy ending to the Chaplin story was written in the spring of 1972, when the prodigal movie master returned to the U. S. for the first time in 20 years. (He was banished during the McCarthy hysteria for his leftist political views and scandalous private life, which included several marriages to child brides and a conviction on a paternity suit.) All was forgiven, however, amid a blitzkrieg of publicity and bonhomie at last year's Lincoln Center "Salute to Chaplin" and at the Oscar ceremonies in Hollywood. Even then, the good will was tinged with a profit motive, since Chaplin's U. S. invitation was engineered to benefit the Lincoln Center Film Society and to ballyhoo a multimillion-dollar private deal for redistribution of nine major Chaplin films.

Nevertheless, the Chaplin renaissance that has followed demonstrates again the generosity of genius, which repays a fickle public with enduring works of art. Currently dubbed by some "the Picasso of cinema," his tramp called "the greatest comic creation of the 20th Century," Chaplin now plays to almost unanimously exuberant reviews. Which is justifiable, except that such critical reappraisal doesn't show us how the Little Tramp became the mature, reflective, self-indulgent, masterful and frequently misunderstood clown of later years.

Though it is fashionable to call Chaplin's film style primitive because he seemed to ignore technological innovations, he was actually a purist, who used the camera with straightforward efficiency to emphasize what was essential to his art—a method comparable to Picasso's rendering a dove with a few definitive brush strokes. In *The Gold Rush*, *The Circus* and the miraculous, rueful *City Lights*, Chaplin's portrayals delicately balanced indomitable aspiration, bad luck and naïve fallibility to capture the imagination of millions. The tramp's slapstick not only made poetry of the pratfall but achieved the heights of human comedy. And though traces of sentimentalism and social comment were always evident, Chaplin's comedy was invariably saved by his ability to kick an adversary in the pants or run himself up a flagpole just when things were about to drown in pathos.

The classic tramp began giving way to the social critic as early as 1936, in *Modern Times*, Chaplin's view of Everyman going nobly berserk in an assembly-line society. Today a new generation of doubting consumers and dropouts sees

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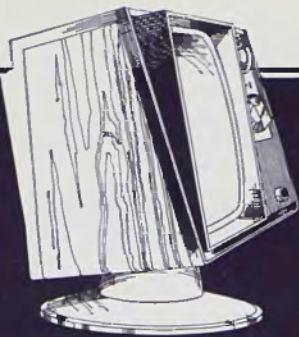
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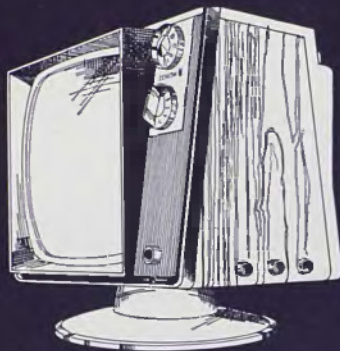
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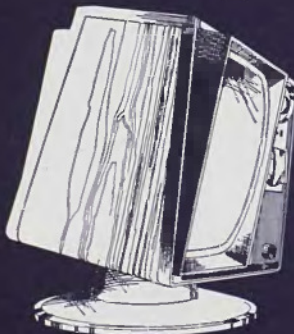
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Modern Times for the masterpiece it is and overlooks the flaws stemming from what one critic of the period called Chaplin's "restless longing for profundity." That need to preach was even more pronounced in the closing moments of *The Great Dictator*, when an impassioned hymn to brotherhood suddenly played havoc with a comedy based on the striking resemblance between Chaplin's tramp and Adolf Hitler. Chaplin talking, in his most political of movies up to that time, was not universally applauded. In fact, a Congressional committee was preparing to investigate him when the U. S. entered World War Two. Yet *The Great Dictator* is strewn with comic gems, such as the unforgettable ballet sequence in which dictator Adenoid Hynkel dreams of world domination in a dance with an inflatable globe.

Seven years and several scandals later, Chaplin brought forth *Monsieur Verdoux*, a biting black comedy about a modern Bluebeard. This was in 1947. The war was over, the tramp was dead and audiences were aghast that Chaplin—a certified lady-killer, according to hostile press accounts—would have the *chutzpah* to cast himself as a mild-mannered bank clerk who supports his invalid wife and child through a world war and a depression by marrying and murdering a series of stupid, wealthy women. Furthermore, he even dared moralize about murder and sent his unrepentant hero off to the guillotine declaring that "numbers sanctify" and that the small businessman in homicide is condemned, whereas "munitions manufacturers and the professional soldiers who contribute to murder on a mass scale are given great honors and monetary rewards." *Verdoux*, based on a brain storm by Orson Welles, was years ahead of its time. Today, Chaplin's sardonic fable of good and evil is both devastating and hilarious—particularly when Verdoux meets Martha Raye, a raucous girl who was born lucky and cannot be done in. This so-called comedy of murder hasn't a moment of explicit violence—a lesson to us all in an era of surgical cinema—and may well be the best and boldest of all Chaplin talkies.

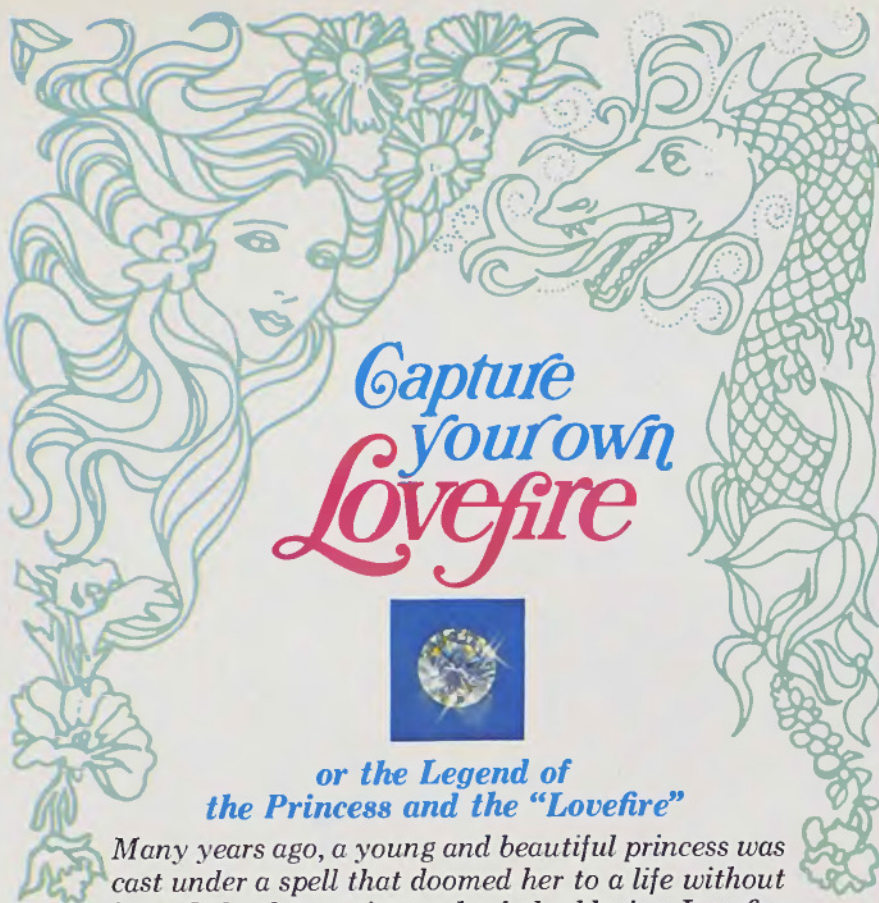
Chaplin had already begun his bitter involuntary exile when *Limelight* opened in 1952, in the face of a boycott. Such opposition was scarcely necessary to discourage moviegoers from watching Chaplin as a washed-up, once-great comedian in love with a paralyzed ballerina (Claire Bloom, making her film debut). *Limelight* may not have been a

masterwork, but it was surely the work of a master—corn of rare vintage, laced with wit and wisdom and featuring some superlative bits of comedy by Buster Keaton. Chaplin seemed to be playing himself. "What a sad business being funny," he says in character. "I'm through clowning . . . truth is all I have left."

The truth as Chaplin perceived it during his years of near-total eclipse was touched upon only fleetingly in his 1964 autobiography. Words were never his chosen weapons, but time puts all artists to the cruelest test, and time has been kind to Chaplin. Without him, the history of screen comedy would be an impoverished saga. As performer, director and writer, Chaplin put aside the endearing image that had earned him fame and fortune, to explore new dimensions of comedy. Often reported missing, he was seldom truly lost, for his intuitive grasp of human frailty governed every turn. It seems fitting that the final important work in the Chaplin canon should be so full of great and small surprises.

The least funny of Chaplin's movies, *A King in New York*, is nonetheless fascinating. There's wry humor of a high order in an early scene when Chaplin—as an exiled European king seeking refuge in the U.S.—is quietly fingerprinted while he talks to reporters of America's "native warmth and noble generosity," his inky finger tips emphasizing every phrase. Later, before the visiting monarch becomes a marketable commodity—plugging Royal Crown whiskey in TV commercials—he is introduced to the hard-sell American way at a dinner party, where his seductive companion (Dawn Addams) interrupts their conversational intimacies to talk about an underarm deodorant for a hidden camera. Dropping in at a Broadway moviehouse, the king catches fragments of a feature called *Man or Woman*, plus another epic concerning "a killer with a soul . . . you'll love him . . . bring the family." Such satirical broadsides are less subtle than accurate, projected in a spirit of amused indulgence that makes *King in New York* seem positively benevolent compared with advance press reports that called it a savage and vindictive "labor of hate," intended as Chaplin's revenge on an ungrateful America. As a matter of fact, Chaplin's king, fairly brimming with good will, carries blueprints





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for a plan to create an atomic utopia. No one in the Government has time to see him, being too busy confronting the Red Menace. In fact, the film's sharpest barbs are directed at an Un-American Activities Committee that persuades a young boy (played by Chaplin's son Michael) to inform on his parents. Even this does not deter Chaplin from a final wistful hope that such aberrations are not reflective of the real America. America's bumptious fast-buck commercialism is pinned down in less time than it takes to endorse a check ("I know it's beneath your dignity," coos the promoter of whiskey, "but there's fifty thousand bucks in it"). The gorgeous creature who finally persuades the king to sell himself becomes the film's chief symbol for all-American energy and innocence combined with plenty of forward drive. An instinct for survival in the face of disaster was the hallmark of Chaplin's Little Tramp, whose genius and sweetness are still visible through *A King in New York's* cynicism and disillusionment. Fundamentally, Chaplin performing anything at all is an event, even if this strident calliope of a comedy turns out to be his swan song.

Veteran theatrical producer John Houseman makes an impressive film debut in *The Paper Chase* as a distinguished senior professor at Harvard Law School. Houseman personifies the old-line academic tyranny that separates the men from the boys. "We do brain surgery here," the prof intones. And it is clearly intimated that the surgery produces men who are better at manipulating facts than at defining human values. As one of the first-year law students who manage to survive through the spring semester—and even find time for a sex life of sorts—Timothy Bottoms (of *The Last Picture Show*) proves that his initial success was no mere fluke. As the old professor's wayward daughter, who lures Bottoms away from his books and into her bed, Lindsay Wagner tops her debut in *Two People*, helped by a dusky voice that somehow smacks of pillow talk even when she's shivering under woolens on the banks of the Charles. *Paper Chase* is a rather sedentary drama, but it does provide an unsettling study of the educational processes by which bright young lads are transformed into efficiently functioning ciphers.

Moviegoers who willingly surrender to the wicked whimsy and general zaniness of writer-director Roman Polanski's *What?* are apt to end up asking themselves, What next? The question is rhetorical, because the movie is hysterical. In it, the maker of *Rosemary's Baby* improvises around the plight of a bright American beauty who seeks refuge from rapists in a stunning Riviera villa occupied by a rich wastrel (Marcello Mastroianni), his



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decadent old dad (Hugh Griffith), plus assorted fetishists, lesbians and faggots. The most simple interpretation of *What?* is that the girl becomes a sex object, quite enthusiastically lending herself to the various games played by her hosts and their house guests—be they sado-masochism, voyeurism or straightforward sex. When she is not scampering around the villa seminude—with one leg painted blue—or granting an old lecher's deathbed wish that she expose her breasts, she is busy filling in the pages of a diary with her impressions of all those interesting things that can truly happen to a girl. At the end, stripped of her clothes again, she leaps into the back of a passing truck and insists that she's really got to go now, since this is the end of a movie called *What?* Polanski appears to be exploring his own sexual quirks or preoccupations with considerable wit, some insight and consummate polish. Though the loose structure of the film may exasperate viewers who like everything in familiar order, Polanski has assembled a cast well calculated to melt resistance. One find is Sydne (pronounced Sidney) Rome as the American bird of passage, whose physical assets combined with an air of ingenuousness and vulnerability are occasionally reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe. The film's sexual skirmishes could have no better warrior than Mastroianni, giving his drollest comic performance in a decade as the libertine with a weakness for whips, tigerskins and bondage. "Do I look like I'm joking?" growls Marcello, befurred and manacled, taking his aberrations so seriously that *What?* becomes twice as funny as it would be if it played merely for laughs.

Writer-director Arthur Barron's *Jeremy* should enrapture everyone who loved *Love Story*, though this junior high version lacks even the pungent four-letter words. The boy (Robby Benson) is a shy amateur cellist, the girl (Glynnis O'Connor) a wallflower ready to bloom, and they exude carloads of charm until the bleak day when the girl's father tells her she's going to live in Detroit. First love explored with relentless innocence.

MUSIC

Led Zeppelin has taken its share of shit from the rock press. It was put down in 1969 for being yet another British group blasting out blues past the threshold of pain; and just lately, in an album review that found it too quietly ethereal, *Rolling Stone* renamed it the Limp Blimp.

But on this Friday night, the Garden's packed and the energy is climbing visibly, in the shape of a sweet-pot cloud swelling like a summer nimbus above the crowd: long-hairs in Levis and loose-

haltered ladies out front, painted and sculptured groupies of various genders backstage, everybody peaking toward the event: Led Zeppelin's final stop on a three-month tour that had been building all along toward this last set of gigs in New York—which is, after all, Judgment Central. The Zep had been flashing around the country in a Big Bunny-style jet with fur bedrooms and a brass-railed bar, and the press was eating *that* up, and so far they'd played to more than half a million people—including a gig in Tampa that broke a hallowed old Beatles record for Most Bodies Gathered and Bucks Made at a Single Rock Performance—so this is the end of the hottest tour yet.

And they come out blazing: kick right into *Rock and Roll*, Robert Plant, shaking his tight-denimed ass and marcelled-wheat mane all over the stage, attacking the vocals . . . "It's been a long time since I've rock 'n' rolled!" . . . while Jimmy Page, looking like an angel with bad things on his mind, bends toward the red guitar slung gun-fighter-low over his black-velvet space-cowboy suit—which shines with deco stars and moon slivers—tearing off licks and chops like bouquets of white sparks. At the last note of *Rock and Roll* they shift too fast for applause into *Celebration Day* and then tie that tight to *Black Dog*, Plant wailing high over one of Page's low-down riffs, while shifting spotlights in smooth choreography color every moan and grind, "Gonna make you sweat, gonna make you groove"—and you know that these boys are not fucking around.

They put out for nearly three hours without a break. And they have technology and staging down. On *No Quarter*, from the new album, John Paul Jones moves from bass to synthesized piano (one of three keyboards he uses, including a mellotron, which simulates an orchestra the size of Detroit) and, as a saffron spot picks him out of the blackness, Plant's voice, squeezed through some sort of sound compressor, gets the same weird underwater effect that's on the album, while dry-ice smoke rolls eerily across the stage like thick ground fog. Then, after *The Song Remains the Same* and *The Rain Song* comes Page's tour de force—*Dazed and Confused*. The smoke billows up again, with patterned slides projected through it, leaving disembodied shapes to hover in the haze, and Page takes on his guitar with a violin bow, soon shred-

ded as he teases and slams it against the metal strings, virtuoso cosmic electronic riffs, with Plant scat-singing along in lingering echo—amazing sound but not precisely music—until Page gets back to his incredible fingers toward the end. It's Plant's turn next, the first soft notes of *Stairway to Heaven* sending a tangible rush through the crowd, they're that tuned in, and then drummer John Bonham comes up to bat with a 20-minute solo called *Moby Dick*. It's an excursion we don't usually get off on, but Bonham (who wears sneakers for traction) works so hard and well that he gets you into it: The crowd whistled and yelped him the whole way.

And out, naturally, with that old monster, *Whole Lotta Love*. Even though Page space-warps the middle on a sonic-feedback gadget called a theremin—more of that love for sound qua sound that musicians develop and the rest of us have to put up with—it's the sort of fine mean rock that tells you what the real stuff is. The four Zeps may be ex-

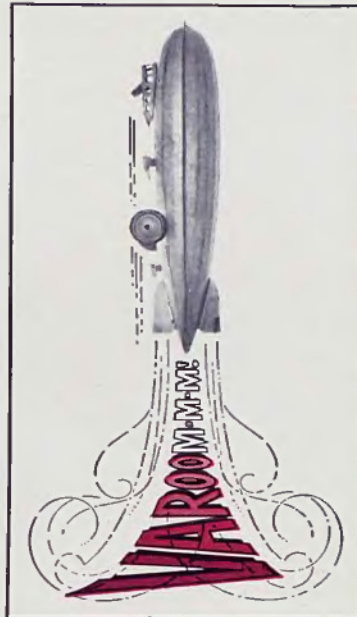
perimenting in directions some of us could live without, but they're serious about what they're up to, and when they decide to play rock 'n' roll, it doesn't get any better. The blimp's a long way from limp.

EXPERIENCES

Heaving that San Francisco's Japantown houses one of the secrets with which those little black-silk-suited businessmen from the East have conquered the world for Sony, Toyota and the yen, PLAYBOY asked fretful, tense, inscrutable correspondent Herbert Gold to investigate. He sent back this limber, hydrated, brain-aerated communiqué from the Kabuki Hot Spring, 1750 Geary Boulevard:

Nonsexual massage! I'd not heard of that in years, but that's what they offer here. It's the Shiatsu technique and it involves acupuncture pressure points leaned on by a very powerful little lady, I discover, as I recline naked under shifting towels. No needles, but she finds pain anyway—the kind that's good for me.

But let me begin at the beginning. First I am inserted like a child astronaut into a steam machine, made in Tokyo, which cooks me into a state of flaccid receptivity. (I dream I'm in a Dodg'em car, circling the moon.) Then I sit on a low



stool while she—"Caw me Numbah Sixteen"—shampoos my hair and dashes pans of water over me, washes my back with a scratchy, friendly, towelly straw device. Country living in the middle of San Francisco. Then I climb into a high bath and lie at floating ease, like a mote on the eye of the world.

Giggles interrupt my meditation. Numbah Sixteen beckons me out of the tub. I dry myself off. On the table, she seems to be climbing all over me with knees, feet, hands. There are faint sharp popping noises. I groan once or twice. She giggles. "You have heavy?" she asks.

I don't understand.

"You have heavy? You have heavy?"

She is making me wince as she digs into my primitive American stick-shift, four-on-the-floor neck.

"You have heavy?"

Ah! "No, no headache."

"Good, no heavy."

Her mild karate chops afford amazing comfort for your average tired anybody. It hurts. It delights. She hits me on the rump like my high school football coach, she twists my instep till I remember my sixth-grade English teacher, she regresses me into Plato's doctrine of reminiscence by bending the flexible Shelley gland, she gently smears old guilts through the intestine by retreading peristaltic action—heck, I can't analyze with a towel over my head. I'm pure. I'm happy at last.

"Rerax," she says.

Unnecessary command. I *am* reraxed.

This hour of steam, shampoo, back wash, deep tub and massage in a private room with fine Formica paneling from the tall Formica forests of California costs \$13. Without private bath, \$10. It includes free Seven-Up.

Naturally, I return. The thoroughness of my investigations on behalf of truth and the circulatory system knows no bounds. This time I bring my lady. We take the sauna together and then withdraw to our separate rooms—with a separate but equal Fumi and Yoko (numbah five, numbah even)—joined only in spirit and by Japanese Muzak (lute strings and mournful horns), which we share through the walls while our joints are popped. Afterward, we tarry awhile with our Seven-Ups in the *intime* dining room, furnished in Danish kosher, with *sashimi* displayed in refrigerated cases and lights in plastic tubes. We are joined by a few Pan Am pilots (coming out of their time warp with the aid of spinal manipulation), some proudly aristocratic local groovers (maybe record producers) and a *serioso* visiting dollar-devaluation specialist from Nippon. Then my lady and I hit the smoky evening streets of Japantown, feeling as if we could fly, and seeking to bring the message of pressure-point massage to the world. No more heavy.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Visiting a singles bar is a nerve-shattering experience for me. I am rendered speechless by the sheer number of women. I guess it's the old problem of not being able to see a tree for the forest. Some guys can walk up to and out with really attractive girls after exchanging a few words. Do you know their secret?—S. K., Hartford, Connecticut.

For every old problem, there is an equally old piece of advice. Since you introduced the comparison of women with trees, perhaps you'll find help in the following anecdote: A king riding through a forest saw a target painted on every tree and in the middle of every target, an arrow. He sent his bodyguards to find the talented archer. They returned with a small child. The king asked the child to explain his remarkable feat. "Simple," said the child. "First you shoot the arrow, then you paint the target." If you are puzzled by this anecdote, don't try to figure it out by yourself; take it with you to the singles bar and ask one of the women what she makes of it. Then see what you can make of her answer. The exchange of words is the secret.

Recently, I installed a Finnish sauna in my house. I would like to pipe sound into the unit, but I'm afraid that the high temperature and humidity would ruin whatever equipment I use. What do you suggest?—M. P., Stowe, Vermont.

A sauna may be paradise for tired bodies, but it would raise hell with most stereo equipment. However, several companies make weather-resistant speakers (we've even heard of an underwater speaker by University Sound) that should survive in a sauna. Also, you might consider piping the sound through wall ducts. But don't get lost in long-playing operations—while too much time in a sauna might not Finnish you off, doctors warn that overexposure can cause dehydration and other damage.

The mechanic who works on my motorcycle reads all the new sex manuals and he claims that practice is the key to success. To prepare and perfect his cunning skills, he removes corks from champagne bottles with his tongue. To refine his knowledge of nipples, he has carnal relations with a grape. He insists that these exercises have improved his technique, but I'm skeptical—mechanics as a rule aren't known for their credibility. What do you think?—L. B., Del Mar, California.

Football players who run through rows of old tires get better at running through rows of old tires. The exercise does little

for their broken-field running (opponents seldom behave like rows of old tires), but it is one way to pass the time between games. In short, why practice with an inanimate object when you can play with an animate partner? A grape cannot tell you what you are doing wrong or, for that matter, what you are doing right. Your girlfriend can and will, if you ask. Save the champagne for a victory celebration and open it the regular way.

For several years I've heard rumors that the major tobacco companies have taken out patents on brand names and package designs for marijuana cigarettes—using such established varieties as Acapulco Gold, Panama Red, Michoacán, Genuine Homegrown, etc.—and that they are just waiting for the day when the stuff becomes legal. Is this true?—J. A., Tampa, Florida.

Rumors conceived in smoke tend to go up in smoke. AMORPHIA, a national organization that actively works for the decriminalization of pot, has applied for a trademark registration to produce marijuana under the name Acapulco Gold. It already produces and sells Acapulco Gold rolling papers—the profits support enlightened drug legislation. A spokesman for AMORPHIA says that several companies (none of them tobacco manufacturers) have applied for trademark rights covering the use of Acapulco Gold as a brand name for wine, cologne, soft drinks, cosmetics and tea. If you want to join this game of name it and claim it, consult an attorney.

Two popular films—*Last Tango in Paris* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*—have stressed anal eroticism, depicting acts up to and including anal intercourse. My wife and I are curious about this form of sex, but we have reservations. Reports on the subject are contradictory: Some say that sodomy is unnatural, unhealthy and painful, while others say that it is intensely pleasurable. What is the truth and can you suggest an approach?—N. M., New York, New York.

The Playboy Sex Survey (part II of Morton Hunt's report on the survey, "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," appears on page 74) found that approximately a quarter of heterosexual Americans have experimented with anal sex and that many of them include anal foreplay and intercourse in their sexual repertoire. Why? Because the entire human body is potentially an erogenous zone. Freud called this phenomenon "polymorphous perversity," but don't take his word for it. The modern view holds that pleasure is

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healthy and natural; the term polymorphous perversity is neither an indictment nor a diagnosis. Be aware that the taboo against nongenital sex is quite strong. Proceed slowly; you'll have to cultivate the pleasure response. For openers, try postillionage, an erotic touch that can turn you both on. Simply press a finger, or a small vibrator, in or near your partner's anus just prior to orgasm. The surprise can precipitate an intense orgasm. When (and if) you become comfortable with this form of pleasure, advance to anal intercourse. Your partner's body may resist entrance even when she is willing. Don't respond with a vigorous thrust. Press lightly with the head of the penis; it should feel as though you're being drawn in, rather than forcing your way. The anal passage does not secrete a natural lubricant, so you'll have to supply one. Coat the glans with K-Y Jelly, or wear a lubricated condom. The first few tries are likely to be painful for both of you, but after a break-in period, anal intercourse can be its own reward. Some women enjoy the different form of penetration and experience overwhelming orgasm; some men find the unaccustomed tightness exciting. You'll have to evaluate your own response. In any case, observe certain precautions. Never move from the rectum to the vagina without washing first; you risk transmitting bacteria that can cause severe infection in the vagina, uterus and Fallopian tubes. The same bacteria can enter the penile passage and cause prostate, bladder and kidney infections (the condom is a safeguard against this danger). One final warning: It is sodomy, and it is illegal in most states. If you do it, don't advertise.

Would you please explain what the word dry means in connection with alcohol? I've heard it applied to wines, martinis and manhattans—all of which seem equally liquid to me.—R. S., Wichita, Kansas.

Dry is the opposite of sweet or, more accurately, the absence of sweetness. A wine is dry when all the sugar in the grapes has fermented into alcohol. White burgundies, most Alsatian wines, certain graves, champagnes, moselle and Rhine wines are dry. Aperitif wines, such as fino and amontillado sherry, also are dry. When you order a dry martini or a dry manhattan, you indicate that the drink should be made with dry vermouth—very little, please.

I have been friends with a fellow for six months, and while he is serious about me, I don't have reciprocal feelings. I am a college student and have neither the time nor the desire for a deep involvement right now. However, I would like to go to bed with him. Or-

dinarly this would be no problem, but I'm fearful that if I do, he'll fall head over heels in love with me and the situation will end up being more than I can handle. How can I tell him that I'd like a little friendly sex now and then but don't want to become his girlfriend as such?—Miss J. V., St. Louis, Missouri.

Don't worry the problem so much. Lay it on the line.

My husband and I have been married for six years and our relationship is very satisfactory. We love each other, but of course in a different and more enjoyable way than at first. A short while ago, I saw an old boyfriend. We spoke on the phone a few times and met twice. It was all quite innocent, but we decided to call it quits before something happened. Now I find I think about him more than ever before. I value his friendship and would like very much to get together occasionally—when we're down and need someone other than our daily friends or family to talk to. People say one thing leads to another, but I believe that we are capable of handling ourselves; we aren't children anymore and we would not jeopardize our families with any foolish moves. I have thought about my husband's finding out, but he still talks to old girlfriends on a casual basis and this doesn't bother me. Do you think there is something wrong with continuing my friendship with this man?—Mrs. W. F., Atlanta, Georgia.

Marriage should never spoil a beautiful friendship, or vice versa. We suspect that your sudden interest in this man is neither casual nor innocent (if it were, you would not feel the need to write to us, nor would you worry about your husband's finding out). When you called it quits before something happened, you implied a strong desire for something to happen. The conditions you set for your future meetings—being down or in need of escape from your immediate situation—suggest that you are already discontent and that you anticipate trouble with your marriage. One thing does, indeed, lead to another, but these domestic dominoes may fall the wrong way if you continue to deceive your husband—and yourself.

Some fiend ripped off my favorite pair of jeans—indeed, my only pair—which had faded to existential perfection after three years of wear. What can I do to a new pair of denim jeans to make them as soft and faded as my old pair?—C. M., New Canaan, Connecticut.

Washing with fabric softener will reduce the stiffness of new jeans. To fade them, run several inches of warm water into a bathtub, add a quart to a half gallon of bleach, stir well, then toss in

the jeans. Turn them often and start checking for color after a half hour. When they're light enough, remove the jeans and wash them thoroughly. Rub the knees and seat with fine sandpaper to get a worn look. This shortcut will yield the appearance of mal de siècle that your old jeans had, and it gives an interesting twist to Kris Kristofferson's famous lyric about feeling nearly faded as your jeans.

Like most guys my age (I am a college freshman), I suffer great embarrassment asking for prophylactics at the drugstore when there are little old ladies around or when the salesclerk is a girl, or both, as is usually the case. Can you help?—P. T., Hardwick, Massachusetts.

You might try the classic late Forties approach: Stand off to one side, memorizing the ingredients listed on toothpaste tubes and hair-tonic bottles, until a male salesclerk or pharmacist shows up, then shuffle over, stare at the chewing-gum display and mumble your request. Pharmacists, who are adept at translating doctors' handwriting and adolescents' embarrassment, will supply the prophylactics, but they may ask loudly: "What size do you want, sonny?" (Don't fall for this professional "in" joke—there is only one size.) This ritual ordeal is senseless and ineffective; the result has been called the population explosion. We advise a straightforward approach. The sex of the persons behind or near the counter is irrelevant: There is nothing to be embarrassed about. Discuss with your doctor or a knowledgeable friend the different kinds of condoms and when you go to the drugstore, ask for them by brand name. Always buy more than you think you need—unabashed conspicuous consumption is one cure for what you feel is conspicuous. We can think of only two situations that require an alternate approach: (1) If you are planning to date the girl behind the counter, the quantity you buy may enhance or diminish your reputation; (2) if the pharmacist behind the counter is the father of the girl you are planning to date, you should consider going to another pharmacy. If that isn't possible, write to: Population Planning Associates, Box 2556, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514. They sell prophylactics by mail.

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

WHAT'S A HEAVEN FOR?

A man's conception of heaven is a good indication of his character. The July *Forum Newsfront* reports that Billy Graham doesn't think there is any sex in heaven. He did, while addressing a group of pro golfers several years ago, assert that there would be plush greens in the life beyond.

H. B. Dodd
Houston, Texas

INDIAN ROPE TRICK

As I write this, Chicago is plastered with posters announcing the imminent advent of Guru Maharaj Ji, a portly 15-year-old who offers divine wisdom and claims that his glassy-eyed followers number in the millions. This reminds me that while Christianity is responsible for a lot of the stupid and vicious acts that humans have perpetrated against one another, it certainly has no monopoly on irrationality. A news dispatch from New Delhi, India, told of a bus full of Hindus trapped by floodwaters. A man waded out to the bus with a rope that he had secured to a solid object on high ground, but the passengers, who came from two different high-caste communities, refused to share the same rope and most of them stayed in the bus. Seventy-eight people drowned.

Frank Callahan
Chicago, Illinois

MAJORITY RULE

Anyone who says he's an atheist is in effect proclaiming that his own conclusions are more accurate than those of most of history's greatest thinkers who believed in God. This is megalomania. No completely sane person can totally disbelieve in God.

Robert C. Dell
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

THREE LITTLE WORDS

A friend of mine likes to quote, as an example of U. S. provincialism, an alleged incident in which an American diplomat told some Israeli and Arab politicians, "What you people need is a little Christian charity and forbearance." I don't know if this really happened, but it is typical of the American belief that the rest of the world badly needs our tribal totems in order to become morally superior, as we are. Perhaps we will eventually ship some Catholics and Protestants from Northern Ireland to the Near East

to teach the locals about the wonderful harmony produced by Christian charity and forbearance.

What the world really needs is agnosticism. A militant atheist is as much of a public menace as is a militant Christian, a militant Hindu or any other religious fanatic. People who know that they are right (whether they believe in Jesus, Krishna, Joe Stalin or Donald Duck) are the cause of every single problem in the world except for those due to scarcity of certain resources. The agnostic has the only formula for peace, the only key that can put an end to hatred and violence, and it's just three simple little words. If everybody said them the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, it would do more good than all the "Hare Krishnas," "Our Fathers," and "Power to the peoples" currently being intoned. What are these magic words? Very simple: "I'm not sure."

Harry Celine
New York, New York

SEX AND JESUS

The young woman who wrote in the August *Playboy Forum* about masturbating with a crucifix seems to feel that she had to choose between sex and God. Her act was fascinating to me in that it combined the desecration of a religious object and a symbolic sex act with a deity. The young woman's upbringing may have led her to believe that one either follows Catholic teachings strictly or becomes a complete atheist. But if she can get over that misconception and do a little reading or talk to the right clergyman, she'll find that it's perfectly possible to both worship God and enjoy sex. Indeed, the enjoyment of sex is a good way to show God we appreciate his gifts.

E. Hart
Fort Worth, Texas

The story told by the girl from Boulder, Colorado, in the August *Playboy Forum* was downright silly. After talking with a handsome young man, she realizes the absurdity of religion, tears her crucifix off the wall and masturbates with it—ouch! I wonder what sort of psychotic behavior she exhibited when she found out there was no Santa Claus or Easter Bunny.

I, too, was a devout Catholic virgin. But at some point as I matured I began to question things that had been drilled into my head; I started to think for

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myself and use my own conscience as a guide. I, too, now enjoy sex regularly, but my crucifix is still hanging over my bed.
(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

THE ETHICS OF ADULTERY

The Reverend Kenneth Claus wrote a letter that was published in the August *Playboy Forum* responding to my letter in the May *Forum*. His letter seems to support adultery, and I am concerned that some of your readers might think he writes with full knowledge and authority on the subject. Claus states, "The field of Christian ethics has undergone significant change, especially thanks to Joseph Fletcher and situation ethics." This sent me scurrying to my bookshelves to reread what little of Fletcher's writings are in my possession. Nowhere in the material that I have does the reverend doctor specifically condone adultery. I get the feeling that he has the utmost sympathy for the person forced by circumstances into adultery as the only way of obtaining sexual gratification, but he doesn't go as far as to declare, "Go to it, friend. It's all right with situation ethics."

My original point was that the words of Christ as reported in the Bible make it clear that he considered adultery sinful. If one is to acknowledge the divinity of Christ, one must be prepared to try to live according to his teachings and consider adultery sinful. Period, amen and so mote it be.

G. A. Malloch
Scudder, Ontario

ASSEMBLY-LINE SEX

Despite what Pepper Schwartz states in her letter in the July *Playboy Forum*, the fact that women are multiorgasmic does not indicate that women need more than one sex partner. One orgasm does not, as she claims, make a man feel like turning over and going to sleep. Often it inspires him to try for further pleasure. The male can learn to maintain his erection for long periods of time, just as the female can develop her capacity for multiple orgasm.

Schwartz assumes women are afraid to experiment sexually because of the double standard: "An unmarried woman may be able to have more than one partner, but she still isn't allowed 30." A woman's extramarital affairs are neither more nor less serious than her husband's. The fact that a double standard exists should not be used to justify promiscuity for either sex. Schwartz says that women are denied "the sort of prestige from sexual experience that our culture affords to men." Actually, the whole concept of prestige in exchange for sexual contacts is pernicious. The need for sexual prestige is one of the worst aspects of our commercialized, dehumanized approach to sexuality. Hopefully both sexes will outgrow

FORUM NEWSFRONT

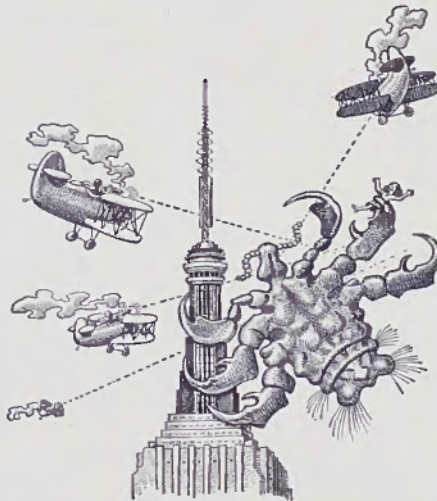
a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SEX AND CHILI

LIMA, PERU—Peru's minister of the interior has decided that chili sauce and similar hot spices have aphrodisiac qualities and has ordered them not to be used in prison food anywhere in the country. According to government sources, the minister advised prison cooks that such food was "not appropriate for men who are forced to live a limited life style" because it tends to "arouse their sexual desires."

ATTACK OF THE CRAB LICE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—As if the country's V.D. epidemic hasn't been trouble enough for sexually active Americans, an Atlanta physician and public-health consultant now has found evidence that the problem of "crabs" has increased over 800 percent nationally during the past ten years. Dr. Leslie G. Norins, a former Government V. D. researcher, told a New York meeting of dermatologists that the incidence of crabs now seems to equal or



exceed gonorrhea—roughly 2,500,000 new cases a year—based on a study of sales figures for the most common drug-store crab remedy, A-200 Pyrinate. The lice commonly infest pubic hair and are most easily transmitted during sexual intercourse. For reasons Dr. Norins could not explain, the "crab capital of the United States" is Providence, Rhode Island, where the sales rate for the anti-crab medication has reached about 4100 applications per 100,000 people.

LOW INTEREST RATE

PARIS—France's first sperm bank is having trouble finding depositors because so many French doctors and the Roman Catholic Church condemn the idea as adulterous and unnatural. One of the bank's services is to provide donor sperm

for research and for artificial insemination of infertile married women, and this has further complicated things. According to a spokesman for the hospital that runs the bank, "Our big problem is that wives often resent the gift of their husbands' sperm and they consider it to be an unfaithful act, an adultery."

HARD-CORE RESEARCH

LONDON—Pornographic films are being used to study sexual arousal in male spectators in hope of developing new treatments for such conditions as impotence, premature ejaculation and antisocial sexual behavior. The research is being conducted by London's Institute of Psychiatry using films confiscated by British Customs.

FROM CLEANUP TO OVERKILL

As many legal experts warned, the U. S. Supreme Court's obscenity decisions are encouraging local censors to attack not only hard-core pornography but also legitimate books, publications and especially motion pictures. In one significant case, the supreme court of Georgia has cited the new "community standards" test in upholding the obscenity conviction of a theater owner for showing the R-rated film "Carnal Knowledge"; in Albany, New York, a court has granted a temporary injunction against the showing of Marlon Brando's "Last Tango in Paris." According to Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, "The great fear that exists in the responsible motion-picture industry is the concern that this legal hysteria will become a contagion and sweep across the country." He took back his earlier prediction that the Supreme Court decisions would affect only hard-core pornographers, saying, "I spoke too soon."

Meanwhile, many publishers, booksellers and librarians are joining the legal battle against the Supreme Court's rulings. The American Library Association has petitioned the Court for a rehearing, arguing that the new guidelines invite local authorities to purge libraries of books that organizations or influential individuals may deem offensive. Similar petitions have been submitted or supported by the Association of American Publishers, the American Booksellers Association, the National Association of College Stores and several organizations representing magazine distributors.

THE COOKIE CRUMBLES

PHILADELPHIA—The Philadelphia Girl Scout Council, under strong pressure from the Catholic community, has

abandoned its plans for an optional merit badge called *To Be a Woman* involving sex education and knowledge of birth control and abortion. In its place, a new badge program called *Awareness* has

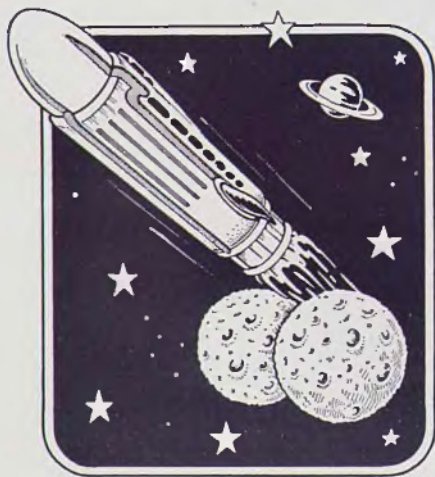


been proposed (to be offered only with parental approval and on a voluntary basis), which would retain references to birth control but would focus on the history of women in terms of career opportunity, marriage, physical develop-

ment and pregnancy. A spokesman for the newly formed Catholic Committee on Girl Scouting opposed the original program as being "negative," "not emphasizing good wholesome family living," and stressing "everything abnormal in sex—abortion, birth control, rape, menopause, hysterectomies, mastectomies—everything that would frighten a girl."

SPACE WITHOUT SEX

DAVIS, CALIFORNIA—Research conducted for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration indicates that space explorers can survive extended periods without sex. In an experiment conducted by a University of California psychiatrist, two groups of three male students lived for 15 weeks in 11' x 17' rooms designed to simulate certain space-flight conditions and to test their ability



to cope with prolonged confinement and interpersonal hostility. Sex did not become a major concern of the subjects until they anticipated getting out. What they needed most during the 15 weeks was the outsider at mission control to whom they could privately complain by telephone, rather than take out their frustrations and hostility on one another.

IDEA WHOSE TIME HASN'T COME

BOISE, IDAHO—The state's Department of Environmental and Community Ser-

ices has rejected a staff proposal to train Idaho prostitutes as mental-health counselors. The 20-page proposal explained that the women could use their new skills to counsel customers or to refer them to other state agencies, and that this would provide "good stewardship of public dollars by providing assistance to the client through an agency already within the community, which is paid for through private enterprise." The state agency's director said his department could not establish such a program as long as prostitution remains illegal, but, he added, "I was impressed with the employees' knowledge of the subject."

POT ORDINANCE REPEALED

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—Ann Arbor's liberal marijuana ordinance—a five-dollar fine for possession—has been repealed by conservatives who won control of the city council in a municipal election. Some spectators in the council chambers lighted joints in protest and one person threw a pie and narrowly missed Republican Mayor James Stephenson, who led the campaign to repeal the ordinance. The council's action again subjects Ann Arbor residents to state marijuana penalties (at least 90 days in jail or \$100 fine for use), but both the chief of police and the county sheriff said that the repeal would have no effect on their enforcement policies—that officers would continue to give lowest priority to pot offenses and would limit arrests chiefly to those made in connection with more serious crimes.

LETTER OF THE LAW

MIAMI—A jury has acquitted a man of marijuana charges after a botanist testified that there was no way of proving that the dried Cannabis leaves he possessed came from the one species of plant specifically outlawed under the state's drug statute. Harvard botanist Richard Evans Shultes explained that marijuana may be *Cannabis sativa* (illegal in every state), *Cannabis indica* (illegal in some states) or *Cannabis ruderalis* (found only in Russia and not mentioned in any U. S. laws). He further established that the chemical tests used by police fail to distinguish between these three species, and the defense successfully argued that the state therefore could not prove a violation of the Florida drug law.

PUSHING FOR LEGAL POT

Two prestigious groups have independently endorsed the decriminalization of personal marijuana use. The American Bar Association and the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws both have recommended the removal of criminal penalties not only for private pot smoking but also for non-profit transferring of small quantities of the drug between individuals.

the desire for this empty prestige. There is no justification for assembly-line sex.

Schwartz states that women in multiple relationships find that the males can't accept the female's sexual freedom and therefore her value as a sex partner declines. I admit that if I were one of a string of 30 lovers or even of two lovers being exploited for the physiological aspects of sex, I would feel dehumanized and estranged from my partner. No one, male or female, likes to feel that he or she is one of many. Both sexes are subject to jealousy.

Both men and women should enjoy their own sexuality. Neither men nor women should demand that their partner be monogamous. But, unless we reaffirm the ideals of sharing and personal comradeship between men and women, we risk cultivating the sexual alienation, greed for status, loneliness and hostility that we have inherited from earlier generations. Dehumanized, gluttonous sex has been a traditional symptom of our society's malaise. I defy anyone to prove that a man or woman who has 30 sex partners shares anything but his or her body.

It is true, as Schwartz states in her last paragraph, that "some women will find nonmonogamous sexual styles more in keeping with their desires," but Schwartz confuses sexual liberation with sexual promiscuity. Let's hope that men and women will be able to accept each other's sexual integrity without feeling that they have to multiply their activities beyond reason. What we need now is less depersonalization and fragmentation, not more.

George Gentes
Oakland, California

OUT OF THE CAGE

I'm an officer in the United States Navy and I have been happily married for nearly 20 years. Coming from a conservative Protestant background, I have had very narrow sex attitudes for most of my life. Gradually, over the years, my wife and I are becoming liberalized.

In recent months, we have finally dared to try some sexual experiments that would have horrified us when we were younger. At my wife's instigation, I have played a submissive and feminine role, even to the extent of allowing her to dress me in women's undergarments and pretend to rape me. I can't describe how frightened, guilty and ashamed I felt the first time we did this. I imagined every officer and man on my ship, my childhood clergyman, my parents and a dozen gossip columnists jumping through the windows to catch us and snap photographs. Especially disturbing at first was performing

(On pages 74 and 75, "The Playboy Forum" presents Part II of "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," by Morton Hunt. Letters continued on page 76.)

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970s PART II: PREMARITAL SEX

article By **MORTON HUNT** *there's more sex among the under-25s than their parents enjoyed, but for most young singles it still has to be "meaningful"*

I didn't know what great was. . . I've been going with a girl for a year now, and with her, everything we do is special. I'm not just in there to have myself a time—I'm making love to her, and she to me.
—MALE, 24 (carpenter)

Only after we started sleeping together did the relationship develop real depth—and the sex, as a result, has become much more satisfying than ever.
—FEMALE, 23 (student)

What matters most to me is balling absolutely wildly with someone new—real knockout stuff, getting to her and getting the maximum turn-on for myself.
—MALE, 27 (salesman)

THE PLAYBOY national sex survey finds that in the generation since Dr. Alfred Kinsey did his studies, the sexual-liberation movement has made sweeping changes in the traditional attitudes of Americans toward premarital coitus and in the sexual behavior of the unmarried young.

Kinsey, using data from 11,000 of the interviews he conducted from 1938 through 1949, found that six out of ten college-educated men had moral objections to premarital intercourse that were strong enough to have restrained or limited their own activities. Noncollege men were less moralistic, but one out of four felt the same way. Among women, educational level mattered little; nine tenths of Kinsey's female sample had moral views that prevented or restricted premarital coital activities. Public-opinion and student-opinion polls showed only moderate increases in permissiveness as late as the Sixties.

The recently completed Playboy survey, however, finds a dramatic shift in national attitudes. Women are not quite as permissive as men, but, taking both sexes together, a large majority of our 2026 respondents feels that premarital coitus is acceptable if the individuals are engaged, or even only in love. Even where there is "strong affection" rather than love, a majority feels that it is all right for men and nearly half feel that it is all right for women.

The new permissiveness is most advanced and most widespread among the young. Nearly nine out of ten men under 25 feel that premarital coitus is all right for men and eight out of ten, that it is all right for women, where there is only strong affection. Under-25 women are somewhat less permissive, but six out of ten condone it for women where there is only strong affection and nine out of ten where there is love.

There is a surprising degree of tolerance of premarital sex in the general population, even when there is little or no emotional relationship between the partners. Six out of ten men and nearly four out of ten women in our total sample sanction coitus for single males where strong affection is lacking; and four out of ten men and two out of ten women do so for single females. Here, too, the percentages of those who approve it are highest among the young. Nevertheless, in every age group, the stronger the emotional commitment between partners, the larger is the percentage of those who approve. Today's adults are becoming more accepting of premarital sex without affection, but not even the young prefer it; their guiding attitude is what sociologist Ira Reiss has called "permissiveness with affection." This, rather than swinging, has replaced the historic belief in premarital chastity.

Our sample, taken as a whole, has had more, and more rewarding, premarital petting and premarital coitus than Kinsey's. Among people under 35, the changes are consider-

able; among people under 25, they are really extraordinary.

Petting, that curious compromise by which the young manage to have intense sexual experience while preserving virginity, is both more common and less important than formerly. Kinsey reported that very large majorities of single men and single women had petted by the time they reached their late teens and early 20s; today, the majorities are even larger, though the increases are not very great, since the figures already were high. More importantly, the character of petting has altered. Only a little more than a quarter of Kinsey's males had ever petted to orgasm by the age of 25, while more than two thirds of ours have done so in just the past year. (In all direct comparisons with Kinsey, we used data based on our white respondents, because Kinsey's data were based on whites only.) Only about a quarter of Kinsey's younger women had ever experienced orgasm through petting by the age of 20 and about two fifths by the age of 25; of our single women between 18 and 24, substantially more than half—and possibly many more—did so in just the past year.

Nevertheless, petting has become less important—no longer a long-term compromise or a sexual end in itself; today it is a relatively brief period of training in action and response that is transformed into coital foreplay, which is becoming standard premarital behavior at all levels.

The figures:

- A little more than two thirds of Kinsey's noncollege males had had coitus by the time they were 17; today the figure is closer to three quarters. For men who eventually go to college, the increase is more dramatic: In Kinsey's sample, fewer than one out of four had had any coitus by the age of 17, while in our sample, half have done so. At 20 and 25, Kinsey's figures are higher—and ours higher yet.

- For females, the increases show up at all educational levels. Fewer than a tenth of Kinsey's females had had any premarital coitus by 17, and only a third by 25; in our sample, more than twice as many have done so by 17 and, by 25, nearly half of the married women and three quarters of the single ones have had premarital coitus.

- The recency and the sweep of this change can be seen even more clearly in comparisons of the premarital records of each age group of married people in our survey. Most of the increase in premarital coitus, especially among females, has occurred within the past 15 years: clearly, in five to ten years, premarital coitus will be all but universal among the young.

EVER HAD PREMARITAL COITUS (total married sample)

	Under 25	25-34	35-44	45-54	55 & up
Males	95%	92%	86%	89%	84%
Females	81%	65%	41%	36%	31%

Remarkable as these figures are, they by no means imply a total break with the cultural values of the past. Today's unmarried young, by and large, are not indiscriminate, they do not practice kinky sex and, while they want sex to be physically intense, they also want it to be emotionally meaningful.

One clue to their swinging-caring balance is the number of premarital coital partners they have. Although there are no data on this for males in Kinsey, we can look for change by comparing older males in our sample with younger ones. Married males 35 and over have had a median of six premarital coital partners, and the median for married males

under 35 is still six; that is, there has been no significant increase in casual sex. (Medians are midpoints; half of the males in question had fewer partners, half had more.)

Kinsey does give data on the premarital partners of females. Of those in his sample who had had premarital coitus, a little more than half had had only one partner. The same was true of the females in the Playboy sample, even among the younger women. There is undoubtedly more casual coitus among single people today than a generation ago, but most of

it seems to occur among those who are 25 and older. More than three fifths of all single people are under 25, and their dominant sexual pattern is not casual or indiscriminate.

Further, while many more single girls are having coitus, they do so with men they love and hope to marry—as did girls a generation and more ago. The figures:

PREMARITAL COITAL PARTNERS OF MARRIED FEMALES		
Kinsey:	Born before 1900	Born 1910-1919
Fiancé only	40%	42%
Others only	20%	12%
Fiancé and others	40%	46%
Playboy Survey:	Born 1938-1947	Born 1948-1955
Fiancé only	49%	51%
Others only	8%	3%
Fiancé and others	43%	43%

Yet more evidence: Among under-25 singles, only about one male out of six and one female out of 20 have ever experienced such impersonal forms of sexual contact as partner swapping and sex with more than one partner simultaneously, and most of these have done so only once.

Sexual liberation notwithstanding, many worries and tensions still surround the first premarital coital experience. Peer-group pressure pushes many young people into coitus before they are ready for it, and only four out of ten young males and two out of ten young females find the first experience "very" pleasurable. (Some others find it "mostly" pleasurable.) More than a third of our young males and close to two thirds of our young females experienced regret and worry afterward; and even after many experiences, a fair number continue to worry about pregnancy and V. D. and to be troubled by emotional and moral conflicts. Moreover, a new, contemporary problem concerns performance. As John Gagnon and William Simon, sociologists and former Kinsey Institute associates, put it, "The kid who worries that he has debased himself is replaced by the kid who worries that he isn't making sex a spectacular event."

Though they worry about performance, single men and women today are much more adept and less inhibited in their premarital coitus than their precursors were. They spend a reasonable amount of time in foreplay—the median duration is more than 15 minutes—much of it in highly advanced techniques. The increase in oral-genital practices since Kinsey's time is particularly noteworthy:

ORAL-GENITAL FOREPLAY USED PREMARITALLY (high school and college-level males combined)		
	Kinsey (Adolescent-25)	Playboy Survey (18-24)
Fellatio	33%	72%
Cunnilingus	14%	69%



Today's singles also are much freer in their use of variant coital positions. Our single people are at least twice as likely as were Kinsey's to use, occasionally to often, the female-above, on-the-side, sitting and standing positions—and rear-entry vaginal intercourse is reported by 37 percent of our young single females, or six times as many as in Kinsey's. Anal intercourse was so uncommon in the Forties that Kinsey published no data on it: today, more than one sixth of single males and females under 25 who have had coitus

have tried anal intercourse, and nine percent of the males and six percent of the females used it—at least occasionally—in the past year.

Kinsey published no figures on the duration of premarital coitus; he did say, however, that some three quarters of married males reached orgasm within two minutes, and there are other indications in his survey that single males were just about as speedy. Single males (and females) today have a different concept of the act: The median duration in our 18-to-24 group is ten minutes, according to males, and 15 minutes, according to females. (The discrepancy is due to the subjective nature of the estimates.) In the 25-to-34 cohort, the medians for both male and female are 15 minutes.

Those singles who are having coitus are doing so more often today. In the Kinsey sample, single males 16 to 25 who were having coitus (with nonprostitutes) had a median frequency of 23 times a year; in our sample, the median is 33. For women, the increase is even more striking: The Kinsey median for single women 16 to 20 was once every five weeks, and for women 21 to 25 once every three weeks, as compared with more than once a week for our 18-to-24 cohort.

But are they enjoying it more than their Kinsey counterparts did? The greater freedom and sensuousness of present-day premarital coitus would seem to suggest this. But there is more concrete proof, at least as far as females are concerned: According to Kinsey, only about half of the young single females who were having coitus were having any orgasms at all, as compared with three quarters in our survey; further, considerably more of those in our sample than in Kinsey's have orgasms at least half the time, and the median frequency of more than one coital orgasm every two weeks is three times as high as in Kinsey's sample.

Compelling as they are, these numerical abstractions do not portray the mixture of concern and pride, of sensuality and emotional sincerity, that is typical of contemporary premarital coitus. We have seen in the statements by young people at the beginning of this article that while some of the young stress the purely physical, more typically they speak of the special meaning that sex has in a caring relationship and they report their peak sexual experiences as occurring only with partners with whom they have loving relationships.

The sex ethic of most young single people today is essentially liberal-romantic; the much-touted philosophy of recreational sex is definitely a minority view.

This is the second in a series of articles reporting the results of a comprehensive Playboy Foundation-funded survey of sex in America. Morton Hunt's full report will be published as a book, "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," by Playboy Press.

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cunnilingus, not the usual way as something I was doing for her but as something she was forcing on me as a punishment while I was tied down; but I sure did enjoy it!

Weeks have passed, and we have repeated this and other diversions. I no longer feel guilty; I actually feel reborn, strange as that may sound. The world seems like a simpler and less terrifying place and, above all, I no longer feel any need to express disgust or outrage at other erotic minorities, such as homosexuals. It is as if I had lived in a dungeon all my life and have now discovered that the door was never locked and I could have walked out at any time. All my fears of being unmanly or degenerate now seem totally absurd, and I can only look with wry pity upon those who promulgate and believe the traditional sexual morality.

Thank God that love exists in this otherwise brutal universe.

(Name withheld by request)

FPO San Francisco, California

The people whose shock at your behavior seemed so threatening to you are probably, behind their own bedroom doors, doing things they're afraid you might find out about.

INDIVIDUALISTIC ETHICS

In the July *Playboy Forum*, PLAYBOY defends its position that, "People should feel free to follow whatever moral code they prefer, as long as they don't harm others and don't try to force their views on the unwilling." But what individual is so sage that when he does something, he can predict whether or not it will harm others? PLAYBOY's approach to morality might suit a person who is concerned only with the transient and immediate pleasures of life, but it will not make for a lasting balance between the individual and his environment. Judeo-Christian ethics have been future-shocked into near impotence in contemporary society, but they do have one valuable suggestion: The individual should get his morals from the community rather than from himself.

H. Willman

San Francisco, California

There's no guarantee that any ethical system will protect a person from causing unintentional harm. Ethics deals with what man knowingly and willingly does, not what he does by accident. We don't go along with your insistence that getting one's morals from the community is the only sound approach, but it is one of the valid options—as long as the code, whatever it be, is freely and sincerely chosen.

ON PROMISCUITY

I conducted a psychiatric study of promiscuity, the purposes of which were to understand why people turn to promiscuous sexual behavior, what they expect to gain from it and what forms it takes. I do not mean to imply that prom-

iscuity is necessarily an emotional or social problem, since there have been many societies and cultures in which it is not only accepted but institutionalized and represents the norm. In such societies—the South Pacific islands, for example—relationships seem to be less intense, more casual and superficial.

The majority of the 28 couples and 32 single persons I interviewed had advertised in different swingers' magazines for group sex, swinging or just extramarital sexual relations. Most of them were not seeking sexual intercourse as a primary goal, but wanted something else that was not performance-oriented or connected with potency, such as oral-genital contact or general touching, caressing and fondling. They expressed to me feelings of loneliness or alienation. I believe the previously held opinion that promiscuous people are sexually dissatisfied and therefore are constantly searching for satisfaction is an oversimplification and a distortion. The cause of promiscuity does not have to be physical. Rather it can be a tremendous need to be loved and wanted; the physical contact is used merely to fulfill that need. I would say that promiscuous people lack the ability to love and to give without fear and expectation. They are more interested in getting than in giving.

I. Emery Breitner, M.D.
Psychiatrist

Roslyn, New York

ORGASM IN WOMEN

I'd like to add my two cents' worth to the controversy stemming from Dr. Seymour Fisher's inference in his book *The Female Orgasm* that a woman's relationship with her father determines her ability to experience orgasm. My wife enjoys frequent and intense orgasms. This might surprise Dr. Fisher, since her father died when she was scarcely one year old.

(Name withheld by request)
Miami, Florida

Dr. Fisher's findings have been widely questioned, but he did include fatherless women in his sample and found that a majority suffered from orgasmic dysfunction. The fact that some didn't, of course, can be explained in any number of ways. That's why psychology isn't an exact science.

PROBLEMATIC PENIS

The August *Playboy Forum* includes a discussion of the problems of men who go to bed with today's liberated women, can't get erections and are treated with contempt. I met a girl at college and we started seeing each other regularly. Two weeks after we met, I was visiting her apartment when she announced that she was going to seduce me. That was fine with me, but she went about it rather crudely, telling me what she expected of me instead of trying to put me in a

(continued on page 186)

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And here's the inside story on how to get inside their new music.



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We've heard of people adding cloves, nutmeg, lemon juice, even crushed mint.

Is there no end to this madness? We certainly hope not.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES DICKEY

a candid conversation with the prize-winning poet and author of "deliverance"

In a scene near the end of the film "Deliverance," Jon Voight stands on the bank of a gently flowing river, watching as men throw grappling hooks into the water and drag the bottom for a body. He is approached by a man dressed in a khaki uniform and wearing a gun: the sheriff. He is a much bigger man than Voight, has the build of an aging ex-football player who has let himself go but can still call on a reservoir of strength when he needs it. His face is broad and flat and looks like it has suffered some whiskey damage. It's also mean. "Now, what about this?" he asks in tones of true backwoods menace.

The sheriff is played by James Dickey, author of the book from which the movie was adapted. He also wrote the screenplay and received an Academy Award nomination for it. For "Buckdancer's Choice," a volume of his poetry, he won a National Book Award in 1966. In fact, Dickey is considered by many critics to be one of the finest poets of his generation, an uncommonly gifted and powerful writer, a major talent.

If it seems unlikely that a serious American poet could play a sinister backwoods sheriff, that's just fine with Dickey. He is proud of the fact that he came to poetry and scholarship through a set of unusual circumstances and that he doesn't exactly fit the anguished and ethereal stereotype people have come to associate with poets. "I think we need more of the

unexpected," he says emphatically, "both from our poets and from their poetry. The unexpected is what makes poetry exciting and the more of that, the better."

Dickey was raised in Atlanta in a middle-class family. As a youth, he preferred football and track to books and, in 1942, went to Clemson University in South Carolina to play fullback on a scholarship; but after one season, he went into the Service. Like many men, Dickey was changed and influenced tremendously by World War Two. As an Army Air Corps pilot, he flew experimental night fighters over the South Pacific, spending long empty hours between missions that were as hazardous as it was possible to fly. To pass the time and to keep his mind off the dangers, Dickey began to read. "I just read anything that came to hand, whatever was lying around. But it gradually dawned on my foggy adolescent mind that there was some kind of distinction between the way things were written, that some things were better than others."

By the time he had gone through every book the Special Services had to offer, he had given himself a cram course in the English language and its literature. The war behind him, he enrolled in Vanderbilt University to pursue his new-found passion. "I was one of the older freshmen and when the time came to do our first English paper, most of the students were writing about summer jobs and the like. I wrote my paper on the invasion of

Okinawa. After that, I sort of wrote my own ticket and got a lot of help from some of the best professors in the place."

He had married and was busy with a teaching career, pursuing higher degrees, writing poetry for the small journals and raising a family, when he was recalled for Korea. When that one was over, he again returned to school. This time he left to go into advertising. "I just got tired of not being able to pay my kids' dentist bills. I had to make some money for my family." He worked in New York and his native Atlanta, rising to positions of authority in the agency and earning handsome salaries. But after five years of it, he left to write poetry full time.

"My first book of poems, 'Into the Stone,' came out while I was still in advertising. We were living well, had a comfortable suburban house and all of that. But the advertising business was taking up more and more of my time and that wasn't what I wanted to do. I had a Guggenheim grant, so I talked it over with my wife and we just decided. I quit. It was hard at first. We were on relief for a while. But I've never regretted it."

He wrote. And as more books were published, his reputation grew. There was a demand for him at the colleges, where he gave memorable readings of his poetry. A large part of his appeal lay in his unconventional image. Here was a man who hunted with a bow and arrow, enjoyed white-water canoeing—and wrote



"I don't really regret very many of the things that I've done. The things I've done that you're supposed to regret—I only regret that I didn't do more of them when I had the chance."



"You can't do a simple thing any longer without trying to discover some dark reason for it. If you like eating ice-cream cones, it's because you're a repressed homosexual or something."



"The occupational hazards for poets are alcoholism and suicide. You could rattle off a whole list of poets who have committed suicide just in my generation and the one before it."

DAVID CHAN

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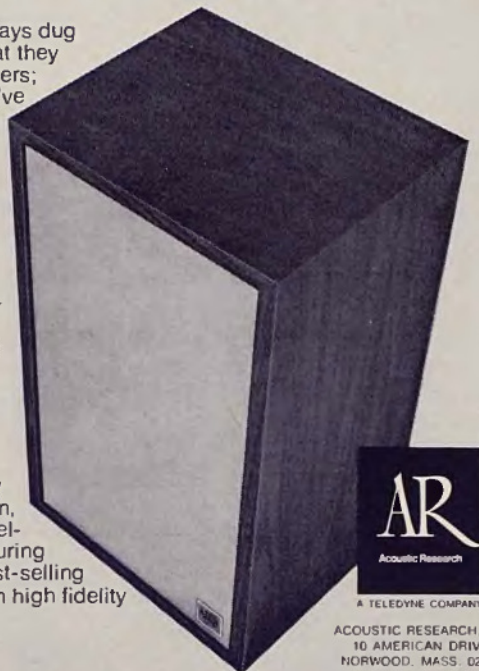
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about these strenuous activities with eloquence and passion.

In 1970, Dickey's first novel, "Deliverance," was published. Perhaps one of the very best adventure stories ever written, it was an immediate best seller, bringing Dickey far more money and recognition than his poetry had ever earned. The movie version of the book, starring Burt Reynolds, was an equally big success.

A prosperous 50, Dickey now lives with his wife, Maxine, and son Kevin in a suburb of Columbia, South Carolina, where he is poet in residence at the University of South Carolina. Associate Articles Editor Geoffrey Norman visited him there shortly after "Deliverance" was published. Later he wrote "The Stuff of Poetry" (PLAYBOY, May 1971), profiling Dickey and describing a canoeing expedition the two of them took down a stretch of the Chattahoochee River. Over the next year or two, he visited Dickey several more times. When PLAYBOY decided to conduct an interview with Dickey, Norman seemed the obvious choice. His report:

"Since I've known Dickey, I've gone hunting as well as canoeing with him, and enjoyed both experiences. But neither matched just talking with him. I've always been a sort of Edgar Allan Poe fan—something I picked up in childhood, no doubt. Well, Dickey and I were down around Charleston one night, not far from the setting of 'The Gold Bug.' We started talking about that and went on for two or three hours, with Dickey telling me more than I'd ever known about Poe. And telling it with this overwhelming energy and this sympathy for the man's torments as an artist. It was quite a performance, and it made me wish that I'd had him as a teacher.

"On other occasions, we've talked about poets, whiskey, football, flying, snakes, McLuhan, wolves, the French, madness and James Agee—among other things. So when I was asked to fly down to his home in Columbia and talk with Dickey for publication, my feelings were like Brer Rabbit's about the briar patch. Friends seem interested in Dickey's public image as much as anything else, so I began the interview by asking him about that."

PLAYBOY: There's a great deal about you and your personal life—your archery, your white-water canoeing, your weight lifting and the like—that doesn't really fit with what people expect of poets.

DICKEY: That's more a judgment on the stereotype we have of poets than it is on me. If there's any one characteristic of good poets and good poetry, it's the unexpected. I like things like white-water canoeing and archery, and if that means I'm a poet who doesn't fall close to the stereotype, that's fine with me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that kind of

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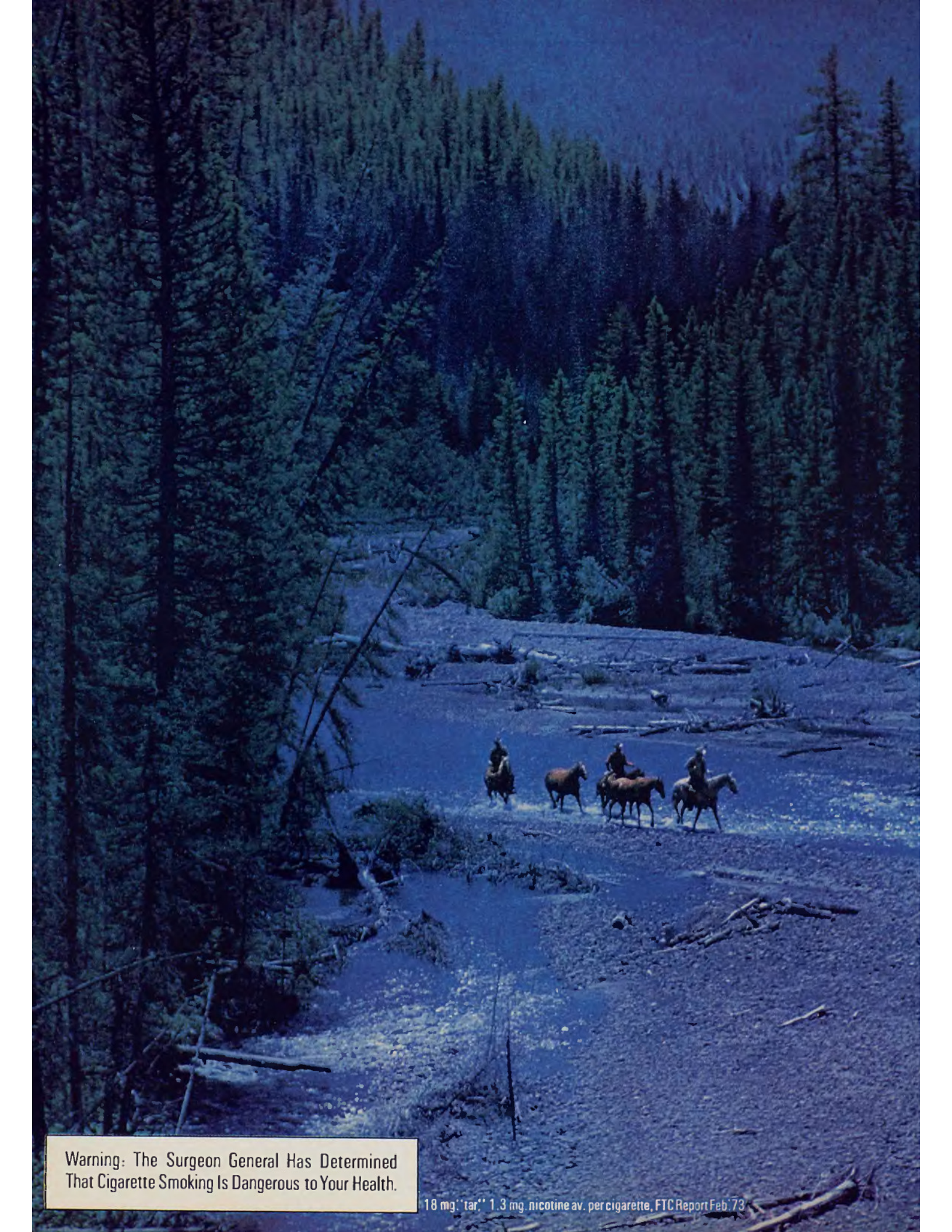
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thing makes you a sort of Hemingway among poets?

DICKEY: I'm not trying for any such image. They're simply things I like to do. I don't know why we have to go through this endless analysis of motive the way we do. You can't do a simple thing any longer without trying to discover some dark reason for it. The fact that you happen to like doing it isn't enough. If you like eating ice-cream cones, it's because you're a repressed homosexual or something. It's all very destructive.

If I weren't a poet, nothing much would be made of the fact that I like doing things that involve the body. I simply happen to feel better when my body is in shape to do things. I was an athlete before I was a poet. My first love was football. In fact, I first went to college on a football scholarship. In those days, poetry was the farthest thing from my mind. There's something about the body, you know; it's the one thing you can't fake. You go into a locker room sometime where a bunch of old, out-of-shape men are sitting around and see what happens when a fellow who's really in shape comes in.

PLAYBOY: Do your physical activities tend to be competitive?

DICKEY: I used to feel that it was important to be the best and it would make me miserable to think I wasn't. There was a time when getting the arrow in the middle of the target didn't make me particularly happy, but not getting it there made me feel awful. But I've reached the stage now where I can do all these things just for the pleasure that's in them.

PLAYBOY: But you've won trophies in archery tournaments.

DICKEY: Sure. Lots of them. And that's fine and it felt good. But I don't have to be the best anymore. We're raised to think that and it's one of the reasons we are a nation of hustlers and go-getters and so successful and rich. It's also the reason the alcoholic wards and insane asylums and suicide graves are so full. This mad competitive situation we live in produces great material benefit and happiness for some people who seem to have been born for it—but great misery for many others.

PLAYBOY: A great deal of your poetry shows a strong feeling for the outdoor world, for a primitive and violent kind of nature. Can you explain your fascination with the wilderness?

DICKEY: The reason nature makes such an impact on me, in relatively basic activities like hunting, is that I see so little nature that every time I do see it, it strikes me like a vision. It's like a glimpse of another kind of existence. I

would never go out and live for months in the wilderness. I couldn't survive there. I'm not that good a shot with a bow; I'm not that conversant with the ways of nature. I admire people who are, but I could never be like that. I'm actually a bookish and rather shy person.

Another reason I'm so taken with nature, with the woods, is that we are steadily and irrevocably losing them. Once gone, they are not restorable. It seems to me that the symbols of 20th Century destruction are not the atomic bomb, germ warfare, the B-52 bomber, the ICBM or any of the other much-advertised weapons of mass destruction that are supposed to be hanging over our heads like the sword of Damocles. I don't think the true symbols of mankind's destroying itself are those things at all. The two most pernicious symbols of the destructiveness of man by the greed and evil in his own nature are the bulldozer and the chain saw.

PLAYBOY: Is this feeling about machines the reason you hunt with a bow instead of a gun?

DICKEY: I'm deathly afraid of guns. If I heard a sudden loud noise close by, even if I made it myself and knew it was coming, I would jump cleanly out of my skin. And there is something so final about a gun. People get hurt so badly with them: They shoot off their feet; they mistake hunters for rabbits or deer; they kill their sons.

I like to look at guns, but I don't like to handle them or be around them when they're being fired. I guess I've seen too many of them fired at men in earnest. They don't seem to belong in the kind of hunting relationship that I want. I like a bow because your body is involved in it. You have to exert your own strength. It's hard to hit anything with one. You have to get closer to the game; have to enter into his world.

PLAYBOY: Why kill the deer? Why not stalk them for close-up photographs?

DICKEY: It's not the same relationship at all. I would rather enter into the deer's universe of life and death, of survival, than stalk him for something as inconclusive as a picture. It seems to me much more a tribute to the deer to join him on his own ground, where he really has all the advantages. He can run a lot faster than you; his senses are much more alert; it's his territory, not yours. I think you do him an honor by entering his world of life and death.

PLAYBOY: But it's only his death that's at stake. He's not likely to kill you.

DICKEY: That's true. But Fred Bear, the archery manufacturer and master hunter and woodsman, tells me that the white-tailed deer is the most challenging big-game animal in the world; that if you

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can successfully hunt *him*, you can hunt anything. And he ought to know, since he's killed just about every kind of game animal in the world—including an elephant—with a bow and arrow. So hunting deer with a bow is not easy and not simple slaughter. And I can assure you that the deer population is in no danger from me. I hunt once every two years, and with very ill success at that. What I like is just *being* there.

PLAYBOY: You're not just gratifying some atavistic need?

DICKEY: How in the hell would anybody possibly know? But it strikes me that the people who actually live around the woods and actually *know* them are a lot less worried about the fate of a single deer than people who live in large apartment buildings in cities. When you're *there*, the circumstances seem a little less unfair and the whole thing takes on a kind of excitement that makes it seem perfectly natural. You get out in the woods and start seeing tracks and signs and there's not anything else like it. And you learn very fast just how out of place you are. I remember once when I was hunting in the mountains of north Georgia. It was warm and I'd been walking since dawn. In the afternoon, I found a comfortable place at the edge of a clearing and stretched out under a tree. I very quickly fell asleep in that warm sun. After a little while, I opened my eyes for some reason and saw several deer across the clearing. They were just grazing; several doe out in the clearing and the bucks back a little in the trees. I was so sleepy that I just closed my eyes again. I thought I'd get them in a minute. When I woke up about ten minutes later, they were gone. At first I didn't believe they'd ever *been* there. But the other side of the clearing was covered with tracks. I'm sure that something changed when I woke up and saw them. Maybe I gave off a scent. Whatever it was, they could sense it and they got out of there.

PLAYBOY: Another side of your fascination with nature seems to be an interest in its darker aspects. Why is it that in many of your poems about nature—and in parts of *Deliverance*—there is such a strong sense of evil lurking beneath the tranquil and beautiful surfaces?

DICKEY: In my little bit of graduate work in American literature 20 years ago at Vanderbilt, I was a kind of two-bit Melville scholar. That was my only claim to fame after a year or so of working in graduate school, in those dark satanic mills. The thing that impressed me most about Melville was exactly the thing you described, this sense of an apparently serene surface which masks some hidden horror, some unknown universal evil.

There's the great chapter in *Moby Dick*, on the whiteness of the whale, when he develops the idea that white is kind of the color that masks all the darkness. He talks very eloquently in *Moby Dick* about striking through this deceptively serene and even beautiful surface under which lurks the other nameless thing.

PLAYBOY: Sharks and snakes appear often in your poetry. Are they your white whales?

DICKEY: I don't know. I've always had a very strong attraction to the *other*—the thing that's most unlike humans and most unlike any kind of life that is close to us like, say, a dog is. A shark is a low, brutal, terrifying, unpredictable and successful form of life. The shark hit the evolutionary jackpot the first time around. He hasn't had to evolve at all in millions of years. He is very alien. So is a snake. Both of them are, I think, just about as far away from human characteristics and appearances as has yet been got. Well, maybe some of the insects would be farther. But some of them I felt much closer to than I do to a snake. A bee, for example, which can sting you and be very painful about it, does not evoke in me the same sense of fear and awe that a snake does or that a shark does. A shark is nothing but sheer, 100 percent senseless power and rapacity. They tear their own guts out, you know, when they get excited and are snapping at something—get to eating each other and end up eating themselves.

PLAYBOY: Your first published poem was about a shark, wasn't it?

DICKEY: *The Shark at the Window*. It was in the early days of marine aquariums down on the Florida coast. My brother and I took a trip down there after I got out of the Service. I had never seen an oceanarium, or whatever they call them, before. I was fascinated by with that kind of blank look in their eyes. It's so blank that you're quite convinced they know a lot you could never know. And they know it in ways more useful than the things that you know are useful to you.

PLAYBOY: How important do you think it is for the reader of your poetry to know about the kinds of things—such as sharks and snakes, archery and canoeing—that interest you as a man? Would his appreciation of your work be limited if he didn't know anything about *you*?

DICKEY: My formative years of dealing with poetry were so tyrannized by the influence of T. S. Eliot that it has taken me—as I dare say a good many other poets—a long time to get over or around Eliot's ideas. His notion of art as completely sufficient unto itself, that the important thing is what's on the page and that it doesn't involve the

guy's personality, since all you're reading is words in a certain order that have a certain effect on you, sounds fine. But, after all, the thing wasn't written by a machine. It was written by one human being to another human being—in this case, *you*. I like, much better than Eliot's rather bloodless notions of poetry, the feeling that Malcolm Lowry had about the writers he cared for. Lowry is one of my favorite writers. He had all the guts and the gusto and the accessibility to experience that Eliot never had. Besides being an alcoholic, he was an enthusiast, and there's not a thing better in the world than a genuine alcoholic enthusiast. Lowry loved the sea. *Moby Dick* was his idea of a great book. There was a fellow from either Norway or Sweden named Nordahl Grieg who wrote about the sea. Lowry's impulse when he read Nordahl Grieg was not to write a critical article about him but to go and *meet* him. I like that.

PLAYBOY: Would it make any difference to your appreciation of someone's poetry to know whether he was a Republican, Democrat, Socialist or vegetarian?

DICKEY: No, it would interest me, but it wouldn't make any difference in how I read the poem. But the fact that Robert Frost had these terrible fears of death adds a dimension to my reading a poem like *Acquainted with the Night*.

PLAYBOY: And knowing that Keats was a consumptive would enhance your appreciation of him?

DICKEY: Sure. How could you read Robert Burns without being aware that he was a Scotsman? Or Faulkner without knowing that he was a Southerner?

PLAYBOY: Are the kinds of political activity some writers get involved in equally important to any serious consideration of their work? Norman Mailer's running for mayor, for example?

DICKEY: Oh, that's just fun and games. Norman Mailer doesn't know anything about running a city, though he has a number of crackbrained schemes. Why he does these things is his own business, and he does them for his own reasons. I like Norman very much personally. I'm always amused and sometimes infuriated at his public actions, but the man himself is the gentlest and most companionable fellow imaginable. I sometimes can't believe that the Norman Mailer I know is the same person I read about in *Newsweek* doing all those ridiculous things.

PLAYBOY: Still, some poets—such as Robert Lowell—have been conspicuously political in a serious way. And there are those who claim that in these times the artist *must* take a stand. Do you have any definable politics?

DICKEY: I don't think poets have any particular inside track on political insight. History has proved the opposite to be the case. Look at Ezra Pound. I think

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any man who happens to write poetry and is also interested in politics is really engaged in politics as a citizen, not as a poet. The business of poets' using their reputations, such as they happen to be, to prognosticate on political affairs is not only unfortunate but silly. A poet has no more reason to be taken seriously as a political pundit or shaper of public opinion than a mason or a pipe fitter.

There's a dangerous tendency in American life to assume that because a person knows something about one field he can tell you all about everything else. My political opinions are no better than anybody else's. They are just my opinions as a private citizen. I don't claim any kind of clairvoyance in any matters at all, including poetry. Certainly not in politics or international problems or the problems of cities or racial problems or overpopulation, ecology and all of those things. I consider myself, as Santayana once said of himself, "an ignorant man; almost a poet."

PLAYBOY: What about in extreme cases, such as the persecution of writers such as Solzhenitsyn? Do you think the artist has some sort of responsibility there?

DICKEY: That's quite a different thing. The business of persecuting a man for what he writes is obviously reprehensible. I've signed dozens of petitions in favor of the Soviet Jews and protesting their treatment over there. I don't think any of them have had any effect, but I always sign them.

PLAYBOY: You appeared with Yevtushenko when he was touring this country. Did you ever argue about this with him?

DICKEY: Yes. I don't like to see a country that I've been in two wars for run down by a man from a country that is systematically disadvantaging hundreds of thousands of Jews. When Yevtushenko and I appeared together at Madison Square Garden, I spoke to him about the line of his that says, "The stars in your flag, America, are bullet holes." I said, "Suppose I went to your country and got up at a poetry reading and said, 'Russia, your flag is red because it is dipped in the blood of millions of Jews.'" He said, "They would not like to hear that from you." And I said I didn't like hearing the same thing from him.

PLAYBOY: Did you part friends?

DICKEY: Yeah. We swapped hats. He says it's the custom of his country, but I think it's a custom he made up on the spur of the moment because he wanted to get my hat. I had a lot better hat than his. Mine was fox fur and his was Siberian sable or something.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that artists, when they do get into politics, can influence events in a significant way?

DICKEY: I don't think artists ever influence political thought much one way or another. Under any circumstances. They might affect things a little in the way of public action—such as the publication of Upton Sinclair's book about the meat-packing industry, *The Jungle*. That helped get better pure-food laws put in. But I don't think any novel or poem or literary essay would ever cause the fall of a nation. Or the rise of one, either.

PLAYBOY: What about cases like George Orwell? Didn't he shape political attitudes toward totalitarianism?

DICKEY: Theoretically and probably in some practical ways, an artist's work can do that. But I think Orwell's influence is not as great as some people believe it is. The connection of literary people with politics *has*, however, resulted in an atmosphere of literary blackmail. Say someone has an opinion of the Vietnam war and someone else has another opinion. One is a poet in this hypothetical case and the other is a reviewer. What happens far too often is that the reviewer will use his disagreement with the poet's politics to put the poetry down. In other words, the unspoken attitude behind the review will be, "You don't agree with me on Vietnam; therefore your poetry is no good."

PLAYBOY: You've experienced some of that, haven't you?

DICKEY: There isn't anything politically reprehensible that I haven't been accused of by the literary-sheep faction at one time or another. I seem to have become identified with intellectual support of Vietnam. Bullshit. I don't support Vietnam. People talk about my poem *The Firebombing* as though it were written by a man who loved to burn up children. They are either being perversely ignorant or just ordinary, run-of-the-mill ignorant. That's not what it's about; that's not the danger facing pilots. The danger is in the feeling of power it gives them to do these things and not be held accountable for the carnage and the terror and bloodshed and mutilation. To not even *see* it. I guess it's no longer the fire-bombing airplane that's the symbol of this sort of thing but something even farther removed physically from the victims. It's the fellow who pushes the button for the ICBM. He is never even going to see the *cities* he reduces to atomic ashes. He might read about it later, but he is not held accountable or even called on to witness the result of this action.

Now, that's the dangerous thing. That is what *The Firebombing* is about—that you'll never have to face up to the carnage and death and mutilation you have wrought. To you it just looks like a beautiful spectacle. And it *is* beautiful.

It's not horrible, because you don't see the horror. You're far above it. You're looking down like the eye of God. It's really like fireworks. *The Firebombing* is about the worst guilt of all—the guilt of not being able to feel guilt over the things you ought to feel guilty about.

PLAYBOY: You've written several poems about the war—among them some of your best. Why is it that you and so many other American writers have made war a central theme?

DICKEY: For a couple of reasons. World War Two quite literally determined the course of history for hundreds of years, maybe for thousands. If you're part of a drama of that global scope, it can't help but make some kind of tremendous impression on your personal life. It's the most important and profound historical drama that you will ever personally have a chance to play a part in. The bloodshed, death, disease and mutilation are terrible things. No humane person wants that to go on. Yet when it does go on, it's no good saying that it isn't tremendously dramatic and far-reaching. When you have participated in it, you have been part of the historical process. One of the sources of disillusionment after World War One and World War Two was that people who went back to their jobs and their ordinary lives felt like something was missing, some sense of belonging to a large historical action. John Hersey attempted to portray one of these men in his novel about flying, *The War Lover*. There were people who didn't want the war to end. They knew they would never again be so *up* or have such a sense of consequence. Some fellows in my squadron actually cried when the peace was signed. They didn't want to go back to driving taxis. They wanted to fly airplanes and be heroes.

PLAYBOY: We were talking about knowing the poet to better understand his work. One of the things you learn about contemporary poets is that they are, most of them, truly tormented, haunted men.

DICKEY: Yes. The occupational hazards for poets are alcoholism and suicide—usually in combinations of one sort or another. You could rattle off a whole list of American poets who have committed suicide just in my generation and the one before it. It's terrible. John Berryman, Randall Jarrell, Hart Crane. I read that big book on Crane's life, *Voyager*, and I'll tell you, I have never read of such a hellacious 33-year-long life. And Crane was a creature meant for joy and ecstasy and all that. But what he got was agony and terror and uncertainty and worry about money.

Or take Robert Frost. I happen to



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dislike very much what I know of Frost. But I love some of the poems very much. I read that big two-volume biography of Frost by Lawrance Thompson. Although he doesn't emerge as a very likable man, I'm glad I read the book and I'm glad that I know him better. I'm interested in the struggles that this singularly sensitive and strong-willed man went through in order to be able to write his poetry *at all*. It's very encouraging to know that as big a son of a bitch as the guy was and as much agony as he sowed about, especially among his family, he could endure as much as he endured. That adds a great dimension to him.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any theories about the vulnerability of poets to these problems?

DICKEY: I think there is a terrible danger in the overcultivation of one's sensibilities, and that's what poets are forced to do in order to be poets. You will find that poets, almost without exception, are cast into the most abject despair over things that wouldn't bother an ordinary person at all. Living with such an exacerbating mind and sensibility gets to be something that one cannot bear any longer. In order to create poetry, you make a monster out of your own mind. You can't get rid of him. He stays right with you every minute. Every minute of every day and every night. He produces terrible things—nightmare after nightmare. I'm subject to having them no less than any of the rest of them. But I don't fool myself. I know what's doing it. Writers start out taking something to aid the monster, to give them the poetry. Poets use alcohol, or any other kind of stimulant, to aid and abet this process, then eventually take refuge in the alcohol to help get rid of it. But by that time the monster is so highly developed he cannot be got rid of. There are a lot of people who believe that if they can just reach this kind of ecstasy, they will finally be happy. But it's not that way at all. Those who have this kind of experiences aren't really the happy ones. The happiest people are the stupid ones.

PLAYBOY: Does all this make you worry for your own life?

DICKEY: Yes. There's not any more dangerous occupation in the world. The mortality rate is very, very high. Paul Valéry once said, "One should never go into the self except armed to the teeth." That's true. The kind of poets we're talking about—Berryman, Crane, Dylan Thomas—have created something against which they have no immunity and which they cannot control.

PLAYBOY: And there isn't really any going back?

DICKEY: It's like wanting to be a virgin again. It becomes your way of life.

You're used to living in this overintense reality. Novelists and prose writers who are essentially poets in their vision, like James Agee and Thomas Wolfe, undergo the same sort of things. Take a workmanlike novelist, C. P. Snow, who's almost the antithesis of the poetic novelist or the poetic *anything*; he's probably not bothered by these matters. But the people with the intense visionary kind of apprehension are subject to these things and, as I say, there is no more dangerous occupation. You feed the monster and he grows day by day, and there hasn't yet been devised any defense against him. Once you've got him, he's got you. And he'll never leave you.

PLAYBOY: Is it worth it?

DICKEY: You don't know if it's worth it. The question of value, somehow or another, doesn't seem relevant. I think, though, that most people who live in this kind of situation—like, say, Sylvia Plath, who, incidentally, I think is one of the lesser talents, one of the very slightest—would say they wouldn't have had it any other way. Because the moments of intensity which do lead to delight and joy and fulfillment are so much better than those that other people have. You would go through almost anything to do that again. Alcohol or heroin or whatever is nothing compared with the burst of glory that descends from the clouds when you say something that you didn't know you could say and it's just damn good. That's the only rule of thumb I have for judging anything I write: It's good when I say something that I hadn't any idea my mind was capable of producing.

PLAYBOY: But for that special kind of experience, you have to go through all the others, too.

DICKEY: Sure. That's why I used to drink a lot. If my constitution had been capable of holding up, I would have drunk twice as much as I did. Liquor has resulted in some rather embarrassing scenes for me. Some of them were downright dangerous to me and to other people. But aside from actual physical deterioration, I never had anything but good things happen from drinking. It just came time to quit. And it's not nearly as hard as I thought. The first week is awful hard, but after that it's not bad. You just get to thinking in different channels. But liquor was a good and faithful companion to me, and the great thing about it is that it never fails you. Never fails to do what you want it to do. If you're feeling bad, you feel an awful lot better if you have a drink. If you feel good, you'll feel twice as good.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll still be able to produce poetry without liquor?

DICKEY: I think so. I certainly hope so.

I've almost lived past the age when most of the people we've been talking about went under. Like all drives, that one decreases with age. These days I feel like the grandfather I am, and I'm more willing to accept that. I'm still working and it's good. And I intend to keep working. I have to. I don't have to scramble so much to keep the family together and educate the children. These last few years, I haven't had to do that, and that makes life a little easier.

PLAYBOY: In terms of wealth and public attention, you have achieved more than most poets. How do these things affect your work?

DICKEY: Well, I don't know. You have to find devices for coping with public pressures that you don't experience when you're confined to the scholarly journals or the critical poetry journals—at least not to the extent that somebody experiences who has written a novel that a movie has been made from. You have to find ways to cope with problems that never have arisen before and make public appearances and give readings, and so on. I began to give readings maybe ten or twelve years ago. The public image, whatever that may be, notwithstanding, I'm really a rather shy person. It made me very nervous to get up in front of even as few as ten or fifteen people. My wife noticed how nervous it was making me. We were on a relatively modest salary at the time at a small West Coast experimental school, and even though I got a couple of hundred dollars that we very much needed for a week's work, I just didn't know if it was worth what I was going through to get it. My wife said, "Don't worry about it. Just be yourself." That sounded like good advice. But then I got to thinking about it. "Just be yourself," she said. Ah, but which one?

PLAYBOY: Most people who have attended your readings seem to have come away enormously impressed. Do you ever have a bad night?

DICKEY: Oh, yes. I've had some where I was so drunk I couldn't pronounce the words. But even in England, where audiences are sometimes rather hostile to American poets—and especially to this one—that seems to make them more sympathetic. They feel sorry for you. But I don't want them to applaud because they feel sorry for me. I've only had that happen three or four times.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt that you might be better off if you went back to doing something else for a living and writing poetry on the side?

DICKEY: I believe that the American poet ought to be a tough son of a bitch. He ought to hold his own in this culture

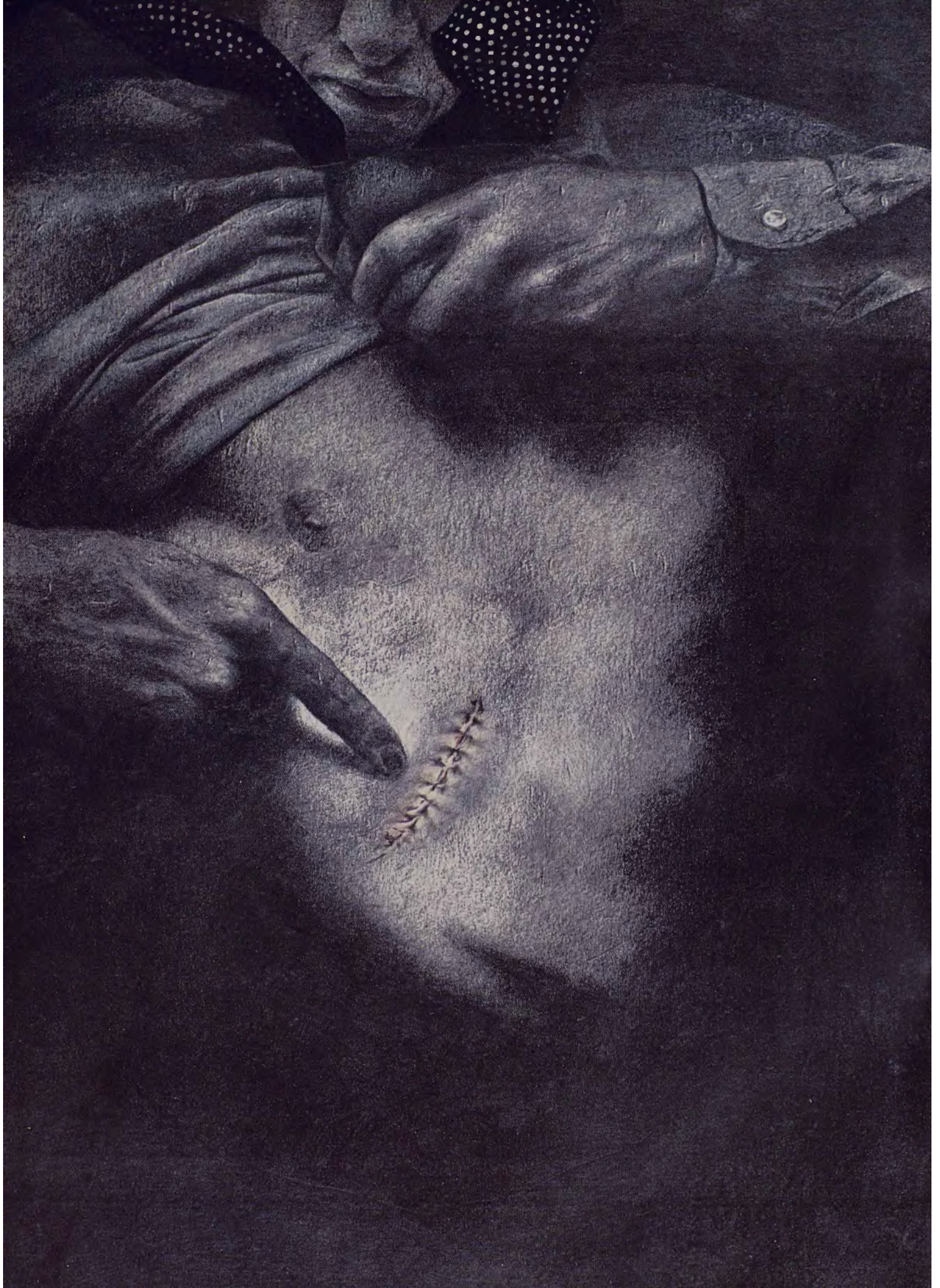
(continued on page 212)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

One who commands the reins of every facet of his life. Alive. Aware. Active. He experiences life first-hand, savoring each and every moment. No vicarious living for him. He's a doer, not a sit-at-home spectator. And his guide to action is PLAYBOY. Fact: PLAYBOY reaches more adult males than TV's Monday-night NFL Football, almost twice as many all-important 18-to-34-year-olds. If you want this young man as a customer, you want PLAYBOY. (Sources: 1973 Simmons and Dec. 1972 Nielsen.)

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in the dark hours, a visitant came to Norman and, bit by bit, diminished him

HEALTHY and in the midst of life, Norman Ivanovitch entered my office gray with fear. My secretary came along beside him, rushing and bubbling about "Cannot be disturbed" and "Find out if he's available." Disturbed I already was and available I could be considered, so I let him sit down. Norman gave me no opportunity to ask him the matter; as my secretary went out and closed the door behind her, he pulled his shirttails out of his pants and held them high up against his chest, displaying one side of his abdomen. Chin tucked to the hollow of his shoulder, he peered at the exposed area. "There!" he said, and he pointed with index finger to a whitish patch on his pale skin shaped like a large leech. "What is that? What is it?"

"Good morning, Norman," I said. "Always nice to see you. How're your wife and daughter?"

Norman let down his shirt gradually and he sat there,

rumpled, his expression pained. "I'm sorry," he said vaguely. He smoothed his clothing. "This must seem a little strange to you."

Airily I waved my hand. "So-so."

"I apologize for busting in here like this. That quack Rathbone got me so worked up—"

"Cigarette?" I offered him one and he took it, lit it, puffed quickly.

"I'd better go," he said. "I don't want to bother you. There's nothing you can do."

"How do you know there's nothing I can do? What's the trouble?"

"Well, this thing—" His hands reached again for his shirttails. "Do you mind?" He pulled his shirt up and showed me the whitish oval. "This thing turned up on my skin last week, and no one can tell me what the hell it is."

"Did you try a doctor?"

"Lots of doctors."

I rose, went around my desk and examined Norman's abdo-

men. The mark was two inches long, three eighths of an inch wide, had ten crosslines extending out onto the surrounding skin and was faintly livid. It looked not like a leech but like a caterpillar. "Why, it's a scar!" I exclaimed.

"That's what those damned doctors tried to tell me. But it isn't a scar! It can't be a scar!"

"It certainly *looks* like a scar."

"Impossible."

"Did you have something removed?"

"There used to be a birthmark there. Right on that same spot."

"Well, then, it is a scar."

"It's not a scar! I never had anything removed, never in my life, not a thing. I wouldn't have had a birthmark removed. Who cares about a birthmark? My wife liked it. I didn't want it removed and I didn't have it removed."

"What did the doctors say?"

"They said it was a recent scar, where I'd obviously

had a lesion removed."

"What did you say?"

"I said there used to be a birthmark on that spot, but I did *not* have it removed."

"What did they say?"

"They said it was best to have large lesions removed before middle age."

I looked back at Norman's abdomen. "And you told Dr. Rathbone about it?"

"Yes, and he asked me stupid questions about my memory. There's nothing wrong with my memory and there's nothing wrong with me. I've never felt better in my life. I don't like doctors and I don't go to doctors unless I'm sick, and I'm not sick often, and I'm definitely not sick now, and I definitely didn't have my birthmark removed."

I regarded Norman's abdomen as a whole. "You seem to be in pretty good shape," I observed.

"I keep fit," said Norman proudly.

Whatever the thing was, it sat whitish and puckered

fiction BY ROBERT CHATAIN

THE NIGHT SURGEON

on the skin of Norman's well-muscled abdomen.

"Well," I said, "there's nothing I can do. Why don't you just forget about it?"

Norman rearranged his clothing and thanked me for my time. I walked him to my door.

"It's healing, anyway," I said, ushering him out.

. . .

The door to my office burst open and there was Norman Ivanovitch again, angry and desperate, and there was my secretary right behind him, tugging at his arm.

My secretary spoke first. "I'm *terribly* sorry," she apologized, "but this man—"

"It's all right," I said.

Shrugging, she went out. Norman sat down.

"What is it this time?" I asked pleasantly.

Norman bent and rolled up his pants leg. Trousers above one knee, he indicated a long, slender white line on the inside of his leg starting at the base of the bulging muscle on his lower thigh and curving around the kneecap to the top of his strong shin.

"Did you ask doctors this time?"

Norman shook his head. "I went across the street to see my brother-in-law. He works in a pharmacy."

"Did he know what it was?"

"Yes, he knew. He said it was a knee-surgery scar. He showed me one just like it on his own leg. Football injury. No doubt about it. Identical. That's what he said."

"I don't suppose you ever had knee surgery."

Norman shook his head vehemently.

"When did you first notice it?"

"In the morning, when I got out of bed. I exercise first thing every morning. I noticed it then. Same time I noticed the mark on my stomach."

"How is that, by the way?"

"It doesn't hurt anymore."

"That's good. Did your brother-in-law have any advice?"

"He said I seemed tense. He gave me some pills to calm me down."

"Are you taking them?"

"No, I threw them away. I don't like pills."

"Have you spoken with Dr. Rathbone?"

"No, no, I made an appointment with him for this afternoon, but I'm not going to keep it."

"You must keep it," I ordered. "It's your duty as an employee to inform Dr. Rathbone of any change in your state of health."

"Then I'll go," Norman said. "But if he asks me questions about my memory and wants me to guess what people in drawings are saying to each other and

tries to find out which color cards I like best, I'll walk out on him."

. . .

Yet a third time Norman Ivanovitch burst into my office, my secretary literally dragged in his wake.

"Norman," I said immediately, "you've got to stop barging in here like that."

My secretary detached herself from his shoulders, settled her weight back on her feet, gathered her strength and slapped him as hard as she could, a real haymaker of a slap. Norman seemed to feel nothing. He looked gloomy, withdrawn.

"I'm going to call the police," my secretary declared.

"Nonsense," I said. "Just go and ask Dr. Rathbone to step in for a few minutes."

She left and Norman still stood there in the center of the room, not looking at anything.

"Norman? Did you hear what I said to you? This unannounced interruption has got to stop."

"It's not fair," was Norman's only reply. His voice came from far away, out of a locked mirrored room in his head.

"What's happened now?" I asked. "Another scar?"

Norman nodded. "My appendix." He made no move to lift his shirt again; I took his word for it.

"My appendix has been taken out. I went to a clinic and had them give me a barium X ray to make sure. It's gone."

I tried to smile. "You're really better off without your appendix," I told him. "I had mine out years ago, after a very painful seizure at a most inconvenient time. Appendix inflammations can be quite serious, you know. If not treated immediately, the appendix might actually rupture, releasing poisons and intestinal acids into the abdominal cavity and causing widespread—" Thankfully, Rathbone appeared at the door.

"Come in," I said. "Sit down. Norman, you sit down, too. Why don't you show Dr. Rathbone your latest scar?"

"I am acquainted with Mr. Ivanovitch's unfortunate manifestations," Rathbone intoned.

"But Norman tells me there's a new scar where his appendix—"

"I am informed that Mr. Ivanovitch's appendix has been removed," Rathbone interrupted.

"Good, you know. What I'd like you to do, then, is to take Norman down to your office and talk to him about—"

"Our past consultations have not been productive," said Rathbone.

"Surely you must have some advice to offer. Here's a man who needs your help."

"Mr. Ivanovitch should not be on his feet so soon after major surgery," Rathbone said.

"See? You do have suggestions. Now,

take him down with you and talk to him for a while, and take notes or whatever it is that you do, and then send him home for the rest of the day. The rest of the week, in fact. Norman, you work in payroll, is that right?"

Norman nodded.

"There are too many other people in payroll. Just in case you turn up with something contagious, I'm switching you over to bookkeeping. Schwartz is on vacation and Joyce needs help. Don't worry, she'll explain everything you need to know on Monday. Get some rest. Read books. Take up a hobby."

Norman followed Rathbone meekly to the door. "It isn't fair," he repeated, subdued. He clutched his side.

. . .

Rest, books, hobbies, tortured introspection—something pulled Norman back together during the days he spent away from the office. On Monday, Joyce squealed with delight at Norman's wit as she showed him the simple-minded bookkeeping procedures. He took to the work with a will, controlling even Joyce's frequent loud outbursts and restoring a measure of calm to the crowded and noisy office bay. It's an ill wind that blows the office no good; I decided to move old Schwartz elsewhere when he returned.

At the end of the week, I summoned Norman. He actually knocked on the door before entering.

"Norman," I said, "allow me to compliment you on your quick grasp of the fundamentals of your new position, and allow me further to congratulate you on a promotion; as of today, you may think of yourself as bookkeeper."

Norman shook the hand I extended and sat down.

"Your promotion will, of course, involve a substantial increase in salary, as you no doubt remember from your payroll days."

"Thank you," said Norman. "I'll admit it, I'm glad of the change. Change, that's what I need. I'm changing my entire life," he said firmly.

"Fine, fine," I said, unsure of his meaning.

"I'm not complaining and I'm not looking for help from others. I'm taking things into my own hands."

"That's a good, positive attitude."

Norman rose to go.

"Your health, I take it, has been—"

"My health is excellent," Norman answered. "Good health is a state of mind."

"No more of those—"

"One more, up here." He pointed to the base of his muscular neck. "An old cyst, apparently. I don't care. It doesn't bother me. I'm far too busy to be disturbed by the appearance of meaningless marks on my skin. They'll go away. If you keep fit, cells replenish themselves."

"Do they?"

(continued on page 114)



"Oh, don't worry about my husband. He's out raking the gravel."

terry Southern and I wrote "Candy" for the money. Olympia Press, \$500 flat. He was in Switzerland, I was in Paris. We did it in letters. But when it got to be a big deal in the States, everybody was taking it seriously. Do you remember what kind of shit people were saying? One guy wrote a review about how "Candy" was a satire on "Candide." So right away I went back and reread Voltaire to see if he was right. That's what happens to you. It's as if you vomit in the gutter and everybody starts saying it's the greatest new art form, so you go back to see it and, by God, you have to agree.

—MASON HOFFENBERG

MASON HOFFENBERG, subterranean-holyman-ex-junkie, is perhaps the most famous unknown author in America. His adult life began in New York in the early Fifties. Home from Olivet College, where he got a sheepskin but no wool, and the Army, Mason gravitated to Greenwich Village to study, become a writer, get laid. He shared an apartment with a fledgling black author named James Baldwin, fell in with Kerouac, Mailer and some others, became apprenticed to Stanley Gould, Holyman of the Village. Then it was Paris during the underground-existential explosion. There our hero wrote poetry, married, hung out with Jean-Paul Sartre, Samuel Beckett, Henry Miller, helped a newcomer named William Burroughs, met Terry Southern and wrote *Candy*. Scenes moved quickly after that: Berlin with Bob Dylan, London for the noble "free heroin" experiment, Algeria, Israel, finally Woodstock and Albert Grossman's house. Dylan is gone now, back to MacDougal Street, but Mason remains in Woodstock, where he lives with Richard Manuel of The Band, several dogs and a houseful of shit. In August 1972, after two years on the Kingston, New York, methadone maintenance program, he kicked. He is now an alcoholic.

I located Hoffenberg through his dental records wrote to him, said it might be interesting to do a piece about the co-author of *Candy*.

He answered promptly:

Dear Sam,

Getting in touch is complicated. You have to call _____ or _____, where I may get a message. I don't have a phone at my house (on the other hand, I don't live there either since the last few days). And where I am now living, nobody answers the phone. By all means, I'd love to get together.

Mason

Then a card came:

Meet me at _____, at four P.M. on the 25th.
You're buying.

A sign on the door of the bar says, HOURS: FOUR P.M.—TWO A.M. Although the doors were locked at 3:45, several customers were being served at the bar. A blue-white mountain wind was bending tree trunks and rattling signs. I pounded on the door. The bartender sauntered over, pointed to the hours on the sign, returned to the bar to serve another drink.

A very young blonde girl stood in the highway outside making no attempt to enter. She held the hand of a little boy. I turned up my collar, began walking with the wind toward the candy store. But at the moment I passed the girl, there was a blast of ice wind, one of its eddies curling right up her short denim skirt. She seemed unaware of her situation, was preoccupied removing the little boy's fist from his eye, where a cinder had apparently lodged.

"Can I help you?" I asked her.

She seemed unaware of me, too.

I leafed through magazines, bought cheap cigars, watched the clock and was back at the bar at four. It was open. The girl and the little boy were still outside, turning blonder.

"Hey, are any of these guys Mason Hoffenberg?" I asked the bartender.

"Naw. You expecting him?"

"Yeah."

"He said he'd be here?"

"Yeah."

"I hope he shows."

"So you wanna see Mason?" a (continued on page 110)

mason hoffenberg gets in a few licks

*an eight-martini chat with the
co-author of "candy," who reminisces
about william burroughs, terry
southern, bob dylan—and the night
he didn't get raped by eleven faggots*

personality

by sam merrill

WOLFE
GROSSMAN





ENCORE

ursula andress is recaptured by her ex-husband (but still her favorite photographer), john derek—making us thrice blessed

PITY THE POOR American. He's seen too much of John Ehrlichman lately and far too little of Ursula Andress. A few years ago, Ursula was one of the screen's reigning sirens. Her co-stars added up to a *Who's Who* of the movie business—everybody from Marcello Mastroianni to Elvis Presley. But Ursula was always a reluctant star. Born in Switzerland, she went to Paris at 16, then to Rome, where a producer, meeting the multilingual beauty at a party, was charmed enough to offer a screen test; the result was a series of forgettable Italian films and a trip to Hollywood—where her career was sidetracked during a four-year marriage to John Derek (whose pictures of her ran in *PLAYBOY* in 1965 and 1966 and who photographed her again when she visited Los Angeles a few months ago). Then came Ursula's salad days in films, followed by an interlude in which most of her (unsought) publicity centered on her adventures with Ryan O'Neal and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Ursula has been living in Europe of late and making few movies. But her provocative role in the Italian feature *Last Chance* has raised a few eyebrows on the Continent—and she made the gossip columns when co-star Fabio Testi reportedly took her aloft in his plane, pointed it at the ground and gave her the ultimatum "Marry me or we die." At presstime, neither death nor marriage had ensued and Ursula was cooling it in a Paris hotel. It sounds as if she can use the rest.



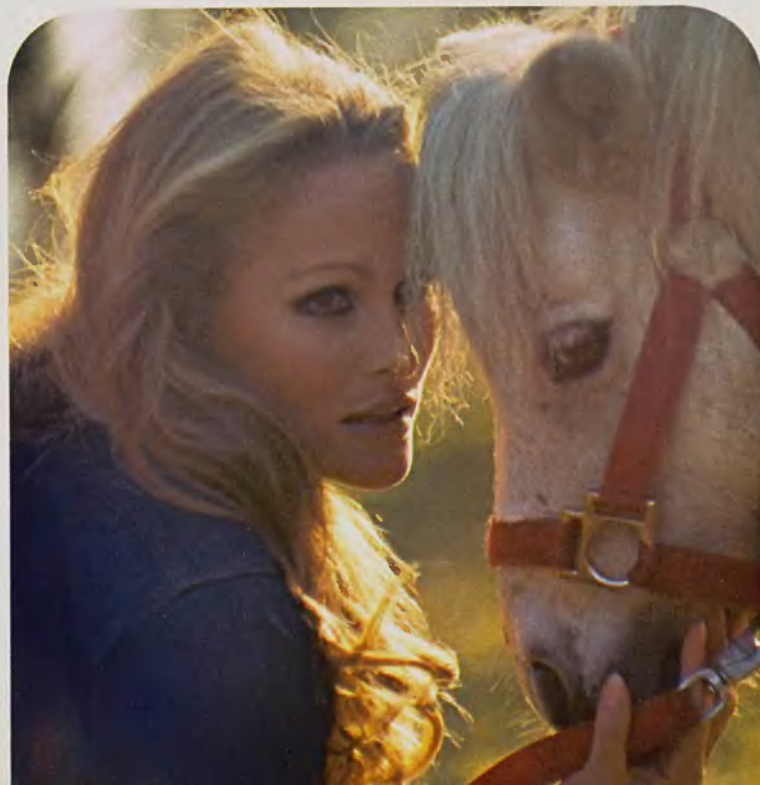
It looks like a scene from classical mythology as Ursula—on a visit to Hugh Hefner's California home—strikes up a friendship with a goose named Lucy. Hefner was so charmed that he presented her with the bird. Ursula claims that it waits up for her, follows her around and, in general, acts the way any good pet should.





When it comes to working with photographers, Ursula admits to being spoiled:

"John Derek, my ex-husband, is marvelous with a camera—he knows me very well and has excellent taste. It's difficult to talk about myself, to describe to other people what I am—the photos speak for themselves."



Ursula's favorite directors are mostly Europeans—Buñuel, Truffaut, DeBroca. Someday, however, she'd like to make a film in the U. S. with Robert Mitchum—one of the few leading men with whom she hasn't been paired. She's fond of the States and visits at least once a year.

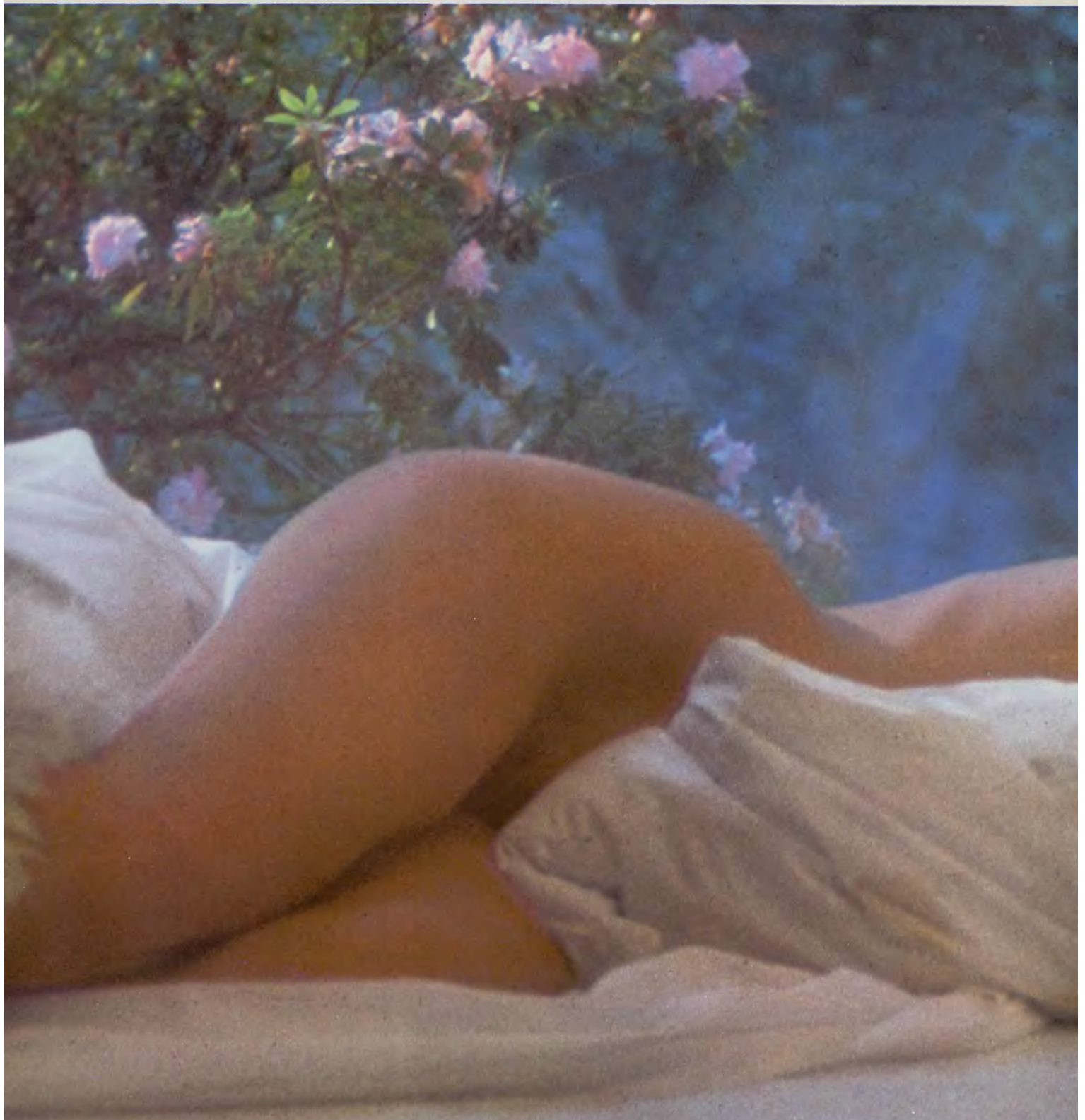


Ursula found that her travels with Jean-Paul Belmondo got in the way of her work—"We went all over the world together and it was wonderful, but I only made films from time to time. Now my career is more important." Still, the self-styled "gypsy of the world" is contemplating more journeys—maybe to Brazil (one of her favorite places) or mainland China. And if she goes to Peking, she'll take her camera along.





While it may seem that Ursula's head is governed by her heart, she's also a businesswoman who manages her own affairs—with the help of her lawyer "and a few Swiss bankers." She was doing very well in the stock market, she says—until recently, when her investments "went down the drain with everyone else's." But if she's really serious about acting now, Ursula should be able to recoup all her losses.



For all the exposure she's gotten via movies and magazines, Ursula remains an elusive, hard-to-pin-down entity. She moves so fast between places that it's hard to catch up; she has homes in Switzerland and Ibiza and was trying to decide, at presstime, whether London or Paris would be her "headquarters." She also admits to having a short attention span: "I jump from one thing to another—but I always come back to the important things."



mason hoffenberg

guy next to me asked.

"I'm supposed to meet him here."

The guy looked about 50, short and fat. Boxer shorts billowed out of his work pants.

A fine little tweed cap sat rakishly, absurdly cocked on a wad of black, grease knotted hair.

"What are ya, buyin' cocaine?"

I smiled.

"Huh?"

I smiled.

"Huh?"

I smiled.

"Huh?"

Then Mason arrived.

Mason is small, tough-guy barrel-chested (an unbuttoned shirt lent him a proud, Harry Belafonte slit-to-the-navel air), graying—including his chest hair. We shook stiffly, took a table. I ordered a Scotch. Mason told the waitress he'd have his usual and she placed eight vodka martinis in single file across the white tablecloth.

"Everybody seems to know you here."

"Yeah. Everybody knows everybody. It gets weird for me."

"Why?"

"Well, after all these years of being a dope fiend, here I am trying to tumble back into society and embrace all these straight people and while they're saying things like, 'That's very commendable,' I notice that their eyes are pinned. It's like a nightmare."

I asked him about *Candy*.

"It was a disaster. Everything went wrong with my life after *Candy* came out, as if it was a result of the book."

"Everything went right for Terry Southern. He was ejaculated to fame and screenplays."

"Yeah, it was my fault. I was lying in Paris, suffering because my family was breaking up. It's like you win the lottery and your life falls apart. I lost my kids, I had a big dope habit. I just didn't give a shit. And that's not the right way to handle it when you suddenly have a gold mine."

"You mean you didn't have yourself covered?"

"The publishers pulled some stuff you wouldn't believe. They feel it's fuck or be fucked. Maybe they're right. But Maurice Girodias [Olympia Press] is really terrible."

"He's the one who first published *Candy*."

"He published everything. He had this beautiful racket going in Paris. Paris was the only place you could print dirty books in English. All the tourists and soldiers bought them, and you got a lot of

(continued from page 100)

mail orders from Moscow and Tokyo. Most of the books were terrible."

"But some of the Olympia books of the Fifties were great."

"At the same time he was publishing the porno, stuff that was very good—but necessarily unpublishable elsewhere—fell into his lap. *Lolita* went the rounds of American publishers, but they were afraid of the theme. So it gravitated to Girodias, who had a reputation as a sharp finder of new talent. Somebody had to twist his arm to publish Beckett, and I'm the guy who first took him the manuscript of *Naked Lunch*. But he turned it down."

"Girodias rejected *Naked Lunch*?"

"Yeah, except it didn't have a title then. It was the best-looking manuscript you ever saw. He published it later only when Burroughs got some publicity as an underground writer. And Girodias even insisted on editing the thing."

"Didn't Burroughs bitch?"

"Burroughs had this hip kind of attitude of, 'You can do what you want with it, it's out of my hands.' And that title Kerouac finally gave it. Shit, it sounds like a Henry Miller title. You could pull a better title off of any page in the book. You know, J. P. Donleavy was in litigation for 17 years with Girodias, who had this thing where he didn't pay royalties. You had to take him to court. If you won, you got the royalties. That was it. American publishers would do the same thing if they could. But they have to be a little more orthodox. I'd do the same thing, I think. It's fuck or be fucked."

Then the blonde girl came in, still holding the little boy's hand. She approached our table. Mason ignored her, kept talking, paused only to take a hit from one of the martinis.

"Mason," she practically whispered.

"Yeah?" looking down at his hands.

"I need a ride to Kingston. You busy?"

"Yeah."

"You can't get away for a while?"

"No. Look, I'm busy. Can't you get a hitch?"

She left. The kid was still rubbing his eye. Neither of us said anything for a while. Mason drank and I watched him.

The moment he had burst in the door chest first, head thrown back, I had noticed his eyes: jaundiced around the blue, pink and partially decomposed at the corners, burned out by the scag that raged through every capillary, bathed every cell for 15, maybe 20 years. But they weren't filmy, reptilian, like a lot of dope fiends' eyes. They still laughed. "She got pregnant against my advice," he said suddenly.

"Goddamn junkie."

. . .

"Have you written anything up here?"

"I came to the end of the *Candy* money a little while ago, which was a good thing, in a way, because I'd been telling myself I wasn't going to do any writing until I was broke. So now I'm forced to do something. But I'm still not doing anything, because I found out I really have friends up here."

"The Band?"

"Yeah. I am absolutely broke now, penniless. But I'm living like a king. People buy me drinks and food." Mason paused, perhaps grinned at me, but I turned away. "And I've been staying at Richard's house. It's weird."

"So you're not writing anything?"

"I've been writing. But I don't like the attitude of the stuff. It's like bad *cinéma vérité*."

"It must have been a bitch to kick after all these years."

"It was, but I was ready to do it. You can't kick if you're not ready. They can throw a guy in jail for eight months and tell him, 'You're gonna kick, baby, 'cause you're gonna be in this cell and you're not gonna get anything.' But the guy doesn't budge an inch in his mind and the minute he's back on the street, he's getting high. I was ready to kick. I had to be, considering it cost me twenty-four hundred dollars a year."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Dig this: I was on welfare, getting two hundred a month. You automatically qualify for welfare if you're in the methadone program and you have no income. But I went through the whole number where I kicked, got sick, everything. And when I was done with it, the first thing they did was throw me off welfare. They don't even give you an

(continued on page 242)



SOKOL

"Gosh—you mean some girls have zones that aren't erogenous?"

BOTTLE STOPPERS!

elegant decanters for clearly containing a host of spirits

THERE'S NO MADNESS IN THE METHOD of the mixologist's laboratory pictured below. Instead of stashing all the good stuff in the liquor cabinet, it's been transferred to one of the handsome containers shown—thus letting the alcoholic beverages brighten the room with their translucent glow. And even plebeian hooch seems to taste better when poured from a cut-crystal bottle, such as the 9"-high, 22-oz. model, by Orrefors, \$70, at far left. Or you might choose (proceeding right) the 20-oz. crystal one, also by Orrefors, \$62; the 27-oz. Old Galway cut-crystal style, by Galway, \$75; the 16-oz. cut-crystal Polaris, by Rosenthal, \$53; or the Per Lütken-designed 41-oz. crystal captain's decanter, by Holmegaard, \$70. Sorry, the bottled blithe spirit's not for sale.





NIGHT SURGEON (continued from page 98)

"Yes, they do. You can't feel sorry for yourself. You've got to fight."

Writhing from side to side like a fish with the hook set deep in its cartilaginous mouth, Norman fought. He moved his family out of their house and into a new one, larger. He sold his stock and bought a racing car. He ran for civic political office but lost. Inward he turned: made primitive ceramic objects with a small orange kiln, tried photography, took vitamins and ate rice. My secretary informed me of all this; I knew firsthand only that he wore flared paisley pants and transparent shirts, no tie, no socks. I let it go. What matter how the bookkeeper dressed? He put on a suit again for his court appearance, I heard, during which the midtown divorce lawyers were particularly brutal; my secretary (who was present) described the tears shed freely by all three, husband, wife and daughter, as testimony dissected their former life and as argument stitched it back together again in a monstrous new shape. Asked by my secretary how he could put his child through such an experience, Norman repeated what he'd told me: You've got to fight. Fighting, he moved into an expensive apartment; fighting, he grew a beard, found a mistress, bought a dog, wrote a play and took a three-week cruise. Returning, he announced his conversion to socialism; then to anarchism; finally to nihilism. He got rid of his mistress and dog and he bought a small farm. Reclaimed there by the rhythm of the land, he married an older woman. His daughter paid him a visit. "You're looking younger every day, Daddy," she said. He made a will. The marriage did not last; he moved into a hotel room. He drank. He played cards. He bought a suit of armor. Depressed, he moved out of his hotel room and, with no place left to go, came to the office to live, folding his strong legs onto a short canvas cot he squeezed behind the desk in his simple bookkeeper's office now adorned with a tarnished suit of armor mounted on an iron rack.

During this period, Norman found scars on the soles of his feet, on his thigh, on his groin, on his stomach, on his back, under one arm, along the edge of the left side of his chin and behind one ear. He also reported his plantar calluses cured, a second birthmark removed, a lump vanished, stomach ulcers no longer painful, a mole absent, glands missing from his armpit, glands missing from his neck and a wart gone.

"How do you feel?" I asked him.

"I feel fine," said Norman, teeth clenched.

My secretary arranged my meeting with Mrs. Ivanovitch, the first and pri-

mary Mrs. Ivanovitch, after she began calling the switchboard and asking the girls how her husband was, but refusing to let them connect her with his office. She agreed to come in person only upon the condition that Norman be nowhere in evidence. I agreed to this and she appeared promptly at the appointed hour, an attractive woman, well dressed, her face puffy under the eyes and around the mouth, which quivered as she put her questions to me. I told her that Norman was fine, that for the time being he was spending his nights on a cot in the office, that his work was excellent. She wanted me to know, but not to tell Norman, that she'd forgiven him everything and she hoped he would know he could come to her if ever he needed any help, but not to tell Norman that she'd been to see me, because he might think she was spying on him, and Norman had always been very independent, and it was just pride that made him act the way he did, and he was going through such a difficult time, men Norman's age often had a very difficult time, and she had married him for better or for worse and still remembered those words, even though he'd been so horrible to her in court.

"Don't mind that," I said. "It was just the lawyers. I'm sure Norman didn't mean to be horrible to you in court."

Her puffy eyes then produced tears, and her puffy mouth sobbed, and my secretary came in and led her away, calming her with woman's words.

"There must be a reason," Norman said. Norman was sitting on the table in Rathbone's office while Rathbone repaired with difficulty the elaborate bandages Norman had torn from his chest in rage after doctors had told him over the telephone that X rays revealed no trace of a tumor and that Norman's lung specialist, whoever he was, should be congratulated.

"I search through the years for a clue," Norman went on. "Somewhere in my past, there's a clue. I was a healthy child. Most people liked me. But nothing comes from nothing. There must be a detail I've overlooked. A trespass. An unkindness. Even an attitude; it could be something as small as an attitude. And who knows which man suffered? One of you, perhaps. Listen: If it is one of you, will you forgive me?"

"Hold still," ordered Rathbone.

Norman stood in the center of a stern knot of accountants. "Norman," I asked, "did you realize you'd transposed these figures? Where are your checking columns? Did you save your tapes? What's the meaning of all this?"

Norman squinted at huge errors in his calculations.

Loyally, Joyce attempted to shoulder the blame. "It was me, I did it. Mr. Ivanovitch explained, but I didn't know what he was asking and everybody says I make the silliest mistakes, and Mr. Ivanovitch would have corrected—"

"Norman," I said, "are your eyes bothering you?"

Norman went to an ophthalmologist, who said yes, Norman would have some difficulties, but considering the size of the cataracts that had been removed, his vision was remarkably unimpaired.

As soon as I entered Norman's new office, the stench hit me.

"Norman, Norman, I'm sorry," I said. "This room hasn't been properly aired out. It smells like a stable. Come back down the hall with me, I'll get maintenance men up here before you move in."

With the tentative haste of an old man, Norman continued to unpack the files of publicity clippings that now were his responsibility.

"Did you hear me?" I asked, afraid that his hearing might be going the route of his eyesight.

"I heard you. The office was cleaned yesterday."

"But that stink! Surely you notice it."

Norman glanced down to a bulge in the side of one leg of his trousers. "I guess it's this," he said. "When I woke up and found crap all over the bed, I went to the hospital and they strapped one of these plastic bags on me. With part of my colon gone, I don't hold my load very well. They didn't tell me it would have an odor. Maybe I'm not wearing it right."

Chambers entered, birdlike. Clutched to his breast was the bulging personnel file marked IVANOVITCH, N. Chambers had brought bulging files with him in the past, but this one was ridiculous.

"Chambers, what's in there?" I asked.

"Pertinent data," said Chambers defensively.

"You and your data."

"Dr. Rathbone's reports—"

"Rathbone is even worse than you are."

Chambers looked sullen.

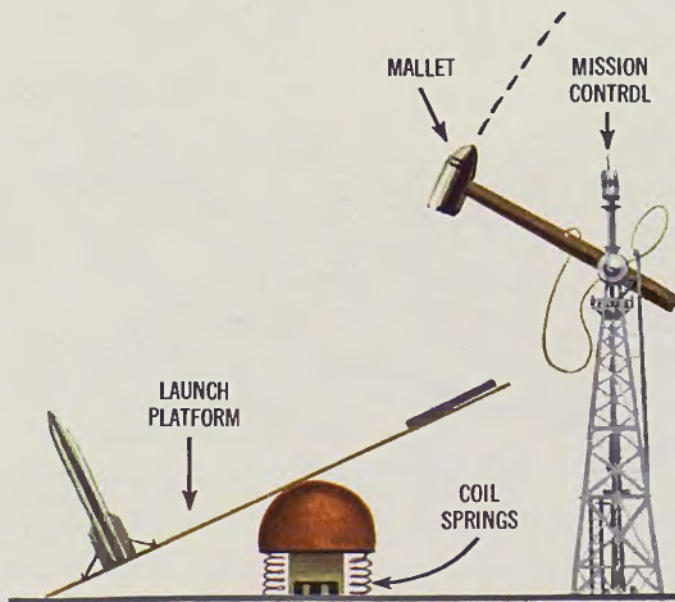
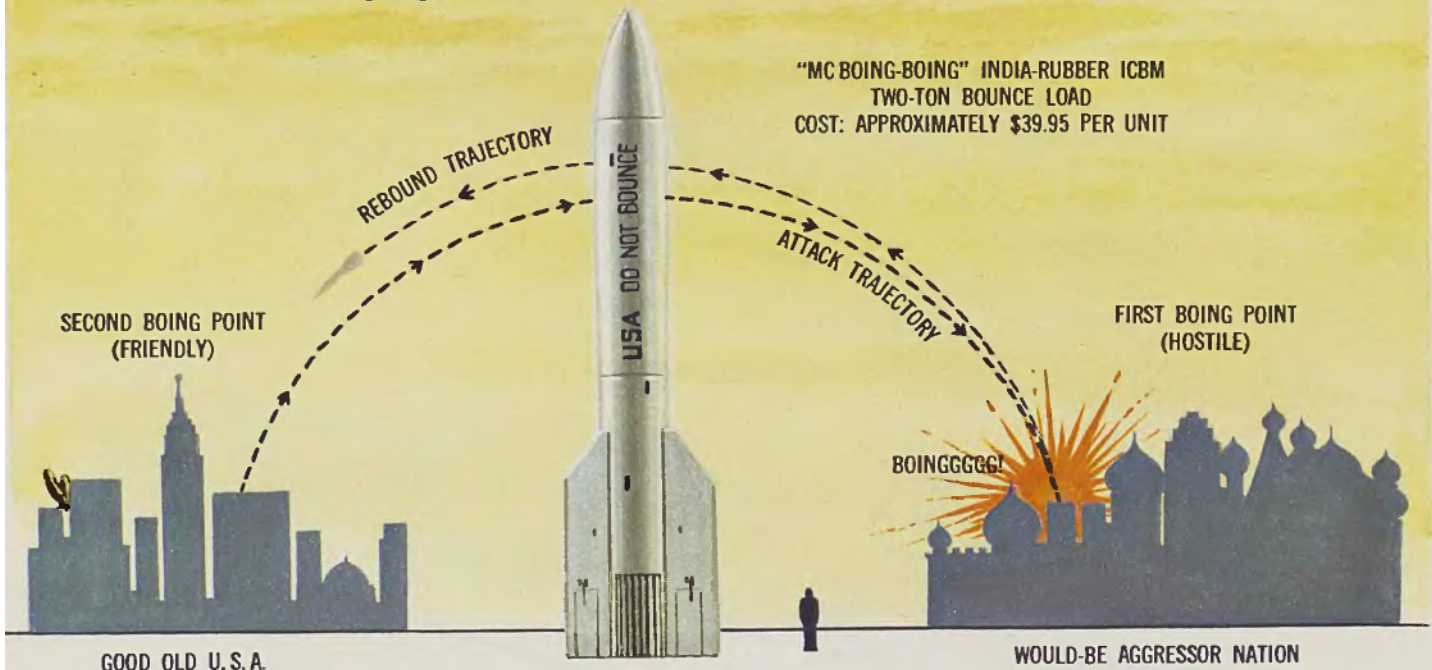
"Never mind. Here's the reason I called you. The employee whose vital statistics you hold in your hands was transferred from payroll to bookkeeping because it was thought at the time that he might be harboring communicable disease. He was transferred again, from bookkeeping to public relations, because of failing eyesight. Now I find out he has trouble with his colon and he's going to smell bad for the rest of his life. Good vision isn't terribly important to public-relations work, but a strong hint of manure will definitely hamper his effectiveness. I need your advice on a new spot for this unfortunate man."

(continued on page 182)

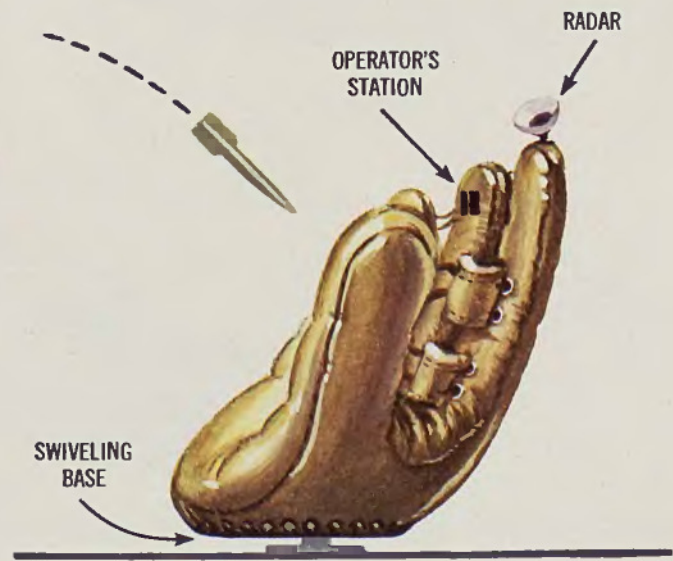
PROJECT SUPERSCROOGE

humor **By BRUCE McCALL**

our one-man think tank comes up with low-cost hardware for that mayday when military budgets are finally defoliated



Fuel-free, one-man launch mechanism has zero fail rate and is gravity powered for further savings. Launch procedure: (1) Cut mallet restraining rope, (2) plug ears. "McBoing-Boing" is now Go!

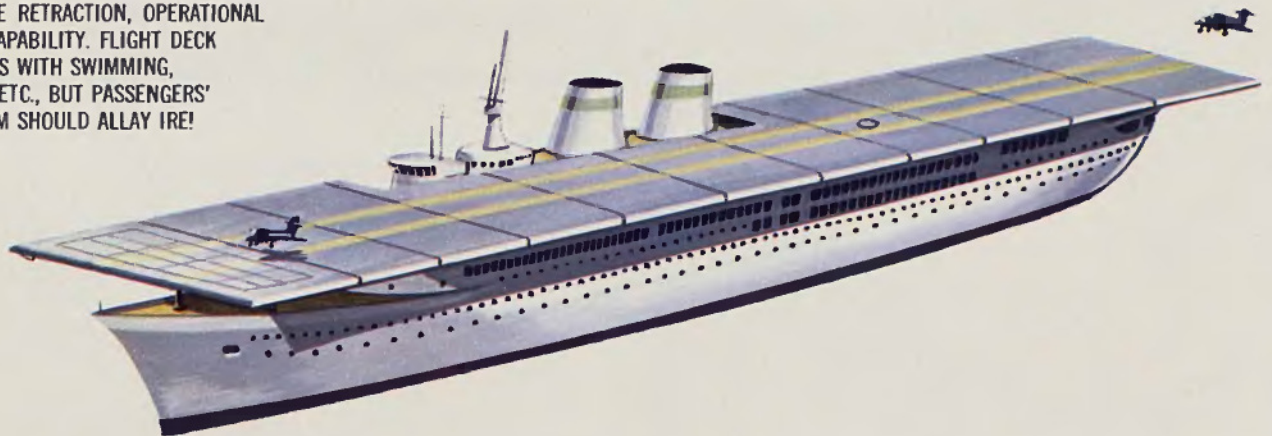


Recovery mechanism is giant "Gus Zernial" model fielder's glove on radar-directed swivel base. Missile is caught on the fly in pocket of mammoth glove padded with 20 tons of catton. Operator sits in finger-tip scanning station.

"McBOING-BOING" INDIA-RUBBER ICBM'S infinite re-use capability offsets relatively light strike capacity of two tons of rubber. Protection against "McBoing-Boing" rated impassible, since it must be caught to be disarmed and, as CIA report states, "Have you ever seen a Russian baseball glove?" Contrarily, if the Russians try launching "McBoing-Boings" of their own, in yet another ill-advised but hardly surprising example of Commie double-dealing, they will be playing right into our hands, or gloves. 115

"FOLD-AWAY FLATTOP" CONVERSION KIT: Turns the sleepest cruise ship into the Fighting Lady in minutes! An 11-section hinged flight deck, normally stowed in folded configuration on aft deck of ocean liner, assembles into sturdy carrier flight deck via ingenious hinge mechanism with electric motors to speed conversion. Cutouts in deck allow funnels, masts, bridge, etc., to poke through. Giant steel-belted suction cups help anchor flipped-down flight deck firmly to ship's superstructure.

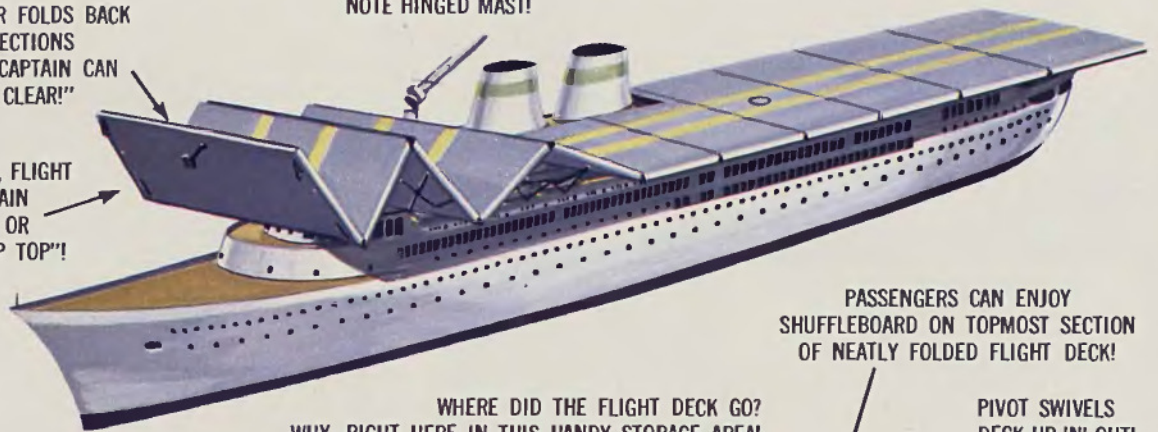
(1) BEFORE RETRACTION, OPERATIONAL CARRIER CAPABILITY. FLIGHT DECK INTERFERES WITH SWIMMING, SUNNING, ETC., BUT PASSENGERS' PATRIOTISM SHOULD ALLAY IRE!



ELECTRIC MOTOR FOLDS BACK HINGED SECTIONS FASTER THAN CAPTAIN CAN SAY "ALL CLEAR!"

NOTE HINGED MAST!

(2) DURING RETRACTION, FLIGHT DECK FOLDS AWAY. CAPTAIN MAKES SURE NO PLANES OR CREWMEN ARE LEFT "UP TOP!"



PASSENGERS CAN ENJOY SHUFFLEBOARD ON TOPMOST SECTION OF NEATLY FOLDED FLIGHT DECK!

WHERE DID THE FLIGHT DECK GO? WHY, RIGHT HERE IN THIS HANDY STORAGE AREA!

PIVOT SWIVELS DECK UP 'N' OUT!

(3) AFTER RETRACTION, LINER RESUMES NORMAL SEAGOING ROUTINE. SHUFFLEBOARD COURTS PAINTED ON TOPMOST FLIGHT-DECK SECTION MAXIMIZE DUAL PURPOSE.



NOTE: Cheaper than aircraft carriers, "fold-away flattops" could also revive flagging U. S. luxury-liner trade by adding an irresistible new lure for young, active, affluent moderns: war. "Shuffleboard—phooey!" ads might say. "We're off to the theater—the Pacific theater!"

"MUTT & JEFF" BLUFF-O-BOMBER COMBO: Hollow 1500-pound cardboard toy ("Jeff") is shoved across the skies via a long pole by tiny F-66 buntship ("Mutt"). When dozens of such combos are employed, enemy radar and ground observers will be bamboozled into thinking they're under a massive attack. But cost relative to an actual flotilla of heavy bombers is microscopic, giving U. S. valuable "terror-on-a-shoestring" capability. Military has fun without fear of taxpayer squawks; "Jeff" tool-up will revitalize ailing toy industry; and the only thing the enemy can do to captured cardboard crews is recycle them.





SIMPLE BICYCLE PUMP BRINGS THE FIGHTIN' BLOWHARDS™ TO LIFELIKE FULL SIZE!

DOMES FASTENERS HELP REGIMENT STICK TOGETHER.

INFLATABLE LIFELIKE FAINTPROOF ARMY REGIMENT: Rubber soldier dolls in authentic colors. Weatherproof, light, whole regiment inflates in seconds to resemble a fighting unit ready for action, rifles in hand. Regiment also deflates in seconds, can be carried in officer's suitcase for quick, economical movement from one zone to the next. Dome fasteners connect rubber warriors.

They can be individually placed for jungle "fighting" or lined up for smart parade formation. Cheerful faces, identical dress lend a snappy touch to any outing. Knock 'em down, they pop back up!



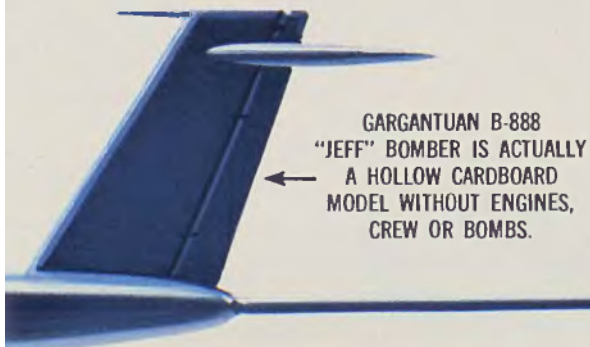
REGIMENT DEFLATES TO FIT SUITCASE.

DUMMY PLANET "MOGDAR": A simple flat prop, placed in space by U.S. astronauts, beams radio messages to Soviet Union. The voice of "King Kolab of the Mole People" will drive the Kremlin warlords bananas with taunts that Lenin wore a toupee, Stalin was a fairy, Brezhnev needs a new tailor—then challenge Soviets to battle the Mole People in a space war. All Russia will be flung on an intergalactic war footing. Meanwhile, U.S. astronauts will shift "Mogdar" elsewhere, so Soviets can't find it. Expensive space chase will follow, ruining Russia's economy, demoralizing leaders, handing U.S. world leadership on a platter. From Russian telescopes, "Mogdar" will seem realistic, with continents, seas and canals, but it will all be the handiwork of Disneyland artisans.



NOTE SPEAKER ON FAKE PLANET "MOGDAR" RADIOING TAUNTS TO KREMLIN; E.G., "HEY, IVAN, YOU NEED A BATH—WE CAN SMELL YOU ALL THE WAY UP HERE!"

NOTE: "Mogdar" to be used only as a last resort—e.g., if Soviet wins next hockey, chess titles or too many Olympic gold medals and shows signs of being able to build a workable automobile, or otherwise threatens security of free world.



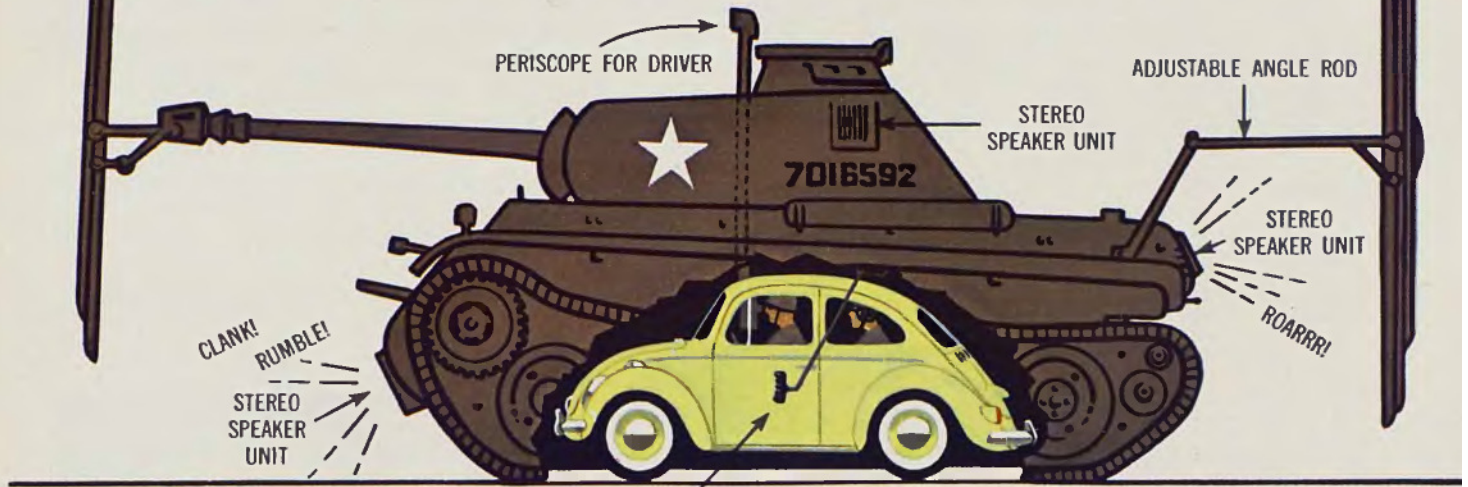
GARGANTUAN B-888 "JEFF" BOMBER IS ACTUALLY A HOLLOW CARDBOARD MODEL WITHOUT ENGINES, CREW OR BOMBS.

POLE CONNECTS "JEFF" TO "MUTT" PUSHER PLANE, IS FLEXIBLE TO ALLOW MANEUVERS IN FLIGHT.

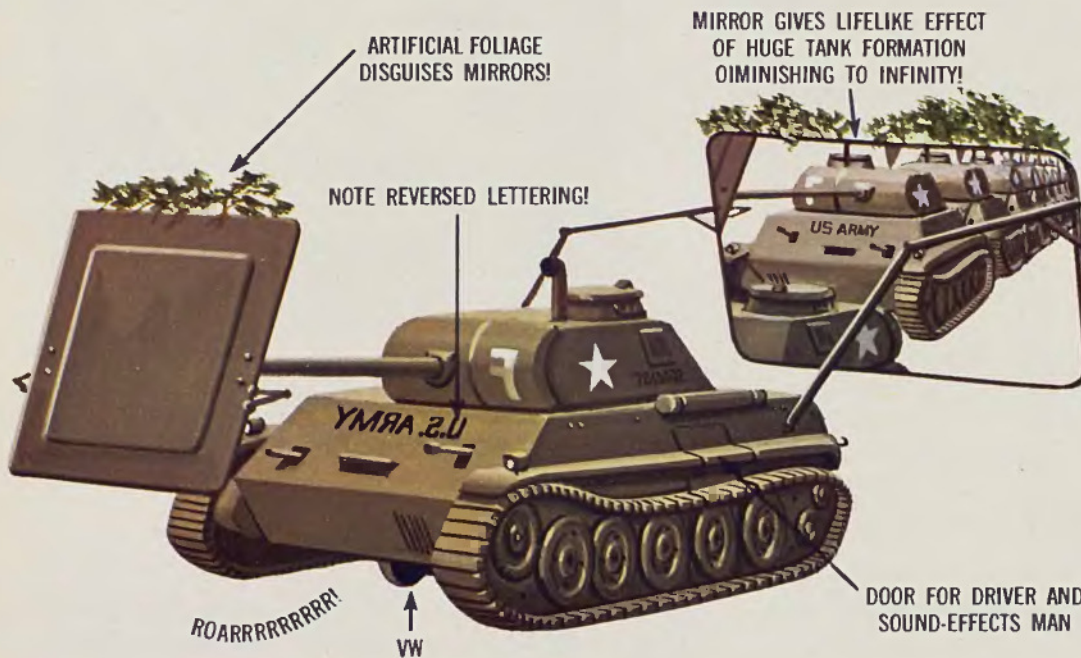
"MUTT" BUNTSHIP IS FAST AND POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SHOVE "JEFF" ALONG AT BOMBER-TYPE SPEEDS.



M-X "MIRRORMATIC" VW-POWERED TANK FLOAT: A VW snugly hidden inside powers this 200-pound popier-môché float. Mirrors carefully arranged fore and aft, their angles controlled by the VW driver, set up the illusion of a menacing file of tanks, especially when seen from the prey's point of view. Stereo speakers, operated by a sound-effects man in the VW's back seat, broadcast authentic monster-tank rumbles and clanks to heighten realistic effect.



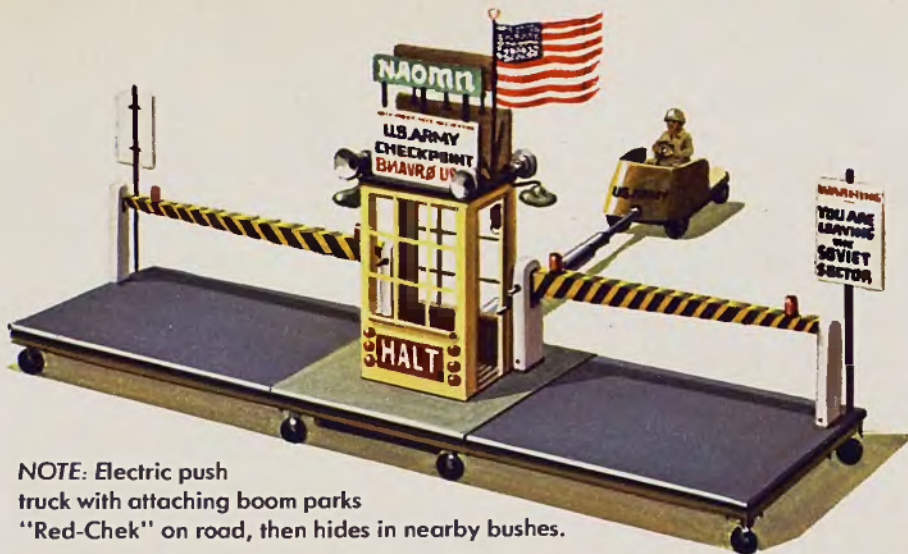
CONTROL ROD FOR ANGLING MIRROR



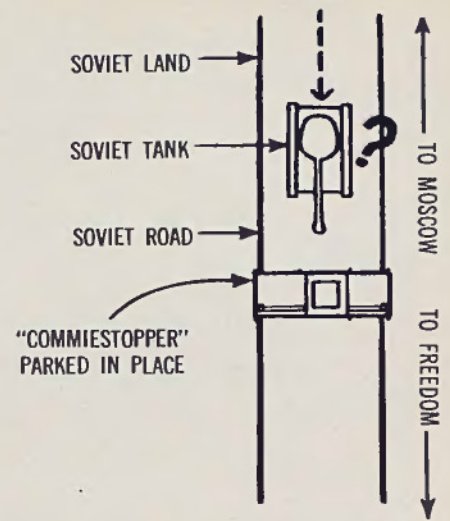
"Tank" driver navigates by periscope sight on top of float. Tank identification lettering is painted reversed to show correctly in reflected mirror image. Model shown fitted with light-duty mirrors for restricted-visibility theaters; e.g., jungle. Larger mirrors can be fitted for open and unlimited-visibility theaters; e.g., desert, plain, tundra.



"MOBY DUPE" SIMULATED SUBMARINE: Captured whales, sporting false conning towers and other sub paraphernalia on their backs, will roam the world's seas and fool paranoid Soviets into believing U.S. has secretly built vast fleets of giant new supersubs. Humane, simple, cheap. Zero maintenance. Likely to dupe Reds into foolhardy sub-building program to gain parity, further fouling Five-Year Plans. Violates no current treaties on surface or subsurface naval weapons, since a whale is not a weapon but a mammal.



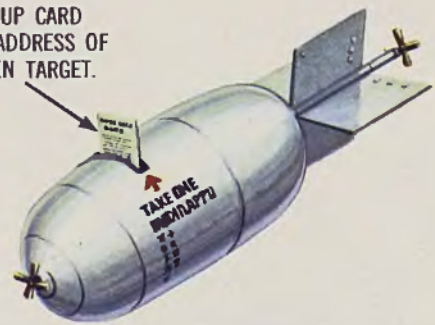
NOTE: Electric push truck with attaching boom parks "Red-Chek" on road, then hides in nearby bushes.



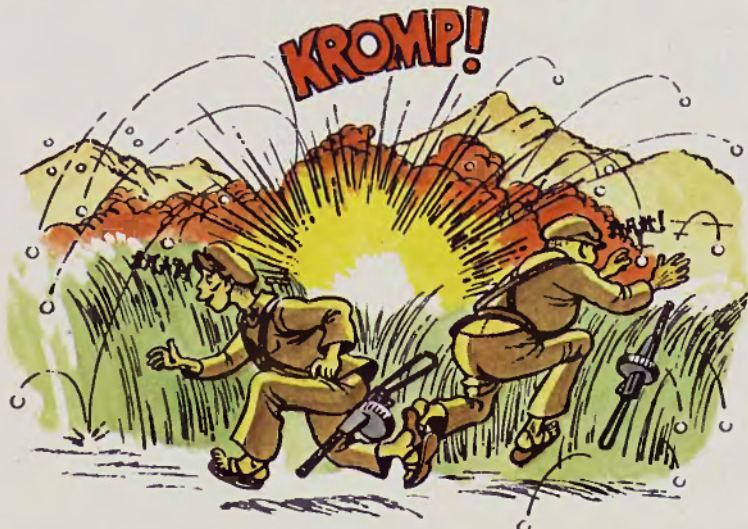
PORTABLE MOBILE PREFABRICATED "RED-CHEK" COMMIESTOPPER: Movable wheeled platform holds complete, authentic replica of U. S. Army check-point control as seen in Berlin and other Iron Curtain border points. Instead of countering Soviets' territorial incursion threats with expensive troops and armament, U. S. need only move up "Red-Chek" to any road the Russkies are likely to use along frontiers of Eastern Europe, place it across the road and let the Red army be stopped in its tracks by official-looking hut and gate. No U. S. personnel on duty, so Soviets can't solve the sudden impasse, and wouldn't dare trespass the check point, for fear of violating UN four-power agreements. In event of potential world crisis, "Red-Chek" could be airlifted into suburbs of Moscow, assembled by secret agents and hem in the Red tide in its own Bolshevik bailiwick!

XA-32 "DUMB BOMB": Fitted with no elaborate electronic homing devices, sensors or other exotica, the "dumb bomb" simply falls out of the aircraft and thuds to earth, Whump! But its mission has only just begun; once landed, things happen. A small card pops up from a slot. Printed in the language of the "host" country, the card reads PLEASE FORWARD TO—munitions plant, army headquarters or whatever target is desired. A timer sets detonation for 12 hours later. Good Samaritans are suckered into accomplishing Uncle Sam's dirty work, producing pinpoint bombing accuracy for a mere fraction of the cost of "smart" bombs!

POP-UP CARD GIVES ADDRESS OF CHOSEN TARGET.



"CHINESE SURPRISE" HAND GRENADE: Climaxes the era of ping-pong diplomacy with a bang! The grenade is lobbed into a nest of Red Chinese soldiers and seconds later explodes in a blinding shower of . . . ping-pong balls! The frugal, ping-pong-crazy Chinese, conditioned from childhood to value—and chase—the errant white spheroid, will drop everything to pursue the bouncing balls. Meanwhile, U. S. troops pounce: Chinese checkmate! No costly bullets, no costly casualties and, best of all, "Chinese Surprise" is cheap to produce.



GOODBYE TO DARKEST AFRICA

searching for man in finger-gouged mud bowls and a child's footprint and the empty sockets of an ancient skull

article **By RICHARD RHODES** THE LIONS LAY around the Land Rover in the dawnlight, their bellies full of buffalo, a pride of 12 and two cubs playing in the bent tree that overhung the watercourse running fresh at the beginning of the long rains. The lions were the color of the Serengeti grass and the height of the grass at its fullest growth. Satiated by their morning feeding, they rested peacefully, but scars marked their sides and one of them, padding to another beat, favored a foreleg. The buffalo, massive and black and dangerous, they would have killed in any way they could, but smaller prey they killed by strangling, clamped their jaws onto windpipes and held them closed until all thrashing ceased. I stood in the back of the Land Rover looking down from above the sun roof, protected from the lions by their indifference to glass and aluminum alloy, staring into their yellow eyes. Sometimes, curious, they stared back. I had seen that stare before.

In Africa the human world began. Africa was therefore more than wilderness: Africa was wild, the place of emergence, the edge of the woods. Africa concealed the human past, the dark abattoir of human time and the deep





abyss of human experience. Both coordinates, depth and darkness, I had come to Africa to explore. I suspected they were ordinate and abscissa measuring the impact of an apparition. I wanted to discover what manner of thing that apparition was.

Men approach Africa warily. Distant places may equate with states of mind. If they do, then Africa is libidinous, Darkest Africa, the source of primal energies that in other places emerge only attenuated or transformed. The landfall below the wing of the plane, the northwestern coast of Africa, strengthened that possibility: It was devoid of roads, marked only by the broad alluvial fans of muddy rivers. Two hundred million years ago, this primitive coast had fitted against the Atlantic coast of North America and the two continents—all the continents—were one. America had been a wildness identical to Africa's then, when man's ancient ancestors were animals no larger than squirrels. The two continents parted long before the age of mammals and most of the fauna aboard each were destined to develop along different lines.

One of those lines led to man. Man began in Africa black, foot-loose and free. It seemed remarkable that the continent had remained as primitive as the land below looked when its history of near-human and human habitation ran back 20,000,000 years. It should have been worn smooth as an old coin. Instead it was still largely untracked, still wild, had resisted civilizing through millennia.

The cool streets of Nairobi smelled of sweat and small high-compression engines and peanut oil. I pushed past crowds of Africans on holiday. They streamed to the finish line of the East African Safari, from which an announcer with a British accent blared the times and positions of the cars. The Africans ahead of me were obviously country boys. Nairobi on holiday, with its Europeans out in the suburbs, was a city of country boys who walked with the high-stepping lope of a man negotiating a plowed field and whose clothes were too small, clothes cut for croup-chested Indians that looked hand-me-down on muscular African frames. It was good to see country boys; I live in the country myself and hate cities, even East African cities, though their mixed crowds and curried air and miniature cars going the wrong way up and down the road give them more quality than most.

Wandering down Muindi Mbingu Street past the city market, I found myself in a district of African and Indian shops. I had strayed beyond the European section of town and within minutes I was joined by a young African who offered to guide me to the National Museum. I hadn't even known I was wandering that way: My instincts must have been working. I had already come 9000 miles, 18

hours on a Pan Am 707, to visit the National Museum—to see the new skull on display there, the new old skull. And by luck, this African student trained in English by a Peace Corps girl from California was eager to guide me to the door.

We passed Nairobi University and waited out a mist of rain, the student making conversation, then walked up the Uhuru highway lined with red-flowering trees and over the bridge that spanned the torrential, mud-red Nairobi River, and only when we came within a block of the museum itself did the student put the touch on me, pleading two parents murdered by Mau Mau and the necessity of assembling a \$20 fee for the university entrance exam. I felt betrayed, having expected like all my fellow citizens to be admired for myself alone, but I'd enjoyed the conversation and the walk and I paid what I thought a tour would be worth and walked on.

The skull was discovered in the summer of 1972 near the eastern shore of Lake Rudolf in northwestern Kenya by an African named Bernard Ngeneo, who worked for Richard Leakey. Leakey was the director of the National Museum and one of three sons of the famous East African paleontologist Louis S. B. Leakey, who died last year at the age of 69. I had first heard of the Leakeys during my sophomore year in college, in 1957, when I had come across one of Louis Leakey's books and decided after reading it (and Robert Ruark's bloody novel of the Mau Mau uprising, *Something of Value*) that Kenya was the only place in the world for a young man to be. I wrote to the elder Leakey, asking for guidance and a job and in due time got back a characteristically frank reply to the effect that there weren't enough jobs in Kenya for Kenyans, much less for romantic American schoolboys. I stayed in school, but my curiosity about Africa increased in proportion to the possibility of satisfying it and now I was approaching the museum that the elder Leakey had directed and my wallet was five dollars lighter by courtesy of one of those very jobless Kenyans to whom Leakey had referred.

The fame of the Leakeys had grown in the years since my abortive correspondence. In 1959, Dr. Mary D. Leakey, a paleontologist as qualified as her husband, had found a shattered skull in Olduvai Gorge at the edge of the Serengeti plain in Tanzania, where she and her husband had been excavating off and on for 27 years, and the news of the discovery went round the world. The well-known anthropologist Ashley Montagu would later describe the discovery as "one of the most important—if not *the* most important—single contributions to the understanding of human origins ever made." *Australopithecus boisei*, the Olduvai skull is called today; *Australopithecus* means "southern ape"; *boisei* is a species

designation in honor of an Englishman named Charles Boise, who supplied most of the financial support for the Leakeys' work at Olduvai until recently, when the National Geographic Society and other institutions joined in.

Australopithecines had already been found in South Africa; Robert Ardrey described their discovery and slow scientific acceptance in his best-selling book *African Genesis*. But they had been found in caves and quarries and could not be accurately dated. The Leakeys' skull was found undisturbed in datable layers of rock. *A. boisei* had a cranial capacity considerably less than modern man's—530 cubic centimeters, as compared with between 1000 and 2000 for *Homo sapiens*. It had a massive jaw and a crest on top of its skull like the ossified comb of a rooster that served to anchor the muscles of that jaw. But it was already launched down the road to Strauss waltzes and space platforms: It was found among stone tools, spheroids for bashing and hand tools for cutting and skinning. And tools meant culture, and culture meant man. The date came back from the laboratory: 1,750,000 years old. Louis and Mary Leakey had found man's immediate ancestor.

Or so scientists came to believe. In the United States, in England and in Africa, they devised a theory of hominid evolution that began with an upright ape called *Ramapithecus* that had a 300-c.c. brain and lived 15,000,000 years ago. *Australopithecus*, with the cranial capacities of various specimens ranging from 450 to 530 c.c.s, came next. And then, perhaps 1,000,000 years ago, perhaps less, came man, *Homo*. Brain size more than any other factor distinguished the genera; *Homo erectus*, the earliest of the known and generally accepted species of *Homo*, had a cranial capacity of 1200 c.c.s. The sudden expansion of the brain from *Australopithecus* to *Homo* fascinated the scientists and they sought a theory to explain it. The most popular of the theories they advanced proposed that the brain expanded when hunters needed more elaborate systems of organization and communication to take on big game. At that point, went the theory, selection favored bigger brains. So *Ramapithecus* begat *Australopithecus*, who begat *Homo*: That, greatly oversimplified, was the theory, and so it was written into the textbooks.

Richard Leakey's new skull, the one I had come to see, blew the books open again. KNM-ER 1470, as the skull was designated—1470 for short—had a brain capacity of 810 c.c.s. That put it well above the range of *Australopithecus* and only just below the lower limit of the range of modern man. Leakey published his tentative conclusions about 1470 in the April 13, 1973, issue of the British science journal *Nature*, conclusions so

(continued on page 142)



ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BIOERBOST

WE OPEN on a wind-swept street in downtown Tirana. MARLON BRANDO appears, an obvious American in a land that will always be strange to him. He is hatless and tieless and his shaggy locks dance blithely in the breeze, contrasting sharply with the anguish that scars his handsome hawklike face. His eyes are wet with tears and he screams at a passing citizen: "What a fucking country!" "True," says the citizen, "but what else can one do in Albania?" Suddenly, MARIA SCHNEIDER comes onto the scene and walks quickly past BRANDO. She is in her early 20s (about half his age) and she wears a soft felt hat and a tightly belted raincoat, which cannot suppress a full, burgeoning body that seems to have a mind of its own. Their

Last Polka in Albania

parody **By LARRY SIEGEL**

watch two tormented souls—filled with remorse, pity, lust and shish kabob—make beautiful, disgusting music together

eyes meet but briefly, and yet in that evanescent glance they both know that somehow their lives will soon be interwoven in a tapestry of lust, carnality, debauchery, lechery, concupiscence and prurience, and yet at the same time, under contemporary community standards, it will all have redeeming social value.

CUT to the lobby of a decaying apartment house. SCHNEIDER is talking to the MANAGER, a gap-toothed slattern, who is seated behind a desk casually scratching her crotch.

SCHNEIDER: Do you have a flat to rent?

MANAGER: You're in luck. There's a lovely apartment on the fifth floor. It was formerly leased by Koplík, an old pimp, and his pet rat. Spot. But they used (continued on page 136)



ubiquitous miss

chicagoan monica tidwell shows how peddling and pedaling can lead to a literary career

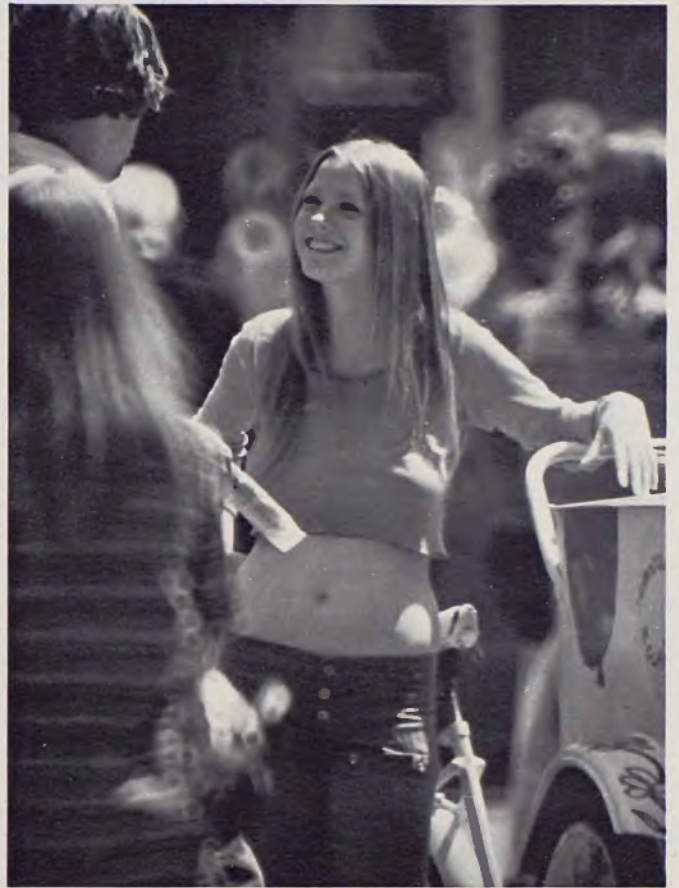
WE WERE WALKING down Chicago's Oak Street not too long ago, minding our own business, when we were accosted by a young lady with freckles who looked like she had just wandered off the set of *The Sound of Music*: She was standing on the corner looking innocent and selling balloons. We don't have much use for balloons, but we bought one anyway. A couple of days later, we were strolling through another neighborhood and ran into the same young lady, only this time she was selling ice cream from a tricycle. We weren't hungry, but we settled for a Popsicle. A week later, we caught her driving a pedicab in yet another part of town; we were charmed into taking a six-block excursion that set us back two bucks. Who is this ubiquitous teenager, we asked ourselves, and why is she charming us out of our nickels and dimes? "I get these weird jobs," says 19-year-old Monica Tidwell, "because I have a great passion for people. You meet all kinds driving a pedicab or selling balloons—people who like to stop and chat. You'd be surprised at all the people I've met." No, we wouldn't. In addition to ice cream, balloons and pedicabs, Monica has, in her short professional career, been a waitress, candy-and-popcorn vendor at a movie theater and salesgirl at a large Chicago record store. Now she is Miss November. God only knows where we'll bump into her next week. "Variety has always been the spice of my life," she confesses, and one look at her background shows that she's not just whistling *Dixie*—although we're certain she knows the tune. Monica was born and reared in the Deep South. But she's lived in New York and Chicago for the past three years, so you have to strain to catch her few lingering Southern traits. "The South," she says, letting a slight drawl cascade over an occasional syllable, "is just too rich for me. I don't mean wealthy rich: more like chocolate-cake rich—especially Georgia, where I grew up." Eventually, Monica plans to



Top right: In the first of a series of odd jobs, Monica sells a king-size balloon to a pint-size balloon connoisseur. A short lecture follows on how not to lose it to Chicago's gusty winds.



Ice cream becomes Monico's next enterprise and, as you can observe, business is good. Notice how most of her customers seem to be men.



go to college and major in English and drama. She has her eye on the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and if Stony Brook is smart, it'll return the glance. But for now, Monica's idea of perfection would be to settle down for a while in a cozy little farmhouse in Maine and just read and write. She's never been to Maine, but she hears that there's a lot of peace and quiet there and that it would be a nice place to write her novel someday. Someday, because at this stage in her life, Monica considers herself too young and inexperienced to express many well-tempered insights about life. She is working on this. "For one thing," she says, "a good writer really has to get to know people inside out. I hate small talk. When I meet somebody, I really like to get inside his head and understand what makes him tick." When she's not selling ice cream or balloons or driving pedicabs, Monica reads. Voraciously. "I guess I'm hooked on the heavy stuff," she says—meaning Dostoevsky, D. H. Lawrence and Thomas Wolfe, to name a few. "I feel very close to Wolfe," she says. "I think we share many of the same emotions and ideas. One of my great ambitions in life is to write a novel as good as *Look Homeward, Angel*. My second great ambition is to make a movie with Ken Russell and Oliver Reed. I don't think I'm your average nineteen-year-old." Neither do we.

Last winter, before embarking on her outdoor career, Monica worked behind the counter of a large record store. Here, she discusses the pros and cons of a friendly customer's selection.



Next Monica forsakes the sidewalk for the street and becomes a pedicab driver. Although she enjoys all of her unusual jobs, there are some she believes should be done by men alone. "I'm not a women's libber at all," she insists. "I haven't the least desire to climb telephone poles."



MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



At what was supposed to be the end of a ride, pedicabby Monica smiles at her passenger—who wants to go around the park again.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Down at the laundromat, a henpecked husband was bemusedly watching the assortment of clothes through the window of the front-loading machine. He saw a pair of his shorts whirl by with one of his wife's blouses, and then other pairs gyrated with her panties and twirled around with her bras. As yet another pair of shorts spun through a nightgown, he was overheard to mutter wistfully to himself, "I've had more action here in the last two minutes than I've had at home in the last two years."



Two college acquaintances who had been dating the same girl were comparing notes over a beer. "All I've been able to do so far is kiss her good night," admitted one of the young men.

"That's all I've been able to do, too," said the other.

"Tell me," asked the first, "when you kissed her, did she say anything about letting you do more?"

"She may have," the other fellow rejoined, "but I wasn't hearing too well. Her thighs were covering my ears."

Baby," bragged the self-satisfied young man as he tucked in his shirt, "you were pretty lucky to have me make it with you. I've actually performed in several skin flicks."

"I'm familiar with at least one of them," replied the girl.

"You are?!" exclaimed Mr. Ego. "Which one?"

"Shallow Throat."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Jesus Christ* as the Messiah's handle.

A man who had been in a coma for 15 years suddenly regained consciousness, and the senior resident went right to his bedside. "How do you feel?" the doctor inquired.

"Pretty good," replied the patient. "I'd like to know about somebody else, though. How is President Eisenhower?"

"Eisenhower is dead," said the doctor.

"Oh, my God, how awful!" exclaimed the patient. "That means Richard Nixon is President!"

We've heard of a guy who shot his wad in Las Vegas but didn't have time to stay around and try his luck in the casinos.

As dawn broke, the girl, minus panties and suffering from a hangover, flopped wearily onto her bed. "Hell," she mumbled as her roommate opened one eye, "I think I've been had again. Just how legal is a quickie marriage in a Mexican restaurant?"

"I can't understand how I got pregnant," said the distraught girl to the doctor. "I've been quite faithful about taking my pills. Look, here they are."

The physician cleared his throat after he had examined the label. "I'm afraid you've been taking the wrong kind, young lady," he announced, "but let's look at the bright side of things. It's my considered medical opinion that the fetus will not become seasick."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *demijohn* as a rest room for midgets.

Just a minute, young man!" said the spinster to the obscene phone caller. "I want to get a cup of coffee and a cigarette."

The plastic surgeon had refused to do yet another face lift for the aging movie queen, who became furious. "Look," declared the doctor as he held up a mirror to her, "do you see the dimple in your chin?"

The actress nodded angrily.

"Well, that's your belly button. One more lift and you'd be sporting a Vandyke!"

And then there was the sweet young journalism-school graduate who quit when she found out that the house organ she'd been hired to work on was attached to the editor.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *aircraft carrier* as a stewardess with V. D.

Three chance hunting acquaintances were swapping personal-bravery yarns around the campfire. "And then there was the time," drawled the Texan, "that I stomped a pair of rattlers to death—barefoot!"

"Which reminds me," countered the Alaskan, "of that full-grown grizzly I once did away with—barehanded!"

Then they both looked at the Rhode Islander. But he just sat there silently, half-smiling and dreamylike, occasionally reaching out to poke the embers with his penis.

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.



*"Honestly, Harry—I don't think I can keep it up
for a two-minute exposure!"*



ILLUSTRATION BY SAM PARKER



JUST ANOTHER FUNNY and pretty little runaway in San Francisco emitting her off-white answers to any questions you ask her: "My father's a gynecologist in Orange, that's Zip Code County, down south, and so busy with his patients. Also, I have eight what you might call siblings, and probably you do, so—"

"Sometimes I *wonder*, I really ask myself how he takes the way I live my life up north here in San Francisco. But then I realize: *He don't know.*" She giggled, shrugged and touched her pencil to her tongue, probably to wet it.

"It must have really bothered him, finding out about how I wasn't his innocent little thing and stuff; I mean, him being Catholic and all. But I guess I wanted him to find out, otherwise no call to have that kid in my own bed at home with me and everything, especially since Daddy used to come into my room sometimes to plant a kiss on my lips before he made early-morning rounds at the hospital. That's what he was doing that Sunday morning, I suppose. Wow."

She twisted her little head at me over her blue Mexican Marine shirt. "What you thinking?"

"From what you say and how you are, I suspect he knows about your life."

She gazed pityingly at me—that special pity of the 22-year-old countercultural star for a mere orbital astroid. She was slight, lithe, bendable, with freckles on her nose. The little girl in her dressed in a Mexican Marines shirt; the rest of her kept the top three buttons unbuttoned. She smelled of organic food when she breathed near me. She ate carrots for health and orgasmic potency. She dipped them in spiced oil and vinegar, low cholesterol, a shining example to all men. "Whatever he knows," she said, and she fell back into her soft accent for a cool final judgment: "He don't know."

Her temporary profession was waitress at the Natural (continued on page 251)

SAN FRANCISCO PETAL

*she had heavy friends—like the
dude who never raped a girl
unless she wanted to be raped*

fiction

BY HERBERT GOLD

Last Polka (continued from page 123)

it only on Sundays.

SCHNEIDER: His *pet rat*?

MANAGER: Like we say around here, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

As she cackles loudly at her little joke, we notice that she is not only gap-toothed but also gap-gummed.

SCHNEIDER (*starting to leave*): I believe I'll look elsewhere.

MANAGER (*a sudden surge of self-pity*): Admit it. You despise me because I'm a poor lesbian.

SCHNEIDER: It isn't that. I'm planning to get married soon and I don't think my fiancé would like it here.

MANAGER (*her eyes lighting up*): Your fiancé? Is he young and beautiful?

SCHNEIDER: Yes. But why should that concern you? You're a lesbian.

MANAGER (*reminding her*): A poor lesbian.

SCHNEIDER: I understand.

CUT TO a large empty apartment. SCHNEIDER is walking around inspecting it. *As she enters the living room, BRANDO suddenly steps out from behind a closet door. Although somewhat startled, SCHNEIDER is not totally surprised to see this stranger again.*

SCHNEIDER: What are you doing here?

BRANDO: I was thinking of renting this apartment.

SCHNEIDER: So was I.

BRANDO: I love high-beamed ceilings, but I'm not wild about walking through the living room to get to the kitchen.

SCHNEIDER: I find the paneled walls and parquet floors charming. I only wish it weren't such a long walk to schools and churches.

BRANDO: Well, enough foreplay. Let's fuck.

He picks her up, throws her over his shoulder and carries her to a wall. He deposits her on the floor, then reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out a tape measure. He carefully measures a spot six and a half feet up the wall and makes a mark with a pencil. He takes out a hook and a hammer and drives the hook into the spot on the wall. He tests the hook and sees that it holds fast. He bends over and, picking SCHNEIDER up again, he hangs her on the hook by a loop on her raincoat. He steps back for a moment to survey his handiwork, and then, noticing that she is hanging a bit crooked on the wall, he straightens her out. Next, reaching around his belt, he takes out a T square. He spreads her legs at the angle he wants, verifies it with the T square, and then keeps her legs at the desired angle by driving two large spikes into the wall surrounding each of her ankles. He steps back again, looks at her, is satisfied and takes a small three-rung ladder from the closet. He puts the ladder on the floor next to her and climbs up, facing her. When he is at the desired height,

he opens her raincoat, lifts her skirt, rips off her panties and, without bothering to undress, he proceeds to plunge into her. At first with long, steady strokes, and then with greater and greater acceleration. For a full five minutes, they rhythmically assault the wall until they finally erupt together in an explosion that rips the hook off the wall and sends her toppling down on top of him to the floor. They both rise slowly, dusting themselves off and rearranging their clothing. He takes a deep breath, then picks up the tape measure again and, reaching for another hook in his pocket, he hammers it into a fresh spot on the wall.

BRANDO: Then it's settled. We take the apartment together.

He lifts her up and hangs her on the hook.

SCHNEIDER: I'll do it under one condition.

He spreads her legs.

BRANDO: What's that?

SCHNEIDER: You promise you won't lose respect for me?

BRANDO: I swear to God.

He reaches for his T square.

DISSOLVE TO moving men carrying furniture and various paraphernalia into the apartment as SCHNEIDER and BRANDO stand by, watching.

BRANDO: If there's one thing I can't stand, it's moving. First it's packing your things, which takes forever. . . . (to a MOVING MAN) Careful with those whips and boots. I just polished them. (to SCHNEIDER) Then it's getting set up in a new place. . . . (to another MOVING MAN) No, the trapeze goes over the bed. (to SCHNEIDER) And then it's unpacking again. . . . (to the FIRST MOVING MAN) Hold it, the cantaloupes go in the hall closet.

FIRST MOVING MAN: They'll get rotten.

BRANDO (*with an impassioned sigh*): I know.

The MOVING MEN finish and exit.

BRANDO (*surveying his belongings*): God, the things you accumulate in a lifetime. (He picks up a rusty spiked mace from the top of an open carton) I think this thing has had it, but I hate to throw it away.

SCHNEIDER: Why do you keep it?

BRANDO (*shrugging*): Sentimental reasons, I guess.

He puts the mace back into the carton.

SCHNEIDER: You're a strange man. I've given up my family, my fiancé—everything—to live with you and I don't even know your name.

He swings from the floor and hits her with an uppercut that knocks her halfway across the room.

BRANDO: Don't ever mention names again. I have no name.

She gets up slowly, rubbing her jaw.

SCHNEIDER: But everybody has a name. My name is—

He hits her with another haymaker that sends her the rest of the way across the room. She gets up again, a little slower this time.

BRANDO: I have no name and you have no name. We also have no homes, no families, no backgrounds, nothing. Starting at this very moment, we are going to forget every single thing that has ever happened to us in our entire lifetimes. (He shuts his eyes for a moment, then opens them) OK, I forgot the past, and you must do the same. Understand?

SCHNEIDER: But how can I?

BRANDO: How can you what?

SCHNEIDER: Do what you just said.

BRANDO: How do I know what I said? That was in the past, and I forgot it.

SCHNEIDER: But I must remember something.

BRANDO: You will. You will remember what I am going to tell you—because that's in the future, and what I am telling you now—that's the present. But forget the past. Can you remember that?

SCHNEIDER: I remember.

BRANDO: Are you sure you remember?

SCHNEIDER: I'm sure.

BRANDO: Good. Now forget it.

SCHNEIDER: Forget what?

BRANDO: How the hell do I know? Let's fuck.

She nods dutifully, puts on her raincoat and hands him his hooks, hammer, tape measure and T square. He tosses them all aside.

BRANDO: Not that way again.

SCHNEIDER: There's another way?

BRANDO: God, are you naïve. Go into the kitchen and get me a vat of butter.

SCHNEIDER: OK, but please don't do anything strange. I'm Catholic.

BRANDO: Trust me.

She goes into the kitchen and comes out with the butter. He undresses her completely, then turns her over so that she is lying face down on a rug. He starts with her toes and proceeds to cover every inch of her back with butter. Then, without disrobing, he mounts her from the rear. He immediately slides off, skids 20 feet along the floor and crashes into a wall. He rises shakily, tries again and goes skidding into a lamp. After a few more unsuccessful attempts, he finally mounts her wobblingly.

BRANDO: I dig butter for sex, among other things. Later I'll show you the fantastic things you can do with sandpaper, Prell shampoo and a shepherd's crook.

SCHNEIDER: Could I ask you a personal question?

BRANDO: Sure.

SCHNEIDER: Why don't you ever take your clothes off?

BRANDO: Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm also a double-knit freak.

He begins to move rhythmically on her, increasing his tempo until he explodes in cataclysmic fury and falls to the

(continued on page 230)

Green means go—as everyone knows—and she sees green; specifically, this napa leather jacket with slash pockets, barrel cuffs and a wide waistband, by Giovannelli, about \$195.

attire
By ROBERT
L. GREEN

THE SKIN GAME

*luxurious, sensuous
leather—if it were
any more erotic,
it would be arrested*

YOU DON'T have to be heavily into rock to wear leather. Nor do you have to stick to the back of a runaway steer or take a Harley over the century. Of course, once you're hidebound, there's no telling what people are going to assume you're into—because the images leather conjures up are endless and so are the varieties of outfits available. Some skin freaks dig the substance because it feels soft and natural. But from the way they tell it, it's also good for the ego. Nothing wrong with that.



This gent'll make some fine music with his cowhide outfit; the six-pocket jacket has a zip front and the pants feature belt loops and flared legs, by East West Musical Instruments Company, \$240 the set.



Our buckaroo's ready to ride the range in his handmade sheepskin shirt that features covered buttons and matching slacks with flared legs, patch pockets and a lace-up fly, by North Beach Leather, \$250.



Dyed burned-in design and beading, plus silver Navaho buttons, ragged edges and patch pockets, give this natural-deerskin jacket an air of backwoods splendor, by Country Comforts, \$550.



It's the right time,
the right place, and
our man has the
right idea—a handmade
super shirt of two-toned
cowhide and sueded
lambskin, with a but-
ton front and barrel
cuffs, by North
Beach Leather, \$300.



DARKEST AFRICA (continued from page 122)

understated that they almost seem tongue in cheek:

For the present, I propose that the specimens should be attributed to *Homo* sp. indet. [species indeterminate] rather than remain in total suspense. There does not seem to be any basis for attribution to *Australopithecus* and to consider a new genus would be, in my mind, both unnecessary and self-defeating in the endeavor to understand the origins of man.

Leakey chose not to emphasize, among his conclusions, the most striking fact of all about 1470: that it was 2,900,000 years old, contemporary with *Australopithecus*. The skull was the shock of the season. It removed the australopithecines from man's ancestry and made them appear to be a failed side branch of evolution. It weakened the theories of sudden brain expansion and thus the theories of man's origins as a "killer ape." And it pushed back the appearance of the genus *Homo* on earth by at least 2,000,000 years. Mr. Ngeneo and his director had reason to be proud.

Richard Leakey was a young lion among paleontologists, anyway, tall and self-educated and fierce and determined to make a name for himself and not yet 30 years old. He had come to the United States this past winter to lecture, an annual visit he made to raise funds for his digs, and I had chauffeured him around the country colleges of Kansas. He drew capacity crowds at every stop.

I wondered why. I had reluctantly joined the National Geographic Society in order to keep up with the latest discoveries around the world, so I knew that no mention of 1470 had appeared in the *Geographic* by the time Leakey came to Kansas. It wasn't 1470 that brought the crowds. I asked around. No one could quite say. Leakey's name. Africa. The origins of man. Those were clues enough. Africa was still a word for mystery, in Kansas and everywhere else Leakey spoke, and the hunger to hear about the place was a hunger, even a religious fervor, to know more about the remote childhood of the human race. The ancient connection between the African and the American continents still obtained, only rendered spiritual by the passage of time. Man's roots in Africa: Sighs of relief sounded all across the nation. The British had hoped so desperately to find early man in Great Britain that they had accepted for half a century the shabby hoax of Piltdown man. The Europeans so desperately wanted early man to be sophisticated and Continental that they denied Neanderthal man a place in their ancestry, though that place was beginning to be affirmed. Americans knew that man came late to their continent and did not evolve there, but if the

honors couldn't go to North America, they certainly shouldn't go to Europe, smug old whore that she was. They might as well go to the only continent that could match the North American in brashness and rawness and in a spirit of freedom that seemed to come brawling out of the very soil, the only continent where the long march of civilization, as it was called, had never worn its deadening path, to Africa! I talked to Leakey about these notions as we drove the Kansas Turnpike and between his remarkable lectures, and though he agreed that people were ripe for new religions and might well be looking to paleontology to supply them, my notions cheered him not at all. Like Stephen Dedalus, he operates by silence, stealth and cunning, a young man in search of a place in history, as witness his understated conclusions about 1470 in *Nature*. He must have decided that day that he wanted no journalist from the interior of America to blow his cover, because though we had corresponded for a year about my coming to Africa to interview him for *PLAYBOY*, he wrote to me a week later from New York, calling the interview off. He didn't, he said, think *PLAYBOY* an appropriate vehicle for his work. Being an American, I was then more determined than ever to go to Africa, though I realized I would now be on my own. And standing outside the National Museum in Nairobi, Richard Leakey's museum now and the skull on display inside, I made another decision: that I didn't want to look at 1470 until I had seen East Africa. I wanted, before I met the relatives, to walk the family ground.

Outside Nairobi, driving northwest on the tarmac Limuru road past old Mercedes buses crowded with Africans heading into town, I breathed the smell of wood smoke from the passing settlements and wondered at the fog of the highlands. I had anticipated no such Africa, no emerald-green Africa of Sierra altitudes and Irish mist. The mist and the green made the red, volcanic African soil stand out all the more vividly. I tried to name the color. Mahogany was the closest I could come, a red-brown with a shadowy cast of black that rendered it sinister, as if it had been burnt, that gave it the timbre of what it was, minerals mined in violence from the sunless reaches below the crust of the earth.

If Africa had declared its independence from America millions of years ago, that rift was long buried under the widening Atlantic Ocean. But only a few miles from Limuru I could see the huge process of rifting still going on. The car, ably piloted by a Kikuyu driver named Peter Gitau, wheeled through a grove of trees and suddenly emerged on the escarpment of the Great Rift Valley that dropped precipitously away to a dusty

floor 1500 feet below. It was the longest valley in the world, 4000 miles long, a place where two of the plates that form the hard outer shell of the earth were slowly pulling apart, which accounted for the size of the valley—of such valleys are oceans made—and its geologically recent volcanics. The Rift Valley had been created within the span of human time, if not of human memory: it began its division about 3,000,000 years ago, which meant its pyrotechnics terrified 1470's immediate ancestors. Peter descended into it gingerly, as if he were descending to a threshing floor.

I was bemused by the thought of wild animals and what they stood for. Why were people willing to spend thousands of dollars and travel halfway around the world to see the animals of Africa? Why did they join movements to save them from decline, when they and their forefathers had done precious little to preserve the animals of their own countries, animals such as the bison of North America? The day before, in a Nairobi bookshop, I had discovered a study of the subject by an ecologist named Alistair Graham, a book called *The Gardeners of Eden*, and had sat up half the night reading it. It was an eminently sensible confrontation of the game savers of the world, the people who decried the imminent extinction of the leopard and the cheetah (with little reliable evidence), the lovers of Elsa the Lioness and all those who believed that wild animals belong to the unborn children, a priceless heritage to be passed on unspoiled. "Compassion for animals," Graham wrote, "comes *only* from civilized men who have isolated themselves from all hostile influences of wild animals." Africans, by contrast, having to live with the dangers of night-roaming lions and crop-destroying elephants, would be glad to see the animals exterminated. "Given the choice," Graham argued, "these people would unhesitatingly settle for the loss of the meat and poaching in favor of the opportunity to convert the land to human use. They would also be rid of one of Africa's most keenly felt reminders of a past barbarity—its wild animals." Of course Graham was not referring to the animals in the parks, which most Africans understood served as a valuable source of national income from tourism, but to the free-roaming animals outside the parks, where Africans lived and farmed. And he was deliberately taking an extreme position in order to play devil's advocate to the wildlife movement and make it confront its irrational excesses, its unwillingness to consider game cropping, for example, despite the damage done in some parts of East Africa by game's uncontrolled increase, or its habit of dropping in with trucks and helicopters at great expense in a land of great human poverty to save rhino by moving them to areas already

(continued on page 162)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME

PART IV:

WAR IN THE UNDERWORLD

article By RICHARD HAMMER *for nearly two years, rival factions fought for control of the mafia, the bodies piled up like firewood, and lucky luciano had just the opening he needed*

THE GANGLAND WAR that would end only with the death of the opposing commanders and the birth of a national underworld organization was set off in the last weeks of October 1929 not in some Mafia stronghold in New York's Little Italy but farther downtown, on Wall Street. The collapsing stock market ended a decade of exhilaration and Emile Coué optimism ("Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better") and of a frenetic search

for pleasure. The euphoria of the Roaring Twenties gave way to panic and fear. Only weeks before, money had been plentiful; suddenly, paper millionaires were wondering where they could raise money for rent and food and whether the job would still be there in the morning—or where they might find work.

No one was immune, not even those who had purveyed pleasure to the nation in the good times come to an end.

The leaders of the underworld still had plenty of money; they had practiced a strictly cash business, had socked away millions of dollars (not in banks) and so had the capital to see them through anything. They became one of the few sources of cash to which desperate men could turn, and thus found themselves with the means to invade a thousand legitimate fields and corrupt them. Still, their vast reservoir of money was no longer being replen-

ished by the steady rain of hard currency that had poured down on them during the golden years, and the future promised an extended drought. "There we were," said one major bootlegger. "We had been doing damn good, raking in the dough like it was grass out in the country, and all of a sudden it was all over. We got hit just like everybody else. Maybe not so bad, because we always got paid in cash and nobody I knew ever put a



By surviving a one-way ride, New York gangster Charles Luciano earned the nickname Charlie Lucky, or just plain Lucky—which he must have been, considering his slashed eye and dozens of other knife wounds inflicted by rival mobsters who abducted him on the night of October 16, 1929, and hours later dumped him from a car on Staten Island. True to tradition, he refused to cooperate with police or identify his attackers.

nickel in the banks or the stock market. But we got hit, too, and it hurt plenty. There was a time when things were really going good when some guy would try to weasel his way in a little around the edges of my territory. Sometimes I'd knock him over and sometimes I'd figure, what the hell, everybody's got to live and there's plenty for everybody and besides, the guy's a small-timer trying to turn a buck. So I'd give him a warning and let him alone. Why make a lot of trouble over a couple of cases? But after that thing on Wall Street, when the sales started dropping off and some of us had to start tapping the dough we salted away, I don't think anybody

stood for any crap from anybody anymore. A guy set his foot inside my district and I cut it off for him."

Thus, as the national economy continued to contract, and the national mood turned from optimism to desperation, rivalries that had simmered for years finally came to a boil. It happened in every field of business, legitimate and illegitimate, but most violently in the bitterly competitive and fragmented Italian underworld, where the secret society, the Mafia, was dominant. There the struggle for supremacy exploded like a capped pressure cooker. On one side was the army commanded by Giuseppe Masseria, known as Joe



The murder of Giuseppe "Joe the Boss" Masserio in April 1931 left control of the New York Mafia to his challenger, Salvatore Maranzono, who was killed five months later when the same young mafiosi began a nationwide purge to wrest power from the older "Mustache Petes."

Among the early casualties in the Castellommorese war of 1930-1931 were two Masseria gunmen, Steve Ferrigno and Al Mineo, shotgunned by Moranzano forces outside a Bronx apartment where they had been attending meetings on defense strategy. Ultimately, both sides lost.



ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN AFTER BEN SHAHN CIRCA 1932



One of many gangland sparrows who fell uncounted in the war between Masseria and Maranzano for Mafia control. More than 60 killings were attributed to the struggle that ended in mutual defeat and the rise of Luciano, who had fought for and betrayed both factions.



According to legend, Mafia gunmen rubbed garlic on their bullets to cause fatal infection in the event that wounds failed to kill a victim outright. The favored cartridge was the .45 ACP, used in both the Model 1911 Colt automatic pistol and the Thompson submachine gun.



the Boss. On the other were the forces led by Salvatore Maranzano and dominated by his fellow immigrants from the Sicilian town of Castellammare del Golfo.

Masseria was a slob. Spaghetti stains seemed always to dapple his unvaryingly black vest and the front of his trousers; dirt and hair grease ringed the collars of his white shirts and he constantly exuded a rank, overripe aroma. Though never slim, his body had once been hard, muscular and agile, and though he never lost his surprising agility (which led many to call him the man who could dodge bullets), years of affluent living and a voracious appetite for pasta converted much of his body into rolls of fat. Even in his native Italian, he was barely literate, and he spoke English so haltingly that he used it rarely. He was an expansive man, his gestures florid, and he laughed often, the sound rising from deep in his immense stomach, his body shaking with the humor of it all—and he could find a source of laughter in anything from a crude practical joke on one of his underlings to the death of an enemy. To those who worked for him, he sometimes donned a benevolent air of the all-wise, omnipotent father, brooking no failure to meet his demands and severely chastising any sign of disobedience.

But Joe the Boss was no jolly fat man, no comic-opera clown. Most times, his hard black eyes were cold and shuttered; but when his violent temper was aroused, they turned molten. A man of cunning and shrewdness, with overweening ambition and a monstrous ego, he had no pity toward those who crossed him or stood in his way.

Masseria had left Sicily in the early years of the century a grown man with strong Mafia credentials. Almost as soon as he settled in New York, he teamed up with Mafia ruler Ignazio Saitta, known as Lupo the Wolf, an extortionist and killer extraordinary who maintained in East Harlem a stable where his enemies were hung on meathooks and then, still alive, fed to glowing furnaces. Working with Saitta in all the rackets that bled the Italian immigrants, Masseria soon became a recognized and feared power in Lower Manhattan's Little Italy. And when, in 1920, Saitta foolishly expanded his operations to include counterfeiting—with the consequences of capture, trial and a 30-year term in Federal prison—Masseria emerged as one of the main contenders for the Mafia throne and the overlordship of the Italian-immigrant community.

With the advent of Prohibition, control of the country's Little Italys meant control of the wine-making vats and liquor stills that were common fixtures in Italian households. Those stills, especially, were an important source of bootleg booze, and the Mafia leaders who controlled their output not only enriched themselves by supplying raw alcohol to

other bootleggers but could then wield power and influence far beyond their traditional ghetto fiefs.

And so Masseria's self-appointment as boss of the New York Mafia, and as ruler of the American Mafia as well, met with immediate challenge. His first rival was one Salvatore Mauro, who had been a bootlegger even before Prohibition and rejected the authority of Masseria. That defiance was met with dispatch: Mauro was gunned down in the middle of Chrystie Street one bright morning in 1920.

A new rival promptly appeared in the person of Umberto Valenti, who considered himself the legitimate heir to Saitta and other Mafia rulers. More cautious than Mauro, Valenti and his faction kept up a running, sniping battle with Masseria all over Little Italy for more than a year and a half, all the while prudently keeping himself out of the line of fire. At first, Masseria considered Valenti no more bothersome than a pesky fly and gave the job of swatting him to underlings. When they proved unequal to the task, Masseria decided in May of 1922 that if he wanted the job done right, he would have to do it himself.

In these early years of Prohibition, a number of bootleggers, with the cooperation of pliant New York police, had established a kind of central exchange market in the streets of Lower Manhattan around police headquarters. Every morning, they would meet on the curbs and buy and sell needed supplies from one another, nodding to and pressing bills into the hands of the cops who emerged from headquarters during the day. It was there that Joe the Boss decided to lay a trap for Valenti. With two of his gunmen, he waited in a doorway on Grand Street, just south of police headquarters, and when Valenti showed up for his daily excursion in the market, along with his favorite bodyguard, one Silva Tagliagamba, Masseria and his men opened fire. They missed. Valenti and Tagliagamba pulled out their guns and returned the fire. For a couple of minutes, the bullets zinged up and down Grand Street. Four innocent bystanders—two men and two women—incurred minor wounds. Valenti escaped without a scratch, but Tagliagamba was critically wounded and died a month later. When they could no longer ignore the nearby gun battle, the police finally began pouring out of headquarters. Masseria turned and ran—right into the arms of a cop. (His pistol was later returned; Masseria had a gun-carrying permit issued by a justice of the New York supreme court.) When Tagliagamba finally died at the end of June, Masseria was charged with his murder, then released on bail. The charges against him were filed away in some dusty corner of the hall of justice and soon forgotten.

Enraged at both the murder of his bodyguard and the failure of justice to avenge it, Valenti loudly declared that if

the law wouldn't act he would do so himself. He had Masseria shadowed and, on several occasions, shots were fired; all missed. One afternoon, as Masseria left his apartment on Second Avenue, two Valenti gunmen were waiting across the street. They began firing at Joe the Boss, who ducked into a nearby millinery shop. The gunmen followed him inside, shooting all the time. They broke several mirrors and windows, destroyed some hats and put two bullets through the crown of Masseria's new straw boater. But Joe the Boss lived up to the legend that he could dodge bullets.

With the slugs coming that close, however, Masseria decided it was time to end such skirmishing. He sent emissaries to Valenti, asking for peace and a conference to decide the terms. Valenti agreed and Masseria invited him to an Italian restaurant on East 12th Street to celebrate the end of hostilities. At that dinner, Masseria was his most expansive self, proclaiming Valenti a brother, declaring that thenceforth they would work together in harmony. Then, his arm around Valenti's shoulders, he led his rival out to the sidewalk, stepped aside, raised his hand and a fusillade of bullets ended the challenge of Umberto Valenti.

Once again, Masseria was charged with murder, once again he was freed on bail and once again the charges disappeared somewhere in official files, never to be resurrected.

For a time, Masseria seemed to reign supreme and secure. He tightened his grip on ghetto rackets, expanded his bootlegging business, strengthened his organization. Like his Mafia contemporaries, he considered his world the only world and had no use for anyone who wasn't Sicilian or at least Italian; when the bootleg business forced him to deal with someone outside the clan, he usually turned the negotiations over to one of his trusted aides. He felt no need for outside allies or partners and believed himself strong enough then to turn back any insider who had the audacity to challenge his rule.

One such rival was already emerging, a brighter and more patient man. He was Salvatore Maranzano. Born in Castellammare del Golfo, Maranzano was educated far beyond most of his underworld contemporaries. He had studied for the priesthood before finding his true vocation in the underworld and was a classical scholar, fluent not just in Italian but also in Latin and Greek (though his English was never more than passable). His home was filled with well-read books, many on the life and campaigns of Julius Caesar, to whom he constantly compared himself. To his uncomprehending associates and underlings, he would often quote long extracts from the Latin or Greek to make his point and to demonstrate his own superiority; then, as though suddenly

(continued on page 194)

JAMAICAN HOLIDAY

fiction

By ELLIOTT ARNOLD

"I DON'T WANT to go to Jamaica,"

Mrs. Gray said. "Jamaica is riddled with blacks."

"There are black people there,"

Mr. Gray said. "Jamaica is a black island."

"This island is becoming black fast enough," Mrs. Gray said.

"I don't have to fly thousands of miles to another one."

Mr. Gray broke off the ash of his cigar before he replied. "Ellie, that's racism pure and simple and you know my position on that."

"Yes, I know your position, Robert, and in principle, I approve. I do.

I approve of the way you've opened your office to those people.

I really do. But that doesn't mean we have to spend our holiday among blacks. Everybody says you take your life in your



rising up through the mist of rum and tropical heat, a germ of hatred grows to giant size

hands with those crazy natives."

The cold March wind swept across the terrace of the Park Avenue penthouse.

"I read in the *Times* this morning it was over eighty in Kingston," Mr. Gray said. "Ellie, you're not going to let your life be run by your bigoted bridge friends, are you?"

"My friends are not bigots."

Mrs. Gray said quietly. "They're decent, ordinary people like you and me, and some of them are your friends, too. And everyone says stay out of the Caribbean. Everyone says the blacks there are dangerous."

Mrs. Gray was a smallish woman, just turned 50, gently firm about many things. She had been taught in finishing school many years before that it was a sign of poor breeding to raise one's voice. Mr. Gray, a tall, spare man, four years older than his wife, had been exposed to this stillness more than anyone else.

Now he listened to the anger of the wind and sighed. As an uncommonly successful corporation lawyer, he had won many a tangled legal battle against brilliant opponents and, presently senior partner in his firm, at the peak of

his career, children grown and married, life and the world opened to Ellie and him as never before, he was reduced to fighting the prejudices of his wife and her friends.

"Ellie, if you want to go to some other place than Jamaica, well and good," he said in a level, reasonable voice. "But I think that as an adult, civilized human being, you should have a more sensible reason than the obvious truth that natives live in their native land. And I didn't open the office to 'those people.' I simply engaged a total of three very promising young lawyers who, incidentally, and only incidentally, happen to be black." He puffed on his cigar and listened to the winter outside and when Mrs. Gray made no reply, he said, "They have two or three very good golf courses down there."

"Yes, golf courses," Mrs. Gray said. "And where were those people killed in the Virgin Islands? In the clubhouse of a golf course." There was no triumph in the way she said it. There was nothing but friendliness.

Mr. Gray sighed again. A tactical error. Something he rarely would have been guilty of in his professional life.

"And look what just happened in Bermuda," Mrs. Gray said. "The most civilized island of them all, I'd think. And the governor and his aide shot, just like that, walking his dog. And they even shot the dog." There was the faintest hostility in Mrs. Gray's tones at the end. She was greatly appreciative of well-bred dogs.

Mr. Gray went to a cabinet and poured a brandy. He turned and faced her. He always felt more competent on his feet. "Ellie, I simply will not submit to bigotry and prejudice. It's against everything I've believed in all my life. There are good blacks and bad blacks, just as there are good whites and bad whites."

"Given a choice," Mrs. Gray said, "I'd take my chances with the whites."

. . .

Donald Gordon sashayed toward the tables of the little open-air restaurant in Ocho Rios' Pineapple Place. He swung his ass in the tight pants as he moved. It was his way. He wore a bright shirt forested with huge palms. He was young and handsome and his hair was twisted into the tight, wormlike locks of the Ras Tafari. He was a Ras Tafari. Well, he said he believed in it. He didn't. The real Ras Tafari nuts believed in that crazy shit of worshiping the emperor of Ethiopia, of all people, and they dreamed of going back there one day, real silly bastards wanting to leave Jamaica and live in some crazy place in Africa. Going back, they said, like they'd been there before. And the real *nyamps*, rubbing cow dung in their hair. Why? Who knows? Who cares? No, mon, those cats were waffly, but there was this big plantation way up in the mountains, and all over growing ganja—pot, shit, grass, marijuana to the

world—and the Ras Tafari had the connection. It was part of the religion. They were peaceful and half asleep all the time, the real ones, smoking and dreaming. Well, Donald Gordon was peaceful, too, and smoked and dreamed, but it wasn't the same dream at all. Fuck Ethiopia! He just wanted plenty of the weed and girls and rum and so he was Ras Tafari, without cow shit in his hair; he liked to smell real sweet for all his pretty little *boonoonoonoos*.

He surveyed the tables in the bright afternoon sun. They were filled and loud with tourists, the men with bang-bellies hanging over their belts and skinny legs sticking out of short pants, and the women, almost all of them bang-bellied themselves, like the men, wearing clothes meant for little children, and talking in that high, shrill way about the bargains they just found in the shops. The voices hurt him. They cut through the air like razors.

He started to sing *Yellow Bird*, accompanying himself by running a little stick up and down a notched bamboo tube, and he sashayed over to a table where two couples were sitting and he put a big smile on his face, showing twice as many teeth in his mouth as belonged there. "Greetings, greetings, to our honored visitors," he sang, putting the words in place of the real words of the song. "And how do you like our beautiful island in the sun?"

Too much, he saw. Their faces were pink from the sun and would get red and maybe worse. Real *nyamps*.

The two men, both of whom had cameras dangling from their necks like the gear of an elite corps, looked at each other and then at the women. The ladies, who had been speaking at the same time, stopped in midsentence.

They were brand-new in Jamaica, Donald could see from their pink skins and their uncertainty. "Can I introduce you to some of our choice local craftwork? Something to take back to your friends from Jamaica." He worked the stick up and down and hummed. "Look!" he said suddenly, delighted to see them almost jump. He whipped something out of his shirt pocket. "A cigarette holder carved out of bamboo. Two dollars and fifty cents, American."

The four Americans, all in their middle years, who had been in the act of eating sandwiches and drinking beer and Cokes, did not answer. They were not accustomed to having strangers sit down at a table unasked. They didn't quite know how to handle this situation. Nearby, of course, were the tourist guides, government people, natty in khaki uniforms and pith helmets, so there was no real danger. It was just disturbing.

Donald turned to the man nearest him. "Cat got your tongue, mon?" he asked pleasantly.

The man, the fatter of the two, the one

who was going to have the most trouble from the sunburn, swallowed what he had in his mouth and said, "Too much."

"What is too much, mon?" Donald asked.

"Too much for that cigarette holder."

"Too much, mon? You say too much? Why you say that?"

The man glanced at the tourist guides nearby. "Now, I don't have to explain that, do I?"

"What you pay for that sandwich you eating, mon?" Donald asked, leaning even closer.

"One dollar ten," the man said automatically.

"Jamaican?"

"Yes."

"And you don't think that too much, mon?"

"That's my business," the man said, wondering whether there had been sufficient provocation to call upon authority.

Donald waved the cigarette holder. "And this my business, mon," he said fiercely. He was having fun. He knew he probably had no sale with these people, but he was having fun. He hadn't missed the glances toward the uniformed guides. That never worried him. He had never caused trouble in his life and the guides all knew that.

"We don't want anything," one of the women said. She was a normally pale, blondey kind of woman and she appeared at the moment to have contracted some subtle tropical skin disease.

"But you ain't seen all I got, my lady," Donald said. He reached into his other shirt pocket and took out another bamboo tube, slightly larger in circumference than the notched tube but shorter. He put the tube on the table. Then he raised the bamboo quickly and inside was the tiny carving of a black man with a gigantic phallus that leaped out when the tube was raised. Donald slid the tube down fast and grinned. "Now black man not so bad, hey, my lady?" he asked.

"Now, just a minute." The other man spoke up.

Donald raised and lowered the bamboo. He looked at the tourists with a wild, fierce grin that challenged them to take action against him in his own land. This was real fun. "Black man get better all the time, yes, my ladies?" What the hell, if he couldn't make a sale, might as well have a laugh.

The fatter man looked around nervously and saw the waiter and signaled for the check.

"You want nothing, ladies and gentlemen?" Donald asked in his most dangerous way. "Not my music scraper? Not my cigarette holder?" He lifted and lowered the bamboo and the black phallus sprang out and then vanished. "Not my little black man? You sure, my lady?" He turned his attention to the woman on his

(continued on page 164)

Erikson



"Oh, come now, Miss Rozack—the instruments can't be that cold."

SEX IN CINEMA



if the censors have their way, "last tango in paris" could become the last tango anywhere

pictorial essay **By ARTHUR KNIGHT** THE RUMBLINGS had been heard for some time: a distant thunder, ominously persistent, punctuated by occasional flashes of lightning as a movie was closed here by overzealous sheriffs or a theater was burned there by bluenose vandals. Vocal minorities called for the arrest, prosecution and conviction of "the pornographers"; and, in response, a crescendo of court cases—many of them instigated by the FBI—rose from coast to coast. The Supreme Court had been sitting for more than a year on a number of obscenity cases, the Justices either reluctant or unable to reach a decision. Then, on June 21, the lid blew off. In a series of five stunning blows, the Nixon Court reversed almost 20 years of standards and practices established by the Warren Court in dealing with sexual materials, and in every branch of the film industry, the panic was on.

Ironically, although the major thrust of the Court's decisions was clearly aimed at the producers and distributors of hard-core films, books and magazines, it immediately became apparent that these were the people best able to take care of themselves. Within hours of the Supreme Court announcement, there was a meeting of the Los Angeles branch of the Adult Film Association of America, whose members are the main purveyors of such "adult" entertainment. At the session, a few producers announced that they were withdrawing from the field and a few more stated their intention of going soft core—but most simply expressed relief that they had already managed to unload their inventories without sustaining a loss. They alone had correctly seen—and hedged against—what was coming.

Assessing their future, they felt that they could continue to operate successfully soft core within the state of California (the Court's decision on *U.S. vs. Orito* merely upheld the right of Congress to regulate the transport of obscene material in interstate commerce) and that their counterparts in New York might well do the same there. No other state, in their opinion, could be similarly self-sustaining. But their deepest concern, they said, was that if they—who regard themselves as legitimate entrepreneurs in the porno field—were to move out, "the Syndicate" would promptly move in. There were, indeed, rumors that it already had. Gerard Damiano, writer-director of *Deep Throat*, had been quoted in *The New York Times* as declining to comment on why he'd sold his interest in that top-grossing film; he said he didn't want his legs broken. "With the exception of *Deep Throat*, they've left us pretty much (text continued on page 158)

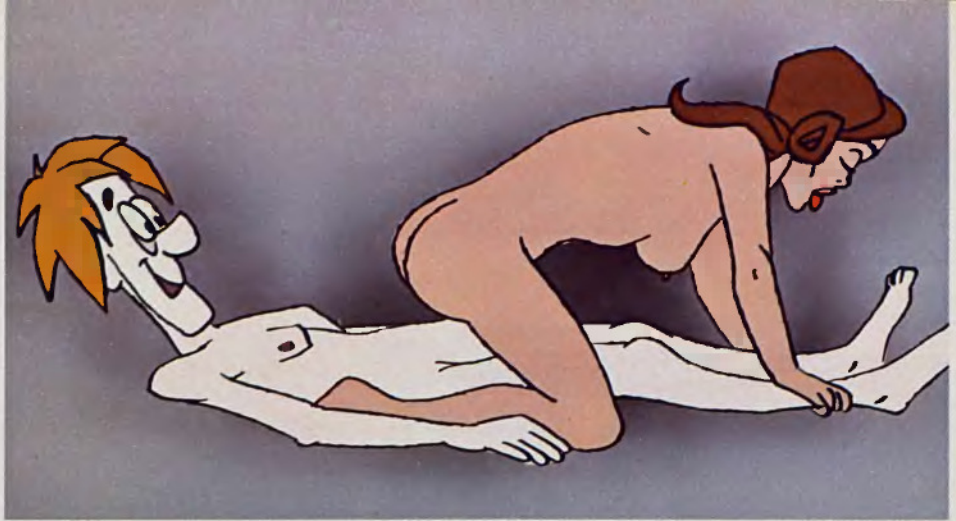


ODDS 'N' ENDS: Sex took many forms in 1973 films—surreal (“Impossible Object,” with Alan Bates and Lea Massari, opposite), medieval-romantic (“Colinot,” with Brigitte Bardot teasing Francis Huster, top left), casual (Burt Reynolds appraises Jennifer Billingsley in “White Lightning,” top right), sophisticated (Glenda Jackson spars with George Segal in “A Touch of Class,” center left), animated (“Heavy Traffic,” center right) and semibiographical (with Jeff Bridges, as race-car driver Junior “Jackson,” wooing Valerie Perrine in “The Last American Hero,” based on two articles by Tom Wolfe, above left, and Kris Kristofferson, as Billy, bedding sweetheart Rita Coolidge in “Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid,” above right).



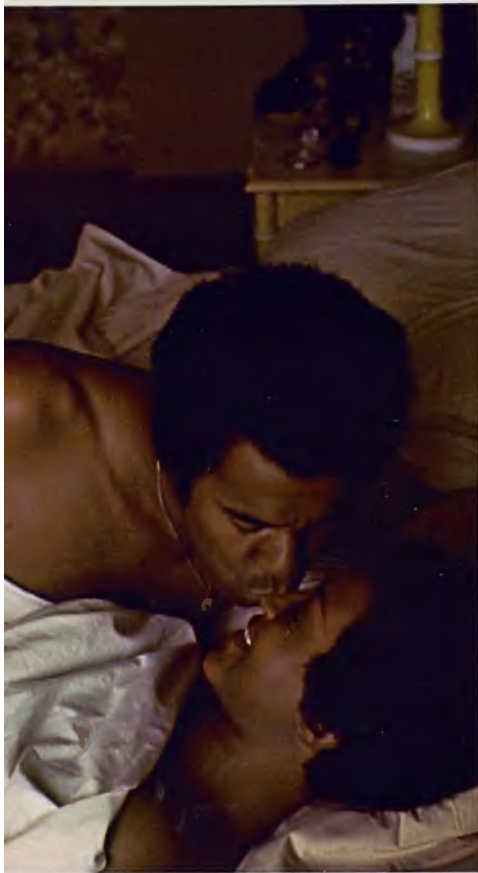
FORCIBLE ENTRY: Rape, now a near cliché, strikes at Margot Kidder (in "Sisters," top left, Jennifer Salt fantasizes Margot's violation by Bill Finley); Sophia Loren, gang-banged in "Man of La Mancha" (top right); Tiffany Bolling, assaulted by Vincent Martorano in "Candy Snatch" (above left); and Lynn Lowry, molested in "Sugar Cookies" via that old phallic symbol, the gun, in the hands of George Shannon (above right)—while her lesbian lover (Mary Woronov) looks on. **HIGH KINKS:** Sarah Miles's outfit courts scandal in "Lady Caroline Lamb" (below left); Anne Heywood—whose recent roles have gotten her into unconventional habits—indulges a fancy in "The Nuns of Sant'Arcangelo" (below right).





FUN & GAMES: Laughter is a prime ingredient in such fare as "The Most Important Event Since Man Walked on the Moon," a French farce with Marcello Mastroianni becoming an expectant father (above); "Little Dick, the Mighty Midget" (at top right, an encounter between happy hippies that's witnessed by the well-endowed dwarf who, ironically, plays the title role); "Snow White and the Seven Perverts," which in the segment at center right looks more like "Black Beauty and the Dirty Old Men"; "Avanti!" (bottom right), where Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills go skinny-dipping before coming to the same amorous terms as, they learn, did their departed parents; and "Blume in Love" (below), starring George Segal (again) as a man who's been dumped by his wife—principally because of the sort of thing he's enjoying here with Marsha Mason.





AFROEROTICISM: The boom in black-oriented movie production continues unabated—its only new wrinkle, perhaps, being the introduction of a woman as principal character. At center and above, Pam Grier as the shotgun-toting “Coffy” prepares for bed—the site to which she lures most of her victims before blasting them. Also aimed squarely at black audiences are “Book of Numbers,” with Philip Thomas and Freda Payne (near right, top) sharing billing with producer-director-star Raymond St. Jacques; “That Man Bolt” (near right, center) and “Black Caesar” (near right, bottom), both showcasing ex-pro football player Fred “The Hammer” Williamson—making out with Theresa Graves in the former and with Gloria Hendry (off-screen, a Playboy Club Bunny) in the latter; “Shaft in Africa,” the third in the series of Richard Roundtree’s adventures in private eyeballing—this one spiriting the detective out of Manhattan and into Addis Ababa, where Vonetta McGee provides local color as the daughter of an emir (left); and “Trouble Man” (above, far left), yet another inner-city thriller pitting the hero (Robert Hooks, here getting in some sack time with Paula Kelly) against enemies from both sides of the law.



MIXED COMPANY: Despite protests from black militants and Ku Klux types, interracial lovemaking multiplies onscreen. At top, Gloria Hendry reappears with Roger Moore in a James Bond film, "Live and Let Die"; above, Marki Bey falls for rookie cop William Elliott in "Hangup"; and below, in "Slaughter's Big Rip-Off," Jim Brown enjoys a reunion with a callgirl played by Judy Brown (no kin).





GAY LIBERTIES: In the forthcoming Italian production "Il Caso Pisciotto," to be released in this country by Columbia, Michele Placido is menaced by fellow convicts (above) who eventually rape him. Lesbianism is represented, in more tender guise, by Carol White and Veronica Anderson in this sequence from the fantasy—previewed here in July—"Some Call It Loving" (below).

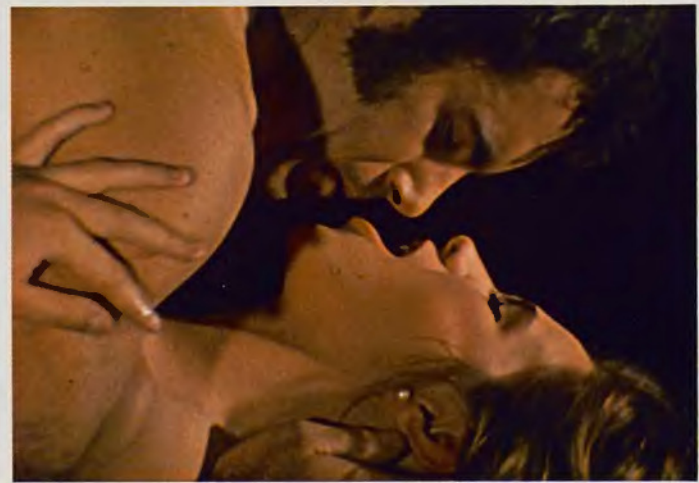


FLESHPLOTS: Sexpotboilers are no respecters of national boundaries. From the U. S. comes "Girls Are for Loving" (with Cheri "Ginger" Caffaro and Fred Vincent, above); from France, "Prenez la Queue Comme Tout le Monde" (below right); from Denmark, the whimsical "Up and Coming" (below).





HARD TIMES: Superhit porno attractions of the year were (from top) "Deep Throat," with Linda Lovelace, "The Devil in Miss Jones," with Georgina Spelvin, and "Behind the Green Door," with Marilyn Chambers, the girl on the Ivory Snow box. Both "Throat" and "Door" came out in 1972 but rose to nationwide notoriety (and nationwide litigation) during 1973.





FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Outstanding among the imports of the year was Eric Rohmer's "Chloé in the Afternoon," the story of a man's infatuation with a young charmer. The rub-a-dub-dub at top is as far as the hero (Bernard Verley) ever gets with the girl (Zouzou). Italy's "Night of the Flowers," a takeout on the Manson clan, features "lust, hate, despair and general weirdness," to quote one critic. In it, Dominique Sanda relates to cultist Macha Meril (center) and Hiram Keller (above).

alone," said one member of the Adult Film Association. "After all, there's more action, and less risk, in a single night at Vegas than in this entire field. But if it's forced underground, the prices will start going up and they'll be here. And when that happens, I don't want to be around."

Because most films for the porn market continue to be turned out on extremely low budgets (generally \$15,000 or less), their producers can afford to stay in business even if their income is restricted to what they can earn in New York or California. What faces the major studios as a result of the Supreme Court's rulings is infinitely more complex and dispiriting. In the case of *Miller vs. California*, the Court turned over to the states the problem of establishing "contemporary community standards," offering as guidelines to what could and should be banned what it chose to call "a few plain examples":

"(a) Patently offensive representations or descriptions of ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated.

"(b) Patently offensive representations or descriptions of masturbation, excretory functions and lewd exhibition of the genitals."

"At a minimum," the Court went on to explain, "prurient, patently offensive depiction or description of sexual conduct must have serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value to merit First Amendment protection." To the states was left the question of what might or might not be considered "patently offensive" within their own borders. To the major studios was left the frightening possibility that before the year is out, they might be faced with as many as 50 separate interpretations of what constitutes a "patently offensive" representation of sex. Within days of the decisions, Steve Krantz Productions had announced that it was delaying the filming of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, a novel dealing with homosexuality, and every studio was re-examining its current inventory to find ways of transforming a possible R into a probable PG.

Publicly the majors, via the Motion Picture Association of America, were talking tough. After a meeting July 31 to discuss the matter, M.P.A.A. president Jack Valenti issued a statement: "It is the M.P.A.A. judgment that the High Court will clarify its earlier decisions and narrow the broad definitions of obscenity to fasten securely the principle that there is a difference between commerce in ideas and the commercial exploitation of obscene material." The M.P.A.A., he continued, is joining with other organizations, including the American Library Association, in setting up a media coalition that "has set as its goal an informational program for the Congress, state legislatures



LUST TANGO: In terms of sexual candor, the landmark big-budget picture of this (or perhaps any other) year was unquestionably Bernardo Bertolucci's "Last Tango in Paris." Highly controversial—in fact, banned in its native Italy—"Last Tango" is the story of a middle-aged ex-fighter (Marlon Brando) and a young girl (Maria Schneider). The two meet in an apartment for rent and, immediately attracted to each other, agree to share the place—anon-ymously, for carnal purposes only. An impressively diversified exhibition of sexual acrobatics, in locations ranging from floor to wall to bathroom (above and below), follows before the affair grinds to its tragic, and inevitable, conclusion.



and local governing authorities to make clear that ideas and free speech are not to be abused by disfiguring definitions of obscenity which can be used to indict legitimate artistic and creative efforts."

The studio heads who attended that meeting agreed to let Valenti do all the talking for attribution. Privately, though, several speculated that trouble may be brewing at the exhibitor level. If exhibitors are afraid to show major films, something will have to give. But, cautioned one executive, it will be at least 12 months before the studios will know for sure "which way the ball will bounce." One effort to aid exhibitors and distributors is under way: The M. P. A. A. is lending legal assistance to them in selected cases. The association's attorney, the high-powered Louis Nizer, is already representing the defendants in the appeal of the *Carnal Knowledge* case from an adverse supreme court ruling in Georgia.

Significantly, though, apart from United Artists' import of *Last Tango in Paris*, no major company had permitted an X-rated movie on its premises since *A Clockwork Orange*, which was released early in 1972 and subsequently laundered to an R. One important reason was the fact that more and more newspapers were refusing flat-out to advertise X features in their pages or, like the *Los Angeles Times*, had taken to lumping together all Xs, regardless of merit or origin, on the same page. As a result, United Artists simply withdrew its *Last Tango* ads altogether from the *Times*—apparently without doing much damage to its weekly grosses.

To a great many defenders of sexual candor on the screen, *Last Tango in Paris* was justification enough for their position. Previewed for a single performance as the grand finale of the New York Film Festival in October 1972, the print was hustled back to Italy, where it remained, surrounded by legal controversy, and did not make its commercial debut here until February 1973. Wisely, United Artists centered its advertising campaign on Pauline Kael's glowing *New Yorker* review, written at the time of the festival, in which she compared *Last Tango* to Igor Stravinsky's epochal *Rite of Spring*. The classical allusion was apt. What Stravinsky had done to liberate the ballet from stifling conventions back in 1913, Bernardo Bertolucci seemed to be accomplishing for the screen almost 60 years later. And the *scandale* that attended the Stravinsky premiere was fully echoed in the reactions—critical, political and personal—evoked by the film wherever it was shown, either here or abroad. In its native Italy, after a four-day hearing last June, the film was banned and its two leads, Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider, were fined and given suspended sentences. Since neither was in Italy at the time, the latter was purely *pro forma*, but indicative. United Artists was to encounter much the same opposition as it sought to open the film

around the U. S. To many a judicial eye, it looked like just another porn film.

Actually, *Last Tango in Paris* left little to the imagination in terms of sexual activity and nothing whatsoever in terms of sexual language. It featured full frontal female nudity, masturbation, sodomy and fornication (in an impressive array of positions) and a range of four-letter words that would certainly boggle the minds of all but the most sophisticated pornographers. Two factors, however, clearly differentiated it from the hordes of hard-core films that have been crowding the screens in recent years: One was the absence of any explicit close-ups of the sexual act; there was no depiction of penetration, as it is delicately described in the courts. The other was the almost self-evident fact that every bit of the film's extensive eroticism is related to its serious central theme. Still standing after the Supreme Court's decisions is the basic caveat that any work being judged must be considered "as a whole."

"As a whole," *Last Tango* is the moving story of a thoroughly demoralized ex-fighter, ex-actor whose unfaithful wife has committed suicide. Now middle-aged and alone, Paul (Brando) is fearful of the future, and even more fearful of emotional commitment. Wandering the streets of Paris, he comes upon an apartment for rent—a seedy place with tattered castoffs piled in the corners. While Paul is inspecting it, Jeanne (Mlle. Schneider) arrives; she and her fiancé are to be married in a week and they need a place. Within moments Paul, still wearing his trench coat, is upon her, lifting her skirt, dragging down her panties. They have sex while standing, the girl's legs locked firmly about Paul's middle. Their sudden passion spent, the two make a pact. The apartment will be their rendezvous; they will continue to meet for sex, but only for sex—no emotions, no names.

Paul, with his insatiable hunger and the fear of approaching impotence, keeps the game going and Jeanne, although enduring virtually every form of sexual humiliation, is masochistic enough not only to participate wholeheartedly in his aberrations but even to find herself falling in love with him. Later, Paul recognizes, if not necessarily his love for the girl, certainly his need for her. He takes her to a tango palace, where, in a brilliantly stylized sequence, he drunkenly proposes to her. She rejects him, however, and announces her intention of going through with her wedding to her young film director. When Paul follows her home, she shoots him dead. Still not knowing his name, she calmly sets about preparing her alibi.

The plot may sound slender, its incidents lurid; but Bertolucci, at 32 Italy's most creative director, had a wholly moral, even a moralistic message in mind: Sex without love, he tells us, carnality without commitment, can end only in

tragedy. Paul might have been saved his tortured wanderings, Jeanne her torment, had they accepted this simple fact. There is a particularly touching scene between Brando and his dead wife's former lover (Massimo Girotti) in which Paul begins to realize how little he knew the woman, and another at her bier in which all the things that he should have said to her while she was alive come pouring out. In both instances, one realizes it is much too little and far too late. But these scenes afford piercing insights into the character of Paul and, hence, lend a peculiar validity to the entire enterprise. It is this psychic penetration of the characters, rather than the absence of any physical penetration by the performers, that sets *Last Tango* apart. Clearly, *Time's* reviewer overstated the case when he declared, shortly before the film's New York opening: "*Tango* proclaims the liberation of serious films from restraints on sex as unequivocally as the 1967 *Bonnie and Clyde* proclaimed liberation from restraints on violence." But then, back in January of this year, there were precious few who could foresee the repression forthcoming from the Nixon Court.

Perhaps some of this early euphoria could be traced to the voters of California, who in November 1972, by a tally of better than two to one, had turned down Proposition 18, a measure that would have enforced strict guidelines on pornography and obscenity. Even John Wayne, one of the more conservative inhabitants of the movie capital, spoke out against the measure. "You don't cut off your foot because you have a sore toe," he told TV viewers in a widely seen commercial. In the courts, juries—possibly more reliable indicators of "community standards" than politically appointed or elected judges—generally were turning in not-guilty verdicts on X-rated merchandise charged with obscenity. In Binghamton, New York, for example, a jury of ordinary citizens found *Deep Throat* not obscene—although a few months later, in a separate trial in New York City, criminal-court judge Joel Tyler made it clear that he didn't agree. In Chicago, *Throat* went through two mistrials—one when the jury declared itself deadlocked, the second when the judge disqualified himself—in April of this year. The proprietors of the Town Underground Theater, where the picture was booked, may well have wished the verdict had come in before the Supreme Court decisions. In July, post-Court, they meekly entered a plea of guilty to obscenity and paid a fine of \$10,000. But that was July. Back in February, looking through what turned out to be a clouded crystal ball, the showbiz bible *Variety* was informing its readers that, as far as New York was concerned, at least, sexy movies would no longer be "in the same category as peep shows, massage parlors and street crime,"

(continued on page 168)

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, there was a certain young fellow, a potter by trade, who went from village to village selling his wares. At the end of one especially hot and dusty day, he came to a pleasant village with a little river flowing through it and he decided to idle awhile. After he'd watered his horse, he went up the village street until he came to the church, and there, at some distance in the churchyard, he saw something quite curious.

Just then the priest, a ruddy, jolly-looking cleric, came out the church door and the potter stepped over the low wall to speak with him. "Little Father," he said, "over yonder I see a very comely young woman who is weeping and throwing herself about on the ground. Pray, do you know why?"

"Poor child," said the priest, "she has fallen on the grave of her husband, who was murdered by bandits not long ago while guarding his sheep in a meadow above the village. She will not be consoled."

"Hmm," said the potter, "now, don't you find it sinful that such beauty should waste away in sorrow and tears? As I think of it, though, it occurs to me that some vigorous young man—he could even be a stranger passing through—could turn her thoughts to happier things. He could, for instance, turn her onto her back and gently spread—"

"My good sir," interrupted the priest, "such is her emotion and so fresh is the memory of her husband that nothing of the sort could possibly occur. Why, if I were the scoundrelly sort of priest who took part in wagers, I should probably bet my mare and her new foal against—hmm, what shall we say?—that the fellow would not succeed."

"Shall we say a painted cart and a stout horse?" asked the potter. "I am sure that even the most righteous priest would make a wager if he knew that the outcome would be a lesson for some thoughtless sinner."

"You have put it very well," said the priest. The two men spat on the ground and shook hands to seal the bargain.

"Now you must find a hiding place," said the potter, "but first point out some recent grave wherein lies someone the shepherd's widow did not know. I need an excuse for visiting the graveyard."

"Just this side of the big oak tree," said the priest and he took himself off to hide.

The potter slipped quietly down the path without attracting the widow's attention and found the grave near the tree. He lay down on it. Suddenly, the widow heard a moan like thunder, broken by a sob like that of a man whose heart had just split. There was silence for a minute. Then the widow heard a deep, rhythmic weeping that could have been the sound of half a village

lamenting that the other half had been massacred by the Turks.

The young woman stopped her own crying, sat up, dried her tears and went over to the potter with an expression of true compassion. "Be comforted, young sir," she said, "or you will surely damage some organ inside yourself with those terrible sounds. Tell me, whom do you mourn? An aged mother? A dear sister?"

The noise the potter was making gradually lowered and finally he said in a harsh tone, "Organ, yes, my organ! May God curse it and wither it! Better still, I'll borrow a cleaver from the butcher and chop it off. It is the cause of all my woe, that monster."

The widow began to pat his shoulder sympathetically and look with interest into his tear-stained face. The potter raised up on one elbow. "Yes," he said, "it is my dear young wife who lies here—horrible to confess—her fair body literally split and shattered by her husband's enormous pikestaff. Oh, I murdered her. What woman will ever love me now?"

The woman's eyes filled with tears of sympathy. She put her arm about his shoulders and tried to soothe him. At last she said, "Listen, poor young man, I think I have a solution for our tragedies. You have a great need for love and comforting to keep you from going mad and doing yourself an injury. As for me, I desire only to die and go to heaven, so that I can join my dear husband again, but I dare not kill myself. So, let us combine our needs: You will be calmed and consoled, while I will die quickly impaled on that magnificent—that is, I mean to say murderous—engine of yours."

"I begin to get the drift of your meaning," said the potter, bowing his head in resignation. "It seems to be the only solution." They moved over to a soft, grassy spot and lay down with their arms around each other.

O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The young widow felt the journey to the other world begin with a pleasant glow that soon turned into an exaltation and thence into a great ecstasy. Just at the final moment of transport, she opened her eyes and, looking up into the tree, saw the bearded figure of the priest in his cassock, watching anxiously as his wager was lost.

"Ah, hurry, my dear killer! The gates of heaven are opening! I hear the music of the heavenly choir! The great archangel is before my eyes, swooping down from heaven to take my soul. Oh, take me, angel, take me!"

"The Devil take your soul," said the priest angrily from his tree. "The only thing that's opening is my stable door. And the only things that are being carried off are my fine mare and her foal."

—Retold by Philip Tilney



DARKEST AFRICA (continued from page 142)

occupied to the fullest by other rhino. The love of animals was selective among civilized people, Graham argued mischievously; it excluded mosquitoes and beef cattle and pets that misbehaved. And among game savers it was most conspicuously selective in countries such as those of East Africa, where human needs were obvious and extreme, where the choice ultimately was between free-roaming animals and men. The profligate love of animals, Graham concluded, was, in fact, a reaction formation that masked a considerable hatred of men.

Riding out in the Land Rover that afternoon to view game in the Masai Mara Game Reserve, I found it easy to agree. I had known the sickness myself. I had admired animals even in the days when I was butchering cattle for a living. "I claimed generally," Graham wrote in similar confession, "that animals were better than people. It never occurred to me to wonder what was the disappointment with people that made me turn to animals for sympathy." Exactly. Graham proposed no less for East Africa than that *Homo sapiens* should side first of all with *Homo sapiens* and confine the animals of Africa to its parks and reserves, proposals entirely realistic in countries with too little protein and increasing numbers of people to feed. Every square foot of ground that could be watered ought to be put to use growing grain.

And here were the animals before me, a herd of 100 or more black African buffalo and then small Thomson's gazelles, the "tommys" of Hemingway's stories, and giraffe and topi and occasional lone bull elephants that flapped their ears and trumpeted at the car. Zebras galloped past, plump and groomed as horses in fairy tales. The topi wore dark, shiny, mysterious patches on their thighs like patches of soot. The buffalo had horns on their heads that looked like the pulled-back hair of farm wives. The giraffe might have come from Mars, proportioned as they seemed to some different scheme of skeleton from other mammals. Before me on the grassy, rolling land studded with gall thornbushes was a vision of another time, for these animals were the surviving descendants of the distant age known as the Pleistocene, the age the daily press still calls the ice age, though many ice ages there were. The giants of the Pleistocene were gone, the pony-sized hyenas and the horse-sized sheep and the giraffe big as elephants, and only the elephant and the rhino among the largest animals still hung on in Africa long after their counterparts, the giant bears and mastodon, had disappeared everywhere else in the world. The African species running before me were animals of bold decoration, the kind of decoration found today only on birds and

insects and racing cars and primitive men. And the Pleistocene produced all these remarkable species and that other species besides, man himself, and man or the effect of man's passage had eradicated most of the Pleistocene mammals everywhere but in Africa, and before long would reduce them to a manageable few even here, and in a world on the brink of dire overpopulation only sentimentalists would be sorry.

And yet. Sitting at the desk of an open steel-screened room at Keekorok Lodge in the Masai Mara at four in the morning, listening to the zebra crunching grass on the lawn and the black-faced vervet monkeys bickering in the trees, I wondered if the love of animals that some men and women felt didn't have distant roots, whatever its present maladaptation. Men had identified themselves with animals since the beginning of time, learning to imitate them not only in order to capture them for food but also because they contained within themselves, each species in its own unique way, a knowledge of the world that man coveted for his own. Man's world, until the most recent days, until only the last 10,000 years of a history that went back at least 3,000,000, had been a world where almost all the available knowledge resided in living things, not in gardens or laboratories or machines. "Primitive" men today, walking through the countryside, routinely knew the names and uses of hundreds of plants and animals and birds. The lion was a school for stalking, the termite for housebuilding, the wild dog for organized hunting, the tortoise for defense. Anthropologists were beginning to take such qualities seriously again, studying them for the analogies they offered to the habits of early men. It was possible that some of the ancient respect for the prowess of animals still obtained. Yet there were other reasons for the emotions animals stirred in the hearts of men besides the practical. I was traveling the land to find out what they were.

That was the morning when I had stood in the Land Rover among the pride of lions and felt the wildness of Africa as I had not felt it before, felt the gulf between men and animals. The lions paid little attention to the car, but there was reason to believe they had once paid attention to men. An anthropologist attempting to imitate the early hunters by living on the savanna had more than once chased lions off their kills with no more than shouts and waves of his hands. Men had shot lions on sight for so many years that only cowardly lions might be left, but it was more likely that lions were afraid of men. Other than elephants, all animals ran from men; killer ape or no, he was obviously the most skillful predator the world had ever known.

We crossed into Tanzania and entered the Serengeti National Park late in the morning and went through customs at Lobo Lodge, a striking new shelter built into a high knob of *kopjes*, huge boulders, that rose out of the plain 150 feet or more. Beyond Lobo Lodge a brown, blasted landscape studded with thorn seemed to stretch to the ends of the earth. If this was man's ancestral home, then no one need wonder at the race's hardiness; you could explain Nazi Germany with a landscape like this one. It was old, possibly several million years old in its present form, although it had seen interludes of greater rainfall than the rainfall of recent years. Yet its rigors didn't disturb the animals; tommyes and zebra grazed contentedly on what looked like no grass at all, and farther down the road Peter stopped the car before one of the great spectacles of the Serengeti.

Before the car from horizon to horizon moved rank upon rank of wildebeest, black, bearded animals with long, mournful faces and high shoulders and sloping low backs that were, in fact, a species of antelope. They were cantering to new feeding and watering grounds in the northwest corner of the park, a column perhaps 12 wildebeest wide passing by a given point—the track on which the car was stopped—all day for days on end. There were nearly 1,000,000 wildebeest in the herd. So the American bison must have appeared to the first pioneers. I had heard of this migration in Nairobi from a wildlife specialist named Norman Myers, the author of a superb book on African wildlife, *The Long African Day*. Myers had thought I would find the wildebeest at George Dove's safari camp near Olduvai Gorge. A photographer had been making a film of the migration using a hot-air balloon for a camera platform. Obviously, the wildebeest had moved on.

As we drove toward Dove's, the Serengeti changed. From scrub and thornbush softened by the woodland along an occasional watercourse it went to grass and began to look like a prairie, an endless sweep of grasses and no trees or even bushes to break up the horizon. On this savanna, as prairies are called in Africa, the animals made their lives forever in the public eye, which meant most of all in the eyes of predators, lions, hyenas, leopards, cheetahs and wild dogs. The intended victims had acquired, as a result, every kind of exotic adaptation. The Thomson's gazelle had a black stripe running horizontally along its sides. The stripe made it stand out boldly from the buff grassy background, which hardly seemed protective, and yet it must have been.

Such markings began as random, accidental genetic changes that occurred in only one animal. Mutations of negative value quickly disappeared because they made their owners more vulnerable to

(continued on page 232)

opinion By V. S. PRITCHETT

The Ignoble Nobel

*as an
international literary
prize, it's not
a bang but a whimper*

SINCE IT WAS ESTABLISHED in 1901, the annual Nobel Prize for "the most remarkable literary work of idealistic inspiration" has crowned some 65 writers and the world—at least momentarily—has considered them great. Now, to celebrate the prize and its winners, the Nobel Prize Library is being published in a 20-volume set of selections at a cost of \$79.60. It will be a sumptuous piece of furniture for your home; it will "open new horizons for your family" and its biographical and critical introductions will explain to any cynical family members why so many commonplace scribblers are here placed cheek by jowl with some of the good and a few of the truly great.

Alfred Nobel made his fortune from the sale of dynamite; he seems to have repented and sublimated by turning some of it back as a reward for intellectual explosives. Unfortunately, many of the literary ones have failed to go off. There were the damp squibs and minor pops of Pearl Buck, John Galsworthy, Jacinto Benavente, Sinclair Lewis, Sully Prudhomme, Selma Lagerlöf and a whole host of already-forgotten Germans and Scandinavians—all honored by the prize. In the meantime, the great booms and thunders of Tolstoy, Joyce, Proust, Henry James, Chekhov, Conrad and D. H. Lawrence did not come to the ears of the Swedish Academy—and none of them won the award. In 1935, the academy looked around and found no writer worthy that year, though James Joyce, E. M. Forster, Robert Frost, Karel Čapek, Virginia Woolf and H. G. Wells were available. There have been some decent and passable choices: Kipling, Bergson and Mommsen, and some enduring ones: Mann, Yeats, T. S. Eliot and Faulkner; but, in terms of the whole list, they seem to be deviations into sense.

Patronage of the arts has always been something of a cultural love affair, with the genuine supporters offering money and admiration to artists but no public laurels. A great world prize of this kind is rather like a bad marriage between the megalomania of a big businessman and the boggling of an academic committee. Literature is not subject to a majority vote and writers are not elected in the way politicians are. Beyond that, academics, who are notorious for swinging between the staid (concluded on page 186) 163



JAMAICAN HOLIDAY

(continued from page 118)

left. Her blushing had filled in between the patches.

The fat man paid the bill and the four persons gathered their baskets and big hats and packages and walked away. They had no dignity, Donald thought. But how could they have dignity in that kind of clothing?

He sat back in his chair. He'd had a fair day and he really didn't have to peddle anything else. He felt good. Across the road were the huts of the basketmakers. Cars moved slowly down the road. It was nice and hot and the palm fronds were ruffling and making their sounds and he could see birds and hear birds he could not see. He could understand why people wanted to come to his country. It was a good place.

• • •

"Ellie," Mr. Gray said, "you'll find people talking against people everywhere. One of the men in the office just returned from Paris. You ought to hear what he has to say about the French."

"There you are."

"There I am what?"

"One has a right to like or dislike. Your friend dislikes the French. I dislike blacks."

"But once you submit to that kind of philosophy, you can cut yourself off from the entire world," Mr. Gray said. "Some people hate the English and others hate Italians and Russians and Germans and, Lord knows, enough people hate us. If we kept away from every place people hated, we'd never leave this apartment."

"Sophistry, Robert. Save it for the courtroom."

"I refuse to be influenced by racism," Mr. Gray said. Had that been sophistry? Was he losing his touch?

• • •

After a while, Donald got up. He knew his staying there might inhibit tourists from sitting down and he didn't want to do anything to hurt business. The man and woman who owned the restaurant were friends. He walked with his little ass swing and rubbed the stick up and down the bamboo and hummed and ended up at another table and sat down. There were just two people there, a young man and woman.

"Good afternoon, my lady," Donald said in his fruitiest voice. "Greetings, mon. Would you like to acquire some genuine Jamaican souvenirs?"

The man looked at Donald and smiled. "No."

"Why not, mon?" Donald was ferociously aggrieved.

"You charge too much and don't ask me how much I paid for this sandwich, Donald."

"Or how much I paid for my shirt," the woman said.

Donald, taken aback, frowned and then he grinned and slapped the table hard

with the palm of his hand. "Mr. Best."

"Close," the man said.

"West. That's it, West! Mr. and Mrs. Richard West. Hey, good to see you back in Jamaica! Hey, that very good."

The man held out his hand and Donald grabbed it. He took the woman's hand and kissed her fingers.

"Welcome," he said, in a brand-new voice.

"How've you been, you old horse thief?" the man asked.

"No change, Mr. West, no change. How's Detroit?"

"Same. Dirty and hot and cold."

"Why don't you move down here, Mrs. West?"

"Maybe, one day," she said. "I'd like to."

"We would like that, too," Donald said.

"Have a beer, Donald?" Mr. West asked.

"No, thanks, mon."

"Come on. It's hot."

"Please, Donald," Mrs. West said. She was slim and pretty.

"OK," Donald said. "I don't like nobody buy me nothing."

"I know all about that," Mr. West said.

"But I break my rule, mon, it got to be good break. No beer, mon. I want rum."

"Great," Mr. West said heartily. He called a waiter and gave the order.

"How's your mother, Donald?" Mrs. West asked.

Donald had forgotten. He had met the Wests the winter before and had talked to them often here at the restaurant and once he met them at the Little Pub and they had eaten together and had talked a lot, but he'd forgotten he told them about his family. "She the same, mon," he said. "She sixty, maybe more, she work like twenty."

"What about you?" Mrs. West asked.

"Have you settled down and gotten yourself married to one of those—what did you call them? *Boonoonoos*?"

"Don't short-money me, Mrs. West," Donald said. "*Boonoonoonoos*. No, I not married yet. I am poor mon. I have no job. I have no trade. I have no work." Donald was very sad. "Summertime nothing to do. Winter I try make living. Sell beautiful Jamaican works of art. But I sell so cheap I make no money, not even to live on."

"My God," Mrs. West said, rolling her eyes.

"My God is right," Mr. West said. "You're a thief, Donald. Anything you sell we can buy right across the road for half."

"You dead wrong, Mr. West," Donald said earnestly. "One third!" He burst into laughter and then a big John Crow soared by overhead, scarcely moving its wings, and Donald watched the black buzzard and his laughter went away with it. "When I was boy, there was no school

for me. Kids today, better. Schools. More come. Someday boys and girls are smart and can read and get good jobs and get married proper and have nice homes and not have to go round making *nyamps* of themselves for tourists."

"Knock it off, Donald, before I burst into tears," Mr. West said. "Christ, nobody has a better life than you. You have a marvelous life. I'd trade with you any day."

The waiter appeared then with the big rum drink and Donald raised the glass. "Good health, my lady. Good health, Mr. West." He drank deeply.

"How's the season been?" Mr. West asked.

Donald set the glass carefully on the table. "More people, but they different."

"Different? How?" Mrs. West asked.

"They afraid."

"Of blacks?"

"Yes, Mrs. West. And never used to be that way."

"You sense that?" she asked.

"I smell it a mile off," Donald said.

• • •

When Mr. and Mrs. Gray stepped out of the BOAC jet at Palisadoes Airport a little after nine o'clock in the evening, Mr. Gray took a deep breath. "Smell that air, Ellie." It was 30 degrees and sleeting when they left New York. "Smell that balmy air."

"I still say—" Mrs. Gray started to still say.

"Remember our agreement," Mr. Gray said. "You promised to retain an open mind."

"I still don't know why you insisted on coming here to Kingston, since we're going to Ocho Rios. We should have gone to Montego Bay like everybody else."

"You'd like to forget we worked that out," Mr. Gray said. "We agreed it would be interesting and informative to drive around the island before we settled in at Ocho Rios."

"You agreed," Mrs. Gray said. "You agreed with yourself."

They passed through customs and immigration quickly enough, although Mrs. Gray remarked later she thought the immigration woman a little more officious than necessary, and also a blacker black than she had ever seen before.

A taxi took the Grays to the Morgan's Harbour Beach Club, where Mr. Gray had booked, and in a little while they had changed out of their heavy winter clothing into light cottons. They went to the outdoor bar overlooking the water and had rum drinks and looked at the lights of Kingston across the harbor.

"Isn't this wonderful, Ellie?" Mr. Gray asked.

"It's not bad."

"Can you imagine what it's like in New York right now?"

"I prefer not to."

Mr. Gray took that as a form of
(continued on page 218)



by michael s. lasky

A New Leaf

cutting through the smoke of myth and misinformation—an uplifting report on man's second-best friend

THOUGH HE MAY smoke it only for the pleasure it provides, there is something about a man enjoying a cigar that suggests he has his affairs well in hand.

Since the end of the 15th Century, when Columbus stumbled upon America—and Indians smoking cigars—history records an impressive line-up of charismatic cigar smokers. The charisma was obviously not a direct result of their smoking cigars, but it was definitely related to and bolstered by it. There are many stories about famous and infamous cigar smokers (Napoleon, Churchill, Farouk, Freud, Casanova, Kennedy—and Capone), but myths about cigar quality, etiquette and style are even more numerous—and they have been created, largely, by cigar smokers themselves.

Probably the most indelible myth that stubbornly lingers on today is that Cuban cigars were and still are the best, most unwaveringly delicious smokes to be had. But don't let the smoke get in your eyes.

It was a little over a decade ago that American cigar lovers danced their Last



Tango in Havana. Since that fateful time when President Kennedy ordered an embargo on all Cuban goods, the unavailability of these *Havana* delights has exalted them to legendary status. Those who have taken up cigar smoking in the past ten years feel they have been denied the ultimate experience.

A friend of ours who was taken in by all this Cuban puffery used to make periodic sorties into Canada, where he would stock up on boxes of the forbidden smokes. He would then smuggle his newly acquired contraband—smuggling is the only viable way of getting them into the country—for himself and to black-market.

This ritual continued intermittently for about a year, until he was caught by a suspicious Customs inspector on the Northern border. He got off with a scolding for his un-American misdeed, but his Havanas were confiscated.

It was just as well, our friend decided afterward. He learned by experience that the quality of Cuban cigars since the embargo is, in the words of Walter Harris, president of Alfred Dunhill, "inconsistent at best."

Dunhill's, which has offered irreproachable cigars for 70 years in England and America and sold Cuban cigars in the States right up to the day of the embargo (it still does in its British stores), is highly demanding about the quality of the tobacco it dispenses. Consequently, Harris is not all that enthusiastic about Cuban harvests anymore—especially when compared with what's available today from other sources.





"You constantly hear about the cigars with vintage pre-embargo tobacco blends," Harris says. "The fact of the matter is, the tobacco left over from before the embargo is just that—left over. It's used only as a sales gimmick."

Cuban tobacco is strong. Since the embargo, American cigar smokers have been raised on mild tobacco from other places. So, as one cigar-company executive notes, "even if we were to resume trading with Cuba, its tobacco would take some getting used to."

Just about every cigar company operating in pre-Castro Cuba literally replanted its interests in other tropical countries to produce leaves equal to and most likely better than the legendary Cuban ones. And most of the native cigar craftsmen took their talents elsewhere after the *revolución*.

The number of master Cuban cigar-making families is, alas, diminishing and not likely to be replenished. At present, though, there are enough remaining so that we can, fortunately, luxuriate in their product, expertly made from tobacco leaf grown in new locations.

Jamaica, the Canary Islands, Honduras, Mexico and Tampa, Florida, are the refugee strongholds where the old cigar artisans continue their special craft. But Americans are proving that you don't *have* to be Spanish to make cigars by using their mechanized know-how to manufacture them in rambling factories located primarily in Pennsylvania and Florida.

Because of the almost
(continued on page 208)

and that marks a victory of significant proportions for the exhibitors and distributors of theatrical sexplay and product in the midtown area." Despite the thunder on the right, it seemed at the dawn of 1973 that the era of permissiveness would continue.

Last year ended and this year opened with two films that posed for the M. P. A. A. its classic dilemma: what to do about sex and violence. The ratings imposed on those films—Sam Peckinpah's *The Getaway* (PG) and Billy Wilder's *Avanti!* (R)—left little question where the Production Code Administration's affections lay. *The Getaway*, which Peckinpah directed with his accustomed quota of violence, minimized nudity. *Avanti!*, which had no violence whatsoever, maximized nudity. Juliet Mills's extremes of fleshiness were displayed at frequent intervals and Wilder had the bad taste (for some American audiences) to zoom in on an Italian mother suckling her child. The voyeurism was compounded when Jack Lemmon and Miss Mills took a nude swim, to the delight of some passing Italians. With a basic plot that seemed like a French bedroom farce played *alfresco* (the two fall in love while in Ischia to claim the bodies of their parents, who had been having a clandestine affair), the bits of incidental nudity seemed not only intrusive but inserted solely for titillation. They came across, almost embarrassingly, as an aging director's attempt to be "with it."

The same could be said of Robert Wise's *Two People*, which was patently sympathetic to the plight of a GI deserter (Peter Fonda) on his way back from Morocco to the States to turn himself in. Just before leaving Marrakesh, he runs into fashion model Lindsay Wagner. At first, he does everything in his power to turn her off, but during a layover in Paris, the two talk interminably about their problems, and finally they go to bed together. Wise, who directed *The Sound of Music*, seems belatedly to have discovered S-E-X—and reveled in it sufficiently to earn an R. Even Stanley Kramer, perhaps the squarest of Hollywood's veteran producer-directors, apparently felt impelled to insert a plethora of four-letterisms into the mouths of his two expert leads, George C. Scott and Faye Dunaway, to lend a touch of contemporaneity to the old-fashioned melodramatics of his *Oklahoma Crude*. Because the story is set in a period shortly before World War One, the language falls on the contemporary ear as irritatingly anachronistic. Since its only offense was linguistic, however, the film pulled a PG.

Throughout the recent liberal period, the Motion Picture Association, and particularly its Code and Rating Administration, was in a peculiarly ticklish situation. Essentially a creature of the

industry, it has conceived of itself not as a censor but as a bulwark against censorship; its rating system, designed to advise concerned parents as to the suitability of films for various age groups, has consistently been defended by M. P. A. A. president Valenti as a buffer against repressive Federal legislation. What has given both Valenti and his code administrator, Dr. Aaron Stern, their biggest headaches has been the controversial X—a rating, incidentally, of which neither man wholly approves. Although rarely given to pictures produced by the major companies that are members of the association, it has been handed out with some frequency to independents who submit their films for ratings—and, with even greater frequency, has been self-imposed by fly-by-night producers of exploitation pictures who have known full well that they would end up with an X anyway. As a result, films such as *A Clockwork Orange* and *Last Tango in Paris* have found themselves in the same category not only with such celebrated hard-core features as *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* but also with a tedious procession of 16mm merchandise of no artistic pretensions whatsoever. Because the code has lumped together fare so varied, the public, not surprisingly, has tended to do the same—a fact that plays directly into the hands of antisemit organizations—the Citizens for Decent Literature, Morality in Media and Operation Moral Upgrade.

Since so much of its emphasis is directed to measurement of the degree of nudity and sexual activity in films under its scrutiny, the code administration has come under fire for apparently disregarding what some consider immorality in the theme rather than the visual detail of a work. More than a year ago, the National Council of Churches withdrew its support (tentative, at best) from the code-and-rating program and, since that time, the U. S. Catholic Conference has grown increasingly vociferous about what it has termed "the M. P. A. A.'s refusal to provide parents with reliable information on the visual and thematic violence contained in many current motion pictures intended to appeal to young audiences." Specifically condemned by the conference were films such as *Lolly-Madonna XXX*, many of the blaxploitation movies and the current crop of Kung Fu epics—notably, *Deep Thrust* and *Fists of Fury*.

It's on this rock that the code administration is foundering. If there are no nipples or genitalia in evidence, a picture clearly intended for a mature audience may well end up with, at the very least, a PG rating. Thus, Hillard Elkins' production of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, that great precursor of women's lib, emerges with a

G, as if it were another Disney movie—simply because Nora—played by Claire Bloom (Mrs. Elkins)—and her husband are never glimpsed in bed together. On the other hand, Paul Mazursky's *Blume in Love*, which seems in many ways a 20th Century extension of the Ibsen drama, presumably earned its R because Susan Anspach and her husband, George Segal, are seen in bed—and on a floor—together. It's worth noting that Catholics have become far more tolerant of this sort of thing than the code people, and far more critical of G or PG pictures that, because of either their basic themes or their excessive violence, seem more appropriate for adult audiences. In a sense, then, the code has played into the hands of the very people it was trying to fend off. By failing to distinguish between mature themes and graphic sexuality, by being more lenient with violence than with sex and, above all, by failing to evaluate in any way either the seriousness of intent or the varying degrees of explicitness in X-rated movies, the Code and Rating Administration left that area open to others—namely, the church groups, the Supreme Court and the various state legislatures.

It's still too early to suggest what the legislatures will rule and what effect those rulings will have on the type of pictures with which 1973 opened—those auguring well for a "new maturity" to replace the "new permissiveness." Women's lib, for example, had sufficiently settled itself into the nation's consciousness this year that a considerable group of films began to articulate its aspirations—not satirizing them, as in 1972's embarrassing *Stand Up and Be Counted*, with its leering image of avid libbers eager for sex at any price. *Up the Sandbox*, while hardly a classic in the genre, attempted to convey the emotional crisis of New York housewife Barbra Streisand facing the advent of a third, and unwanted, child. In *Pete 'n' Tillie*, Carol Burnett forced a reluctant Walter Matthau into wedlock with the line "The honeymoon's over. It's time to get married." When their child developed a fatal illness, it was she, not the husband, who assumed the responsibility. In the romantic comedy *A Touch of Class*, Glenda Jackson, a caustic, wisecracking career woman, captivates George Segal despite her superior knowledge of Italian auto gearboxes. In *Blume in Love*, previously touched upon, the wife walks out on Segal—and ultimately returns to him on her own terms. Significantly, 1973 furnished not one but two versions of *A Doll's House*—the aforementioned one starring Claire Bloom, the other (directed by Joseph Losey) with Jane Fonda.

Nor were the decks stacked solely to favor the feminists. One of the more touching films of the year was *Scarecrow*, in which Gene Hackman and Al Pacino,

(continued on page 170)

opinion **By GARRY WILLS** Ten years after the Kennedy excitement, despite men's regret for their own younger days, it should be possible to reckon that excitement's cost. Death hallows, and should; it is the one sanctity we all must share. He died young, with things presumably undone—but what? Civil rights? Surely he would have tried; but he was up against an implacable South, which only Lyndon could cajole.

Then there is the claim that he would have undone what he did—that is, reverse the emphasis on counterinsurgency in places like Vietnam. Even if he had wanted to do such a thing, it would have been difficult. Not all kinds of weapons, once paid for, manage to get used—e.g., our nuclear arsenal. But counterinsurgency was an instrument whose whole claim was that its use was safe, more practical, more instantly applicable than massive retaliation. On the very day he died, Kennedy boasted publicly that he had “increased our special counterinsurgency forces which are now engaged in South Vietnam by 600 percent.”

Professor Galbraith suggests that Kennedy was about to change, since he was ready to drop Dean Rusk after his re-election. But this is a disingenuous argument. The President thought Rusk, and the whole State Department, too circumspect. He was leaning more to the “decisiveness” and quick solutions of Robert McNamara, whose escalating role under Johnson was already adumbrated in Kennedy's last days, with Kennedy's approval. Even Robert Kennedy, for whom the task was made easier by Johnson's stewardship, eased off very slowly from the war, and very equivocally. As late as 1966, in a timidly dovish



*now we know
that the mild-mannered
chief executive was
in reality the toughest
cold warrior of them all*

TEN YEARS AFTER

move toward negotiating with the Viet Cong, the President's brother used threats and applied “the lesson” of the Cuban Missile Crisis: “As a far larger and more powerful nation learned in October of 1962, surrender of a vital interest of the United States is an objective which cannot be achieved.”

The truly damaging material on Kennedy is offered by his defenders. Not only he but his brother after him went to death believing in the Cuban missile “victory”; and celebrants of the reign made it sound like America's finest hour of strong restraint. The error of the Bay of Pigs had been redressed, or used to prove that Kennedy could grow, could profit by his mistakes. Actually, he was more mature in his conduct of the Bay of Pigs affair. After indulging the first folly, he did not back it up with bombers—which may or may not have provoked a Russian response. And his formal aim was the restoration of Cuban exiles.

In the missile affair, there was only one aim—not removal of the missiles (that could have been accomplished by withdrawing our useless Turkish missiles); not national security (the missiles were less useful than those in Russia, since in a joint attack their release could not be coordinated); not removal of the missiles' proximity (we would shortly have some closer to our shore, sheathed in Russian subs). The only aim in this case was a confrontation with Russia, to show how tough we were. “If Khrushchev wants to rub my nose in the dirt, it's all over,” Kennedy said. So he rubbed Khrushchev's nose in the dirt, and Khrushchev took it—damaging his own political standing at home (a thing Kennedy (concluded on page 212)

two penniless (and not too bright) drifters, develop a mutual affection that, while devoid of the sexual overtones of *Midnight Cowboy*, suggests ultimately a male-female dependency. This is made even stronger by the fact that Pacino's deserted wife not only rejects him but lies to him about the death of the child he has never seen. In *The Heartbreak Kid*, a Neil Simon comedy deftly directed by Elaine May, young Charles Grodin—while still on the honeymoon—jilts his candy-munching *schlepper* of a wife (Jeannie Berlin) for the cool, WASPish charms of Cybill Shepherd. Perhaps the most penetrating portrait of the wild American male on the loose was to be found in writer-producer Steve Shagan's *Save the Tiger*, with Jack Lemmon indelibly cast as a wealthy Beverly Hills dress manufacturer contemplating a little arson to make ends meet. What he also contemplates, in the course of 36 extraordinarily crowded hours, are the generation gap, as personified by a gregarious Sunset Strippy, Laurie Heineman, and the steady erosion of all the values his own generation had lived by. Rarely has an American film worked so ruthlessly to expose the ethical dry rot at the core of the business community (including the use of callgirls to improve sales) or to invite compassion for an individual so thoroughly corrupted.

Obviously, these are all "mature" films, which is not to imply that they are either uniformly excellent or uniformly erotic. They have, however, been created from an adult perspective, which does suggest that the sexual needs, hang-ups and frustrations of their protagonists are given more than passing consideration. Unfortunately, the legal language has yet to be invented that can differentiate between these and *Last Tango in Paris*—or, for that matter, *Deep Throat*.

Violence, not sex, was the main ingredient in what turned out to be 1973's only significant new screen trend—the importation of golden hordes of Kung Fu epics from Hong Kong. In this instance, the trend would seem to be toward a more savage kind of violence, to the almost total exclusion even of a nominal love interest. (As any student of Krafft-Ebing can tell you, however, this does not preclude its having an erotic effect on the audience.) Kung Fu is a mixture of karate ritual and plain dirty fighting—kicking, butting, taking giant leaps with both feet aimed at the opponent. It turns the human body into a lethal weapon, its object to maim and destroy. And the victims of the Kung Fu experts, at least as demonstrated in such films as *Five Fingers of Death*, *Fists of Fury* and *The Chinese Connection*, can expect to die a particularly gory death. Faces are mashed to a pulp, arms torn from their sockets and then, for the

grand finale, the camera zeroes in as huge gouts of blood gush from the broken mouth of the dying man. But the action itself is swift, graceful and resourceful, and its effect—particularly when such Kung Fu experts as Lo Lieh and the late Bruce Lee are taking on an entire squad of opponents singlehandedly—is oddly exhilarating, even if the prolonged death throes on which these films morbidly dwell inevitably produce an immediate comedown.

Despite the incursions of the Kung Fu films into the action market, the black-oriented blaxploitation pictures, with their unflagging accent on nudity and violence, continued to thrive, with something like 50 reaching the screen in 1973. Many of them—*Shaft in Africa*, *Slaughter's Big Rip-Off*, *The Soul of Nigger Charley*, *Super Fly T. N. T.*—were simply follow-ups to previous successes, utilizing the same characters, the same stars and often substantially the same plots as their predecessors. *Nigger Charley*, with its post-Civil War setting, once more casts Fred Williamson and D'Urville Martin as escaped slaves helping other slaves to freedom and killing whoever stands in their way. In the *Shaft* sequel, Richard Roundtree trucks off to Ethiopia to break up a modern slave ring that's smuggling young blacks into France for cheap labor. *Super Fly T. N. T.* finds Ron O'Neal retired from drugs and into gun-running, coming to the aid of his black brothers in mythical Umbia, a country being ruthlessly exploited by Whitey. In all of them, the stalwart and often flamboyant hero is given time off from bad behavior for extensive romantic dalliance with such stellar black beauties as Vonetta McGee, Sheila Frazier, Gloria Hendry and Pam Grier.

Curiously, while the studios were becoming increasingly chaste and cautious in their ofay productions, the nude scenes in their black pictures continued unabated. In *Coffy*, for example, when statuesque Miss Grier sets off on a one-woman vendetta against everyone responsible for destroying her kid sister through drugs, her methods are simple and direct: She lures her willing prey into her bedroom with the promise of sex, then blasts their heads off. Vengeance also sparks the action in *Hit Man*, with Bernie Casey bent on tracking down the porn-movie ring that murdered his brother, and Miss Grier (again) as a would-be porn queen eager to advance her career. *The Mack*, a grim study of the vicissitudes of a black pimp, includes generous footage devoted to the sexy fillies in his stable, frequently in fashionable undress. And *Garja & Hess*, one of several spin-offs of last year's successful *Blacula*, concentrates more on the bodies than on the blood of the female vampire victims.

Heading the list of the year's kinkier movies would have to be Warners' long-delayed release of William Peter Blatty's best seller, *The Exorcist*, that grim excursion into the black arts and the demonic possession of a sexually obsessed child. Production problems—making the child levitate, her bed quiver, her room tilt—were blamed for the repeatedly extended shooting schedule. But behind the scenes, apparently, lay other problems as well: how to deal with the child's sexuality (which, in the novel, includes vivid verbal obscenities) without ending up with an X, and how to suggest that the child was possessed by the Devil without encountering obstacles from the ever more vocal U.S. Catholic Conference. At the present writing, we can't say how—or if—director William Friedkin managed to cope with either of these prickly details; we know merely that Warners has scheduled the trouble-laden film for a December release.

Kinkiness of another kind was to be found in Brian De Palma's cool and deceptively comic *Sisters*, in which a schizoid Margot Kidder repeatedly hallucinates herself into becoming her evil dead Siamese twin, then sets off on knife-wielding rampages whenever she becomes emotionally involved with a man. Partly sophisticated, partly exploitative, the film reaches its apogee in an extraordinary sequence of drug-induced regression, set in what seems to be the gymnasium of a madhouse, in which her doctor/husband tries—not only vainly but fatally—to explain away the guilt feelings that turn her every sexual encounter into a murderous assault. Curtis Harrington's *The Killing Kind* features a young man (John Savage) who turns psychopathic after being forced to participate in the gang rape of Sue Bernard (in a happier incarnation, our December 1966 Playmate). In *Payday*, an often repugnant revelation of the scabrous pop-music scene, complete with drugs, groupies and payola, Rip Torn presents a frighteningly convincing portrait of a ruthless, cynical and wholly amoral back-country balladeer—a smiling monster who keeps his troupe together with pills, sex and bribes as long as they are useful, then discards them with brutal finality once their utility has passed. In one shocking, symptomatic scene, he balls a new pickup, Elayne Heilveil, on the back seat of his Cadillac while his buxom mistress, Ahna Capri, slumbers beside them, then dumps the mistress by the side of the road when she protests.

There were real-life monsters as well this year, as *Manson*, a feature-length documentary, vividly reminds us. Apparently made with the Manson "family's" cooperation, and with ample footage devoted to the sexually communal life style at the Spahn ranch, the film becomes most disturbing when several of the Manson girls chatter informally and wholly

f-folkes



"Now, class, let's accept the challenge."

without remorse about the motivations behind their cold-blooded killings. (The Mansons also turn up, by implication, in the Italian-made *Night of the Flowers*, with beautiful Dominique Sanda as mistress of the far-out revels on an elegant estate. The reference is clearly to Sharon Tate, her hedonistic entourage and their grim fate.) No less sick is *Ciao Manhattan*, a seamy semidocumentary on the ill-fated life and times of former Andy Warhol superstar Edie Sedgwick. Pieced together from film shot before her drug-induced death in 1971, the film—like its ravaged star—develops a peculiar fixation on Miss Sedgwick's siliconed breasts as she lolls about seminude in a drained swimming pool, surrounded by blowups of herself in happier days.

The erotic cartoon, which leaped into prominence with last year's *Fritz the Cat*, was reprised several times over in 1973. Steve Krantz and Ralph Bakshi, the creators of *Fritz*, followed it with *Heavy*

Traffic, a freewheeling combination of cartoon and live action that looks at just about every aspect of the contemporary scene with a knowing leer. An Italo-French production company brings us *Little Dick, the Mighty Midget*, in which the hero, whose endowments belie his name, is pursued from one erotic adventure to another by a wicked witch named Drywat, who knows she can be transformed into a beauty only by frequent doses of Dick. Still awaiting release in America is the English animated short *Snow White and the Seven Perverts*. Although unseen at the time of writing, it is clearly no sequel to the Disney classic.

Meanwhile, the porno-film makers of America—some of them, at any rate—were seeking to haul themselves up by their jockstraps. Self-interest, no doubt, had something to do with it. Both last year's *Deep Throat* and this year's *The Devil in Miss Jones* demonstrated that reputable psychiatrists and critics were

willing to appear in the courts as expert witnesses for films that had "redeeming social value"—especially if that value was primarily artistic. *The Devil in Miss Jones*, written, directed and edited by Gerard Damiano (who, as noted earlier, performed the same chores on *Throat*), opens with the suicide of its 30ish, virginal heroine (Georgina Spelvin). She has slashed her wrists because her life has been drab and empty beyond endurance. But the suicide, she explains to the official interviewer in an anteroom of hell, has been the only blasphemous act of her life, and it seems a bit unfair to her that she be committed to fire and brimstone without having tasted the joys of at least one of the deadly sins. The interviewer is understanding and sympathetic and asks her which of the sins she would choose. Her answer is "Lust!"

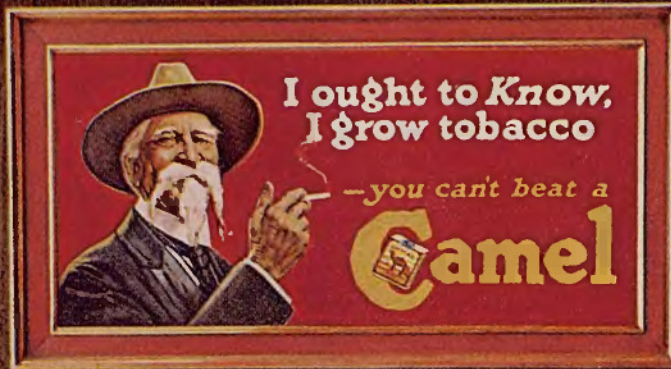
What follows, of course, is virtually a catalog of eroticism; anal and oral sex, lesbianism and fetishism (including one particularly repellent interlude with a snake). At the end, it seems that hell for Miss Jones will be an eternity of frantic masturbation, locked in a cell with a man who has no interest whatever in relieving her uncontrollable hungers. (Considering the length of Miss Spelvin's fingernails, there is always the possibility that she might die again of self-inflicted wounds, but then where would she go?) The point is, however, that *The Devil in Miss Jones* is triggered by a valid dramatic device, offers a central character with well-defined needs and desires and reaches a finale that is so graphic—and moralistic—in its delineation of the horrors of Hades that it might well occupy a corner of Bosch's special vision of hell in *The Garden of Delights*. Furthermore, the pseudonymous Miss Spelvin, while far from a conventional beauty, brings to her role an identification and intensity that transmute her strange odyssey into an emphatic experience—a little weird, a little sad and rather frightening. As Roger Ebert wrote in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, "Miss Spelvin is not only the best but possibly the only actress in the hardcore field." She's now exhibiting her talents in a new release, *The Erotic Memoirs of a Male Chauvinist Pig*, shot in—of all places—Philadelphia.

Another porn entry, the Mitchell brothers' *Behind the Green Door* (premiered in 1972 but given its widest screen exposure this year), may have left something to be desired in terms of plot and character development, but—with lissome Marilyn Chambers, the lady of the Ivory Snow soapbox, performing incredible sexual feats on a flying trapeze—it achieved a level of eroticism unprecedented for this field. The Mitchells followed with *The Resurrection of Eve*, this time registering advances in both eroticism and dramaturgy. Mature Pictures



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Clear Cut Merit-circa 1926 • 27½" x 14½"



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I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.

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Corporation, a veteran in the field, undauntedly proffered *High Rise* as its next "adult" entertainment. Well photographed, proficiently edited and with an engaging musical score, it details the sexual encounters of a young woman (Tamié Trevor) whose psychiatrist has advised her that she needs a wider range of experience if she's to satisfy her mate. After exhausting the possibilities of an entire apartment building that apparently leases only to certified swingers, we learn at the finale that her mate is the psychiatrist.

Screw magazine, which for the past few years has been rating porn pictures on its own special measuring device, launched into production for itself with *It Happened in Hollywood*—and promptly awarded it an unprecedented 101 percent on the "peter meter." Lavishly made (by porn standards) on a \$32,000 budget, the film follows the rise of Melissa Hall—or Felicity Split, as she was billed before deciding to go straight—from ex-telephone operator to stardom in an Academy Award-winning hard-core version of *Samson and Delilah*. As in *Deep Throat*, the laughs leaven the lubricity; *Variety* described the film as "a pornographic version of *Laugh-In*."

Even in hard-core homo films—the subculture of a subculture—one could glimpse, at least in the early months of 1973, a new striving toward quality. Wakefield Poole, whose low-budgeted

Boys in the Sand was perhaps the first to suggest that something for the boys might not be a girl, followed up in late 1972 with *Bijou*, with Bill Harrison as a straight construction worker swiftly led astray during an all-male orgy in a Greenwich Village pleasure palace. The photography, including a number of imaginatively manipulated psychedelic effects during the orgy itself, was technically well above average. And Fred Halsted, who established himself in this limited field with 1972's sardonic sado-masochistic *L.A. Plays Itself*, reasserted his promise and prominence this year with *Truck It*, a comic counterpointing of the sexual innuendoes of contemporary ads with fun and games in the rear of the hero's pickup truck (in which he drives around naked as a jay bird).

Overall, porn fare had reached the point where, according to the Reverend Malcolm Boyd, a notably liberal Episcopal priest and prolific author, "Hard-core features are as good as the Johnny Carson show and much better than the sniggering, locker-room kind of humor used by Bob Hope, among others."

That was last March. Obviously, last June the Supreme Court failed to agree with him.

Where does all this leave the lower courts? If the Production Code's primary distinction between an X and an R is not the degree of maturity in a film's theme but the quantities of flesh and sexual ac-

tivity displayed in the development of that theme, then there is every reason to believe that the courts will follow suit. No "expert," for example, could convince a judge of the dramatic validity of *The Devil in Miss Jones* if said judge were convinced that the mere depiction of fellatio constitutes an obscenity. All the critics in the country may sing the praise of Miss Spelvin's characterization (and many have), but it is her performance of sex acts that concerns the courts. For all their obligation to consider each work "as a whole," the courts are not essentially concerned with art but with morality—or, in the current phrase, community standards. Whatever, in the court's opinion, may offend these standards will get busted, regardless of its stature as art. And in the new wave of legal actions anticipated between now and the end of the year—a logjam of more than 5000 cases awaits in the Federal Courts alone—the effects upon the film makers are almost too predictable. The hard-core producers, as noted earlier, are already turning to soft core. But what if *Last Tango in Paris* is barred in enough communities? Will Bertolucci be granted the same artistic freedom by the financial backers of his next film? Will Stanley Kubrick have the leeway he enjoyed while making *A Clockwork Orange*? Can Mike Nichols ever make another landmark film like *Carnal Knowledge*, since the split decision of Georgia's supreme court labeled it obscene? Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show* and even the PG-rated *Paper Moon*, which the civic officials of Dallas ordained must be advertised with the caveat "not suitable for children under 18 years old," ostensibly because cussing, smoking Tatum O'Neal upset their standards of juvenile propriety, have both run into difficulties. How will this affect his future scripts? It will affect them seriously, in the opinion of producer-director Robert Wise, who sits on the board of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and is an advisor to the National Endowment for the Arts. Said Wise: "I regard the Supreme Court's action as a giant step into the dark void of the past. The way I see it, we may have to show in moviehouses all over the country what would have been the TV version of a picture, with all the bad language and nudity edited out and the dissolves at the start rather than the end of the love scenes. I would hate to think that the values of the lowest common denominator would become the standard for pictures everywhere, but I'm afraid that this will become more and more the case. I was in Denver recently, for example, when the authorities there were adopting their own local obscenity bill. Their first target for discussion was the book and the movie of *Love Story*! I find a strange and



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unpleasant coincidence in the fact that many of President Nixon's recommendations on obscenity, as submitted to Congress, were turned into law by the Court soon after. Especially since the biggest obscenity of all—Watergate—is visible on the tube right now."

Veteran director George Cukor, who's been around Hollywood since the debut of sound on film, shares Wise's concern—even though his own works, such as *My Fair Lady* and the Hepburn-Tracy comedies of the Forties, have been unexceptionable. Cukor expressed a fear that the industry's situation might return to what he termed "the wilderness of the early talkies, when censors in various states and communities snipped away at their own discretion—whatever that was. I don't see," he continued, "how you can make a picture that will please everybody. I deplore vulgarity and cheap sex, and all those obligatory sex scenes; but, on the other hand, I feel that every American should have the privilege to see or not to see whatever he wishes. I view it as a matter of taste, not morality—and I hope to Christ this whole censorship thing will soon die out."

Not many think it will. Actually, what has been happening in the United States this year is only a reflection of what seems to be a world-wide reaction to the permissiveness of the previous decade. In Europe, which had a history of classification predating the M. P. A. A. ratings in this country, the resurgence of official censorship is already well advanced. Traditionally, the European film maker has been the world's freest (except, perhaps, when he sought to tackle politically sensitive subjects, such as the French presence in Algeria or Indochina). Certainly, in the area of sexual relationships, the Europeans used to speak out loud and clear on themes at which our own fettered film makers could barely hint. Indeed, it was the importation during the Fifties and Sixties of works by such directors as Michelangelo Antonioni, Ingmar Bergman and Federico Fellini—and their ready acceptance by American audiences—that emboldened our native industry to defy, and ultimately to discard, its own Production Code.

As in the United States, Europe's official crackdowns are apparently politically motivated. After all, there are precious few judges or lawmakers willing to go on record as being opposed to "decency." In Italy, for example, where *Last Tango* has been banned since last June, the censors have made no bones about the fact that their previous action against Pier Paolo Pasolini's version of *The Canterbury Tales* was taken not merely to set a precedent for actions against such currently popular Rabelaisian romps as *Decameron 300*, *The Other Canterbury Tales* (not by Pasolini) and *Hot-Blooded Stories of Unfaithful Wives and Penitent Hus-*

bands; it was also aimed at discouraging more films in a similar vein—a form of prior restraint designed to raise the hackles of any civil libertarian. Censor bans were also instigated on such American entries as *Deliverance* and *Portnoy's Complaint*.

In France, where governmental funding is made available to stimulate film production, the charge has been heard increasingly that these subsidies are, in fact, a handy device for throttling those pictures that the French Censor Board would rather not see made—a device made simpler by the requirement that all scripts be submitted to the censors in advance of production. As things now stand, however, the Censor Board can't prevent a picture from being made, but it can make things extremely difficult for those who reject its suggestions. André Cayatte, a lawyer turned director, has long specialized in films critical of capital punishment, the jury system and the social order in general. His most recent film, *Where There Is Smoke There Is Fire*, dealing with political chicanery in a small-town election, was refused government aid. Advance aid was also denied a script titled *Impunity*, which was reportedly based on a true incident in which a young man died while under police interrogation. As a result, the film will probably never be made. The censors have also been accused of harassing the production of pictures they don't like and of holding up the release of completed films. Claude Chabrol's current essay on the fine art of murder, *Red Wedding Night*, for example, was delayed for over a month—according to Chabrol, because of its unflattering description of a Gaullist politician. As if to underscore the point, this past May—some 15 years after its initial release—the Censor Board finally passed Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory* (but only in a subtitled version). On the other hand, unlike their Italian counterparts, the French censors passed the Italo-French coproduction of *Last Tango* with the sole proviso that it not be shown to anyone under 18.

In both West Germany and England, long considered bastions of the liberal outlook as far as films are concerned, there is now a concerted drive to limit sexual candor on the screen. Germany is presently considering new and explicit laws defining what constitutes hard-core pornography—sexual abuse of children and sex acts with animals, for example. In England, where hard-core entertainments have pretty much been relegated to the film clubs (private-membership clubs that operate free from censorship), a new organization calling itself Festival of Light has been fanning public opinion in much the same manner and terminology as our own Citizens for Decent Literature, casting doubts on the

British industry's system of self-censorship and urging more stringent regulations at the local level, with the film clubs as the ultimate target. As a result, not only have local councils gotten into the censorship act but the British Board of Film Censors has stiffened its own standards. According to a *Variety* report, in the past three years it has rejected outright more than 60 pictures, the bulk of them in the past year. Not coincidentally, this same board saw fit to excise ten seconds from *Last Tango's* sodomy sequence. Even in Japan, where hard-core "eropro" films have been an important part of the movie scene for the past ten years, police crackdowns have been escalating—with an added irony that three of the producers busted for alleged pornography were members of the Administration Commission of the Motion Picture Code of Ethics, the Nipponese equivalent of the M. P. A. A.'s Code and Rating Administration.

As in the United States, it's still too early to perceive the effect of these repressive measures on the films themselves. The pictures that have been appearing here throughout 1973, and presumably will continue to appear through much of 1974, were all initiated in a more liberal era. Indeed, the Cannes festival of 1973 might well be regarded as the high-water mark of this epoch, for in two crowded weeks it unspooled an enormous backlog of daring and controversial pictures from all over the world, many of them apparently destined to add fuel to the pro-censorship flames. Certainly, no sooner had the French entry, *La Grande Bouffe* (*The Great Feed*), been unveiled at Cannes than it became the center of a storm that ripped through the ranks of the French intelligentsia. Many found the film a questionable choice to represent France because it was written and directed by an Italian, and the two major roles went to Italian actors, Marcello Mastroianni and Ugo Tognazzi. These were the mild faultfinders. More objected violently to the central theme, a suicidal orgy among four men resolved to eat and fornicate themselves to death. And others questioned the details: the belching, the vomiting, the farting and—when the constant round of dishes was interrupted by the arrival of several callgirls and a plump schoolteacher—the sexual excesses to which they gleefully submitted. Its proponents, on the other hand, found the film a thoughtful, imaginative, forceful attack on the affluent society, pointing out that the four men all die horrible deaths for their self-indulgence.

Another French entry that garnered considerable attention at Cannes was *La Manan et La Putain* (*The Mother and the Whore*), a three-and-a-half-hour investigation of what can happen when a young man, living with and supported by a woman, introduces another girl into their



DAVE
COVERLY

*"I'm as patriotic as the next guy, but there are times when
I wish they wouldn't play the national anthem."*

ménage. The girl, seeking some kind of security, pushes her way into his life, even to the extent of going to his home and sleeping with the two of them. The woman is less than pleased, and the film ends—inconclusively—with the young man proposing marriage to the girl. Jean-Pierre Leaud, François Truffaut's favorite leading man, invests the role of this ambiguous hero with considerable charm and tenderness, but the major acclaim went to newcomer Françoise Lebrun as a Polish-French nurse whose appetite for sexual experiment leads to the breakup of Leaud's pleasant form of existence. *Vivre Ensemble (Living Together)*, with Anna Karina as both director and star, presents the former Mme. Godard in a role that might have been lifted from a Godard movie—a freethinking, loose-living young lady who ensnares a rather too proper schoolteacher with her uninhibited ways. They live together, move to New York and have a baby, while he slowly disintegrates through drugs and

drink. What makes the film remarkable—and mature—is that there is no self-pitying on either side. Similarly, in *Impossible Object*—one of those incredibly cross-pollinated productions that are becoming so common today—American director John Frankenheimer, his wife, Evans Evans, British star Alan Bates and the glamorous French actress Dominique Sanda have contrived an international love story that is remarkable not only for its insight into delicate sexual relationships but for its basic honesty. Bates is a writer living near Paris with his American wife and family. He meets Mlle. Sanda, also married, in a museum, and they fall in love. What follows is part real, part fantasy, as the writer embroiders with his imagination the jealousies and passions touched off by their involvement—in scenes lavishly illustrated in a January 1973 PLAYBOY pictorial. Although *Impossible Object* is a French production, it was shot in English, no doubt to attract audiences beyond the

normal art-house circuits. With its engaging cast, intriguingly offbeat story line and discreetly handled touches of nudity, its prospects are bright.

Italy's main contribution to Cannes this year was *Film d'Amore e d'Anarchia (Story of Love and Anarchy)*, yet another glimpse of Italy under fascism. As written and directed by Lina Wertmüller, the film centers on a plot to assassinate Mussolini, the would-be assassin (Giancarlo Giannini) biding his time in a handsome Roman bordello. But the longer he waits, the more attached he becomes to one of the inmates (Lina Polito), eventually falling in love with her. It's an adroit blending of sex and politics, and its moral seems to be that the two don't mix. Neither do sex and religion, according to the Japanese entry *Gaki Zoshi (The Water Was So Clear)*. A first film by Yoichi Takabayashi, it tells of a Buddhist priest's growing desire for the young girl he has brought into his household. When he finds her making love before the altar of his temple (to a young man who had previously raped her), his desire becomes an obsession. At one point, he masturbates before that same altar, then dedicates himself to constant prayer. But when the girl goes off with her young man, the priest dies. Critics at Cannes stressed the film's visual poetry: The story is told entirely without dialog.

Sex, as usual, was very much on the mind of Sweden's Vilgot Sjöman, whose *Troll*, screened out of competition at Cannes, caused a considerable stir. Less graphic than his *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, it nevertheless deals candidly with a freewheeling couple who have no sex life together because the wife is afraid she might die of it. When a priest explains that they must either consummate their marriage or get a divorce, the husband tries various ploys—including an attempt to rouse the wife by watching another couple make love. He ultimately succeeds, but the effort seems to wipe both of them out. The film won praise for its lightness and wit. Even Brazil, whose entries are not usually a highlight of any festival season, came through with a superior work in *Toda Nudez Sera Castigada (All Nudity Will Be Punished)*, a mordantly witty look at a widower who marries a prostitute and, albeit unwittingly, is soon sharing her with his son. The bitter humor sprang from the fact that both father and son were initially desolate over the first wife's death, and from their attempts to maintain the appearance of respectability even while acceding to demands of the flesh.

But by far the most resounding *succès d'estime* of the festival was scored by Lindsay Anderson's *O Lucky Man!*, which Warners rushed into distribution here within weeks of its introduction at Cannes as the British entry. Almost three hours long, the film stars young Malcolm





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McDowell (of *A Clockwork Orange*) as a sort of youthful Everyman, an ambitious coffee salesman who hopes to rise in a fiercely competitive world on the basis of his Pepsodent grin, his china-blue eyes and his lack of commitment to anything or anybody except himself. Women (notably Rachel Roberts and Helen Mirren) are fair game in the course of his upward mobility, and they are more than willing to help—even though, all too often, his plans go singularly awry. To the accompaniment of pungently worded soft-rock ballads by Alan Price, McDowell wanders through a series of predicaments that ultimately embrace every stratum of modern society as viewed generally, but not at all ingenuously, by the director. There is corruption in big business, the police, the sciences, the army. Even the poor, so often sentimentalized in films of this sort, are pictured as mean, grasping and unfeeling. It is an extraordinary film—funny without losing any of its underlying seriousness, serious without ever forgetting its sense of humor. There is also one marvelously sordid bit of erotica: a sex act in a seedy night club performed while the distracted young salesman transacts a shady business deal.

In assessing its artistic and social importance, one British critic described *O Lucky Man!* as "a watershed film." Viewed historically, it may also prove to be a watershed of another sort. Today's film makers—the best of them, at least—are revealing a new maturity, a new seriousness of purpose, a new profundity as they view the world around them through their increasingly sophisticated lenses. One has only to think of such disparate offerings as Ingmar Bergman's *Cries and Whispers*, with its lost and loveless sisters recalling their pasts as they wait for one to die; or François Truffaut's jolly but jolting *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me*, a black comedy about a girl who makes it to the top by doing in most of her male admirers; or the sheer intelligence of Eric Rohmer's *Chloé in the Afternoon*, in which a married man can imagine that his admiration of other women is merely the extension of his love for his wife—until forced, by a young girl, to choose between her and his wife. This time the wife wins. Then one thinks of such films as *Carnal Knowledge*, *Paper Moon* or even *Shaft in Africa* coming under attack immediately after the Supreme Court's decisions. At this point in time, as they like to say at the Watergate hearings, *O Lucky Man!* could, indeed, be a watershed film—with the water flowing downhill all the way. To quote the television news commentators: "The situation will probably get worse before it gets better." On balance, 1973 may have produced a bumper crop of films, but it was hardly a good vintage year.



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NIGHT SURGEON (continued from page 114)

Chambers considered. "Complaint letters—"

"Perfect," I said.

Twilight drifted through midtown like a cloud of poison gas, blurring the colors of the billboards, neon signs, gargoyles, copper cornices. Cars clotted the streets, buses stalled, trains backed up one after another on their sooty tunneling tracks. Slowly, with much confusion, the office emptied. Girls babbled as they punched their cards in the time clock and crowded together into sagging elevators; men settled hats on their heads, buttoned their overcoats to their necks, hefted their briefcases and strode away to their homes as if in pursuit of a fleeing enemy. Before night fell, with its stars and its sleep, there was only Norman, an unknowing Norman preparing to spend another evening on his cot behind the desk in this,

his fourth office, and, in the office next door, a whispering conspiracy made up of myself, my secretary, Rathbone and Henry, a young photographer from the art department. We watched Norman's movements through one-way glass installed at considerable expense. The photographer's three cameras were poised on tripods facing, respectively, Norman's cot, the window in Norman's office and the door leading out to the corridor. My secretary had tape recorder plugged in and note pads open and ready. Rathbone sat before an array of instruments, loaded hypodermics, plasma bottles, sterile gauze, adhesive tape. I held a pistol in my lap.

"What's he doing now?" whispered my secretary.

"Looking out the window," said Henry. He clicked the nearly noiseless

shutter of the camera trained on Norman's window.

"More soup remains," announced Rathbone, holding up the pan of broth we had cooked on a hot plate and shared for our supper.

"Throw it away," my secretary said.

"The next time we stay up all night, we'll order out," I promised.

Minutes passed.

Flattered to be a part of our surveillance effort, Henry was full of theories. "I'll bet there's a rational explanation for this," he said.

No one bothered to answer him.

"I'll bet," he continued, "it's some kind of an experiment. Some kind of medical experiment. Lots of doctors don't have any scruples at all." He glanced at Rathbone. "No offense meant," he added.

"None taken," mumbled Rathbone.

"I'll bet it's a student," Henry went on. "Those medical students are real ghouls."

"Henry, please," I said.

"It's sure one hell of a way to practice medicine," said Henry.

More minutes passed.

"What's he doing now?" whispered my secretary.

"Just sitting down on his cot. He looks like he's thinking."

"Reliving his past," Rathbone corrected. "All latest tests indicate inordinate preoccupation with past events."

Henry tripped his shutter on Norman reliving his past. "Here's one for you," he said. "Suppose there's some guy here from another planet, see, and suppose he wants to find out how we work."

Again, no one bothered to answer him.

"So he cuts up Norman," Henry said.

"Why Norman?" my secretary asked.

"Why not?" said Henry. "Norman's in good physical condition. He takes care of his body. With him, it's a principle."

Another minute passed.

"Name someone in the office who'd make a better specimen," challenged Henry.

"Henry, please," I said.

"All right, here's another one. A doctor in the future needs organs to transplant, see, and he figures out how to go back in time and take what he wants from people alive now."

"A doctor in the future has need of Norman's appendix?" Rathbone asked.

"How do I know what a doctor in the future might need?"

"Why only Norman?" asked my secretary.

"Who said it was only Norman?"

"Henry, you're making me nervous," I said, the pistol in my lap.

"What's he doing now?" asked my secretary.

"He looks sleepy," Henry answered, and he took a photograph of Norman sleepy. "Of course," said Henry, "it could



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"I know, Charlene, darling—why don't we slip off the dress and show nice Mr. Wolfschnitz the titties?"

all be some kind of practical joke."

My secretary dropped her pencil. Rathbone choked on a swallow of cold soup.

"Hey," Henry said brightly, "did anybody ever consider the possibility that this guy we're trying to catch might be invisible?"

"Henry, shut up!"

"Shh!" my secretary warned me.

Minutes passed.

"Let's run through the plan again," I suggested.

"Not again, please," sighed Rathbone.

"Just one more time. We have to move quickly. Now, if something happens, anything at all, I head for the corridor with this." I waved the pistol self-consciously. "When I have the door to Norman's office covered, Rathbone, you follow with your hypodermic and fingerprinting gear."

"I'll activate the tape recorder and simultaneously take down details in shorthand," said my secretary.

"And I'll be ready," said Henry, holding up three remote shutter cables ending in rubber squeeze bulbs.

"Don't forget the floodlights," I reminded him.

"The floodlights, of course," Henry said.

"Keep in mind, you people, that this business could be dangerous. We have no idea what we're going to run up against."

Rathbone yawned.

Norman's mouth opened in a soundless yawn at the same time. Sleepy he may have been, but he did not lie back and turn out the lights. Instead, he rose and walked over to the corner of his office where the suit of armor hung on its iron rack. Warily, expert from much practice, he dismantled the metal sections of the suit and began strapping them onto his body. Rathbone, Henry, my secretary and I all watched in amazement. Norman fumbled briefly with the helmet visor before settling the helmet in place, patting the stiff limb joints of the suit and waddling back to his cot. Ready for bed, he lay down. The clank of the armor was faintly audible through the intervening wall.

"Well, can you beat that?" I said.

Norman's office went dark. I fumbled for the infrared lamp and goggles.

"What's he doing?" whispered my secretary urgently.

In the weird monochromatic light of the infrared equipment, Norman unfolded a rough wool blanket and pulled it over his armored legs. Several times he thrashed to get comfortable. Then he lay still, his back to me.

"Going to sleep," I said.

"This is really exciting," said Henry.

The next time he said it, hours later, his voice was fatigued and resigned.

The third time he said it, sarcasm hung in his tone.

"So you take a turn," I said, handing him the goggles.

Rathbone and my secretary were both asleep. I let them doze until the first shadows of dawn shaped the smooth darkness outside into silhouettes of midtown towers like tall tombstones crowded together, then woke them up. "Be especially alert," I told everyone. "Now's the time it will probably happen. Don't let down your guard for an instant."

We were especially alert; our guard never wavered; nevertheless, time passed quickly, and when I heard the first of the telephone receptionists arriving in the outer offices, I stretched my stiff legs and arms and went in to knock on Norman's door, inform him of our night vigil on his behalf and offer him an expense-account breakfast downstairs in the best of the building's restaurants.

Within the unopened armor lay Norman on his canvas cot, pale and weak. Along his side and across his chest and shoulder, I found the long deep healing wounds of open-heart surgery.

• • •

The screaming went on for an hour before I summoned Rathbone.

"The fear is upon him," Rathbone explained.

Screams and shrieks reverberated down the corridors.

"Can't you do anything?" I asked him.

"It's the fear," said Rathbone, shrugging.

"I don't care what it is, get in there and do something about that racket!" I shouted. "This is an office! There's work to be done!"

I heard Rathbone enter Norman's room; the screams surged as his door was opened, then ebbed again as it was closed. Rathbone's voice rose to threats; Norman's screams rose higher. Rathbone came back and told me he could do nothing short of knocking Norman unconscious with drugs. I recoiled at this remedy and sent the office staff home for the day instead. Gratefully, haggard from the stress of listening to Norman, everyone left.

The following morning, even I was reluctant to return to the office. Nervous, I rode the empty elevator to my floor; cautious, I turned my key in the outer-hall lock; apprehensive, I pushed open the door. No sound came from the offices beyond. Norman's voice was silent.

He's dead, I thought.

The others, who had waited by the elevators until I came to unlock the door, now trailed me inside and down the corridor to Norman's room. We gathered there, none of us wanting to be the first to enter.

"You go in," I told my secretary.

"Not on your life," she answered back. "You're the boss, you go in."

The others remained motionless and I had no choice but to open the door.

Norman sat at his desk, work piled high around him.

"Hi," he said. He frowned as he saw the people behind me. "What's this all about?"

"We wondered if you were here," I said foolishly.

"Me? Of course. I'm just getting some of this old correspondence filed." Norman bent again to the papers.

"Do you feel all right?" I asked, approaching his desk.

"I feel fine. Still a few pains in the chest, but they'll go away." Norman smiled benignly.

I came closer. "You seemed—worried—yesterday," I said.

"I did? About what?"

I leaned across his desk. There, just below the hairline, a fresh lobotomy scar snaked across his scalp.

"Nothing," I answered. "Glad to see you on the job so early." I turned to the employees in the doorway. "I'll be glad to see *everyone* on the job," I said. They scattered.

• • •

Norman's wife helped him move his things, what little there were, out of his desk and into the drawers of a new walnut bureau bought to celebrate his homecoming. Norman's daughter, restless after tasting the glamorous day-to-day life of a broken home, lingered a week with her newly docile father and then ran off to wander the world while she was still young. Norman I shifted back to his original duties in payroll. Chambers I told to devise some new use for the vacated correspondent's office with its carefully installed one-way glass observation panel. Rathbone I asked to advise me concerning the dream that was troubling my sleep. In this dream, we were keeping our long vigil in the room next to Norman's, and I had the infrared goggles over my eyes, and Rathbone and Henry and my secretary were asleep, and I saw through the darkness the night surgeon come, short legs rolling swiftly on oiled bearings, thin arms folded and flexed by wires and pulleys, torso a deep hollow barrel of bronze clockwork wheels and chrome coiled springs and iron pendulums hanging on golden chains, in deft mechanical hand the icy stainless-steel scalpel swinging forward and downward and each time just beginning its incision when I would wake up in pure panic, fingers at my eyes to tear off the goggles I no longer wore, mind not even certain whose skin was about to be slit.

Norman's suit of armor he left behind, forgotten in the room with the canvas cot and the one-way glass. I let it remain where it was, *memento mori*.



Ignoble Nobel

(continued from page 163)

and the skittish, are rarely good judges of contemporary literature. A man who has dedicated his life to examining the greatness of Goethe, Milton or Racine turns with relief to the second-rate. Once he is outside the temple, he can relax with a detective story—or award prizes to Pearl Buck and Sinclair Lewis. Very often, when it comes to making a choice, he is putty in the hands of flattering lobbyists.

National pride in favorite sons has always played a part in the Nobel selections. During the first 22 years of the prize, the Swedish Academy compiled a record that is comical where it isn't scandalous. Even with all the small-beer Germans and Scandinavians chosen, there was some powerful competition from the French, who, for two centuries, have been the most persistent and best organized cultural bureaucrats in the world, with little interest in any literature other than their own. The British and Americans, being children in the international culture game, have always had only middling success and, moreover, have been forced to endure such embarrassments as John Galsworthy and Sinclair Lewis.

The unfortunate Spaniards, who produced a remarkable generation of writers after the Cuban war, were stuck with Echegaray in 1904, while Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset were ignored. Lorca

never had a chance, but, after 52 years, Spain had another laureate in the exquisite but minor symbolist Juan Ramón Jiménez—a choice the Franco government no doubt regarded as harmless.

Now everybody has had his turn and the Finns, the Icelanders, the Japanese, Chileans and Yugoslavs have been honored in the sort of tribute to chauvinism seen in the Olympic games, where every nation will eventually win a gold—if only for stamp collecting or checkers. That is what the folly of looking for “world giants” leads to. It makes the Swedish Academy ask the annual questions: Whose turn? Will this choice be politically useful or flattering? What is the current trend? It also makes for hasty revaluations: We've missed out on Tolstoy, Chekhov and Gorky, so let's make it up with Pasternak (1958). Well, that turned out to be an error and Khrushchev was furious, so let's mollify them with Sholokhov (1965).

It is, certainly, no crime to be a forgotten writer (you may be born again) or an honorable second-rate writer or a writer who has achieved fame through a generous mistake (as Steinbeck did for *The Grapes of Wrath*), and perhaps it is not even petty larceny to charge \$79.60 for a package of certified “world giants.” Most of the readers who buy that fine expanse of gold-stamped binding will feel almost as if they have won the prize themselves.



PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 76)

sensuous mood. She pulled me into her bedroom, where we made an unsuccessful attempt at intercourse. Once it was clear that I was not going to get an erection, she declared that I was prudish. We made a couple of more tries at lovemaking, but her attitude toward me was so obviously critical that I found it impossible to get into a good mood for sex. A few weeks later, I did get a partial erection, enough to allow us to have intercourse. But finally I had enough of this girl's condescending, arrogant attitude and I told her where to get off.

Fortunately, I'd had intercourse successfully several times before, so I wasn't completely crushed. But the loss of potency upset me enough to cause me to become a heavy smoker and to start seeing a psychotherapist. In therapy, I realized that a penis is not a mechanism that will become erect just because its possessor thinks it should. People say that impotence is on the rise in the U.S., but I wouldn't call cases such as mine impotence. Rather, I'd describe it as my emotions vetoing my intellect: I thought I wanted to go to bed with this girl, but my emotions did not go along with the act. Fundamentally, I have to *like* the person I go to bed with. It seems sad, but it is a mark of how sexually screwed up this culture is, that the idea of liking the people you have sex with should come to me as a revelation.

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

I am a 28-year-old nurse, and nurses probably see more penises than do any other group of women except prostitutes. For many of us, just the sight of a large penis is a turn-on. Of course, in our work we rarely see an erect penis. But a man with a large flaccid penis has a head start toward satisfying his sex partner if she is, as I am, aroused by the sight of it.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

I want to reinforce the August *Playboy Forum* letters debunking the penis-size myth by recounting my own experience. For 21 months, I was married to a man who was built—and hung—like a Greek god. At first I thought I was lucky and was sure that I'd be well taken care of sexually, but was I ever wrong! My husband felt that it was an honor for me to be on the receiving end of his oversized tool; never once did he consider what *I* felt, which was pain on our wedding night and little or nothing thereafter. I never had an orgasm during the time we were married.

Then I got involved with a man with whom I worked. He had only an average-sized penis, but he knew how to use it to



“John and I can't swap with you and Pete tonight. We promised Al and Margaret we'd swap with them.”

satisfy me and to make me feel like a woman. I was overjoyed when he asked me to get a divorce and marry him. When I told my husband that I wanted a divorce, he thought I was crazy and told me I'd never realize how lucky I was until I "balled some small stuff." Little did he know.

A man with a small- or average-sized organ who knows how to use it is far superior to some well-hung idiot who couldn't do a decent job of screwing if his life depended on it. All a man has to do is put forth a little effort and care about the woman he's with. The size of his equipment is irrelevant.

(Name withheld by request)
Des Moines, Iowa

SEX ANONYMOUS

I can't recall many *Playboy Forum* correspondents who have been willing to admit that they engage in unconventional sex practices and also have been willing to sign their names to their letters. This makes me wonder if they have the courage of their convictions, or if they know what they are doing is morally wrong and are therefore ashamed to identify themselves.

John Smith
Chicago, Illinois

Whenever possible, "The *Playboy Forum*" prefers to publish letters with the author's name signed, but there are sev-

eral valid reasons for requesting anonymity. A person may wish to describe an experience that contributes to a discussion of sexual behavior without sacrificing his own privacy or that of others. Or he may be admitting to some act that happens to be a crime under state or local laws. Finally, he may live in one of those medieval communities, inhabited largely by wouser brigades, beaver patrols and other inflamed antisexual neurotics, where discretion about one's activities or opinions may be essential to survival.
John Smith?

SLIP OF THE PEN

I'm sure your readers will be interested to know that I can only achieve sexual gratification if my partner is a quadruple amputee, I am bound and gagged, both of us are receiving an enema and—

Oops! I got a little confused. I thought I was writing to *Penthouse*.

Andrew J. Saam
Cape Kennedy, Florida

FEMALE RAPISTS

The July *Forum Newsfront* contains an item about two teenage girls "apparently the first women in U.S. history to be convicted of rape." As unusual as it may sound, women can be convicted of rape if they aid another person in committing a rape. The possibility of convicting a woman for rape is part of the

common law of England. Sir Edward Hyde East wrote in a volume on English law published in 1806, "All who are present and assist a man to commit a rape may be indicted as principals in the second degree, as well women as men." In California alone, there are several reported appellate cases upholding rape convictions in which the defendants were women.

Herman D. Roth
Davis, California

VICTIM AS CRIMINAL

PLAYBOY has written a great deal about the absurdity of crimes without victims (homosexuality, prostitution, drugs, pornography, gambling), and I certainly agree that it is inane to define acts as crimes when nobody is hurt by them. But how about the crime in which a victim actually exists, but is paradoxically treated as the criminal? I refer, of course, to rape.

As everybody ought to know by now, there is one rape about every two minutes in the United States, as contrasted with a few rapes per year in sexually liberalized nations like Sweden and Denmark. In the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area, for instance, statistics show that the number of rapes is increasing dramatically, even though, according to a study in Prince Georges County, Maryland, between 50 and 90 percent are not reported at all.

(continued on page 190)



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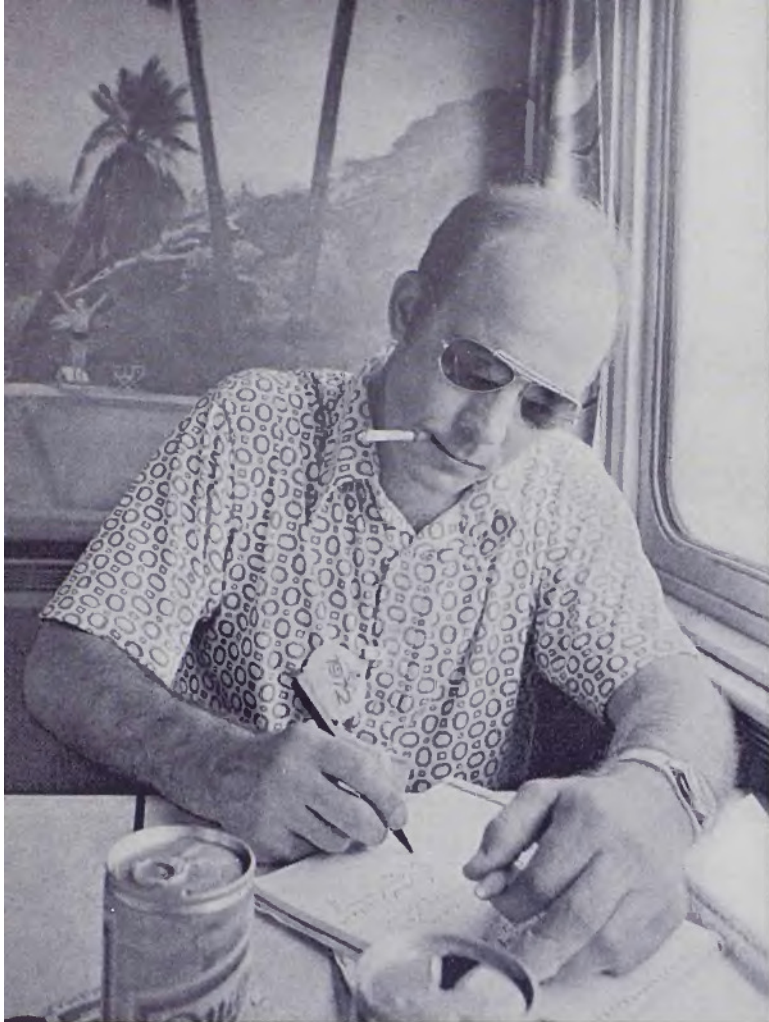
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ANNIE LEIBOVITZ / ROLLING STONE

HUNTER S. THOMPSON *commando journalist*

EVERYBODY KNOWS that politicians lie, especially during campaigns, but Hunter S. Thompson, reporting for *Rolling Stone* (where his writing sometimes appears under the name Raoul Duke), is the only guy with the balls to fight fire with fire. "About 75 percent of *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail* [his book on the 1972 election] is true," he admits with a shrug. As for the rest, he knows a good lie often leads people to the truth a lot more quickly than the genuine item. Aside from introducing real fiction into journalism, Thompson has for the first time shown the real horror and idiocy of a political campaign. A native of Louisville, Kentucky, he began 13 years ago as a sportswriter but wasn't thrust into national prominence until he became entrenched in the violent drug culture and wrote *Hell's Angels* after riding, doping and fighting with them all over California. His method, known as Gonzo Journalism (his term), involves participating in the story, filling his notebooks with whatever comes up and printing all of it with few if any changes. It produces a very cranked-up style and he stays well cranked in order to maintain the pace: Guacamole, Dos Equis and MDA are the staples of his diet. Carrying this high-octane load, Thompson's launched a brutally successful drive to surround and terrorize the reading public singlehandedly with brilliant, vicious reporting, even if he has to create the events himself. Like running for sheriff in Aspen in 1970. The ticket was Freak Power and "we would've won if it hadn't been for that fuckin' poster"—a widely circulated picture of a bright-red fist with two thumbs clutching a peyote button. He is now preparing to run for the U.S. Senate. Whatever the outcome, his campaign will have style, for Thompson at 35 has become infamous as the last grandee of the expense account, renting the wildest, fastest cars and the fanciest suites wherever he goes. "After all," he says, "you can't go looking for the American dream in a goddamned Volkswagen."

THE POINTER SISTERS *scat's got their tongue*

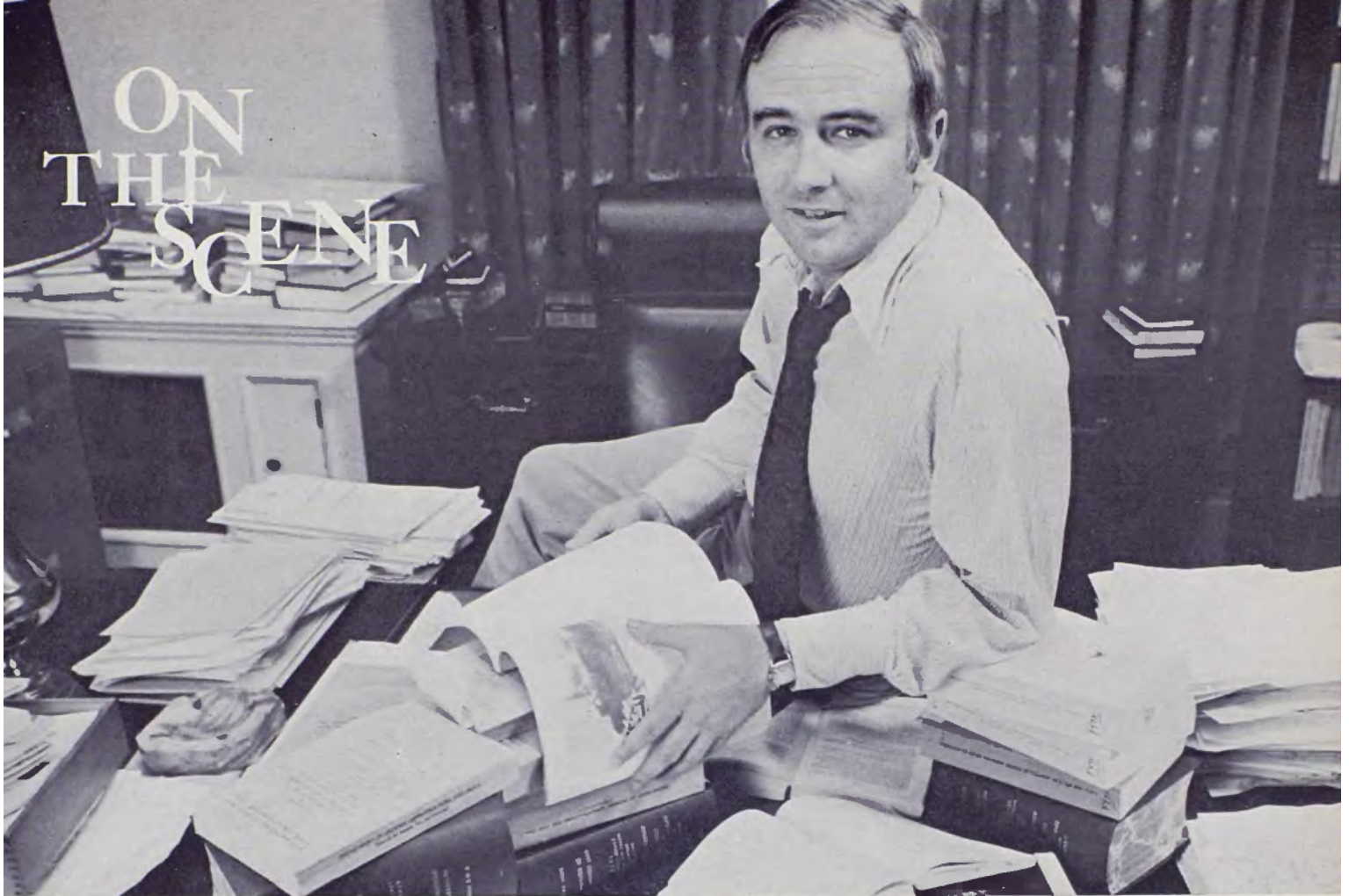
IF YOU'VE BEEN AWAKE at any time during the past few months, you've probably seen or heard the Pointer Sisters, those four stunning black girls from Oakland who go onstage attired in trippy finery—fake flowers, wide-brim hats, Forties dresses—and sing the hell out of just about anything, adding their own wondrous touches—conversations without words, ensemble vocalizing that mimics instrumental sounds—and nonstop action ("The bigger the stage, the more we move"). Their appeal isn't accidental, because Ruth, Anita, Bonnie and June (ages 27 to 19) set out to be different. Their parents are both preachers and the girls grew up singing—in church (where the congregation didn't dig it if they swung too much), on the way to the store (so they'd remember what to buy) or watching the tube (they'd imitate everybody). And all through high school they wore crazy outfits—things they found in thrift shops or at the Salvation Army. Later on, there were some hurdles to clear before they could get out of background singing—which they did for a lot of people—and start doing their own thing: They had to keep the faith when a major record company decided they weren't "commercial"; producer David Rubinson had to help them out when they got stranded in Texas one time; another performer had to get sick for the Pointers to play L.A.'s Troubadour, a gig that really revved up their career. Needless to say, the girls appreciate what's been happening since. But behind their gaiety are some serious concerns. "We haven't really made any money yet," says Anita. "Our mother is still in the ghetto and she doesn't even have a TV set to watch us on." But when we caught them, the sisters had been rehearsing skits for a Flip Wilson show (*that* was a gas); their first LP, on Blue Thumb, was bopping its way up the charts; and they were working on material for the next one. So it's a pretty safe bet that Momma will soon have a TV. As

188 Anita says, "All this prayin' I'm doing just can't be in vain."

CHARLES W. BUSH



ON THE SCENE



DAVID CHAN



LES ASPIN *defensive specialist*

"GUERRILLA WARFARE is the best method I've found for dealing with them." That's not a statement from some Pentagon expert lecturing Congress on the smart way to wage war in swamps. It's from a member of Congress who's discussing his technique for battling the maddening inefficiencies rooted in the way things work—or don't work—at the Pentagon. Since winning election in 1970, 35-year-old Les Aspin, a Wisconsin Democrat, has quickly become Congress' most vocal Defense Department critic. And he should know; he used to work there. After completing his Ph.D. in economics at MIT, Aspin took a job with the Office of Systems Analysis in Robert McNamara's Pentagon, leaving the job with the unarguable impression that "it's a mammoth place that makes an incredible number of mistakes." So he decided to do something about the waste he'd witnessed and ran for Congress. Once elected, he was appointed to the Armed Services Committee and commenced those "guerrilla wars," his term for "publicly exposing wrongdoing and hoping to embarrass those responsible." Recently, he revealed that Nixon's new chief of staff, General Haig, had delayed his retirement from active duty in order to draw an increased military pension. "Haig was irate. I had three calls from him, but I never returned them. I'm not about to call those guys at the White House. You don't know what they're bugging and how they're going to splice the tape." Aspin also has begun using a second strategy. "I've been trying to get action by rounding up votes on the floor of the House." And it's worked: "They just voted for my amendment to place a ceiling on over-all Defense spending. It's the first time that's happened since World War Two." He hopes eventually to become the Armed Services Committee chairman, a good possibility, since those senior to him are considerably older than he. "Then," he muses, "I'll have *real* power. And that could be a lot of fun." For him, maybe, but for the Defense Department, it promises to be no fun at all.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 187)*

The reason that most rapes aren't reported, according to the Prince Georges County study, is that most women are more afraid of the police and their neighbors than they are of the rapists. Rape victims "are treated at best as a piece of evidence and at worst as a criminal," according to councilwoman Gladys Spellman, a sponsor of the study. The study found that most policemen yell at rape victims, treat most complaints as false, want to use lie detectors and generally regard the woman as the criminal in the case. The reactions of neighbors are often even more hostile and suspicious, if not mocking and lascivious.

Some charges made by women's liberationists are unfair, I grant you; but the actual treatment of rape victims in this country is proof positive that something fit to be called "male chauvinism" really exists and is just as widespread and cruel as racism.

Janet Dubowski
Washington, D.C.

BEAST WITH TWO SIDES

Feminists are right when they say women can't get as good jobs or make as much money as men. But when it comes to personal relations between the sexes, I find women's lib to be pure bullshit. Here's why: Most men seem to want sex most of the time. Women apparently are much more in control of their sexual desires, able to give or withhold as they see fit. This puts women in the driver's seat socially and sexually. Men spend a great deal of time and energy trying to please women in order to obtain sexual favors. The seducer may be portrayed as a masterful Svengali or, as Germaine Greer presented him in *Seduction Is a Four-Letter Word* (PLAYBOY, January), a quasi rapist. But the wretched truth is that a successful seducer is more like a lap dog pleasing his mistress with clever tricks.

Feminists claim marriage is an institution that oppresses women. Odd, isn't it, that from prehistoric times the objective of all men some of the time and some men all of the time has been to obtain sexual favors *without* having to get married? A man who marries acquires the responsibility of financially supporting a wife and children for the rest of his life, regardless of whether or not he stays married. The wife undertakes no equally burdensome obligations.

As for the economic advantages men supposedly enjoy, anyone who looks at the comparative life expectancies of men and women will see the price men pay for them. Look again, ladies, at your male chauvinist pig. He's actually an admirable beast of burden. He isn't on your back; you're on his.

Samuel Newman
Chicago, Illinois

COLLEGE CROWD

To my dismay, I noted that people who have attended college were singled out in opinion polls in the April special *Forum* report *Mr. Nixon and the Media* and in the same issue's *Forum Newsfront* item "Catholics and Contraception." These college-connected opinions supported PLAYBOY's point of view, and the implication is that since college-educated people back a certain position, it must be the correct one. As a self-appointed spokesman for the noncollege crowd, I resent this elitist reporting.

Keith Doty
Broomall, Pennsylvania

Many surveys put college students and college-educated people in a separate category, and we report it when that category (or any other) takes a position significantly different from other groups. But that's news, not elitism. Statistically, it seems true that those who are college educated tend to be better informed than the average, but this may indicate only that such people are more inclined to go to college. We're not claiming that college-educated people have a monopoly on wisdom, intelligence or good sense.

SCIENCE FOR HEADS

James E. Schutte's experiment that purportedly proved that marijuana is a dangerous drug (*The Playboy Forum*, August) relied on techniques that were archaic, to say the least. It's hardly surprising when a rat's brain—or a dog's, cat's, or human's—is removed, soaked in a Formalin solution, boiled for eight hours with Cannabis extract and nitric acid, and beaten in a blender, that "subsequent microscopic examination showed unquestionable cellular destruction." I am very skeptical of his results and ashamed that he is a part of the growing scientific community.

Howard B. Kaplan, Ph.D.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

The experiment involved too many variables acting on the brain to blame only Cannabis for the damage.

Lou Tully
Ft. Collins, Colorado

When was the last time Schutte submerged his brain cells in nitric acid?

J. Kenna
La Mirada, California

James E. Schutte's letter has convinced my friends and me that experimenting with marijuana is dangerous. It's much safer just to smoke it.

Linda Pollick
Auberry, California

We put our friend Ernie through the same process that James E. Schutte put his rats' brains through. After we put

Ernie's brain back into his skull, he just wasn't the same anymore. Schutte must be right.

Doug Hampton
Phoenix, Arizona

I hope none of your readers missed the humorous intent of James E. Schutte's letter in the August *Playboy Forum*. His letter was an excellent parody of the types of procedures and methodology evident in much drug-related research. Excesses of technique and/or zeal have been apparent in many studies.

One wonders what the true motives of some researchers really are. For example, the FDA's cyclamate ban a few years back was based on the ability of the artificial sweetener to produce cancerous growths in rats when injected in certain concentrations. There was apparently not one red face among the FDA researchers when other scientists noted that for a human to be endangered by cyclamates, he would have to consume the equivalent of several bathtubs full per year for several years.

Of course, there are those who would argue that any substance that is potentially harmful should be banned. But if that's to be the case, we would have to ban nearly everything. Peanut butter would surely be noted as a causal factor in skin cancer if injected subcutaneously, and water is hazardous to health if one attempts to drink a glassful through the nose.

My point, and I think Schutte's, is that misapplied techniques and misleadingly interpreted results can be used to "prove" virtually any substance to be dangerous. The real mystery pointed up so well by Schutte is why those involved in such research pretend to exercise objectivity to further essentially moralistic or other self-serving notions. Good drug research is desperately needed. It is imperative that those who carry it out give more consideration to meaningful paradigms and less to personal proclivities.

Terry W. Gamble
Fort Rucker, Alabama

It's surprising that anyone would interpret Schutte's letter as anything but a satirical put-on and put-down of certain kinds of misleading marijuana research. But judging from the response, many people didn't find the Schutte "experiment" all that farfetched—which tends to prove his point.

OBSCENE HEALTH HAZARDS

The day of judgment is at hand, O ye assassins and tools of Lucifer! Preaching your shameless gospel of lust and perversion, you have driven the cream of American youth to wanton fornication and self-abuse. Your vicious campaign to glorify sex has swamped dermatologists' offices with cases of green palm hair and severe acne; our asylums are overrun

THINK THINS

LESS "TAR" THAN MOST
KINGS, 100'S, MENTHOLS,
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20 FILTER
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MENTHOL
TOO.

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*According to the latest U.S. Government figures.
Filter and Menthol: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb., '73.

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



"Other than that, he's your complete football player."

with the criminally insane; cancer of the penis is rising.

Beware, peddlers of vile smut! We in the medical profession are not taking your sexual revolution lying down. Scientific studies are now being conducted in which beagles, trained to smoke your shredded magazines, are developing lung cancer. Concentrated solutions of your inks and dissolved papers are being injected into pregnant rats and are producing birth defects. The Surgeon General will soon possess conclusive evidence that sex is hazardous to one's health; the demise of your wicked efforts must come soon thereafter.

Timothy P. Oltersdorf, M.D.
Tucson, Arizona

VIRGINIANS, PAST AND PRESENT

As a Virginian who has lived in New York City for nearly two decades, I'm always jolted when the national news media cast their spotlights on my home soil. I've learned that Albemarle County, Virginia, following the Supreme Court's decisions that standards of prurience and offensiveness shall be determined separately by each community, has banned

PLAYBOY.

I confess I don't really know what pornography is. In New York, I have been

able to buy publications and to see films termed hard-core, so I subjectively define it as material about sex that makes the subject dull and often repulsive. Some hard-core pornography makes me react as I would to a detailed color film of open-heart surgery.

PLAYBOY is not in that category. In its early days it was considered daring, but, with the advent of commercially available pornography, PLAYBOY has become primarily a magazine to read.

Albemarle is the county in which Thomas Jefferson was born, made his home and was buried—Jefferson, whose lifelong fight was against "every form of tyranny over the mind of man." I come from Albemarle County; my ancestors lived there in Jefferson's time and one of them knew him personally. This makes me especially sad that his county made national news in such a questionable way.

Charles W. Freeman
New York, New York

The spirit of Jefferson is not dead in Virginia. When the Albemarle County prosecutor asked a grand jury to set standards for obscenity, they refused to act, thereby putting an end to the flurry of local magazine banning. Another grand jury convened in the town of Buena

Vista, Virginia, reviewed magazines submitted by local newsdealers—including PLAYBOY—and concluded that none of them were obscene by contemporary community standards.

THE COURT AND OBSCENITY

Some say they see a ray of hope in the Supreme Court's decisions on obscenity, in that a given community might take a liberal stance on obscenity. It's doubtful that this will happen very often, though, because the fig-leafers are better organized, especially at the grass-roots level, than the freedom-of-expression groups. There will always be some little old ladies' sewing circle or conservative church organization to exert pressure on local administrators.

Dennis Kravetz
Champaign, Illinois

Chief Justice Burger's opinions use the *Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography* in a way that's silly and basically dishonest. Nowhere does Burger mention the fact that the majority of the commission's members, many of them qualified behavioral scientists, found no evidence of a causal connection between pornography and dangerous behavior. At the same time, he cites a dissenting report written by two know-nothing clergymen on the commission, Winfrey C. Link and Morton A. Hill, to claim that "there is at least an arguable correlation between obscene material and crime."

Galileo wouldn't have any better luck with Burger's Court than he did with the Inquisition.

William Kyle
Detroit, Michigan

The decisions on obscenity of the U. S. Supreme Court represent an expected counterreaction to the mercenary people who took undue advantage of the collapse of censorship and exploited a precarious situation with little regard for the sensibilities of the general public.

The decisions have corrected two serious weaknesses in the former legal situation. First, the assertion that even the slightest redeeming social value was a defense against an obscenity conviction has been dropped and replaced by a more rational criterion; there now must be serious value—that is, the redeeming value should be clearly evident. Second, the local definition of community standards is an improvement because: (1) there never was a single national standard, (2) it recognizes local variation in mores, (3) it has analogous precedents such as local liquor-option laws and (4) it is more truly democratic.

Nevertheless, these decisions are an infringement on individual freedom and an attempt to legislate taste. It is another example of the Government's claiming that the individual must be protected

from himself, as if he were a young child or a mental incompetent. This is dangerous because it could easily lead to more repressive laws.

A large segment of the public obviously wants explicit sexual material. Such material has not been shown to cause antisocial behavior nor mental-emotional difficulties. Therefore, explicit sexual material should be legally available to those adults who want it; but there should be constraints on display and advertising of such material, so that those who find it offensive will be protected from unwanted exposure.

Paul H. Gebhard, Director
Institute for Sex Research, Inc.
Bloomington, Indiana

BUGGING THE BUGGERS

In 1968, Congress passed a statute allowing Federal and state officials to tap and bug in order to obtain evidence of crimes. Almost all the experts who have analyzed the statute have found it to be too loose to be constitutional, but the Supreme Court hasn't yet ruled on it and the lower courts have upheld it. For the past five years, the Federal Government has been issuing annual statistics on court-authorized wire tapping and bugging. With financial support from the Playboy Foundation, I have been studying these reports, as well as data from other sources, to evaluate the costs

and benefits of electronic eavesdropping.

There are two kinds of electronic surveillance: that done under a court order, and that authorized solely by the Attorney General, under powers said to be inherent in the Presidency. In June 1972, the Supreme Court said that this latter power did not extend to surveillance of domestic dissenters whom the Attorney General thought to be dangerous.

The statistics for the court-ordered variety of tapping and bugging are very detailed, in sharp contrast to the scarcity of information about the national-security variety. Court-authorized taps, both Federal and state, were primarily used to obtain evidence on gambling and drug traffic. Taps were not used in any homicide or espionage case and in only one kidnap case, in which the tap turned up nothing.

National-security taps are not as numerous as court-ordered surveillances, but they last longer. I estimate that national-security surveillances may overhear 500,000 to 1,500,000 conversations a year.

Study of convictions at both the Federal and state levels shows that court-authorized wire tapping rarely produces usable evidence. And most convictions are for gambling or drug trafficking, not for what one prosecutor called "real crimes." As to the value of national-security wire tapping, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark has stated that if

all such surveillances were shut off, "the impact on our national security . . . would be absolutely zero." The average Federal tap costs about \$10,000, and that doesn't include the large expenditure of time on the part of lawyers and judges who have to prepare and process the applications.

The picture is now becoming clear: Despite a great many promises and claims, wire tapping and bugging are of almost no value. The only accomplishments have been that many millions of dollars have been spent and the privacy of countless numbers of our people has been invaded. Copies of my complete 103-page study, with supporting statistics, *A Report on the Costs and Benefits of Electronic Surveillance—1972*, can be purchased from the American Civil Liberties Union, 22 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016, at three dollars per copy.

Herman Schwartz
Professor of Law
State University of New York
Buffalo, New York

"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.



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UNDERWORLD

(continued from page 146)

noticing the blank looks, he would patronizingly translate into Italian or English.

A tall, ascetic, majestic man—"He looked just like a banker," said Mafia informer Joe Valachi decades later—Maranzano was a natural rival and threat to Joe the Boss. In his native Sicily, he became an important *mafioso* after abandoning his religious studies. But his undisguised ambitions earned him the animosity of older *mafiosi*, and when several of his depredations made him also the object of police scrutiny, he decided to seek a cooler climate. At the end of World War One, he emigrated to the United States and almost immediately established his own faction of the honored society. His self-confidence and commanding mien, his polished manners, his obvious learning and intelligence and his undisguised amorality, unscrupulousness and viciousness all combined to win him a devoted following in the Mafia. He moved in on bootlegging, protection, the Italian lottery and a variety of other rackets in the ghetto and, in so doing, cut himself a slice of Masseria's realm. And he organized a lucrative immigration racket that brought him the subservience of a good part of the community: He arranged both legal and illegal emigration from Italy, for which he received not merely a high fee but also usurious interest rates impossible ever to pay. These debts he held over those who had come to him, exacting their loyalty and obedience under the threat of violence or deportation. Maranzano was, perhaps, the prototype of the American Mafia don, giving and taking, generous and penurious, benevolent and cruel.

Between Masseria and Maranzano there were increasing competition and enmity. Each aspired to the supreme rule, *capo di tutti capi*, "boss of all bosses," in the American Mafia. Masseria was the claimant and Maranzano the pretender. Their personalities clashed so directly that no entente between them was ever possible. Maranzano looked down on Joe the Boss as an uncouth, ignorant peasant. Masseria considered Maranzano a posturing, pompous jackal and, at least initially, no more of a threat than any other challenger.

Maranzano waited patiently and plotted coolly and secretly, certain that Masseria's own arrogance and greed would work to his advantage. At his peak in 1928 and 1929, Masseria had the strength and the well-armed troops, nearly 1000 of them; and through his own payoffs and contacts he was politically well protected. And Masseria had more: Because of his strength and his success, he was the acknowledged favorite of the other ruling Mafia *capos* around the country. Maranzano, as his only challenger, was an outlaw in the underworld, with a small army and little political influence.

There was no shortage of recruits for

THE RONRICO WINTERIZING DIGEST

An exhaustive guide to getting ready. Everything from draining the lawn mower to filling the wassail bowl.

First and foremost, you've got to have a list. Listless is no word for what you'll be without it. Next, you need help. But first things first.

The Unforgettables

Window washing. The days are getting short. It'd be nice to be able to see what's left of them.



Check snow tires. The rear ones are the most important.

Go over kids' winter clothes. Separate the passalongs from the past repairs.

Visit the dump. The scrap iron the kids have collected over the summer would fill a modern art museum.

Pull the spark plug on the lawn mower. You know, the little gismo the boys used as a ray gun muzzle last year.

Drain the lawn mower.

Take boat out of water.

Take water out of boat.

Dismantle tree houses.

Visit the dump.

Wash the dog. Six winter months in the house with a dirty dog can take its toll.

Store rakes, trowels and garden furniture in basement.

Put in supply of nutmeg, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, eggs and a mixed case of Ronrico White and Gold Rum.

Visit the dump. And this time don't let the kids bring back as much as you took over.

Step Two: Help.

Now it's time to depend on the blindness of strangers. You need a ruse. A Party is called for.

The point is everybody's

If you don't want to dip how about a dunk? A dunk is practically *the* indoor sport. So have it outdoors.

Any raw vegetable, crisp and cold, goes with a dunk. Dunk baby raw asparagus tips or cucumber fingers, cherry tomatoes, zucchini, cauliflower or almost anything else you happen to have lying around.

Say hello to...



Herb Dunk

1½ pints of sour cream
1 tsp. salt
1 cup chopped spinach
½ cup each of chopped parsley, chives, and dill
1 clove garlic chopped fine
Blend well and chill for 2 hours.

Pop-goes-the-Wassail

12 eggs	2 tsp. ginger
2 bottles Ronrico White or Gold Rum	6 whole cloves
	½ tsp. mace
2 lbs. sugar	6 whole allspice
1 tsp. nutmeg	1 tsp. cinnamon

Mix dry ingredients in ½ pint of water. Add rum and simmer over a very slow fire. Beat egg yolks and whites separately and stir into the hot brew. Plop in a few baked apples if they're handy and you want to show off a bit. Lace with Ronrico 151—the Power and the Glory behind those exotic island drinks—and stand back.

How to invent a holiday

If you feel you need a better excuse than the Plug-Pulling Ploy for your work party, hold it in honor of something topical. All you need is a title to make it sound legit.

Take the possibilities in November alone.

Nov. 3—Anniversary of the announcement of Murray Skurnik's engagement.

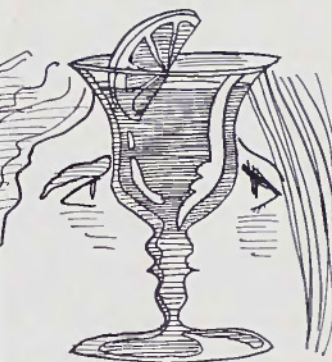
Nov. 12—The day after what used to be Armistice Day.

Nov. 16—Mother's Day at Brookhaven Zoo.

Nov. 17—First mink-lined teacup appears.

Nov. 25—Annual Murray Skurnik Tribute Dinner.

Nov. 30—Anniversary of English Speaking Union.



But what's a party without good conversation?

The art of good conversation is basically a matter of words. Here are a few good words, or as some say *bon mots*, that you can drop in to keep things going no matter what you're talking about:

<i>machismo</i>	<i>fait accompli</i>
<i>charisma</i>	<i>Weltschmerz</i>
<i>germane</i>	<i>Szechuan</i>
<i>urbane</i>	<i>rhetoric</i>

See if you can't think of some other good words that will fascinate and delight others in your gathering. By this time, your horde of eager guests will have you completely battened down for winter.

Can Spring be far behind?



Ronrico.
The bright taste in rum.

General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

either army, however. With the advent of the fascist regime in Italy, scores of young *mafiosi* were scurrying to safety in the United States, driven from home by Mussolini's ruthless campaign against the Sicilian Mafia. As the exiled *mafiosi* reached America, they became willing and eager soldiers in the ranks of both Masseria and Maranzano, and of Mafia *capos* in other cities.

What neither Joe the Boss nor Maranzano understood, however, was that many of these younger Italians and Sicilians, particularly those who had grown up in America, had formed friendships and alliances with non-Italian gangsters during Prohibition and secretly despised the Mafia's aging leaders, who clung to the old country and the old ways. These "Mustache Petes," who could not adapt to the new society, would have to be eliminated if the Italian underworld were to become a powerful and perhaps dominating force in American crime. The young were not yet strong enough to accomplish this themselves, but some began to anticipate that the Mustache Petes would eliminate one another.

That such a war was coming Maranzano

never doubted, so he prepared for it. In conversations with older *mafiosi*, he would constantly disparage Joe the Boss, building with eloquence on his sins. And he sounded out any likely recruit for his army, with the only proviso that he be a Sicilian, as the rules of the Mafia then dictated (by late in the decade, though, the collapse of the Mafia's chief rival, the Neapolitan-born Camorra, permitted recruitment among mainland Italians as well as Sicilians). He had no trouble winning the allegiance of a group of recent arrivals from his home town of Castellammare del Golfo. Among them were Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, rising rapidly in the Brooklyn organization, and Stefano Magaddino, becoming one of the most important *mafiosi* in Buffalo. Into his ranks, too, he pulled others disenchanted with Masseria, men like Brooklyn mobsters Giuseppe Magliocco and Joseph Profaci, who was already heading his own gang, and the Aiellos of Chicago, who by the end of the decade were throwing in \$5000 a week to support the Maranzano cause.

This was the nucleus of the pretending group, but it was by no means powerful

enough to take on Masseria. So Maranzano continued his efforts to attract younger hoodlums who showed signs of independence or rebellion. He made a particularly forceful effort to win over Lucky Luciano, who would bring in Frank Costello, with his intelligence, imagination and political connections, and Vito Genovese, a tough and brutal young Neapolitan thug who was number one in Luciano's personal entourage. But all these efforts failed. Luciano politely declined Maranzano's repeated proffers, as during these years he also declined Masseria's. By late in 1927, he had become a major underworld force in his own right through bootlegging, loan-sharking, protection, gambling of all kinds and a host of other rackets that extended far outside the Little Italys dominated by Masseria, Maranzano and other older *mafiosi*. However, as the pressures on him from both Masseria and Maranzano intensified, Luciano began to feel that unless he merged with one or the other, he would be caught in the cross fire of the developing struggle. At that moment, Joe the Boss was much the stronger and so the more likely victor in the coming war. At the same time, Luciano and his friends reasoned, Masseria's penchant for turning allies into enemies with his arrogance and greed would make him the more vulnerable to later overthrow than Maranzano. So Luciano threw in with Joe the Boss, to help him win the war and then topple him in a palace coup.

At that moment, Masseria appeared invincible. He had his own army, he was backed by Mafia overlords around the country and now he had Luciano and his organization as well.

But this seeming invincibility was an illusion. In his rise to the top, Masseria had left behind a lengthy list of enemies who, though not powerful by themselves, found mutual strength in joining the rising Maranzano rebellion. Also, there were the seeds of rebellion in Masseria's own organization. The young, like Luciano, were secretly working for his overthrow and their own ascension. And Masseria's own policies were turning even some of the older *mafiosi* against him.

Hostilities commenced with a series of sorties and skirmishes. Maranzano would hijack a Masseria liquor shipment and Masseria would retaliate in kind; a minor Masseria thug would be murdered and reciprocal action would be taken. It was a time of probing for weaknesses, of sporadic and inconclusive action and reaction.

Then events outside the clannish circle of the Mafia intervened, bringing all-out war. In the fall of 1929, Wall Street crashed and the nation turned from an era of unparalleled prosperity to deepening depression. With business, including bootlegging and the other underworld rackets, in a sudden and sharp contraction, competition that might once have been ignored could no longer be tolerated. Joe the Boss began to put pressure



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"You're wearing blue panties, you have a mole two inches above your belly button, and I'd like an appointment."

on subordinates and allies for a bigger cut of their rackets, for a tighter accounting. Such demands, to which some acceded and others resisted, only increased the bitterness he had already engendered.

Greater income from his own organization was only one of Masseria's goals. He also determined to stamp out all competitors, particularly those like Maranzano, who had combined competition with threats. The first move took place far from New York. A native of Castellammare named Gaspare Milazzo had settled in Detroit, risen to Mafia *capo* and become a leading Midwestern advocate of the Maranzano cause. Masseria gunmen tracked him down and killed him. If the murder was supposed to be a threat, it served merely to drive other Castellammarese tighter into the Maranzano network. So Masseria responded by declaring open season on any and all natives of that Sicilian town, ordering his gunmen to shoot them on sight. And, with the support of many national Mafia dons, he issued a death warrant on Maranzano personally.

Now outlawed and his life in jeopardy, the still-weaker Maranzano stepped up his attempts to court segments of Masseria's army and pull them into his own orbit. His initial target was Luciano, who had become Masseria's right hand as soon as he joined Joe the Boss's outfit and who more and more was becoming the most important figure next to Masseria in that group. Luciano's reputation and the awe

he was inspiring among the underworld's common soldiers were enhanced when, in mid-October of 1929, he became the only gangster ever known to have returned alive from a one-way ride.

In the early-morning hours of October 17, a passing police car discovered Luciano, savagely beaten, slashed and bound, lying on the pavement of Hylan Boulevard on Staten Island. He was taken to the hospital, where 55 stitches were needed to sew him up. When he emerged, with permanent scars and a sinister drooping eyelid whose muscles had been severed, he was viewed with considerable respect and fear. He had told the police only that he would not say who had beaten him, that "I'll take care of this in my own way." Frustrated, the authorities charged him with grand larceny, for theft of a car. Luciano laughed and the charges were promptly dismissed.

The rumors about the ride were many: that he had been waylaid and kidnaped by some masked men who had beaten him and tossed him out of their car when he promised to pay them \$10,000; that he had been picked up and kidnaped by a rival gang at the corner of 50th Street and Broadway and then beaten as a warning to stay away from their territory, and then dumped on Staten Island; that he had been seized by Maranzano's men at that Broadway corner and rescued at the Staten Island ferry by Meyer Lansky and Bugsy Siegel, who found him badly beaten and then drove him to Staten Island to

create a mystery; that he had been beaten by Federal agents who found him on a Staten Island pier, waiting for a shipment of whiskey or narcotics; that he had been beaten by a policeman, the father of a girl he had gotten pregnant. Luciano himself refused to give a satisfactory explanation, permitting the rumors to grow and, with them, his reputation as "Lucky" Luciano.

Though Luciano, in concert with his close friends Costello, Genovese, Lansky and others, had long been determined to dispose of both Maranzano and Masseria (preferably in that order) and take over himself, the Staten Island episode convinced him that the project was becoming urgent. Events of the next weeks would also persuade him to reverse his priorities and strike at Masseria first.

For, if the bid to Luciano had failed, Maranzano was making progress elsewhere, particularly in his approaches to Gaetano Reina. An educated and cultured man, Reina had less in common personally with his ally Masseria than with his supposed enemy, Maranzano, with whom he occasionally dined and enjoyed long talks about books, music and other common interests. Moreover, Masseria's demand for a bigger cut of Reina's rackets was becoming more insistent, so the course of conversations between Maranzano and Reina began to take a different tack. Secretly, they agreed that Reina would sever his ties with Joe the Boss and throw in with Maranzano. Such a move would start a flood of desertions from the Masseria cause and turn the battle to Maranzano.

While the meetings and the arrangements were clandestine, word of them soon leaked out to other young rebels in the underworld. Word also got back to Masseria. Such treachery, combined with Reina's adamant resistance to the dictates of the leader, threw Joe the Boss into one of his uncontrollable rages. He ordered Reina killed. On February 26, 1930, just after eight in the evening, Reina left the home of a friend in the Bronx. Waiting for him on the sidewalk was the Masseria killer, a shotgun in his arms. The assassin called to Reina and, as the older man turned, his head was blown off. As befitting a man of stature in the underworld, Reina had been shot from the front.

Masseria moved quickly to exploit the dispatch of the traitor Reina and assumed full control of his organization. Without consulting Reina's lieutenants, he appointed one Joseph Pinzolo—a personal lackey and an obese man whose appetite and gross behavior rivaled Masseria's—as the new boss of the Reina gang. Tom Gagliano, Dominick "The Gap" Petrilli and Tommy "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese refused to accept this dictate. They resumed the secret negotiations with



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Maranzano that Reina had begun and they plotted Pinzolo's overthrow. In September, the moment arrived. Lucchese invited Pinzolo to a meeting at his office, a legitimate front called the California Dry Fruit Importers, in the Brokaw Building on Broadway. Pinzolo walked into the office but not out. A stretcher bearing his body with two bullets in it carried him to the morgue. Lucchese was indicted for the murder, but, not unexpectedly, the charges were dismissed. (According to Valachi, the real killer was a former prize fighter turned gunman named Girolamo Santucci, who went under the name of Bobby Doyle; Lucchese, Valachi said, was not even present.)

With Pinzolo gone, Gagliano took control of the Reina gang, with Lucchese and Petrilli his chief aides. Then Gagliano secretly and successfully concluded the negotiations with Maranzano. Masseria, for the moment, was not aware of the treachery and desertions, though the younger members of the hierarchy—Luciano, Costello, Genovese and others—not only knew about it but had supported the moves as advantageous to their own long-term schemes.

It was apparent to these younger mobsters, and to some of the older ones as well, that the Castellammarese war, as it came to be called, would not end until at

least one of the main antagonists was killed. Joe the Boss, apparently still confident of his own invincibility, made few overt moves against Maranzano. In the fall of 1930, he managed to dry up one source of Maranzano's income by encouraging Chicago's Al Capone to rub out Joe Aiello—which he did in the grand Chicago manner. One October evening, Aiello stepped outside his expensive West Side apartment building and into the cross fire from two Thompson submachine guns and a sawed-off shotgun and died from 59 bullet wounds. But, for the most part, Masseria seemed content to pick off isolated and lower-ranking Castellammarese, to hijack Maranzano trucks and otherwise only nettle his rival.

Maranzano, the balance now tipping toward him, was less restrained. An ex-Capone gunman known only as Buster from Chicago had been imported to cut down Masseria's chief bodyguard and executioner, Pietro "The Clutching Hand" Morello and other Masseria associates. Years later, Valachi would describe how he, Buster, Profaci, Doyle, Nick "The Thief" Capuzzi and several other Maranzano gunmen rented an apartment in the Bronx directly across from that of Masseria underling Steve Ferrigno and for several weeks lay in wait for the mobster. During that watch, they missed an

opportunity to get Masseria himself, when he showed up for a meeting, but on November 5, 1930, they nailed Ferrigno and Al Minco when they emerged from the apartment; three shotgun blasts ended their careers.

There would be estimates later that more than 60 hoodlums were gunned down during the Castellammarese war, the casualties occurring not only in New York but also around the country, wherever supporters of Masseria and Maranzano met head on. By the early months of 1931, neither side had emerged victorious, but the bloodletting was bringing unwanted publicity and heat. In New York, Masseria's friends in the upper reaches of the police department called him in and ordered him to put an end to the killings, or the department's cops would be turned loose. Joe the Boss complied to the extent of ordering most of his gunmen to shoot only when shot at, though he still had some top guns out looking for Maranzano.

Maranzano, however, with a kingdom to win, would agree to no truce and kept his troops on the offensive. Other Mafia leaders around the country began to worry, became impatient for a conclusion to the battle. As Capone's indiscriminate bloodletting in Chicago had brought unwelcomed heat on the whole underworld, so the Castellammarese blood bath was bringing official reaction against the Italian element. The elder dons tried to mediate. At a council just outside New York in the first months of 1931, they demanded an end to the battle. Masseria did not attend, sending word that he was already trying to do just that and that his men were killing only in self-defense. Maranzano, however, surrounded by bodyguards, did show up, made an eloquent assault on Masseria as a disgrace to the Mafia and a man who had committed uncounted crimes against everyone in the underworld. Then he demanded the revocation of the death sentence against him and its replacement by a death sentence against Masseria. The council agreed to the former but would not go so far as to order the death of one of its major rulers.

The situation, inconclusive and enervating, was ideal for Luciano and the younger gangsters. Only someone close to Masseria, a Judas, would be able to kill him, and Luciano and his followers were in that position. They put their plan into operation by striking a bargain with Maranzano. Luciano would see to it that Masseria was killed; in return, Maranzano would ensure that Luciano took over as leader of the Masseria organization, that no reprisals would be exacted against those who had fought the Castellammarese and that peace and cooperation would be the rule in the Mafia thenceforth.

On April 15, 1931, after a hard morning's work at Masseria's fortress headquarters on Second Avenue in Lower



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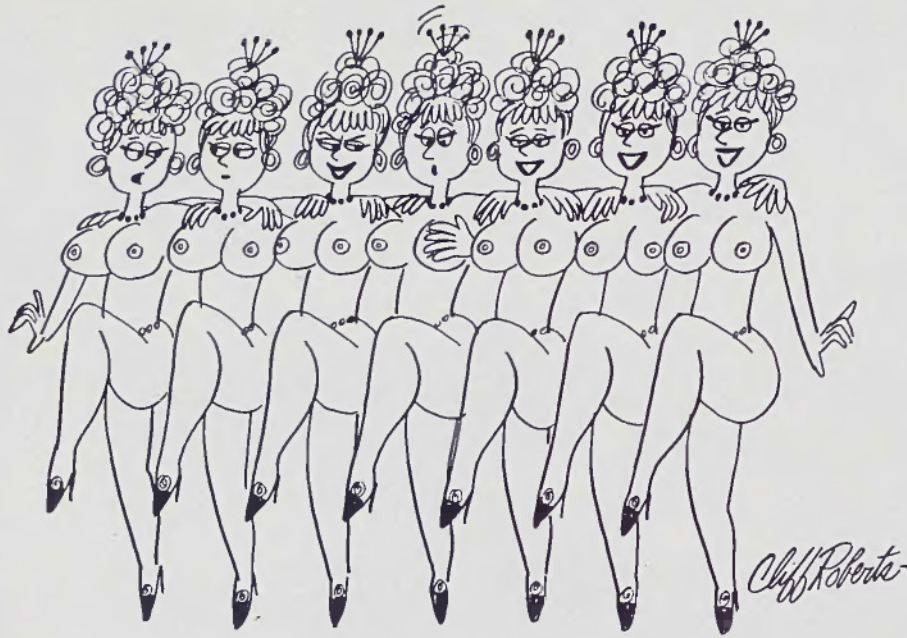


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"I think the new girl is going to be trouble. . . ."

Manhattan. Luciano invited Joe the Boss to lunch, suggesting that they take a long, leisurely drive out to Coney Island and dine at a favorite restaurant of the underworld, the Nuova Villa Tammaro, owned by a friend of gangsters. Gerardo Scarpato. A table was set for them in the center of the main dining room and Masseria ate with his usual gluttony, gorging himself on antipasto, spaghetti with white clam sauce, lobster *fra diavolo* and cream-filled pastries, and downing nearly a quart of chianti and a pot of black Italian coffee. Luciano, a modest diner, ate sparingly and sipped a glass of wine. By the time Masseria had finished his meal, the restaurant had emptied of the other diners. Luciano suggested a game of cards. Masseria agreed, though he said they should play for only an hour or so and then get back to the office for more work. Scarpato brought them a new pinochle deck and then left the restaurant for a quiet afternoon stroll along the beach.

For about 45 minutes, Luciano and Masseria played vigorously. Just before 3:30, Luciano excused himself, rose from the table and walked to the men's room. He had hardly closed the door when the front door of the restaurant opened and into the room walked Genovese, Joe Adonis, Albert Anastasia and one of Luciano's oldest and closest friends in the non-Italian underworld, Bugsy Siegel. They had come, according to the story, at the bidding of Luciano, had parked outside the Nuova Villa Tammaro and waited for a signal. When it came, they left their car and walked inside, leaving the motor running and Ciro Terranova

behind the wheel, prepared for a quick getaway.

Once inside the restaurant, the four pulled out revolvers and began shooting; more than 20 slugs ricocheted around the room, six finding a target inside the body of Giuseppe Masseria. He slumped forward, face down on the suddenly blood-soaked white tablecloth, his right hand brushing the floor, dangling from it the ace of diamonds. As soon as they were certain Masseria was dead, the four killers raced out of the restaurant. But outside, a shaken and suddenly fear-ridden Terranova was frozen at the wheel of the car. Siegel pushed him aside, got behind the wheel himself and drove rapidly back to Manhattan.

When the echoes of the last shots and the fleeing footsteps had passed, Luciano strolled out of the washroom, studied the carnage in front of him and then telephoned the police. He waited for their arrival and explained to them that he had heard noises while in the toilet and "As soon as I finished drying my hands, I hurried out and walked back to see what it was all about." No, he said, he had not seen the killers and he had no idea why anyone would want to harm Joe the Boss.

Masseria's murder did not end the Castellammarese war; it only provided an interlude of truce. The end could not come until Maranzano had gone the same way. But in the weeks and months after Joe the Boss had been given the traditional gala send-off to the cemetery, Maranzano moved quickly and decisively to establish his supremacy in the Mafia. He proclaimed himself *capo di tutti capi*, and the title was formally bestowed, though not without some reluctance, at a con-

clave in Chicago at which more national Mafia rulers were absent than present. Then Maranzano held a formal coronation. There was a banquet in Brooklyn that lasted for days. All *mafiosi*, leaders and soldiers, in the New York area were invited to pay homage, and so, too, were *mafiosi* from around the country; those who couldn't attend sent substitutes. Maranzano, like the Caesar he had become, sat at the head table and to him ceremoniously came a parade of gangland overlords and underlords bearing gifts, envelopes stuffed with cash. Valachi would later claim that more than \$100,000 was handed to Maranzano that night; others, higher in the honored society, would put the total at closer to \$1,000,000.

Maranzano also gathered the members of the New York society in a Bronx meeting hall festooned with crosses, religious pictures, icons and other religious symbols. These were a cover in case some uninvited guest should appear, but they also reflected Maranzano's very deep and real religious convictions: he had, after all, once studied for the priesthood. More than 500 *mafiosi* attended. On a platform at one end of the room sat Maranzano, flanked by those who would be the princes in this new kingdom of the Italian underworld—Luciano, Gagliano, Profaci, Vincent Mangano and Bonanno.

Speaking in Italian, with an occasional lapse into Latin, Maranzano informed the hoodlums ranked before him that the chaos and the warring were over. From that moment on, the underworld (by which he meant the Italian-Sicilian underworld, for Maranzano gave little thought to any other segment) would be reorganized under his rule as *capo di tutti capi*. But, like the Caesar he imagined himself to be, he would thenceforth be above the battle; he would rule no separate gang but the whole thing. (From this eventually came the phrase Valachi would use in reference to the organization: Cosa Nostra, "Our Thing." The term acquired the status of a name probably because the Federal Bureau of Investigation and its director, J. Edgar Hoover, had for years insisted that organized crime was a figment of the imagination of crime writers, that the Mafia did not exist. In order to get Hoover off the hook, a new name had to be created, hence Cosa Nostra, though it bears about as much relevance to the organization as "doing your own thing.") Maranzano declared he would collect a share of everything reaped by all the mobs; later, he would tell the leaders how large a share, but it would be one befitting his stature as supreme ruler.

The Italian underworld, Maranzano said, would now undergo mergers and new alignments, out of which would come five New York "families"—a euphemism he coined to replace gangs or mobs. The families would control the world of

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crime under his authority; they would have noncompeting jurisdictions, both in territories and in spheres of operation, and each member at the meeting would belong to one of the families, each of which would be led by one of the five men ranked alongside him. Under each of these leaders, or *capos*, there would be an underboss, and under him would be several lieutenants, called *capovegimi* (according to Valachi), in charge of Mafia soldiers. Each man in the chain would be responsible to the leader a step above, who would himself be responsible for the actions of those below him. Rigid discipline would be the rule; every man, from bosses to soldiers, would obey the orders promulgated by Maranzano or suffer penalties, in some cases death. As for internal regulations, no man must ever, on pain of death, talk about the organization or his own family, even to his wife; he must never lust after the wife of another member; he must obey without question the orders of the leader above him; he must never strike another member, no matter the provocation. And Maranzano would be the supreme arbiter of all disputes, as he would be supreme in everything.

For the ordinary Mafia soldiers like Valachi, this was all stirring and somewhat frightening. But for those near the throne, it was considerably less than awe-inspiring. They had not fought a war, had not sacrificed troops, money, time and energy and conspired in the murder of a leader to relinquish all their power and independence. Maranzano imagined himself a Caesar and, like Caesar, he was surrounded by Brutus, Cassius, Casca and other plotters.

Those who ruled the families under Maranzano were all relatively young men who had a great deal more in common with one another than with him. They were men, too, who understood, as Maranzano did not, that the Mafia was only one element in the national underworld, and that its success required working closely and harmoniously with those other elements, the Jews, the Irish, even the WASPs where they held a major claim. Thus, rather than look to Maranzano, they began to look to Luciano for leadership, to him as the man who could lead them in a world that, as the Depression deepened and Repeal threatened, was radically changing.

Surrounded by bodyguards and ensconced in protected offices in the Grand Central Building at 46th Street and Park Avenue in New York, where he operated under a legitimate real-estate front called The Eagle Building Corporation, Maranzano, like Masseria before him, thought himself secure. He was not. Luciano, working closely with Lansky, was surreptitiously sounding out those other underworld leaders of his generation, seeking their support for a plan to kill Maranzano and escape retribution. Messages crisscrossed

the country and secret meetings were held, including a major one in Cleveland early in the summer of 1931. From these conversations among the younger gang leaders came the decision that not only Maranzano must go but all the old Mustache Petes aligned with him, who were logs in the road to progress.

With this widespread support, a devious plan was worked out to penetrate Maranzano's elaborate defenses. It was Lansky who came up with the solution. The only people outside his own blindly loyal circle who might be able to get close to Maranzano, and get him alone, would be Federal agents seeking to question him about taxes, bootlegging, immigration or one of his other rackets. He would have no reason to fear them. So a crew of Jewish gunmen, unknown to Maranzano or his close guards, would be imported, trained to look and act like Federal agents and then sent to Maranzano's office. Their guise would gain them entrance and, once inside, they could do what they had come for and escape into anonymity.

On the surface, Maranzano seemed unaware of the cabal. His suspicions were apparently not even raised when, during the Cleveland meeting, Luciano, Lansky, Michele "Mike" Miranda—a Luciano triggerman at the time—their Cleveland hosts and several other visiting gangsters were picked up at a prize fight and booked as suspicious characters. Maranzano accepted Luciano's explanation that he had gone to Cleveland for the sole purpose of seeing the fights; after all, he was an avid fight fan who often traveled long distances for that purpose.

But if on the surface Maranzano was calm, underneath he was very concerned, indeed. He told Valachi and other confidants that he did not trust Luciano and his friends and that as long as they were alive, he was not safe. So he set in motion a counterplot to eliminate them. He drew up a list of those he considered his prime enemies—Luciano, Genovese, Costello, Adonis, Willie Moretti, Dutch Schultz, who was Luciano's close friend in non-Italian circles, and a number of others—and marked them for execution. And then, like those plotting against him, he searched for an outside gunman and hired the notorious young killer Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll to be the executioner.

It became a race to see who would kill whom first. But Maranzano was acting only on his suspicions. Late in the summer, Luciano had facts. He was tipped by a friend to exactly what Maranzano planned. He was even told that he and Genovese would be invited to Maranzano's office for an important conference and when they arrived, Coll would be waiting with his guns. The invitation, then, would be the bell that set Luciano's own plot in motion.

It rang on September 10, 1931. Luciano

and Genovese were requested to appear at Maranzano's office at two in the afternoon. Just before two, Maranzano waited for their arrival with his secretary, five armed bodyguards and Luciano's close friend, Tommy Lucchese, the underboss in the Gagliano family, who had dropped in unexpectedly. Lucchese had barely arrived when the door burst open and four men stormed in. They identified themselves as Federal agents and demanded a conference with Maranzano in private.

Maranzano readily identified himself; he had never seen the men before and had no suspicion that they were anything but what they said, for his lawyers had warned him that he ought to expect agents to come calling one day. Maranzano's own identification was confirmed by Lucchese—who was there, as it happened, as the finger man in case of trouble.

The four "agents" pulled out revolvers and lined everyone up against the office wall, shaking down the men and relieving them of their guns. Two of the agents then shoved their guns into Maranzano's back and ordered him into his private office for questioning. Once inside, they set upon him, first trying to strangle him, then pulling knives to stab him to death, trying to commit murder with as little furor as possible. But Maranzano was stronger than he looked and fought back relentlessly; the killers had no choice: they pulled out their guns and blasted away. Maranzano collapsed with six stab wounds, his throat cut and four bullets in his head and body.

The two killers rushed out and, joined by the two who had remained guarding those in the outer office, fled the scene. As they disappeared, Maranzano's bodyguards fled, too, in fear of their own lives and to avoid being found in the office with the corpse. As they raced down the stairs, one of them collided with Mad Dog Coll, on his way up to keep his appointment. He was told what had happened. With Maranzano's money in his pocket, no contract to fulfill and no one to accept a refund, Coll simply turned and walked away.

Through the early afternoon, Luciano, Genovese, Lansky and the other conspirators waited anxiously for the news and then proceeded according to plan. In later years, the rumors of what had happened on that night, which came to be called the Night of the Sicilian Vespers, multiplied: Supposedly, Luciano's killers began a purge of Maranzano followers in New York and Luciano's allies followed suit all over the country, with more than 40 *mafiosi* falling before dawn. But no one has ever been able to compile a list, and the only clearly established victim of that purge was Scarpatò, owner of the Coney Island restaurant where Masseria had met his end.

The death of Maranzano brought to an end the old ways and gave birth to crime



as a fledgling national organization in which the Italian Mafia worked not alone but in concert with other elements in the underworld. Within weeks of the murder, a new criminal conclave was called, this time in Chicago. Despite his own mounting tax troubles, Capone was a generous host, providing accommodations, food, girls, entertainment and plenty of police protection at the Congress Hotel. Though it was essentially an Italian-dominated conference to proclaim Luciano's arrival as the most powerful Italian boss in the nation, there were observers and participants from the non-Italian underworld.

Those who went to that meeting went prepared to attend the coronation of Luciano as the new *capo di tutti capi*. The efficiency and dispatch with which he had handled the Masseria and Maranzano affairs, his ideas and outlook, his ambition and manner had brought him both fame and the respect of his underworld peers. But Luciano would have none of it. Knowing the fate of others who aspired to supreme rule and who publicly

boasted of their new position, he categorically rejected the title and its implicit powers. He rejected, too, the envelopes stuffed with bills that were offered to him as the new ruler. What Luciano recognized was that in spurning the title publicly, in showing himself modest, just one of the boys, the power and the position would devolve upon him in fact. His demeanor would win him more than a formal title.

Luciano had discussed beforehand with Lansky and Costello just what he would do at the meeting, and now he outlined his ideas for the future—a nationwide gambling Syndicate, legal liquor when Prohibition ended—ideas that were accepted with hardly a dissenting voice. There would be no more internecine warfare and, too, the days of total independence of one Italian mob from others and from the rest of the underworld were over. Everyone had better understand that cooperation and consolidation, a sense of order and business that emulated the great corporations were the orders

of the day. This national combination would be ruled by a national commission on which the leaders of the major mobs would sit and at which all major policy decisions would be discussed and passed on. All members of the commission would be equals. Charlie Lucky would be the chairman (this decided by unanimous vote), but he emphasized that his voice and his vote would count for no more than anyone else's. While voting membership in the commission would be restricted to Italians, it was time to start bringing the Italian underworld into closer relationship with other groups, so some non-Italians—Lansky and Moe Dalitz, in particular—should sit at the meetings, have a voice although no vote. This was agreeable to Lansky and Dalitz, for they knew they could still guide policy and yet escape the heat; the Italians would be in the light, right out in front, and the underworld would soon forget that anyone but an Italian was a major factor in organized crime.

The make-up of the new ruling commission revealed the importance that the Italians, and organized crime in general, placed on New York. There were five New York members, the leaders of the five local Mafia families: Luciano, Mangano, Profaci, Bonanno and Gagliano. The two others were outsiders, Frankie Milano from Cleveland (where he worked closely with Dalitz) and Capone from Chicago. Capone's membership was brief; he was soon in prison and replacing him on the council was Paul "The Waiter" Ricca, who himself would later be succeeded by Tony Accardo.

That Chicago meeting at the Congress Hotel in the autumn of 1931 was a crucial one in the history of organized crime in America. Until then, the Mafia, or whatever one wants to call it, had been narrow and suspicious, operating on its own as a world unto itself. Now, under the prodding of Luciano and his youthful peers, it was emerging at last from the ghettos, from the Little Italys. It was not yet ready to take its place as an equal with the other ethnic and/or heterogeneous groups in the criminal structure. Integration was by no means complete. But under Luciano, this could and would take place and the Mafia would enter the modern world. Within three years, it would finally join forces with the other outfits to form a truly national Syndicate that cut across all racial, sectional, ethnic and factional lines.

After the Chicago meeting, Luciano was at the top, boss, in fact, of the Italian underworld. He had changed it, modernized it and made it ready for the heady new times that were arriving, times when the nation was in despair but the underworld was in flower.

This is the fourth in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.



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New Leaf (continued from page 167)

reverent regard Americans have had for Cuban cigars, we only recently have begun to truly savor and appreciate the exotic aromas offered by cigars from other parts of the world, such as the Philippines, Brazil and even Holland.

Judging from the sales of domestic smokes and the ever-growing demand for quality imported handmades, it seems that the Cuban myth is gradually being dispelled. Americans puff up a hefty \$750,000,000 in cigar smoke annually. And, according to the Internal Revenue Service, which levies a tax scaled (by ascending letters, A to G) to the quality of ingredients in each cigar, the most popularly priced smoke is the less-than-chic five-cent stogie. (This country *still* needs a good five-cent cigar, and has ever since Thomas Marshall, Vice-President under Woodrow Wilson, called for it back in 1917.)

The tax boys also report that among the smallest percentages of cigars purchased in the U.S. are those that sell for 20 cents or more. They account for a minuscule four percent of all cigars sold, yet include the best to be found.

Undoubtedly, this reflects more on the wallet than on the palate of cigar lovers. The Cigar Institute of America, the imposingly named public-relations arm of the industry, reports that there will be 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 cigar buyers this year.

Handmade cigars are still the best, and they command higher prices. A highly skilled hand worker can produce about 200 or so per day. Conversely, modern-day technology has swept in to meet the increasing demand with streamlined machines that grind out up to 1000 cigars in *one hour*.

No matter who or what makes the cigar, its form is always the same. There is the innermost core, which is called the filler. Wrapped around this is the binder, which keeps the filler packed in place. The binder is then sandwiched in the wrapper—the outermost leaf, which touches your lips when you smoke. The wrapper is a delicate paper-thin leaf that comes in standard colors ranging from the blackened oscuro to the dark-brown maduro to the chlorophyll-green double claro. A light shade of maduro is commonly referred to as English Market Selection (E.M.S.). In addition, there are about a dozen gradations in each color.

The color of the wrapper has been the source of much confusion. A great many smokers mistake the wrapper's color for an indication of its strength. Not so. Whether a cigar is pungently strong or very bland depends mainly on the type of filler used. Of course, the slimmer the cigar (with less filler), the more the wrapper will contribute to the over-all taste.

The pencil-thin cigars are generally frowned upon by *aficionados*, who claim they are usually so insubstantial in filler that they don't offer a firm, enduring smoke. Be that as it may, they do make every smoker look like a Rhett Butler.

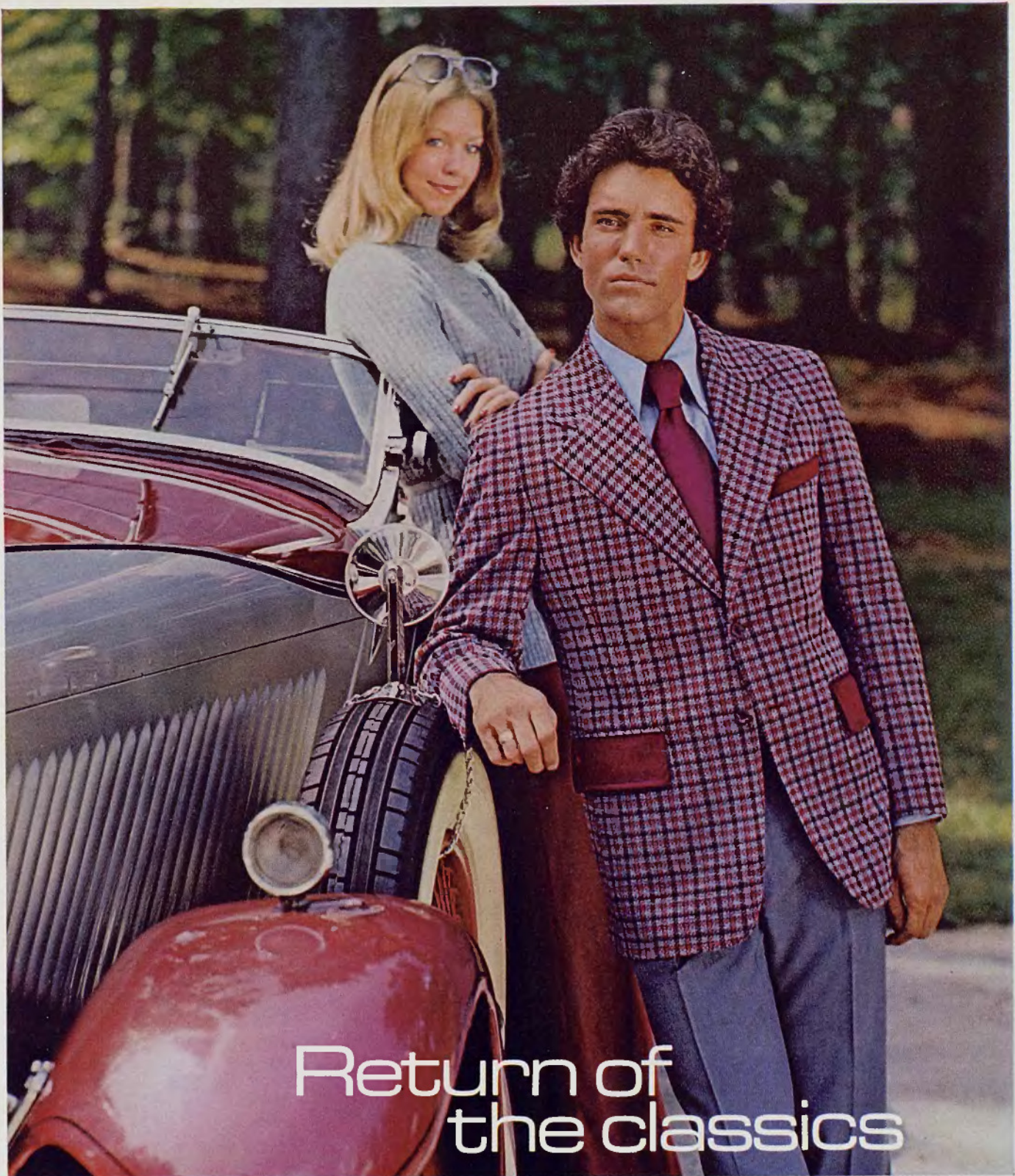
There should really be no problem in finding the cigar shape and size that you feel comfortable holding. In fact, the variety of shapes available in any one brand of cigars boggles the mind. The distinguished Montecruz line marketed world wide by Dunhill has 21 shapes alone.

As it happens, the three best-selling models, according to retail tobacconists surveyed, are the palma, the Lonsdale (full corona) and the panatela. The first two are relatively thick cigars about six and one half inches long; the third is a moderate, more tapered, youthful-looking cigar that can reach a similar length.

The cheapest handmade cigar costs about 40 cents. That a cigar is handmade does not ensure its quality. It does assure you, though, of the type of ingredients used. The binder in the majority of mass-produced American cigars is a fabricated substance referred to as homogenized tobacco leaf. It is a mixture of leftover scraps of tobacco combined with a dash of a chemical adhesive agent, then turned—or, better, churned—into rolls of durable paperlike sheets. (With handmade cigars, the binder is all natural leaf often grown in Santo Domingo.) Top-echelon executives of the major cigar manufacturers maintain that homogenized tobacco is necessary. Says a spokesman for the General Cigar Company: "Americans are *chewers* more than they are smokers. Reinforced binders keep the cigars from crumbling." There is, alas, truth in what he says. As far back



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but if I had wanted to build a snakehouse,
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"For God's sake, quit chewing on your mustache!"



as the early Fifties, veteran cigarman Groucho Marx, in his inimitable style, noted the problem. Groucho was questioning a contestant on his TV quiz program *You Bet Your Life*.

"I see here, Mr. Kravitz, that you have thirteen children and have been married twelve years. Isn't that an awful lot of children?"

"Yes, Groucho—I love my wife a great deal."

210 "Well, I love a good cigar, but I take it

out of my mouth once in a while!" was Groucho's retort.

Many smokers huff and puff on cigars, never removing them from their mouth—which dilutes personal enjoyment and makes things disagreeable for nonsmokers in the vicinity. Moreover, a chomped-up cigar not only loses its aroma, it becomes an eyesore.

Arnold Goldstein, a New York tobacconist for over a quarter century, says,

"Cigar smoking must be done when you *are* relaxed—not *to* relax. Chewing on a cigar releases undesirable acids, which ruin the cigar. Puffing on a cigar slowly—as you would sip brandy—is the proper way to enjoy it."

Smoking is best done after a meal, not before. An upset stomach or a cold will diminish the pleasure a cigar is able to bring. "Smoking when you are working is nothing more than smoking for smoking's sake" is the somewhat narrow view of another tobacconist.

Despite what cigar smokers are *supposed* to do, they still gnaw and chomp. If you find that you do this naturally, try a cigar holder. While it does take away some of the flavor of a cigar, at least the cigar will be in one piece for the entire smoke.

How you smoke a cigar may provide a key to your psyche. Julius Fast, author of the best-selling *Body Language*, reports that cigar smokers may be sending out "unconscious messages," revealing some of their aggressive or defensive attitudes.

He notes, for instance, that "an executive frequently emphasizes his subconscious feelings by the *positions* of his cigar. Tilted upward he manifests a strong dominant position; lowered, his position is weakened. Although it's considered impolite to point with a finger, a cigar makes the action socially acceptable." Fiddling with a cigar can also cover up or displace nervousness.

Even if there were no women's lib, it still would be no social *gaffe* to offer a woman a cigar. More and more, women are getting into cigar smoking. Most of them still prefer, however, to smoke them in the privacy of their own homes rather than in public. The Cigar Institute optimistically estimates that 1,000,000 women have now breached what has been considered "the last bastion of masculinity."

Although cigars have been stereotyped as a strictly male indulgence, women have long had a stake in them. For example, most handmade cigars are still sculpted by women. Also, the cigar band traces its roots to the legend that a wide band of paper was placed on all cigars so that milady's dainty fingers would not be stained by the residue of the earthy dark leaf.

Actually, bands have been placed on cigars since pre-Civil War days. At that time, many cigars sold were counterfeit versions of the ones blended by prestigious cigar makers. Bands were used like brands on cattle and the identifying tradition remains.

Though the variety of fine cigars available today is growing, there is no "best" cigar. Like any other leisure commodity, cigars are a matter of personal taste.

Don't let high prices seduce you. The "right" cigar is the one that you can comfortably afford. Of course, many demanding cigar lovers are willing to sacrifice a few necessities to maintain a steady supply of luxury smokes.

Indeed, for some inveterate smokers, cigars are as *de rigueur* as food, sleep—and sex. Once Groucho's wife issued an ultimatum that he had to give up cigars.

"Never, my dear," he replied, "but we can remain good friends."

The law of supply and demand dictates that the higher-priced luxury cigars (40-50 cents and up) are harder to find, especially out of metropolitan areas. Nevertheless, the whole cornucopia of cigars is available by mail from a number of large-volume and specialized dealers.

No cigar expert worth his weight in tobacco seed will tell you, if you ask him, what *brand* and *size* you should smoke. The vagaries of human taste suggest that the final decision depends upon the smoker himself. To help make your decision a wise one, take note of a few *caveat emptors*.

Examine the wrappers to make sure they haven't come undone. If they have, the cigars have dried out.

Watch for telltale veins and plant ribs, which indicate poor construction and ingredients.

Refuse or return cigars that are too

soft and mushy, a sign of overhumidity, which affects the taste.

An easy way to be certain that you are getting fresh cigars is to notice how they are stored where you buy them. Whether it's a local corner drugstore or an exclusive smoke shop, the cigars should be kept in a humidor or properly humidified cabinet. Chances are that if the retailer is selling premium cigars, he will have temperature-controlled storage space for his stock.

Because freshness is so vital to the flavor and life of cigars, American cigar companies offer their product in packages and boxes dressed up in a surfeit of cellophane and foil. Actually, cigars do their best in cedar-enclosed humidors, where they can last for months and even improve with age. The cedarwood adds a tangy zest to the taste as well. If you don't want to invest in a wooden humidor, a small clay humidifier the size of one cigar can be placed in any box. Or you can wrap the box in a plastic bag to trap the moisture. Whatever you do, don't store cigars in the refrigerator. The sensitive tobacco leaf will easily pick up foreign odors.

Tobacconists recommend that before lighting up, you snip the tip with a cutter; if you do it with your teeth, the end will shred in your mouth. Less expensive cigars, which are precut by machine, preclude this ritual.

When lighting the cigar, singe the end as you would roast a marshmallow, without letting the flame touch the cigar. Rotate the cigar over the flame (a butane lighter or *wooden match* is best, say experts), so it will burn evenly.

It isn't necessary to stamp out a cigar. Give it a chance and it will die by itself. Dispose of the butt as soon as possible—it *does* give off a swampy smell if it lies around in an ashtray too long.

Cigar smokers are a dedicated, sometimes fanatical lot. Napoleon III bought 20,000 gold-tipped panatelas at \$7.50 each; Winston Churchill was awakened at two in the morning by a clerk from the London Dunhill store who told him that the German blitz had hit the shop but had not hurt his special stock of cigars. Sigmund Freud interpreted the cigar as the prime phallic symbol; yet the father of psychoanalysis was hardly ever seen without one in his mouth. And then there was Maurice Ravel, who claimed that cigars inspired him to compose.

Unfortunately, there is absolutely no evidence that cigars can supply you with vast creative powers. What they can give you, though, is a most uncommon pleasure and panache. In the last analysis, that's all you should expect—and probably all you'd want.



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TEN YEARS AFTER

(continued from page 169)

was unwilling to do on the eve of the 1962 elections). Khrushchev is the real hero of the crisis, the one who drew back from the nuclear holocaust. Kennedy was prepared to go the full way—and for nothing.

He had fostered confrontation from the outset—three of them in his term, he boasted at the end. He called Berlin “the great testing place of Western courage and will.” He called Cuba the place where “our courage and our commitments” would be validated—always the courage to engage, never to disengage. He vastly increased our military forces, both conventional and nuclear. His popularity grew with the Cuban “success,” which hardly blunted his appetite for military competition. He had won even at the massive-retaliation game—why should he doubt he could win at his very own new game, when Vietnam offered the ideal testing place?

His fatal gift was for lending new glamor to military risk just when Americans had grown disillusioned with it. Eisenhower, with undiminished popularity, had snoozily adjourned the Cold War. The staccato Mr. Kennedy rapped it imperatively back into session. He made intelligent men praise him for conducting a nuclear showdown, just when Eisenhower was convincing ordinary men this was “unthinkable.” The best and the brightest said farewell without regret to the man whose last warning was against the military-industrial complex, and praised a young warrior who increased our defense budget by over 20 percent.

Even Nixon, in his 1962 “farewell press

conference,” had to admit that Kennedy looked tough enough on Cuba—if there was no secret deal. That shows the kind of pressure that could be put on Democrats at election time. It was not safe for Kennedy to be as soft on Berlin, on Cuba, on Indochina as Eisenhower had been. To that extent, he was a victim of the time, not to be judged out of context. But he made his very trap seem like an achievement. The press that rebuked Dulles for merely mentioning brinkmanship was lavish in its praise of the man who enacted it. Kennedy not only bluffed us through but made us thank him for it—made us forget the risk in celebration of our subsequent relief. While admiring these gifts of charm and inspiration, we must be wary of their consequences. Kennedy made Americans proud again, after years of uncharacteristic caution—and it took something as humiliating as Vietnam to bring that pride back down to earth.

Some say this is revisionist Monday-morning quarterbacking, that anyone can be wise in retrospect. But certain critics saw through the bluster at the time—I. F. Stone, for example. Even younger men in the Administration grew disaffected from Kennedy's policies while he lived—such as the group that formed the Institute for Policy Studies. If the rest of us were not as shrewd, we should honor these critics the more and learn from them not to be fooled again. If we cannot grow “retrospectively” wise in this manner, we are condemned never to learn from our mistakes. Critics of the Kennedy time of national aggressiveness should approach their task in a mood of penitence, not of accusation.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 94)

on his own terms and not compromise under any circumstances. I think that he can be like Ed Gentry in *Deliverance*—resourceful. He should live by his trade, should see that he *can* live by his trade. Now, that seemed impossible until recently, but it's not impossible now. Poetry readings draw very large fees for some poets. Who those poets are is determined by a good many factors. Word just somehow gets around the schools and the people in charge invite a given poet. Then more and more of them invite him. This is a spin-off from his profession of writing poetry that enables him to go on writing more poetry. He might supplement this with a teaching job. But I believe in a poet's living by his trade in *some* way.

I used to believe that you could do something that had nothing to do with poetry, not teach it or anything else, then write the poetry whenever you could. That you could be a professional fisherman or a game warden and write poetry in addition to that. At the age of 50, I no longer believe that. I am all for the poet's being paid well and being proud that he earns his way. If he has to serve on prize committees, do consultation work, advise, give lectures, readings or appear on panels—well, these are all things that pertain to his being a poet. They don't pertain to his being an advertising writer. They don't pertain to his being a professional fisherman or game warden or an insurance salesman. They pertain to his being a poet, and that is very important. Poets in America have always been hangdog. They have always been downtrodden, looking at you out of the corners of their eyes, ashamed and thinking that people believe they really don't work for a living.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a tendency among poets to live on grants and that sort of thing?

DICKEY: If they can get them. They are fiercely contested for. Literary politics are very dirty. People aren't fighting for control of corporations; they're fighting for a \$5000 grant or a prize of some sort. The prizes are the silliest things of all, but if you win a prize like the National Book Award or a Pulitzer, then the schools are favorably impressed and you can get your price up. If I've done any service for the poets of my generation, it's been to get those reading prices up. To give Al Capp \$3500 for a throwaway evening such as he provides and then try to pick up a fine American poet for \$200 is an insult to my craft. I won't move for any figure like that. If Capp gets \$3500, that's what I want. And if



*“I don't mind going steady, as long
as I can ball my friends. . . .”*

they'll give it to me, they'll give it to somebody else. I will not have the poets of my generation picked up cheap. Sure I make money, but so do they. And they made it because I made it.

PLAYBOY: What about resentments and jealousies over other poets' successes? Is there a lot of that?

DICKEY: I never feel it. That's one thing that has been left out of my make-up. I am the complete opposite of somebody like Robert Frost, who didn't care anything about anybody's poetry; he just looked at the other fellow as a rival. If a new, good guy comes along, I want to get his book and read it. I don't worry about his reputation. People promote animosities, but I don't do anything to further them at all. I remember a few years ago Mailer came out with a book and in it had a rundown of all the other writers he thought were in competition with him: William Styron, James Jones and others. If you want to write novels, why take time out for spiteful journalism about your contemporaries? I'll be damned if I can understand it. I don't want to indulge in literary battles. I want to get on with the job of writing poetry and novels. I've got a lot of faults, God knows, but I have never been prone to the kind of warping, self-destructive envy of

someone like Robert Bly. And you can print that.

PLAYBOY: He's the one who criticized you personally for *The Firebombing*.

DICKEY: I think so. He writes so badly that I simply can't read him. I could take a high schooler with an average capacity for language and have him writing far better than Robert Bly inside of three months. Bly has an inferior intelligence and no imagination at all.

PLAYBOY: There is an American myth about writers' success: that F. Scott Fitzgerald was supposedly ruined by success, Thomas Wolfe partially so, Hemingway—

DICKEY: There were a lot of other factors involved in all those cases. But I would say the dangers of success are considerably less than the dangers of failure—especially as you get older. Success and money are important when you don't have them, but also when you do. You don't have to cultivate yachts and private airplanes and all that to want to give your children good medical attention if they need it and to be able to pay your bills. I'm uncertain about the values of success, but I can categorically tell you that success and affluence are a great deal better than poverty, obscurity and failure.

PLAYBOY: What about material comforts?

In *Deliverance*, Lewis shows a great deal of contempt for the kind of luxury most Americans enjoy, seems to feel it makes them soft.

DICKEY: I'm ambivalent about materialism. Certain things I like very much. I like good guitars. And I like very good archery equipment. I don't care very much for clothes. Automobiles I am relatively indifferent to. A lot of the things that **PLAYBOY** readers seem to set great store by, such as revolving beds with built-in hi-fi, would interest me only as exotica. And very expensive, too, I expect. There's a limit. I don't mind being comfortable, and I don't want anybody to starve or not be able to get penicillin when he needs it. But beyond a certain point, you have so many things that you've got to look after them and they take you over. When we moved down here on this lake, I told my boy that I could buy him an outboard motor and a boat. He was overjoyed. He had a great time with it until it started getting dirty and he had to haul it up on the bank and Clorox it. He quickly began to have second thoughts on the joys of being a boatowner. You don't get one without the other. If you have a lot of goods and chattel—several houses, apartments in different cities—you either have to look after them yourself or pay

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somebody else to do it for you. Then *they* come into it and you have to contend with them. It's not all roses. I was reading the chronicles of some of the very wealthy families in England who have cottages on their estates with gardeners whose families have been with their families for 500 years. They have definite duties toward them. They have to go around and visit the sick, and so forth. I don't know how well I could carry that off.

PLAYBOY: You probably won't have to worry about that, but you *have* made a good deal of money from *Deliverance*, first as a book, then as a hit movie. Were you surprised at how well it did?

DICKEY: I had no idea. There are thousands of novels published every year and I was just thankful that mine was going to be one of them. It was the first fiction of any kind I had ever written.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your reputation as a poet help?

DICKEY: No. In fact, that usually works against you. Every poet seems to think that he has to write a novel or a play, and most of them do. But the description poetic novel has become almost a pejorative. People think of adjective-heavy prose that you can get enough of in half a page, like eating too much fudge cake.

PLAYBOY: The book seemed to translate perfectly to the screen. Was this something you had in mind while you were writing the novel?

DICKEY: Some reviewers seem to assume that I started out to write a book that would be sold to the movies and, seven years later, did just that. If it were as easy as that, there would be many more people writing books that would be eagerly bought by the movies. It just doesn't work that way, I'm sorry to report.

PLAYBOY: To some people, the success of *Deliverance* lay in the fact that it was an adventure story with a message for the time. Did you intend it as such?

DICKEY: I never thought of *Deliverance* in philosophical terms at all. I don't really believe in beginning with some kind of philosophical notion and then trying to write something to illustrate it. I believe pretty much in telling the story and having whatever might be implicit in the story emerge from it. The story of *Deliverance* has been read as a commentary on questions theological, military, political—in so many ways that I'm completely bewildered by what people read into it. Surely, if it has overtones—and I suppose it must have some, most stories do—those are secondary, not primary. My whole purpose was to write a story about four fellows who have got themselves into a situation and then have to get themselves out. Now, whether this is a commentary on the human condition in general or the human con-

dition in our time, or what, I don't really feel qualified to say. I suppose it has something to do with the price of survival under certain circumstances, but I think it would be a mistake to assume that the circumstances described in *Deliverance* are universal. If anybody wants to see it just as an adventure story, that's fine. That would please me more than all the philosophical interpretations in the world.

PLAYBOY: But isn't there an allegorical structure to the book? After all, there's the title, the river, the journey and all that evil to be overcome en route.

DICKEY: People seem to insist on reading that into it. One of my favorite American writers is Wright Morris, and he had a story in which there was a trapped fly. Let me read you what he said about it: "A student of the modern novel recently asked me off the cuff and man to man if I didn't think the trapped fly in one of my books was a symbolic cliché. The Midwest setting of this novel simply buzzed with trapped flies and so did the book. Flies, when they came to my mind, were still flies when I put them on the page. They belong to the scene I was painting like the screen at the door, the way it banged when slammed and the view through the glass-fogged window. Flies dead or alive were among the first inhabitants, and that they might also prove to be symbols was not my proper business. When the writing is good everything is symbolic, but symbolic writing is seldom good. Symbol hunting is the fashionable safari for the vacationing writer and reader, a way of killing time. The overtrained symbol-haunted reader will not accept the fly for what it is for both the author and the book—an actual trapped fly."

PLAYBOY: Still, you can't help reading something into *Deliverance*. It's pretty clear that Ed Gentry is changed, perhaps for the better, after he's led the others safely down the river and killed a man to do it.

DICKEY: Yes. I intended something of that sort. *Deliverance* is a story of how decent men kill. It's not enough to say, as some of the shallower reviewers have, that the book tries to show how man's essential malehood depends on his going out and killing somebody. Of course not. Nevertheless, American life is so structured that a lot of areas of one's existence—or one's potentiality, maybe—for either good or evil never get a chance to surface. And sometimes these *are* repressed feelings of violence. That doesn't mean one must go out perpetrating violent acts. This wasn't the case in *Deliverance*, where the violent acts by Ed Gentry were forced upon him. It was self-defense. Knowing this, he can take even more of a kind of secret pride in what he's done because he's a peace-loving person. He's never had any record

of any criminal activity, much less murder. It was forced upon him and he brought it off. He got away with it, and this is a kind of index of secret powers he never suspected he had. Now he knows what he's capable of doing. And this gives him a kind of secret power that he draws off of in other areas, in his own life.

PLAYBOY: Gentry does take a kind of pride in being able to pull it off. Isn't that some sort of acknowledgment of a survival ethic?

DICKEY: Well, to tell you the truth, if you want to look at larger implications, I suppose the book might raise the question of what makes people do what they do to preserve themselves and their friends and families, and so on. I've had peaceniks—among them some poets, but I'm glad to say not very good ones—tell me that they would rather be killed themselves, sent to a concentration camp and murdered systematically, than raise a finger against another human being. Even in defense of themselves, their children and their wives and the people who depend on them. That they would rather be killed themselves than offer any violence to another human being. I think that is the most absolute bullshit. Anybody comes after me and my people, I'll blow his head off.

PLAYBOY: So you obviously do see a place for violence in an ethical system.

DICKEY: Nobody can love peace like somebody who has been in a war. I love it. There isn't any machine or dial to measure this by, but I can categorically guarantee that I'm no lover of war, killing, pain and suffering. The things high-speed metal can do to human flesh and bone are so horrendous that once you've seen one battle fatality or fatal aircraft accident, you are never quite the same afterward. You learn just how mortal you really are and how vulnerable your body really is. I like the way these people tell you nobly how they would choose to die rather than offer violence to anyone, not even the worst possible human monster who is going to cut their children with scissors or something of that sort. That is a completely abstract statement on their part; it has no relation whatever to reality. I know perfectly well that the eventuality of their having to make that choice is almost completely negligible.

PLAYBOY: But Ed Gentry did have to make a choice.

DICKEY: Yes, he did. The thing is that deaths go on. Women and children are murdered, people are shot down in the streets, knifed, raped. We all know that offering no resistance to these things just makes it easier for more and more of them to go on. I'm reminded of what

Hilaire Belloc said in quite a nice couplet. It goes like this: "Pale Ebenezer thought it wrong to fight./But Roaring Bill, who killed him, thought it right."

PLAYBOY: Some people say that one reason so many of these awful things are going on is that books and movies such as *Deliverance* have created a climate saturated with violence. Do you think there may be any truth to that?

DICKEY: I don't know. I'm not really competent to judge that. In my more prudish days, maybe 20 years ago—before the days of nudity in movies and even in **PLAYBOY**; in fact, a little bit before **PLAYBOY** began—I went to a French film with a French writer I knew. I told him, "Lord, you French certainly are dirty-minded to show these things on-screen. We would never do that in America. You certainly are immoral here in Europe." He said, "We don't think it's nearly as immoral to show a naked woman as it is to show a cleverly committed crime." So I don't know about violence in the movies. I hope people don't start killing each other with bows and arrows after seeing the film. But I will say that I'm all for freedom for the artist. Even for freedom for the hack.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy with the movie version of *Deliverance*?

DICKEY: Yes, very much so. I think there must be very few instances in the whole history of film making of a movie staying as close to the original novel as this one. I've heard so many horror stories about people having their novels taken by Hollywood, butchered and changed around every which way. I certainly can't complain of that. Some things about it, of course, I would change a little bit. I advised them or asked them to do things they didn't do, but, on the other hand, they did some things that came off better on the screen than what I had projected. I wrote the screenplay, but there was also a lot of improvised dialog. That's one of the things I suggested, especially at the beginning, when the men first get on the river. When they're whooping it up and carrying on: "Watch yourself, Robert. Keep your eyes open." They were just *doing it*. And it sounded great.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to play the sheriff?

DICKEY: I was in the director, John Boorman's, lodge. He and the actors and I were sitting around with the script girl and various functionaries. We were talking about the cast, about the people who played the townfolk: the taxi driver, the doctor, the nurse, and so on. John turned to me and said, "Jim, we all want you to play the sheriff." I said I'd never acted in my life. "You can do it. We all want you to," he said. So I just

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played myself dressed up in a sheriff's uniform. After we made that scene, I wore the uniform back to where we were staying and had dinner. Somebody said to me, "Does your sheriff's outfit fit you OK?" I said, "Yeah, I haven't had it off all day. In fact, ever since I've had it on, I've been going around collecting graft from every whorehouse in Rabun County. And that isn't all I got, either."

PLAYBOY: Do you expect to do any more acting?

DICKEY: I don't think so. I've had a couple of offers. But they've only been bit parts, so there's no reason for me to do them. I think I'd better quit while I'm ahead. If that's where I am.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you're missing a chance to experience something you can use in your poetry. You've written about flying, football, archery, canoeing, guitar playing and most of the other things you've done in your life. Aren't you tempted to try a little more acting so that you can write about it?

DICKEY: I'm not a believer in going out and deliberately seeking certain experiences for the purpose of writing about them. If you're naturally interested in things and have certain things happen to you, then you can make the poetry out of the circumstances of your existence—unguided, more or less, by the fact of your being a writer. I didn't go to war to learn about flying night fighters so I could then write about it. I went to war because the world went to war. Then I wrote about it. If your imagina-

tion is keyed up through application over a period of 23, 24, 25 years, you get the habit of mind of making connections and associations. And that habit of mind discovers your subjects for you. They pile up by the ream.

PLAYBOY: Like your poem that was inspired by the Army post across the lake from here?

DICKEY: *Drums Where I Live*. It's that business of living close to the war machine and that ghostly cadence count coming across the lake in the early morning, the drums, and so on. Some of the neighborhood ladies said, "You know, it's very comforting to hear them over there, isn't it?" That's not the effect they had on me. I felt like I was right on the edge of a war. That they were going to be defending the neighborhood and people were going to be coming in. Paratroops landing. They represent to me some kind of tendency in mankind toward belligerence that is going to destroy us all. It sounds like a ghostly take-over army just waiting for the day. Like *Seven Days in May*.

PLAYBOY: What if the connections and associations hadn't come? What would you do if you weren't a poet?

DICKEY: I don't have the slightest idea what I would do. My life for so many years has revolved around the use of words and the connections between words and ideas and images and rhythms and all that. That's been central to everything I've done. If that were taken away, I suppose I would be a professional scholar.

But if words and scholarship and criticism and writing and everything connected with words were taken away from me, especially at the age of 50, I don't know *what* I would do. I'm good enough to be a professional musician. I suppose I could play guitar six hours a day for six months and get a job for \$20 a night in some dingy coffeehouse backing up some kid of 16 who could play better than I could. Or give music lessons. Something like that.

PLAYBOY: If you could be young again, what would you do with your life?

DICKEY: Exactly the same, except that I would have started earlier. I don't really regret very many of the things that I've done. The things I've done that you're supposed to regret—I only regret that I didn't do more of them when I had the chance.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DICKEY: Oh, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Impulsive weekends?

DICKEY: By God, yes. I missed a lot of my youth in the war. I'd like to have it back.

PLAYBOY: You said once that if you were reincarnated, you'd like to come back as a sea bird.

DICKEY: Well, I would like to come back as an alien form of life. I wouldn't like to be anything like a barnacle or some stationary creature that sucks things in and blows them out, making a few pearls whose value he cannot assess. I would like to be something mobile. Maybe something close to the ground like a snake that could feel every little thing along his whole body and also carry some deadly venom and be very secret, beautifully camouflaged and all that. Or something that could fly long, long distances, especially over water, where there is nothing to look at except endless miles of empty sea, a wandering albatross or one of those migratory birds that navigate by the stars without knowing how. You know, they go thousands of miles from, say, the Galápagos Islands to way past the Arctic Circle and stay up there. When it comes time to mate, they go home by some instinct that will never be understood. Some things are not subject to scientific investigation, are absolutely and forever beyond any knowing.

PLAYBOY: Well, you're in no hurry for that next existence, are you?

DICKEY: Lord, no, but I do have an ending planned.

PLAYBOY: Can you give it away?

DICKEY: Sure. I want to be buried on the west bank of the Chattooga River—if the state will allow it. Just dumped into a hole with no coffin. On a plain tombstone there'll be this:

JAMES DICKEY, 1923 TO 19 WHATEVER,
AMERICAN POET AND NOVELIST,
HERE SEEKS HIS DELIVERANCE.



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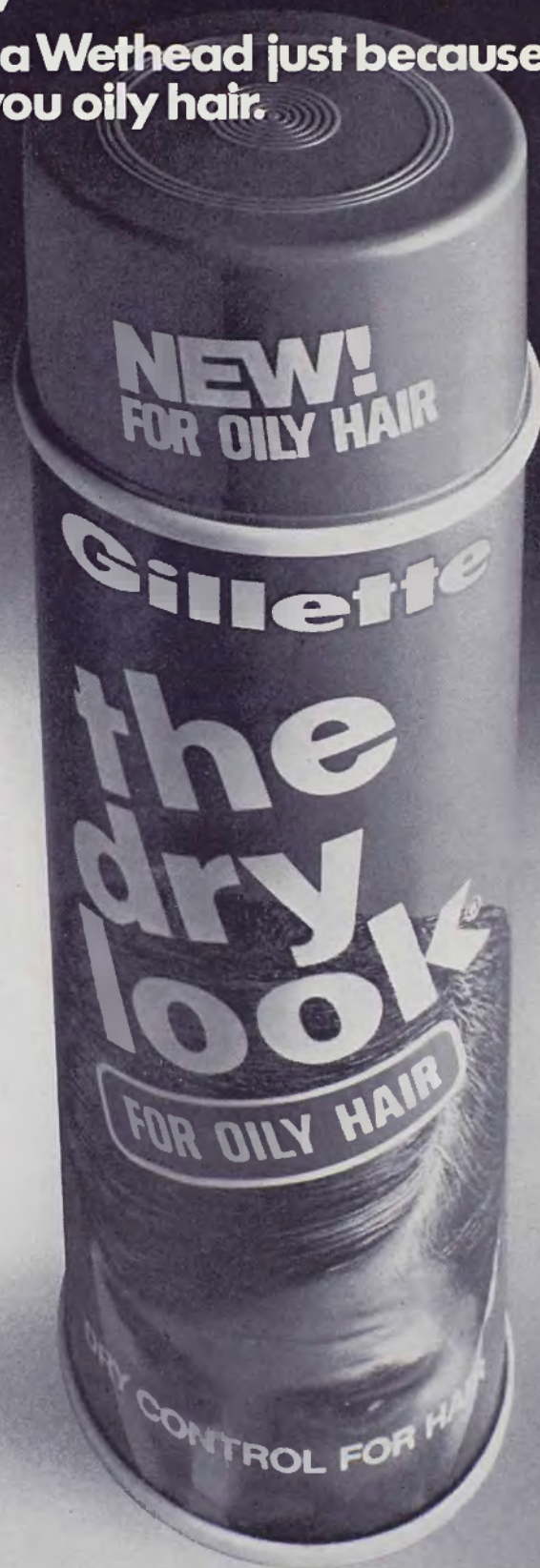
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JAMAICAN HOLIDAY (continued from page 161)

concession and, to mark the occasion, he ordered two more rum drinks.

"Maybe I go to the States," Donald said mournfully. "Then I go on welfare."

"Not worth it, Donald," Mr. West said.

"You come down here and live, mon, I work for you," Donald said, cheering at the idea. "You pay me good money and I find nice Jamaica girl and marry fit and proper."

"Good idea," Mr. West said. "Be even better if we became partners. Both go around selling souvenirs." He started to sing *Yellow Bird* in a passable Jamaican accent.

Donald roared. He thought that was so funny he allowed Mr. West to buy him another drink. There were good whites as well as bad, he thought.

Turning a sharp bend in the road, Mr. Gray saw a huge truck bearing down on him. The truck was straddling the line in the middle of the road and gave no indication of yielding. Mr. Gray was forced half onto the shoulder to give the truck room to pass. He was conscious of a large black face looking down at him from the truck's cab. As the truck continued on, it let go a long wail like the death cry of a banshee.

"Did you see that?" Mr. Gray demanded for about the tenth time, and it was still not yet midmorning.

"How could I not?"

"He didn't give me an inch. And you couldn't see it, but he looked down as he

passed as though it were a great joke." He discovered to his dismay that the words black bastard were on the tip of his tongue.

The car, an English-built Ford, had been delivered to them at the hotel. The man from the rental agency was quite young, he seemed still in his teens, and he addressed Mr. Gray with easy affability and he rolled his eyes and grinned when Mr. Gray first discovered that the steering wheel was on the right side. Mr. Gray had somehow forgotten to learn that driving was on the left in Jamaica. The young Jamaican rapidly gave Mr. Gray whatever details he considered necessary for the operation of the vehicle, but he talked so rapidly and his accent was so pronounced that Mr. Gray got only about half of it. He did not, in front of his wife, want to ask the young man to repeat what appeared to be simple basics. Then the young man, still full of native laughter, but quite firm, made Mr. Gray drive the car around and around in the parking area of the hotel to emphasize the side of the road that had to be followed.

"Don't you get dreamy, mon," the young man said. "You get dreamy, you get all sassed by the beautiful trees and birds and water and people, you get dreamy and you start to drift over to the side of the road you used to, you get killed, mon."

Mr. Gray, embarrassed to be driving around like a novice while many of the hotel employees watched with pleasure, kept repeating he understood. Satisfied at last, the young man let Mr. Gray sign the

contract. It took a little time, because the young man had no machine to take Mr. Gray's credit card and the hotel had none, either. The card had to be copied, very slowly and carefully. After that, the car was loaded and the young man asked to be driven to the airport building where the rental office was located. The young man watched him carefully as he moved along the unfamiliar side of the road and he made Mr. Gray nervous, so that he more than once forgot to stay on the proper side. Each time, the young man arched his back as though he had been stabbed. Mr. Gray gave him a tip at the airport and was glad to be rid of him and, from then on, he had no trouble at all keeping in the left lane.

The road along the sea approaching Ocho Rios from the east was marked on the map in a solid red line, while other Jamaican roads were thin black lines and even pale parallel lines. That had encouraged Mr. Gray. He discovered that road descriptions were a question of semantics, or perhaps relativity. The broad red line was narrow, rutty and filled with hostile trucks. Still, the weather was indescribable and they drove with all four windows open and the country was richly colored and after a little while, Mr. Gray relaxed and discovered he was enjoying himself. Mrs. Gray was not as happy. The very small size of the car was no problem as far as her comfort was concerned, but it made her feel defenseless.

They came, early on, to their first town. It looked to the Grays like some refugee camp. In the main street through which the highway ran, there were perhaps 300 or 400 people standing around with, apparently, nothing to do. The buildings they saw were in faded pastels and some of them seemed ready to collapse and as they slowed down to get through without accident, they were aware of a disagreeable smell.

Mr. Gray was looking about him with such interest he did not see the uniformed woman. Mrs. Gray touched him and he looked ahead and saw the woman holding up her hand to stop him so that school children could cross the road. He jammed on his brakes and felt sweat break out on his neck. He lit a cigarette. He had practically given up cigarettes, but he felt he needed them on this drive.

"They're so black," Mrs. Gray said, as the children, all in identical blue uniforms, trooped obediently in line across the street.

"What did you expect?"

"I know, but they're so black."

"They seem friendly enough."

"They don't look particularly friendly to me. Look over there. My God, look at the men with those knives!"

There were perhaps a dozen men, all of them naked from the waist up, all of them large and heavily muscled, all of them glistening with sweat, and all of them holding knives about the length



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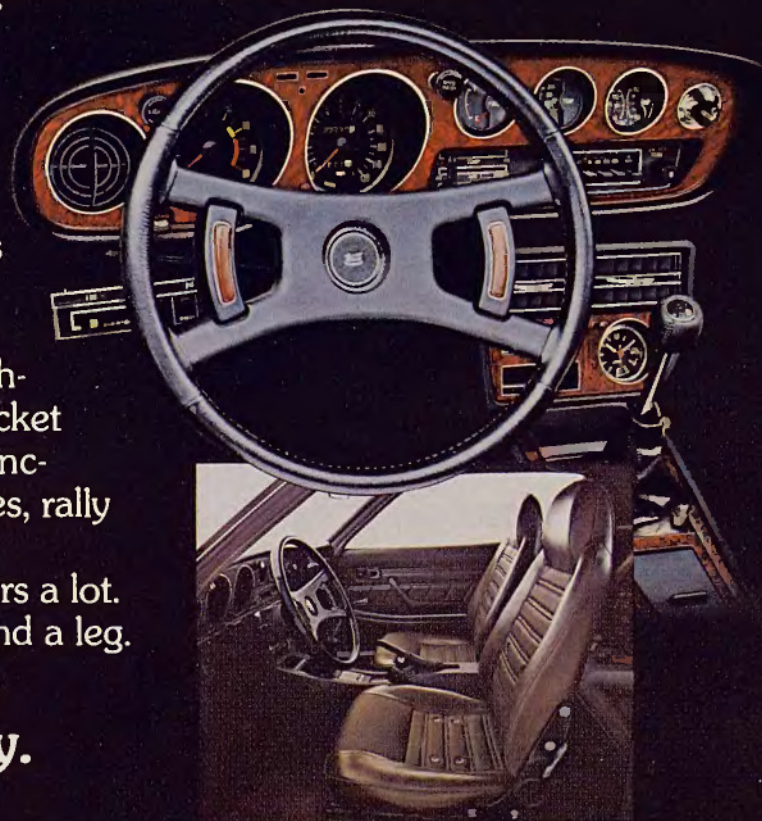
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and breadth of a medieval short sword.

"Those are machetes," Mr. Gray said. "They use them in the sugar fields."

"They look like they want to use them on us."

"You've simply got to stop thinking that way, Ellie."

"I'd hate to see a black man swinging a knife like that in New York," Mrs. Gray said with no relevance to anyone but herself.

"That's just it. We're not in New York. Those knives are just things they use in their work. Look, one of them is smiling at us."

"Can you in all truth describe that as a smile?" Mrs. Gray asked. "I would say that was the expression on the face of the executioner just before he lopped off Mary Stuart's head."

The uniformed woman indicated they could proceed and she looked at Mr. Gray with open hostility as he passed her, undoubtedly, he reasoned, because he had had to stop so short. As they drove out of town, Mr. Gray glanced in the rear-vision mirror. He saw the men watching him leave, the machetes dangling from their hands.

They drove through a long stretch of reasonably smooth highway and there were sudden, stunning views of the sea and the water was of colors that made Mrs. Gray cry out. The day became bright and very hot and after a while they were hungry, but although they passed through village after village, all like the first, with hundreds of idle people spending the day staring, they could see no place to eat.

"Just as well," Mrs. Gray said. "I wouldn't leave the car alone with all our things in it. These people are all natural thieves. Everybody knows that. They are totally amoral. Everybody knows that. Robert, you are smoking too much."

As though to support her thesis of the lack of Jamaican morals, they passed another sign advertising government-run birth-control clinics. This particular sign showed a very despondent young girl, perhaps 12, looking down sadly. The legend read: YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET PREGNANT.

"You get the message, Robert?" Mrs. Gray asked. "They're in effect telling children to fornicate as much as they please, only don't have babies."

"Not much different with the pill," Mr. Gray said.

Mrs. Gray let that go by. "Unfortunately, those signs probably do no good at all. I would imagine very few people here can read, especially promiscuous young girls."

It was getting on toward noon and, having got off to a very early start, breakfast was long, long ago. Mr. Gray had calculated as he had pored over the map that morning that they would reach Port Antonio well in time for lunch, but he had not reckoned with the roads.

"Robert, look out!" Mrs. Gray screamed.

Mr. Gray's first reaction was shock at

hearing his wife lose control, but then he saw immediately that she had cause. Coming out of another of the innumerable curves in the road, he saw that half the highway had collapsed into the sea and that all traffic was using the half of the road that remained. Mr. Gray looked down at the abyss on his right and knew instantly how foolish that was. He drove slowly along the narrow stretch and was about halfway through when a truck came along and from its manner and from past experience, Mr. Gray knew it was not about to back up for him. The truck came to a stop about ten feet ahead of Mr. Gray and the driver leaned out and waved for Mr. Gray to do the backing up. Another man leaned out of the other side of the cab and made the same demand.

"You have the right of way," Mrs. Gray said, still in a very loud voice. "It's our side of the road."

"It's anybody's side at the moment," Mr. Gray said. He leaned out of the open window and looked back and slowly reversed the direction of the car, trying hard not to think of the 30-foot drop into the water.

It took him ten minutes to get back to where the road was still intact. The truck followed him closely, seeming at times to be trying to push him backward. The driver kept waving his hand for Mr. Gray to hurry up. When Mr. Gray finally backed onto the two-laned section of the highway, the truck roared past and instead of acknowledging Mr. Gray's courtesy, the driver merely glared.

"I've never seen a face that black in my entire life," Mrs. Gray said, as though that explained everything.

"Didn't notice," her husband said, lighting another cigarette. "Perhaps because I'm called Gray."

Mrs. Gray studied her husband as he again began to cross the narrow, single-laned section of the road. She saw him pulling on the cigarette. She saw the new beads of sweat on his forehead. He must be very shaken, she thought, to have permitted himself a remark like that.

• • •

When it was almost two in the afternoon, Mrs. Gray, who had not spoken for some time, suddenly said, "Do you realize we have not seen one white person all day? My God, Robert, where on this earth are we?"

"Just entering Port Antonio," Mr. Gray was pleased to be able to report. "And there, Ellie, is a white face."

"Him?" Mrs. Gray looked at the man. He was bearded and his hair hung down to his waist and he wore shorts and no shirt and his feet were bare. He had a haversack on his back.

"And there," Mr. Gray went on triumphantly, pointing. "And there. And more over there. Now, do you feel better?"

It was true, Mrs. Gray saw. After all those black towns and villages, there were

white people in Port Antonio. She could not look at them enough. It seemed they had emerged from a journey of weeks, months, not hours.

"And there," Mr. Gray said in final triumph, "is a restaurant."

• • •

Walking slowly along the highway just to the east of Plantation Inn, Donald Gordon saw the small British Ford turn off the road and start up the hill. It was after sunset. One day maybe he would own a little car, Donald thought, since twilight was a time for dreaming. Then he would not get to a girl's house foot-weary and tired.

"Are you sure this is the right road?" Mrs. Gray asked.

"The sign said Dunton Manor."

"I don't know why we have to live way up in the hills. We came here to be on the beach."

"Nothing else available, and we have beach privileges."

The road wound in spasms. They passed through a small village. In the dusk the faces were lost. They looked like bright, moving clothing with no heads.

"You ought to blow your horn on these curves," Mrs. Gray said when they came to another hairpin turn.

"Ellie, I'm driving, and so far I've done pretty well."

A bus swung round the curve and Mr. Gray had to scramble off the road to let it pass. Mrs. Gray said nothing. At the next curve, Mr. Gray sounded his horn. That seemed to attract the attention of everybody in the second village, just around the bend. This village had a bar and men were drinking beer and women were lounging around and children scampered like dwarfed ghosts. As Mr. Gray slowed down, a man danced into the road waving a beer bottle and he stopped directly in the path of Mr. Gray's car. Mr. Gray jammed on his brakes and Mrs. Gray made a faint sound. The man stood in the glare of the car's headlights, twisting his body back and forth in a kind of grotesque dance, and then he capered away, laughing uproariously, and the other people laughed and clapped their hands.

"That idiot," Mr. Gray said. "I almost ran him down." He thought about what the other people might have done if he had. He shuddered.

"Keep going," Mrs. Gray said as her husband sat there. Her voice edged toward hysteria. "My God, Robert, do we have to go through this kind of thing every time we go up and down this hill?"

Mr. Gray put his foot down on the accelerator and at that same moment there was a sudden, shattering thumping on the roof of the car. Mrs. Gray screamed and Mr. Gray braked. He looked out, his heart pounding. The man with the bottle in one hand was slapping the roof with his other hand. He was still laughing and so were the other people.

(continued on page 224)



"We realize you only want to use the phone, miss, but rules are rules."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SKINNY-TRIPPING

If the typical seaside vacation leaves you too clothed for comfort, a Manhattan travel firm called V. I. B. Tours (that's Vacations in the Buff, friends) is whisking groups and/or individuals to secluded nudie beaches off Guadalupe for eight madcap days and nights of swimming, snorkeling and what have you, all for the modest price of \$269 round trip from New York. V. I. B. calms fledgling buff buffs' butterflies by pointing out that there are plenty of wide-open spaces as well as nearby forests. Furthermore, it stresses not to expect wild orgies, either, as "most people who enjoy social nudism are neither hypersexual nor asexual." Other strip trips include tours to Hawaii, the Miss Nude World

Pageant and a one-day bus junket to a nudist camp in New Jersey for the inevitable volleyball tourney. Now, *that's* more our speed.

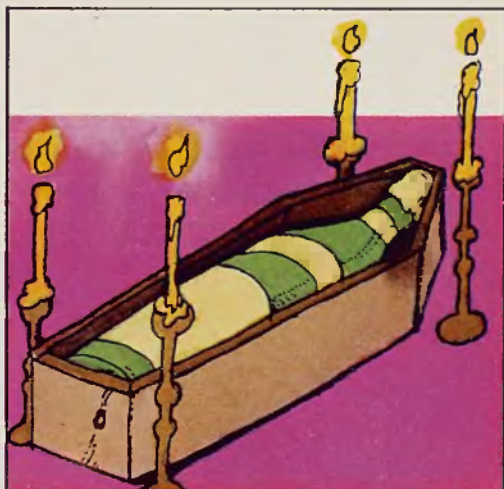
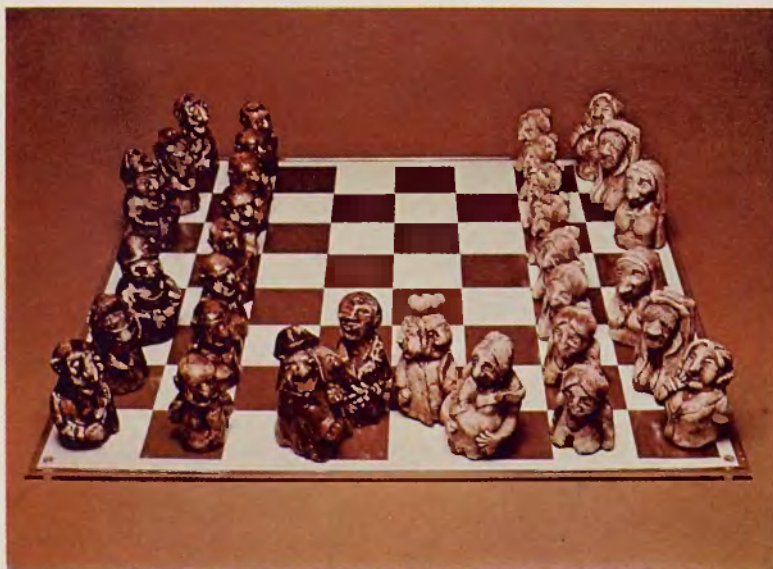


IT'S A STEAL

Everybody loves to fantasize about finding buried treasure. But a firm in Clearwater, Florida, International Treasure Search (P. O. Box 864), has turned your favorite daydream into reality by publishing, for \$4.95, a loose-leaf catalog of 50 stolen museum masterpieces, including works by Matisse and Sargent as well as ancient bronzes, antique guns and other goodies. With luck, you just might find one in somebody's pawnshop. Oh, yeah!

THE MATING GAME

Bobby Fischer brought chess out of obscurity's shadows and now a West Coast painter/sculptor named Jerry Schwartz has elevated it to a battle of the sexes. Lib Chess is the name of Schwartz's game and the board is peopled with a wry collection of potato-faced male and female characters. The female queen, for example, resembles a pregnant Golda Meir; the male queen is a gay black. The pawns are schleppey-looking oldsters; the knights are he-and-she members of a motorcycle club. Well, you get the idea. Lib Chess is available from Bonwit's, I. Magnin, Marshall Field's or by sending \$85 to Lib Chess, Inc., 974 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Check it out, mates.



PINE FOR YOUR WINE

When the Rocky Mountain Casket Company in Whitefish, Montana, began marketing its 6'5" pine model converted to a wine rack, you could hear snickers all the way down to the feed store. But the orders that began pouring in definitely weren't from dead drunks. To get your pine box that holds 40 bottles, send \$420 (shipping collect) to Rocky Mountain. And come the day of reckoning. . . .



TV STORE

Being a transvestite is a real drag. All that surreptitious rum-maging in a girlfriend's bureau only to come up with slips that fail to pass in the night. But not anymore. Now TVs can fill the closets they've just stepped out of with some lovely new duds from Michael Salem's TV Boutique (135 East 49th Street, New York City), a store whose stock in trade features an oddball selection of unmentionables, all with female sizes translated into male. (Shy ladies in waiting can write for the \$2 catalog.) You'll be a better girl for it, men.



OLD LOOK, NEW SOUND

Those of you who are over 35 undoubtedly know that the Philco Baby Grand was no piano. It was that great old curved-top radio that used to bring in *Captain Midnight* and *Fibber McGee and Molly* with remarkable unclarity. As its contribution to our national mania for the good old days, Philco-Ford has manufactured a limited number of replica Baby Grands to be marketed for \$60 through its dealerships this fall. Wood-grained outside, solid-state AM/FM inside, it's a great remembrance of things past.

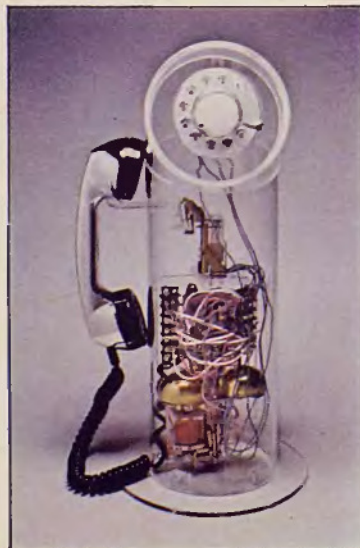


SIX APPEAL

Alessandro de Tomaso (of Pantera fame) has come up with the nonsense superbike of the year: a 750-c.c. Benelli powered by—gulp!—a six-cylinder mill that will propel you to speeds upwards of 125 mph quicker than you can release a throaty scream. The whole package weighs only 484 pounds and is about the same width as a Honda 750. Add Borrani rims, Marzocchi suspension and a 4.5-gallon tank and you've got one whale of a machine for your \$2700. (For more information contact Cosmopolitan Motors in Hatboro, Pennsylvania.) Vincent Black Shadow, move over!

START WITHOUT ME

You say your Moroccan backgammon board isn't giving you much pleasure and the magic has gone out of your high-pressure espresso maker? And even the old SS-100 doesn't seem much fun anymore? Well, cheer up; here's something new to make your life more meaningful. It's Remotostart, a gadget that allows you to start your car (provided it has automatic transmission) from up to 800 feet away simply by pushing a portable button. Order one from Bueamith Electronics, Box 391, Biglerville, Pennsylvania, for about \$300 and see if it isn't what's standing between your shallow existence and true happiness.



LOUD AND CLEAR

So you want to make something perfectly clear—and be sure your conversation isn't bugged? Bloomingdale's in Manhattan is selling for \$175 a 15½-inch-high acrylic telephone (with a chrome receiver) called The Periscope that enables you to see just what makes Ma Bell tick. Or if The Periscope isn't your thing, there are four other futuristic models to choose from, including Satellite (transparent tinted cubes accented by a lighted globe) and Cylinder—a white acrylic tube that rises to an angled black dial and receiver. Hang in there.



JAMAICAN HOLIDAY *(continued from page 220)*

Mr. Gray got moving again. After a moment he said, "It was just high-jinks, Ellie. These are happy people."

"So are our own blacks, I understand," Mrs. Gray said. "When they're not out mugging."

They came at last to a sign that indicated they had reached their destination. Mr. Gray turned into the private road with the sense of having at last found safety, as, he thought, pioneers in covered wagons must have felt when they got inside the gates of a fort. The headlights disclosed a small apartment complex and Mr. Gray brought the car to a stop.

"Well, we're here, Ellie," he said, trying valiantly to get some joy in his voice. When Mrs. Gray made no reply, he got out of the car and walked round to her side and opened her door. "Smell this air," he said as he helped her out. "Perfume." He could feel her hand trembling.

Mrs. Gray obediently took a deep breath and then she screamed.

A black man emerged from the dark. He looked enormous. Mr. Gray stiffened. He looked quickly to see if the man had a machete.

"Good evening," the man said politely. "I'm Rusty. I'm here to help you unload."

• • •

"You've got to admit it, Ellie, this is a little paradise," Mr. Gray said.

They had just finished breakfast on the terrace. Mr. Gray lit a cigar. Below them was a golf course and even at this early hour, they could see players and their caddies. The sun had risen early and pure and the sky was untainted. Directly in front of the terrace was a large flame tree and tiny fork-tailed doctorbirds were dipping their long beaks in the nectar of the bursting orange-red flowers and as they whirled around, the sun brought light to their iridescent breasts so they

looked like floating jewels. There were angel's-trumpet trees with their great flowers hanging upside down and oleander and bougainvillea and Rusty was at work watering and he waved to them as he passed.

"It's funny," Mrs. Gray said. She had not slept well and she looked tired.

"What's funny?" Mr. Gray puffed gently on his cigar and took in the view and sipped the superb Jamaican coffee.

"You know, the things you usually hate to listen to, the things that usually disturb you, loud radios, people talking, cars pulling in and out. I was so happy to hear all those things last night. They had a party somewhere in the building going on half the night. I loved every sound of it."

"It's all going to work out just fine," Mr. Gray said. "Now, you just give the girl an idea of what we want for dinner and then we'll take off for the beach."

Mr. Gray tinkled the little table bell and when the young girl who was to be their cook and housekeeper came out, Mrs. Gray questioned her about her abilities and was pleased with what she heard. The girl, a light-skinned Jamaican with a shy face, said that the traditional first meal in Jamaica was chicken, prepared in the native manner. Mr. and Mrs. Gray agreed to that.

The Grays left the house just a little before 11. The villages on the way down were almost deserted and didn't at all seem as menacing as they had the evening before. Mr. Gray now was quite accustomed to driving on the left. He felt the warmth of the sun. He felt very good this morning and he was pleased to see that Mrs. Gray was losing that bleak look.

• • •

Mr. Gray, in bathing trunks, waited outside the ladies' dressing room at the

beach club. There were already many men, women and children on the beach, which was a lovely place, dotted with shade trees. He looked at the water with its multiple shades of blue. He saw that a reef had built up about 50 yards offshore and had made the water a placid lagoon in which children were splashing and laughing and playing. Beyond the reef he could see people snorkeling and when they stood up, he saw that the water remained shallow for a long distance.

"This is lovely," Mrs. Gray said.

He turned with a start. He had not heard her come out. "Now, remember," he said as they walked onto the beach, "you must be very careful of this tropical sun. No more than fifteen minutes on each side to start." He laughed. "Tropical sun. I wonder what the people in New York are doing today."

There was a small canteen on the beach and the man in charge of it arranged two chaise longues for them close to one of the shade trees, so that they could get out of the sun when they wanted to. They baked for a few minutes and then Mr. Gray could contain himself no longer and he got up and went into the water. A moment later, Mrs. Gray joined him. The water was exactly right, not too hot or cold, and the Grays dipped and swam and when they looked at each other, they beamed.

As they walked back to their beach chairs, Mrs. Gray, watching four attractive young people playing shuffleboard, said, "You were quite right this morning, Robert. This place is a small paradise."

Mr. Gray looked at her and smiled. There was nothing in the world he more wanted to hear.

They moved the chairs under the tree and stretched out again and presently Mr. Gray was dozing peacefully. He was wakened when he heard his wife call his name. He sat up and looked at what she was staring at.

A tall, slender, extravagantly beautiful young white woman was coming onto the beach accompanied by two black men. The men seemed an endless expanse of blackness, interrupted only briefly by the skimpiest of trunks, hardly more than jockstraps. The men were heavily muscled and walked like cats. Their hair was twisted in tiny locks and was bleached blond and the tiny, tight, yellow locks gave their faces a shocking abnormality.

"They allow blacks here," Mrs. Gray said as a statement.

"How could they not?" Mr. Gray was fascinated and repelled by the men's hair.

"Look at their hair," Mrs. Gray said.

"Not so loud, Ellie."

"They're those people. We were warned about them. That crazy sect."

"Ras Tafari. They're not crazy, Ellie. They're a religious group."

"They murder and smoke marijuana



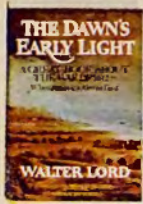
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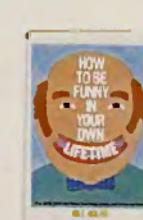
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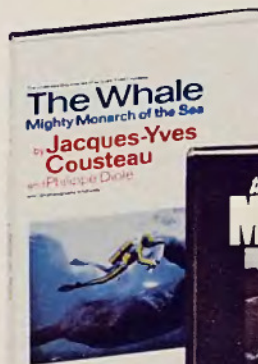
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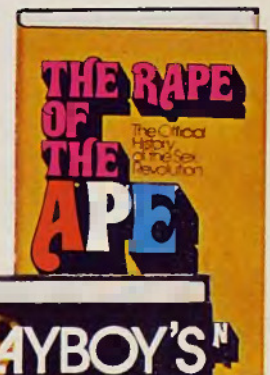
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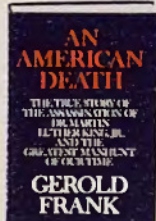
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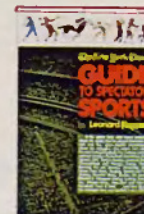
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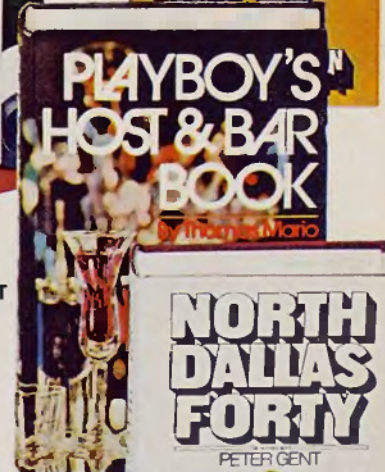
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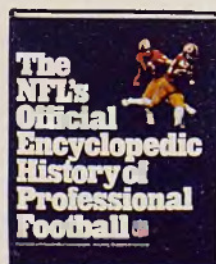
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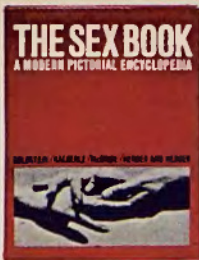
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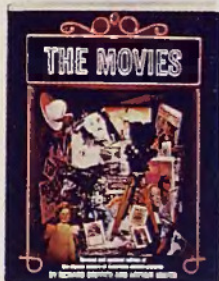
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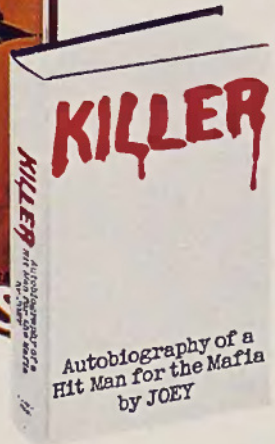
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and rob," Mrs. Gray whispered. "I know all about them."

"From your bridge friends?"

"Let's get out of here."

"Now, Ellie. . ."

The two men were performing a kind of ritual, a dance, a happy movement, a gentle swaying of their torsos, waving their arms sinuously. The ravishing white woman looked at them with love.

"If you don't take me away from here immediately, I'll leave by myself," Mrs. Gray said. She was already on her feet.

. . .

There was the usual afternoon crowd at Pineapple Place. Mr. and Mrs. Gray had popped in and out of some of the duty-free shops and had seen things they thought they would order delivered to their plane when they departed. They had, since leaving the beach, acquired broad-brimmed straw hats, and Mrs. Gray appeared to have recovered from her attack of nerves. The owner of the shop where they bought the hats had pressed a cold rum drink into Mr. Gray's hand and, although Mr. Gray seldom drank before evening, he did not want to be rude. He drank the drink, which was surprisingly good, and which made him feel, when they left the shop and got back into the sun, a little lightheaded. So much so that when they sat down at a table in the open-air restaurant, he ordered another rum drink. He ignored Mrs. Gray's questioning, warning looks.

Presently they ordered sandwiches and Mr. Gray tasted and approved the local beer and had a second bottle. He looked around and liked what he saw.

"Well, you can't say there aren't a lot of white faces around here, Ellie," he said.

"Thank God for small blessings," Mrs. Gray said.

The rum and beer brought Mr. Gray to a philosophical turn of mind. "You must judge this island in a proper frame of reference."

"Please don't get started on frame of reference," Mrs. Gray said. "I know you are famous for your frames of reference, but please don't get started on it here." Mrs. Gray, despite herself, thought again about those hideous men on the beach and she shivered in the sunlight.

"It's the only fair way to assess anything," Mr. Gray said.

"Just don't get started on it here, Robert." She started to take another bite of her sandwich and then stopped. "My God, Robert, look at him. And he seems to be coming over here."

Mr. Gray, amiable from alcohol and tropical ambience, looked up from under the wide brim of his hat to see a slender black man in a bright shirt and tight pants weaving among the tables in a kind of dance in their general direction. He was singing softly and accompanying himself by scraping a stick up and down a piece of serrated bamboo.

"Look at his hair," Mrs. Gray said in a voice she might have used in pointing out the Devil's tail. "He's another one."

. . .

Donald Gordon was in a very joyful mood that day. He had had a fantastic night with a new little girl and he had unloaded a large amount of junk to tourists that morning and he saw the crowd at the restaurant and anticipated more sales and, best of all, he could see at one of the tables his friends, the Wests, who waved to him as he approached.

He early on picked out the middle-aged couple sitting at one of the tables. He liked what he saw. The woman was dressed properly for her age and the man was wearing slacks and had no camera—all this endeared them to Donald. He sashayed over to their table and sat down.

"Hey, you with the big hats," he said in a manner of singing. "You think you in Mexico?" He laughed at his own humor and then he said, "Greetings and welcome to Jamaica. I have some very special things to show you." He did not, for the moment. Instead, he started to sing *Yellow Bird*, scraping the stick up and down.

Mrs. Gray sat transfixed, her sandwich still in her fingers. She might have been caught in the act of eating by some invisible agent of petrification, doomed to remain in that fossilized state forever.

"Would you lovely Americans like to buy this native musical instrument?" Donald asked, holding up the notched bamboo.

Mrs. Gray wanted to tell her husband to get the check, but her throat was paralyzed.

"No, thank you," Mr. Gray said to Donald.

"How about this cigarette holder? Only two dollars and fifty cents, American."

"No, thank you," Mr. Gray said. The black man's face seemed to move slightly in and out of focus and he blinked his eyes and felt he had had too much sun.

"Robert," Mrs. Gray said. She didn't quite say it. She almost got it out.

Donald took a fatter piece of bamboo out of his pocket and set it on the table. He raised and lowered it swiftly. Mrs. Gray screamed. She screamed inside. No sound emerged.

"Now black man not look so bad, hey?" Donald chortled.

"No, thank you," Mr. Gray said for the third time, disgusted and deeply offended by what he had just seen and heard. Could he, dare he ask a native of the country to leave?

"Why not?" Donald demanded, widening his eyes madly.

An answer came automatically to Mr. Gray's lips. "It's too expensive," he said, although the black man had named no price for the revolting little gadget.

"Expensive!" Donald exploded. "How

much you pay for that crazy hat, mon?"

"Three dollars," Mr. Gray said, why, he didn't know.

"Three dollars! And that ain't expensive, mon?" Donald raised the bamboo and the absurd phallus shot out. He let the monstrosity remain exposed longer than usual, because he could see that the American lady was profoundly shocked. "You getting to like black man better and better, my lady?" he inquired.

"Stop that," Mr. Gray said. The loudness of his voice caught him by surprise. He glanced around to see if anyone had noticed.

"Expensive? What you pay for that sandwich, mon?" Donald asked, jiggling the bamboo up and down, so that the phallus popped in and out, quivering on its spring.

"Stop that," Mr. Gray repeated, gripping the tabletop.

Donald, feeling just fine, raised and lowered the bamboo. He knew it often made women gasp, but he also knew they secretly loved the thrill it gave them.

"Stop that!" Mr. Gray no longer cared who heard him. "Stop that!"

"Hey, mon, you crazy?" Donald raised and lowered the bamboo and peered at Mr. Gray with interest.

"Stop that filthy display! Get out of here!" Mr. Gray shouted.

"You get out of here, mon," Donald said, vastly pleased with the way things were going. "I live here." He raised and lowered the bamboo.

"Get the hell out of here!" Mr. Gray lurched to his feet and reached out for the neck of the beer bottle. "Get the hell out of here, you goddamned nigger!"

His fingers closed on the bottle and he cocked his arm and there was the scraping of a chair and a hand grabbed Mr. Gray's wrist. Mr. Gray tried to free himself, but the hand held him fast.

"Have you lost your mind, mister?" an American voice asked.

After a moment or two, Mr. Gray went slack. Donald, who had not moved from his chair, slowly got to his feet and nodded to his friend, Mr. West, who still was gripping Mr. Gray's wrist. Donald collected his souvenirs and walked away. He shook his head as two of the tourist guides rushed to help him. He shook his head and waved them back wearily. He stepped down into the road and walked away. He walked heavily, like an old man.

Mr. West released Mr. Gray and Mr. Gray sank back into his seat. He looked around as though he were coming out of unconsciousness. His head ached and he pressed his fingers to his temples. He saw that everybody was staring at him. He wanted to know why he had done what he had done. He wanted to ask Mrs. Gray. He wanted to ask anyone.



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Last Polka

(continued from page 136)

floor. He rises slowly and staggers across the room.

SCHNEIDER: Where are you going?

BRANDO: To the john.

He goes into the bathroom and closes the door. She gets up and runs to the door.

SCHNEIDER (calling to him): I'm sorry if I disappointed you. This is all new to me.

BRANDO (offstage): Stop bugging me. I'll be out in a minute.

SCHNEIDER: No, you must hate me. I can't stand to have you hate me.

She throws open the door. He is sitting on the john fully clothed.

SCHNEIDER: You are a double-knit freak.

BRANDO rises from the john.

BRANDO: False alarm. Now you're going to take a bath.

He fills the tub with water and signals her to get in. She does. While she stands in the tub, he begins to soap her. Her knees, her thighs, her buttocks, her back, her breasts and her neck. When he feels she is sufficiently soaped, he stops and inspects her.

SCHNEIDER: Now what?

BRANDO: Now I'm coming in with you. He goes into the tub, still fully dressed, and stands next to her.

BRANDO: OK, you wash me.

She takes a sponge and soaps his trouser cuffs, his inseams, his fly, his jacket pockets, his buttonholes and both of his lapels. Then he sinks down into the tub and begins to rinse the soap off his suit. As he splashes about for a while, he begins to get noticeably aroused.

BRANDO (with desperate passion): Now give it to me.

SCHNEIDER: What?

BRANDO: I said give it to me.

SCHNEIDER: Give you what?

BRANDO: What the hell do you think? My duck.

She is stupefied.

BRANDO: For Christ's sake, get me my duck. It's over there in the closet.

Disbelievingly, she gets out of the tub and slobes to the closet.

SCHNEIDER: This is the end. A grown man playing in the bath with a rubber duck.

She opens the closet door. We hear a loud "Quack-quack."

BRANDO: What rubber? Quick, give it to me.

She leans into the closet and comes out with a live duck. She looks at it incredulously for a moment, then throws it into the tub at BRANDO and storms out of the bathroom.

CUT TO a crowded street. BRANDO is peering anxiously at the passing pedestrians. Suddenly, SCHNEIDER appears. They see each other simultaneously and she begins to run from him. He chases her for a block and finally grabs her arm.

BRANDO: Where were you? I've been looking for you all day.

SCHNEIDER: Leave me alone.

BRANDO: Hey, what's with you? Oh, of course. You're jealous. Look, that duck doesn't mean anything to me. I caught her on the rebound after a bad scene with a pigeon.

She breaks away from him and sprints down the street with him in pursuit. She suddenly stops at a building. There is a sign outside that reads: ZOG'S POLKA PALACE . . . NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS TODAY. In an effort to elude him, she dashes into the building. But he spies her and follows her inside. CUT TO inside the polka palace. Men and women in colorful folk costumes with numbers on their backs are doing an energetic polka, while judges walk among them, eliminating various teams. SCHNEIDER bursts into the hall, followed a few seconds later by BRANDO. He looks around and can't spot her. Suddenly, four men walk into the hall, wearing green eye-shades. One is carrying a bridge table, another is carrying chips and playing cards.

BRANDO (to the FIRST MAN): Polka championships, schmuck. Polka!

The MAN mouths an "Oh" and the four leave the hall. BRANDO sees SCHNEIDER, runs up to her and catches her again by the arm.

BRANDO (shouting above the music): Look, I gotta talk to you.

A MAN nearby turns to BRANDO with his finger over his lips.

MAN: Have you no respect? Talking during our national dance. It's un-Albanian.

BRANDO: Soity.

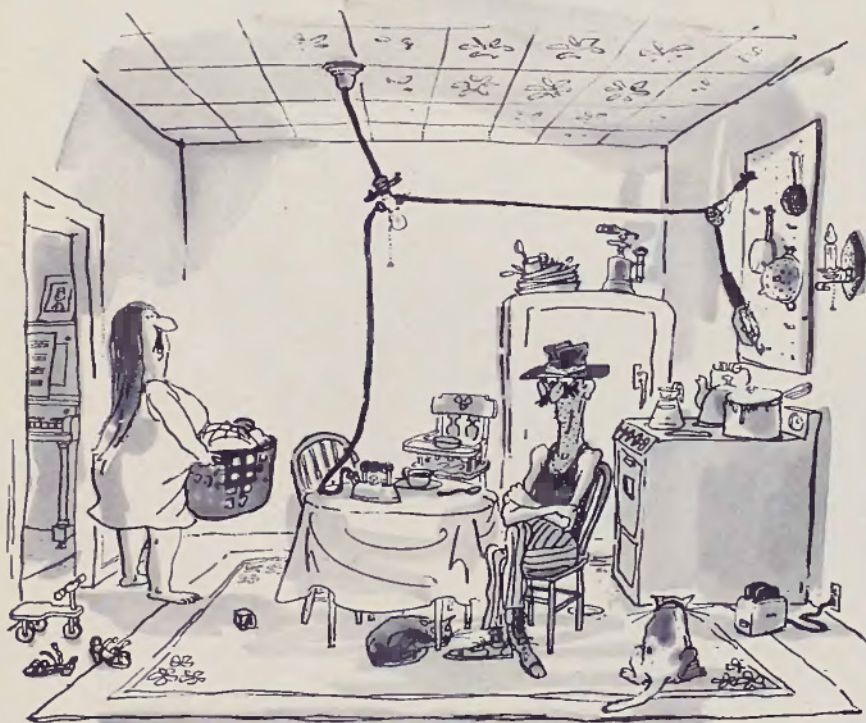
BRANDO stands at attention with his hand over his heart until the end of the dance. Then he seizes SCHNEIDER again, leads her to a table and pushes her down into a chair.

SCHNEIDER: Look, I can't keep up a relationship with someone I don't know.

BRANDO: Is that so goddamn important to you? Knowing about me?

SCHNEIDER: It's very important.

BRANDO: OK, you want it, you'll get it. (Ashamed to look at her, he turns his eyes from hers and plunges painfully into his past) I was brought up on a farm outside Boise. My old man was a sick son of a bitch. (Her eyes soften and she tenderly takes his hand in hers) He used to come in from the fields every night, cold sober,



Booth

"I know what we need,
Hartford, honey . . . we need a change
of pace . . . that's what we need . . . we need a change of
pace . . . it just came to me . . . we need a change of pace . . .
what do you think about that . . . I mean about a change
of pace . . . don't you think we
need a change of pace?"

and kiss my old lady for no reason at all. . . .

SCHNEIDER (*knowing what he is obviously going through*): You really don't have to—

BRANDO: Now I want to. (*returning to his story*) Then the two of them would start working over us kids. That's all it was, kissing day and night. Our cheeks were rubbed raw. . . .

SCHNEIDER (*alarmed*): Please don't torture yourself.

BRANDO: No, I gotta let it all hang out. When I was 12, I ran away from home. But the old man found me, took me to the woodshed and gave me the hugging of my life. (*He begins to cry*) Do you know what that kind of thing can do to an impressionable farm boy who's just getting interested in sheep?

She nods, puts her finger on his lips to stop him from going on and kisses away his tears.

SCHNEIDER: Let's dance.

They walk onto the floor and begin to polka. Suddenly, three judges walk over to them.

FIRST JUDGE: I'm sorry, but you'll have to get off the dance floor.

SECOND JUDGE: You are not contestants, and besides, you are not dressed properly.

BRANDO: You don't like the way I'm dressed? Is this any better?

He drops his trousers and exposes his bare buttocks to the judge. Then he picks

up his pants and drops them two more times, exposing himself to the other judges. SCHNEIDER is horrified. All the sympathy built up for him in the past few minutes dissipates itself.

SCHNEIDER: I can't believe you. Have you ever exposed yourself before in public?

BRANDO: I never even exposed myself in private.

SCHNEIDER: I won't let you humiliate me or anyone else again.

She dashes for the door.

BRANDO (*chasing after her*): What humiliate? I just created a new dance craze.

We PAN the dance hall. All the polka dancers are joyfully dancing to the music and then interspersing the steps with displays of their bare buttocks. The spectators on the side lines are applauding and cheering wildly, and there is no doubt to even the most casual passer-by that in no time the dance will sweep Albania.

CUT TO the apartment. SCHNEIDER is standing with her back against the door. The door flies open, sending her across the room. BRANDO rushes in. She takes a gun from her purse and fires at him. He crumples to the floor. She kneels by his side.

SCHNEIDER (*sobbing*): What have I done? I'm sorry. So terribly sorry.

BRANDO *stirs. He isn't dead yet.*

BRANDO (*weakly*): Before I go, there's one thing you must do for me.

SCHNEIDER (*eagerly*): Anything.

BRANDO: Go get the butter.

SCHNEIDER (*startled by the request*): But—

BRANDO (*forcefully*): Get the butter.

She goes into the kitchen and comes out with a large vat. With renewed strength, he strips off her clothes, lays her face down on the floor and once again covers her entire back with butter. Then he mounts her.

BRANDO: This is the way I always dreamed of going. You understand, don't you?

SCHNEIDER (*between sobs*): Of course, darling. I understand.

He begins to move on her, but he doesn't seem to be making any progress.

BRANDO: Something's wrong.

SCHNEIDER: What's the matter?

BRANDO: It's not working. It always worked with butter before. Are you sure this is butter?

SCHNEIDER: Of course I'm sure.

BRANDO: I don't think it's butter. I think it's margarine.

SCHNEIDER: I tell you it's butter.

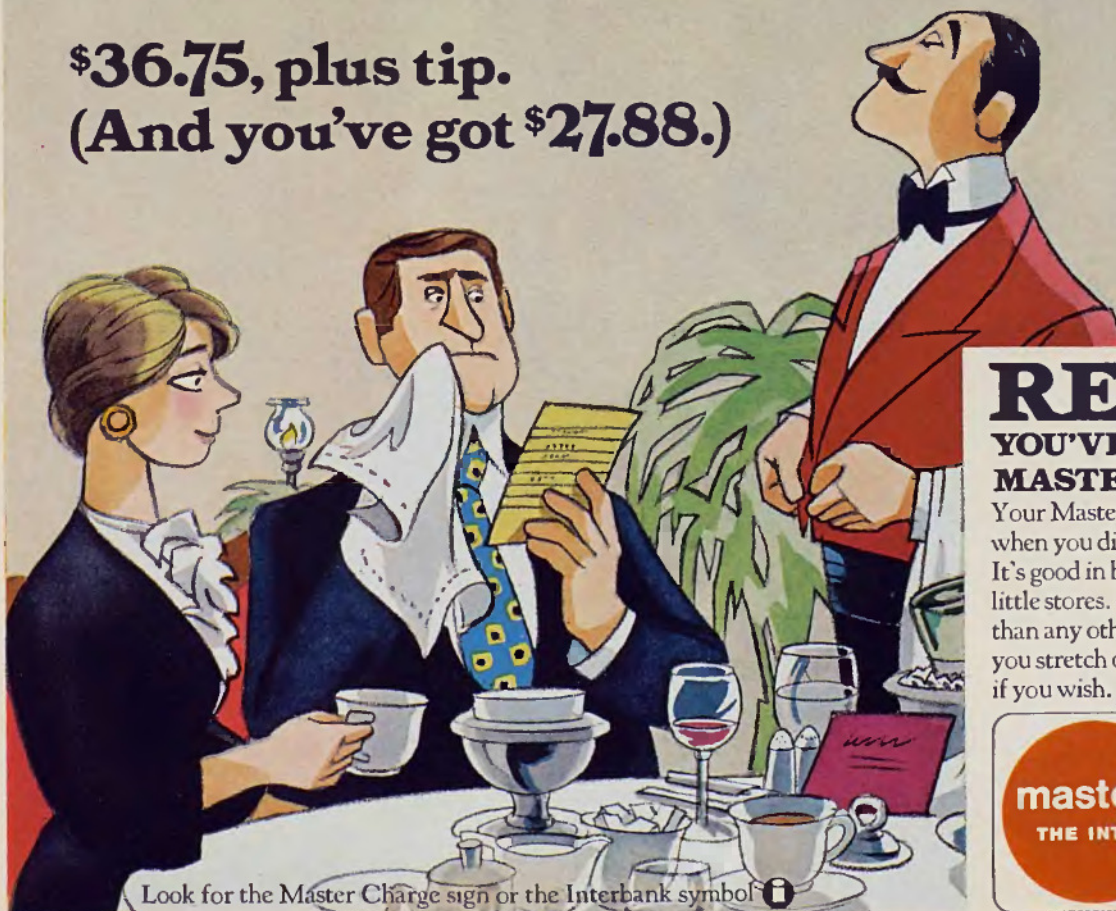
Suddenly, a huge crown appears on her head. He rips it off.

BRANDO: I knew it was goddamn margarine.

He dies with a broken heart as we FADE TO black.



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DARKEST AFRICA

(continued from page 162)

predation. Mutations of neutral value eventually disappeared because they didn't improve their owners' chances of survival beyond the average. But mutations that enhanced survival improved their owners' chances of reproducing. And since all tommies had horizontal stripes on their sides, the stripes must have enhanced and continued to enhance their chances of survival. The tommies ran by fits and starts, zigzagging and leaping into the air, and when they leaped into the air, the stripe tipped up and down in a way that distracted my attention from the outline of the animal and the direction of its movement. And if I was distracted, so would other predators be.

The zebra's dramatic markings, so bold and so uniform that they look to be the work of an avant-garde designer, also originated in random mutation, but I didn't understand their survival value until I found an explanation in a book by the animal behaviorist Jane van Lawick-Goodall. "We were again struck," she wrote in *Innocent Killers*, "by the effectiveness of the zebra's stripes as camou-

flage in the moonlight. On the open plains, in the daylight, the zebra stands out clearly, but at dawn and dusk, or when the moon is shining, he becomes almost invisible." The lion and the hyena hunt mostly at night.

All of which might be no more than earnest trivia except that I was approaching George Dove's, and beyond Dove's camp 20 miles or so was Olduvai Gorge, one of the world's two or three best sites for finding the fossil remains of early men, and if there was one thing that early men shared with the animals, one thing that differentiated early men from modern men, it was the fact that they adapted to the environment as animals still do, by changing *themselves*. That was why their brain size had increased. For all the advances of modern man, for all his technology and philosophy and art, the size of his brain hadn't changed in 1,000,000 years. It didn't need to. Instead of changing himself, man changed the world. By choice, not by random chance. To the extent that he was free enough from the mire of his own irrationality to make choices.

We turned off the main Serengeti track and drove through an open forest of thorn trees, the car lurching over pits and piles of dusty white rock, but the camp was worth it, a spacious lodge of rock and poles and thatch with a prefabricated water tower before it and a private house attached to one side and a row of tents running off to the west and a lake shining hospitably in the distance. Lake Lagaja, a soda lake that was the source of the water that carved Olduvai. George Dove came out to look us over and decided he approved and we were admitted for the night. He was an Englishman of considerable bulk with a full blond beard and waxed mustachios easily ten inches long that he moved around like range-finding antennae as he talked, sometimes pointing them out to the sides, sometimes straight ahead, sometimes up in the air alongside his ears. Dove had been in Africa 57 years, since he was four or five years old, and there was little he hadn't seen. He'd farmed on the Mau highlands in Kenya; he'd hunted with Hemingway (and thought him a better fisherman than a hunter, he said); he'd seen control of East Africa change hands from European to African; and now in middle age he had outlasted most of the others and become one of the last of his kind, the white-hunter kind. Meeting him was a privilege, as meeting Jim Bridger or Jedediah Smith would be.

The hot-air balloon was gone and so was the wildebeest migration, but Dove described the passage of the animals through his camp. Guided by the old cows, who seem to remember the route from year to year (and wildebeest exude a wax from their hooves to mark their trails), the wildebeest migrate around and through Lake Lagaja, with a great loss of calves. This time, said Dove, at least 1500 calves had drowned in the lake's undrinkable water. He had every bloody vulture in East Africa out there and he spent days hauling the carcasses out of the water. The lions and hyenas went to work on the herd as it passed, too, and the lions got into killing frenzies, knocking down a wildebeest and not even feeding on it in their urge to knock down another. Dove's story indicated that the animals' mechanisms weren't up to the situation: The wildebeest, panicked by the lions and hyenas, started swimming and the calves started drowning; the predators, overwhelmed by the sheer mass of animals available to them, started killing and couldn't stop. They were like automatic machines that had gone out of whack and begun repeating the same programs over and over.

Dove lived among the wild beasts of the Serengeti and had come to think of them as his charges. The next day he went off to Seronera Lodge in the center of the park and cadged a huge bulldozer. In the early evening, as we sat over beer,



"There goes a pliable young mind I'd like to mold."

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"We may be the last of our species. They've just passed some real tough sodomy laws."

we could hear the distant rumble of the big flat-bed truck bringing the bulldozer back across the track. Dove would put it to use enlarging a catch basin he had built, an artificial water hole that the Serengeti animals could use when their other sources of fresh water dried up.

And Dove had recently trained a mob of lions to hunt, a story he told with gusto. A scattering of half-starved young males had turned up at his front door one day. Dove brought in a tommy and stuffed the meat with antibiotics and fed the lions. In the process they got to know his voice and his car. None of them knew how to hunt and they had gotten together somehow in mutual incompetence. Dove taught them to follow his car by feeding them from it. When they were up to strength, he led them out to a herd of tommyies, keeping the car between them and the gazelles, and then he gut-shot a tommy and moved the car out of the way. The lions sensed that something was wrong with the animal and bounded over and brought it down, looking, Dove said, like so many clumsy kittens. He kept up the hunting, and many repetitions later they had learned to stalk healthy tommyies with the car as cover. Then he pulled the car out of the way for the last time and they hunted on their own. He expected to see them back when the long rains were

over and drought once again concentrated the game.

Night and early morning were the best times at Dove's camp. The tents had window flaps that could be opened to the chill night air and the bright African moon and the metal cots were piled with blankets and in the distance the animals roamed the shore of the lake. I got up before dawn and went out. The grass was faintly touched with dew and the sky with light. Two hyenas loped along the lake shore; one saw me and turned and came my way and then must have taken my smell, because it turned and loped on with its partner. Its smell did not come to me nor did I hear it laugh, though the pair had made enough noise during the night tearing down a haunch of meat that Dove had hung in a tree near the lodge. The flat-topped thorn trees stood silhouetted against the reddening sky and the increasing light sculpted with shadow the chalk-white skull of an elephant that Dove had propped up on posts against a tree beside the lodge, the lodge closed up now with canvas flaps covering the breezeways of the porch outside the bar. On that glowing morning it seemed to me that the early men who lived here once long ago would have felt immense confidence as they woke to the Serengeti dawn, as much confidence as the lions felt that

I had seen a few mornings before, the confidence all creatures feel that have mastered their work. So much of the lore of archaeology concerned man timorous before the powers of nature, yet the record and the evidence argued at least as convincingly for man bo'd. Richard Leakey had said as much in one of his Kansas lectures: The most numerous animal remains at Lake Rudolf were those of Australopithecus. And then I faced away from the lodge and toward the lake and watched the sun come up over a landscape that bore hardly a mark of civilization for a hundred miles.

Olduvai Gorge, in the heat of late morning, surprised me. I had expected to find it among hills, but in fact it was cut down below the flat surface of the Serengeti itself, lower than the level of the plain, so that it was almost invisible until the car came hard upon it. The guidebooks compared it to the Grand Canyon, but it compared to that mighty excavation as a tabletop model compares to the real thing—it was 25 miles long and several hundred feet wide, with a few isolated buttes that must once have been islands midstream rising up between the walls, for the gorge had been cut by a river that flowed from Lake Lagaja. Once the land that now was Olduvai Gorge had been covered with lava. Later it was the shore of a large lake. Later yet the lake partly drained and then completely drained and in geologically recent times the land had been as flat as the rest of the surrounding plain until the river cut the gorge and exposed the layers down to the lava again. The fossils began washing out of the walls then, carbonized to a slate gray that contrasted boldly with the buff of the lake sediment. In 1911, a German butterfly collector had found fossils at Olduvai and carted them back to Berlin, and it was at the Berlin Museum, after World War One, that young Louis Leakey of Kenya had first seen them. Back in Kenya in 1932, he mounted an expedition and began the work that was to consume his life and that still occupies Mary Leakey full time. In 1973, Olduvai was no longer the hot center of East African paleontology. Mary Leakey's son's team at Lake Rudolf had carried away that distinction by uncovering the remains of nearly 90 hominids there in the past five years. But Dove, for one, thought that the ultimate finds would be Mary Leakey's, though perhaps that was friendship speaking, and that Olduvai was where East African paleontology began.

Mary Leakey's workers were completing the excavation of an extraordinary new site. A young African guide named Abdullah took me to see it. The bones of a giant Pleistocene pig lay around two bowl-shaped depressions in the stone that once was mud. The depressions were the size of peck baskets and their sides were marked with gouges that might have been made by fingers scraping away the mud to



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shape the bowls. I put my fingers into the gouges and they fitted. Each bowl had a channel dug out leading into it from what had once been the lake shore. Abdullah had overheard Dove and Leakey speculating on the uses of the mud bowls and was convinced that the bowls, filled with salt water from the lake, served *Australopithecus* or *Homo* as dunking basins for their raw meat. Early hominids in Africa did not use fire, but every mammal in the world liked salt, salt water.

One of the basins was marked with a print, an inch deep at the edge of the bowl, that might have been the footprint of a five-year-old child. An adult's footprint had been found farther back in the same excavation. The prints evoked the scene: a family eating around its salt basins, a child playing in the mud, 2,000,000 years ago. The same sun, the same moon, the same Serengeti grass waving on the savanna beyond, but there was something different here from anything the world had ever seen before, human or near-human beings scraping away the mud to make the very ground a tool. Two footprints, two bowls, the bones of a pig: It seemed so little, and yet it might have been the campsite of Adam and Eve outside the Garden of Eden. Thus barely, when the world was already old and automatic, had we begun, and everything that worked for us, that made us what we are, was summed up in the imprint of that one playful foot.

Something like the Garden of Eden lay only 40 miles down the road hard by the Loolmalassin Mountains that rose out of the Serengeti and marked its eastern edge. We drove on from Olduvai and then began winding up into the foothills, each switchback opening a larger and larger view of the great plain below until it seemed that we could see halfway across Africa, the sky above us huge as space and the land stretching away green and brown and treeless to the horizon. Then the foothills closed us in and I could no longer see the Serengeti, but around us now reached green meadows thick with mountain grass and meadows golden with millions of wildflowers and wandering the meadows were the Masai, tending sleek herds of cattle. The air turned cool at 6000 feet and the Masai wrapped themselves close in their earth-colored cloaks and they stepped easily from the track as they heard the car approach without turning back to acknowledge it.

I sensed the change in landscape before I saw it, a sense of silence and emptiness even in the midst of the rain forest we were passing through, and then we cleared a hill and Ngorongoro Crater opened up before us. Ngorongoro was the collapsed *caldera* of an ancient volcano, a circular basin 12 miles wide and 2000 feet deep. The floor was covered with pale-green grass and marked with the dark lines of forest that indicated water-

courses and near the center of the crater a lake glowed silver and gold and pink, the pink the reflection of vast flocks of flamingos that fed there through the day. Ngorongoro Crater took my breath away.

I checked into the new Ngorongoro Wildlife Lodge built into the rim of the crater and Peter located a ranger for a guide and we inched down Seneto Hill to the crater floor to make a quick circuit before dark. The wildebeest were beginning their rutting season and the bulls had spread out on the crater floor like pawns at mid-game, each occupying a territory of his own design and each attempting to defend his territory against all male intruders while keeping any cows that wandered onto it from wandering away. Bulls with larger territories, bulls more capable of discouraging the wanderlust of the cows they collected, were likely to breed more frequently than bulls of lesser ability, and thus territory served as a species-wide sweepstakes that ensured the strength of the race.

I saw, that afternoon, every kind of wild animal—wildebeest, zebra, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, eland, lion, hyenas, rhino, hippo, jackals, elephant and waterbuck, wart hogs, giraffe, hartebeest, impala—as well as cranes, vultures, ostrich, flamingo and dozens of other kinds of birds. They lived in every habitat, lake shore and swamp, savanna and forest. They had become so accustomed to cars that they hardly moved aside for them; in that sense, the animals of Ngorongoro Crater were tame. Unlike the animals of the Serengeti, they did not migrate from place to place; somehow, long ago, they had found their way up the side of the mountain and down the steep rim into this paradise and long since had arranged their coexistence with one another, steadied their populations and settled down to feed in peace. If their lives were largely automatic, they were at least orderly; day-to-day nature was nothing if she was not orderly.

Back at the lodge as the sun set, I found a rare supply of Jack Daniel's at the bar and sat down to watch the clouds that hung all day on the rim of the crater, held back by the heat rising from the sunlit floor 2000 feet below, slowly roll in like ocean waves and seal the crater over until morning. It was like watching Eden being closed up for the night. Two villages of Masai live out their lives on the crater floor, and one white man presently lived there, in a cabin that the ranger had pointed out during the afternoon drive—Hugo van Lawick, Jane van Lawick—Goodall's husband, who was filming a television special on the crater's hyenas. The Van Lawick—Goodalls' work also began with Louis Leakey. He had believed that much could be learned about the habits of early man by studying the animals, and when Jane Goodall came to

Kenya to work for him, he convinced her to go into comparative animal studies. She moved to the Gombe Stream Reserve in Tanzania and began years of patient observation that culminated in her book *In the Shadow of Man*. She discovered that chimpanzees made and used tools, that they killed and ate meat on occasion, that they shared food—qualities that had never been attributed to them, qualities that had been reserved exclusively for man. The discoveries helped confirm man's origins in the natural world. They made it less likely that an astronaut or a monolith or a god had turned him on.

Hugo van Lawick came out to work with Goodall, photographing the chimpanzees, and eventually the two were married. Hugo learned the technique of observation and note-taking and was contributing his own studies of Serengeti animals as well as making remarkable documentary films for television. His film on the wild dogs of the Serengeti had won an Emmy in the spring of this year. And now while his wife taught at Stanford, he was working in Ngorongoro Crater filming the hyena clans there that she had previously studied.

I found him at his cabin in the crater the next morning still rocky from an early-morning bout of malaria. The cabin had walls of rough-cut planking and shelves filled with canned goods of several nationalities, and in the windows and at the ceiling buzzed the advance guard of an invasion of aggressive African bees. Hugo shot at them from time to time with an aerosol bomb, but I felt the hair rising on the back of my neck. Lions and poisonous snakes stir me only to alert respect, but insects terrify me and the interview was difficult to attend.

Hugo said that he and his wife were concerned with discovering the individual behavior of animals. Animals usually were studied collectively and some scientists still questioned the objectivity of their work and the validity of generalizing from one animal's idiosyncrasies to another's. But they made no attempt to generalize, he said, merely to describe accurately what they saw. It might be, for example, that only the Gombe Stream chimpanzees ate meat; certainly they were an example of a troop of chimpanzees in the beginning stages of meat eating, since they did it infrequently, in fads. But the behavior was no less intriguing, especially for the analogies it suggested to early man, who may also have turned to meat eating in just such haphazard fashion. It was popular for anthropologists to picture early man as a hunter, but it was just as likely, extrapolating from Jane's chimpanzee studies, that early man was a gatherer who occasionally, in passing, captured small animals and killed them. Chimpanzee life gave a very different picture of the possible life of early man than



"Hi, Morgan. How was it in Scandinavia?"

did the lurid theories of killer apes stalking the bush for prey. Yet when man did take up hunting, his behavior must have been analogous in some ways to the hunting behavior of animals such as wild dogs and hyenas. The very fact that early Homo hunted big game was proof that he hunted in organized groups. Animals that hunt alone, such as leopards and cheetahs, hunt prey smaller than themselves.

Animal behavior was hedged with instinctive mechanisms and, in that sense, limited. Yet studies of individuality in animals such as those of the Van Lawick-Goodalls illuminated exactly that part of the human experience where the record was most obscure, the earliest years from which the only information to survive was the information contained in shattered bones and in a few stone tools. And work that connected man more firmly to his animal past decreased his sense of isolation. Chimpanzees shook hands, made tools, shared food: To know that much was to know that man did not differ from the animals as greatly as he had once thought but grew out of them as a plant grows out of the ground.

After the interview I rode with Hugo in his camera-rigged Land Rover to see the hyenas lying in mud puddles panting out the heat of the day. They looked domestic, the Terrible Twins having weaning tantrums, a young hyena poking its nose from a den to sniff the air blowing past the car, but I remembered Hugo's photographs of the hyena clans hunting at night, tearing apart a wildebeest, eating it alive. Such was domesticity in the wilds. Then Hugo dropped me back at the cabin and Peter and I drove to Loitokitok Springs in the crater and ate lunch fighting off the swooping African kites. And I decided I was ready to look at 1470 and that day we left for Nairobi, past Lake Manyara, where the lions sleep in the trees, through Arusha, where Peter changed a tire and I watched the May Day parade, and on the tarmac road past Kilimanjaro blanketed with mist.

Leakey had caused a white case to be built for the skull with portholes for viewing. It rested in its case as carefully protected as the moon rocks I had once

seen at the Smithsonian, but it radiated an aura more intense than any of those: It was the oldest human skull yet recovered from the mass grave of the earth. Its eye sockets were large and widely spaced and deep. Its lower jaw was missing, as were most of the connections between the cheekbones and the palate. Its teeth were missing, though the hollows where their long roots had been left tracks in the bone. Its cranium, egg-shaped, lacked the prominent brow ridges of the australopithecines. Small, brownish, its bone fragments set into blue plasticine filler, it looked like a savage mask. It stared from its white case into a dimly lit, pleasantly musty 20th Century museum, marking not only a stage in the evolution of man but also a milestone in the intensifying effort to comprehend and document that evolution.

Paleontology had been a castoff science for 200 years, victim of the disgust men felt at being compared to the animals and the hope men held out that mankind was the product of God's special creation. It was coming into its own, but it was a poor fledgling science still, with little in the way of solid theoretical structure to build on, so that the chance discovery of 1470 had been enough to upset the basic sequence of hominid evolution presented as fact in three of the major textbooks of the field. Until recently, there had been little money to spend and few people—and rarely first-rate people: there weren't 20 of those in the field right now—willing to undergo the rigors of the work. And yet it had excited the popular imagination, over the years, far more than many other sciences of greater repute.

I thought I knew why. The churches were emptying out, country by country and year by year. They emptied because they were intellectually bankrupt. Mystery remained, extraordinary mystery, but it had little to do with the myths and rituals of traditional religion. At least, more and more people felt that way, which was why they crowded the lecture halls to hear men like Richard Leakey speak. However careful the conclusions such men drew from evidence, to their audiences they seemed to be offering a new religion, built on the solidest structures of the modern world, on the rigorous logic of science. Science enacted its miracles here on earth in plain view of the crowd. The skull came from a datable layer of rock; human fingernails scraped the basins out.

Christianity gave men the Creation and the Fall; the Leakeys and their colleagues gave men a more complicated origin but one no less profound, no less a pilgrim's progress: a lemurlike creature taking to the trees and evolving binocular vision to see its way across open spaces and small perfect hands to cling to branches. The earliest apelike beings swinging down to hang below the tree



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limbs, occupying that new niche where the fruit grew, their arms lengthening and their chests flattening to accommodate the new swinging way of movement, their legs hanging down, preadapting them to upright locomotion. Their descendants standing more or less upright and living on the ground, moving out of the forest by day and returning to it for safety at night. The violence of rending continents dominating the eons of man's birth. Life by lake shores with birds and fish and small mammals to eat, 1470 co-existing with the australopithecines as the chimpanzees today coexist with the baboons. The stifling permanence of those early years, nothing changing for 50 or 100 generations, the same camps, the same food, the same meager tools, the same meager words, the only change the slow pressure of evolution reshaping the body itself and, most of all, the brain. And then, in the past 1,000,000 years or less, all the changes accelerating, men moving out of Africa to Asia and the Middle East and Europe, hunting larger and larger animals with increasingly sophisticated weapons and tools, learning to use fire, inventing ceremony to bury the dead, inventing art and worship, inventing humanity, which resides, when all is said and done, not in the shape of the skull but in the forms of the imagination.

That was the picture paleontology painted of the origins of man, and it was every bit as stirring as the Bible's pictures or the Koran's, but I wondered if those who were ready to accept the scientific vision of the evolution of man were ready to accept it all. Anthropologists who wrote about man's evolution always

stressed the changes that resulted from environmental pressure. Hunting required communication; therefore, men evolved larger brains. Such arguments implied, however unintentionally, that man designed himself. But the basic mechanism of evolution was not selection but random mutation. The lions the color and height of the Serengeti grass, the moon-striped zebra, the Thomson's gazelle and Australopithecus and 1470 were all products of chance, of accident. Mutation occurred when a genetic sequence was copied wrong within the cell, and such miscopies took place entirely at random. If they increased the organism's opportunities to reproduce, then they were passed on to its offspring. If they didn't, then they died out. The living world, every virus, every cell, every plant and animal and bird, consisted of nothing more—and nothing less—than the results of this random, accidental process. It was a process, as one scientist had phrased it, that was totally blind. It knew no purpose at all; it could lead to anything. It had led to ears keener than any microphone, eyes keener than any photocell, brains more subtle than any computer; it had also led to the extinction of most of the species that had ever lived. And it had led to man, not through divine creation but through the blind operation of blind chance, through a series of purposeless accidents as ephemeral as the accidental passage of a cosmic ray through the heart of a cell.

That, the origin of man in the wallow of evolution, the accident of man's beginning, was the apparition I had come to Africa to search for and found staring out

at me from the empty sockets of an ancient skull. Yet now, having seen a glimpse of Africa, I felt no terror. Seen as accident, Africa was the more dazzling: the tommy leaping into the air, the hippo blowing water, the black rhino turning to confront the car before clanking slowly away, the two Masai boys sitting naked in a puddle by the side of the road, the child's footprint by the basin that time had turned to stone, the young hyenas in a weaning tantrum, the two black-maned lions lying beside the shards of a zebra while the vultures and the marabou storks skulked a safe distance away, the Africans in cities and on wood-smoke-sweetened farms: Only so enormous and so enormously minute a mechanism as accident could account for such splendor, because only accident could generate the infinite range of possibilities such splendor required.

Nor was man any longer entirely the creature of chance. Less than 1,000,000 years ago, in the long hours of leisure left over from a life of hunting, he began to play at being human, inventing language, inventing myth, moving from the dream-time to the light of day. Migrating to colder climates, he forestalled the evolution of body hair by inventing clothing and taming fire; seeking larger game, he forestalled the evolution of claws or canines by organizing hunting parties with spears. Cultural evolution thus overrode physical evolution by the revolutionary process of shorting out the environmental feedback that physical evolution depends on for direction. Thus man partly freed himself, wrested a certain freedom of choice. It was a change in the world second only to that primal freeing of matter, the accidental creation of life itself.

No wonder that man looked back upon his remote ancestors with an awe tinged with pity, knowing that they must have lived much as the other animals in Africa lived and live. No wonder that some people looked upon the animals with nostalgia that sometimes obscured their duty to the impoverished of their own species, for it was from the body and blood of the animals far more certainly than from the body and blood of any human savior that man took his freedom from the mire. Out of random, out of accident came a degree of freedom from random and accident: That was the paradox of human evolution.

Goodbye to Darkest Africa, I thought then; that enormous continent, still hardly marked by any roads, was proving the very source of human enlightenment. One day, after the final fading of the civilization of the West, Africa would dominate the world. It had done so once before, 3,000,000 years ago, when it shuddered and the grass bent beside a lake and man came forth entire.

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mason hoffenberg

(continued from page 110)

extra month to get yourself together. It's weird. I was on methadone for two years and got paid enough money to live. But now that I've kicked, I'm broke. So without any desire to get back onto shit, that becomes the easiest way for the former dope fiend to avoid starving to death."

The waitress came over to see if Mason had finished his eight martinis. He hadn't finished any of them, was sipping all eight at once, keeping the levels even. Six were half finished, two were two thirds. I ordered a second Scotch.

"So you're living with Richard Manuel?"

"Yeah, we'll go back there later. He's really fucked up. I was in better shape before I moved in with him, and the idea was that I was supposed to help pull him out of the thing he's in."

"What's that?"

"He can't do anything. He's drinking like I never saw anybody drink. And now I'm drinking a lot."

"I've noticed."

"And I never drank that much."

"He's not on shit, is he?"

"No, he stopped that and got into this drinking thing."

"What were you supposed to help him with?"

"I'm supposed to head off all the juvenile dope dealers up here who hang around rock stars. So I answer the phone and say Richard's not here. He's not allowed to answer the phone. And I go around privately and tell them to leave him alone because he's really going to kill himself. But if they actually come over to the house, he can't say no. He's brilliant, that guy. An incredible composer. But we just sit around watching *The Dating Game*, slurping down the juice, laughing our asses off, then having insomnia, waking up at dawn with every weird terror and anxiety you can imagine. The four other guys in The Band are serious about working and he's really hanging them up. They can't work without him and there's no way to get him off his ass. He feels bad about it, he's just strung out."

There was a rumor around Woodstock that Mason was writing a film for The Band. He said no, what he was working on was a funny book about dope. "I think the time is right for one. It's like the fucking horse races. *Candy* was the most popular dirty book in Europe at the time the Supreme Court said American proto-plasm wouldn't rot on the bone if the word fuck got printed. So it became a big deal here. It was a dirty book that was funny, too. Americans were so naïve they didn't know what to make of it, decided it must be a satirical masterpiece. If *Candy* came out today, I don't think Americans would consider it so satirical."

"What do you think about *Candy* now? Do you like it?"

"I've changed the way I feel about the book three, four times. I kind of liked it when it was a manuscript. When it was a little fuckshit Olympia book, I thought it was dumb. Then, when it was a big deal in the States, I read it again and I thought, well, it is pretty cool, because everybody was taking it very seriously."

"How about now?"

"I can't take it seriously anymore. I can never take seriously books by guys I knew who got to be big-shot writers. I still can't read Jimmy Baldwin right, I guess because I knew him so well. I can't figure out if he's a great writer or just filling the slot."

"Filling the slot?"

"Yeah, there are slots that exist, you know, like for a blonde Hollywood actress, for example. Somebody always had to fill that slot as long as there was a Hollywood. It might have been a talented girl or some dame that didn't have any class at all. Whoever is closest when the vacuum is created gets sucked in. That's what happened to Baldwin. We have one slot in our society for a Negro novelist. Richard Wright was it for years. I don't think anybody can figure out if Richard Wright was any good, not that it matters. When I moved in with Baldwin, he was knocking his head against the wall, couldn't get anything published. As soon as Wright died, Baldwin took over. I think I finally figured out what Baldwin is doing. He's doing Bette Davis. Which is not the worst thing in the world to do."

"You have to admit that's a little bit unfair."

"It is, but even with Burroughs, and he knocks me out, knowing him . . . I don't know. I just can't take him as seriously as I took guys like Kafka when I was in school. I know now that I was reading things into them. They weren't as great as I thought."

"But you do like Burroughs?"

"He's just a naturally great writer. Ever read that little conventional paperback he wrote called *Junkie*?"

"No."

"It's not any avant-garde bullshit. It's just good. Guys like Kerouac and Miller write one good page, then fall all over themselves for five pages. Burroughs just doesn't do that."

"Were his manuscripts clean?"

"The original manuscript of *The Soft Machine* had maybe a few corrections on it, that's all. I mean, he just wrote it, right off. And he's not considered a very important writer. In the *Times* this summer, they had a thing about all the dope books and they didn't even mention *Junkie*. And that's the one cool book about dope. It's not corny. It's not a lot of scientific bullshit. It's just good."

"Were you a good student in college?"

"No. I did the usual number where I signed up for all the best courses but then turned into a complete nymphomaniac within a week."

"Did you get laid much?"

"No. Dig this: I was a virgin in college. Ass was incredibly tight in those days. Then I joined the Army and got laid about once."

"Then you went to the Village?"

"I signed up for the New School under the GI Bill and took this furnished room on MacDougal Street."

"Candy's room?"

"Yeah. So, anyway, I'm walking home from school to do my homework after the first night of classes, and I'm carrying my notebooks and all this bullshit, and I decide to stop into Minetta's for a few drinks. There were only two bars in the Village, Minetta's and the San Remo. So I'm drinking and talking to this spade cat and he says, 'Why don't you come and live with me? I'm bisexual, but that don't apply to you.' And that was Jimmy Baldwin. So we lived together and it was just what I needed. A lot of people, a lot of women. There was a tremendous ferment going on in the Village, and Jimmy's place was one of the centers of it. Paris was like that, too."

"What was your relationship with Baldwin?"

"It was weird. Very weird. The scene was him and me and this beautiful white chick who was in love with him, and whom I loved. We used to go to the movies together uptown, so Jimmy wouldn't get beat up. Guys would stomp the shit out of a spade who was seen with a gorgeous white chick in the Fifties, so she'd come on like she was with me, which was what I wanted."

"What happened?"

"I was so in love with her, I finally decided to go into analysis. I figured if I was very, very good, maybe in about seven years I'd be able to smile again."

"Did analysis help?"

"Naw."

"What brought you out of it?"

"Dope. It was an instant cure. As you can see, I wasn't extremely mature at that time and one thing I did that I'm sorry about is I used to put down a lot of the people from the early *Village Voice* days because I was in the elite group and they were on the fringes. Like Ed Fancher, who went to the New School with me and ended up owning the fucking *Voice*, and Kerouac and Mailer. I mean, that was as stupid as being impressed by them. I used to rap Mailer because he was about the last guy in the world to discover dope. But that was later. At Jimmy's, not getting the chick who was in love with him was like kicking a dope habit. I was so fucking grim, and the shrink was doing nothing, so when this cat said to me, 'Hey, why don't you pick up?' which is

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what they said in those days, I figured, 'OK, I'm going to die anyway.' So he takes me up to this 'tea pad' and everybody was so nice I thought they were faggots. I remember saying to myself, 'Jesus, just when I'm so hung up on a chick I can't even piss right, I'm gonna get raped by eleven faggots.' But they were just nice, that's all. They were into putting down sex and money and seeing what happened in the space that remained. And I got the same effect immediately from dope that I was hoping to get from psychoanalysis over many years. I started laughing again, looking at other girls. But I can see now that it depended on this private thing."

"Is that the reason you stopped doing dope?"

"One of the reasons. Then, if you ran into another person who smoked tea, there was this rapport thing, us against them. But as soon as it started to get ridiculous, it didn't work anymore. That's why I think Allen Ginsberg is stupid with his thing about free marijuana, because if everybody had it, it wouldn't be any better than beer."

I was surprised to see that Mason had quietly lowered all eight martinis to the very stems of the stemware. The waitress was surprised he didn't ask for more. We ordered dinner. Mason ate like a king.

"Everybody knows you've always been a dope fiend. But when did you become a sex fiend?"

"I wasn't a dope fiend in New York. Not at all. I didn't pick up my habit until Paris, when my family was breaking up and I was losing my two kids. Have you ever been to Israel?"

"No."

"You ought to go. It's the greatest country in the world. Probably because of all the pressure they've got on them. They've got the Arabs on one side and the desert on the other. Families don't break up in Israel. The women need the men. It's the opposite of someplace like Paris or New York. I lived there for a while and it began to have an effect on me. I got more self-reliant, stronger. They've really got something going in Israel: female police and soldiers, nineteen-year-old air-force colonels. You read *The Last of the Just*, by André Schwarz-Bart?"

"No."

"You know much about Zionism? The theory of the galut?"

"The theory of what?"

"What are you, assimilated? Anyway, people are very strong in Israel and they can't understand why Jews went like sheep to the slaughter during the war. They can't understand that giving up was the most natural thing in the world for a pale, paunchy businessman whose wife didn't need him, whose family had been breaking up for the last fifteen years.

But, to tell you the truth, if this Arab thing ever settles down, Israel will probably turn into a big Miami."

...

On the way she passed the ageless "holymán" . . . an ash- and dung-covered old man wearing a simple loincloth. . . A number of American tourists were following him along, taking pictures of him, trying to get him to pose, smile, or react in some way by offering him money and bits of bread. He seemed quite unaware of their presence, however, shuffling along like a man in a trance, and when a cute girl of six was sent up to him . . . to get his autograph, he appeared not even to see her. This caused a certain amount of bitter feeling in the crowd of tourists. . .

She could not help staring in awe and reverence at this holy dungman, who . . . seemed entirely unaware of her presence, either now or earlier, when her twirl of joy had flashed a dazzling stretch of superb ivory thigh. . . "Good gosh," thought Candy, when she . . . felt the holymán's taut member ease an inch or two into her tight little lambpiti.

—Candy

"When I went to the Village, you can't imagine how small the scene was. There were two Negroes, three dope fiends, like that. And this cat I was apprenticed to, Stanley Gould. Anatole Broyard, the big-shot book reviewer for the *Times*, did an article on Gould recently, called him the Holyman of the Village. This guy has done more dope, and women and men and things you can't even imagine, than anybody. And he's still alive. He walks around like a mummy, all covered with rags and dried shit. I became a sex fiend with Gould, which I believe led to my fight with Terry years later."

"I don't think I understand."

"See, me and Gould would get all these straight chicks from the Midwest who'd come to the Village to get away from their parents—"

"Like Candy."

"Yeah, and we'd have this superhip comedy routine going where we'd seduce them. But I'd never get laid. I'd sit there and feed him the straight lines all night, then he'd go trotting off to the sack with these gorgeous *shikas*. I mean, once in a while I'd get a little overflow. But it was his act. So then I went to Paris and got into the same number with me in Gould's role and Terry as the square. He had the pad to take the chicks up to, and I got laid. I saw later that all these chicks, who weren't really knocking me out, were impressing Terry. So it was very important for him to feel he had to move ahead of me, like I felt I had to move ahead of Gould. See, we're so hung up on sex, we



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think it's the most important thing in the world. It's only when you happen to get a whole flock of pussy at once that you're able to put it in its proper perspective. I learned that after I left Gould, and Terry probably knows it now. Terry's a red-neck, like Levon Helm of The Band, except Levon is much greater than Terry. Levon is much more original."

"So Terry was your apprentice in Paris?"

"Until *Candy*. I'm the guy who turned him on to everything in Paris: I taught him hip talk and smoking grass and that gives you a certain ascendancy. To this day, Gould can tell me to shut up and I can't answer him."

"What was Terry like then?"

"Brash. He didn't give a shit about anything. I admired him for that. When he went to Paris, he knocked on Françoise Sagan's door and said, 'Hi, I'm Terry Southern, the Texas short-story writer . . .' and when she slammed the door in his face, he just went over to Albert Camus' house and did the same thing. I could never do that. If we met today, which is unlikely, we could probably get along. But I maybe should have punched him in the mouth after *Candy* was published in the States."

"Why?"

"I think he screwed me. Terry always said I was his best friend. But I always knew what most of my best friends were thinking. Terry had this thing about secrecy. I should have figured he'd hurt me."

"What did Terry actually do?"

"It sounds weird, but I'm not exactly sure. Dig a thing like this: I finally came to the States during the big promotion and I met this public-relations guy from Putnam's who was handling the book. We talked and he said public-relations shit like, 'Beautiful, baby. You can really go,' and he got me onto a TV show for that night. Then he took Terry out to lunch separately and suddenly everything went on like I had leprosy. I never got onto that TV show or any other one. And I never found out what Terry told that guy at lunch—or if he said anything at all. For some reason, I was just cut out of the whole scene."

"You said Terry isn't always original."

"Terry Southern is a good rewriter and he writes some funny shit himself, but he always grabs top billing. One guy did punch Terry in the mouth, you know."

"Yeah?"

"His name was Boris Grgurevich. He

was the handsomest guy in the world, a Bulgarian-American hanging around in Paris in the Fifties. We all knew him. Later, Boris became the only non-Cuban to get in on the Bay of Pigs thing, and Terry taped an interview with him in New York. The article came out in *Esquire* and it was very big for Terry—this great cat telling about a wild, historic fiasco—except Boris' name was mentioned only once in the piece. Boris didn't take that too well."

"Who else did Terry rip off for ideas?"

"You ever hear of David Burnett?"

"Sure. Wasn't he in the *Paris Review* crowd?"

"Yeah, and he was a really good editor. His father was Whit Burnett, who edited this anthology of short stories in the Thirties. A lot of the funny shit Terry wrote was just the ideas of David Burnett. Like, we'd be sitting around smoking hashish in a café or something, and David would come up with an idea for a quiz show called *What's My Disease?* Now that's in one of Terry's books."

"David Burnett died recently, didn't he?"

"I killed him."

"Excuse me?"

"I don't go to New York much anymore, but I went a couple of years ago to try to get some kind of writing job. I used to run into a lot of people I knew in New York; now it's like Hong Kong to me. So I'm wandering around with two bottles of methadone in a basket and some clean underwear, and suddenly I'm face to face with Burnett, who's one of the few people from the past I have nothing against. So we went into this bar, talked for a while, and I left. But I forgot my basket. So he very naturally went through it. He and another guy drank the methadone, and they both died."

• • •

All through dinner, Mason was saying he couldn't wait to take me over to meet his old friend Libby, who is now married to Levon Helm. "She's the greatest chick," he told me, borrowing two dimes to remind her twice that we were coming, then borrowing three bucks to buy her a bottle of Saint-Emilion. I suggested Thunderbird. "Naw, she's the greatest chick."

But Mason wanted to stay at Deanie's after dinner for a few more drinks.

"Did you meet The Band through Dylan?"

"Yeah."

"How'd you meet Dylan?"

"My French wife had this cousin named Hugues Aufray, who was a small-time French guitar player. He'd been doing it forever, looking like an Italian pimp, getting nowhere. But he came over to the States for a while and heard Dylan before he got big, bought some blue jeans, went back and translated Dylan's songs into French and became a big-shot



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French star. He's still making it. So the first time Dylan did a London concert, he wanted to see Paris and he looked this guy up. Naturally, they came over to my house, because I was an American who smoked dope. And I didn't know who Dylan was. That was about the last point in his life when he could still meet people normally. And we had a ball. I liked him a lot. I actually thought he was a hillbilly. We went to Berlin together and picked up this German girl and Dylan asked her, 'What's your name?' and she said, 'Vas?' So later, Dylan says to her, 'You know what time it is, Vas?' As if somebody Jewish wouldn't know what *vas* meant. He was beautiful. And he said if I ever got back to the States, to stay with him in Woodstock. Which I did when my family broke up."

"What was it like in Albert Grossman's house?"

"I thought I was going to have a ball, because Dylan was real famous then, with girls climbing all over him. But instead of fun, it was grim, like a museum. Grossman had this sign in the driveway that said, 'If you have not telephoned, you are trespassing.' And Dylan was very uptight."

"Why?"

"Because he's not really into balling groupies. Millions of girls were going berserk to get to him and he was doing things like hiding in the closet whenever the door opened."

"But Dylan got married then. How did that happen?"

"Well, while we were living in Grossman's house, Albert had this wife or concubine or something named Sally. And Sally had a friend living there, a nice Jewish girl being helpful, doing things like picking up Dylan's notebooks and putting them away. So he married her and they had four kids in the quickest possible time."

"Was that motorcycle accident a fake?"

"No. If you ride a motorcycle, you break your neck. Dylan was just that young and dumb. The same thing happened to Rick Danko. I've got to tell you how Libby married Levon. Libby was married to one of Helena Rubinstein's grandsons, but they split. Then she was staying with me and she told me she wanted to make it with somebody from The Band. So one night, Rick and Levon are coming over to my house to get her at about a hundred miles an hour and Rick had his big accident, broke his neck. So Levon got her. And Rick married the chick whose car he crashed into."

"I don't believe it."

"Ask them."

I paid the bill.

"But when Dylan is cool, he's beautiful. And I can understand why he's so uptight now. It's something like *Candy*, except multiplied by a factor of about a thousand. Everybody wants to fuck him. Maybe not consciously, but you can't

even talk to the guy without the fact that He Is Dylan practically overwhelming you. And it's tough for an artist to be that big, because people get programed, they make up their minds up front about a song or a poem, even if it's bullshit, and Dylan certainly isn't bullshit. Nobody sees you anymore. Nobody notices the little mistakes you make that people would pick up if you were just some guy singing in a club. You get no feedback and it's hard to grow."

"But Dylan runs away from that. Most famous people wallow in it."

"Yeah, but the other side of it is that Dylan does wallow in it. Dig a thing like this: He once asked me if I'd write his biography. That's wallowing in the bullshit. Now somebody else did it, Anthony Scaduto, and it doesn't make it. I mean, it's all right, but there's nothing classy about it. Dylan deserved better, but he somehow authorized the thing. And I'm not saying Dylan isn't one of the most extraordinary people I ever met, just that it's impossible not to wallow in the bullshit to some extent. You can't hold your perspective."

"What about the Dylan touring film, *Don't Look Back*?"

"That's a perfect example. They had this terrific film team traveling with him, shooting miles of film during his tours. And a good film editor named Howard Alk was going to put it together. I've never been so sure about anything in my life. But every time they cut to Dylan, it was like a commercial, which is what Columbia Records wanted. It would have been a great film if they had laid back from Dylan, showed the scene around him, what it was like for him to tour. The guys in The Band were great, because the pressure wasn't on them and the English countryside was incredible. But they kept arbitrarily returning to Dylan, and he was uptight because he's not a movie actor. Dylan was the one person who could have said, 'Fuck Columbia, stop leaning on me and just use the shots that are OK.' But he wasn't capable of seeing that they were going to end up with a big commercial, which is what happened. There was a great picture in those miles of film."

. . .

We were stumbling around in the parking lot. Mason couldn't find his car. "You want me to drive?" I asked him.

"Naw, I can drive OK. I just don't have a license right now."

"Why not?" It didn't seem as cold at night as it had been in the afternoon. It was probably colder.

"It started last Christmas Eve. I'm driving home and of course I'm drunk, right? This huge tree had fallen across Route 212 and there was a cop in front of it with a torch. I didn't hit the tree and I didn't hit the cop. But I had him pinned against the tree with my bumper by the time I stopped. So they gave me these

tickets for not staying to the right when you see a tree and put me in jail for the night. So I'm telling myself, 'What's the big deal about jail? Probably meet some interesting guys, get breakfast served to you in the morning.' One night in the Kingston jail cured me of that idea. It was disgusting. Then right after that, I had a real accident. I was driving along, taking a little nap at the wheel, and I drove into a barbershop. So I got a whole flock of tickets for that. They have this point system, and they told me I had so many points I had to report to Kingston to have my sanity examined. I didn't go."

"So they revoked your license?"

"Yeah. And up here, you gotta drive. It's like in New York, if they told you you didn't have the right to use the subway anymore because you exhibited yourself or something."

I decided to drive.

"Richard's a really terrible driver. He's cracked up six Hertz cars. They won't rent him any more. He's a wild man at the wheel."

"He's lucky he's alive."

"Richard is lucky. Some of his accident stories are funny."

"As funny as driving into a barber-shop?"

Mason grinned. "I woke up as I was going through the window and I said to myself, 'Oh, shit. This didn't happen.' It was three o'clock in the morning, so I made a U turn around the barber chairs, pulled out and started driving again. They nailed me within two minutes; there were like a hundred witnesses. And one of the cops asked me, 'Have you been drinking?' So I said, 'I swear, officer, the only place I ever drive is to the bar.' It seemed like an excuse at the time."

Mason led me around some obscure turns on a mountain road that got narrower as we climbed. "That's Levon's house over there." I pulled up behind a small BMW. "Levon's from Helena, Arkansas. This real backwater town. I went home with him one time, wanted to see this country-music thing really happening. It was different. Levon's a pretty well-known guy. Most musicians think of him as being a great drummer. But down there, they never heard of him. They thought he was some kind of local boy trying to make good."

Libby answered the door. She was a very special-looking girl. Tall, classy; your basic knockout. We gave her the wine. A little kid led us into the living room, where Levon was lying flat on his back, not moving.

We talked for a while. Mason and Levon traded stories about great stash rip-offs. Then they got into a fairly grim story about accidentally hitting a deer at night, taking it to Levon's forest and watching Garth Hudson skin it in the car's headlights with a penknife.

"Garth is the Van Gogh of music,"



BUCK BROWN

"What'll it be, cowboy—foreplay or gunplay?"



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Mason said. Levon nodded. Libby smiled. I failed to see the connection.

Mason and I got into our theories of the John Kennedy assassination, spent most of the Saint-Emilion on that. Levon and Libby paid close attention.

Mason got off into Russian literature for a long time and we all listened. Somehow he worked his way to Burroughs. "Jesus, you're a genius," Libby told him.

"Cancer and dope and sex are very similar," Mason continued. Libby's jaw dropped perceptibly. "The cure for cancer is death. And what's the position you're in if you want to cure sex? The cure is death. And dope and sex are interchangeable in a lot of ways."

Did that make sense to me?

"If you want to make the argument for dope—which I don't—you have a lot of things going for you. It works. It's one of the few things in America that does work, and you don't have to advertise it."

"Along with banking, cigarettes and bombs, dope is one of the few thriving industries we have," Levon added.

"Another good industry is urine testing. They have these methadone maintenance programs like the one I was in all over the state now, and every day there're truckloads of piss rolling into New York City for analysis."

"Imagine getting killed by a truckload of piss," Libby suggested.

"And right next to one of the urine labs," Mason said, "there's a factory where hundreds of chicks are putting heroin into little bags."

"You think junk should be legal?" Libby asked.

"No . . ." Mason thought for a while. "But when a cop catches a guy with a bag of dope on him, he shouldn't throw him in jail for eight months. The guy ought to tell the cop, 'OK, you caught me. I promise to be good for twelve minutes.' Like a hockey game. Why eight months? Why make his mother cry?"

Then Levon lost interest in the conversation, suddenly bolted to another room, began watching television.

"Anti-intellectual," Libby called after him. The kid followed Levon.

The conversation grew more subdued after that, included vast alcoholic silences and some light giggling and covered Vietnam, McGovern, rock 'n' roll. Then Mason announced it was time to go back to Richard's.

At the screen door, I asked Libby what a bunch of rock-'n'-roll superstars saw in this brilliant, partly decomposed poet-ex-dope fiend.

"Mason?" she asked, perhaps wondering if I meant Robert Frost.

"Yeah."

"Why . . . there's nobody like Mason."

. . .

"I've got to prepare you for Richard's house. It's incredible. You can't imagine what a mess that place is. Richard's wife

left him about a month ago and I don't blame her. He's got this puppy dog chewing up everything and shitting on the floor. Be careful, it's cute. But if you start petting it, it'll chew your sleeve off and shit in your lap."

We drove on in silence for a while, then I asked, "When was the last time you saw Dylan?"

Mason began laughing. "He came up to visit a little while ago."

"How was he doing?"

"I don't know. He opened the door and put his foot in a pile of dogshit. Then he took a couple of steps and put his other foot in another lump of turd. He just turned around and left. That was the last time I saw him."

Richard seemed genuinely happy to see us. He was in the middle of a late movie about a family that had been breaking up but got back together again when their private plane crashed in Baja California and they had to rely on each other to survive. The irony escaped me at the time.

We watched, cracked jokes, Richard was in such a good mood he ate a bowl of canned pineapple, said it was the first solid food he'd had in three days. He looked healthy enough.

Then, suddenly, an egg-shaped girl with a foreign accent that sounded German but she said was French walked in, accompanied by a small, dark girl who went to art school in Brooklyn. The foreigner, who seemed to know Richard, introduced him to the dark girl, ignored us. The three of them spoke briefly among themselves, then the girls left.

Richard shrugged at Mason. "I didn't think you were coming back."

"Did you answer the phone again?" Mason accused.

Richard gobbled pineapple in silence.

The next time I noticed Mason, he was doubled over on the couch, gasping, trying, of all things, to get a cigarette into his mouth.

"I guess he's having one of his attacks," Richard said calmly, chewing a chunk of pineapple.

"Jesus, maybe I better leave."

Mason struggled up gallantly, insisted on walking me to the car. I hopped between the piles of dogshit. Mason, staggering, plowed through them.

"You all right?"

"Fine." At that moment, Mason fell to his knees, gagged once, began rolling around on the ground, twitching uncontrollably. Then he regained his composure, got up.

"Incidentally," I said, "you're going to make a pretty interesting story."

"You'll blow it."

"Think so?"

"Yeah. But don't worry. I'll get you a job as a narc."



SAN FRANCISCO PETAL

Sun, soya and no-meat dining for philosophical dope dealers and their clientele. She wore washed-out jeans, of course; flower and butterfly patches, of course. Her shirt came from Goodwill. Those top buttons unbuttoned—good will, too. She may have looked 16, but she knew she was 22, too old to be a legal runaway, and had every right to be sexy, especially since her husband was a drag queen now. He hadn't always been, certainly not in Orange, where he had been the Sunday-morning instrument for imparting news to her daddy, but he kept trying to be more "in" in San Francisco than she was, and she was good at it. So this poor boy from San Diego State, who once planned to go to medical school, now danced and sang with the Cockettes and was the proud possessor of a terrific version of *On the Good Ship Lollipop*. Wilbur called himself Willi. It was so nice and Nazi and camp. Once he'd made it with a Hell's Angel. Linda shrugged. Willi was still searching.

"That's his problem," she said. "But I get along real good with his friends. They accept me. They love to fuss with my hair. Natch, I still don't know if the marriage will last."

I looked up from the menu.

"Oh, we're married legally and all. It happened when we decided to leave—a

(continued from page 135)

last act of ole family karma, pal. In a blaze of matrimony, and I wasn't even pregnant, nor ever intend to be. Hey, you like my hair this way, in a flip? They say it's early Fifties, but I don't remember back that far. I think I was bald then."

She was standing by my table. She was waiting to take my order for sprouts, avocado and soy paste on Black Muslim bread. As she talked, she licked her pencil at me; it was not an innocent gesture. I was charmed by her obvious desire to make me fall in love with her, whatever she thought that was, and part-way eager to oblige. I could see neither her father nor me denying Linda anything she really wanted, such as lollipops, spare cash or forgiveness.

Now she was a waitress in an organic-foods restaurant, but she was really busy trying to decide what kind of groupie to be—rock, legal, movie or money. She decided not to specialize and just be a celebrity fucker in general. It wasn't that she was a snob. She just felt turned on by power, and money and fame are power, and isn't that what it was all about?

Naturally, she had to have a sense of humor. Otherwise, why waitress in an organic, no, health-foods place, like a mere whole-grain groupie? Her sign was Capricorn. I told her mine was Exxon.

At this point, the teller of this history must stop to admit he is not merely a historian. He is connected. He has a certain responsibility. He was attracted to the girl in the Mexican Marines shirt who told cute stories of perversion, dope and troubles with her blue VW bus, and once he found her crying in the windowless smoking room of the no-smoking organic eatery.

"What's the matter, Linda?"

"Wilbur."

"What about him?"

"That Hell's Angel. Wilbur wants to leave me."

"Well, maybe it's been heading this way, Linda—"

She was sobbing, her little heart was hurt. "Oh, I knew it would come to no good when he started to run around with Nazis. Oh, I knew it." She was bawling and there were red blotches under her eyes where, if she were older, permanent blue ones might form. "I knew those Nazis were no good, I was a history major. Frank—"

If she had been a journalism major, she'd have known that Hell's Angels are no good, either. Wilbur and his Nazi got married under an AMERICA IS GETTING SOFT poster that depicted two Angels soul kissing. The minister who performed the marriage used to be an Episcopal priest, and he gave lectures now on his mission

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251

to the Tenderloin. The band that played had never quite made it during the rock era; they were angry about this and played angry Frisco rock. The *San Francisco Chronicle's* porn editor covered the ceremony. He remarked that it might last as long as some of the marriages he used to cover for what was called the society, then women's, now people pages.

They all floated in their various highs in a meadow far up on Mount Tamalpais, the magic mountain, where the ghosts of extinct Indians—measles? syphilis? drink?—watched over the peacefully browsing Harley-Davidsons and BMWs. Insects thrummed. Birds twittered. Couples coupled.

Although her heart was broken, Linda attended the party afterward. That was brave; it was good form. Her friends expected it of her, and Willi suspected she might. OK, so what? So although her heart was broken, she didn't want to miss the party. She had rejected an offer to be matron of honor, since she was an Orange

County girl, raised in the tradition of decorum, where a girl doesn't preside over her ex-husband's marriage to another man, but she wished the new conjugation well. However, she remarked to the leader of the band: "My heart is broken, man. Say, you know I worked as girl Friday for John Lennon when Yoko and he were holed up in the Miyako Hotel. Say, some people think she has like big hairy hands, but they aren't; they're just strong. I really liked her, man. I used to take them fresh o.j."

No matter; the red splotches under her eyes remained; broken heart leads to broken capillaries. Her nostrils were red, too, so if she was up, she wasn't really up, just sniffing a little coke so as to make it through the pastoral afternoon in a meadow on the heights of Marin, nearly 30 motorcycles plowing around, noise, distraction, the full 1973 Angels' Nazi production. There were no human sacrifices today, for the message they brought was love.

I was her date for the afternoon, with hopes of keeping her from despair even if her heart was broken (that's only a mental thing, it heals). I had to get used to the fact that she was completely confident of me but needed a little coke to make sure.

To enjoy the music of 30 motorcycles tearing up a meadow, driven by wild greasers stuck all over with swastikas, leather and metal, you might tend to ask a little chemical aid. I made do with only a deep-seated masochism. I suppose there was a time when I imagined joyful tumblings with Linda, because she seemed to be cute, essence of cute—quiddity of essence of cute—but now I traveled with her in a state of bemusement, merely surprised most of the time, and settling merely to find someone to surprise me. Finally I understand why girls resent men who grab at them first off, demanding bed as the reward for passing their valuable hours. The reason is that they suspect a man can be happy with a Linda, too: just because it's fun to be in her company; or, if not fun, lively; and every man seeks easy friendly funning, too, although he may settle for the distraction of a sweaty roll in the sack.

I didn't give up the idea of sex. I was merely willing to postpone it.

I wondered if I had postponed our lovemaking past its natural moment. I was willing to think of her as a friend first, but maybe she required an immediate kink. The kink who waits becomes a paternal figure—too bad for me.

Or maybe, I prayed, a paternal kink.

It wasn't all one-sided. She gave me a kind of wake-up generosity. As we were leaving the meadow, one of the Angels throomed up on his hawg and grunted, "Hey, Linda. Jump on." Ungh, ungh, ungh.

"I'm with Frank here."

Ungh!

"Dump that creep. Jump."

"Frank's my new old man," she said, hugging me.

He stood there with his eyes bulging as if the leather thong around his neck were too tight. Probably that's why his eyes were bulging; that, plus a little deal with thyroid his metabolism had going; plus maybe the fistfuls of pills he swallowed to inspire his endeavors. He was still leaning there with one pointed hoof prodding the ground.

Linda said sweetly, "You'd have to grab and rape me, and I'm sure Frank wouldn't stand around for that. So you'd have to kill him, too. I know I'm nice, but am I worth it?"

The Angel stared morosely. I could see the motes swimming across his eyeballs. The eyes seemed nearer my head than his.

"Well, I never rape a girl unless she wants to be raped," he said.

"Well, see you, then," said Linda, and she turned, still holding my arm.

How is it not probable that one would



"It's a great dictionary, Dr. Johnson, but I do question your defining the word incest as 'rolling your own.'"

12 very pleasant ways to view the new year

Playboy Playmate Calendars for 1974. Month after month of the most popular Playmates who ever graced a centerfold.



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be charmed by a girl with such marvelous logic?

Ungh!

"Hey, man." The Angel was calling me. I stopped. Always polite. Linda took my elbow like a school guard and moved me across the daisies.

"Hey, man."

Even she couldn't move me now.

As I looked back, the Angel was smiling and touching himself. "Hey, hear the news? The one-star final, man? Someone died tomorrow."

We went back to her place for a drop of tea, herbal tea, rose hips for a possible nasal congestion. Linda sat down with two chipped mugs and asked nobody in particular: "I wonder if he ever kills a dude even if the dude doesn't ask to be killed?"

"You think they did in that dealer from Texas?"

"I didn't know him personally, Frank. Actually, he was from Oklahoma, if that's where Tulsa is."

"The jury cleared them."

"Then they must be innocent, Frank. I believe in the American judicial rip-off system, don't you?"

Her eyes, if you could see them, were filled with faith. Perhaps it helped to know I was devoted to her, too, just as she was devoted to the jury system. The teller of this story was devoted to Linda because she enabled him to tie in directly, without paying tolls, to the lower levels of his brain, where he smelled girls, sent the blood to sudden anatomy lessons, knew that his throat would fill with blood because of the mental stroke of love. She gave me reality because she was so strange. She kept me in touch with triviality. She dispersed a regular dose of crisis. I wanted to be a disgrace to the life of the mind. Perhaps a good therapist would also receive the hint from all this: Often I just wanted to die. It wasn't just in the middle of the night. It lasted whole weekends or perhaps a whole year.

He.

All this happened to *him*.

Next thing he knew, they had spent a night together. They; we. He discovered groans within his melancholia that no one had told him about. He discovered an ache of desire, and her chilly jokes only made him laugh, they did not discourage him, and he felt very powerful. He smelled the bed, the mattress, her arms. He sniffed and followed his nose. He levitated. He sighed. So now he was a man. He had taken charge. There was no doubt she would love him.

He took her home in the morning. There was an ache of exhaustion, but that made no difference. He slept. He had won something. He telephoned her and there was no answer.

He kept calling and her phone kept on ringing.

Nobody. Nothing.

She disappeared.

Nowhere.

In three weeks, when he had almost given up trying to find her, he discovered that she was living with Van Dixon, the guitarist, in Mill Valley. A redwood house that had been featured in *Rolling Stone*, along with its dripping eucalyptus and mass bathing in the redwood tubs.

He didn't feel jealousy. He was still a different man. No jealousy. He only felt a terrible loss, a blackness of loss; not even desire; just failure, dread, loss, grief.

• • •

When he finally decided she was never going to call him, he tried one more time. Finally, she spoke with him. She didn't seem embarrassed. She was fine. He was fine. "I'm OK, you're OK." They were cheerful together. "I just came to the conclusion," she said, "a few days in the country would improve my color. I was kind of pale. I should get my energies together. You know, it's kind of freaky, paranoid, in the city. There is a *living space* out here. Not just the trees and all. The aura, man, it's different. So the days just run into the weeks, man."

She didn't mention that what she was running away from in the city was him, was love, was his ignorance. She was talking and confiding how she liked the country and she never seemed to remember that *he* had driven her out across the Golden Gate Bridge; this being-in-love thing, that great night together, they were what finally wiped her out and made her discover a distressing paleness.

At that moment, he knew no other way to be than icy.

"I hear you gave him the clap," he said.

In fact, he had heard they came to the city only to get a shot of penicillin, Van and Linda, together in his Mercedes sedan, both bending over for the needle.

"What?"

"I hear you gave him the clap."

Her sweet laughter. "That's not true," she said. "I didn't give him the clap and he didn't give me the clap. It just happened we both had the clap at the same time."

• • •

When next he heard of her, she was carrying orange juice to John and Yoko again when they returned to the Miyako Hotel—temporary help; and then she was the girlfriend of an actor who used to be a star, three years ago, and now was only the lead in a TV series, shooting mostly in San Francisco—she was his San Francisco girl; and she had given up organic waitressing.

He saw her having dinner in the Natural Sun, where she used to serve. She had lost 20 pounds, her nose was red and she was just smearing the avocado on her plate, making green tracks with her fork. "I can't eat in this place," she said. "He ripped off my customers."

"What're you selling? Speed?"

"Oh, no, a dirty rotten lie, speed kills. Coke."

"You need to eat. You're sick."

"He ripped off my customers. This place is just a front for coke. I told him about my customers and he ripped them off. I can't eat here."

"You don't look like you're eating at all."

"I can't eat anyplace. They all rip me off." When she smiled, her teeth were yellow, her gums were showing, there were spaces as if her teeth were subtly shifting. He remembered those perfect doctor's-daughter teeth. But the smile was the one she used to dazzle him with and make boredom uninteresting. "I'm sorry I ripped you off, Frank," she said. "I gave you a bad time. I don't know how I could, since I'm not worth it, but I guess I did."

"You did," he said.

She waited.

"That's all right," he said, "you're worth it."

He meant he was willing to be ripped off.

"Brave boy," she said. "It was still fun, wasn't it?"

Finally he didn't like being played with. These were words from a scenario and he didn't like them. Not liking them stifled pity. He just got out, leaving the rose-hips tea on his table and the girl who couldn't eat still not eating.

The next time he saw her was in response to a telephone call. "Frank, he's killed me."

When he got there, she was lying on a bed that hadn't been made in months. The place looked as if six Angels had been camping in it, but there was only one, the friend from the wedding, standing over her and holding a glass of water. It was the friend who didn't rape a girl unless she asked to be raped. He looked wobbly. Linda looked as if she were fading in and out of shock.

The Angel glared at Frank with that leather shoelace still tight around his neck. He said: "I told her to call you."

"My father's a doctor, I know what he did to me," she said. "He broke some ribs."

"She was comin' through all over me. She was, I was tryin' to stop her, what she was doin'. Listen, man, it takes a powerful woman to make me so mean—you calling the pigs?"

"Doctor," Frank said.

He stood there till the doctor came. She would probably be OK if a rib hadn't punctured a lung. When the buzzer rang, the Angel's eyes gave a little extra bulge and he went out the window, just in case. OK, better that way. Frank could handle the explanations.

Linda was finished as a pretty little thing. Whatever came next, it wouldn't be pretty. Frank could go back to saying I about himself.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

THE SCENE IS THE VERY PLUSH AND PRIVATE DADDY BIGBUCKS ISLAND, SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY FROM WATERGATE, IN THE BEBE REBOZO LATITUDES, WHERE DADDY'S FROLICKING GUESTS PASS THE TIME IN PURSUITS THAT WOULD SHOCK THE DECENT CITIZEN INTO PETITIONING HIS CONGRESSMAN TO CALL OUT THE MARINES, LITTLE KNOWING THAT SAID CONGRESSMAN MIGHT WELL BE ONE OF DADDY'S FROLICKING GUESTS!

- GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT DOWN HERE, CHILD. WE HAVE A FEW WASHINGTON CELEBRITIES HERE. WE JUST PASSED SENATOR PUCKER ---THE ONE YOU ALWAYS SEE ON TV, KISSING TOTS.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! HE'S STILL AT IT!!

THEM'S FINE TOTS, HONEY!



- AND THERE'S GOVERNOR BOOM BOOM LUSCH, WHO JUST PROPOSED THE DEATH PENALTY FOR POSSESSION OF MARIJUANA.

AND NOW YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, ANNIE ... A COMMITTEE OF SENATORS IS ARRIVING TO INVESTIGATE THE CARIBBEAN ON BEHALF OF THEIR CONSTITUENTS. LOOK AROUND AND GET TO KNOW PEOPLE.

COME TO ME, MY L MELANCHOLY BABBY--

HUBBA HUBBA!

NOW FOR SOME REAL CONGRESSIONAL ACTION!

HAW! AIN'T NO COVER-UP HERE!

GLORY-OSKY! SO MANY FAMOUS MEN! I MUST MEET EVERY ONE!

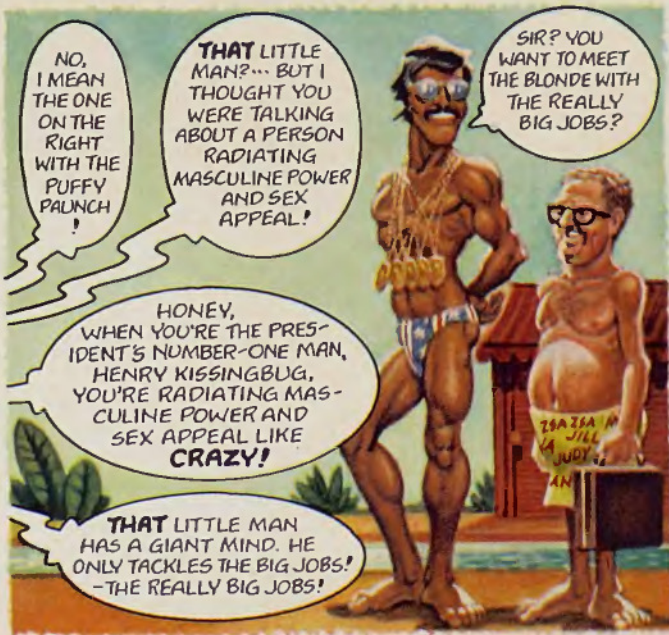
HONEY, THE ONLY MAN HERE THAT'S WORTH MEETING IS OVER THERE, BY THE POOL.



GOD! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE RADIATE SO MUCH RAW MASCULINE POWER?

-AND SEX APPEAL! ... OH, WOW!

YOU MEAN THE ONE ON THE LEFT WITH THE BULGING BICEPS?



NO, I MEAN THE ONE ON THE RIGHT WITH THE PUFFY PAUNCH!

THAT LITTLE MAN?... BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT A PERSON RADIATING MASCULINE POWER AND SEX APPEAL!

SIR? YOU WANT TO MEET THE BLONDE WITH THE REALLY BIG JOBS?

HONEY, WHEN YOU'RE THE PRESIDENT'S NUMBER-ONE MAN, HENRY KISSINGBUG, YOU'RE RADIATING MASCULINE POWER AND SEX APPEAL LIKE CRAZY!

THAT LITTLE MAN HAS A GIANT MIND. HE ONLY TACKLES THE BIG JOBS! -THE REALLY BIG JOBS!



I'M SO FLATTERED THAT YOU WANTED TO MEET LITTLE ME! ONLY, FIRST EXPLAIN ONE THING ... WHY ARE YOU WEARING SWIM TRUNKS AND CARRYING AN ATTACHE CASE?

AHA, MISS FANNY, IT CONTAINS MY WHITE HOUSE HOTLINE, WHICH I AM NEVER MITOUT!

DROP YOUR BAGS RIGHT HERE, BOYS.

RRING!



RRING!

HELLO? ... WRONG ATTACHE CASE-

RRING!

HELLO? HELLO?

ZO, IT RINGS EVEN AS I SPRACH! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE.

RRING! RRING!



HANK! DROP WHOEVER YOU'RE DOING! WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM AT THE UN THAT ONLY YOU CAN NEGOTIATE!

(SIGH) I HAD HOPED TO HOLD A MEANINGFUL DIALOG MIT YOU, MISS FANNY. PERHAPS I CAN GIVE YOU A LIFT TO NEW YORK ON AIR FORCE VUN, AND VE CAN HAVE FRANK AND OPEN DISCUSSIONS EN ROUTE.

JINKIES! ON THE PRESIDENTIAL PLANE?



AND NOW, MISS FANNY, VE TALK. VE OPEN SUBSTANTIAL NEGOTIATIONS ...

THE CHOREOGRAPHY OF HOW VE ENTER NEGOTIATIONS IS INSEPARABLE FROM THE SUBSTANCE OF THE ISSUE -

GOLLY, IS THAT HOW YOU GET PEACE WITH HONOR?

NOT ONLY THAT. IT'S HOW I GET PEECE WITH FOREPLAY!



RRING!

HELLO? ... NO! YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER! ... NO, I DON'T VANT FREE DANCING LESSONS!

MUM MUM MUM

RRING!

ACH, THESE INTERRUPTIONS! EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A TOP-SECRET CALL-



DEVELOPMENTS HAVE NOW ENTERED THE CRITICAL PHASE. VE MUST GET IN AND OUT OF THIS ONE MIT SUBTLE DIPLOMATIC MANEUVERING. THIS STAGE OF THE PROCEEDINGS IS BEST CARRIED OUT BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

I VILL TAKE NO MORE PHONE CALLS! VE ARE DEALING MIT VERY SENSITIVE AREAS IN HERE!

BUT, SIR, WE'RE CLEARED FOR LANDING!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE! CIRCLE THE FIELD!



I REALIZE I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT FOREIGN AFFAIRS, DR. KISSINGBUG, BUT COULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT TAKING OFF MY BLOUSE HAS TO DO WITH GLOBAL STRATEGY?

SIR! THE DRUM-AND-BUGLE CORPS IS GETTING IMPATIENT! NOW CAN WE MAKE OUR APPROACH?

MINE FIRST! MAKE ANOTHER PAIR OF FULL, FIRM CIRCLES !!



WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?

I'M LOOKING AT THEM!

HE'S TALKED HER OUT OF HER BRA!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THEM!

I'M LOOKING AT THEM, TOO!

WELL, IF WE'RE ALL LOOKING AT THEM... THEN WHO'S FLYING THE PLANE!?



AHEM. OUR FIRST TASK IS TO BUILD A CONSENSUS AS TO OUR OBJECTIVES. PHILOSOPHICAL AGREEMENTS CAN MAKE POSSIBLE FLEXIBILITY OF METHOD.

IN OTHER WORDS, VE GOTTA VOTE FOR WHAT'S GONNA BE GOING ON HERE.

I SAY VE VOTE FOR PALLING! 30,000 FEET UP IN THE AIR IN THE BRESIDENTIAL BLANE!

"PALLING"?

YES! I GO FOR YOUR PREASTS, YOUR PODY, AND ESPECIALLY YOUR PELLY PUTTON!



I'M HENRY! FLY ME!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS!

I HAVE ACHIEVED A FIRM COMMITMENT!

PEACE IS AT HAND!

SECRET



WHERE'S DR. KISSINGBUG!?

ONLY KISSINGBUG CAN NEGOTIATE A SETTLEMENT!

WEST JABBIP JUST DROPPED A STINK BOMB ON THE BULGRAVIAN EMBASSY!

WHERE'S KISSING-BUG!?

HE'S STILL CIRCLING, BUT WE CAN'T CONTACT HIM!

THIS MEANS WAR!

ORDER AIR FORCE ONE DOWN! I WANT MY KISSING-BUG!



BABY! WHAT HAPPENED? YOU BLEW THE PUBLICITY BREAK OF THE CENTURY! I HAD RON GALELLA ... I HAD THE FAPARAZZI, WAITING TO SNAP YOU WITH KISSINGBUG! THEY GOT TIRED AND WENT BACK TO ROME!

SOLLY, NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING. MEN HAVE TRIED TO WIN ME BY FORCE, BY DECEIT AND BY PASSION ... BUT NEVER BY TOP-SECRET NEGOTIATION!

AND HE DIDN'T EVEN TAKE NOTES.

SORRY WE HAD TO RUSH YOU DOWN, SIR. WHITE HOUSE ORDERS!

EVEN NOW, OUR LATEST PROBLEM IS OUT OF CONTROL! IT'LL BE A FULL-BLOWN CRISIS BY NEXT WEEK.

THERE CAN'T BE A CRISIS NEXT WEEK! MY SCHEDULE IS FULL!

END

PLAYBOY

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BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

“Behind us 40 tons of thundering Australian surf... ahead of us an obstacle course of jagged rocks”

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“Wham! A breaker walloped us! I felt like I was caught in the spin cycle of a giant washing machine. And when Cindy found a limp rag on the beach, I realized it was me.

“Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at Doyle’s Restaurant in Sydney.” Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More



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