

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

playmate
of the year





**Break out the Gilbey's Gin, boys,
and keep your martinis dry!**

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., OISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N. Y. C.

Volkswagen announces a limited-edition Volkswagen.



The Sports Bug

Bet you thought we'd never do it.
Well, catch this:

Oversize radial tires. Mounted on
snazzy mag-type wheels.

Indy-type steering wheel. Covered in
simulated leather over thick padding.

True sports bucket seats. With con-
toured vinyl sides and no-slip fabric. To
hold you comfortably while cornering.

Short-throw synchro stick shift. The
faster you shift, the faster it shifts.

Spirited air-cooled engine. Cast with
lightweight aluminum-magnesium alloy.
Just like in Super Vee racing engines.

Four-wheel independent suspension.
McPherson-design coil/shock combo
up front. Double-jointed rear axle with
independent trailing arms in back.

Special high-gloss paint job. In Saturn
Yellow. Or Marathon Silver Metallic.

Jet black trimming.

Options? All kinds. Like racing stripes.
Flare-tip pipes. Stereo radio. And more.

If this sounds like what you've been
waiting for from us, wait no more.

We built only a limited number of our
special-edition Sports Bug.

After all, we can't make too much of a
good thing.



Us Tareyton smokers

would rather fight than switch!

Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why



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

PLAYBILL

IT IS AN OMEN of crisis when even the conservative *Chicago Tribune* bristles editorially at the Nixon Administration's heavy-handed treatment of the media. Our April issue contained a special *Forum* report on the censorship controversy, and in this month's *Playboy Interview*, veteran newscaster Walter Cronkite leaves his anchor desk to join the fight. Cronkite charges the White House with conspiring to muzzle the press—and admits he was wrong in defending the Vietnam war at a time when Young Turk journalists slogging about the rice paddies with the grunts were saying that the "light at the end of the tunnel" was a dead end. The interview reveals an impassioned side of Cronkite that he seldom exposes on TV. "In the newsroom away from the camera he often blows sky-high," an associate tells us, "but he comes right back to that same cool, professional level in about 90 seconds." In our interview, Cronkite sustains his anger somewhat longer. In *We Are All "Bui Doi"* (illustrated by Michael Peters), one of those who were right about the war, Gloria Emerson, *New York Times* correspondent in Saigon from 1970 to 1972, poignantly relates a series of vignettes centered on people who touched her deeply in Vietnam. "There was never such a two years," she says, "and the reminders of them are not only within me. There are the veterans who wear their U. S. Army field jackets, and there are other American women who know the names Long Binh and Tuy Hoa. I wish I could go back, for I never properly said goodbye." The farewells may go unsaid; the Thieu regime has banned Emerson from the country.

A writer who suffered more dearly for his unpopular political views was expatriate poet Ezra Pound. Author-critic Alfred Kazin's *The Writer as Political Crazy*, illustrated by Don Baum, dissects the ideological naïveté of literati such as Pound, who was interned 12 years after making anti-Semitic broadcasts from fascist Italy during World War Two. "I'm often scared out of my wits by what writers say about politics," says Kazin, who believes his own political ideas "aren't worth a damn."

In *The Teachings of Don Wow*, Staff Writer Laurence Gonzales enters the best-selling search for truth and beauty with a spoof of the chameleon anthropologist-novelist and latter-day mystic, Carlos Castaneda. "I really take the Castaneda books very seriously, but the idea of a parody was too good to pass up," says Gonzales. Another send-up, Richard D. Smith's *Hollywood's Neglected Genius*, about Albert Einstein's "second career," sprang from experiences in a college physics lab where, as a premed student, the author grappled with the theory of relativity and decided there was more perspiration than inspiration in the physicist's famous equation. Says Smith,



OATES



PAUL



KAZIN



BAUM



EMERSON



PETERS



FRASER



BRADSHAW



GILBERT



SMITH



MC NEAR



SCOTT

"This piece is my affectionate revenge."

Sports Illustrated's Bil Gilbert, who by now is canoeing across the Arctic Ocean retracing the route of early explorers, takes a junket with an old rodeo star turned promoter in *Where the West Has Gone*. Jon Bradshaw (who explained backgammon in our March issue) contrasts two gamblers, one riding the crest, the other drowning, in *Winners and Losers*.

June's lead fiction, *Do with Me What You Will*, by Joyce Carol Oates—part of a novel to be published later this year—is a fresh treatment of an old subject: rape. The illustration of Oates's brooding rapist and his shattered victim is by Art Director Arthur Paul, who has been busy continent-hopping with "Beyond Illustration," an exhibition of award-winning works that have appeared in *PLAYBOY* over the years and that emphasize the interrelationship of illustration and fine art. Paul organized the show, which is now touring abroad and will come to this country in January. That amorous arch-rogue Harry Flashman does a different type of touring in the final installment of George MacDonald Fraser's *Flashman at the Charge*, also to be published (by Knopf) later this year. After you return from Balalaclava and points East, try something closer to home: Robert McNear's *Neighbors* is a mystery in the class of Hitchcock's vintage thriller *Rear Window*. McNear, who lives in a Chicago high-rise "village," was moved to write the story when, while barbecuing on his terrace, he met a girl in the complex facing his across the mall. "I began wondering," he says, "if you could fall in love like that, with only a pair of binoculars, without knowing the other person's name."

A name that should be familiar to *PLAYBOY* readers is Marilyn Cole, our Playmate of the Year; Playboy Club key-holders should be on a first-name basis with June Playmate Ruthy Ross, who recently completed her reign as Bunny of the Year. Almost as easy on the eyes is a San Francisco duplex (photographed by Jeff Cohen) that's diffident on the outside and dazzling on the inside. For a different kind of trip, follow, if you can, the world's meanest machines in *Fastest!* Then have your taste buds supercharged with Jack Denton Scott's *No-Cooking Cookout*. Finally, there's *Playboy's Gifts for Dads and Grads*, a grand collection of treats for giving and getting. We hope that you find this issue a treat in itself.



GONZALES



COHEN

PLAYBOY

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



You Will P. 92



Woman's Work P. 99



Don Wow P. 110



Top Playmate P. 151



Winners/Losers P. 118

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	19
BOOKS.....	20
DINING-DRINKING.....	26
MOVIES.....	28
MUSIC.....	36
RECORDINGS.....	40
THEATER.....	44
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	51
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	55
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WALTER CRONKITE— <i>candid conversation</i>	67
DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL— <i>fiction</i> JOYCE CAROL OATES	92
WE ARE ALL "BUI DOI"— <i>article</i> GLORIA EMERSON	96
WOMAN'S WORK— <i>pictorial</i>	99
THE WRITER AS POLITICAL CRAZY— <i>article</i> ALFRED KAZIN	107
THE TEACHINGS OF DON WOW— <i>parody</i> LAURENCE GONZALES	110
TAKING THE PLUNGE— <i>attire</i> ROBERT L. GREEN	112
WINNERS AND LOSERS— <i>article</i> JON BRADSHAW	118
SUPERBUNNY— <i>playboy's playmate of the month</i>	120
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES— <i>humor</i>	130
FASTEST!— <i>pictorial</i>	132
NEIGHBORS— <i>fiction</i> ROBERT MC NEAR	137
PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS— <i>gifts</i>	139
FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE— <i>fiction</i> GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER	142
THE NO-COOKING COOKOUT— <i>food and drink</i> JACK DENTON SCOTT	145
HOLLYWOOD'S NEGLECTED GENIUS— <i>humor</i> RICHARD D. SMITH	147
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR— <i>pictorial</i>	151
THE VARGAS GIRL— <i>pictorial</i> ALBERTO VARGAS	160
THE MACHACA REBELLION— <i>ribald classic</i>	161
WHERE THE WEST HAS GONE— <i>personality</i> BIL GILBERT	162
PLAYBOY PAD: BIGGER THAN A BREADBOX— <i>modern living</i>	165
ON THE SCENE— <i>personalities</i>	180
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI.....	210
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY— <i>satire</i> HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER	251

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1973 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR MARILYN COLE, DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER, PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 107; DAVID CHAN, P. 3; HAROLD CHAPMAN, P. 3; ALAN CLIFTON, P. 3; RICK CLUTHE, P. 123; CHRISTINA D'ALLORSO, P. 3; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 152; BILL FRANTZ, P. 3 (2); LARRY DALE GORDON, P. 3, 156-157, 159; RICHARD HEWETT, P. 125; DWIGHT HOOKER, P. 158; CARL IRI, P. 121, 123, 129; ALEXANDRA LAWRENCE, P. 3; MINDAS, P. 120, 122, 123, 124; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3 (2); SUZANNE SEED, P. 3 (2); VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3; SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PHOTO BY JAMES PURRING © TIME INC., P. 3; GENE TRINDL, P. 124 (2); ALEXAS URBA, P. 151-155 (4).

PLAYBOY, JUNE, 1973, VOLUME 20, NUMBER 6 PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR.



**It's been a
rare pleasure.**

How many things in life, these days, can you go to again and again with the same expectancy of pleasure and never be disappointed?

J&B, we're happy to say, is one of those things. And, in that sense, a rare pleasure.

But J&B is also one of the most popular scotches in the world. And, in that sense, a very frequent pleasure.

Which just goes to prove once again that life is full of beautiful contradictions.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle

"Don't go, my boy," he pleaded.
 "You're under a lot of pressure down there."

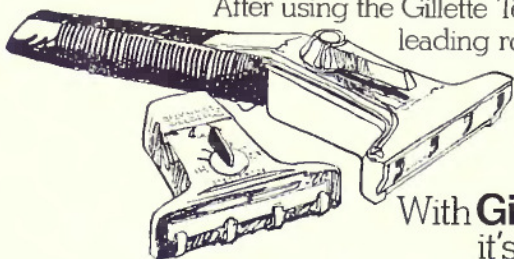
"GOOD-BYE NICK"

I was the son of a courageous frogman and a Cypress Gardens water skier. Scuba diving was my heritage, but the shaving nicks and cuts on my face almost sent me to a watery grave. Even my captain began calling me Nick. I can still see his face the day I left on my biggest underwater scavenging mission.

His voice trembled. "Don't go, my boy. You're under a lot of pressure down there, and when those sharks see that blood... it'll be Davy Jones Locker for you." I laughed him to scorn.

Down, down, down I went. And then, it happened! A frisky seahorse knocked the bandage off my face. And when I saw the shark's dark shadow over my shoulder, I thought it was Good-bye Nick. I had only one arrow left in my speargun. But Neptune was watching over me, for that one arrow was enough. That night, I told my story to a sympathetic bartender. He handed me a razor: "Try the Gillette Techmatic® razor, chum. Comes in a refillable continuous cartridge so you'll never have to touch another blade. No corners to cut and nick your face. And it's adjustable to any shaving conditions."

After using the Gillette Techmatic, I was offered the leading role in a new television underwater series.



With **Gillette TECHMATIC**
it's good-bye Nick

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
 editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER executive editor

ARTHUR PAUL art director

SHELDON WAX managing editor

MARK KAUFFMAN photography editor

MURRAY FISHER, NAT LEHRMAN
 assistant managing editors

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: DAVID BUTLER editor, GEOFFREY NORMAN associate editor, G. BARRY COLSON assistant editor • FICTION: ROBIE MACAULEY editor, STANLEY PALEY associate editor, SUZANNE MCNEAR, WALTER SUBLETTE assistant editors • SERVICE FEATURES: TOM OWEN modern living editor, ROGER WIDENER assistant editor; ROBERT L. GREEN fashion director, DAVID PLATT associate fashion director, WALTER HOLMES fashion editor; THOMAS MARIO food & drink editor • CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY editor • COPY: ARLENE BOURAS editor, STAN AMBER assistant editor • STAFF: MICHAEL LAURENCE, ROBERT J. SHEA, DAVID STEVENS senior editors; LAURENCE GONZALES, REG POTTERTON, DAVID STANDISH, CRAIG VETTER staff writers; DOUGLAS BAUER, WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MCNEESE, CARL SNYDER associate editors; DOUGLAS C. BENSON, ROBERT HEIMBAUGH, J. F. O'CONNOR, JAMES R. PETERSEN, ARNIE WOLFE assistant editors; SUSAN HEISLER, MARIA NEKAM, BARBARA NELLIS, KAREN PADDERUD, LAURIE SADLER, BERNICE T. ZIMMERMAN research editors; J. PAUL GETTY (business & finance), NAT HENTOFF, JACK J. KESSIE, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS, RAY RUSSELL, JEAN SHEPHERD, JOHN SKOW, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (movies), TOMI UNGERER contributing editors ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES: THEO FREDERICK personnel director; PATRICIA PAPANGELIS administrative editor; CATHERINE GENOVESE rights & permissions; MILDRED ZIMMERMAN administrative assistant

ART

TOM STAEBLER, KERIG POPE associate directors; H. MICHAEL SISSON executive assistant; BOB POST, ROY MOODY, LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI, GORDON MORTENSEN, FRED NELSON, JOSEPH PACZEK, ALFRED ZELGER assistant directors; JULIE EILERS, VICTOR HUBBARD, GLENN STEWARD art assistants

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI west coast editor; GARY COLE, HOLLIS WAYNE associate editors; BILL SUMITS technical editor; BILL ARSENAULT, DON AZUMA, DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, DWIGHT HOOKER, POMPEO POSAR staff photographers; MARIO CASILLI, BILL and MEL FIGGE, BRIAN D. HENNESSEY, ALEXAS URBA contributing photographers; JUDY JOHNSON assistant editor; LEO KRIEGL photo lab supervisor; JANICE BERKOWITZ MOSES chief stylist; ROBERT CHELIUS administrative editor

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO director; ALLEN VARGO manager; ELEANORE WAGNER, RITA JOHNSON, MARIA MANDIS, RICHARD QUARTAROLI assistants

READER SERVICE

CAROLE CRAIG director

CIRCULATION

THOMAS G. WILLIAMS customer services; ALVIN WIEMOLD subscription manager; VINCENT THOMPSON newsstand manager

ADVERTISING

HOWARD W. LEDERER advertising director

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

ROBERT S. PREUSS business manager and associate publisher; RICHARD S. ROSENZWEIG executive assistant to the publisher; RICHARD M. KOFF assistant publisher

A photograph of a car driving away on a road through a dense forest. The scene is dimly lit, with sunlight filtering through the trees, creating a moody atmosphere. The car is a classic sedan, possibly a Ford Mustang, and is positioned in the center of the road. The trees are tall and leafy, with their branches arching over the road.

Whatever your plans,
they probably don't include
tire trouble.

Let Firestone put steel between
you and tire trouble.

The 40,000 mile Steel Radial 500...another people tire from

Firestone



“That’s IT”

Just as a great painting is more than canvas and paints, there are some things that go beyond the sum of their parts. The Porsche Targa is such an object.

It is a piece of machinery whose purpose far exceeds transporting you from one point to another. The Targa’s goal is to afford the ultimate driving experience. In performance, in engineering, in comfort.

The Targa has come amazingly

close to that goal; each year, with subtle improvements, a bit more.

First, consider its superbly thought-out features. It has a built-in roll bar, and a huge fixed rear window. To give the car the practicality of a hardtop coupe. And you the exhilarating experience of a roadster.

It has an aerodynamic shape,



to protect you from wind blast. And a rear-engine design that has been steadily improved upon for 25 years.

All controls are meticulously engineered to be functional and logically accessible.

Yet it is the total effect of these innovations that impresses.

With the removable top stored

in the trunk, cushioned in luxurious bucket seats, you ride in "Belle Epoque" comfort.

But the grandest feature of the Targa is the experience of driving it.

The handling is quick, correct, precise, because of Porsche's legendary engineering. Putting the driver and car in perfect collab-

oration. It is almost as if you just "think" where you want the car to go.

The Targa is available in all three 911 models: 911T, 911E, and 911S.

But be warned.

It is very difficult to be humble about owning any Porsche. And if it's a Targa, that's IT.

Only La Scala is La Scala. Only V.O. is V.O.



Among the world's great opera houses, there is only one La Scala. Part fortress, part cathedral, part university, it has stood since 1778 in the center of Milan.

Inside La Scala, statues of Verdi, Puccini, Rossini, Toscanini—giants of the Italian Opera—line velvet halls. The great auditorium is acknowledged to be the most beautiful in the world. Gold-and-cream-and-red, lined with priceless silk tapestries, its amplitude has space for 3,000 people.



A single performance in this great auditorium can elevate a singer to stardom—or destroy him. Dignified, tuxedoed gentlemen have thrown their shoes against the stage to show their disapproval; elegant ladies hurl programs and opera glasses. Elderly aficionados remember Toscanini's terrible temper, Caruso's stirring high C's.

And through it all, only La Scala is La Scala. A continuing celebration of excellence; a one-of-a-kind creation in a changing world.

Like La Scala, Seagram's V.O. Canadian is also one-of-a-kind; another continuing celebration of excellence. It too stands alone, since 1857, as a whisky uncompromising in quality, with a tradition of craftsmanship that has made it The First Canadian in smoothness. The First Canadian in lightness. And The First Canadian in popularity throughout the world.

Only La Scala is La Scala. Only V.O. is V.O. All the others come after.



Seagram's 
The First Canadian.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

INSIDE DOWN UNDER

Going Back to the Nation. Reg Potterton's personal March travelog on Australia, is a most captivating and illuminating article. Potterton's vivid perception is matched by his warm sense of humor, and his manner is unpretentious and invigorating. He represents what little is left of the life force on this planet. Thank you for publishing him.

Larry Williamson
San Luis Obispo, California

While still a youngster, I dreamed of one day emigrating to Australia, which seemed to me like a fairy-tale land of magic and strange creatures. Now I am in college, where I hear reports of injustice done to the aborigines, and my dream is fading. When I first glanced at Potterton's *Going Back to the Nation*, I expected another report on package tours and tourists. But once I began to read it, I was hooked. Potterton's account is written on such a gut level that I couldn't help but realize that my childhood fantasy was correct. Once again, I hope someday to find the magic of Australia for myself. For now, I have Potterton's article—and I'm confident that it will keep my dream alive.

Michael F. Blashka
Bronx, New York

For me, Australia is characterized by an insularity of both mind and spirit. The populace exists in a haven of quasi ignorance, where the residual achievements of Western culture—American and British road companies of the bigger hit plays and musicals, TV shows purchased from the U. S. and England, a Pacific edition of *Time*—are enough to reassure Australians that they're not really so removed from modern man's center of activity, wherever that might be. Potterton's description of the outback, I can tell you, got it right. I found his writing on Australia's more desolate reaches and those who people them particularly affecting. Around the turn of the century, Australian Joseph Furphy wrote a book about the outback called *Such Is Life*. In it he declared: "It is not in our cities or townships, it is not in our agricultural or mining areas, that the Australian attains full consciousness of his own

nationality; it is places like this, and as clearly here as at the center of the continent!" Very forthright fellow, Furphy, exclamation mark and all.

George Malko
New York, New York

Malko last appeared in our pages in February 1972 with "America: Loved It and Left It," a report on a disenchanted American who emigrated to Australia.

COVER LOVERS

Your March cover is fabulous! Dwight Hooker's photographic uncoverage of Bunny-Playmate Mercy Rooney must surely come out in poster size soon. I can tell you, thousands are looking forward to it.

Donald Kline
Collegeville, Pennsylvania

Without a doubt, your March cover is the best I have seen, on *any* magazine, ever.

Robert Molinaro
Belleville, New Jersey

KING OF GAMES

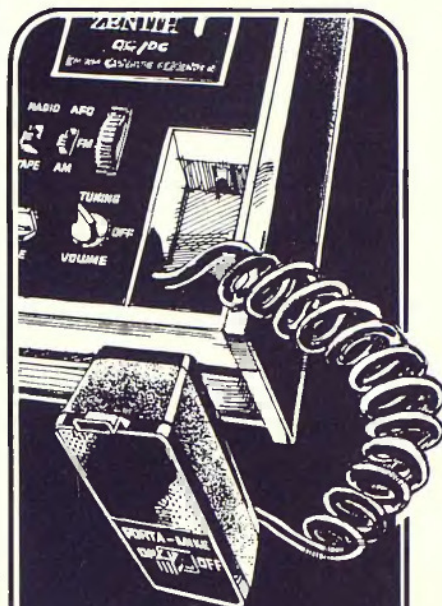
Your backgammon takeout (PLAYBOY, March) is superb in projecting the gambling spirit and intrigue of the game. The Idaho Association of Backgammon extends a challenge to any player, across the continent, for a 48-hour game, to be played over a period of four days, using the rules set down by the Backgammon Association of America. Times will be arranged to suit any opponent.

H. L. Gunderson, Chairman
Idaho Association of Backgammon
Boise, Idaho

Michael Laurence's *Backgammon Secrets and Subtleties* provides both an excellent overview and detailed insights into an exceptionally fascinating game.

James Preston Harley, Ph.D.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

PLAYBOY's efforts to promote backgammon as the game for the elite are amusing, in a pathetic kind of way. When I was a kid, every neighborhood Woolworth's sold cheap checkerboards with backgammon pips on the reverse side. But most people preferred to play chess or checkers, games of skill, rather than



Tape it easy.

Introducing the "first-take" battery cassette recorder from Zenith. The one that gets it right the first time. With permanent, integral Porta-Mike—no fumbling for the microphone jack. Plus Automatic Level Control, for practically distortion-free recording accuracy. And you can record directly from the built-in FM/AM radio, if you want. Hear *The Centurion*, model E623Y, at your Zenith dealer's.



ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

PLAYBOY, JUNE, 1973, VOLUME 20, NUMBER 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, \$24 FOR THREE YEARS, \$18 FOR TWO YEARS, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE \$15 PER YEAR. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ROBERT A. GUTWILLIG, MARKETING DIRECTOR; EMERY SMYTH, MARKETING SERVICES DIRECTOR; NELSON FUTCH, MARKETING MANAGER; MICHAEL RICH, PROMOTION DIRECTOR; LEE GOTTLIEB, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGERS, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO, SHERMAN KEATS, MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611; DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, MANAGER, 818 FISHER BUILDING; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3100 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30305.

backgammon, a game of dumb luck. Backgammon is a foppish form of craps. A previous *On the Scene* (PLAYBOY, February), on Prince Alexis Obolensky, also stressed backgammon. Does Hefner own stock in a backgammon company or something?

Terry Dixon

Pacific Palisades, California

Hefner simply likes the game, as do millions of others.

It was with great interest that I read Jon Bradshaw's *Backgammon Love and Lure*. The return of backgammon as a big-time game is especially encouraging to a backgammon freak like myself.

Tiberius Z. Herman

Nashville, Indiana

MIXED MODIFIERS

A dozen M & M's as positive reinforcement to Stephen H. Yafa for *Zap! You're Normal* (PLAYBOY, March), his informative report on behavior-modification therapy. At one point in the article, I wanted to admonish him for speculating that behavior-modification tactics would produce "a bunch of mellow folk living in happy harmony with their environment." Then I read his reflections on the warmongering ethics of our present-day world and got to wondering whether a planet full of mellow folks might not be such a bad place after all.

Larry MacDonald, Ph.D.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

In reference to the mod squad (the youthful practitioners of behavior-modification therapy), Yafa comments: "If ever a group of individuals needed to reshape its public image, [it's] the mod squad." Yet, despite his grudging admiration of the effectiveness and empirical verifiability of behavior modification, Yafa does little to brighten the reputation of behavior therapy. Perhaps by calling behavior therapists "the new humanists," rather than associating them with such terms as Neo-Nazis, Yafa could have done more justice to the subject—and his own estimation of it.

Rosemary Nelson, Ph.D.

Assistant Professor of Psychology

University of North Carolina

Greensboro, North Carolina

Critics of behavior modification foresee a nightmare of manipulation should the mod squad get its way. This is nonsense. Behavior modification is as old as man. When a child first learns to talk, he models after the speech of the parents. If the parents approve, they show affection for the child, which reinforces successive approximation of the desired terminal response, talking. Later on, when parents teach their child to say Daddy instead of Dada, they use the conditioning devices of extinction and discrimination training procedure. All of which is to say that

behavior modification is nothing to fear. Everyone has been subjected to it—and has exercised it—throughout life.

Nancy Neef

Kalamazoo, Michigan

As Yafa points out, the fact stands that conditioning initiates and alters behavior, both deviant and normal. But I've got one question: Who decides which behavior is desirable and which isn't?

Martin J. Bohan

Normal, Illinois

Yafa is a marvelous writer. His description of his interview with Dave Fisher was as evocative as anything I've ever read. The biggest worry in behavior is who controls the controllers. But the controllers, it should be quite clear, are as much controlled by the environment as are the rest of us. Furthermore, by compliance, disobedience, contrivance, deceit or honesty, we control the controllers as surely as they control us.

Halmuth H. Schaefer, Ph.D.

Professor of Psychology

University of Auckland

Auckland, New Zealand

It is remarkable how little the theories and practice of behavioral psychiatry are included in the teaching programs of most psychiatric residencies. As one who has sat across from patients week after week, trying to help them overcome fears and inhibitions that were unyielding to standard psychiatric techniques, I welcome anything that works. In the land of the blind, the one-eyed is still king.

David Viscott, M.D.

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

The behavior modifiers continually justify their theories on the grounds that the theories work. Efficacy is the standard of any therapy, but the standards by which this efficacy is measured must not go unexamined. The use of a hydrogen bomb is not justified merely because it works. So, too, must behavior modification be guided by a more moral standard than mere pragmatism.

Gary Harr

Dayton, Ohio

SMOKIN' SIGNALS

For a beautifully unenlightened view of sex, your Joe Frazier interview (PLAYBOY, March) is hard to beat. "I don't think sex does anything for your body," Frazier says. "It takes too much energy out of you, and what you need in fightin' is energy. . . . You'll weaken your mind, you'll weaken your lungs and you'll weaken your heart, I imagine."

Some doctors consider sex the best exercise of all. Whatever the medical consensus, it's certainly a lot better for you than boxing. I'll guarantee Frazier that his mind and lungs and heart will all

be in far better shape if he gets laid 50 times than if he fights George Foreman 50 times.

Glenn Dickey

San Francisco, California

Dickey is a sports columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle.

Thank you so much for your interview with Frazier. He revealed himself to be a man who lives and lets live, who works hard at his job, takes good care of his family, stands hard and strong for his beliefs and puts his message across without senseless noise. Frazier recently lost his crown, but I feel he is one of sports' greatest champions. More important, he's a nice human being.

Bob Willett

Middletown, Connecticut

I object to Frazier's flagrant attack on Ali's religious beliefs and his moral character. Neither aspect of Ali's personality should have been part of Frazier's public statements. No matter how much Ali attacked Frazier, Frazier's God and morals were never held up to ridicule.

B. E. Mack

St. Paul, Minnesota

Your interview with heavyweight chump Joe Frazier was about as out of place as a Jewish delicatessen in Cairo.

Robert Lepore

East Orange, New Jersey

GOOD DEAL

Saul Braun's March portrait of real-estate magnate Walter Schneider, *Let's Make a Deal*, is excellent. Perhaps because Schneider (Queens College, 1942) is a modest man, writer Braun never mentioned that a generous fund, established by Schneider ten years ago, has enabled over 100 faculty members at Queens College to secure emergency loans at no interest.

Joseph S. Murphy, President

Queens College of the City University

of New York

Flushing, New York

DIGGING THE DIGGER

George V. Higgins' novel, *The Digger's Game* (PLAYBOY, January, February, March), is one of the most perceptive stories I've ever read. Higgins' ear for dialog, his sense of underworld realism and his craftsmanlike approach to storytelling made reading about the Digger and his doings a memorable experience.

Sal Cuccinello

Kansas City, Missouri

SWEET HOME


C. Robert Jennings' reflections on going back to his home town (*Home? Which Way Is That?*, PLAYBOY, March) make extraordinary reading. Journalism



The tan people notice.

When you're at the beach this summer, take a look around. You'll see tans here and there. But you'll also see the tans people notice—the tans by Coppertone®. Coppertone is America's favorite way to get a deep, fast, beautiful tan. And Coppertone has special moisturizers that help your skin stay young looking, too. So remember. You can get a tan. Or you can get a Coppertone Tan—the tan people notice.



 Official Sun Care Products of Florida's Walt Disney World.

Products of Plough, Inc.

W. J. SHEAFFER

NONSENSE PEN

Simple, straight-forward, classic, out of step with today's throwaway culture. Refillable cartridge, ballpoint or fiber tip marker in basic tan or navy blue. \$1.98: not bad for a pen you may use the rest of your life.



\$1.98



SHEAFFER, WORLD-WIDE, A **lextron** COMPANY

of this stature has become almost extinct. I hope Jennings will continue to afford us the gracious pleasure of his prose.

James J. Fitzpatrick, S.J.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Without a doubt, Jennings' memoir is one of the finest pieces of writing you have ever put between your covers.

Don R. Roberts
West Palm Beach, Florida

I found my cousin's *Home? Which Way Is That?* a poignant literary venture that reveals much of the sadness, the gladness, the empty fullness of life as it was and is in the South. Though I'm younger, I've already come to agree with Bob's sentiments. Eufaula is not a *bad* place, really. It is a locale of stately visions and lovely people. But it's little more to me than a dated security blanket in which I personally felt insecure. I spent 18 years there, unable to relate to fables of glories past, since I found nothing glorious in the present. Only a kind of spiritual masochism makes me proud of Eufaula. My late father wittily referred to nearby towns in a way I've always deemed appropriate to Eufaula: "It's a nice place to die in," he said, "but I wouldn't want to live there."

Frank Wilkins Jennings III
Hollywood, California

The tragic futility of trying to make a biracial society work in the South is sensitively delineated by Jennings. The despair of which he writes will soon spread northward.

H. Lloyd
New Port Richey, Florida

Jennings must have a burning hate for his family and friends. I can stomach his mundane verbosity about people who love him, but I cannot endure his insufferable sin of quoting an individual's letter out of context. Journalistic good taste does not condone this, nor does good breeding.

Lamar Osteen
Eufaula, Alabama

DARKEST AFRICA

Nadine Gordimer's fascinating March story, *The Conservationist*, was a rare treat. It's all too seldom that we get to see what the real, everyday South Africa is like. Her description of the countryside and the dialog between the Afrikaner and his Bantu hand made intriguing reading.

Klaus Batchelder
Hudson, New York

FRONT LINES

Not long ago, I was lucky enough to return from Vietnam with everything intact. One of the things that made my Vietnam tour endurable was seeing PLAYBOY

every month. It sure helped all of us forget our problems—for a little while, anyway. I thank you not only for myself but also for the thousands of other guys who find a lot of pleasure in your magazine.

R. K. Redini
Chicago, Illinois

THE MAN WHO GOT AWAY

James Lincoln Collier's March account of the fractured publishing history of his book, in *The Man Who Wrote My Novel*, was particularly enjoyable to me. I came across his book *Fires of Youth* while attending college. Judging by the title, I figured the book was probably just what I needed to help pass an afternoon. Surprisingly, it had much more literary style, sentiment and expression than was suggested by title or cover. My edition also contained a foreword about "a curious case of plagiarism," a postscript by Collier and a note about the Arthur Koestler award. Thanks to Collier's article, I can now enjoy this novel again, in a new and more satisfying light.

Julian Lewin
Ottawa, Ontario

I must say that *The Man Who Wrote My Novel* is the funniest thing on literary plagiarism I have read in years. Scores of novelists must now be on their knees praying to be plagiarized and for judges like Arthur Koestler, J. B. Priestley and myself to be bamboozled again. For our part, we have the extremely uncommon consolation of having been right, about the book's worth, at least. Of course, we were familiar with the depravity of authors and knew that many celebrated books had been written in prison. Indeed, one of our famous contemporaries, John Collier—the talent of that family!—once wrote a story about a publisher who sent all his authors to jail in order to keep them at their typewriters until they had delivered their manuscripts. But during my evangelical stint as a judge of the latest outpourings from British prisons, I saw that while the therapy might have its value, talent was in steep decline. Talent, in fact, was null, while plagiarism or imitation was general. The poets were the worst: the number of pseudo-Shakespearean tragedies I read! And among the prose writers there was wholesale looting of the dim sentimental and prayerful novels enjoyed by our grandmothers. The prose was like lead. I also ought to have remembered the schoolmaster who wrote across one of my own early exercises: "Copied from Ruskin and badly assimilated."

V. S. Pritchett
London, England

Pritchett is one of Britain's most notable writers and critics. His latest book is "Midnight Oil."





**AIR CONDITION
YOUR FACE**

Iced Hai Karate
After Shave



In 1916, the Navy Today we want people



It's a brand new Navy. To join now, you can be a man or a woman. But to really make it in today's Navy, you've got to have a little of that old American need to succeed. The feeling that you want to go places fast and you have the stuff to get there. The belief that you're someone special.



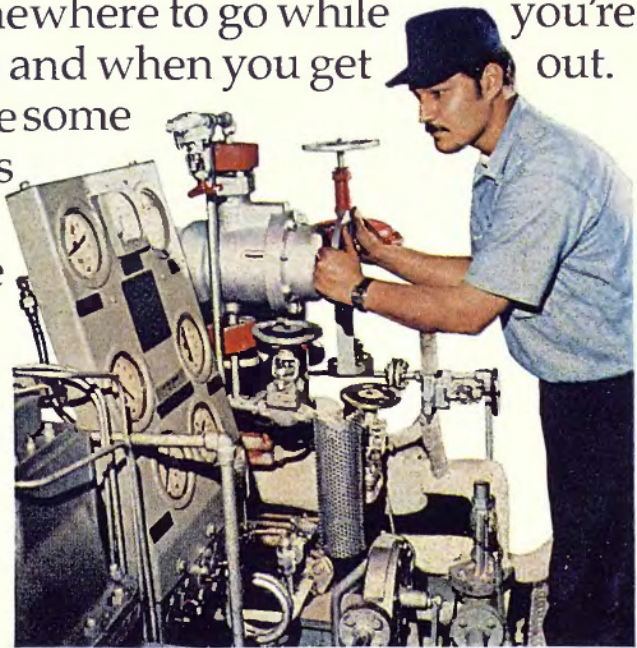
For a free full-color reproduction of this original Navy Poster, stop by your local Navy recruiter's office. No obligation, of course.

only wanted men. who want to succeed.



And the new Navy gives you plenty of chances to prove it. If you qualify, you've got a choice of over 300 jobs. Interesting jobs that keep your head busy. Active jobs that keep your body moving. The kind of jobs you can really get into. Like computer technology and aviation mechanics and seagoing engineering. They're the kind of jobs that give you somewhere to go while you're in the Navy, and when you get out. But there are some other reasons for joining

the new Navy. Like travel. Europe, the Caribbean, Asia are pretty exciting places to work and have a good time. Like money. More than \$340 a month after just four months — with great fringe benefits and one of the best retirement plans in the world. Like people. Making life-long friendships is one Navy tradition that will never change.



If you think you've got what it takes to make it in the new Navy, if you want to go places fast, send in the attached coupon or call toll free 800-841-8000, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Be a success in the New Navy



Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.



America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

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

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Having propelled a nonword (Ms.) into the English language so fast that most people still can't pronounce it, our vagino-American friends are now taking aim at English slang. In a crowded elevator one afternoon, we overheard the following conversation between two young (and attractive) partisans of women's liberation:

First liberated lady: "I hear you took that good-looking new guy from the accounting department out to lunch."

Second liberated lady: "Yeah, I've got a real wide-on for him."

But can he play? Maryland's *Prince George's Post* informs us that a musical trio wowing 'em at a local night spot features "Charlie Deck on piano, Winston England on drugs, Stu Barnes on bass."

In Weert, Netherlands, the proprietor of a Chinese-Indonesian restaurant called Donglong is a Mr. Wang.

Handwriting on the Wall Department, ESP Division: Spotted in a Brooklyn men's room was the thought "Legalize mental telepathy," under which someone had added, "I knew you were going to write that."

An Oregon surgeon has successfully removed a human kidney, repaired it and reimplanted it in the patient. The significance of the breakthrough was somewhat obscured when the Salem *Capital Journal* headlined the story "OREGON M.D. PUTS ORGAN OUT AND IN."

Mies van der Rohe said it first, but there's a real-life architect on the East Coast named Les S. Moore.

Everything you wanted to know about moth balls but were afraid to ask: The current edition of *Books in Print* lists the following four volumes from the prolific

(albeit specialized) pen of one F. N. Pierce—*Genitalia of the Group Geometridae of the Lepidoptera of the British Islands*; *Genitalia of the Group Tortricidae of the Lepidoptera of the British Islands*; *Genitalia of the Tineid Families of the Lepidoptera of the British Islands*; and *Genitalia of the British Rhopalocera and the Larger Moths*.

Unilateral withdrawal: The vice-president of an Atlanta bank complained that a police stakeout of his institution was "disturbing employees and customers," so the police left. Five minutes later, the bank was robbed.

Cruellest want ad of the month: The *Chicago Tribune* informed literary job seekers of several openings for writers. "Basic salary, \$40 per week, plus very good tips." Applicants were asked to apply at Wimpy Grills.

A manufacturer of industrial fasteners advertises his product in the *Baltimore Purchaser* as "the best screw in town."

South African censorship is tough enough as it is—after all, *PLAYBOY* is banned there—without help from a typographer. A newspaper ad for a moviehouse in Newcastle read: "No persons four to 116 years admitted."

Does she or doesn't he? A head-turning want ad in the *Dunellen, New Jersey, Store News* proclaimed: "Part-time female wants position."

The place to avoid when in Taiwan is a beauty shop that calls itself Madam Lulu's Beauty Sodom.

This notice appeared in the Fort Walton Beach, Florida, *Playground Daily News*: "The regular meeting of the Fort Walton Beach Chapter, the National Secretaries Association (International) will be held Thursday at the Eglin

N.C.O. Club. . . . All interested secretaries must be made prior to ten A.M. Tuesday."

Dissatisfied with the response to their standard NO PARKING signs, police in Arlington, Kentucky, have taken to erecting new signs that read: DON'T EVEN THINK OF PARKING HERE.

"CATTLEMEN," enjoined the stern headline of an ad in the *Napa, California, Register*, "LEARN TO INSEMINATE YOUR OWN COWS!"

Though found guilty, a British burglar asked for clemency on the grounds that he wasn't a professional criminal. When the judge asked him for proof, the man replied, "You see, milord, I'm deaf as a post and cannot hear burglar alarms." He got off with a year's probation and a £50 fine.

When a New York City judge ruled that *Deep Throat* was obscene, the *Syracuse Post-Standard* supported the decision enthusiastically (perhaps too much so) in an editorial titled "A GREAT BLOW FOR DECENCY."

A weather bulletin from the Corvallis, Oregon, *Gazette-Times*: "If you think this has been a wet December, your member is failing."

To popularize the government's birth-control program, the family-planning officer who enrolls the most recruits in the heavily populated regions of central Java will be given a special title: King of the Condom.

Our Good Taste in Advertising Award goes to the mortician who ran this ad in the Bloomington, Illinois, *Daily Pantagraph*: "Beck Memorial Home realizes death is one of the most important social occasions in life, by providing an occasion for socially conditioned grief and

mourning. Although funerals are created by death, they are regulated by social factors, because the problems of death have broad social consequences."

In North Dakota, *The Carson Press* published a story on builders' risk insurance under the headline: "PROTECT YOURSELF DURING ERECTION."

A bare-breasted woman driving an open convertible on the Hollywood Freeway provoked a ten-car collision and inspired the following newspaper headline: "BARES 2, RAMS 10."

The Goldsboro, North Carolina, *News-Argus* often reports goings on at a local mental institution, Cherry Hospital. So the news editor probably didn't think twice in headlining a story about the hospital's new director "DR. PETER IS NAMED CHERRY SUPERINTENDENT."

A 75-year-old Roman was denied his pension because, according to the Italian social-security office, he was dead. When the man appeared at the office in person, he was told he still couldn't receive the benefits until he secured a notarized affidavit certifying that he was, in fact, alive.

The *Los Angeles Times* announced that the winner of a poll to find America's most sensuous man was "local dick jockey Bill Ballance."

Advertising the film version of *The Andromeda Strain*, *The Times*, of Harbor Beach, Michigan, told readers that the science-fiction adventure concerned an "outer-space orgasm" that threatened the earth.

A want ad for a baby sitter in New Jersey's Cape May County *Herald* sought a "middle-aged woman who enjoys boys by the hour; mostly at night."

According to the Mesa, Arizona, *Tribune*, local police reported "two cases of accidental shootings in which the victims both received wounds of the left thing."

We've heard of filthy lucre, but this is ridiculous: A supplement in the *Chicago Sun-Times* detailed an insurance plan that guarantees prospective policyholders "tax-free Cancer-Cash."

From the New York *Daily News*, we learn that "Rich Pettibon and Tommy Mason will marry Kathy Rigby, pretty Olympic gymnast, this coming Saturday."

The inscrutable East: A Japanese press release described a delegate to the U. S.-Japan trade talks as a man who "enjoys reading, appreciates paintings and collects pot plants and liquors and drinks.

He looks upon himself as a lover of dogs and a carp fancier."

Our Dean Martin Award for sniggering male chauvinism goes this month to the Canton, Ohio, *Repository*, which ran a profile of a Federal policewoman under this headline: "NO SOFT JOBS FOR SUSAN—FEMALE FBI AGENT HANDLES 'WHATEVER COMES UP.'"

You're making a big mistake: In the classified pages of *The Waukegan News-Sun*, right under the heading "FOOD/GOOD THINGS TO EAT," appeared an ad offering "aged manure; pulverized, dried, weedless; no lumps or straw."

Our porky friends make the news this month. Down in Hobart, Tasmania, a surprised motorist heard an oncoming lady driver shout, "Pig! Pig!" as her car passed by. He thought she was just another raging women's libber, until he surmounted a hilltop and struck—well, you can guess what he struck. Meanwhile, at Boston College Law School, in a hypothetical brief presented as a classroom exercise, students charged local police with harassment of a specialty restaurant. The restaurant, serving "exclusively porcine delicacies," was called Off The Pig. In Belgrade, a homesick sow walked more than 40 miles to return to the farm of the man who had sold her the day before. And in Novato, California, police got a report that a pig was loose on San Marin Drive. An officer was dispatched, but he found no evidence of four-legged life. Finally he questioned a passer-by: "Have you seen any pigs around here?" "No, sir," came the reply. "You're the first one I've seen all day."

BOOKS

Some years back, Contributing Editor Jean Shepherd reported in these pages that the then-new edition of the venerable *Boy Scout Handbook*—a publication that has guided boys through thick and thin for generations with information on such survival techniques as "How to Make a Fire Without Matches" and "Brewing Tea from Sassafras Bark"—had moved into uncharted byways of modern boyhood. That 1966 edition included, for example, a new merit badge in communications—to earn which an aspiring eagle scout was told, among other requirements, to write, produce and perform his own 60-second TV commercial and to prepare a coherent memo detailing instructions to subordinates. Gone were the days of birchbark canoes and sheepshank knots.

The brand-new edition of the *Scout Handbook*, Shepherd writes, no less relevantly reflects the life style and attitudes of the Seventies. For the first time, it in-

cludes rats and silver fish in its wildlife section, along with the more traditional beavers, skunks, bears and woodchucks. All that old stuff on how to paddle a canoe, tie bowline knots and find the North Star when you're lost in the woods has disappeared—along, perhaps, with the woods. And there are no sections, as there used to be, on games; the new scout is grimly project oriented. The *Handbook* suggests that the troop spend its Saturday afternoons engaged in ragweed control or recycling trash. Without doubt, Shepherd speculates, scenes such as the following are being played out over the breakfast table in millions of homes these days:

SCOUT: Hey, Dad, can I have a buck?

DAD: What for?

SCOUT: I gotta get some cheese.

DAD: Cheese? Why cheese?

SCOUT: I'm goin' after a merit badge.

DAD: A cheese merit badge? What kind of scout troop are you in?

SCOUT: Me and Howie are goin' after the rat-control merit badge. We're gonna catch 12 rats in the basement as our project for the big inner-city camporee. We're gonna mount their ears on a board and shellac 'em.

DAD: For God's sake, Stanley, I'm eating breakfast! Don't you guys ever go hiking, stuff like that?

SCOUT: Hiking? What's that?

DAD: Hiking. You know, taking a long walk and messing around with trees and building fires.

SCOUT: Oh, that. We tried a hike once—all the way down Second Avenue—but four kids got mugged. So we stick to buses. And last week in cockroach-patrol meeting, we learned all about hailing taxis, how much to tip a cabby and all that.

DAD: Cockroach patrol? When I was a kid, I was in the moose patrol. We had a beaver patrol and—

SCOUT: Aw, Dad, that stuff went out with Fats Domino. Look, I can't waste any more time rappin'. I gotta get that cheese. It's gettin' late and we've got a community-relations project on this afternoon.

DAD: Community relations?

SCOUT: We turn out press releases. And then there's recycling those Pepsi bottles and—

DAD: Here's your cheese money. Leave me alone.

No doubt this scene sounds Orwellian to anyone who has been out of touch with the scout world for a few years, but Troop 206 in Queens, New York, *does* have a cockroach patrol, complete with the following patrol cheer:

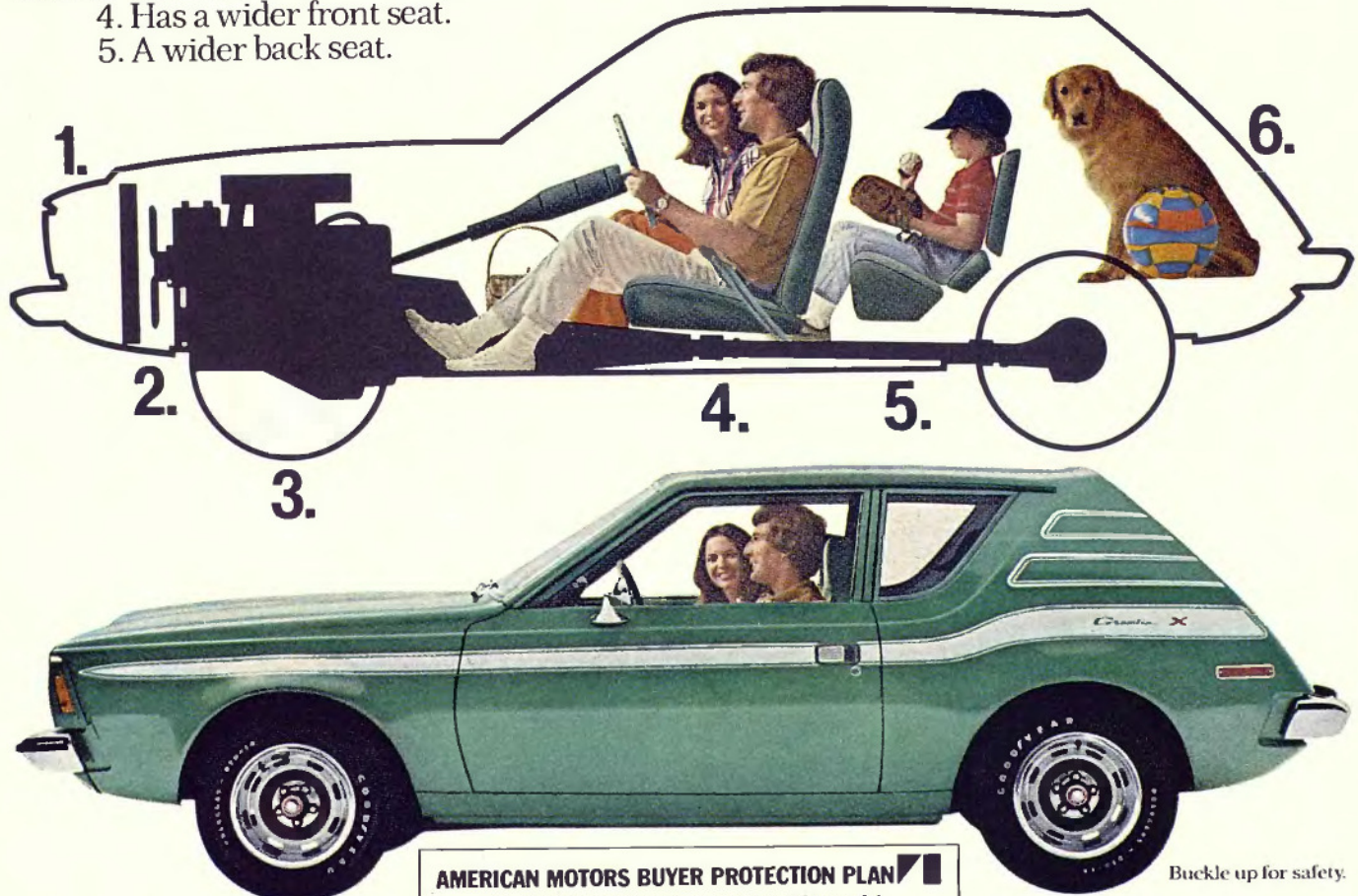
*Teeny-weeny small and black,
Mighty cockroaches will fight back!*

Some things, fortunately, never change: the boy-scout motto, "Be Prepared," still

Anatomy of a Gremlin

1. Gremlin is the only little economy car with a standard 6-cylinder engine.
2. Reaches turnpike speed easily.
3. Weighs more than other small cars. And its wheels are set wider apart.
4. Has a wider front seat.
5. A wider back seat.

6. And more headroom in the trunk. And only American Motors makes this promise: The Buyer Protection Plan backs every '73 car we build. And we'll see that our dealers back that promise.



AMERICAN MOTORS BUYER PROTECTION PLAN

1. A simple, strong guarantee, just 101 words! When you buy a new 1973 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship. This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada, and that guaranteed repairs or replacement be made by an American Motors dealer.
2. A free loaner car from almost every one of our dealers if guaranteed repairs take overnight.
3. Special Trip Interruption Protection.
4. And a toll free hot line to AMC Headquarters.

Buckle up for safety.

AMC Gremlin

We back them better because we build them better.

SONY. NO

Only Sony's Trinitron system has one gun with one big lens for a better-focused, sharper picture. And that's a fact.

What you see here, magnified inside the circle, is the single gun of a Trinitron picture tube.

One gun needs only one lens, so there's room for a big one.

Everyone else—even the new "in-line" tubes—must fit in three lenses, so they have to be smaller.

Why is a big lens such a good thing?

A big lens has a correspondingly big central portion. And the center is the most distortion-free part.

So you get a better-focused, sharper picture from Sony.

No baloney.

You also get a brighter picture. That's because of something else only Trinitron has—an Aperture Grille.

It lets the electron beams hit the screen in unbroken stripes—not in isolated dots, or ovals.

That way more electrons get to the screen. And you get a brighter picture.

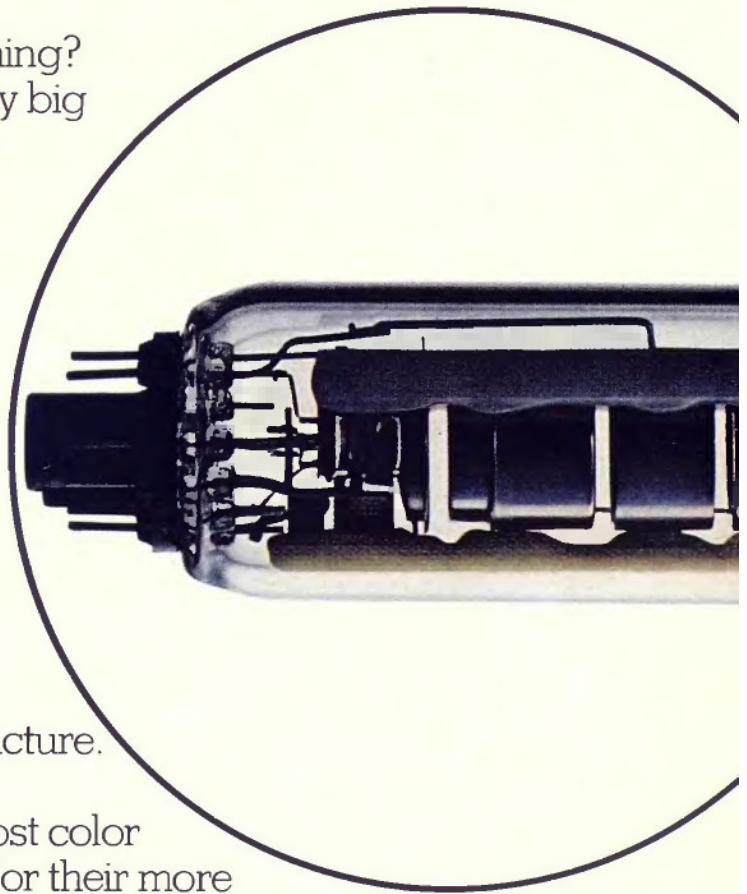
From Sony. No baloney.

How about reliability? Today, most color TV manufacturers use all-solid-state for their more expensive models.

Sony uses all-solid-state for all their models.

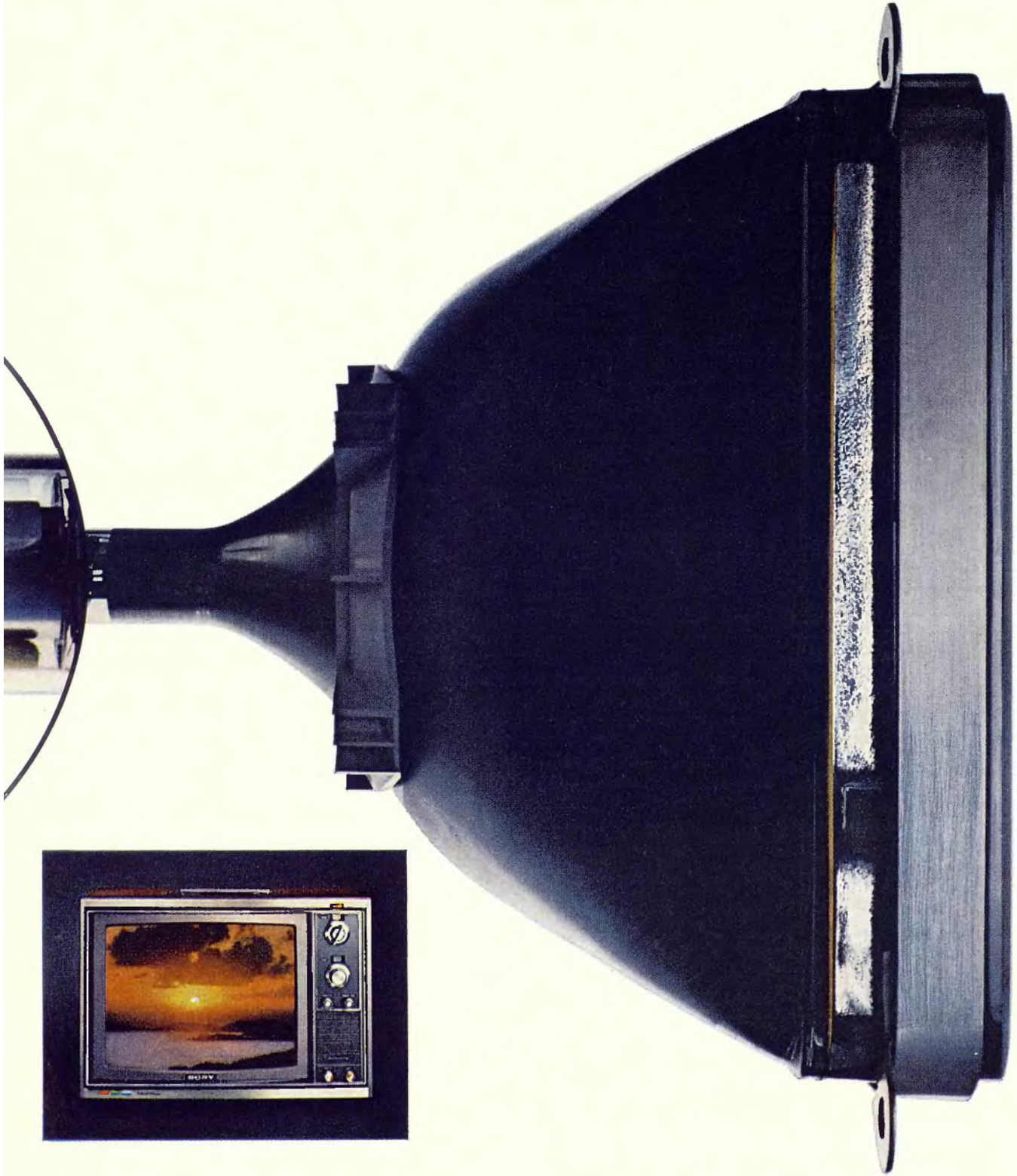
If you're technically inclined, write for our 12-page Trinitron pamphlet. Or simply stop in at any Sony dealer's.

Once you've seen our Trinitron picture, you'll know we're not giving you any baloney.



SONY
TRINITRON

BALONEY.



Write: Pamphlet Offer, Sony, 47-47 Van Dam St., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101. © 1973 Sony Corp. of America. TV picture simulated.

rings loud and clear. In the new *Handbook*, scouts are warned never to leave the house on some urgent community project without taking along what it calls "emergency change"—for use in pay toilets.

Breakfast of Champions (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence) is the title of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s new novel. The title has nothing to do with Wheaties. It's the salutation a waitress uses every time she deposits a martini before a customer in a certain cocktail lounge. The waitress is a minor character in the book; the rest of the book is about how Kilgore Trout is going to get to meet Dwayne Hoover and have his right ring finger bitten off at the top joint. Dwayne Hoover is a Pontiac dealer with "bad chemicals." He had a wife who committed suicide by eating Drano and he has a dog who has to fight all the time because he can't wag his tail and he has a son who's a homosexual and plays piano in the same cocktail lounge where the waitress always says "Breakfast of champions." Kilgore Trout is a writer of science fiction. He should have avoided Dwayne Hoover. But Vonnegut, who has used Kilgore Trout as a character in other books, makes him appear at the cocktail lounge to get the top part of his right ring finger bitten off by you know who. It's the big scene in the book. The book actually has very few scenes at all. It does have some wonderful illustrations by the author, though, and many funny observations about education, pollution, football, fascism, capital punishment, penis size, yoga. But readers who weren't taken with Vonnegut's previous books, such as *Cat's Cradle* and *Slaughterhouse-Five*, may find this one cloying at times. That is because the author oversimplifies everything and gets carried away with his own cutesies. He writes too much like this.

Peter Maas, who gave us *The Valachi Papers*, has created an instant pop hero in *Serpico* (Viking), the true but shamelessly romanticized story of an incorruptible New York cop. The book is already slated for treatment by Hollywood and it seems a sure bet for television as well. Frank Serpico is a producer's dream: a cop who lives in Greenwich Village and looks like a fashion-plate hippie ("hair that brushes his shoulders and a full beard . . . leather sandals, a pullover shirt of coarse white linen with leg-of-mutton sleeves"); who packs a sleek Browning automatic; who is kind to his immigrant parents in Brooklyn; whose hobbies are gardening and karate; and who attracts gorgeous women of all races and carnal persuasions. And that's not the half of it. For reasons Maas never bothers to explore, Serpico, a low-grade plainclothesman, chose to "do something about a system that allowed corruption to flour-

ish." He thus broke "an unwritten code that . . . said a cop could not turn in other cops." For a long time, Serpico was reluctant to blow the whistle on his boodlchasing colleagues. When he finally did, no one in the police or city-hall establishments listened. We're "clean as a hound's tooth," he was assured by an inspector who supervised a particularly putrid police district. When Serpico leaked his story to *The New York Times*, even Mayor Lindsay was compelled to take notice. Serpico became something of a hero to the public and a traitor to "his kind." All this makes a fascinating story, but it's marred by Maas's banal embellishments: "All Frank Serpico ever wanted was to be a good cop. Perhaps that was the trouble; he had wanted to be one too much."

In his first novel, *Facing the Lions* (Viking), *New York Times* man Tom Wicker limns a case history of a Senator fatally afflicted with virulent White House fever. Hunt Anderson is a Kefauverlike character with a Huey Longish father from a Southern tobacco state. A televised investigation into the conditions of migrant farm workers propels him to national attention; a wife with long legs spurs him toward the corridors of power; early primary wins mark him as a contender at a party convention. But the fact that he hasn't followed all the rules and touched all the bases finally undoes him. In a showdown scene, the convention kingmaker, a boss in tinted shades, refuses him support simply because he's not a "conventional pro." After that, Anderson's life is one long swig downhill. "But it was politics that ruined him, not whiskey," eulogizes a former aide. Wicker's own view of politics seems cynical, to say the least; not even the usual pragmatic justifications are offered. "Politics is a Federal program," says the reporter-narrator, from whose point of view the Anderson story evolves. "It takes you up on the mountain. But politics won't wipe a baby's ass." Wicker casts his novel with interesting minor characters—seedy old Senators screwing young stewardesses and screwed-up Washington wives—but its best parts are the insights he offers into the strange-bedfellow relationship among reporters in the political field. Although Wicker tends to get a bit garrulous and out of his depth occasionally, *Facing the Lions* is still a cut above the Drury-Pearson-Knebel sort of potboiler that old newspapermen send up for their capital gains.

Hunter Thompson is odd man out among political reporters. Chronicler of the Hell's Angels, former candidate for sheriff of Aspen on the Freak Power ticket, an earnest autodidact in ways of getting himself spaced out by booze and other means, Thompson doesn't think,

write, dress or act like an "objective reporter." *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72* (Straight Arrow), his account of our most recent jousting for the Presidency, is generally, profanely and sometimes instructively absorbing. Thompson was an unabashed McGovern supporter, though aware early on that McGovern was unable to stir enough of his own constituency, let alone the rest of the electorate, to beat Nixon. What makes Thompson's book, much of it originally written for *Rolling Stone*, come alive—even though he's writing about a corpse of a campaign—are his style and his shrewdness of judgment: "George Wallace is one of the worst charlatans in politics, but there is no denying his talent for converting frustration into energy." The book is full of extraordinary anecdotes—an hourlong talk about football with Nixon on the campaign trail in 1968; an interview with McGovern in a men's room in New Hampshire four years later on why Harold Hughes had declared for Muskie; and vivid accounts of diverse eccentrics met during the 1972 tourney, as well as acidulous sketches of many of its most prominent figures. He puts down Hubert Humphrey as "a shallow, contemptible and hopelessly dishonest old hack." Thompson himself isn't as endlessly fascinating as he thinks he is, and there are long stretches of self-description that congeal the action. But he is a lively observer of others and, when his head is together, a first-rate interviewer. If he can stand another round, *Rolling Stone* ought to send him out on the trail again in 1976—but after this book, he'd better figure out a good disguise.

Thomas Berger's new novel, *Regiment of Women* (Simon & Schuster), presents a satiric view of a craven new world ruled by women's lib. At the beginning of the 21st Century, men are the weaker sex, wearing skirts, affecting silicone boobs, reduced to typing pools and cooking chores, completely dominated by pushy—and butchy—women who sheathe their breasts, wear pants, smoke stogies, refer to men as "cooze" and take their pleasure by bugging them with dildos. Men beautify themselves to please their women; procreation is a matter for state laboratories; and vaginal intercourse is society's biggest taboo. The penis is an instrument of the past, a cause of man's inferiority: "Women would be just like men if they had a penis and balls. Why don't men play football? Because they might get hit there. And the same goes for boxing and wrestling. Women might be smaller, but they are invulnerable. It's nature's cruel joke to make men the larger and stronger sex and then give them this, which nullifies everything else." The hero, or anti-heroine, of Berger's sci-fi *Charley's Aunt* is a Caspar Milquetoast secretary named

Georgie who gets arrested for trying on a pair of pants while drunk. Georgie breaks out of jail, is recruited by an underground men's lib organization and goes off to the Sperm Service at Camp Kilmer, determined to sabotage their "milking" efforts by getting all the boys to masturbate. And so the plot churns on, spoofing everything from modern psychiatry to old-fashioned Army life, until Georgie finds a woman who finally initiates his penis into the lost joys of genuine fucking. Unfortunately, for all of Berger's inventiveness, his book is a reverse variation of an old joke—George S. Kaufman's *If Men Played Cards as Women Do*.

Last year, after two meetings with Huey P. Newton, psychologist Erik Erikson reported that the cofounder of the Black Panther Party—and last month's *Playboy Interview* subject—is an unusually probing and resourceful young man of much more complexity than has been indicated in accounts of his various trials and prison terms. Or, for that matter, in most of Newton's fiery speeches. *Revolutionary Suicide* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), written by Newton with the assistance of J. Herman Blake, justifies Erikson's encomium. A thoughtful autobiography, with much less rhetoric than one has come to expect, the book details the evolution of a young black in Oakland, California, who transcended his largely wasted public school years and acquired, through omnivorous reading and the survival dynamics of street life, the enormous self-confidence that not only has made him a national figure but also enabled him to overcome a number of rough prison stretches. He draws sharp profiles of such other figures in the black liberation movement of the Sixties as Eldridge Cleaver, Stokely Carmichael, Bobby Seale and George Jackson. Newton has little respect for the first two but great admiration for the second two. Obviously, Newton's account of his political activities, and of his many encounters with the police, is partisan; but when read along with all the other books about the Panthers, *Revolutionary Suicide* is a persuasive addition to the history of that besieged organization. Newton is vague as to exactly what his program is going to be from this point on, but he emphasizes that the Panthers (Newton division as opposed to Cleaver) no longer consider themselves a revolutionary "vanguard," because "only the people can create the revolution." Perhaps Newton will tell us in his next book how that is to be done.

Whether or not Marshall McLuhan reads Peter De Vries is not recorded, but if he does, he must hate him. Because De Vries is one writer whose stuff just won't translate into visuals. In his latest revel,

Forever Panting (Little, Brown), he continues to sprinkle his prose with outrageous puns, mad metaphors and verbal nips-ups ("the plenipentiary institution of marriage"). But he's not just a word nut. Once you buy his preposterous premise and get to know his pleasantly insane characters, you're hooked—and you willingly follow as they careen from one absurd contretemps to the next. This time we have Stew Smackenfelt, a Broadway bit player, who lives in exurbia with his young wife, Dolly, his moneyed mother-in-law, Ginger, and his id, whom he calls Blodgett. Ginger isn't much older than Stew (she's only a *de facto* mother-in-law, having raised Dolly from the age of six)—and while her malapropensity pains him (she thinks sodomite is a metal), her "ripe, handsomely hewn body" excites Blodgett. So first thing you know, Stew finds himself in bed with Ginger, and second thing you know, he's married to her. Dolly blesses the match and promptly weds a neighboring huckster who has promised to make her a star in TV commercials. Comes now the usual De Vries combo of ingenuity, hilarity and snippets of satire, as he orchestrates the ensuing imbroglios until we're back at square number one, with Stew and Dolly together again. But "Will Ginger snap?" Stew asks in De Vriesese. If you're ready for another of the man's *abductios ad absurdum* (sorry about that, Peter), read *Forever Panting*—and thumb your nose at McLuhan.

DINING-DRINKING

If the first zephyr of summer brings thoughts of tree-shaded roads and provincial inns, go north, young man, out of Manhattan and into the rolling hills of exurbia. And get an early start: You'll want time to poke about in the historic towns and antique shops that dot the landscape before stoking up at some country *auberge*. It makes for a full, satisfying day, especially if your ultimate destination is *Stonehenge* in Ridgefield, Connecticut. The atmosphere is bucolic—white swans and mallards on a private pond—but no dirt farmer ever built this substantial 19th Century abode. A spring-fed swimming pool has been added and pleasant, reasonable lodgings are available if you get the urge to stay on after dinner. All this plus engaging, innovative and, at times, exceptional fare. The menu is eclectic—bedizened with deft personal touches that tickle the imagination as well as the taste buds. The *gazpacho* may come with scoops of avocado, grated fresh apple adorns the vichyssoise and a lacing of leeks transforms an excellent Quiche Lorraine into a superb *Vaudoise*. One of the Stonehenge specialties, live brook trout, is usually offered *au bleu*. On a recent visit, our preference for a *meunière* treatment was accommo-

dated without fanfare. The artfully filleted fish was sweet and tender, a triumph of simplicity. Chef Rudi Hauser's fine Swiss hand is also evident in such items as the *Plat de Grison*—smoked, mountain-cured Swiss beef and ham, served with *cornichons* and pearl onions; *Potage Grison*, a lusty barley soup studded with bits of the same ham; fresh-fruit-of-the-season soups; and the *Plat du Jour*, which is usually a richly sauced veal dish with perhaps morels, truffles or native wild mushrooms. Good vittles rather than flashiness seems to be the focus at Stonehenge. Fruit and produce are fresh from local growers, when available, and the sage in your Saltimbocca comes from a nearby herb farm. Stonehenge's wine list, while not extensive, is sufficient. Côte de Beaunes Villages is a modest \$10 a bottle or \$5.25 a half bottle. For the adventurous, there's a pleasantly earthy, golden Dezalet with a Swiss yodel in its bouquet. Stonehenge is open for lunch Tuesday through Saturday from noon to 2:30 P.M. Dinner is from 5:30 P.M. to 9 P.M. weekdays; 10 P.M. Saturday. Sunday hours are from noon to 7:30 P.M. Reservations: 203-438-6511.

Just a truffle's throw from Stonehenge, in Pound Ridge, New York, is one of those rarities—an *authentic* Colonial inn. History books don't reveal whether George Washington slept there, but he could have. *Emily Shaw's Inn* is a building that dates back to 1777, and you should look so good at that age. The place is drenched with charm. Heavy ceiling beams show ax marks. The walls are alternately wood paneled, rough plank and stone, and hung with Early American household artifacts. Most interesting of the six attractive dining rooms is the downstairs English Tap Room, with its stone floor, timbered ceiling, venerable wooden bar and cavernous fireplace. The best dishes on the menu are the house specialties, which are starred on the bill of fare. Shaw's Famous Cheddar Cheese Soup is one of the best—derived, according to Mrs. Shaw, from a Welsh-rabbit recipe. If you'd rather have a cold soup, there are such offbeat items as cucumber and watercress, in addition to the standard vichyssoise. Crab meat is handled intelligently, cold in a salad or in Crab Meat Dewey—chunks of tender meat in a white-wine cream sauce that doesn't overpower the delicate seafood. Aged Prime Ribs of Beef are done to a turn in rock salt and cut thin, English style, or in one generous slab. And the Special London Broil is unfailingly tender, cut from the end of the fillet. Although it's starred, the house salad dressing is dull. Consider one of the options, such as the roquefort. What could be very good Lindy's-style cheesecake suffers from excessive chilling. Instead, try one of the



Come where it's cool

For years, people have been coming all the way up to Kool. Millions have switched from their hot-tasting brands to Kool's extra coolness. Now, here's a chance to get out of the heat, and into the "Koolhouse." It's a ten-sided canopied pavilion, 11' 2" in diameter, ceiling height 7' 6". You can easily put it together yourself. Great for parties, or just a little shade in your backyard. Ordinarily \$199.00, the "Koolhouse" is yours for only \$129.00 and one end flap from any carton of Kools. Put a "Koolhouse" in your yard this summer. And enjoy Kools, all year round.

KOOLHOUSE OFFER! ⁶⁵

Special bargain price covers delivery of a complete KOOLHOUSE (pictured at right), including folding walls and door (with aluminum frames and fiberglass screening), heavy-duty vinyl roof cover, and a complete instruction booklet.

Allow 6-8 weeks delivery. This offer good until 12/31/73 (or while supply lasts) and is limited to U.S.A. It is open only to those 21 years of age or over.

Make certified check or money order payable to KOOLHOUSE offer. Mail to Box 3000KH, Louisville, Kentucky 40201.

Please send me _____ KOOLHOUSE(S). For each one I enclose one Kool carton end flap (any size) plus \$129.00.

Certified Check Money Order * BankAmericard * Master Charge

*Card # _____ Expires _____

Phone _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



18 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 72.

© 1973, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

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

Two things America has learned in the past 5 years:
"Black is Beautiful," and...



"Don't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.

deep-dish pies served warm in minicaseroles. Shaw's wine selection would do credit to any hostelry: Lafites and Mouton-Rothschilds lie beside Grands Echézeaux and La Tâches. Evenings are candlelit and the Jerry Aiello Trio plays on Friday and Saturday nights. Shaw's is open for lunch Tuesday through Saturday from noon to 2:30 P.M. Dinner is from 6 P.M. to 9:30 P.M. Tuesday through Thursday; Friday and Saturday to 10:30 P.M. Sunday hours are from 1 P.M. to 8:30 P.M. Reservations: 914-764-5779.

Minutes away from Shaw's, in an Early Dutch Colonial clapboard, you'll find an Italian alternative, *Nino's*. It's just outside the picture-book town of Bedford Village. Time it right and there'll be a village fair going on, with baked delicacies prepared by cooks of the wealthy locals. Nino's pasta dishes are exceptional, as you'd expect of a place that boasts its own pasta-making *macchina*. If you don't think fresh noodles make a difference, try the Green Noodles al Prosciutto or the Fettuccine Nino—an Alfredo sauce with egg yolk added. Other favorites include the Scampi—either garlic or Livornese—sweetbreads braised in marsala with truffles, soft-shelled crabs *amandine* and prime steaks (which you can see aging in windowed refrigerators outside the Verandah Room). The softly lit main dining room flanks the Verandah. The flagstone-floored Bar Americano pours everything from Campari to cognac. Nino's is open for lunch from noon to 2:30 P.M. weekdays (closed Tuesday); dinner is from 6 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.; 10:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday. Sunday hours are from 1 P.M. to 9:30 P.M. Reservations: 914-234-3374.

You won't find the word *beausejour* in standard French dictionaries. It's an idiom that the proprietor-maitre de *Beausejour*, Fernand Jaouen, translates as "enjoy . . . have a good time"—and it's hard not to at this quasi-French Provincial inn perched on a rocky outcropping near Brewster, New York. The place is breath-taking in summer, half-hidden behind a grove of trees, rows of tulips, rhododendron bushes and wild flowers. Windows in the high-ceilinged main dining room look out on Sodom (believe it) Reservoir. The menu is typically French, with few surprises or variations. But it's prepared with the polish befitting a *patron* who trained with Henri Soulé (Le Pavillon) and Roger Chauveron (Le Chambord). Among the specialties are Duckling à l'Orange flamed with triple sec, Veal Scallops à la Crème, Beef Bordelaise, Roast Baby Pheasant and a savory Coquille St. Jacques, which is *not* extended with heavy sprinklings of bread crumbs. The Coquille is a main dish at luncheon and an appetizer at dinner. Shrimp Cocktail, Smoked Salmon and Escargots also appear as dinner appetiz-

ers, without the annoying parenthetical extra charge. Beausejour is open for lunch noon to 2:30 P.M. Tuesday through Saturday; dinner Tuesday through Thursday from 6 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Friday 10:30 P.M. Saturday to 11 P.M. and Sunday from 1 P.M. to 8:30 P.M. Closed on Monday. Reservations: 914-279-2873.

Figure on about an hour from the city line to reach these country places, and the scenic drive up is an extra dividend. Explicit directions should be obtained from the inn when making reservations, which are essential. All take major credit cards.

MOVIES

Hollywood as a dream factory most decidedly ain't what it used to be. For the skeptical sensibilities of the Seventies, the old formulas no longer work. To cite one obvious example, traditional flag-waving patriotism is as obsolete as a Sherman tank in a nation exhausted by a shameful war. Nor do they turn out showbiz sagas about a Macy's salesgirl who dances her way to fame on Broadway. They don't even turn out another *All About Eve*, because audiences suspect there's something closer to truth in such films as *Heat* and *Payday*, which depict lesser showbiz deities as ego-driven neurotics with hang-ups about sex, liquor and box-office receipts.

To support the trend of recent years, there is a new kind of put-down movie that plays iconoclastic hell with works of every genre. Horror films, of course, have become high camp—with Vincent Price as *Dr. Phibes* and numerous bush-league monsters mocking the fact that Frankenstein and Dracula were once taken seriously. Remember those sentimental film biographies of winners such as Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth, or maybe of a boy with a good left jab who would rather play the violin? Today films about the world of sport tend to concentrate on the loser psychology: John Huston's *Fat City*; *Kansas City Bomber*; and no fewer than four movies last year about aging rodeo stars on the skids, from *J. W. Coop* to *Junior Bonner*. With the undistinguished exception of *Young Winston*—a movie made to achieve instant antiquity—historical figures are tending to emerge on film in a pretty harsh light (e.g., *Lady Caroline Lamb*, *Savage Messiah's* ferocious portrait of an artist and Lady Hamilton as a vulgar strumpet in *The Nelson Affair*, reviewed on page 30). The reversals effected in film treatments of cops and robbers and cowboys and Indians—with brutal or racist lawmen and exploitative whites most likely to play the bad guys—are so common today that any moviegoer can cite his own examples. But before we go into mourning for the good old uncynical days, we might consider that what

we are seeing—at its best—is an intensified search for truth and greater maturity in films, and this is to be applauded rather than lamented.

Among American directors who have yet to achieve international superstar status, one of the more venturesome is Robert Altman. A man incurably committed to challenging convention, he scored a huge popular success with *M*A*S*H* when he used the form of a Service comedy to sneak in some pointed comments about the grim and gory reality behind the customary barracks humor. In *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, Altman invited initial irritation by fooling around with naturalistic fuzziness on the sound track, then proceeded to describe one of the heroes of frontier America as a cowardly profiteer in league with a whorehouse madam. Back in the same groove after a couple of stylish experiments (*Brewster McCLOUD* and *Images*), Altman has now delivered what may be the ultimate genre put-down.

In *The Long Goodbye*, based on Raymond Chandler's novel, writer-director Altman performs drastic surgery on a private-eye thriller, observing no rules but his own. What he has done is to use Chandler's celebrated detective hero, Philip Marlowe, as a straw man whose entire system of values comes slowly unglued when he digs into a case involving a missing friend, some missing money and a famous writer's blonde wife. Dick Powell, George Montgomery, James Garner, Robert Montgomery and Humphrey Bogart have each played Marlowe in earlier adaptations of Chandler (of which the best by far was Bogart's *The Big Sleep*), but there's been nothing quite like the Marlowe portrayed by Elliott Gould—as a rather ineffectual creep whose car, clothes and general demeanor suggest that he is still living back in the Forties. He is far from the type recently resuscitated with moderate success by Burt Reynolds in *Shamus*. Gould as Marlowe shuffles through the world of 1973 looking inept and befuddled, because nothing works for him anymore. He's just a semitough guy with a heart of gold who naïvely believes all the clichés about friendship, loyalty, honor among thieves. He cannot relate to the new morality and scarcely glances at a bevy of almost nude freaky chicks in a neighboring pad—except to ask them to feed his cat while he's away. "If I was your age," one cynic advises, "I think I'd bust my ass to get into a little more dignified line of endeavor." Finding himself betrayed in the end, Marlowe murders his best friend and goes waltzing down a dusty road while the sound track explodes into the Mickey Mouse strains of *Hooray for Hollywood*. Which is Altman's nose-thumbing goodbye to a tradition he



Built to be seen. Not heard.

Take a good look at the new Satellite Sebring-Plus. We've restyled it to give it a look we think a lot of people are going to like.

And things like floor silencers and roof pads to keep the street noises outside the car.

But that's only the beginning. Here's the inside story.

It all means that the Sebring-Plus will be a quieter car than ever before. "Super-Quiet" we call it.

You know all those irritating little noises your car makes when you drive down the highway? Like windwhistle. Tire noise. Traffic sounds.



If Satellite sounds like your kind of car, stop at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Take a good look at our new Satellite.

Well, we've built a car to quiet those noises. This transparent car has colored areas showing where we placed sound silencers in the new Sebring-Plus. We've added special door and window seals, for example.

Drive it, listen to the quiet, experience the new ride and the way it handles. Then decide. We don't think there's a better choice in a mid-size car.

Mid-size Plymouth Satellite

Extra care in engineering... it makes a difference.



Hitachi's "strong" warranty. It's evenly balanced between the big and the little.

Hitachi doesn't play favorites. We give our smallest radio the same strong labor warranty as our big 21-inch color TV.

It's strong because every Hitachi is 100% Solid-State all-transistor (excluding picture tube). There's more quality in each and every product.

That's why on all COLOR and BLACK/WHITE TV's, we give a warranty of 5 years on transistors, 2 years on picture tubes and other parts (accessories not included) and 1 year free carry-in labor. (On 21" sets 1 year free in-home labor).

On radios and even on tape recorders, 5 years on transistors, 1 year on other parts (accessories not included), 1 year free carry-in labor. And Hitachi has authorized service throughout the country.

Hitachi. We're out to win you over with our "strength". For more information write, Hitachi Sales Corp. of America, Dept. P-5, 48-50 34th Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

Quality always comes first at
HITACHI



obviously classes as pure bullshit. Altman—in concert with cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond—also challenges moviegoers with a kind of drifting-camera technique that approximates perpetual motion and declines to focus in on everything of importance. Entertaining and outrageous, *Long Goodbye* is less interesting for Gould's performance (he seems to be acting off the top of his head) than for Altman's sense of danger. He is a director who risks a lot, but often wins—and not the least of his gambles was his decision to cast singer Nina van Pallandt (the other woman in the Clifford Irving case) as the blonde in the big beach house. What may have started as sheer exploitation turns out to be a pow screen debut for Nina, whose lightly weathered beauty and striking presence are exactly what Chandler himself might have ordered. "There are blondes and blondes," in the words of the master, but here's one with real class.

Glenda Jackson plays Lady Emma Hamilton as a flamboyant, foulmouthed tart in Hal B. Wallis' *The Nelson Affair*, which marks quite a departure from *That Hamilton Woman* of several decades ago, played by Vivien Leigh as a spoiled darling. Both may be equally far from the truth about the commoner's daughter who became the mistress of Admiral Lord Nelson, hero of the Battle of Trafalgar—yet Glenda's portrait of a raunchy guttersnipe creating havoc in and around the admiral's stately home is a showstopper. Whether Nelson would have tolerated her tantrums for five minutes is another question. Given a literate script based on Terence Rattigan's London stage success *A Bequest to the Nation*, and given a forceful performance by Peter Finch as Nelson, the movie manages to be good theater if not first-rate cinema. For reasons never made clear, the opening episodes look at the scandalous affair between Emma and his lordship through the eyes of young Dominic Guard (the boy in *The Go-Between*, doing his thing again) as Nelson's nephew, who disappears after a while, leaving the screen to Finch, Jackson, Margaret Leighton, Anthony Quayle, Michael Jayston and other talented grownups. The battle scenes at Trafalgar are so muddled they might better have been omitted; they count for little against the drawing-room Donnybrook waged by Miss Jackson as a lady fighting England's king and Parliament with everything she's got to keep her man at home in bed where he belongs. *The Nelson Affair* is English history served up as literary tripe—easy to swallow when English actors pour on that rich old-fashioned flavor.

The way two teenaged girls emerge from the ladies' room under the lusting

Whatever You Do... Do It With "Brio"

ROMAN BRIO

AFTER SHAVE · COLOGNE · GIFT SETS



You don't have to be an ancient Roman... to live like one.



Start someone on a pipe today

(Why not yourself)



Imperial
\$4.95

YELLO-BOLE®

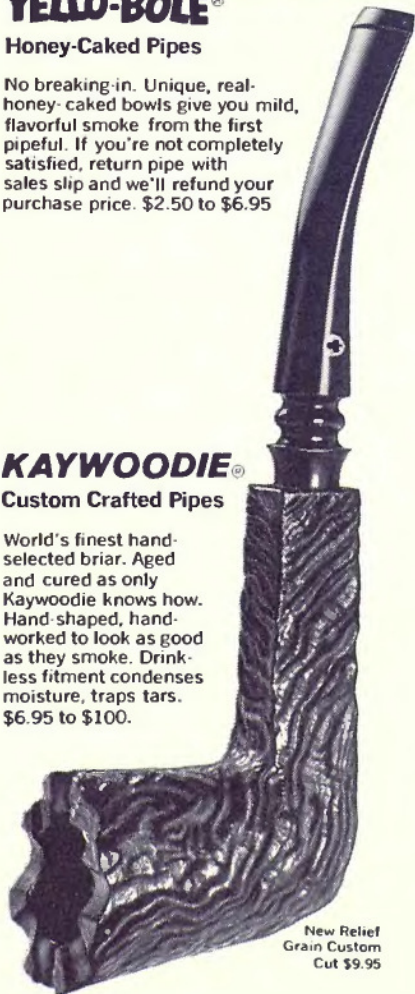
Honey-Caked Pipes

No breaking-in. Unique, real-honey-caked bowls give you mild, flavorful smoke from the first pipeful. If you're not completely satisfied, return pipe with sales slip and we'll refund your purchase price. \$2.50 to \$6.95

KAYWOODIE®

Custom Crafted Pipes

World's finest hand-selected briar. Aged and cured as only Kaywoodie knows how. Hand-shaped, hand-worked to look as good as they smoke. Drinkless fitment condenses moisture, traps tars. \$6.95 to \$100.



New Relief
Grain Custom
Cut \$9.95

gaze of studs and soldiers at a Legion dance is caught to perfection in *Wedding in White*, a sensitive drama by writer-director William Fruet. Made in Canada with mostly native talent and placed in a provincial Canadian town during World War Two, Fruet's minitragedy describes how a sweet young creature (played flawlessly by Carol Kane, who has the face of a wan Renaissance *Madonna*) is all but destroyed by male vanity and *machismo*. First raped by a GI buddy who comes home on leave with her brother, she is branded a whore by her callous dad (Donald Pleasence), the kind of brute whose code of honor—forged during service on the local bowling team—decrees that a man in uniform can do no wrong and that decent girls know enough to keep their legs crossed. To save his own pride when he learns that poor Jeannie is pregnant, her father ultimately barbers her off in a marriage of convenience to an old drinking buddy several times her age. Fine acting throughout, plus beautifully recorded details of life in the lower working class, makes *Wedding in White* touching as well as true.

When a Hollywood star frequently appeared topless and was told "You're too beautiful to be any good," chances were that the object of such attention was a sex symbol of the feminine gender. Not nowadays. Not with pretty-boy Ryan O'Neal, as *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*, coaxing compliments from Jacqueline Bisset, as his accomplice in crime, and from Jill Clayburgh, as his ex-wife, who believes she's been cheated of a good thing. Playing a cat burglar, Ryan claims to be the only honest man in a world of thieves—presumably because he grabs jewelry from wealthy snobs in Houston, who deserve to be robbed blind. On that questionable moral premise, producer-director Bud Yorkin and scenarist Walter Hill construct a cardboard comedy with high gloss but negligible inner sparkle. Despite *Thief's* emphasis on physical attraction, the real attention getter of the piece turns out to be plain, reliable Warren Oates as an insurance investigator who sticks to his dogged conviction that beauty is only skin-deep. He must have learned it at the movies.

If *Love Story* could hit the jackpot with a tale of true devotion and untimely death, then *A Warm December* may stand a fighting chance. For his second outing as a director, Sidney Poitier seems to have thumbed through a list of relevant themes and found sickle-cell anemia—the blood disease to which black people are uniquely susceptible. Start with that, and it's no trick to imagine a widowed Boston doctor (Poitier) who travels to London for a vacation with his

young daughter (Yvette Curtis, a charming tyke) and meets an enigmatic beauty (introducing Jamaican-born Esther Anderson) among the entourage of an African diplomat. The ambassador's niece, as played by gorgeous Miss Anderson, is brave, chic, witty, patriotic, passionate—and doomed. "Let's run a sickle-cell prep. . . . It may not be fatal," suggests one of Poitier's medical colleagues. But somehow you *know* that all these two beautiful people can do is make every minute of the time remaining count. An idyllic weekend in the country. Bittersweet music. A night of love—the discreet and civilized kind that hardly takes the press out of Sidney's pajamas. And then farewell. Strangely enough, most of it works on the soap-opera level intended. If you have tears, prepare to shed them. If you have doubts, cling to the thought that Poitier is just keeping in practice for better films to come.

Producer Ross Hunter's immensely silly musical remake of *Lost Horizon* is faithful to a fault in following the original movie version of the James Hilton potboiler, made in 1937 by Frank Capra, starring Ronald Colman as the writer finding his Shangri-La. Peter Finch (again) plays the hero very well, indeed, but director Charles Jarrott is no Capra, and the text seems little changed except for the addition of song cues. And there's the rub. The musical score by Burt Bacharach and Hal David emulates Rodgers and Hammerstein during their most saccharine period, replete with simple-minded paeans to love, family, virtue and being true to oneself. The air of simple goodness gets pretty thick for Liv Ullmann, Michael York, Sally Kellerman, George Kennedy, Olivia Hussey (of *Romeo and Juliet*), John Gielgud (likable but laughable as Chang, aide to Charles Boyer's High Lama) and Bobby Van. Recruited from Broadway's *No, No, Nanette*, Van teaches the kiddies of Shangri-La everything they ever wanted to know about tap dancing. There's also a dancing chorus, picking up the beat of something that might as well be called Shangri-rock. The one person who appears to understand the nature of the enterprise is loose, leggy Miss Kellerman, who sings and dances with casual aplomb and obviously knows that the new *Lost Horizon* is merely a high-camp compendium of all the Hollywood clichés ever visited upon an unsuspecting public, with or without the music.

The wordiness and deliberate pace of *Ludwig* make this opulent biography a test of loyalty for admirers of Italian director Luchino Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers* and *The Damned*). Helmut Berger plays the handsome homosexual monarch, who drowned mysteriously in

Knowing what a man wants...

... makes PLAYBOY the one magazine every man wants. The finest in fact, fiction and foldout. Add to that... the convenience of having PLAYBOY delivered right to your door... and the big savings off the single-copy price. Now... how can you resist subscribing?

12 great issues for just \$10. Subscribe today!

PLAYBOY, Playboy Building
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611



- I know what I want—a subscription to PLAYBOY for
- 1 year at \$10 (save \$3.00 off \$13 single-copy price)
 - 2 years at \$18 (save \$8.00 off \$26 single-copy price)
 - 3 years at \$24 (save \$15.00 off \$39 single-copy price)
 - payment enclosed new subscription
 - bill me later renewal
 - charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

my name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO only.

7281



Minolta helps you visit a private kingdom.

Become part of a special world with a camera that doesn't hold you back, a camera that lets you concentrate on your subject.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on mood and insight. The viewfinder gives you all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. Because you never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

A Minolta SR-T camera could be your passport to another world.

For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102



When identified by a factory-sealed "M" tag, Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corp. against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding user-inflicted damage. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, postpaid, securely packaged, including \$2.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.

1886 at the age of 40 and is known as the "mad king of Bavaria," builder of several fairy-tale castles that left his treasury virtually bankrupt but have long since paid off their costs as tourist attractions. Like most Visconti films, *Ludwig* is a treat for the eyes—an exquisite reproduction of a time, place and mode of life among Europe's decadent crowned heads. Filming on many locations in Bavaria adds verisimilitude, though the movie as a whole looks as if it had been edited under emergency conditions. At times, in fact, it becomes difficult to follow Ludwig's thorny path from his coronation at 19 through his sponsorship of the career of composer Richard Wagner (played by Trevor Howard, of all people) to the latter days of his reign, when he was locked away as a mental incompetent after indiscreet flings with actors, soldiers and stableboys. Romy Schneider as Ludwig's friend Elizabeth I of Austria, Silvana Mangano as the mistress and wife of Wagner and lovely newcomer Sonia Petrova as the Russian princess Ludwig nearly marries add their feminine touch to the most expensive homosexual spectacular ever filmed. Though a magnetic actor, young Berger still lacks the depth and variety to carry the dramatic weight his role requires. Here he appears to be just one of the gaudier objects on display in a red-plush charade that Visconti has put together as if for his private amusement, without any particular insight into Ludwig's passionate urge toward self-destruction.

Viewers of a certain age are apt to become slightly depressed when they see television comedy of the early Fifties joining those periodic revivals of Chaplin and Keaton classics. Any such lapse should be quickly dispelled by the general mirth of *Ten from Your Show of Shows*, a compilation of highlights from the memorable weekly TV series in which Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner and Howard Morris created a stock company of superlative clowns. Caesar, in particular, showed the brand of mimic genius that would undoubtedly have placed him among the immortals if he had been around during the so-called golden era of silent movies. On the insatiable tube, where overexposure may reduce a performer in his prime to a season or two of success, Caesar's talents were recklessly squandered—and even a stable of writers boasting such potentially big names as Neil Simon and Mel Brooks failed to provide him with a consistent flow of carefully wrought comedy sketches. The haste-makes-waste hack work of a TV series bent on being topical is often visible in *Ten from Your Show of Shows*, yet it can't spoil anyone's enjoyment of Caesar as an innocent jerk caught between



The Men's Lib Watch

Is your wristwatch a time chauvinist? Does it demand too much of your time for the time it gives? With the boredom of winding it every day? And the drudgery of turning the hands through 24 hours, just to reset the date? (Maybe it doesn't even tell you the date. Or the day.) ¶ Well, Bulova has a watch that will give you freedom, now. A self-winding date and day watch. With an instant change feature that lets you adjust end-of-month dates with a pull and push of the stem. ¶ It's water and shock resistant (to help free you from worrying about its health). And it has a time-tested Bulova movement (to help free you from worrying about its reliability). ¶ The Instant Change Date and Day Automatic. In styles ranging from radical to conservative. At all fine jewelry and department stores. **BULOVA.** These days the right time isn't enough.

From left to right: #12620—17 jewels, \$70. #11002—23 jewels, \$65. #11633—17 jewels, \$75. #12006—23 jewels, \$90.

Harveys® Sherries and Port. Imported by © Heublein, Inc., 1971 Hartford, Conn.

Here's all you need to know about sherry and port.

Harveys Tico. A light, very dry cocktail sherry.
 Harveys Amontillado. A medium-dry, full-bodied aperitif sherry.
 Harveys Shooting Sherry. A rich, all-occasion sherry. Slightly sweeter than Amontillado.
 Harveys Gold Cap Port. A rich and fruity after-dinner delight.

All four from John Harvey & Sons, Ltd. Wine Merchants since 1796.

Canoe Royale.
New extra-rich
cologne.

Still great
the morning
after.



\$8.50
at men's
fragrance
bars.

a battling couple (Coca and Reiner) at his friendly neighborhood theater, as a German space scientist making it big in America, as a GI named Montgomery Bugle in *From Here to Obscurity* or as a reluctant target on that heart-warming old TV chestnut *This Is Your Life*. There's more, much more—including all the principal players in a riotous Swiss-clock routine directly borrowed from Chaplin. Though scarcely equal to the big screen's unchallenged classics, the best of *Show of Shows* offers more laughs per minute than any funny business topping today's popularity polls in any medium.

MUSIC

What's it like being president of Columbia Records and getting hooted at by 6000 people? Ask Clive Davis, who emceed a sold-out midnight concert titled *Keyboard Colossus* in Radio City Music Hall on March second. Although Walter Carlos, of *Switched-on Bach* and Moog fame, couldn't make it, organist E. Power Biggs, harpsichordist Anthony Newman and friends, and the ten-piano *Monster Concert* group could, and did, and were well received. A man of many parts, president Davis is known for his fat contracts to pop performers and his revitalization of Columbia's classical division. Unfortunately, he felt impelled to crow about "cultural enrichment" and "the very special purpose" of the concert, "to bring classical music to the masses."

When Biggs appeared, it was not to condescend to the audience but to play for it. A spirited and occasionally sloppy performance of Bach's *Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor* accompanied Joshua White's lighting effects, the spectacle of clouds of smoke jetting up from the stage and the sound of great sucking fans to whisk it away. Radio City's stage machinery is incredible. The hall is also a monument to art-deco craziness. Looking up from the orchestra seats at the hall's curved and fluted vastness, you imagine you're inside the gold nose cone of a giant Thirties spaceship. It could be the greatest rock room in the world.

Biggs, who has played on many of the world's great organs, was clearly unhappy with the Music Hall's "mighty Wurlitzer." But later on in the program he dug into more rhetorically congenial material, with some patriotic put-ons: a commemoration of *The Battle of Trenton*, programmatic and funny, and Charles Ives's witty *Variations on "America."*

The best music of the evening was provided by Newman and his dazzling chamber ensemble. They tore into Bach's *Fifth Brandenburg Concerto* with typical Newman gusto and tempo; the performance, beginning a shade stiffly, grew in



Jaguar V-12. New breed of power.

Smooth, silken power.

That is the inherent nature of the Jaguar V-12.

It is a powerplant so logically designed, so perfectly balanced that it sets new standards in engine performance.

The twelve pistons exert such a constantly even force on the crankshaft that the result approaches turbine-like smoothness.

For example, while 0 to 60 in 6.8 seconds is impressive, it's not nearly as impressive as the feeling of smoothness and steadiness with which that performance is achieved.

Impressive also, is the available reservoir of torque. In any gear, at virtually any driving speed, our V-12 gives you instant power to pass, to avoid, to leave congestion in the rear-view mirror.

In fact, at 10 mph in *top* gear you can skim up the scale to cruising speed without so much as a shudder.

This performance comes directly from our basic design. Instead of a temperamental racing engine, we developed an engine that thrives in *your* driving world—docile at the stop light, polite in traffic, yet incredibly able outside the 30-mile limit.

So, in addition to its smoothness and 5.3 litres of power, our V-12 has—

Single overhead cams for simplicity. Aluminum-alloy block, heads and sump for lightness. Flat-faced heads for excellent torque in the lower- and middle-range speeds. And instead of a conventional ignition system, we have a transistorized one that obviates the need for points.

This new breed of power is set into the classic breed of cat—the Jaguar E-type 2 + 2 and convertible.

It's a suitable setting, indeed. Power-assisted all-around disc brakes. Power-assisted rack and pinion steering. Independent rear suspension. "Anti-dive" front suspen-

sion. Four-speed synchromesh manual transmission (a through-the-gears automatic is optional).

Plus all the luxury, comfort and instrumentation that you would expect in a Jaguar cockpit.

So before you judge the power of any other sports car, get a taste of the new breed: Jaguar V-12. At your Jaguar dealer.

For his name and for information about overseas delivery, call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N. J. 07605

Jaguar





Brylcreem tells you how to

Shorter hair in summer. Longer hair in winter. Think about it for a minute. You change clothes with the seasons. Why don't you change your hair style too?

SUMMER HAIR

Face it: long hair looks terrible in the summer. The sun dries it out. The sand sticks in it. The surf pollutes it. Then you shampoo it almost daily. And you wonder why your hair looks like straw.

Shorter hair makes more sense for summer. But don't worry, we're not suggesting crew-cuts. Today, shorter hair is something else. Get your hair cut about 1-1/2" long—all over your head. This means it covers the tops of your ears and the collar of your shirt. You comb it forward, or part it on the side, in the middle—even toss it around with your fingers. (How's that for convenience?)

Now that your hair's a reasonable length for summer, how do you keep it looking reasonable? Use a little Brylcreem Hairdressing after each shampoo. It will help put back the moisture the sun, the sand, the surf and the shampoo take out.

Conditioned with Brylcreem, your hair will be manageable and healthy-looking. And great looking hair can do great things for anyone's summer.

WINTER HAIR

Why should you wear your hair longer in winter? Well, for starters, when you wear more clothes you should have more hair. Nothing looks stranger than a lot of clothes and a little hair.

And where do you spend most of winter? Indoors. So you're in greater control of your hair. And how it looks. You're not messing with the elements as much, so they're not messing with your hair as much.



change with the seasons.

Even longer hair looks different today. It's layered now. For more fullness. And for much more style.

But now that it's winter, you've got two new problems. Constant temperature changes (from cold outside to drying steam heat inside) wreak havoc on your hair and scalp. They need help. And since your hair is longer, you've got to style it. You need help.

So there's Brylcreem Soft Hair with Protein. The hairspray that styles and conditions all in one. It's simple enough to use. Spray it on like an ordinary spray. Then massage it in like a conditioner. The protein coats each hair shaft. Which makes your hair healthier looking and gives it more body.

If you don't like sprays, try Brylcreem's new Dry Style. It's like hairspray in a bottle. Massage Dry Style into your hair and comb into place. It gives you control and a very natural look.

Brylcreem thinks that if your hair looks the same all year long, you're not using your head. So, keep your hair at the length that's best for the way you live.

And let us help you do it. Because no matter how you keep your hair, you'll find a product in The Brylcreem Group that will help you.



The Brylcreem[®] group.

We've come a long way
since "a little dab will do ya."



WHITE on the Rocks

Cool, stimulating. And "White on the Rocks" isn't all! Your Fortune dealer has a wide selection of footwear for the man of good taste. (Most styles \$14 to \$22.)

Fortune
SHOES

Douglas Shoe Company • Nashville, Tenn. A division of Galt Industries, Inc.



BUILD THE SENSATIONAL **BD-5**

Enclosed is \$5.00 for BD-5 Information Kit and 3-View drawings.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Complete with Engine

\$2600⁰⁰

BEDE AIRCRAFT, INC.

DEPT. PB / NEWTON MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
 NEWTON, KANSAS 67114, U.S.A. PHONE: (316) 283-8870

ease and competence, and the crowd loved it. Besides the leader's dexterous work at the harpsichord, subtly amplified for balance, Miss Ani Kavafian as solo violinist acquitted herself especially well. Columbia says that Newman plans to do much recording in the near future, including in his next album or two "some rock." That, from a musician of his capabilities, ought to be worth hearing.

When Eugene List and his ten Steinways appeared to present an artfully staged but musically thin program, it was a letdown. From Scott Joplin's *Maple Leaf Rag* through Rossini's *William Tell Overture*, the visual spectacle of 20 hands banging away couldn't make up for the lack of style, nuance and togetherness in the music. These same flaws characterized the finale, in which everyone—Biggs, Newman and the "Monsters"—took part. There was another ambiguous gesture to the flag: Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever* employed moving stage platforms, flashing lights, stars, flags, mirrors: E*X*T*R*A*V*A*G*A*N*Z*A! It was followed by Bach's *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* as an encore.

On balance, then, the mixing of Bach and a lot of lightweight program music didn't really come off. What did was a kind of 19th Century musical exhibitionism and a welcome antidote to the stuffiness of most classical concerts. No matter what Clive Davis had to say, we suspect his motives in producing the affair were purely patriotic. Instead of Keyboard Colossus, it should have been called Columbia's New Gem of Promotion. Anyway, it was fun.

RECORDINGS

The Mahavishnu Orchestra invariably knocks people out or gives them colonic spasms. For those in the latter category, homeopathic treatment is the only one indicated, so start *Birds of Fire* (Columbia) on the *second* side and open your ears to Billy Cobham's masterful drumming and Rick Laird's bass in a jazzish *One Word*, which proceeds to display John McLaughlin and Jerry Goodman trading guitar and violin figures with great skill. The mood deepens with *Sanctuary*, lightens for *Open Country Joy* and resolves (naturally enough) with *Resolution*. Now, if you can get out of your chair, flip the disc over for the title piece, an ambitious demonstration of chaos and order, with Jerry's violin and Jan Hammer's Moog riffing and rumbling in unison behind McLaughlin's excursions. *Miles Beyond* evokes the latter-day Miles Davis spirit almost better than Miles himself does and features superb McLaughlin-Goodman dueting, as does *Celestial Terrestrial Commuters*,

©1973 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. RUM 80 PROOF.
"BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.



When the gang gets together, it's nice to know we're loved.

Canada Dry has the country's most popular mixers. And Bacardi rum is the country's most popular rum. (In fact, Bacardi is #5 among 16,000 brands of distilled spirits.)

Now that's good for our ego. But more importantly, it's also a pretty good indication of what your friends like. And they like us together. Because together, we

become one tall, cool, wet, delicious drink.

So get us together. Bacardi light rum and Canada Dry tonic or collins; Bacardi dark rum and Canada Dry soda or ginger ale.

You'll be glad we told you how much we're loved.

CANADA DRY_® with BACARDI_® rum.

Forget the gimmicks and gadgets. The Rollei SL35 lets you concentrate on the shot.



Rollei design and ingenuity have eliminated the burdensome features while retaining all the essentials: the focal plane shutter with its broad range of speeds, the bayonet mount for instant lens interchangeability, through-the-lens light measurement for accurate exposures, and the built-in X and FP synch for electronic and conventional flash.

You get the advantages of an SLR system camera: rapid, eye-level, exact focusing and composing in the brilliant viewfinder, a broad range of lenses and Rollei accessories for specialized photographic needs. For more information, write Rollei of America, Inc., Dept. B-6, 100 Lehigh Drive, Fairfield, N.J. 07006.

Rollei

THE WORLD FAMOUS ROLLEIFLEX IS OUR STANDARD

CT-4141 with Dolby. Whether you're taping for kicks or for keeps.

If it can be done on tape, Pioneer's CT-4141 cassette deck has more features to do it better: On/Off Dolby . . . automatic tape-and shutoff . . . memory rewind . . . tape bias selector . . . pause control . . . peak & tape running indicator lights . . . sliding level controls . . . over-level limiter . . . speed-up skip button . . . piano-key

controls . . . dual level meters . . . digital tape counter. Only \$269.95 at Pioneer dealers everywhere.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
178 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt,
New Jersey 07072

PIONEER
when you want something better



whose rapid runs go off like solar flares. The beautiful *Thousand Island Park*, with piano and acoustic guitar leading, is the album's contemplative peak. Because its complex music is quite beyond categorizing, Mahavishnu takes some getting used to. Purge yourself of preconceptions and drink in your tonic.

Time stands still (well, almost) for *On Stage with Benny Goodman and His Sextet* (London), a twin LP recorded "live" in Copenhagen. There are probably 15 years between the single "contemporary" tune, *Too Close for Comfort*, and any of the other 23 vintage melodies. Among the members of Goodman's latest sextet: guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli (who is wasted) and tenor man Zoot Sims (who is not). Benny's tone, amazingly, is still clarion, and it's a treat to hear his clarinet within the sextet context once again.

"You scratch my back and I'll . . . go to Mexico with you." So, we presume, said Rita Coolidge to Kris Kristofferson, and off they went with Bob Dylan to make *Billy the Kid* for Sam Peckinpah. Before that, Rita appeared on Kris's recent album and he reciprocated on *The Lady's Not for Sale* (A&M), a nice piece of work all around, with an all-star cast backing the lady in mostly low-key country ballads of loving, losing and winning. We would single out *Fever*, which is as good as Peggy Lee's version. Spooner Oldham's *A Woman Left Lonely*, and *Inside of Me*, the best on the album, which builds to a rousing finish. Though Rita seems to be moving in pop's upper strata, this disc never lets you forget her Southern, down-home Gospel beginnings.

With a nod to the movie fantasies of François Truffaut, Elton John comes on strong in his best yet. *Don't Shoot Me I'm Only the Piano Player* (MCA). Except for *Daniel*, the fine opening cut, each tune shows Elton casually adopting one pop pose after another, cooling out, satirizing or catering to the fantasies of his musical audience. He's alternately the high-spirited Fifties cornball (*Crocodile Rock*), a boy carrying the torch for his teacher (*Teacher I Need You*), teenage idol *manqué*, red-neck, and so on. It's a delightful series of musical portraits, in no small measure owing to Bernie Taupin's lyrics, which have lost their pretentiousness and gained in expressive power. The band backs superbly, while Elton's singing and playing have never been better.

After all the brouhaha over *Last Tango in Paris* has died down, audiences are going to discover that it has a splendid musical score. It should have—that skyrocketing jazzman Gato Barbieri was



Win this Not-For-Everybody Pantera sports car or \$10,000 from Camel Filters!

Who but the "Not-For-Everybody" cigarette would offer a Sweepstakes prize like this Pantera—the official pace car of the Camel GT Challenge road race series. 2005 other great prizes, too!



The Grand Prize is a Pantera or \$10,000 cash. This ultra-high-performance

The Grand Prize sports car is equipped with 351-cubic inch V-8 engine, 4-wheel power disc brakes, 5-speed transmission, magnesium wheels, air conditioning, bucket seats, rack and pinion steering. **The 5 First Prizes** are Capri 2600

Series sedans—imported for Lincoln-Mercury. The "Sexy European," with air conditioning, bucket seats, power brakes and radio. **The 2000**



5 First Prizes

Second Prizes are sporty racing lighters—by Zippo, world's most dependable lighter. With official Camel GT Challenge racing emblem (model 200—brushed chrome). **2000 Second Prizes**



2000 Second Prizes

OFFICIAL RULES: 1. On an official entry blank or a 3" by 5" piece of paper, hand print or type your name, address and zip code. 2. With each entry, send 2 empty CAMEL Filter packages or the words, "CAMEL Filter Cigarettes" printed in block letters on a 3" by 5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: CAMEL Filter Pantera Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 8254, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. Entries must be postmarked by Sept. 3, 1973 and received by Sept. 10, 1973. 3. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by Spotts International, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. 4. The Grand Prize is a 1973 Pantera, equipped with a 351-cubic inch V-8 engine, 4-wheel power disc brakes, 5-speed transmission, rack and pinion steering, magnesium wheels, and air conditioning (any standard color available in dealer stock), or an alternate prize of \$10,000. Five first prizes are 1973 Capri 2600 V-6 sedans imported for Lincoln-Mercury, with V-6 engine, air conditioning, automatic transmission, power brakes, AM push-button radio, bucket seats, and a blue exterior. Two thousand (2,000) second prizes are Zippo lighters (model 200—brushed chrome). 5. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash. No substitutes for prizes are offered. Only one prize to a family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All 2,006 prizes will be awarded. 6. Local state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners. 7. Open to residents of the Continental United States and Hawaii only. Entrants must be 21 years of age or older. Employees and their families of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and Spotts International are not eligible. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington, Florida, Georgia, and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state, and local laws and regulations apply. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: CAMEL Filter Winners, P. O. Box 8253, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. Winners lists will be mailed before November 9, 1973.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).



©1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG'72.

mail to: **Camel Filter Pantera Sweepstakes**, P.O. Box 8254, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182 **CAMEL FILTER Pantera Sweepstakes Entry Blank L**
Please enter me in the Camel Filter Pantera Sweepstakes. Enclosed are two empty Camel Filter packages or the words "CAMEL FILTER CIGARETTES" printed in block letters on a 3" by 5" piece of paper. I certify that I am 21 years of age or older. No Purchase Required.

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

mr. _____
 mrs. _____
 miss _____
 address _____ phone _____
 city _____ state _____ zip (REQUIRED) _____

Guardian Angel for your travel funds



COOKS Travel Cheques

If you're planning a trip, take along COOKS Travel Cheques, the guardian angel of travel funds since 1874.

Cooks Cheques are spendable like cash. They're readily accepted because they bear the name and prestige of Cooks—the world's largest travel organization.

If your Cooks Cheques are lost or stolen, "Guardian Angel" Cooks makes a prompt refund.

In denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$250, issuance charge \$1 per 100. Buy them at banks, savings banks, savings & loans, Cooks offices, and authorized travel agents.

Ask for **COOKS** Travel Cheques.

Issued by the
world's largest Travel Organization

the score trimmers

Improve your game with either of Playboy's great putters. Choose the original mallet head or the new, left- and -right-handed blade-style longhorn. Both boast non-slip custom grip, steel shaft, Rabbit-crested solid-brass head and black leather club cover.

Mallet head, \$25; Blade-style, \$22.

Use order No. MY0701

Please add \$1.00 per item for handling.



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

responsible for it and the sound track is supplied by Barbieri and his sidemen (who, unfortunately, remain liner un-noted). Barbieri's tough-edged sax is often in the fore, leading the rest of the musicians through a series of tone poems that stand by themselves. It's a United Artists album and well worth the price of admission.

We've been hearing a spate of Glenn Gould's recordings lately, but none as interesting as *Glenn Gould's First Recordings of Grieg and Bizet* (Columbia), his most arch and facetious gesture to the concert world since the piano recording of Beethoven's *Fifth*. That set included a conversation disc called *Concert Dropout*: and similarly here, Mr. G. provides liner notes that are, first, a quirky and brilliant history of chromaticism (which will appeal only to the musicologically hip) and, second, *A Confidential Caution to Critics*, wherein he offers ready-made blurbs, pro and con, for the performances and advises caution in our judgment, since Edvard Grieg turns out to have been a remote Gould ancestor. More to the point: The Grieg *E Minor Sonata*, rarely heard, is a moody piece of 19th Century turbulence; the two Bizet works, not even in the *Schwann Catalog*, are fascinating, particularly the *Variations Chromatiques*, which Gould performs with clarity and vigor. Not bad for a man who, as he tells us, never attends recitals.

Lest PLAYBOY be accused of self-serving promotion, we will hasten to say that Sharon Cash has her faults. But she also may become the most exciting soul singer since Aretha, as her Playboy Records debut, *Sharon Cash*, demonstrates. The young lady doesn't always pick the best tunes for her showboating style and her range of pitch and dynamics sometimes limits her. However, she has excellent backings and arrangements, and in the best tunes her voice virtually jumps out at you, as in *Chains on Your Soul*. Very few besides Aretha can shift gears during a song so well. And very few besides Aretha will move you the way Sharon does.

The friends of Chicago troubadour Bill Quateman have been confidently waiting for the national exposure that will make their man a superstar. Well, *Bill Quateman* (Columbia), a well-etched sampling of Quateman's voice and songs (he accompanies himself on piano and guitar), probably won't put him over the top—though it will carry him part of the way. *My Music* gets things started with a nice uptempo groove and good vocal work; *Keep Dreaming* is a rock ballad that achieves a lyrical angularity; *Only the Bears Are the Same* follows baroque

principles, happily applied. Elsewhere, however, the material seems a bit rhetorical and the chamber-music patina gets a bit thick at times. Which makes us wonder why Quateman's first LP had to be cut in London, anyway.

Sonny's back and Milestone's got him. *Sonny Rollins' Next Album*, which heralds Rollins' return to the musical wars, clearly indicates that he has been storing up his creative juices. Sonny never presses, never seems at a loss for ideas—cool but far from dispassionate, he deftly cuts new paths through *Poinciana* (soprano sax) and *Skylark* (tenor), while doing his own very personal thing with *Playin' in the Yard*, *The Everywhere Calypso* and *Keep Hold of Yourself*. The small rhythm section behind him keeps things cooking admirably. Welcome back, Sonny; hope you'll stay awhile.

All right, we might as well admit it: our mind turns to marshmallow when confronted by a Noel Coward song. The melodies are not terribly daring—most of them have a comfortable, old-shoe sound to them—but the lyrics . . . ah, those lyrics. The late Sir Noel was a magnificent lyricist. Call him brittle, inconsequential, even precious, but he had an uncanny way with words. They can be silly, sentimental, hypersophisticated, but they are always gloriously inventive and as absolutely Coward as his signature. Two giant helpings of the Old Master will more than make our point—RCA's two-LP album *Cowardly Custard* from London and *Oh Coward!* (Bell), another twin-LP original-cast album. There are, of course, the classics, such as *A Room with a View*, *Poor Little Rich Girl*, *Mad About the Boy*, *I'll Follow My Secret Heart*, *Zigeuner*, *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, *Let's Do It*, et al., but the real joy of the albums is to be found in the less familiar songs. And they are here in orgiastic abundance. If you take any delight in words, you have a fantastic time in store.

THEATER

The Changing Room, a major play by the major English playwright David Storey, comes to Broadway through the inspiration of New Haven's Long Wharf Theater with an astonishing all-American cast and an American director, Michael Rudman. Play and production merge into an experience not to be missed and impossible to forget. *The Changing Room* is that rare work that resides in the mind long after one has left the theater. On the surface—a very bloody surface—this is a play about a team of semipro rugby players; it takes place in a men's locker room. Some might (wrongly) dismiss it as simply a

If all your job pays is money you should read this.

The Air Force offers you a good salary plus many other important benefits. Like a 30-day paid vacation in your very first year. Try finding that in civilian life.

You also get expert medical and dental care.

There are money-saving buys at our commissaries and exchanges. And if you want to continue your education while in the Air Force, we make it possible. And speaking of good deals, you can travel free on Air Force planes when available, and get low-cost flights on commercial lines. Sound good? Well, try these benefits on for size, too... the Air Force gives you clothing, food and housing. And the wide selection of jobs available is a benefit that can be helpful for your entire life.

You select the job you want and if it's available, we guarantee you'll have it before you sign up.



What type of work will you be happy doing? Mechanical work? Medical? Something to do with Electronics? We have that and much more. We'll give you the best training available. And pay you as you learn. You'll wind up with a rewarding skill... and with plenty of experience in it. Civilian employers like that!

Want more reasons to join? You can get them all, plus answers to any questions you might have by contacting your local Air Force Recruiter. Or call 800-447-4700, toll free (in Illinois call 800-322-4400) for the location of your nearest Air Force Recruiting Office. Or just send in the coupon.

A job with the Air Force... it pays in more ways than one.

Air Force Opportunities 1-P-63
Box A
Randolph AFB, Texas 78148

Please send me more information. I understand there is no obligation.

Name _____ Sex (M) (F)
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

Soc. Sec. # _____ Date of Birth _____

Find yourself in the Air Force.



“We don’t push our luck.”



Uni: Maybe you think leaping off a ramp and flying 40 feet through space is daring. But for thrill show drivers like us, it's more a matter of confidence. And we feel confident on Uniroyal Steel Belted Radial tires.



Roy: Actually, we scare as easy as anyone. But with Uniroyal's traction and responsiveness, the way they handle on the track, the way those steel belts hold up under stress, we figure the odds are in our favor.

Al: So if you have some rough driving to do, like getting on the turnpike at rush hour, or stopping short in traffic, buy Uniroyals. Don't push your luck.

ROYAL

Uniroyal Steel Belted Radials

Ventura XL. It lets you get away with anything.

Whatever you're up to, XL can rise to the occasion. Rich-looking. Roomy. Rugged. A lightweight that's as right for her as it is for you. In Marao, Choco, Royale Blue. From \$32.50 to \$180. At better stores. For "Tips on Packing," write Ventura, Dept. XL-P, Long Island City, New York 11101.

Fashionable belting conceals "Digita Bukl-Lok" (Pat. Pend.), the only buckle-and-lock that opens just on the combination you select.

XL™
Ventura®
the soft luxury travelware

What can you buy today that will work* as well, as long as a Zippo?

*it will work, always,
or we will fix it free!



Zippo Manufacturing Co. Bradford, Pa. 16701
In Canada: Zippo Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Lighter shown, \$20.00
Others to \$175.00

documentary; actually, it is an evocation of life—and not just in a locker room. For the period of the play (before the game, at half time and after victory), we know these men, all 22 of them. Through sensitively chosen details and with remarkable insight, Storey reveals them to us, so that we can sense their lives continuing offstage. When they complete their shared activity and leave the changing room—bruised, shattered, tired or euphoric—they trudge home to unfaithful wives, soar into town for a drink, go back to joyless pleasures and—in some cases—to the barrenness of an unchangeable existence. There is an absolute authenticity, not just about David Jenkins' locker-room set, the sporting jibes and taunts, the camaraderie in the communal bath (the onstage nudity is essential) but about the characters themselves. We feel the heartbeat of these men and the pulse of their society. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

Two for the Seesaw, William Gibson's intimate play about two totally dissimilar lovers—the stiff Nebraska attorney and the garrulous Gittel Mosca from the Bronx—has been opened up into a big, broad Broadway musical. Surprisingly, it has managed to survive the metamorphosis. While retaining its romantic heart, *Seesaw* captures the strains and stresses of the urban beat—as in an early production number, when a chorus of sexy whores tries to turn the hero on to the erotic delights of Eighth Avenue. The music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, though not rock, have a contemporary sound. Lanky Ken Howard's Lindsaylike good looks add an ironic note to his characterization of the WASP stranger in the city. Michele Lee is pure Gittel, an earthy, impulsive urchin, not to mention a magnetic musical performer. The two stars are supported by a long stretch of elastic named Tommy Tune, as a high-stepping gay choreographer. Like *Irene* (see page 49), *Seesaw* has had pre-Broadway birth pains; but unlike *Irene*, *Seesaw* has a firm creative hand, Michael Bennett, in charge of all the disparate elements. As author, director and choreographer, he has built a *Seesaw* that succeeds in balancing a two-character play and a multicharacter musical. At the Uris, 1633 Broadway.

A Little Night Music waltzes onto Broadway like a fresh zephyr. This is an airy, captivating musical, one that can be enjoyed even by people turned off by musicals as they often make them today—high-powered and pile-driving. Were it not for the setting, turn-of-the-century Sweden (one of the many things borrowed from Ingmar Bergman's delicately shaded comedy *Smiles of a Summer Night*), one could be in Vienna. The

Mozartean ring to the title is intentional. Stephen Sondheim's buoyant score is in three-quarter time and his sophisticated lyrics are full of daring rhyme inventions and inversions. As a lyricist, Sondheim is at least the equal of Porter and Coward. Although Hugh Wheeler's adaptation is several cuts below Sondheim's music and Bergman's scenario, the book will serve for a summer—or winter—night. Tony-winning Glynis Johns, as an actress, and Len Cariou, as her long-tenured lawyer-admirer, finally capture love before it's too late during *A Weekend in the Country*—one of Sondheim's most felicitous songs. The two leads are choice actor-singers, as are Laurence Guittard and Patricia Elliott as a contrasting couple. Hermione Gingold saucily talks her way through the role of Miss Johns's mother, and a new actress, D. Jamin-Bartlett, stops the show as a sexy maid singing the lusty *The Miller's Son*. The production and direction are by Harold Prince. The evening is blissful. At the Shubert, 225 West 4th Street.

The producers of *Irene*—who include Harry Rigby, unearther of the successful *No, No, Nanette*—have now exhumed a 1919 musical, or at least the title and some of the trimmings. The 1919 *Irene* must have been more fun than this hand-me-down. Five of the 14 songs remain, including, most memorably, *Alice Blue Gown*. The others are by a covey of composers and lyricists, including Joseph McCarthy and Harry Tierney, the show's original songwriters. There have been at least two directors, John Gielgud (who was dismissed) and Gower Champion. Although Champion is famed as a choreographer, the choreography is by Peter Gennaro. It appears that there were too many thumbs at work. This musical has been slapped together—expensively—for the *Your Father's Mustache* nostalgia crowd, with beer, barrel house and barbershop ballads. Remember Debbie Reynolds? Here she is, making her long unawaited Broadway debut—looking twice as short and acting just as peppy; but instead of Donald O'Connor, there is a stiff of an actor named Monte Markham as her love interest. George S. Irving as a sissy Paris *couturier* and Patsy Kelly as Debbie's pushy mother brighten the unfunny book, which is a left-handed swipe at *My Fair Lady*. Can an Irish piano tuner from Ninth Avenue fool snooty Long Islanders by pretending to be a countess from Monaco? Where *Nanette* had a female chorus dancing on enormous beach balls, *Irene* has a male chorus (plus the star) dancing on top of player pianos. In some quarters, this may pass as innovation, but—by Busby—it's merely imitation. What is new is the theater, the Minskoff, at One Astor Plaza.



Clarks[®] TREK[™]

has what you want

In rugged brown Ox Hide leather or sand suede. Both men's and women's sizes at \$23.95 at a great many fine stores.

TREK is a really tough shoe with foot freedom that is a joy to feel. Add the thick wedge soles and you have a lot of very pleasant walking miles to put under your exploring feet.

Clarks[®] SHOES

Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

Manufactured World-Wide - Worn Everywhere

Call the toll free number for your nearest store. Dial 800-447-4700 (In Ill. 800-322-4400)

**We dare to match
shaves with a blade.**

Any blade.

The idea of the Norelco VIP™ Tripleheader is to give you a closer, more comfortable shave than any blade ever made.

That's why... we built the VIP, not with just one blade, but with 18 self-sharpening rotary blades, inside 3 super-thin floating heads that hug every curve of your face.

That's why... we built the VIP with adjustability—9 closeness-comfort settings so that you can now shave as close as you like.

In fact, the VIP can actually shave you *below skin level*. Comfortably.



That's why... we built the VIP with a special pop-up trimmer, so you can keep your sideburns just the way you like them.

And that's why... the Norelco VIP Tripleheader dares to match shaves with a blade. Any blade.

Available in cord or rechargeable models.

The Norelco® VIP
We dare to match shaves with a blade.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Because of a job transfer, my girlfriend and I live in different states: we see each other only on holidays and special trips. Every time we meet, we go through a ritual period of adjustment that wastes precious time and often causes discord. She insists that we fill each other in on the changes we have undergone. I would just as soon spend our time on the simple joys of being together and let the changes in our personalities surface gradually, but she sees this soul unveiling as vital to our relationship. We do love each other. How do we resolve our difficulties?—E. A., Omaha, Nebraska.

Insecurity is the mother of confession. Your girlfriend is unsure of the depth of your relationship, thus she is concerned with surface changes. Try to reassure her, but be warned that pointing out symptoms is no cure for insecurity. Surround the tensions of the present with remembrance of things past and predictions of things to come. In short, combine your activities; physical intimacy is a marvelous way to grin and bare it.

One of my classmates has been in Europe for a semester and has written several times about his Aladdinlike adventures with a Eurailpass. I am leaving for Spain shortly and would like to pick one up. Can you give me any details?—D. L., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A Eurailpass is the Continent's gift to foreign tourists and must be purchased in your native country from a travel agent or a representative of the French National Railroad. The ticket entitles you to unlimited first-class travel on 13 national railroads in Europe (Great Britain is excluded). A Eurailpass costs \$130 for 21 days, \$160 for a month, \$220 for two months and \$250 for three months. A student can get a special two-month second-class Eurailpass for \$135.

Wine and whiskey seem to improve with age, but unfortunately, the older they get the more they cost. I am planning to acquire a charred wooden keg so that I can age my own whiskey. Can I put a commercially bottled sour-mash whiskey back into a keg and resume the aging process? Also, is it true that if I place the keg somewhere where it receives regular movement (e.g., on the rocker of a rocking chair), the aging process will be accelerated?—M. F., Austin, Texas.

Age per se does not improve the quality of distilled spirits. Whiskey—bourbon, American blended, Scotch—is bottled

when it has reached its optimum quality in the wooden barrel. For example, a bourbon that is bottled after six years has reached its prime at that time; a bourbon that is bottled after eight years is a type that can survive and improve over the two additional years. To rekeg whiskey for additional aging would not be likely to improve the whiskey and might cause it to deteriorate. Also, you will not accelerate aging if you keep the keg in motion. Rocking-chair whiskey is a myth. It seems that a city slicker, driving in the Tennessee hills, stopped at a house where an old man sat on the porch in a rocking chair, sipping whiskey. The visitor asked for a drink of the whiskey, which was superb, then asked what the secret was. The old man said he wasn't sure, but he had been sitting in the rocker all day, sipping at the jug, and the longer he stayed the better the whiskey got.

Early this year, I began dating a girl from my home town. She had been dating someone for about two years and she told me that they had talked about their involvement and decided that it was time to get to know other people. He was not very excited about the idea, and now that I have appeared on the scene, he is even less enthusiastic. She is seeing him half the time and me the other half. I think that I could love her very much if only she would give him up. Recently, she assured me that she would forgo a date in Boston with him to visit New York with me. At the last minute, she decided not to go with either of us. I would like to salvage our relationship, but I don't know how. I am afraid that a confrontation would wreck my chances, but the inaction is killing me. What do I do?—L. D., Springfield, Massachusetts.

Nothing you do will give you better than a 50-50 chance; it is her decision. We suggest that you withdraw; distance and dignity might increase her desire for you; if not, the color of the grass on the other side of the hill makes great camouflage for all shades of envy.

Since I moved to Aspen, I've become an avid backpacker. I am now in the market for a lightweight sleeping bag for overnight camping. I've heard that a down-filled bag is the best buy for weight and warmth, but the variety of features and styles is confusing. I like the mummy-shaped bags that taper from the shoulder, but I suspect that the design would cramp my style when camping à deux. Is there such a thing as a



"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."



"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."



ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, \$3.50



"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."

sleeping bag for two? What do you recommend?—J. M. R., Aspen, Colorado.

Goose down is the best insulation for sleeping bags and cold-weather clothing; it creates a dead-air space that traps body heat and it absorbs enough moisture to prevent chilling when the body perspires. Down also is quite durable; when it is encased in high-quality rip-stop nylon, it should last for years. Caution: Down has a tendency to shift and produce cold spots; manufacturers solve this problem by sewing the down into compartments and baffled channels. Make sure that no seams go through both the inner and the outer nylon shells—cold will penetrate such seams. The best bags alternate stitching and include a down-filled flap to prevent drafts along the zipper. Sleeping bags come in several shapes—rectangular, tapered and mummy (although mummy also describes the increasingly popular tapered bags). There are double bags, but we don't recommend them. If you can, buy two bags that zip together; these will give you more than enough room for nocturnal activities and will allow your friend to pack her share.

After two months of careful research, I found four couples who seemed to be interested in mate swapping. My partner and I had agreed beforehand that at least three of the couples had to be married, and it turned out that we were the only unwed couple in the group. The weekend before our first official gathering, my best friend, his wife, my girlfriend and I dined out. (We were all charter members of our proposed swap group.) The evening was warm and relaxed; so we decided to start our activities a week early at my place. I retired to one bedroom with my friend's wife. To my surprise, I found that I could not build an effective erection, no matter what techniques we employed. I did not have time to find out if this was a serious or lasting condition; one hour after we started, my best friend kicked down the bedroom door and began to strike his wife violently. I restrained him and when he quieted down, we discussed the situation. He had not touched my girlfriend and he claimed that he had entered the mate-swapping scheme to test his wife. He also accused me of having nothing to lose, since I was not married. Is he right? I would like to avoid a repeat of this fiasco, and I wonder what I did wrong.—A. R., New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Everything. You and your friends apparently are sexual conservatives who feel your erotic encounters should follow "Robert's Rules of Order." Sex stops being fun when it becomes official. Your friend was wrong when he said you had nothing to lose—you did, your friendship

with him. We suspect that you were somewhat concerned about losing your girlfriend, or you would not have sought the safety of married couples. Finally, your temporary impotence and your friend's violence indicate that you have strong subconscious objections to mate swapping. As Aristotle said, "The impulses of an incontinent man carry him in the opposite direction from that toward which he was aiming." You have no business in the swap business.

Is sterility inherited?—D. K., Newton, Massachusetts.

Only when the child is the product of immaculate conception.

One of my favorite pipes—a Turk's-head meerschaum—has gone sour. Is there any way to sweeten it?—G. W., Sharon, Pennsylvania.

You can't just pay the piper; sweetening a soured meerschaum is difficult. There are those who use commercial sweeteners and they are close kin to those who burn houses to get rid of rodents. A porous meerschaum is likely to absorb so much sweetener that it will be useless for a long time. Clean the pipe thoroughly, let it dry for a month, then smoke it less—use it in sequence with other pipes and clean it after each use.

Stereo headphones provide my favorite form of listening pleasure. However, I am about to convert my system to quadraphonic sound and I wonder if I can continue the headphone habit.—R. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Yes. Although purists proclaim that if God had meant man to listen to quadraphonic sound, He would have given us four ears, manufacturers of four-channel equipment have remedied this omission by making headphones that have two speaker elements in each earpiece. Converts to quadraphonic systems report that this arrangement delivers the unbroken circle of sound that they seek.

On assignment for a creative-writing course, I am preparing a film script of a dope-dealing story that I heard several years ago. It seems that two freaks from San Francisco decided to hitchhike across country with a pound of crystal LSD. A small-town policeman stopped them in Kansas and searched their packs while they leaned against the door of the patrol car. He found the LSD and, with the smirk of impending arrest, licked his finger and tasted a generous sample of the white powder. "Heroin!" The two freaks looked at each other with the beatific certitude of those who are about to witness divine retribution, and waited for the limb of the law to leave Consciousness I on the lysergic launching pad. Sure

enough, on the way to the station, the cop drove into a cornfield, jumped out of the car and started singing something about a yellow-brick road. The story is, of course, far too good to be true. Yet there are those who believe it. Has it been known to happen, and does LSD taste like heroin?—W. F. B., Willow, New York.

A spokesman for the Bureau of Narcotics says that the taste test is pure Hollywood, so feel free to leave the fantasy in your film script. Most law-enforcement agents carry portable testing kits to analyze unknown substances, or they refer the samples to county laboratories. Both LSD and heroin are virtually tasteless, but dealers used to cut heroin with quinine, which has a bitter taste. Experienced street buyers could tell the quality of the heroin they purchased by tasting the relative bitterness of the sample. Nowadays, dealers cut heroin with lactose, which is almost tasteless; the taste test is obsolete.

My husband and I were inspired by the feats of fellatio that we saw in *Deep Throat*. We watched in awe as Linda Lovelace took into her mouth and throat all of a penis that must have been nine inches long. Although I try, I have been unable to achieve her total grasp. An article in the April PLAYBOY mentioned that she shared certain skills with professional sword swallows. I was under the impression that sword swallows used collapsible swords. What is the secret?—Mrs. R. C., Burlington, Vermont.

A professional sword swallower, who swallows real swords, says: (1) Throw your head back as far as it will go. This opens up the throat and allows you to accept an elongated object without gagging. (Lying on your back with your head over the edge of a bed is the most comfortable way to maintain this position.) (2) Hold your breath. (Impractical in this context; we suggest that you breathe through your nose. Linda Lovelace says that she breathes around the penis on the outstroke.) (3) Practice with a blunt object before you try a real sword. (Linda says it was three weeks before she believed she could eat the whole thing.) A collapsed sword is the end, not the means, of this particular trick.

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

Belt & Buckle offer from Marlboro.

The belt is top-grain steerhide leather—
your choice of black or brown.

We're hitching it up to a hand-brushed,
antique-finished Marlboro buckle.

Yours for two end labels from any pack
or box of Marlboro plus \$4.50.



Only \$4.50 Plus 2 end labels from any
pack or box of Marlboro.

Mail to:

Marlboro Belt & Buckle Offer,
P.O. Box 404
Freeport, New York 11520

Enclosed are 2 end labels from any pack or box of
Marlboro.

Please send me () Marlboro Belt(s) and Buckle(s)
at \$4.50 each.

Brown Leather () Small 30-34 () Medium 36-38 () Large 40-42
Black Leather () Small 30-34 () Medium 36-38 () Large 40-42

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE (necessary) _____

Send check or money order only payable to: Marlboro Belt & Buckle Offer. Offer available only to persons over 21 years of age. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer good until Sept. 30, 1973, or while supply lasts. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

P6

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72

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



The Grapeshot.

(A drink to things past.)

Remember how you used to race the neighbor kid home from school—and you'd get so thirsty you could drink the whole Mississippi? Then Mom would give you grape juice that left you with a nice purple moustache.

We thought about all that when we created the Grapeshot, a drink you might try sometime when you're feeling playful. If you haven't felt that way in a while, a purple moustache might help.



To make a Grapeshot, pour an ounce or so of Smirnoff in a glass with ice. Fill with grape juice. Garnish with lemon and orange wedges.

Smirnoff

leaves you breathless®

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

LAW AND DISORDER

Two items in the March *Forum News-front* suggest that some advocates of law and order are far from consistent about it. William F. Buckley, Jr., "out of respect for existing laws," did not experiment with pot until he had sailed his yacht past the three-mile limit, but did he buy his pot from a pusher who was also outside the three-mile limit? And in New York, policewomen are posing as prostitutes and arresting anyone who propositions them on the charge of "patronizing a prostitute." But such a charge would be false unless the policewomen were in fact prostitutes. Do they moonlight as hookers to make the charges legal?

James D. McCawley
Chicago, Illinois

BLUE-RIBBON JURY

I was delighted to read a news story about a jury in Laredo, Texas, that acquitted a man tried for possession of 134 pounds of marijuana. The judge in the case blew his top, telling the ten men and two women they would never serve in his court again, calling it a "stupid, illogical and ill-advised verdict" and declaring that such verdicts are "responsible, in my judgment, for the increasing crime rate everywhere." Perhaps the acquittal was due to lack of evidence, but many Texans are sick of jailing people for marijuana offenses.

H. E. Villers, Jr.
Oklawaha, Florida

NO HOME FOR HERETICS

The U.S., once a bastion of civil liberties, has taken on a sinister character in recent decades. I think particularly of the cases of Ezra Pound, Wilhelm Reich and Timothy Leary. Pound, accused of treason for broadcasting his opinions on Italian radio during World War Two, was never tried but was shut in an asylum for 12 years—a procedure recently followed by the Russians in dealing with heretical poets and scientists.

Dr. Reich, whose theories still exert considerable influence on psychiatry in Europe and America, was banished from Germany, Denmark and Sweden in succession for his sexual-revolution ideology. The U.S. then clapped him into jail and burned his books on the grounds that one of his therapies was fraudulent (many physicians believe it isn't).

Now, in the Leary case, after forcing him into exile, the Government pursues him halfway around the world and drags him back to put him in a cage. The excuse—that Dr. Leary was in possession of half an ounce of an illegal herb—is not believed by anybody. Even the judge at Leary's last trial admitted that his speeches and writings were the reason for refusing to grant bail. The fact is that Leary is to be caged because many want to punish him for his ideas.

This country was once a home for heretics, a place to which people with unpopular ideas could flee for refuge. If it can't continue that libertarian tradition, might it not be civilized enough to let heretics go elsewhere? What, exactly, is to be gained by jailing them? No way has ever been found to jail their ideas. The U.S., already disgraced by the Vietnam war, will look even worse as the nation that caged three proud, haughty, arrogant but very creative visionaries who may have been right somewhat more often than they were wrong.

Robert Anton Wilson
Fort Bragg, California

Wilson is the author of "Sex and Drugs: A Journey Beyond Limits" (Playboy Press). For more on the Pound case, see "The Writer as Political Crazy," by Alfred Kazin, on page 107.

CRACKBRAINED CRACKDOWN

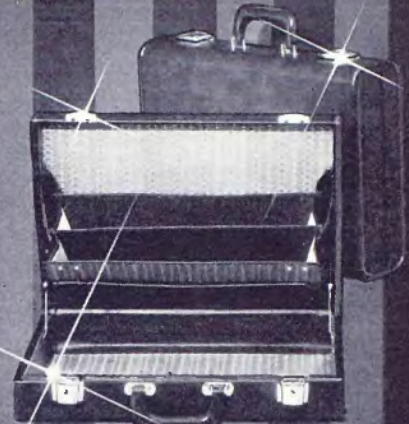
I have always felt that to be a U.S. citizen is a special privilege and a cause for pride. Consequently, when the time came, I volunteered for service in my country's Army. I'm discovering that putting on an olive-drab uniform means forfeiting one's rights of citizenship and saying goodbye for a couple of years to "the land of the free." At least, that's how it seems in the U.S. Army in Europe, where an attempt to curtail drug abuse has made a mockery of constitutional justice and a watchword of *Catch-22*: "They have a right to do anything we can't stop them from doing."

The crackdown on drugs is aimed not just at drug users and pushers but also at *suspected* users and pushers and *those who associate with them*. And the wording of a directive handed down by authorities indicates that an "associate" can be someone who happens to live in the same barracks with the suspect. All—proven drug users and pushers, suspected drug users and pushers and associates—are lumped into a single

For Dads and Grads . . .

the
Courier attache

Dramatic new shape.
Crafted in Tufide®,
Guaranteed for 5 Years!



From \$36 at luggage stores, stationers, department stores and fine stores everywhere.

from the
Stebeo®
SELECTION

For name of dealer, write Stebeo Products,
3950 South Morgan, Dept. PB673
Chicago, Illinois 60609

MAY is LUGGAGE and LEATHER GOODS MONTH

EXCITING
SATIN
SHEETS



OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE
NOW 12 LUSCIOUS COLORS

The choice is yours in the following colors: Midnight Black, Scarlet Red, Honey Gold, Royal Blue, Emerald Green, Silvertone White, Lavender, Florida Orange, Deep Purple, Pedal Pink, Powder Blue & Canary Yellow. Each Entire Set includes:

- 1 straight top sheet
- 1 fitted bottom sheet
- 2 matching pillow cases
- or
- 2 straight top sheets
- 2 matching pillow cases

Twin sets \$16.00 Queen sets \$20.00
Double sets \$17.00 King sets \$23.00
(For Full Size Beds)

No Charge For Postage
Send check or money order
50% deposit on C.O.D.'s

REGAL SATINS, INC.

205 Broadway Dept. P
Long Branch, N.J. 07740

category and are subjected to severe disciplinary measures. These include having the door to one's room removed; loss of driver's license, civilian clothing and all pass privileges; removal from one's room of everything except a wall locker and a bed; thrice-weekly urine testing; and mandatory attendance at counseling sessions at a drug-and-alcohol assistance center. In addition, "If you are married and live off post, you will be required to move into the barracks" and submit to the aforementioned nonsense; and one is forbidden to "accept, buy or take anything from another person." (I'm not sure what this last directive means, but that's how it reads.) Even for nonsuspects, there are weekly inspections of barracks and bodies (they're looking for needle marks) and not-so-subtle attempts to turn everyone into an informer. General Michael S. Davison, who is responsible for most of this harassment, has said that he considers drug abuse to be "the single greatest threat" to his command. I certainly won't deny that drug abuse is a problem here but this is not the way to deal with it. Stripping all rights from men who are only suspects and turning others into informers can only undermine the soldiers' respect for what they are here to defend; i.e., the rights and freedoms guaranteed to all Americans under the Constitution.

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

PLAYBOY AND THE MILITARY

I have read *PLAYBOY* for the past few years and note that it has become increasingly antimilitary. In *The Playboy Forum*, you publish letters from people blaming the military services for everything from the Vietnam war to unrest on college campuses. The men and women in the U. S. Armed Forces do not deserve this abuse. The people who endure the horrors of war and the loneliness of being away from their homeland deserve better than the scorn *Playboy Forum* letter writers have been heaping upon them.

Sgt. George E. Brown
APO New York, New York

You may be interested in the following letter, which attacks us from the opposite viewpoint but quotes our true position.

In the March *Playboy Forum*, the editors justify *PLAYBOY's* acceptance of Armed Forces recruiting ads with the statement that "the Armed Forces remain a legitimate part of American society, with a legitimate right to recruit personnel through advertising." I do not agree that the military is legitimate. You acknowledge, "We deplore the war in Vietnam, we oppose militaristic politics, we criticize certain military practices and we look forward to the day when the world's swords are beaten into plowshares." If you admit that there's that much wrong with the military, why do you help strengthen it? If you want to see

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

COPS FLUSHED FROM TOILETS

SAN FRANCISCO—The California supreme court ruled that police officers can no longer hide in public rest rooms watching for illegal sexual activity. The court decided unanimously that, in the absence of a reasonable belief that a crime is being committed, such spying is an illegal exploratory search and violates the right of privacy. The court said, "When innocent people are subjected to illegal searches—including when, as here, they do not even know their private parts and bodily functions are being exposed to the gaze of the law—their rights are violated even though such searches turn up no evidence of guilt."

HARD TIMES FOR HARD CORE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Nixon Administration has launched a new nationwide campaign against sex movies, charging film distributors and theater owners with interstate transportation of obscene materials under the 100-year-old Comstock Act. Federal grand juries in Memphis and Washington, D. C., have returned over two dozen indictments and many more are expected from other parts of the country, according to *The Washington Post*. Prosecution appears to be aimed primarily at feature films such as "Deep Throat," "Little Sisters" and "School Girl," which are shown commercially in theaters.

- In New Jersey, where the state obscenity law has been ruled unconstitutional, the Passaic County prosecutor has charged two producers and two performers in "Deep Sleep" with aiding or committing fornication, private lewdness, carnal indecency and "tending to debauch the morals and manners of the people"—all illegal under New Jersey's 18th Century sex laws. Some of the movie's sex scenes were allegedly filmed at a private home in Paterson, giving the state jurisdiction.

- In Los Angeles, district attorney Joseph Busch is still trying to prosecute publisher Milton Lueros for violating the state's 1913 prostitution law. Lueros has been accused of disobeying a court order enjoining him and his associates from inducing people to engage in sex for money while posing for pornographic pictures.

JUDGE CUTS THROAT

NEW YORK—The criminal-court judge who found the movie "Deep Throat" obscene made it clear that he did not enjoy the film. In a blistering 35-page decision, Judge Joel J. Tyler called the movie a "feast of carrion and squalor," "the nadir of decadence," "brazenly explicit" and "a Sodom and Gomorrah gone wild before

the fire." He concluded with, "This is one throat that deserves to be cut [and] I readily perform the operation in finding the defendant guilty as charged." Earlier, a jury in Binghamton, New York, found the same film not obscene.

BEST SHOW IN TOWN

ALBANY, GEORGIA—Cable television subscribers watching an episode of "The Rookies" were treated to about ten minutes of hard-core pornography when two off-duty TV technicians pushed the wrong buttons. The two thought they were privately watching a video tape of a stag film featuring group sex and didn't realize the tape machine was still patched into the transmitter. Both lost their jobs, and the manager of the cable-TV company made a public apology, although only about eight viewers called in to complain.

ABORTION REACTIONS

PARIS—Protesting their country's strict abortion law, 345 French doctors have confessed in a published manifesto to performing illegal abortions for the past several months. Their statement was supported by a group of 206 additional doctors, lawyers, teachers, clergymen (both Catholic and Protestant) and other professionals, including four Nobel Prize winners. Last October, a 16-year-old girl was tried for having undergone an abortion and was acquitted after many distinguished French intellectuals testified on her behalf.

- In the United States, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops issued a pastoral message condemning the U. S. Supreme Court's decision legalizing abortion, and excommunicating any Catholics who "undergo or perform an abortion." The message also condoned civil disobedience, apparently for the first time in the history of American Catholicism, to any law requiring an abortion, although no such law has been advocated.

- In Italy, a spokesman for the Vatican Press attacked a parliamentary bill to legalize abortion, saying that such measures would leave the world populated with only selfish old people who would be worse than animals.

HOMOSEXUALITY RECONSIDERED

The American Psychiatric Association is deliberating whether or not homosexuality should be removed from the organization's official catalog of mental disorders.

The A. P. A.'s eight-member committee on nomenclature has been urged by gay organizations and a number of prominent

psychiatrists to delete homosexuality from the list of sexual deviations, which also includes fetishism, sadism and masochism. The chairman of the committee said that the group hoped to draw up a statement to be submitted for A. P. A. approval at its annual meeting.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN

At least in some courts, divorced men are getting better breaks:

- In Washington, D. C., a superior-court judge awarded custody of three children to the father and ordered the mother, a Government chemist, to pay \$200 a month child support.

- In Chicago, a woman circuit-court judge decided that a man should not have to support both "his divorced wife and her paramour" and absolved him from continuing to pay \$800 a month alimony.

- In London, a domestic-court judge said, "There is no reason why a wife whose marriage has not lasted long and who has no child should have a bread ticket for life," and he ordered her divorced husband to pay her a maintenance allowance equivalent to 24 cents a week.

SAVED FROM SIN

STOW, OHIO—A 19-year-old youth faces a possible prison term of 30 years to life on charges of giving marijuana to his 14-year-old brother. He was turned over to the police by his father, the town mayor, who said afterwards, "It was a tough decision to make . . . I got up at three in the morning and went to the police station. I figured if I waited any longer I might have changed my mind."

POT POLLS CONFUSE

Marijuana is either continuing its steady increase in popularity, or it's not, depending on the survey. A recent Gallup Poll indicates that marijuana use among adults rose only slightly—from 11 to 12 percent—during the past year. However, another poll (described by the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse as the most comprehensive pot survey ever made) included all persons over 12 and found that 16 percent of the adults and 14 percent of the youths had smoked pot at least once within the preceding year, representing an increase of eight percent or 2,000,000 people, between 1971 and 1972. According to this study, the number of regular pot smokers rose from 8,310,000 to 13,000,000 during the same time period.

JUSTICE FOR THE ILLEGITIMATE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ruling in separate cases, the U. S. Supreme Court has held that an illegitimate child is fully entitled to financial support from its father and to share in any Social Security benefits he may have earned. The first decision overturned a Texas law under which the man

had no legal obligation to support his illegitimate offspring. The second struck down a policy of the Social Security Administration that had given illegitimate children a smaller share of a dead father's benefits or, in some cases, none at all.

MORNING-AFTER PILL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Food and Drug Administration has approved the drug diethylstilbestrol (DES) for limited use as a morning-after contraceptive, but has warned physicians that it should not be used "as a method for birth control with continuous and frequently repeated therapy" because of possible adverse side effects.

BOOK RIPPERS

GRISWOLD, CONNECTICUT—Local school officials, acting in "the best interests of the students," had a 37-page chapter on human sexual reproduction ripped out of a physiology textbook used at the local high school. The officials said they found the topic not appropriate to the sensibilities of high school juniors and seniors and added, "We are not a book-burning organization but that chapter would have created controversy in the community and affected the educational process."

TEENAGERS AND BIRTH CONTROL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A survey of unmarried teenage girls in the U. S. indicates that approximately 28 percent are sexually experienced, but fewer than half used any form of contraception the last time they had intercourse and fewer than 20 percent used any of the three most effective methods (the pill, I. U. D. or diaphragm). Drs. John F. Kantner and Melvin Zelnik of Johns Hopkins University conducted the Federally financed study based on a sample of 1611 girls, 15 to 19 years old, and published their findings in Family Planning Perspectives, a journal of Planned Parenthood-World Population. The report suggests several reasons for the limited use of contraceptives by teenagers: the unavailability of prescription contraceptives to unmarried minors, ignorance of the risks of becoming pregnant, ignorance of the effectiveness of the various contraceptive methods and the emotional reluctance of many girls to prepare in advance for sexual activity.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

MADISON, WISCONSIN—State senator Gordon Roselep told a hearing room full of witnesses that repeal of Wisconsin's restrictive birth-control law would endanger national defense. Pointing out that the Vietnam war was fought mainly by the sons of the poor, he said, "Now you want to give contraceptives to poor people. Where are we going to get men for the Armed Forces if we have another conflict? It's a good way to destroy an Army."

swords beaten into plowshares, why don't you take positive action to make it happen? As it stands, the American people are being slowly drained of manpower and mind power. If you want this stopped, you have to do something. There is no middle of the road here.

Kevin R. Crowley
Yorba Linda, California

MODERN ARMY REGRESSES

When I entered the "modern volunteer Army" in 1971, I was told that hair-length regulations weren't strict anymore, that I could individualize my quarters with posters and that I would enjoy all the constitutional freedoms that I was defending. Now it's 1973, and my superiors tell me that my hair must be cut to old Army standards and that my living quarters must be identical to everyone else's. (I can hang posters, but only as long as they're pro-Army and suitable for framing.)

As for my constitutional freedoms, the military attitude on religion was summed up nicely by the admiral who was quoted in the October 1972 *Forum Newsfront* as saying that an atheist can't be as good an officer as a believer. Freedom of speech exists only as long as you don't say anything the military doesn't want to hear. Freedom of the press? Ask the guys who are serving five years at hard labor for trying to publish or distribute underground Army newspapers.

Sp/4 Robert K. Reed
APO San Francisco, California

COUNSELING FOR THE GI

Do Servicemen know to whom to turn when they have a problem? I'm writing to you on behalf of the Military Counseling Program. We've talked to a lot of GIs and found that many don't understand the legal procedures for getting a discharge. We offer free pamphlets that tell them how (please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope) and a new book by Robert Rivkin, *The Rights of Servicemen* (95 cents, plus 40 cents for first-class postage).

Jean Walling
Military Counseling Program
Religious Society of Friends
15 Rutherford Place
New York, New York 10003

VENERATING THE FLAG

A judge in Hartford City, Indiana, sentenced a young man accused of flag desecration to stand for three hours outside city hall holding a flag bedecked with gold fringe and an eagle. The young man had to be guarded by police. The crowd that gathered—including American Legionnaires in full uniform—shouted "Commie" and even threatened him. After an hour, the judge had the offender moved indoors for his safety. Since serving his sentence, he and



"...and a reward shall be offered of 27 pounds sterling to any man who shall deliver to this court the person or carcass of one Jamie, last name unknown."



"He is nothing more than a rogue and a rounder. A man like Jamie should be horse-whipped and driven from town by barking dogs."



"Let us pray for this young man who has strayed so that he may see the error of his wicked ways and repent for his scandalous acts."

Jamie '08. The only Scotch named after a scoundrel.



"I don't know why everyone is so upset about Jamie."



Blended Scotch whisky. 8 years old. 86 Proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.

Get Dad's clothes looking brighter 2 ways.



Now that Mom has changed Dad's clothes from duller than dull to basically bold, what should you do?

Simple. Give him a Paris belt for Father's Day.

We've combined an exciting contrast of darks and lights that fit right into today's bright co-ordinated look.

And Paris belts won't get lost in the excitement because we've given them enough character to hold their own (in addition to holding up what they're supposed to hold up).

Last point. If Dad hasn't broken out of the dull clothes habit yet, give him a Paris belt anyway. Sometimes starting in the middle is the best way to make a man change at both ends.



Paris® Belts.

Whiter than white. But safe for colors, too.

Another fine product of Koyser Roth
BELTS SHOWN, \$8.50 EACH.

2130 FRONTAGE ROAD, DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS 60018.

members of his family have been subjected to public hostility from other good citizens of Hartford City. Ironically, no disrespect was intended by the young man, who was using a flag as a curtain in his trailer home. He simply thought it looked nice.

The judge defended the sentence, saying, "The intent was embarrassment. I didn't think a fine would reach that man. I feel I made the right decision. Being a veteran and proud of my country and flag, I probably would do it again."

Being a veteran myself and also being proud of my country and flag, I'm ashamed of the un-American barbarities committed by some people in this land in the name of patriotism.

James Henderson
Indianapolis, Indiana

WHEELS, WHISKEY AND WORSHIP

While reviewing the *Mississippi Driver's Manual* prior to taking a license examination, I found this strange passage in the manual's section on the effects of alcohol on the brain:

The human brain is divided into three parts, and each part has a role to play, yet all three parts work together. The highest level of the brain controls thinking, reasoning, judgment, self-control, creative ability and power to worship.

Given the publication in which that statement was found, one is inclined to wonder if our state highway patrolmen's trousers are held in place with a Bible belt.

Richard M. Vacar
Gulfport, Mississippi

NEBRASKA CLAP TRAP

Nebraska's State Public Health and Welfare Committee seems more interested in promoting the welfare of druggists and in moralizing than in the public's physical well-being. The committee killed a bill to allow the sale of condoms to persons of any age through vending machines and other businesses. Strong opposition to the proposal came from the Nebraska Pharmaceutical Association, whose attorney cleverly argued that passing the bill, which is aimed at combating V. D., would actually be "detrimental to the health of the people," since machine sales of condoms might decrease their quality (not to mention that they might decrease the profits of the pharmacists who enjoy a monopoly on prophylactic sales under present law).

The Nebraska Association for Christian Action also opposed the bill. Its president, Kenneth Kauk, sees the real threat to the public as sexual promiscuity: Making condoms more widely available would only encourage "sexual behavior contrary to the laws of God." And, Kauk believes, since V. D. is God's punishment for the violation of those laws, trying to

eradicate it is a "repudiation of Christian morality."

With legislators who listen to this kind of claptrap, Nebraska's reputation as a corn-producing state takes on a whole new meaning.

Al Johnson
Omaha, Nebraska

THE CASE FOR CENSORSHIP

Some people are outraged when a church group or a civic committee tries to close down pornographic bookstores and movie theaters or topless restaurants. Anticensorship people argue that those who don't like such places can simply stay away from them. But people who do not frequent skin flicks and dirty bookstores may become victims of those who do, just as one who never goes to a bar may be killed by a drunken driver. How many times has some deranged—or perhaps even quite normal—individual, after watching an X-rated movie or poring over some pornographic magazine, gone out and raped or accosted an innocent person? Surely this has happened and if it has happened even once, it would be better that the movie never had been shown or the magazines never printed.

Steve Lewis

Benton Harbor, Michigan

Abuse of alcohol can harm people in many ways, but there is no evidence that pornography causes sexual problems or leads to antisocial behavior. True, there have been cases where sex offenders blamed pornography for their actions—a contemporary way of saying "The Devil made me do it." However, in a survey of 3400 psychiatrists and psychologists taken by the University of Chicago's Department of Psychiatry, four out of five saw no causal link, and of the remaining 20 percent only about seven percent felt certain that a connection exists. A study of 2721 sex offenders conducted by the Kinsey Institute found that "rather large proportions of the men reported little or no sexual arousal from pornography"—even though all but 14 males in the sample had been exposed to it. Nor has the rate of sex offenses in this country, or other countries, increased in proportion to the availability of erotica. In Denmark, sex crimes have actually declined as pornographic materials have become more accessible. "The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography" offers some information on factors that really do seem related to sex crimes. It states:

Research shows that the early social environment of sex offenders may be characterized as sexually repressive and deprived. Sex offenders frequently report family circumstances in which, for example,

there is a low tolerance for nudity, an absence of sexual conversation, punitive or indifferent parental responses to children's sexual curiosity and interest.

Efforts to correct these conditions, such as providing more widespread and better sex education, will do more to reduce sex crimes than misguided attempts to impose censorship. The latter, in fact, may help to create precisely the emotional climate that seems to produce sex offenders.

EX-BUNNY HARRIED

In 1970, I worked for the Cincinnati Playboy Club and was photographed in the nude for *PLAYBOY*; and in 1972, I was hired by the police department of the city of Silverton, Ohio, to do community-relations work, particularly helping with young people. During my first week of work, an article appeared in *The Cincinnati Enquirer* mentioning that a Silverton policewoman had been a Playboy Bunny. I initiated many programs and activities for young people during the following months, and I was publicly commended by individuals and civic groups. The police chief gave a statement to the papers that his department would be expanding the programs and assigning other officers to work with me.

Then another article appeared in the *Enquirer* stating that a nude photograph of me had appeared in a Playboy publication. The chief told me I had a choice of resigning or being dismissed. He said that he didn't want to be subjected to pressure from citizens again. This was the first time I'd heard he'd had any pressure concerning me. I refused to resign and immediately was suspended. Later, city officials met with my attorney and my fiancé and told them I could not work for the city anymore because of the published photograph. The Silverton Civil Service Commission approved my dismissal and the police chief issued a statement the next day explaining that there were other grounds for firing me, such as lateness. I deny that I gave any such grounds for my dismissal. Despite this experience, I am actively seeking to continue my career in police-youth relations.

Elisa Simone Kruse
Cincinnati, Ohio

FREUD AND HOMOSEXUALS

James Boyd's letter in the March *Playboy Forum* quoting Sigmund Freud's words to the mother of a homosexual is an example of the lengths to which some people will go in their efforts to legitimize homosexuality. Freud felt compassion for the suffering woman and was unwilling to condemn homosexuality; however, he clearly saw homosexuality as a perversion reflecting arrested psychosexual development. His *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* points out that sexual inversion

Introducing the Honda Civic. The cost of loving just went down.

We're here to propose a meaningful relationship; with a car to fit your heart as well as your head.

For the headstrong there are measurable dollar and cents appeals. Like a \$2150* price tag.

And up to thirty miles to the gallon. But that's only logic.

The heart of the matter is another story. The Civic™ is a car of remarkable personality and spunk (who says an economy car has to be dull?). It's for people with enough sensory perception to want more out of driving than just working the pedals and steering.

It's got front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, independent four-wheel suspension, power front disc brakes, and four-speed synchromesh transmission. Plus a totally new transversely mounted, overhead cam engine that delivers a disarming amount of scoot.

It can add up to a very personal involvement. Test drive it. Sedan or hatchback. You'll see.

Move in on a Honda. Two may not be able to live as cheaply as one, but now there's a way to narrow the gap.

The New Honda Civic.
It will get you where you're going.



*when stereo
is important enough
for you to buy the best*

KENWOOD KT-8005
AM/FM-STEREO TUNER
with DSD for excellent
separation at all
frequencies

KENWOOD KA-8004
320-Watt (IHF)
STEREO AMPLIFIER
with Direct Coupling
for minimal
distortion, better
bass response

For complete information, write . . .

KENWOOD 15777 So. Broadway, Gardena, Calif. 90247



The Magic Camera!

Our new Electro-8 LD-6 movie camera is not enchanted. But it performs magic! It creates professional fades, dissolves and slow-motion effects, *automatically!* Transforms anyone into an "instant Pro!" Say the magic word: YASHICA — and your photo dealer will be glad to show it to you.



YASHICA
ELECTRONIC CAMERAS...
It's a whole new thing

50-17 Queens Boulevard,
Woodside, New York 11377

originates in the multiple potentialities of the child's sexual life.

The admitted homosexual who expects his therapist to help him become more comfortable with his inversion is attempting to involve the therapist in his own self-deception.

Donald B. Rinsley, M. D.
Topeka, Kansas

CIRCUMCISION SCRUTINIZED

Though circumcision is widely practiced in the U.S., there doesn't seem to be any evidence that surgical removal of the foreskin is necessary. Dr. William Keith C. Morgan, in an article published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, states that none of the medical reasons often advanced for circumcision of infants stands up under examination: Phimosis—a too-tight foreskin—is undetectable in newborn babies. Cancer of the penis, found almost exclusively in uncircumcised males, is extremely rare and is amenable to treatment. As for the fact that secretions accumulate under the foreskin, regular use of soap and water easily deal with this condition. This is equally true for the body's other openings. Dr. Morgan points out that although wax collects in the ears, no one advocates their surgical removal.

Moreover, circumcision does have certain disadvantages, one being that the permanently exposed head of the penis may become somewhat less sensitive to pleasurable sensations. Furthermore, as Dr. Morgan states:

During the act of coitus the uncircumcised phallus penetrates smoothly and without friction, the prepuce gradually retracting as the organ advances. In contrast, when the circumcised organ is introduced during coitus, friction develops between the glans and vaginal mucosa. Penetration in the circumcised man has been compared to thrusting the foot into a sock held open at the top, while, on the other hand, in the intact counterpart it has been likened to slipping the foot into a sock that has been previously rolled up.

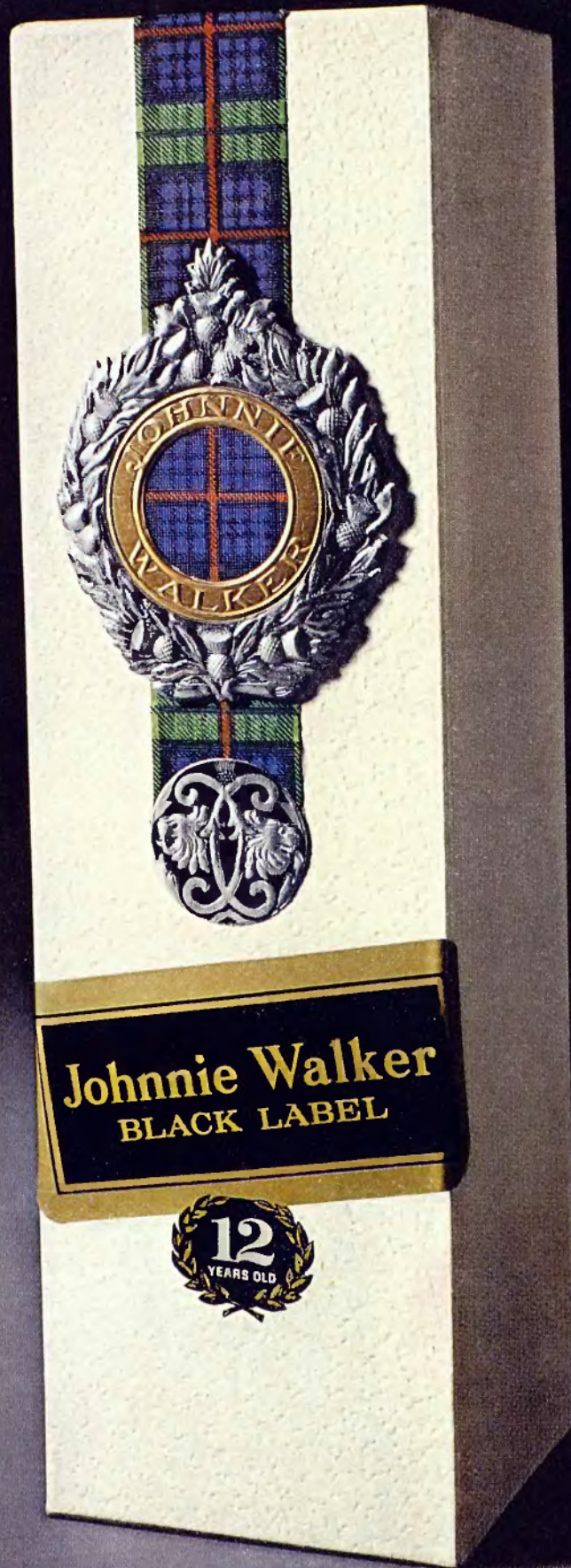
It would seem, then, that circumcision is a kind of surgical fad of questionable value and may, in fact, be inconvenient. Prospective parents ought to consider these points carefully.

John Griffin
Miami, Florida

A GREAT LEAP FORWARD

My wife and I met a couple of beautiful young girls, whom I'll call Leslie and Kathy, at a party a few months ago and became quite friendly with them. One recent afternoon when my wife was supposed to be at a beauty parlor, I went over to the girls' apartment at Leslie's

PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD. N.Y.



Generosity is an inherited trait.
Scotch for Father's Day. About \$10.

A man wearing a dark cap, glasses, and a striped shirt leans out of a train window. The background is a blurred landscape.

Bob York delivers our fine malting barley. But he claims to be an expert on our water.

Bob's been handling trains filled with fine malting barley at the Olympia Brewery for more than thirty years now.

You get Bob to talking, and you'll hear some of the best railroad stories since Casey Jones. He's got a special one he likes to tell about our natural artesian brewing water. Says when they were driving steam engines they used to fill the boilers with our water every time they came to Tumwater. He claims our water

seemed to make the trains go over the mountains just a little bit easier.

Now, we're proud of our artesian water, and we figure it makes the best beer in the country, but we think Bob may be pulling our leg with that one.



It's the water. And a lot more.

invitation. It didn't take me long to realize that she had more in mind than a friendly chat. Of course, I was concerned that my wife would be hurt, but Leslie's assurance that she would be the soul of discretion was all it took to overcome my slight hesitancy. We had a fantastic romp on the living-room floor. Then Leslie said she had a surprise for me. We walked to a back bedroom, she opened the door a crack and there in the sack with Kathy was my wife! Sitting on the edge of the bed was a young stud, who, Leslie whispered, was also going to make it with my wife, after which it would be Leslie's turn.

I was shocked. Straightforward adultery is one thing, but an orgy involving my wife, and a bisexual orgy at that, is perverse, I thought. I must have looked as incredulous as I felt, because Leslie just smiled and told me to keep watching after she went into the room. I did, and I can tell you it was a wild scene. Before it was over, Leslie, Kathy, the stud and my wife were all writhing around on the bed, and I had become so worked up that I ran in and jumped onto the bed, too.

To my amazement, my wife wasn't embarrassed or dismayed when I appeared; she was glad to see me and more turned on than ever! During the next hour or so, the five of us managed to perform just about every sex act imaginable—and some I had never dreamed of. I've seldom seen five people as exhausted as we were when the good time ended.

Maybe you're wondering how this has affected our marriage. It's better than ever. My wife and I still love each other and I am a lot more tolerant of the differences in people's sexual tastes and appetites. While I wouldn't recommend orgies as a steady practice, I have found that an occasional repetition of that first experience with group sex adds excitement to our marriage and actually enhances our enjoyment of each other when we're alone.

(Name withheld by request)
Concord, New Hampshire

SELF-PLEASURE

Although I am 25 years old and enjoy sexual relationships, until recently I had never had an orgasm. Looking back now it amazes me how skillfully I rationalized that my sex life was satisfying without orgasm. A late-night conversation with a good friend forced me to focus on the problem. She suggested masturbation to me as a means of getting to know my own body, and said that if I could give myself pleasure, the rest would happen easily. Of course I thought that that was just a lot of talk. Somehow playing with myself seemed like a waste of time, especially since I had a man in my life to play with. But after my friend left, I tried it. It just made me feel silly and uptight, so I gave up.

A few nights later, I went out with my man. We ended the evening at my

More people use Desenex® to help stop Athlete's Foot than any other remedy.

DESENEX® is America's number one Athlete's Foot preparation.

That's because anti-fungal Desenex contains a medically-proven formula that has successfully helped millions of sufferers. And the number gets bigger every year.

To help heal Athlete's Foot, use Desenex Ointment at night and Desenex Powder, or Aerosol, during the day. When Desenex is used routinely, continued protection against fungous infection is assured.

To fight Athlete's Foot, or prevent its recurrence, use the preparation with the best track record of them all—Desenex.



Also available in Solution form.

PENNWALT
PHARMACRAFT
© 1973 Pharmacrast Division Pennwalt Corporation

Welcome Skallorna. The soft smoke from Denmark.

Skallorna's unique process of triple blending naturally ripened tobaccos has been used by the same family of Danish craftsmen for almost 100 years. It's the reason why Skallorna is mellow, fragrant, bite-free. In a word—soft.



Welcome Skallorna!
The soft smoke from Denmark.

apartment making love. I didn't come but I was really turned on. After he left, I lay on the bed re-creating in my mind what had happened and rubbing my hands all over my body. The tension became so unbearable that I *wanted* to stimulate myself, and I did. Well, I had an incredible orgasm. It was just unbelievable.

Since then, I have spent a lot of my private time making love to my own body and knowing that the more relaxed I am and the more comfortable I get, the sooner I will be able to reach orgasm with a man.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

MASTURBATION NOTION

I completely agree with the generally held view that masturbation is a harmless pleasure and that sex of some sort is better than no sex at all. However, I'd like to propose a qualification to that view. I believe that those men who find themselves inhibited in approaching women and who therefore turn to masturbation as an outlet would do well to try to abstain from solitary pleasure. They then will experience a heightening of desire for women that, when it becomes pressing enough, will drive them to overcome their inhibitions, assert themselves and use their ingenuity to meet and charm members of the opposite sex.

Women's lib probably would never believe it, but fear of women and shyness in approaching them are common problems for men. Perhaps that's the reason for some of the more boorish manifestations of male chauvinism: overcompensation for cowardice where women are concerned. Of course, men who are inhibited with women are the ones most likely to turn to masturbation. And, relieved of sexual pressure, they remain locked in their little self-contained worlds, lacking the incentive to break free.

N. Lewis
Cleveland, Ohio

BREAST-SIZE PROBLEMS

It is beside the point whether the woman who wrote about her silicone implants (*The Playboy Forum*, February) was right or wrong to attach so much importance to the size of her breasts. The main thing is that increasing her breast size changed her, in her own mind, from a loser to a winner and made her happier. I suffered from acne-pitted skin and underwent plastic surgery, so I know from experience how much happier a major improvement in appearance can make a woman.

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Monica, California

I was married to a man who criticized my small breasts: he even pressured me into wearing heavily padded bras. Feeling inferior about one's breasts can be a real problem, no doubt about it, but it is

possible to overcome the brainwashing. In my case, it required breaking with my husband and learning to wear clothes that compliment my figure. Since my divorce, I haven't been denied either a meaningful love relationship or a good sexual experience because of flat-chestedness. And it was me the men wanted, not a C cup.

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

BUTTON MAN

I have an intense interest in female navels—especially the type that protrudes, usually called an outie. To me, Raquel Welch is one of the most beautiful women on earth because of her navel. Leafing through my copy of *The Joy of Sex*, edited by Alex Comfort—a treasure-trove of informational tidbits—I found the following passage, which may be of interest to other navel watchers:

NAVEL: Fascinating to lovers, like all the details of the human body. It's not only decorative but has a lot of cultivable sexual sensation: it fits the finger, tongue, glans or big toe, and merits careful attention when you kiss or touch.

There's more, but it applies primarily to indented navels—innies. Perhaps the next edition of *The Joy of Sex* will have something to say about the umbilical conformation that I, and I'm sure many others, prefer.

(Name withheld by request)
Battle, England

BRING US TOGETHER

I know that PLAYBOY's editors do not think of women as objects, and I know that the Playboy Foundation contributes much money and time to the causes of the oppressed, including women. All this is good, but it does not mitigate the fact that, unwittingly and unwillingly, PLAYBOY just might be helping to keep us all—men and women—in the Middle Ages, because the emphasis in your magazine seems to be very vividly and obviously on female bodies. I feel that the photos of women in PLAYBOY are used in the same way that photos of airplanes and guns are used in magazines for fliers and shooters: They are objects, things to possess and enjoy. Women are not looked upon as full, complete human beings. You are doing your fellow males an injustice by perpetuating their historic roles as users, buyers, abusers, judges and rulers of these objects called women.

Even more strongly do I feel that your cover subtitle "Entertainment for Men," exaggerates the gap between men and women, as though they live in different worlds, want different things and feel different emotions. While I realize that our culture has taught us these differences, I don't agree that they're real. Men and women are more similar

than different—which is what makes our few differences ever so much more enjoyable.

I feel that you limit the width and breadth of your concept of beauty. True, each era has its own ideal of beauty—the heavier women of Rubens' time, the flat-chested flapper, and so on; however, it's a distinct disadvantage to the human race when a large portion of its population is not considered praiseworthy because their noses are too short this season. It seems a very superficial attitude toward people and their worth when a standard is set and portrayed in such blazing colors that all those who do not, or probably cannot, adhere to it are made to feel not with it or not worth it. Some of your photography is fantastic: I only wish your subject matter was as varied as your technique.

All this may sound as though I'm grasping at intellectual straws to justify prudishness. I assure you that I have had great trouble verbalizing my criticism of PLAYBOY and I am not a prude. I do not condemn you or judge you (very much). I do feel the great confusion that arises in women nowadays—and perhaps exists also in men. Instead of screaming, "Male chauvinist pig!" I would like to see a true meeting of the sexes and person communicating with person.

Judy Elder
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Your argument is reasonable and thoughtful, but we can't agree with its basic premise that photographs turn people into objects and that the appeal such photos may have derives from or perpetuates a desire to possess. A desire to enjoy—perhaps. But we've always opposed the idea that enjoyment of another person, either intellectually or physically, can be properly based on ownership or domination. It's regrettably true that many personal relationships are based on simple possessiveness of the sort you describe, but this is a result of psychological dependency that is as common to women as to men. It's also true that people often judge themselves against standards they fail to meet. Many weak and ugly men wish they were strong and handsome. However, such problems won't be solved by making photographic subjects less appealing. We feel we do as much as or more than any other publication to combat the idea, on which your argument is founded, that pleasure and possession are synonymous.

"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.



The Sony Action-Corder.

On-the-go professionals, on the scene when ideas, facts and figures are flying thick and fast. Get it all down accurately, permanently and easily with the Sony TC-55 Action-Corder.

About as small as an instant camera and as simple to use. Just snap in a tape cassette, press a button and you're recording.

There's no mike to hold, either. Sony built it right into the case. Not just any microphone, mind you. This is a professional condenser microphone. It picks up any sound your ears can hear and it's yours in the TC-55 for just \$139.95. Or choose any of the other Sony Action-Corder models starting at \$99.95. The Sony Action-Corder—perfect for students, businessmen, everyone.

Traveling first class? Then you'll want the Sony Model 140 Deluxe AC/DC portable Cassette-Corder* as your traveling companion. Make your own cassette recordings from discs, tapes or off the air. Or simply relax to the sound of your favorite music cassettes. Ticketed at \$139.95.

Want to go with radio? Mix mobility and music with Sony's new CF-350 combination AM/FM Radio and Cassette-Corder. Record music and the big news stories right off the air. Plus do all the other fun things you can do with an ordinary tape recorder. It goes for just \$139.95. For a demonstration of the entire line of Cassette-Corders featuring the fantastic built-in professional condenser microphone, see your nearest Superscope dealer.

He's in the yellow pages.

SONY Ask anyone.

A Product from **SUPERSCOPE.**





Kawasaki lets the good times roll.

You're jumping a puddle — or flattening a hill. Flying the freeway — or riding the range. On your way to somewhere — or nowhere.

You're rolling in good times. On a Kawasaki. And for starters, it doesn't take a big bite out

of the bankroll. Kawasaki prices begin at \$299*.

You can choose from 13 different Kawasaki street or trail bikes at your dealer. You'll find him in the Yellow Pages. Get going. Let the good times roll your way! MEMBER MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL

*Suggested retail price, West Coast P. O. E., East Coast P. O. E. slightly higher. State and local taxes, dealer prep, options extra.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

WALTER CRONKITE

a candid conversation with america's most trusted television newsman

In commenting on the demise of *Life* magazine last autumn, former chief editorial writer John K. Jessup remarked, "Except maybe for Walter Cronkite, there is no more focal point of national information cutting across these special interests, no cracker barrel, no forum, no well." Certainly, if God had set out to create a prototypical middle American, He could have done little better than limn the image of the sad-eyed 56-year-old man—at his CBS anchor desk in New York—whose military-drum-roll voice, sending modulator needles flickering toward the bass registers, has become part of our collective consciousness. *Time* magazine has described Cronkite as "the single most convincing and authoritative figure in television news," and a survey conducted by Oliver Quayle and Company to measure trust in prominent figures showed Cronkite leading everyone—including Presidential candidates Richard Nixon, Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern.

But while Cronkite is regarded by the public as a fatherly, sympathetic figure, he has a rather more volatile reputation among his colleagues in the broadcast industry, where he's known as a tough, jealous and outspoken guardian of newsmen's rights. When Vice-President Agnew made his now-famous speech in Des Moines in 1969, sneering at TV news commentators as "a tiny, enclosed fratern-

ity of privileged men elected by no one and enjoying a monopoly sanctioned and licensed by Government," Cronkite was among the first broadcasters to join the battle. Agnew's speech, he charged, was "a clear effort at intimidation." In May 1971, while most network news executives were taking refuge in corporate anonymity, Cronkite lashed out at the Nixon Administration for committing "a crime against the people" by trying to prevent TV from doing its job as the people's observer of the performance of their elected representatives.

This position at the barricades is, in fact, a highly distasteful one for the Missouri-born, Texas-educated dentist's son, who has avowed no greater desire in his 22 years at CBS than to be where the news is. "Punditry doesn't really appeal to me," he once told TV critics in New York. Cronkite joined United Press after his college days at the University of Texas and, when World War Two broke out, he became a top U.P. correspondent—filing eyewitness dispatches from the Battle of the North Atlantic in 1942, landing with the invading Allied troops in North Africa in November of that year, taking part in the Normandy beachhead assaults in 1944, dropping into Holland with the 101st Airborne Division and riding with General Patton's Third Army to the rescue of encircled American troops at the Battle of

the Bulge in December 1944. After the war, Cronkite re-established U.P. bureaus in Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg, and he was chief U.P. correspondent at the Nuremberg trials of Göring, Hess and other Nazis before becoming U.P.'s chief correspondent in Moscow. Returning home in 1948, he broadcast events in Washington for a group of Midwestern radio stations before joining CBS News, where he became managing editor in 1963.

Before and since going to CBS, he has been present at most of the major news events of his time; perhaps his strongest identification in recent years has been with coverage of the United States space program, for which he has received two Emmy awards. He has also been a fixture of CBS' political-convention coverage from its infancy in 1952 through the 1972 campaign—with one important, and humiliating exception. In 1964, CBS pulled Cronkite out of his anchorman's post for the Democratic Convention, substituting Roger Mudd and Robert Trout in an attempt to counter the rating success of NBC's Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. Cronkite's professional pride was deeply hurt, but he accepted the decision without public or private comment—and was back in the driver's seat after TV critics and the public voiced loud displeasure. Never again has he been



"I can't see how it's possible to have such an orchestrated, coordinated campaign against the press without some prior plan and agreement—which really comes out to be a conspiracy."



"What Ellsberg did is for his conscience to work on. I admire tremendously his courage and bravery and his fortitude in doing what he did. But I would never assign a man to do that for CBS."



VERNON L. SMITH

"I think newsmen are inclined to side with humanity rather than with authority and institutions. And this sort of pushes them to the left. But I don't think there are many who are far left."

so cavalierly treated by his network.

Though he has always cherished his old wire-service-bred belief in objectivity, Cronkite has occasionally departed from his impersonal role. Sometimes the departures were unintentional—as when his voice broke with emotion in November 1963 as he announced President Kennedy's assassination, and when he gleefully chortled "Oh, boy!" on witnessing the blast-off of Apollo 11 for the moon in July 1969. Sometimes they were deliberate: In March 1968, after a two-week visit to Vietnam, he concluded several newscasts with ringing statements of his view that the Administration was wrong in its policies there. And on at least one on-the-air occasion, Cronkite got just plain mad. During the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago, after seeing a CBS correspondent punched on the convention floor by security officers, he fumed: "If this sort of thing continues, it makes us, in our anger, want to just turn off our cameras and pack up our microphones and our typewriters and get the devil out of this town and leave the Democrats to their agony."

He didn't pack up, of course. He hung in there and saw the story through, as he has ever since his first days as a wire-service reporter. Thoroughness is a Cronkite hallmark—as evidenced in two of last year's most incisive news specials: a three-part series on the controversial U.S.-Soviet wheat deal and an in-depth report on the Watergate scandal, both of which he put together after returning from trips with President Nixon's entourage to China and the Soviet Union.

It's likely that Walter Cronkite has talked, on-mike, with more of the world's headline makers than has any other living American—with the possible exception of Henry Kissinger—and many of his interviews have been considered landmarks of broadcast journalism. In September 1963, he inaugurated "The CBS Evening News," network TV's first half-hour, five-day-a-week news broadcast, with an exclusive conversation with President Kennedy. Among his other subjects: Egypt's President Anwar El-Sadat, Israel's Premier Golda Meir, Yugoslavia's President Tito, West Germany's Chancellor Willy Brandt, Britain's Prince Philip, and Daniel Ellsberg, the man who released the Pentagon papers. Most recently, Cronkite conducted a series of four interviews with former President Lyndon Johnson, the last taking place just ten days before Johnson's death in January.

To get a summing up of Cronkite's own feelings about his 40 years in journalism and about the current contretemps between the Government and the press, PLAYBOY assigned Chicago Sun-Times TV critic Ron Powers to interview Cronkite in New York. His report:

"Walter Cronkite is a Walter Mitty in reverse: He is a famous man who has fantasies of being ordinary. His of-

fice—a pristine cubbyhole just off the 'Evening News' set at CBS' big broadcast barn on West 57th Street in New York—proves it. There are the obligatory 'serious books' about Presidents and nations, the plastic-lined wastebasket, the three TV sets and the 'Facts on File.' But there is also a large, sentimental oil painting of a sailing boat (boating is Cronkite's favorite recreation), a box of chocolates and a cardboard-cutout statue of Apollo spacemen, a grade-schooler's gift that Cronkite keeps as a souvenir.

"He never loosened his necktie as we talked, but he propped his feet up on his desk and alternately clasped his hands behind his head and fiddled with his stretch socks. At one point he interrupted the interview to take a phone call from some dignitary; the one snatch of conversation I heard was, 'This is between you and me and the fence post. . . .' He coughed frequently—blaming it on a cold—and his voice in conversation was surprisingly low, as though he were trying to protect the throat that had recently undergone surgery for removal of a benign tumor. (He insisted he was fine now.) His eyes, so penetrating on the screen, seem pale and sensitive in person. He has the old-time journalist's knack of forming his thoughts into cogent, parsable sentences as he speaks, and he displayed a gift for the lyric phrase when talking of his reveries at the helm of his boat or of memories of childhood days in Texas.

"I frequently sensed a mild, resigned puzzlement that the life of a superstar had come to him. He was unfailingly courteous with me, but on the topic that was obviously foremost in his mind—current Government ploys to muffle newsmen in the pursuit of their work—he was neither mild nor resigned. He was visibly steamed, in fact, when we discussed the subject, which I broached in my first question."

PLAYBOY: You are perhaps the most outspoken of all newsmen in defending broadcasters' rights against Government intimidation. In fact, you have used the word conspiracy in describing the Nixon Administration's efforts to discredit the press. How would you characterize this conspiracy?

CRONKITE: Let me say, first of all, that after I used the word conspiracy the first and only time, in a speech to the International Radio and Television Society in New York a couple of years ago, I began to regret the use of the word—only because I found that there were still people who equated conspiracy with some of the witch-hunts of the past. The word has nearly lost its true meaning. Having said that, I still feel that this is basically what has taken place: a well-directed campaign against the press, agreed upon in secret by members of the Administration. I can't see how it's possible to have such



"I'm your service representative, may I help you?"

"I'll be glad to explain that to you."

When you want to talk to the telephone company, here's who's on the other end of the line.

First of all, what you're not going to get is a shuffle from one person to another.

What you'll get every time you call your local telephone company's business office is a service representative.

And every service representative has one job, and one job only. To help you get your problem solved. Quickly. Politely. And to your best possible satisfaction.

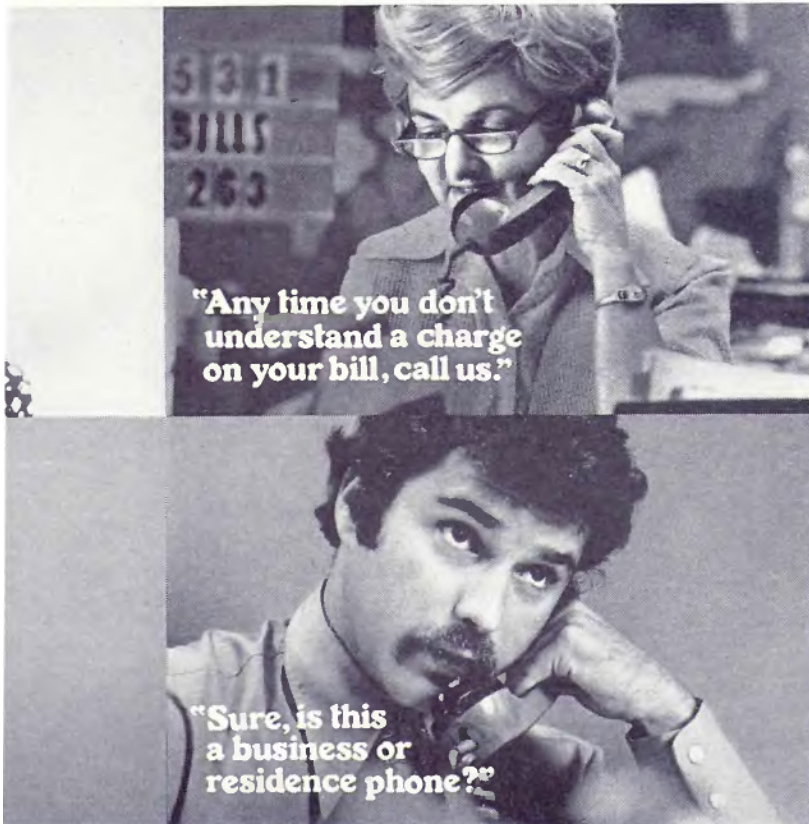
Naturally, you aren't the only person with something to talk over with us.

Each month, over 12 million of you call us. So AT&T and your local Bell Company have more than 37,000 service representatives to listen and to act.

(The time and money to train them runs into the millions. But when you consider the job they're doing, every dollar is well spent.)

Even with all these 37,000 people, we can't promise to solve every telephone problem immediately. But we can promise a service representative will try.

We hear you.



We hear you.



JADE EAST.

If she doesn't
give it to you,
get it yourself.



You're a man with very definite tastes. Your cologne should reflect those tastes...strong, exotic, sensuous, lingering. Jade East is the cologne to meet those tastes. If she doesn't give it to you...get it yourself.

SWANK sole distributor.
Available at fine stores everywhere.



an orchestrated, coordinated campaign without some prior plan and agreement—which really comes out to be a conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: Can you trace it to one person in the Administration?

CRONKITE: I certainly think that the President has to be held accountable, since he's the boss.

PLAYBOY: Do you attribute Nixon's hostility toward the press to his personal bitterness about the way the press has treated him?

CRONKITE: I think that may be true, although it's very hard to ascribe motivation to anybody. Circumstantially, the evidence would point to that. Certainly, he's had his bouts with the press before; his disappointments have been shown in public. There is the case of the 1962 gubernatorial concession statement in California. There is his failure just in recent months, at a very critical time in history, to appear more frequently before the press and the public to explain the workings of the Administration. I think all these things point to that general attitude toward the press.

I don't know what happened inside the Administration. I don't know at what point its members decided that it would be wise to attempt to bring down the press's credibility in an attempt to raise their own. But I think that's what has happened. It's sort of like that U tube we used to see in physics class that shows the countereffects of pressure: When you put pressure on one side and the level goes down, the level of the water on the other side has to rise. Extending that theory, if you could lower the credibility of the press, you could raise the credibility of the politicians. That must be the underlying theory in their attack.

PLAYBOY: Who, besides the President, are the men involved in this attack?

CRONKITE: I'd include almost everybody on the White House staff. You've got Herb Klein and Ron Ziegler to be considered in there. You've also got the advisors, Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, and the speechwriter, Pat Buchanan. Of course, it's unfair in a way to lump them all together, because I don't know who in that group might be raising a dissenting voice and suggesting that this is *not* the way to go about handling the press relations of this Administration.

PLAYBOY: Nearly all politicians have felt the need to control the press to some degree. Is this Administration simply more sophisticated than its predecessors in the techniques of applying pressure effectively?

CRONKITE: I don't know that they're any more sophisticated, but they're the first ones who have deliberately set out to use those techniques.

PLAYBOY: What has been the chronology of this attack? Was Vice-President Agnew's 1969 Des Moines speech—in which he attacked the "tiny, enclosed fraternity

of privileged men"—the start of it all? **CRONKITE:** I think that was the open declaration in the battle. Before that, it was simply felt that this Administration's antagonism had been about like the antagonism shown by previous Administrations, Democratic as well as Republican—particularly Democratic—toward the press. An adversary relationship, we all agree, is a good thing. But the Agnew attack suddenly became a matter of Administration policy and, more than that, a threat to use Governmental weapons against the press. Then, following Agnew's speech, there was a tightening in attitudes on the part of press-relations people in the Government. It was a subtle thing.

PLAYBOY: Not being cooperative with reporters?

CRONKITE: Yes. And clearly displaying a feeling that they felt they were under pressure from the press but that they were going to be protected higher up. They took the hard line.

PLAYBOY: There have been private complaints by news executives of other networks about rather direct applications of this hard line. They say that staff aides of the FCC, and sometimes Administration staff people, upon hearing that a controversial documentary is in the works, will telephone the station managers of affiliate stations and remind them that their license is coming due for renewal in a few months. They raise that reminder in connection with whether the station manager is going to clear the documentary for broadcast or not. Has that happened at CBS?

CRONKITE: I haven't heard anything like that here at CBS, but that doesn't mean it doesn't happen.

PLAYBOY: In December of last year, Clay T. Whitehead, who is President Nixon's communications advisor, announced to a journalism fraternity in Indianapolis that a bill was in the works that would place a local station's license in jeopardy if the station couldn't "demonstrate meaningful service to the community." Whitehead said "the community-accountability standard will have special meaning for all network affiliates. They should be held accountable to their local audiences for the 61 percent of their schedules that are network programs." Whitehead used the words bias and balance in defining this accountability. What do you think is behind such a requirement?

CRONKITE: I think the Administration would like to deflate, if possible, the power of the network news programs. But I don't know how in the world local station owners could do that. I think it's impossible. On the basis of what knowledge are they going to edit locally what we broadcast nationally? They don't have the sources of information available at their finger tips, as we do. Are they going to challenge a statement made by a network news correspondent in Saigon? How are they going to do that? Are they simply

Unusual Offer..

during May only you can buy up to

\$5000 worth

of First National City Travelers Checks

for a fee of only \$2



You can save up to \$48 in May.

Even if your trip is months away—whether in the U.S. or overseas—buy up to \$5,000 worth of First National City Travelers Checks in May and save as much as \$48.

YOU CAN BUY THEM EVERYWHERE.

Thousands of banks in the U.S. and Puerto Rico are participating in the Unusual Offer. Ask for them at your bank.

YOU CAN SPEND THEM ANYWHERE.

At millions of places in America and around the world.

YOU CAN REPLACE THEM ANYWHERE.

If they're lost or stolen, you can get them replaced, on-the-spot, at more than 35,000 refund points in the U.S. and overseas... the most extensive refund service in the travelers check business.

IT'S THE BEST WAY TO PROTECT YOUR MONEY.

Whether you're traveling in America or abroad—

or keeping money at home or in the office.

AND... if you buy First National City Travelers Checks in May, you can save up to \$48. Don't miss this chance.

See How Much You Can Save.

Amount of Travelers Checks	Usual Fee	May Fee	YOU SAVE
\$ 300	\$ 3.00	\$2.00	\$ 1.00
500	5.00	2.00	3.00
1,000	10.00	2.00	8.00
2,500	25.00	2.00	23.00
5,000	50.00	2.00	48.00

Offer good only in the U.S. and Puerto Rico—and ends May 31st, 1973. So, to protect your cash against loss or theft—and save money, too—act now.

First National City Travelers Checks

Ask For Them At Your Bank

going to decide it doesn't sound right to them? Or it doesn't sound fair to them? I think this is what Mr. Whitehead would like to impose.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CRONKITE: This Administration clearly feels that its strength is out in the country, in the smaller communities, the land of the great silent American, as they would have it. The networks, this thinking goes, are more "liberal" in their outlook than the individual stations. I think they might be fooled in that assumption if they began to tamper with the flow of news. But the other part of Whitehead's proposition was the carrot dangling at the end of the stick: an increase in the license term to five years, instead of the present three. This would mean vast savings in legal fees for the station owner. The bill would also assure the owner that if anyone challenged his license, it would be up to the challenger to present proof that the station hadn't performed its function, rather than the station owner's responsibility, as now defined by law, to prove he'd done a good job. And that, obviously, is very appealing—and rather insidious as a temptation to "cooperate" with the Government. But I think most station owners know there's no practical way they can exercise any real judgment over network programming, either entertainment or news.

PLAYBOY: They could decide to cancel the network feed.

CRONKITE: Yes, they certainly could. I would assume that that's the intent of the Whitehead proposal, in its ultimate: If the networks don't shape up by reflecting community attitudes, then the only recourse of the local station is to cancel them. Which means that you would be frozen in the establishment attitude of each individual community. If network news didn't coincide precisely with the view at the local level, off the air we'd go. If enough local stations did that, you wouldn't have network news any longer. But I don't think that's likely to happen.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it be possible for local-station anchor-men to use the same sources of information that you have at the network level and to give their own national newscasts?

CRONKITE: Certainly. They can use the A. P. and the U. P. I., just as we do. But the great bulk of our reporting is with our own network correspondents, our own film crews around the world. I don't know who would supply the local stations with film. There have been attempts at syndicated news-film services that haven't been successful. I think it would be fine to have a television news association similar to the A. P. or the U. P. I., an association in which you would have a staff of foreign correspondents and foreign film crews. But it's a very expensive proposition, and it would cost the local stations

a great deal more than the present system of taking network news, which is subsidized by the network.

PLAYBOY: You had lunch with Mr. Whitehead recently. Did you raise these arguments with him?

CRONKITE: Yes, it was a diplomats' day; we had a "frank and open discussion." And, as the diplomats say privately, it didn't come to anything. We had, I must say, a quite pleasant lunch, but we have a fundamental disagreement on these matters.

PLAYBOY: What's the nature of your disagreement?

CRONKITE: Well, it gets down to a couple of things. First, Mr. Whitehead suggests that he's not really trying to get at network news; that's not the purpose of the license-renewal bill. If that wasn't the intent, I asked him, why did he make that speech to a journalism fraternity? And he said, "Well, it just seemed like a good forum at the time." I found that a little disingenuous. Then, secondly, he maintains that the Administration feels network news must exercise a greater degree of "professional responsibility." I really couldn't get a definition from him of just what that "professional responsibility" is. I'd have a hard time defining professional responsibility myself. But my hackles rise when I hear it suggested that we're *not* responsible. We in broadcast news have ethics we defend and maintain as strongly as a doctor or a lawyer does; in fact, a lot *more* strongly than some doctors and lawyers I know.

PLAYBOY: Doctors and lawyers have rather well-defined codes of professional standards, but journalists don't. Do you think they should?

CRONKITE: I don't really see that they need to be imposed, and I see some dangers in it. Freedom of press and speech seems to imply that anybody can write or speak out, whether he's literate or not. Erecting standards would also suggest that you're going to legislate against the underground press, and I think that would be a mistake. If you're going to accept journalists only if they conform to some establishment norm, you won't have the new blood and free flow of new ideas that are absolutely essential to a vital press. I don't know that Tom Paine could have passed a journalism-review test.

PLAYBOY: One standard that Government already confers on broadcasters is the so-called fairness doctrine, which requires that both sides of controversial issues be presented. You have said you favor its elimination because it imposes artificial and arbitrary standards of balance and objectivity.

CRONKITE: Yes, I think the only way to free radio and television news broadcasting from the constant danger of Government censorship is to free it from any form of Government control. The only way to do that is to limit the licensing practice

to a technical matter of assignment of channels.

PLAYBOY: Whitehead agrees with you on this. But he cites three "harsh realities" that he says make it impossible to eliminate the fairness doctrine at this time. The first is "a scarcity of broadcasting outlets," which he feels limits the range of viewpoints expressed on the air.

CRONKITE: I think that's false. There are certainly a limited number of bands on the open-broadcast spectrum, but we've got cable TV, which provides a multitude of outlets, coming along now. And even over the airwaves, how many outlets do you need to have enough? In almost every community today, the number of television stations is limited solely by economic viability. So where is this monopoly they keep talking about? It doesn't exist. You've got more television networks serving out news than you've got wire services.

PLAYBOY: Whitehead's second argument is that a great deal of economic and social power is concentrated in the networks. CBS, for example, does research and development in military and space technology, owns two publishing houses and has phonograph-record, record-club and film-communications divisions.

CRONKITE: That's right. We're big. And we're powerful enough to thumb our nose at threats and intimidation from Government. I hope it stays that way.

PLAYBOY: But are you powerful enough to broadcast in your own interest, as opposed to the public interest?

CRONKITE: That danger probably exists. I couldn't deny it. But there are an awful lot of journalists who wouldn't work for networks if they did that. That's the first line of defense. The second line of defense, which I admit is a matter of trust, is that none of the network managements is as venal as that. At least they haven't shown that side to me. I've been here for 22 years and I just don't think that's likely.

PLAYBOY: Whitehead again: "There is a tendency for broadcasters and the networks to be self-indulgent and myopic in viewing the First Amendment as protecting only their rights as speakers. They forget that its primary purpose is to assure a free flow and wide range of information to the public." Comment?

CRONKITE: That's absolutely what we ought to be doing. But that's not just what we're supposed to be doing; that's what we *are* doing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the local-station license-renewal bill will succeed?

CRONKITE: I have a feeling that it won't, simply because I believe that there are enough Congressmen today who are alert to the dangers to our free speech and free press that they would go very slow on anything of this kind. I think that this awareness is increasing in the country. Now, I'm afraid that we in the news media

The Subaru GL Coupe. Like a spirited woman who yearns to be tamed.

Perhaps you're a man who grabs life by the cuff. You live life your way. And it shows... in the clothes you wear...in the women you love...and in the car you drive.

The Subaru GL Coupe is waiting for you.

Sleek. Agile. The sculptured lines of the one piece body invite you in. With front wheel drive she's different. A step ahead of the others. Go to her. Let her cradle you in the softness of her highback reclining bucket seats. Surround yourself with the lushness of her interior appointments. The GL Coupe is ready.

Now. Turn her on.

Lead her to the open road. This is where the Subaru GL Coupe wants to be. Unleash the relentless power of her 1400cc quadrozontal engine. Control the Coupe's every movement — her every twist and turn — as you take hold of her rack and pinion steering. She'll make it smooth with her four wheel independent suspension. She'll carry you away as she peaks to the red line of her tach.

The Subaru GL Coupe is yours. Waiting for you.
And one more good thing, she costs so little to keep happy.

Front Drive
Subaru



For your nearest dealer call 800-447-4700. In Illinois, 800-322-4400. Subaru automobiles, priced from \$2,196. Plus dealer prep., freight, state and local taxes, if any. Manufactured by Fuji Heavy Industries, Tokyo, Japan. Imported by Subaru of America, Inc., Pennsauken, New Jersey 08109

aren't popular with politicians, with any political party or any political creed. I mean, all we have to do is go back four years to remember the furor that was raised in Congress after the Democratic Convention of 1968 by Democrats who were shocked at the coverage that we dared give their clambake in Chicago. Now it's the Republicans in power.

PLAYBOY: You say you believe that Congress will be alert to the dangers posed to free speech, yet you say the news media aren't popular with politicians. If that's true, wouldn't Congress be likely to vote in favor of restrictive legislation?

CRONKITE: No, I don't think so. I don't think you have to equate popularity or unpopularity with rational consideration of a given issue. I think a lot of Congressmen will vote to support an institution they have disagreements with if the issues involved are important enough to transcend their own personal bias, as I think the issues in this bill clearly are. Those in command are never going to appreciate the press. It's fundamental that they shouldn't. When they do, we'd better look to our profession to find out what's wrong.

PLAYBOY: Do you think what some editorial writers have called the "chilling effect" of the Whitehead bill may have been achieved simply by its being brandished as a potential weapon?

CRONKITE: There is a chill right now on newspapers, and on broadcast news in particular. We feel it to a certain extent here at the network level, where we have the greatest strength. That's why they're after us first.

PLAYBOY: What form does this pressure take?

CRONKITE: We feel it on us with each item we report: that it's going to be questioned by the Administration, and in the higher echelons of the network, and among our affiliates. We may be called upon to explain an item, why we used it, why we chose that particular wording. This is a shadow and a threat that constantly hangs over us.

PLAYBOY: Does that threat influence the content of the news?

CRONKITE: I don't think so. It's like a cold draft coming through the door, but I think we're kind of bundling up and putting on our mittens and continuing to do our job. I don't know of any story that hasn't been carried on the *CBS Evening News* because of a chilling effect, but I don't know that that can go on forever.

PLAYBOY: Besides the Whitehead bill, there have been other recent assaults on the press. Four reporters have been sent to jail for refusing to hand over confidential information to the courts: a fifth—Jack Anderson's legman Les Whitten—was handcuffed and his notes were impounded. And a Nixon-appointed Corporation for Public Broadcasting has

removed virtually all news and public-affairs programing from public-TV's 1973 schedule. Do you believe these incidents are all part of an orchestrated attack on freedom of the press?

CRONKITE: Yes, I do. I have no doubt at all that they amount to a very serious assault. This Administration has tried to bring, and may have succeeded in bringing, the press to heel. It has tried to suggest in every possible way that the press has no privileges in this society, that, indeed, if anything, the press should be put under much closer scrutiny by society as a whole. And this, I think, is a dangerous philosophy. This campaign against press credibility, to divide the nation from the press, is continuing—and is being stepped up, as a matter of fact. I'm thinking of Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz's remark in late February, when he announced that the cost-of-food index had risen in January by the greatest percentage in 20 or 25 years—and then said, "Of course, the press is going to misinterpret this." That was quite a prejudgment, it seems to me. How do you misinterpret the fact that food prices have gone up by the greatest percentage in 20 or 25 years? Butz figures that food prices are going to be nasty and difficult for the Administration to deal with, so let's put the blame somewhere else again.

PLAYBOY: Insofar as television is bearing the brunt of this attack, do you feel that CBS is the primary target—that the Administration is still vindictive about *The Selling of the Pentagon* and your own news reports last summer on the Watergate affair and the Soviet wheat deal?

CRONKITE: I like to think that we've been in the forefront of the reporting and therefore in the forefront when the flak starts to fly. That doesn't alarm me. I'm not alarmed for CBS. I'm alarmed for the entire country.

PLAYBOY: News analysis on all the networks has dropped off since the Administration's attacks began. There are fewer "instant analyses" of Presidential addresses, for example.

CRONKITE: I'm not sure I agree with you. I think that we at CBS bend over backward to be sure that we get an analysis on after every major address. Even when commercial considerations might have dictated going immediately from the address to the next program, we've cut into the top of that program in order to get a few licks in.

PLAYBOY: But are these licks as tough as they used to be?

CRONKITE: I don't know. I guess I have to be candid and say that it seems to me that on occasion our guys have pulled their punches. But I've talked with them about it—not officially, because that's not part of my function—and I get the impression that they don't feel they have. But they do feel threatened. This question of

"instant analysis," though, is one of the major phonies of the whole anti-network, anti-press campaign. As any newspaperman knows, it's rare that the press doesn't have a major Presidential speech several hours in advance. The newspapers must get it set in type, the editorial writers must have a shot at it for the next day's paper. So there's nothing instant about analysis. The network analysts have longer than the print press to study a speech, in fact, because they don't deliver their analysis until after it's given.

PLAYBOY: What about the "instant analysis" that Government spokesmen gave to *The Selling of the Pentagon*? Do you feel some of that criticism—for editorial bias and unfair editing—was justified?

CRONKITE: I think some of it was justified. I'm not a great defender of some of the editorial techniques used in *The Selling of the Pentagon*. I'm talking partly of rearranging the sequence of a military officer's conversation so that his remarks were taken out of context. I also think there was some emphasis on some aspects of Pentagon public relations that was kind of a bum rap. I think the firepower display and the touring exhibits are perfectly acceptable as Pentagon PR. I think the Pentagon ought to be showing the public what it's got and what we're buying for our money. How else is the public going to know? But the Government was nitpicking in an effort to destroy the general theme and the impression given by *The Selling of the Pentagon*, which was fully justified.

PLAYBOY: What was that general theme?

CRONKITE: The exposing of a great propaganda organization that has been developed not primarily to inform the public but to keep it sold on a big military establishment.

PLAYBOY: Can you think of subsequent documentaries that have been as tough and crusading as that one? Many feel it was the last of its kind. And it was broadcast back in 1971.

CRONKITE: I don't think the documentaries are less tough. We just don't have as many of them on as we used to, on any of the networks. I think this is a function partly of having kind of worn out the market for them, temporarily. What we have instead now is the *Sixty Minutes* format, the Sunday-magazine format. And I don't believe that anybody can say that that is soft. It's damn tough stuff.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the public's apparent declining interest in documentaries has anything to do with the Administration's success in discrediting the press? Were you surprised, for example, at the low level of outrage following the Watergate exposé?

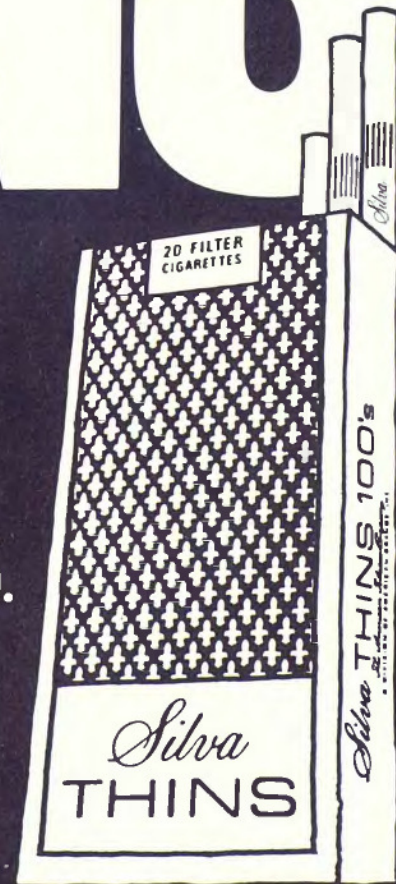
CRONKITE: I certainly was, very much so. I tie it to the fact that the people say, well, it's just another campaign-year press attack against Nixon.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the public really cares about freedom of the press any

THINK THINS

Think Silva Thins 100's. They have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.*

Menthol too.



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

*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.

more? Or even about its own freedom of speech or assembly?

CRONKITE: I think people care in the abstract. But they don't understand the specifics. We did a poll on the Bill of Rights at CBS a couple of years ago. We asked people such specific questions as, "As long as there appears to be no danger of violence, do you think any group, no matter how extreme, should be allowed to organize protests against the Government?" Something like 76 percent of the people said no, they don't have that right. But the same people *support* the constitutional guarantee of freedom of assembly. So they believe in the abstract but not in the specific. And this is our problem.

PLAYBOY: Implicit in the Administration's attempts to force the networks to "balance" the news is a conviction that most newscasters are biased against conservatism. Is there some truth in the view that television newsmen tend to be left of center?

CRONKITE: Well, certainly liberal, and possibly left of center as well. I would have to accept that.

PLAYBOY: What's the distinction between those two terms?

CRONKITE: I think the distinction is both clear and important. I think that being a liberal, in the true sense, is being nondogmatic, nondogmatic, noncommitted to a cause—but examining each case on its merits. Being left of center is another thing: it's a political position. I think most newspapermen by definition have to be liberal: if they're not liberal, by my definition of it, then they can hardly be good newspapermen. If they're preordained dogmatists for a cause, then they can't be very good journalists; that is, if they carry it into their journalism.

As far as the leftist thing is concerned, that I think is something that comes from the nature of a journalist's work. Most newsmen have spent some time covering the seamier side of human endeavor; they cover police stations and courts and the infighting in politics. And I think they come to feel very little allegiance to the established order. I think they're inclined to side with humanity rather than with authority and institutions. And this sort of pushes them to the left. But I don't think there are many who are *far* left. I think a little left of center probably is correct.

PLAYBOY: Some critics believe that this left-of-center tendency produces a kind of conventional wisdom for liberals—a point of view that's common to most newsmen. During last summer's convention coverage, for example, George McGovern was repeatedly characterized as a likable but conniving bungler and President Nixon as an unlovable but efficient manager running a closed shop. According to Richard Dougherty, Senator

McGovern's press secretary during the 1972 campaign, the press never rests until it has found a convenient tag. Then, unconsciously, it edits its coverage to fit this preconception. Is this a legitimate charge?

CRONKITE: God, it worries me more than almost any other single factor. It's a habit that I justify to myself because of the time element. You quickly label a man as a leftist or a conservative or something, because every time you mention him, it's almost impossible to explain precisely where he stands on various issues. But labeling disturbs me at every level of our society. We all have a tendency to do it.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the fact that the same labels tend to be applied to the same people by all the networks—as well as by the print media—imply that there's a bit too much editorial camp-following in the news business?

CRONKITE: Don't forget that in political campaigns those who cover a candidate are all living and working together in the greatest intimacy. I mean, there's a lot of cross-fertilization, and these reporters become kind of a touchstone for the rest of the press. That's inevitable, I suppose. But the idea that there's some elitist liberal Eastern establishment policy line is absolutely mad.

PLAYBOY: To the extent that there is at least a tendency to group-think, what do you think the effect of it is?

CRONKITE: To the extent that there is an effect, I think it's to be deplored. But I don't know that there's anything you can do about it. We're perhaps all conditioned by similar backgrounds, similar experiences. And you'll find, I think, that if we do, indeed, react in a knee-jerk fashion to news stimuli, so do people in every other business.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that the essence of Vice-President Agnew's charge—that newsmen are conditioned by similar backgrounds and experiences?

CRONKITE: Again, he's thinking of the elitist Eastern establishment as our common background and experience. I'm thinking about covering the police station in Louisiana in Howard K. Smith's case or North Carolina in David Brinkley's case. That's the kind of experience I'm talking about—experience of America, experience with the people, experience with the burgeoning and overburdening bureaucracy, experience with those who have a tough shake in life. That's the experience I'm talking about.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about advocacy journalism—the kind of reporting that puts the sort of experience you mention in the service of a newsmen's own personal convictions? Is it possible that there isn't enough of this—rather than too much, as Agnew claims—in the media?

CRONKITE: I think that in seeking truth you

have to get both sides of a story. In fact, I don't merely think, I *insist* that we present both sides of a story. It's perfectly all right to have first-person journalism; I'm all for muckraking journalism; I'm all for the sidebar, the eyewitness story, the impression piece. But the basic function of the press has to be the presentation of all the facts on which the story is based. There are no pros and cons as far as the press is concerned. There shouldn't be. There are only the facts. Advocacy is all right in special columns. But how the hell are you going to give people the basis on which to advocate something if you don't present the facts to them? If you go only for advocacy journalism, you're really assuming unto yourself a privilege that was never intended anywhere in the definition of a free press.

PLAYBOY: In reporting an official statement that a newsmen knows to be patently untrue, do you think that in the interest of presenting both sides of a story, he should feel an obligation to report also that it's a lie?

CRONKITE: I think you're probably obligated to report it—but you're also obligated to check the records first.

PLAYBOY: Can you think of a story in which a man who's been quoted has been shown by independent checking to be untruthful?

CRONKITE: Yes, that happens quite frequently. For example, there's a Pentagon announcement about the purchase of a new weapons system that's going to cost so much, and we point out that development costs have already run a lot more than that. This is a routine part of reporting.

PLAYBOY: The job of corroborating the facts in a story can be complicated by a newsmen's closeness with his source. Jack Anderson and others say that most newsmen in Washington are so dependent on high-level sources, so impressed with being able to associate with the mighty, that they become their unwitting allies. Is this a fair appraisal of the Washington press corps?

CRONKITE: I think it's a serious problem, and not just for the Washington press corps. It's a serious problem for the county-court reporter, the police reporter in Sioux City or anywhere else. How close do you get to your sources? It's a hard decision. In order to protect your objectivity, you can turn your back on them socially; but by so doing, you can also cut yourself off from inside information.

PLAYBOY: Anderson insists that sources tell him things because they're afraid not to.

CRONKITE: Well, I think that's right. But I don't approve of everything Anderson does and everything he prints. He often has inadequate evidence. I think he takes the minor episodes and blows them into what appear to be major scandals. On the other hand, he's the one guy who's doing

a consistent job of investigative journalism, at least on a daily basis in Washington. And I do agree with him that there are many reporters in Washington who deliberately seek social favors, to the considerable detriment of their reporting. But there are also a lot of lazy reporters who aren't high enough on the social scale, the impact scale, to get the big invitations. They simply find it's a lot easier to take the handouts and rewrite them than it is to do a day's work.

PLAYBOY: Another problem in Washington news coverage seems to handicap broadcast reporters more than the print press. The networks don't seem willing to spend the money for specialist reporters, and their general newsmen are shunted from story to story, never staying on one for a long time. Doesn't that handicap you?

CRONKITE: Yes, there's no question about it. It's part of our basic problem in network news, something the public should be aware of. The problem is lack of personnel. The reporters we have in the field are the best in the business. I think; most of them are graduates of newspapers and news services, and they are superb. But we don't have enough of them, and we're never going to—simply because we don't have the outlet for them. I mean, we may have room on the *Evening News* for maybe three or four reports on camera and a total of 10, 12 or 15 other items that are going to run 15 to 20 seconds each. It's pretty hard in those circumstances to economically justify maintaining a staff equivalent to that of the A. P. or U. P. I.

In television, we can introduce the public to the people who make the news. We can introduce them to the places where the news is made. And we can give them a bulletin service. In those three particulars, we can beat any other news medium. But for the in-depth reporting that's required for an individual to have a reasonably complete knowledge of his world on any given day—of the city and county and state—we can't touch it. **PLAYBOY:** There is a famous story that the CBS news director once pasted up your transcript of the *Evening News* onto a dummy of *The New York Times*, and it covered less than the eight columns of the front page.

CRONKITE: Yes. The number of words spoken in a half-hour evening-news broadcast—words spoken by interviewees, interviewers, me, everybody—came out to be the same number of words as occupy two thirds of the front page of the standard newspaper. We are a front-page service. We don't have time to deal with the back pages at all.

PLAYBOY: In recent years, the television press has been criticized not merely for the superficiality with which it reports



ONE THING'S FOR SURE on the Jack Daniel's tour, we won't rush you. If you want to stop for something, go ahead and stop.



The tour through our distillery takes about an hour. And if you find anything you'd like to linger over, go ahead. You can catch up on anything you missed from Mr. Garland Dusenberry.

(He's the man who takes you through.) Just tell him what you missed and he'll take it from there. But he's a talker. So you might end up being with us more than an hour. But if you don't mind, we certainly don't either.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

☾
DROP

☾
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee
Recognized by the United States Government as a National Historic Place.

the news but for actually creating or transforming news events—riots, for example. Do you think that's a valid criticism?

CRONKITE: There's a very serious problem with that. Demonstrations have always been staged for the purpose of attracting attention. There's no purpose for a demonstration except to get public attention and—it's hoped—sympathy. Certainly, the demonstrators are going to be where the cameras are. Certainly, they're going to let us know in advance that the demonstration will take place. Certainly, they're hoping for live coverage. Certainly, if you have live coverage, it's going to be a more lively demonstration than if you don't have live coverage. But I don't think that we're responsible for the events. We unquestionably have an influence on them; but so does a newspaper reporter's or a still photographer's presence.

PLAYBOY: But TV camera crews are very conspicuous, whereas a newspaperman can be lost in the crowd.

CRONKITE: Lights are the biggest problem. And I guess for that reason the Chicago convention may have been the end of lighted demonstration coverage, because lights attract demonstrators like moths to a flame.

PLAYBOY: Television has been assailed at least as much for its coverage of the Vietnam war as for that of demonstrations against it here at home. Do you think we found out from television—soon enough, at least—what was really going on in Vietnam? In the early war years, network news executives seemed to subscribe to the conventional assumption that American generals and politicians were simply doing what had to be done to preserve freedom, and the war was covered accordingly. It wasn't until long afterward—1968 and later—that TV newsmen such as yourself began to express doubts about the justness of America's involvement in Indochina. Wasn't this lag in critical reporting one of broadcast news's great failures?

CRONKITE: I'm not sure I can give an entirely satisfactory answer. The coverage changed. Yes. It changed. It went through several periods. Let's go back to when American troops were first committed over there in sizable, easily identified units, as opposed to two or three American advisors working with the Vietnamese troops. Up to '65, as our involvement deepened, we were increasing our coverage. We were doing stories on advisors out in the field, and the dangers to them, and the occasional death. But it wasn't a daily flow of combat film. For one thing, we weren't interested in endangering our correspondents to do that kind of thing. But in '65, when we began committing total U.S. units, it was another story. Here were American boys fighting in a war. The news story became these boys at

war. If you're going to do that honestly, you're going to have to go up where the blood is flowing. That's where the story is: the story's not back in the base camp. We were taking the war into the homes of America—and that's where it belonged. In a war situation, every American ought to suffer as much as the guy on the front lines. We ought to see this. We ought to be *forced* to see it.

PLAYBOY: But Vietnam wasn't just a visual story. It was a complex story of ideas, of political assumptions, of men's attitudes. To convey an understanding of the war on this level necessitated sophisticated reporting. How high was the journalistic quality of the TV newsmen who went over there in the early years? How about those guys who hung around the press headquarters in Saigon for the so-called "five-o'clock follies"—those no-comment news conferences? How long did it take them to realize they had to stop taking handouts and find out what was really going on?

CRONKITE: I don't think there was any lag at all. As a matter of fact, I was surprised—and a little annoyed—at reporters during my '65 visit over there. I had gone over believing in what we were doing; I came back concerned because I saw a build-up of forces far greater than our leaders ever told us we were likely to commit. That's when my disillusion began. But at first, when I arrived, as I say, I was annoyed at the skepticism of the reporters at the press conferences in Saigon. They were accepting nothing at the five-o'clock follies. More than seeking information, they were indulging in what I considered self-centered bearbaiting, pleasing their own egos, showing how much they knew. And I was a little offended. I thought they shouldn't betray their extreme youthfulness. Maybe, I thought, they were a little wet behind the ears. I wondered why they didn't just do their jobs, ask the questions and then go on and get the story.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the military have a strong hand over there in directing the flow of news, deciding where a man could go with his camera?

CRONKITE: Yes, they did, but they always do in a war situation. And I think that the press ended up getting the truth anyway—and telling it.

PLAYBOY: Well, it wasn't a reporter who uncovered My Lai but a disgruntled soldier, Ronald Ridenhour, who tried for months to peddle his story to the press before *The New York Times* accepted it. There was great resistance on the part of the press to accept his version.

CRONKITE: That could very well be, because this sort of story comes to us quite frequently. There are a lot of things that, if we had the manpower and the time and so forth, we could investigate: the letters that come to us about conditions at men-

tal institutions, or in prisons, or the welfare situation, that undoubtedly are true. But as for My Lai, had it come to us first, I don't know precisely how we would have handled it, but I can see where we would have had considerable difficulty in handling it. Here was one soldier's charge; we couldn't have just gone on the air with it. We would have had to go out and spend a tremendous amount of effort to check the thing out. A really overwhelming amount of effort. And we just haven't got the resources to do it.

I think that the attitude of a managing editor, faced with that tip, might very well have been, "God, that sort of thing goes on in all wars. It's probably not as bad as this soldier says it was. It's probably somewhere between that and not having happened at all. As a matter of fact, we've already reported several like that—obviously not as bad as that, but charges that civilians had been shot, and so forth." And just dismissed this story for that reason. My Lai, fortunately, *was* finally uncovered, to the very great credit of Seymour Hersh.

PLAYBOY: You were quoted as saying that if Daniel Ellsberg had brought the Pentagon papers to CBS, you wouldn't have run that story either.

CRONKITE: I didn't say that. Somebody else said it, I think. But I'm not sure that it's quite true. I think if he had brought them here, we would have gone to a newspaper and said, "Let's work together on this. Let us summarize them and you present the full text." But the Pentagon papers are a tough one. I don't know that if I were the editor of a newspaper, I would assign a reporter to try to get hold of the secret reports of the Pentagon. In fact, I'm pretty confident I wouldn't.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CRONKITE: Because I think that going in from the outside to get hold of secret papers is legally indefensible. I don't think the press has a right to steal papers.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it just as legally indefensible to print papers stolen by someone else?

CRONKITE: No. Once they've come out of the secret files and are in circulation in any way whatsoever, I'd say then that the public is entitled to know whatever anybody else knows. But I don't think an individual is entitled to know what is inside secret files while they're still secret. Please understand, however, that I'm for complete declassification of secret papers. Overclassification is one of the areas in which the Federal Government is terribly culpable. But I think we have to get at it through legal means.

I don't believe we have any right to violate the law. I'm a real old-fashioned guy in that sense: I believe in law and order. I don't like the fact that the phrase has become a code word for bigotry and suppression of civil rights and a lot of other



My neighbors hated me until I got a Marantz.

Whenever I played my old stereo loud, my neighbors delivered threats. Then a Marantz dealer told me that it's not playing my stereo loud that bothers them. It's the distortion. When the volume is up, and they yell turn down the sound, what they really mean is turn down the distortion because it's the distortion that's driving them bananas.

Marantz stereo has virtually no distortion. That's because Marantz stereo measures distortion at continuous full power throughout the whole listening range, so it won't frazzle the folks on the other side of the walls. No matter how loud I play it.

Not only that, my Marantz will play any type of 4-channel on the market today. And it's built so you can snap in any future 4-channel matrix development. Present and future requirements for stereo or 4-channel are all set.

What's more ... Marantz' Dual Power gives me the power of four dis-

crete amplifiers with just 2 speakers. More than twice the power for super stereo. And when I have two more speakers for full 4-channel, I can simply flip a switch. No obsolescence worries.

What really gets it altogether is the built-in Dolby[®] noise reduction system. It lets me listen to noise-free FM, or switch to my tape deck for noise-free recordings from any source.

Even though I earn a modest wage, I was able to buy the best AM/FM receiver for the money. In my case, the Marantz Model 4230. It delivers 60 watts continuous power with distortion less than 0.5%. If you've got less to spend or more to

spend, Marantz has a model for you. Your Marantz dealer has a full line of receivers from \$219.95, components from \$149.95, and speaker systems from \$59.00 all designed to suit your needs and fit your budget. Right on Marantz.

marantz.
We sound better.



things. I don't believe in that for one damned ever-loving minute. But if you take the words for what they really mean, I think law and order are the foundation of our society. And I just don't believe that anybody should take it unto himself to violate the law, no matter what good he thinks can be achieved, because you can extend that right up to lynching. Now, what Ellsberg did is for his conscience to work on. I admire tremendously his courage and bravery and his fortitude in doing what he did. But I would never assign a man to do that for CBS.

PLAYBOY: So a public good came from something you oppose in principle.

CRONKITE: It's not clear yet that Ellsberg violated the law. The trial is still on as we talk today. Ellsberg, after all, was the *author* of much of this material. He was a participant in it, you know.

PLAYBOY: Whether or not Ellsberg is guilty of a crime, is there never an instance, in your opinion, in which breaking the law could be justifiable? What about civil disobedience as practiced by Martin Luther King?

CRONKITE: Clearly, there may come a time when civil disobedience and protest against what is considered an unjust law might be considered proper. I'm inclined to believe, though, that if I had to stand on absolutes, I'd prefer to stand on the absolute of law and order, even in such a case as that. I think there are means in our society to correct injustice, and I don't think that civil disobedience or sticks and stones provide the way to do it.

I'm glad that things have worked out to speed integration in this country; certainly, for 100 years we damn well did far too little—didn't do anything, in fact. I'm glad we've finally gotten off our behinds and gotten going here in the last couple of decades. We have probably been spurred to some degree by the demonstrations that the great Martin Luther King directed. So you've got to say, well, it works on occasion. But I still think the better way would be to do it within the law.

PLAYBOY: The opinions you've just expressed are stronger than any you've ever delivered on the air about this issue—which seems to reflect your views about the importance of remaining an objective reporter. Yet you departed from that policy when you returned from a visit to Vietnam in 1968 and advocated an early negotiated peace in a series of editorials at the end of your nightly newscast. Are you glad you did it?

CRONKITE: Glad? I'm not sure. In a lot of people's minds, it put me on a side, categorized me in part of the political spectrum. And I think that's unfortunate. It's a question in my mind now, looking back, weighing the long-term disadvantages with the short-term benefits. When I

went over there, I didn't know what I was going to report back, actually. I didn't go over to do a hatchet job. I didn't go over to be anti-Vietnam, to be against American policy. I was leaning that way; I had been very disturbed ever since the '65 build-up. I was particularly disturbed over the lack of candor of the Administration with the American public, about the constant misleading statements as to the prospect of victory—the light-at-the-end-of-the-tunnel stuff. I thought—and I still think—that was the most heinous part of the whole Vietnam adventure. I had also been disturbed about the vast overkill, about what we were doing to the people of Vietnam.

But even then, I was still living with my old feeling of sympathy for the original commitment, in line with Kennedy's promise that "we shall support any friend to assure the success of liberty." Nobody was kidding himself about the nature of the South Vietnamese regime, but we thought we were trying to create conditions that would promote the growth of democracy, give them a right to self-determination. So I went out in '68 still basically believing in our policy but increasingly disenchanted with what we had actually been doing over there ever since '65. Then, after the *Tet* offensive, Johnson and Westmoreland and McNamara were saying we had won a great victory—you know, "Now we've got them; this was their last great effort." And it was clearly untrue. That was what broke my back. That's why I felt I finally had to speak out and advocate a negotiated peace.

PLAYBOY: What do you think was the effect of your editorials?

CRONKITE: I think the effect was finally to solidify doubts in a lot of people's minds—to swing some people over to the side of opposition to our continued policy in Vietnam. I must be careful not to be immodest here, but I happen to think it may have had an effect on the Administration itself.

PLAYBOY: On President Johnson?

CRONKITE: Yes, although he denied that to me personally. Not just about my reporting but about everybody else's. In fact, in our last conversation, ten days before his death, he went over that ground again, as he did in almost every conversation. It weighed on him very much, apparently. He talked about the *Tet* offensive and he said a lot of people were sure it was *Tet* that really turned him off, and he said it wasn't so and that it wasn't my reports that did it, either.

PLAYBOY: Did Johnson ever confide in you about his feelings on the war? In the course of those last interviews you had with him, did he say anything that contradicted his public statements in office?

CRONKITE: No, never. It was one of the disappointments of the interviews we did. I

thought, when he was out of office, that he would let his hair down and say, "Well, there were some points where I think we went wrong; there were some things I did that I wish, looking back on it, I hadn't done." But that never happened, either in personal conversation or in the interviews. And I think that's because he didn't entertain any such thoughts. Our private talks were reasonably personal. I'm sure he thought that they were confidential, and therefore there would have been no reason not to say it if he felt it. He was a loquacious man in person, and I believe these feelings would have flowed if he had felt them.

PLAYBOY: Another about-face for you in '68 occurred at the Democratic Convention in Chicago. It seemed almost a coming-out for you in a lot of human ways. It was as though you had gotten fed up with being above the battle. You saw Dan Rather get punched out on the convention floor and you made a reference to thugs. And then you said you felt bad about having said that.

CRONKITE: Yes, I did.

PLAYBOY: Do you still?

CRONKITE: Yes. I know that outburst kind of makes me more human in the eyes of the public and therefore, perhaps, improves the impression that people may have of me—that I'm not just an automaton sitting there gushing the news each night. But I think that each network ought to have someone who really is above the battle. CBS has 24 minutes of news time every evening. I know I could do 22 minutes of news just as objectively as I'm trying to do it now, and then I could put on another hat and for two minutes I could give a scathing editorial opinion, analysis, commentary, whatever you want to call it. It would be right out of the guts and depths of my soul each day, and it probably would be a pretty good piece. I'd like to think. What was revealed about me in those two minutes wouldn't affect the objectivity with which I conducted myself for the 22 other minutes of that program. But I can't for one minute expect anybody else—except, perhaps, another journalist—to believe that.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have discerned traces of editorializing in other facets of your coverage. During the space flights, for example, you were affectionately referred to as "the other astronaut," and your enthusiasm was obvious.

CRONKITE: Well, I can see why they would come to that conclusion. I don't fault them for coming to it. I was a space booster: I believed in that program. But I don't think that affected my criticizing the program, which I did on many occasions. I thought they should have gone with an extra Mercury flight, for instance. There were a lot of things in Mercury and Gemini and Apollo—in the matter of equipment and delays and some

The happy vodka. Gordon's.

To a vodka drinker, happiness is
smoothness. Smooth mixing.
Smooth tasting. And smooth going down.



Gordon's is the vodka
with the Patent on smoothness.

That's why Gordon's is
the Happy Vodka. So make it Gordon's. And make it happy.



Tired of the same old line?

The old line has been a lot of fun. And it brought back a sound idea: basic transportation.

At Toyota, we've had a few ideas ourselves about economy. Different ideas. In different shapes.

We realize people like saving

money on cars that are attractive, comfortable, and suited to American highways.

That's why we build sedans. Station wagons. Sporty coupes. Luxurious models. Pickups. Hardtops. Four-wheel-drives. People like styling and comfort. As well as saving money. It's that simple.

**The Toyota Celica ST.
Sporty isn't just
skin deep.**





There's something else people like with their economy. A large helping of fun.

Enter the Toyota Celica ST. With standard equipment like a 1968cc overhead cam engine, four-on-the-floor, radial tires,



The Celica ST interior. Complete with woodgrain accents, clock, tachometer, even a radio. All standard. Automatic, A.C., and tape optional.

hood vents, racing stripes, tachometer, woodgrain accents, reclining bucket seats, carpeting, clock, and even a radio.

Our Toyota Corolla 5-speed. No other 5-speed comes within \$1000 of it.

Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices.

(Now *that's* fun.)

Then there's our Toyota Corolla 5-speed, and the fun of five forward speeds. Look at it. It looks, well, *attractive*. Like the price. In fact, no other 5-speed comes within a thousand dollars of it. And just for fun, it comes with a tachometer, radial tires, mag-style wheel covers, racing stripes, a wood-style dash, and more. Plus letting you charge through five forward gears.

So if you're tired of the same old line, remember Toyotas come in different shapes.

We think you may decide it's the shape of things to come.

See how much car your money can buy.

TOYOTA

of the usual hardware problems—that I didn't think were handled right. And I talked about that during the space shots. I didn't ever pull those punches. But that in no way dimmed my excitement over man in space. I think it was the most exciting adventure of our time and probably of centuries; probably since the original explorations of the New World. I have no apologies to make for that.

Now, of course, it's fashionable to criticize all the money that was spent—"We should have used it here on earth" and all that sort of thing—but I still don't think that's right. If you could guarantee that the 24 billion dollars would have been spent on our cities instead of on space, then I would be inclined to agree that the money was perhaps not apportioned in the right fashion. But you know it *wouldn't* have gone to the cities. I think history is finally going to have to make some decisions on this matter. I think that those who are being critical are going to have to eat some words before the whole thing is over, because I think we're going to find that space is terribly valuable to us.

PLAYBOY: In your coverage of President Nixon's trips to China and Russia, did you feel you even had a chance to be objective, or did you feel that you were merely part of an entourage?

CRONKITE: Well, you can't help but feel you're part of an entourage when you're transported, fed, babied by management. But I didn't feel I was part of an ideological entourage. They had my body and I hoped they would deliver it back to the United States intact at the end of the trips; but they didn't buy my brain and soul. The problem in China was that, for one thing, there wasn't a hell of a lot of substance to the trip. The great story in China was clearly the Marco Polo aspect of going in and seeing this country for the first time, with live cameras in the streets of Peking and Shanghai, and that sort of thing. There wasn't any substance we could get hold of; we didn't know what Nixon and Chou En-lai were talking about; we weren't told. So the story was, to me, the President of the United States being there and the pictures of the place. That's what we covered. Yet people said back here we should have had more substance. So then we go to Russia, where the story is *all* substance. I mean, there was one agreement after another—in a country we had seen a hundred times on television. And people said, "Why didn't we get to see more of the Soviet Union?"

PLAYBOY: On news events such as these, you're not only a correspondent but part of management as well. In fact, your title is managing editor of CBS News. How much editorial responsibility do you have?

CRONKITE: It's about like being managing editor of a newspaper. When I assumed

that title, some of my friends in the press were critical—not in their columns but they suggested it was some kind of show-business gimmick, a title that had been lifted from the ancient and honorable print media. But when I pointed out what I did, I think I pretty well convinced them it was a sensible title. I participate in making assignments, in the decisions about what will be covered, future programing plans—what we're going to go after and, ultimately, what goes into the program. And I edit the copy. Every word that's said goes through my hands and is usually touched by my hands in some way. I edit almost every piece, re-write many of them and originally write some of them.

PLAYBOY: If you were to quit tomorrow—

CRONKITE: There's a great idea.

PLAYBOY: Would the public get a substantially different picture of the news from CBS?

CRONKITE: Not really. I'm not sure, though, that some of the things I eventually hope to accomplish around here would be quite as easily and quickly done by somebody else, because I think I've established a certain degree of credibility with the public and with my employers as to my honesty and integrity. There's a mutual trust there. On that particular score, I may have a value beyond that of the daily broadcaster.

PLAYBOY: Actually, you're not only a network newsman but a TV star. Does that status affect the way you're able to cover a story?

CRONKITE: It's a major handicap. There's an advantage to it, quite obviously, in that I can reach people more easily than a less-well-known newsman could. This works around the world, I find. I get in to see heads of state, usually through their American representatives, ambassadors or what not, just because they've seen television coverage. But, on the other hand, just like the camera that appears at the scene of a riot, when I appear I change the nature of the situation. I can't go to a bar and take in an average conversation, because it changes when I'm there: They're talking to the press.

And the same thing is true even when I meet important people. Yesterday a journalist who was doing an interview with a very important person in Washington told me he thought that his interview subject was arrogant and domineering. Well, I haven't seen either of these characteristics in this man, and I said so. My friend said, "Well, he probably *isn't* that way with you. With you, he probably feels he's dealing with an equal, or has some fear of your power, and therefore is much more courteous, much more willing to exchange ideas." And I suppose that's true. But I think if I have enough time, I can break down most barriers. I think if

I went back to that hypothetical bar for two or three days in a row, I'd find that I was accepted as a fairly regular fellow and the façade would wither away.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the personal side of being a television star? Do you like to be recognized, sign autographs and all that?

CRONKITE: Well, the autograph thing is flattering; that's exactly the word for it. But it's exceedingly tiring. It'd be nicer if you could turn it on once every few months, as sort of an ego builder, and then turn it off again. It's not fun to be the center of attention all the time. You know that people's eyes are on you. My wife and I like to dance, and we don't do it very often, but just the other night we were at a big occasion, an opening in New York, and we were Joel Grey's guests. In the early stage of the evening, at the Waldorf, we were dancing; but we suddenly realized, heck, everybody's kind of watching us dance. And that's not fun. I'm not an exhibitionist—at least not quite in that sense. I'd like to be a song-and-dance man; that's my secret ambition, but—

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. You've always wanted to be a song-and-dance man?

CRONKITE: I've always thought one of the great things in life would be to entertain people with songs and dances and funny sayings. But it's just a fantasy. Another Walter Mitty dream.

PLAYBOY: Has your wife enjoyed the celebrity life?

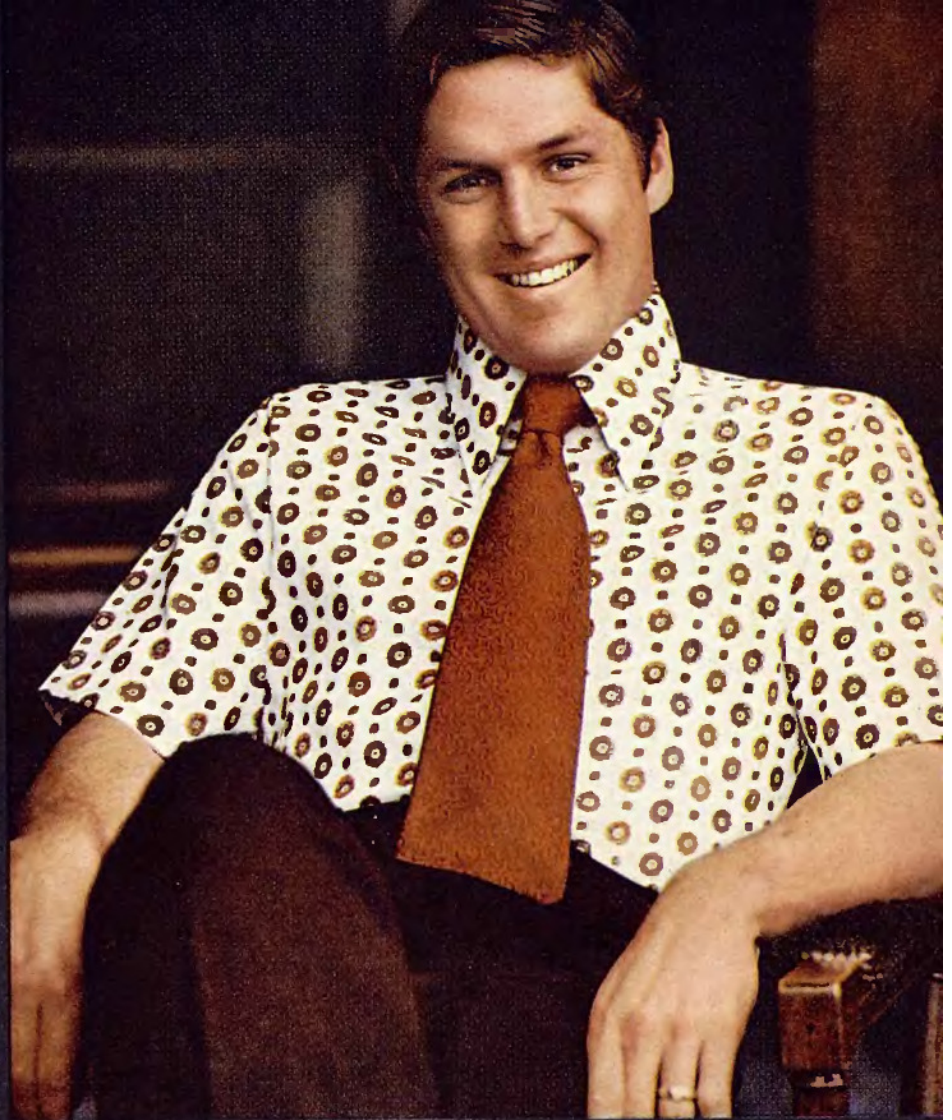
CRONKITE: I think so, to about the same extent I have. That is, I can't deny it's nice getting a good table in a crowded restaurant without a reservation—a few emoluments of that kind. But I think both of us would have liked a more quiet life.

PLAYBOY: How do you escape? What do you do for privacy and enjoyment?

CRONKITE: Well, I enjoy totally escapist reading; I duck into historical sea stories. I enjoy the C. S. Forester kind of stuff—and there are 10,000 imitators of Horatio Hornblower who kind of keep me going. It's about a simpler period, a romantic period—strong men doing daring deeds, and a rather simplified moral code—and that makes it rather easy to take. I really enjoy solitude and introspection. That's why I like sailing. I like sitting in the cockpit of my boat at dusk and on into the night, gazing at the stars, thinking of the enormity, the universality of it all. I can get lost in reveries in that regard, both in looking forward to a dreamworld and in looking back to the pleasant times of my own life.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about that dreamworld.

CRONKITE: Oh, my dreamworld personally is to just take off on that boat of mine and not have to worry anymore about the affairs of mankind, and about reporting them, and taking the slings and arrows from all sides as we do today, since we



The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears.

Its remarkable new stretch fabric keeps Tom Seaver as comfortable off the diamond as he is on.



Pitcher Tom Seaver works in a shirt that's comfortable. He wants the same comfort in a dress shirt. The-Comfort-Shirt delivers. It's made of the newest Perma-Prest® stretch woven fabrics of Dacron® polyester and cotton for an easy-going fit across the shoulders, through the body. Sears has the comfort features that make fashion comfortable. And for style, there are great-looking colors and patterns. See the whole fashion-right selection at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, in the regular and Big and Tall catalogs.

The-Comfort-Shirt

Sears *The Men's Store*

can't seem to satisfy anybody. After ten years of it here in this particular spot, it gets tiresome. I'd like to be loved, like everybody else.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the slings and arrows personally?

CRONKITE: Yes, I do. Most of them aren't directed at me personally, but they disturb me deeply anyway. And the criticism comes from both sides. The conservative press picks up the Administration line and hammers that back at us; and the liberal press snaps at us all the time about the things you've been bringing up, quite justifiably: about space, about civil rights, about our coverage of the war. So my dreams are to not have to fight the battles anymore.

My dreams for the world are the same. I get fearful about what the world is coming to. You know, most people are good; there aren't very many really evil people. But there are an awful lot of selfish ones. And this selfishness permeates society. It keeps us from the beauty of where we could go, the road we could travel. Instead of being always on these detours and bumbling along side roads that take us nowhere, we could be on a smooth highway to such a great world if we could just put these self-interests aside for the greatest good of the greatest number. It applies to the industrialist who puts out a product into which he builds obsolescence, and to the guy up in Harlem who throws his garbage out the third-floor window. It's everybody's fault. I just find it hard to understand how man could come so far, how he can be so damn smart and at the same time be so damn stupid.

PLAYBOY: You're not alone in being discouraged with contemporary society; some writers are beginning to call the age we live in "postconstitutional America." They view with particular alarm such trends as the tendency toward unregulated, unlimited surveillance. What's your opinion?

CRONKITE: I can't decry it enough. I just don't see how we can live that way. It's not America, and it's not what we believe this country stands for. It's so terrible that I'm convinced there's going to be a great revulsion to it. I think we've come as close as we can to living in a kind of chaotic police state—and I say chaotic because it doesn't have any central headquarters; everybody's doing it. We're living in a state where no one can trust his telephone conversations, nor even his personal conversations in a room, in a bar or anywhere else.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever suspected that your phone was tapped?

CRONKITE: Oh, yes. My home phone and the one here at my office. I think anybody in the public eye—even in private business—who believes that his conversations are sacred today is living in a fool's paradise.

PLAYBOY: The Justice Department, in utilizing such tactics as bugging, stop-and-frisk searches, no-knock raids and preventive detention, has claimed these steps are necessary to control crime. Do you agree?

CRONKITE: I think this erosion of due process is reprehensible. Of course, we do have a serious crime problem in this country, there's no doubt about that. We've got to take off our gloves and somehow or other wade into this problem of crime and face quite openly its relationship to the slum living conditions of a large part of our population, and the resultant welfare circumstances in which they live, the resultant slippage in moral standards—that is, honesty, integrity, hard work and all those old fundamentals.

PLAYBOY: The increase of street crime has been blamed by some on Supreme Court decisions that conservatives feel protected the rights of criminals at the expense of their victims. More recently, it's been the liberals who have attacked the Court, particularly since its decisions have begun to be redirected by its Nixon appointees. Where do you think the Supreme Court is headed?

CRONKITE: Reading the past and looking at this Court now, in view of the most recent major decision, the abortion decision, I think it's impossible to predict the course of the Supreme Court. And I think one makes a mistake to do so. I think in our history we've been very lucky in our Supreme Court Justices, even as we have with our Presidents. For different reasons, perhaps, but the system seems to work pretty well. I've been appalled by a couple of recent Supreme Court decisions, but I was appalled by a couple of Warren Court decisions, too.

PLAYBOY: What decisions of the Burger Court have you found appalling?

CRONKITE: Well, primarily the matter of subpoena of newspapermen and their responsibility to reveal sources. I think that was disastrous, absolutely disastrous. But where the Court is going, where it's going to end is anybody's guess. It's a more conservative Court, to judge by its performance so far; but look at some of the people who, after coming on the Court, have taken positions that seemed absolutely antithetical to their past records. Justice Hugo Black was one of the most controversial men to go on the Supreme Court, I suppose. And he turned out to be one of the greats.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the current Court among the most political in American history?

CRONKITE: Well, I suppose that people of liberal persuasion would be inclined to think that, even as people of a conservative persuasion were inclined to think that the Warren Court was a terribly political Court. I'm very hesitant about criticizing the Supreme Court at this point. I think it has every promise of being a fair

Court, if it goes down the line. I'd hate to prejudge it at this stage.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about backsliding in the enforcement of earlier Court decisions in the area of civil rights?

CRONKITE: Well, yes, though I don't know that it's any more than a swing of the pendulum. But it's to be regretted, because I believe we were making progress. As for busing, though, I've got to be honest about it: That never seemed to me to be the right solution. I think breaking down housing patterns—mixing up the neighborhoods, to use the phrase of some people—is the answer, rather than putting kids in buses for three, four and five hours a day. I don't care whether you're black or white, the neighborhood school is a fundamental concept. Admittedly, I've always believed that you must break down the patterns of segregation and prejudice through schooling; you've got to start with the child. But I think that busing, as hard as it's been to sell to people, is too easy a solution. I think that other solutions—like housing integration and equal employment opportunity—may be tougher, may take longer, may be more expensive, but I think they've got to be better.

PLAYBOY: Would it be fair to describe your position on race relations—and most other issues—as middle of the road?

CRONKITE: I think it probably would. I just don't understand hard-shell, doctrinaire, knee-jerk positions. I don't understand people not seeing both sides, not seeing the justice of other people's causes. I have a very difficult time penetrating what motivates such people. I'm speaking now of the particularly militant left as well as the particularly militant right. But I'm also speaking of people in that great center, whom I sometimes despair of when they accept so glibly the condemnation of other factions within our society—whether it's welfare people or the rich.

There are many people in this silent America who are bitter against the rich. We forget that. You know, from my Midwestern background, I know the Archie Bunkers of Kansas City; they're really basically my own family. I know exactly how they felt about all other walks of society, the lower classes as well as the upper. Unless you were a 32nd-degree Mason living on Benton Boulevard in Kansas City, Missouri, and a white Protestant, there was something a little wrong with you.

PLAYBOY: With that kind of background, where did you get your sense of fairness?

CRONKITE: From my parents. My father was a liberal when he was a young man. Though he's basically kind of set in his ways, as older people are inclined to be, he was terribly upset over the treatment of blacks when we moved to Texas. He went down to teach at the University of Texas Dental School in Houston, and

Photographed in a forest on Vancouver Island, British Columbia.



Canada at its best.

Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist.

also to practice. And the very first crack out of the box, the first social occasion we went to, we were sitting on the porch of this rich sponsor down there, in a fancy section of town—such a fancy section it didn't have alleys—and we ordered ice cream. In those days, nobody had a freezer, so you ordered it from the drugstore. A young black delivery boy brought it over.

There wasn't any alley, as I say, and he parked his motorcycle out in front of the place and walked up the front walk, across the lawn. And this fellow sat, with rage obviously building in him, and watched him come up the walk. When this young man set his foot on the first step of the porch, this fellow leaped out of his chair and dashed across the porch and smacked him right in the middle of the face. He said, "That'll teach you niggers to walk up to a white man's front door." And my father got up and said, "We're leaving." We almost went back to Kansas City. Growing up in the South, one's attitudes are affected quite seriously by such early experiences.

PLAYBOY: Do any other such experiences come to mind?

CRONKITE: Well, there was another one that also involved ice cream. This time I was the drugstore delivery boy; I did bicycle deliveries and we had a couple of blacks who used motorcycles for more distant orders. They were both great guys. One of them was a particularly close friend of mine—as close as you could be in the environment of Houston at that time. We weren't about to go out together anywhere, but we were good friends at the drugstore and sat out back and pitched pennies and shot crap and a few things like that.

As I say, he was a very nice guy, came from a nice family. His mother was a washerwoman, his father was a yardman, but they had great dignity. He had three or four brothers and sisters. Anyway, one night, as he parked his motorcycle and was walking between two houses to deliver some ice cream to the back door, he was shot by one of the occupants—the one who hadn't ordered the ice cream. He was listed as a Peeping Tom and the murder was considered justified. Incredible. I mean, this guy was no more a Peeping Tom than I was—maybe less so. Of course, if he'd gone to the front of the house, the guy who ordered the ice cream might have shot him. I almost never got over that case.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to become a journalist?

CRONKITE: About the time I started junior high school. I became the happy victim of childhood Walter Mittyism, and it's never really gone away. *The American Boy* magazine ran a series of short stories on careers. They were fictionalized versions of what people did in life. And there were

only two that really fascinated me at that point. One was mining engineering and the other was journalism. Anyway, I started working on the high school paper in Houston and I found that was what I wanted to do. In fact, that's really all I wanted to do. I didn't want to go to school anymore. But I did. I worked my way through the University of Texas in Austin as a newspaper reporter and did a little radio. Did a lot of other things, too, such as working in a bookie joint for a while.

PLAYBOY: What was your job there?

CRONKITE: Announcer.

PLAYBOY: In a bookie joint?

CRONKITE: On the public-address system. When they hired me, they said, "You sit back here in this room, and as the stuff comes over, you read it out over the P. A. system." Well, I'd never been in a bookie joint before, so I gave them the real Graham MacNamee approach on this, describing the running of the race. A mean character ran the place, a guy named Fox, and he looked like one. He came dashing into the room and said, "What the hell you think you're doing? We don't want entertainment, we just want the facts!"

PLAYBOY: Your first critic.

CRONKITE: Yeah!

PLAYBOY: When you got out of school, according to your bio, you joined United Press and later covered World War Two for them, and among the dispatches you filed was one from the belly of a Flying Fortress during a bombing raid over northern Germany. Under those circumstances, was it good copy?

CRONKITE: Well, it had a dramatic lead. Homer Bigart, who was then a correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*, and I were at the same base. We were heading for the bomber command headquarters, outside London, to be debriefed after a long day's raid over Germany. We were both tired and I said, "Homer, I think I've got my lead: 'I've just returned from an assignment to hell. A hell at 17,000 feet, a hell of bursting flak and screaming fighter planes.'" I just recited it. I don't know if you knew Homer Bigart, but he stuttered very badly in those days—and he turned to me and put his hand on my arm and said, "Y-y-y-y-y-you wouldn't."

PLAYBOY: Did the experience teach you anything about war?

CRONKITE: I didn't need to be taught anything about war. I had already learned about it. But I still didn't understand—and don't understand today—how men can go to war. It's irrational, it's unbelievable. How can people who call themselves civilized ever take up arms against each other? I don't even understand how civilized people can carry guns.

PLAYBOY: Were you under fire as a correspondent?

CRONKITE: Lots. People take a look at my

record, you know, and it sounds great. I'm embarrassed when I'm introduced for speeches and somebody takes a CBS hand-out and reads that part of it, because it makes me sound like some sort of hero: the battle of the North Atlantic, the landing in Africa, the beachhead on D day, dropping with the 101st Airborne, the Battle of the Bulge. Personally, I feel I was an overweening coward in the war. Gee, I was scared to death all the time. I did everything possible to avoid getting into combat. Except the ultimate thing of not doing it. I did it. But the truth is that I did everything only once. It didn't take any great courage to do it once. If you go back and do it a second time—knowing how bad it is—that's courage.

PLAYBOY: After the war, you stayed on in Europe with United Press, finally returning to this country in 1948. Two years later, you joined CBS News in Washington, as a correspondent. Since CBS is a large, competitive organization, how did you manage to rise to your present position there?

CRONKITE: I was just plain old lucky to be in the right place at the right time. But I think that to take advantage of luck, you've got to have some ability to do the job. As far as the ability to work on-camera is concerned, that part of it was an absolute accident. I never trained for it; I'm just lucky to have it. Whatever it is, it seems to work. I was also ambitious as a young man and pushed myself along, not to become president of United Press but because I wanted to be where the story was. So I pushed to get where I could go. And I guess the whole thing just built up into a store of experience, and with experience came a certain amount of knowledge.

PLAYBOY: In the years since you've been reporting the news at CBS, we've seen America's belief in its own rightness and invincibility crumble, its moral sense lost, or at least mislaid. Has it been shattering to you—as a man who believes in the system—to see all this happen?

CRONKITE: No, not shattering. I'm still sitting here and doing my work; I'm not in a mental institution—although maybe some think I should be. But it has eaten at me. Sometimes I think about early retirement, simply to get out of the daily flow of this miserable world we seem to live in. But shattering? I have to say no. I think at times, though, that maybe I'm not as sensitive as I ought to be, that I ought to have gone nuts by now, covering all of this and seeing it firsthand. I sometimes wonder if maybe I'm not really a very deep thinker or a deeply emotional individual.

PLAYBOY: Are you serious about early retirement?

CRONKITE: Oh, I don't suppose it'll happen, at least not in the foreseeable future. I've just negotiated a rather lengthy extension of my contract.

PLAYBOY: So you wouldn't have accepted that Democratic Vice-Presidential offer



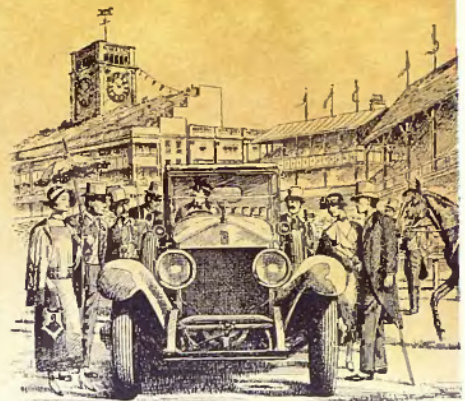
1910 Simoniz introduces the first car wax ever. It sold like crazy.

1920 Simoniz is introduced to England. Many Rolls Royces at Ascot were shinier that year.

1955 Simoniz introduces the first one-step wax. It cleaned AND waxed, saving a lot of people a lot of work.

1967 Simoniz introduces the first detergent-proof wax. You could wash away the dirt and still keep the shine.

1972 Simoniz introduces the premium wax of premium waxes, Royale.TM



1973

Introducing New Simoniz[®] Pre-soft and Liquid. Protection that lasts through 52 automatic car washes.

Recent tests show that these two new Simoniz waxes provided 2½ times more protection against weather and detergents than the leading pre-soft wax.

Simoniz cleans deep down and buffs up to a radiant, long-lasting, hard shine. Even 52 automatic car washings couldn't remove the shine.

The protection and durability your car needs, plus the shine and ease you want. It's all there in new Simoniz Liquid or Pre-soft.



Send 50¢ for 2 Simoniz Racing Team decals or \$1.00 for jacket patch to: Simoniz, Box 225, Birmingham, Mich. 48012

we heard about, had it been made by George McGovern.

CRONKITE: No, I don't think so. Well, I don't know. I don't know what I would do with a political opportunity if it actually came down the pike.

PLAYBOY: Would you really have considered it?

CRONKITE: Well, if it were seriously tendered—and this is all so hypothetical, because it never was, you know, let's be perfectly honest about it. As I reconstructed it, the McGovern people were sitting around in a meeting and somebody simply said, "Look, I just saw a poll that said Walter Cronkite was the most trusted man in America, what about him?" And I think that's just about as far as it went. Nobody said that there were loud guffaws, but it would have gotten back to me directly if they had gotten any more serious than that. If they *had* gone any further with it, though, they would have uncovered the fact that I'm not a registered Democrat. I'm not a registered anything. I'm a total independent.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other skeletons in your closet?

CRONKITE: Well, I'm just not going to talk about them!

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen yourself as a statesman?

CRONKITE: Well, I must admit I've seen myself as a Senator. I see it in a very romantic way, jousting for justice and that sort of thing, on the floor of the Senate. But I don't know how effective I'd be in the political infighting. And I think we forget how hard public servants work. When you see them in action in Washington, you appreciate that they work awfully hard, long and tough hours. It must also be the most frustrating job in the world, spinning wheels as they do so much of the time. I really wouldn't want to undertake all of that. Far less would I ever want to be President. Even if I were temperamentally suited for the job, which I'm not, I wouldn't regard myself as qualified—except perhaps by good intentions.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Nixon is qualified for the job—temperamentally or professionally?

CRONKITE: Well, whether or not I agree with some of the things he's done as President, there's no question that he's had plenty of experience to qualify him for the job. As for his temperament, I think it's regrettable, particularly for a man in his position. I guess I just don't understand a man like Nixon—the completely private man. To stand off and almost hold your hands up and say, "Don't come any closer"—that bothers me in anybody, whether it's President Nixon or my next-door neighbor. It must be terribly sad

and lonely to be so aloof, to be unable to throw one's arms around one's fellow man and hug him to you. I think President Nixon would like not to be that way; I think he'd like to be an outgoing, lovable man. But he knows he's not; it's not in his make-up. Somewhere in his genes, he just didn't come out that way. I think it bothers him, and I think it may affect a lot of his thinking.

You understand that I'm doing this analysis from about as remote a position as one can have. As you well know, I'm not exactly one of the inner circle. As a matter of fact, I'm cut off from the White House today, presumably because of my outspokenness about the war and about Administration attacks on freedom of the press. I regret this very much. I'm very sad, at this stage in my professional life—where, rightfully or wrongly, I have acquired a large audience and some prestige—that people in high places aren't inclined to invite me into their groups.

On occasions when I've been with President Nixon—and they've been fairly rare, countable on the fingers of one hand—I've had a tremendous feeling of wanting to reach out to him. I wanted to kind of help him. I wanted to say, "Look, let's let our hair down and talk about these problems." I have no doubt that this man wants to do what's right. But, as I said, I think what he's trying to do in several cases is absolutely dead wrong. I think that the attack on the press is so antithetical to everything that this country stands for that I just can't understand it.

I would love to be able to shut up about all of this. I don't want to stand out here as a spokesman for the free press against the President of the United States and against his Administration. That's not a comfortable thing to have to do. The attacks haven't come from our side, though. We're like the troops in the trench during a cease-fire that's being violated by the other side. You know, if we could just lay down our arms and say, "Come on, the Constitution says we have free speech and a free press, and broadcasting ought to be a part of it; now let's just admit that and acknowledge that this is the way this country has always run, and let's run it that way." Gosh, that would be great.

I just don't understand why the Administration took this position in the first place. The press wasn't that anti-Nixon in '68 or '69. I think most of the liberals in this country would say the press was cozying up to him, if anything. And yet, whammo, this whole explosive attack on the press. It all gets back a little bit, I think, to the President's personality, to his remoteness. He has never been able to sit down with newsmen, put his feet up,

get out the bourbon bottle and say, "Come on, gang, let's have a drink; you guys sure laid it into me today." That's the sort of thing that goes on all over Capitol Hill every afternoon. And I think that because President Nixon can't do that, his aloofness grew into coolness, into misunderstanding of the press, and then into antagonism toward the press and eventually into a campaign against it.

PLAYBOY: Why does so much of the public seem to acquiesce in this campaign? Is it something about the times we live in?

CRONKITE: I think you put your finger on it right there. It's a revolutionary time and people are never comfortable in a period of revolution. I think they try to regain some sense of security through the use or threat of force. But force isn't the mainstay of our democratic system. Dialogue is, and that's regarded with suspicion and indifference by most people at this particular moment in history. I suppose it's only human, when you're backed into a corner in debate, to get mad, to lash out with your fist or to leave the room as a last resort. I think that's what's happening today. Demands for law and order are translated into suppression. As I said before, I believe in law and order, not as a code word but as a keystone—along with freedom and justice—of the democratic process. We've got to stand for law and order. But when the effect of maintaining order is to chip away at the Bill of Rights, to suppress dissent and debate, then I think we're in very serious trouble.

I think these charges by the Administration fall on receptive ears in much of our country, among so many classes of people, because they feel so afraid, so unable to understand, let alone cope with, the tumultuous times we live in, so helpless to hang onto the values they were taught to believe in, so threatened by the revolutionary changes they see going on around them, that they're looking for scapegoats—and the press is a handy one. It's tragic that they can't see the press as the bulwark of their own freedom. I suppose the only reason I keep going, the only reason I haven't been shattered by all this, as I said earlier, is that basically I have hope that it's all going to turn around. In time, I think there'll be a new tolerance, and with it will come a strong resistance to all of these pressures against our liberty.

PLAYBOY: Where will this resistance come from?

CRONKITE: I think it'll come from the people. You know, we've shown amazing resilience all these years of the American experience. We go through these dark periods, but eventually we come back into the shining light of day. And I think we'll come back again.






WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

One whose life is an exciting voyage. Whether he's just starting out or already established in his career, he's making waves—influencing styles and starting trends. Fact: PLAYBOY reaches 20,000,000 readers—including far more younger men with \$15,000 or more personal income than any other medium. To reach men who are going places, advertise in the magazine that's going with them. Sign on with PLAYBOY—where the men are. (Source: 1972 Simmons.)

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London • Tokyo



**DO WITH ME
WHAT YOU WILL**
fiction By **JOYCE
CAROL OATES**

"Then what?"

"I got very . . . I got very excited and. . ."

"Did she look at you?"

"Yeah. And it made me want to. . . It

made me want to go after her, you know, like grab hold of her. . .

Because she was thinking the same thing. She was afraid of me and she was thinking. . ."

"She kept looking back at you?"

"Oh, yes, she did.

Yes. Back over her shoulder. I got so excited that I just followed her,

I mean I must of followed her, I don't even remember my legs going. . . It was just

her, looking back over her shoulder at me, like checking on me, and me following her, just her and me and nobody else on the street. I never saw nobody else. I just saw her ahead of me, but I didn't even see her face, I was too excited."

"When did she start to run?"

*for her it was a
brutal attack, for
him a question
of identity*

"Oh, my, I don't know, I . . . I guess it was by . . . uh . . . that drugstore there, what is it, some drugstore that . . . Well, it was closed, of course, because of the late hour. Uh . . . some name you see all the time . . ."

"Cunningham's."

"Oh, yes, yes. Cunningham's. But I don't know if I really saw that, Mr. Morrissey, so clear as that . . . any place at all . . . like I know the neighborhood upward and downward, but I wasn't watching too close at the time. Because I had my eye on her, you know, to see she couldn't get away. She was like a fox would be, going fast all of a sudden, and damn scared. •

That makes them clever, when they're scared."

"Then she started to run? Where was this?"

"The other side of the drugstore . . . across a street . . . I don't know the names, but they got them written

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR PAUL



down, the police. They could tell you."

"I don't want any information from them, I want it from you. The intersection there is St. Ann and Ryan Boulevard. Is that where she started running?"

"If that's what they said. . . ."

"That's what she said. She told them. When she started to run, did you run?"

"Yeah."

"Right away?"

"Yeah, right away."

"Did you start running before she did?"

"No. I don't know."

"But only after she started running. . . .?"

"I think so."

"Did you? After she started running, but not before?"

"Yeah."

"Were there any cars waiting for the light to change at that intersection?"

"I don't know. . . . I was in a frenzy. . . . You know how you get, when things happen fast, and you can't pay attention. . . . I. . . . I saw her running and I thought to myself, *You ain't going to get away!* I was almost ready to laugh or to scream out, it was so. . . . It was so high-strung a few minutes for me. . . ."

"Did she run across the street, or out into the street?"

"She. . . . uh. . . . she started screaming. . . . That was when she started screaming. But it didn't scare me off. She ran out into the middle of the street. . . . yeah, I can remember that now. . . . out into the middle, where it was very wide. . . . I remember some cars waiting for the light to change, now. But I didn't pay much attention to them then."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, uh, she got out there and something like, like her shoe was broke, the heel was snapped. . . . and she was yelling at this guy in a car, that waited for the light to change but then couldn't get away because she was in front of the car. And. . . . uh. . . . that was a. . . . a Pontiac Tempest, a nice green car. . . . And it was a man and a woman, both white. She was yelling for them to let her in. But when she ran around to the side of the car, and grabbed the door handle, well, it was locked, of course, and she couldn't get it open and I was just waiting by the curb to see how it would go. . . . and the guy, he just pressed down that accelerator and got the hell out of there. Man, he shot off like a rocket, I had to laugh. And she looked over her shoulder at me where I was waiting, you know, and. . . ."

"Yes, then what?"

"Well, then. Then I, uh, I got her. There wasn't anything to it, she was pretty tired by then, and. . . . I just grabbed her and dragged her back somewhere, you know, the way they said. . . . she told them all the things that hap-

pened. . . . I can't remember it too clear myself, because I was crazylike, like laughing because I was so high, you know. I wasn't scared, either. I felt like a general or somebody in a movie, where things go right, like I came to the edge of a country or a whole continent, you know, and naturally I wouldn't want the movie to end just yet. . . ."

"But you don't remember everything that happened?"

"I don't know. Maybe. But no, I guess not, I mean. . . . You know how you get in a frenzy. . . ."

"You signed a confession."

"Yeah, I s'pose so. I mean, I wanted to cooperate a little. I figured they had me anyway, and anyway I was still so high, I couldn't come in for a landing. I wasn't scared or anything and felt very good. So I signed it."

"Did they tell you you had the right to call an attorney?"

"Yeah, maybe."

"You had the right to counsel. . . .? Did the police tell you that?"

"*Right to counsel.* . . . Yeah, I heard something like that. I don't know. Maybe I was a little scared. My mouth was bleeding down my neck."

"From being struck?"

"Before they got the handcuffs on me, I was trying to get away. So somebody got me in the face."

"Did it hurt?"

"No, naw. I didn't feel it. I started getting wet, then one of the policemen, in the car, he wiped me off with a rag, because it was getting on him. I don't know if it hurt or not. Later on it hurt. The tooth was loose and I fooled around with it, wiggling it, in jail, and took it out myself; so I wouldn't swallow it or something at night. My whole face swoll up afterward. . . ."

"So you waived your right to counsel?"

"I don't know. I guess so. If they said that, then I did."

"Why did you waive your right to counsel?"

"I don't know."

"Were you pressured into it?"

"What? I don't know. I. . . . uh. . . . I was mixed up and a little high. . . ."

"Did you say, maybe, that you didn't have any money for a lawyer?"

"Uh. . . . yeah. In fact, I did say that, yeah, I did."

"You did?"

"I think so."

"You did say that."

"I think I said it. . . ."

"You told them you couldn't afford a lawyer."

"Yeah."

"And did they say you had the right to counsel anyway? Did they say that if you were indigent, counsel would be provided for you?"

"Indigent. . . .?"

"Yes, indigent. If you didn't have

money for a lawyer, you'd be given one anyway. Didn't they explain that to you?"

"What was that. . . .? *In. . . .?*"

"Indigent. They didn't explain that to you, did they?"

"About what?"

"If you were indigent, counsel would be provided for you."

"Indigent. . . ."

"Indigent. Did they use that word? Do you remember it?"

"Well, uh. . . . Lots of words got used. . . . I. . . ."

"Did they use the word *indigent*? Did they explain your situation to you?"

"What situation? . . . I was kind of mixed up and excited and. . . ."

"And they had been banging you around, right? Your tooth was knocked out. . . . your face was cut. . . . your face swelled up. . . . So you signed a confession, right? After Mrs. Donner made her accusation, you agreed with her, you signed a confession for the police, in order to cooperate with them and not be beaten any more. I think that was a very natural thing to do under the circumstances. Do you know which one of the police hit you?"

"Oh, they all did, they was all scrambling around after me. . . . Damn lucky I didn't get shot. I was fearless, I didn't know shit how close I came to getting killed. Jesus. Never come in for a landing till the next day. I was so high. Pulled the tooth out by the roots and never felt it. But later on it hurt like hell. . . . I couldn't remember much."

"Were you examined by a doctor?"

"No."

"A dentist?"

"Hell, no."

"Let's see your mouth. . . . What about those missing teeth on the side there? What happened to them?"

"Them, they been gone a long time."

"It looks raw there."

"Yeah, well, I don't know. . . . It looks what?"

"It looks sore."

"Well, it might be sore, I don't know. My gums is sore sometimes. They bleed sometimes by themselves."

"What happened to your mouth?"

"I got kicked there. Two, three years back."

"Your mother told me you'd had some trouble back in your neighborhood, off and on, and I see you were arrested for some incidents, but what about some trouble with a girl. . . .? Did you ever get into trouble with a girl?"

"What girl?"

"Your mother says it was a girl in the neighborhood."

"Yeah."

"Yeah what?"

"Yeah, it was a girl, a girl. She never made no trouble for me. Her father was

(continued on page 190)



D'edini

"Seventeen pieces of eight is a bit steep for just one piece, ain't it?"

WE ARE ALL "BUI DOI"

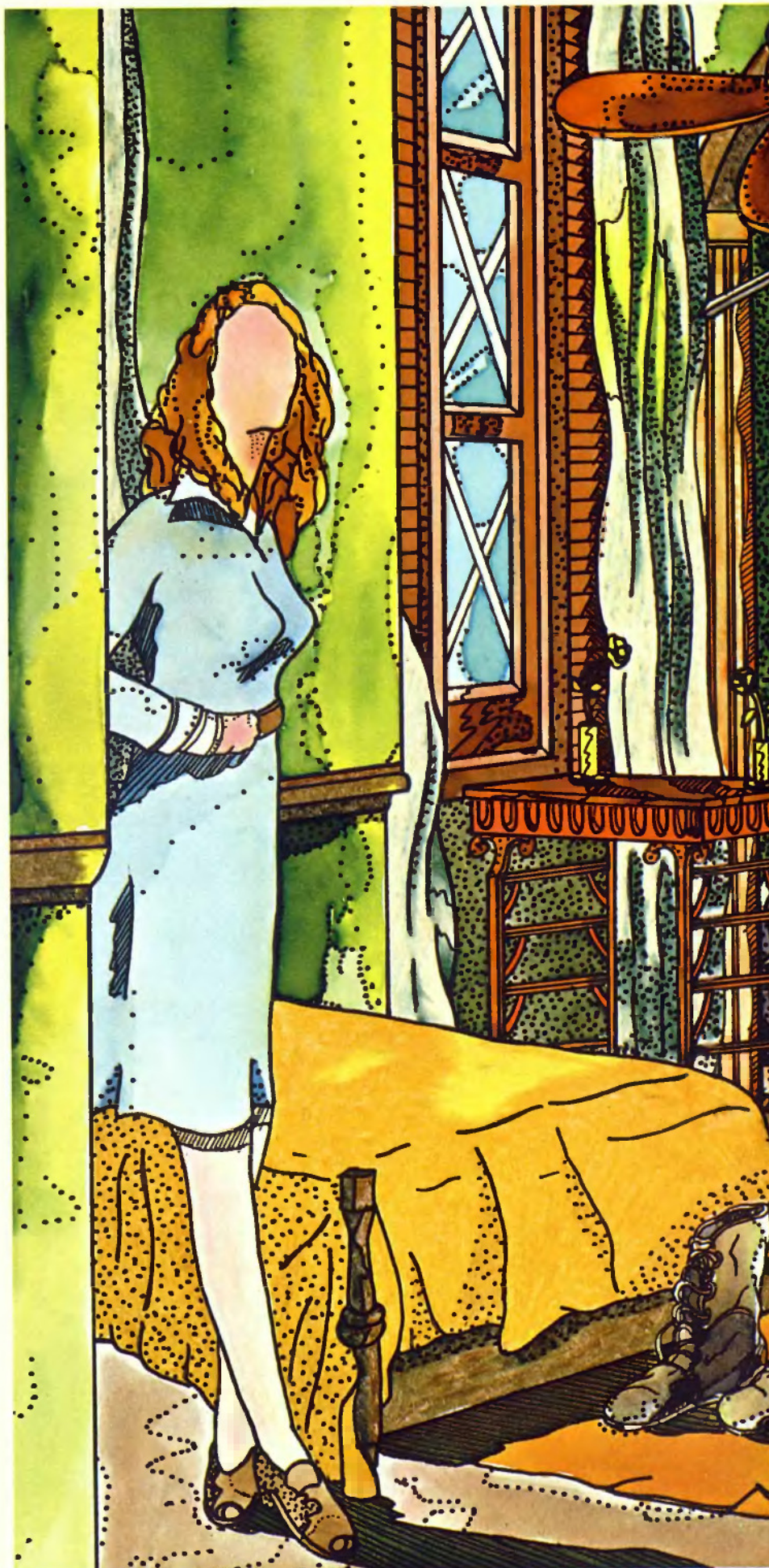
*in the hollow comfort
of that elegant old hotel,
everyone in vietnam seemed
"the dust of life"*

article

By **GLORIA EMERSON**

NO ONE WAS REALLY INVITED to room 53 in the Hotel Continental except for two soldiers in armies at war with each other. One was an American, the other was North Vietnamese. I did not want people in that room. It was a place to take account, to listen to yourself.

The ceiling seemed more than 18 feet high and an old French fan hung from it. You could make those blades turn "vite" or "moins vite." I turned the fan on sometimes despite the sickly air conditioner with its rumbling cough. The walls of the room were green stucco that did not yield to any nail. I had brought the yellow seersucker bedspreads with me to Saigon and 11 books I never had time to read. (Once, waking, I lit a





cigarette and then stubbed it out on Sainteny's *Histoire d'une Paix Manquée*. I don't know why.)

There was a palm tree in the room that I had bought in a Saigon market. I watered it too much.

On many mornings in Vietnam—I had 730 of them—I woke up in places far from Saigon and the trembling air conditioner and the shuttered high windows that were taped to prevent the glass from breaking in case of rockets or mortars. But when I was there, a roomboy brought me *café au lait* and two *croissants*. I ate breakfast like a woman with a wired jaw, so much did I dread having to leave that room and face it all.

I always sat in a huge green armchair—the furniture of the French colonials—by a window. There was a German down the hall who twice called me up very late at night, pleading to let him into my room because he needed to talk to someone, he said. I never saw him leaving his room in the mornings.

Once I came back to room 53 with a man's blood all over my shirt and skirt. The roomboys, lying on their mats in the hall, said nothing, for they had seen it all before: the correspondents rushing out in the mornings, thick necklaces of cameras and lenses over their chests, and coming back, much later, filthy and silent and spent.

The stains on me were the blood of Mr. Loan, a Vietnamese driver for a rented white car (an Oldsmobile?), who had been hurt on an April night when we were ambushed on Route One. It was not even eight P.M., but night in Vietnam began at five. It was I who had insisted he keep driving and he knew of no way to silence me. The big white car must have startled the Viet Cong who were mining the side of the road. They opened fire with B-40 rockets and AK-47s. We crawled out of the car—I was slow, fumbling for my bag—and hid in a slight gully by Route One. Mr. Loan and I lay very close together, so his blood wet the pale-blue stuff of my dress. He was almost on top of me. Perhaps he could feel my tremors and hoped to comfort me. There had been no time earlier that day to put on blue jeans and sneakers and push back my hair with a scarf. The South Vietnamese had gone into Cambodia and we had followed them to Prasaut. Hours later I lay on the earth of Vietnam and let its insects explore and punish me. Sometimes when Mr. Loan lay too still, I thought the arm across my back belonged to a man who was dead.

The next morning I reached the hotel and, unable to bear those dark bloody blotches on me, I called the roomboys for salt, quick, salt. *Sel*. You always need it to wash out blood. A roomboy brought a bucket of ice instead. It was what the Americans always seemed to want.

Blood. Sometimes GIs in the field would talk about it. The enemy did not bleed enough and they almost complained about it.

"The dinks don't bleed—why, I see more blood when I cut myself shaving," a GI from North Carolina said. I did not correct him.

There were two yellowy plastic flowers on my desk in room 53. A Vietnamese woman had given them to me. I could not bear to throw them away. She was the wife of a middle-class retired civil servant named Ba. Their three sons were in the army.

Mr. Ba did not much like my questions. They were especially vexing for him in the evening when he wanted to watch *The Fugitive* or *Bonanza* on the AFVN (Armed Forces Vietnam Network) channel. His Japanese-made television set was put back into a large box when these programs were over.

Yes, yes, he said patiently, he and his wife were aware of protesters who demonstrated in America against the war.

"We think these must be worried mothers," Mr. Ba said.

I thought of him almost three years later, on Inauguration Day, when a crowd stood on Pennsylvania Avenue yelling, "Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!" as the girls on the floats and the bands marched by. No worried mothers there.

No one else ever slept in room 53 until I lent it to a GI named Dennis, whom I had found at Tan Son Nhut airport in Saigon, where he was trying to sleep on a bench. There was a big rip in the canvas of one of his boots. He wanted a Coke, but you needed piasters in the airport restaurant. His flight was delayed for 36 hours. He was going home on leave and he wasn't sure he would ever want to live in the United States again, maybe Australia was the better place. I was quitting Saigon for a week, so I told him to use my room. I always felt like Mary Poppins among those huge, tired children in the U.S. Army and it was the country boys I liked the most. (But it did not always pay to be too nice, to show too much concern. I remember the GI who began to cry telling me why he wouldn't be sent on the line again, holding up the hand on which the tips of two fingers were gone. And even when they were much older, you had to be distant. There was the major who asked me to take off my scarf on a helicopter ride at night so my hair would blow.)

When I got back, Dennis' boots were there and a pile of his underwear and a copy of his travel orders. The roomboys had even washed his boots, not knowing that Americans were proud when their boots turned that reddish brown, for it showed, as nothing else could, what they had endured. He had not read the books by Giap or Bernard Fall or Jonathan Schell. There was a note on top of *The Strawberry Statement* and I kept it for a

very long time. It was difficult to read. Punctuation confused Dennis.

I just want to thank you very much for helping me out. Also I like to say that just knowing theres people like you around to help the small guys has given me new faith in people. I still dont know how I feel about going back to the States. That book *The Strawberry Statement*. From what I read seem to be about the way most guys feel. I wish I was man enough to stand up and say what I feel. May be one of these days I will. Well I guess I better be going. Thank you. Dennis.

That was not all. On the book he had written in pencil, "Keep truckin'."

The roomboys could not say why he had left his boots behind and if he had left barefooted for the airport. They seemed eager to report that Dennis had brought a whore to room 53. But not a young and pretty one. It was that that made me flinch.

"*Vieille. Pas bon*," a roomboy, who was in his mid-50s, said. Old. No good.

In the last month of that endless year, nothing in the room spoke of any season at all, or of how many had died, or of anything I had seen. You knew it was Christmas because people sent you cards and there were fake Christmas trees selling in the streets for the foreigners to buy. There were always paintings of Jesus Christ on sale. But not as many of him as of women with preposterous breasts and shiny hair, because Americans liked these ladies very much.

It was surely the month of Christmas, because Archbishop Henri Lemaitre, apostolic delegate to Vietnam and Cambodia, visited the prisoner-of-war camp for the Vietnamese at Bien-Hoa, although nearly all the men cared nothing about the birth of Christ. They were Buddhists and Buddha's birthday was in May.

American reporters were allowed to witness his visit. I went there with Tom Fox, a young American who speaks fluent Vietnamese. A long time afterward I understood why it was a more sickening day for him than for me. It was his Church that shamed him.

There were large signs at the entrance to the Bien-Hoa camp. MAY THE CHARITY OF CHRIST BE EVERYWHERE (in French), FOREVER MAINTAIN THE HIGH HONOR OF THE MILITARY (in Vietnamese) and BLESSED IS HE WHO COMES IN THE NAME OF THE LORD (in Latin).

We were warned.

Several hundred prisoners had been standing for more than two hours before a stage when the press corps arrived at midmorning. We stared at them, photographed and filmed them. Interviews were a violation of the Geneva Accords, which were carefully observed, the Vietnamese officials said again and again.

(continued on page 106)

*it's no big flash that
many "men's" jobs
have become fair
game—we just
want to reassure
you that anatomically
everything is status quo*

woman's work *pictorial*



YOU'RE leaving your office for lunch and walk past a cluster of female construction workers on their noon break. They're spooning up low-cal yoghurt and reading "Dear Abby" to each other, but as you pass by they look you over and one of them—a large-boned girl wearing construction platforms—whistles and shouts lecherously, "Hi, guy—nice ass ya got there."

In an America that has already weathered a lady umpire, can that scene be far away? We think not. The following pages lend substance to our prediction: they also provide reassuring evidence that, even if women do take over the country's pneumatic drills, some of them will still get pissed when they break a nail.

Chicago jockey Mary Bacon has overcome many obstacles—and a few broken bones—in her determination to do a man's job. Her husband, Johnie, was also a jockey, and the horse-racing commission ruled that they couldn't be in the same business, because they wouldn't be able to testify against each other in case a protest was filed against either of them. So Mary got a divorce. "The first race I rode against him," she says, "I won. The second time, he won—and I received a five-day suspension for cutting him off at the turn." Nothing personal, Johnie.

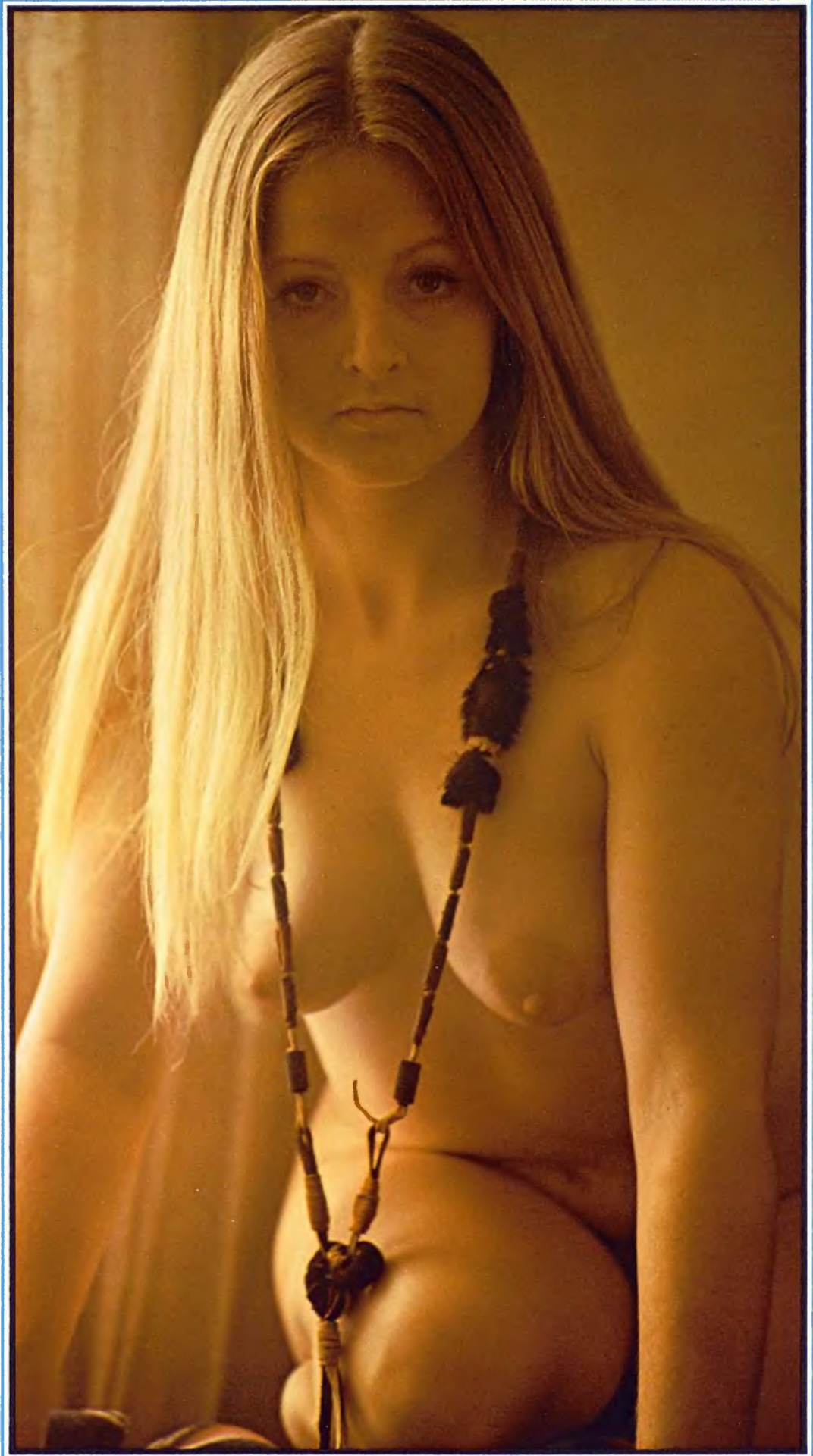
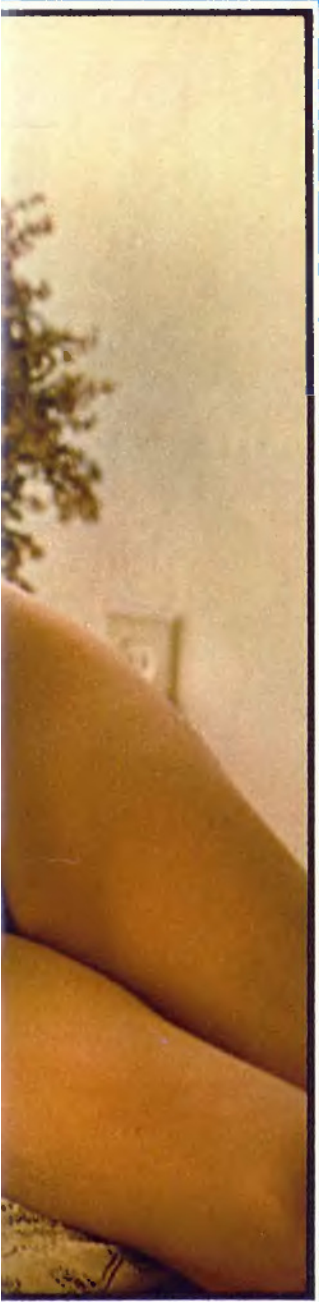


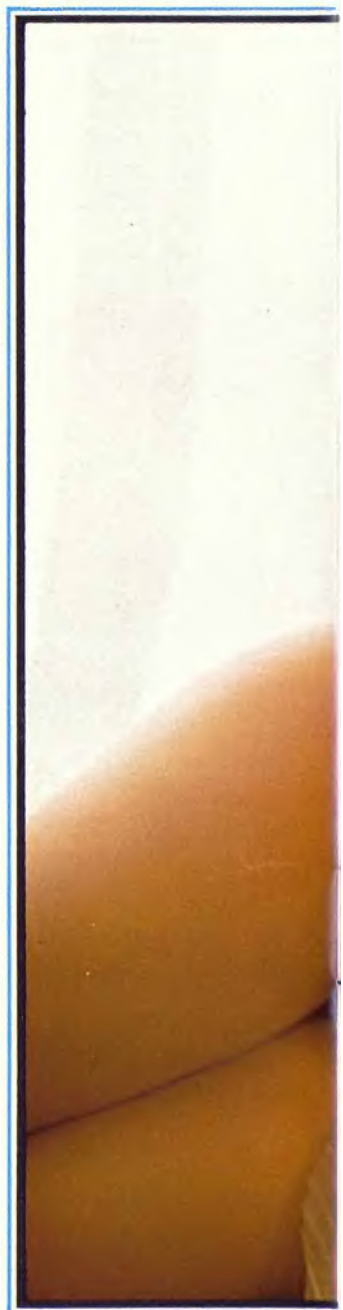


"Men are just as uptight as women are about exposing themselves," says San Francisco's Carol Fulton, who should know. She photographed this year's highly successful male-nude calendar, *Ladies Home Companion*. "But they're also concerned about how they'll look," she adds, proving that vanity knows no sex. She's had only one bad experience with her subjects. "I drove up to this guy's place to photograph him and discovered that he was anticipating an argy." Carol canceled the shooting. "Besides, he lied to his wife to get her out of the house."

San Franciscan Cynthia Calhoun says her job as a woman of all work for a sign company draws plenty of stares from men. "I was walking down Market Street the other day carrying a five-foot ladder and a toolbox. I got lots of angry looks from men. I think they felt threatened." But she's used to that. "When I was a drafting student in high school, guys got mad when I received the highest grades. They thought the teacher gave them to me because I was an attractive girl." We don't doubt your ability, Cynthia, but we do understand their suspicion.







"I want an Academy Award for best picture," says Pam Sweet, a Hollywood producer of X-rated films, who's convinced that such a dream isn't at all impossible. But she also warns those who think riches await anyone who shoots a few scenes between a horny housewife and a guy in a Lone Ranger mask: "We lost money or broke even on our first six or eight films." Still, Pam thinks producing sex flicks is a great way to get a big break. "Russ Meyer started it. He moved from nudies to the big studios and it's happening more and more all the time."

If you're an actress looking for work, the way to go about it is simple: Take a job as a New York cabdriver. Well, it worked for Betty Ortega. "When a guy got into my cab he'd ask, 'Why are you doing this?' I'd say, 'I'm an actress trying to pay my bills.'" Such a conversation with a casting director won Betty a recent movie role. Now, between parts, she attends Columbia University and drives on Saturdays. "The bad thing about New York traffic," she says, "is that you spend most of the time sitting still." Which Betty obviously doesn't enjoy.





The most striking feature in Bernie Roberts' strikingly decorated Los Angeles men's hair-styling salon is Lynn Gayle. Lynn has been cutting men's hair at Bernie's for two years. She also holds a beautician's license but prefers male heads, although she does tire of dudes who came on with such clever lines as, "I think it would be freaky to have an affair with my barber." Still, there are rewards beyond her charge of ten dollars a clip, for she gets to run her fingers through some famous hair: "My clients include Glen Campbell and Peter Falk."

Ann Lella has been a bartender and carpenter and now works in New York as an antique-furniture mover. "I got into the business," she says with a line that sounds like it came from a Brautigan book, "when a friend ran into somebody in a grocery store who was shopping for food and a mover-trucker." Although she works with an all-male crew, Ann does her share. "Most of the antiques are so heavy we have to dismantle them and move them piece by piece." Ann admits it's tough work but says that for the time being she'll "keep on truckin'."





"BUI DOI"

(continued from page 98)

The prisoners—you could not call them men, for there were children there, shifting from leg to leg in the hot sun—had been given new pajamas to wear, so new they had not been washed or creased. We gawked at them, those lines and lines of Viet Cong, but only the smallest turned their heads to gawk back. One boy with a scar on his neck could not help snickering at us. It made Fox and me feel a little better.

There were 4400 prisoners in the camp. Only the wounded or mutilated were North Vietnamese. One thousand nine hundred of the prisoners were 17 years old or younger. Major Ma Sanh Qui said the youngest were 13 but, perhaps remembering how sentimental some Americans can be about children, refused to say how many there were.

Twenty-seven women and ten men over the age of 60 were also prisoners. We were not allowed to see the women.

There were speeches. The prisoners did not look alert or interested or pleased when the archbishop spoke to them. But they solemnly followed instructions from officers. Applaud. Cheer. Bow. Salute. Applaud.

No prisoner who was handed a gift by the archbishop leaned over to kiss his ring. Perhaps they did not dare. Perhaps it was because there were only 133 Catholics in the camp. The prisoners received little plastic sacks—some cigarettes, a bit of soap, a cloth towel, a colored picture of the Pope and some loose crackers that had already crumbled.

Ah, what the archbishop and Fox and I saw that day. Two amputees, once men in the National Liberation Front, had been assigned to show off new wheelchairs that they had never used before that day. I watched one of them without legs and with a wrecked hand try to steer his wheelchair in small circles. He kept bumping into the other man, who had two hands. I could not watch for very long.

We saw the archbishop say Mass in the chapel and we toured a compound where the most ruined men were kept. As the archbishop entered these rooms, an officer snapped: "Attention!" The men looked up. It was the most they could do. The archbishop spoke to some prisoners through an interpreter. Fox looked angry and ill. I tried to pity the archbishop, whose pallor was strange and whose eyes seemed too pale.

There was a blind man whose sockets seemed empty even of their lids.

ARCHBISHOP: How long have you been here?

PRISONER: Three years. I can only move when someone takes me about.

ARCHBISHOP: Where are you from?

PRISONER: Thanh Hoa.

ARCHBISHOP: Have courage.

An aide kept asking if there were any

Catholics in these wards, but the Vietnamese did not know. The aide looked displeased.

The archbishop spoke to a boy whose body ended just below the hips. "Do you want to go home?"

PRISONER: Yes. But the situation in Vietnam does not permit it. I have had no news from my family in Quang Tri. I studied in North Vietnam. . . .

ARCHBISHOP: Have courage, my son.

The sickest men lay on wooden beds and some turned their heads away when a television crew filmed them.

There were cold Coca-Colas and little cakes for the press, a little party when the tour was ended, perhaps to remind us of what a pleasant performance we had just seen. Vietnamese officers spoke baby-talk English to Americans who spoke Vietnamese. I wondered if the man in the wheelchair had been told he could stop.

I took Fox to the office, where there was a bottle of Martell cognac from the PX. I had never drunk cognac before. It seemed time to start.

The room was dim and cool. Fox said he had pressed an officer at the camp to explain the presence of a large group of young Vietnamese girls who were wandering around, giggling and keyed up. They were members of a Catholic youth organization.

"The major said, 'The girls come here as a matter of freedom. They come for the fun of it,'" Fox told me. "For the fun of it."

The North Vietnamese soldier—who must have weighed no more than 115 pounds—came to my room that December, for we could not meet in the office. Twice he came to the room and sat in the green armchair. At first he was suspicious of its fat arms and high back and its deepness, for in all his life he had known only benches or straight-backed wooden chairs.

His name was Tien. A Vietnamese man told me in English what he was saying. Tien had been captured in a "liberated" village in Quang Nam Province a few months earlier while he was convalescing from malaria. His recovery meant working in the rice fields with the villagers. His face was so round, so unlike the beautifully boned, sharper faces of the Northerners, that it may have been swollen from his illness. His hair looked very dry and stood from his scalp like the bristles of a used-up brush. He could have been 16. He was 21.

So ill had Tien been that he could not walk quickly up the stairs of the Continental.

It was his legs that startled me, not the illness that had almost killed him. From his feet to his knees there were scars from the ulcers and sores no man could avoid moving down the Ho Chi Minh Trail through the jungles of Laos. For

three months, in a company of 115 men, he had made the long march south.

"We walked eleven hours a day and the longer we walked the more bored and morose we became," Tien said. "There were many things I missed. First, I wanted a real cigarette. Then, I wanted to see my mother, to be close to her. And then, what I wanted badly was a whole day of rest."

After his capture, he had been flown to Tam Ky in a *truc thang*, the Vietnamese term for helicopter. The words mean up and straight. Tien had felt a fear he could hardly describe.

"The first Americans that I had ever seen were the two pilots. They looked unbelievably tall. So very huge. But they smiled down at me. I don't know why. Some of my panic went away."

I could not imagine chopper pilots smiling at any prisoner, but this is what he said. Then Tien asked if he could ever ride again in a *truc thang*. I said it was not likely.

He had dreaded being beaten by the Vietnamese who interrogated him at Tam Ky, but they were nonchalant. He was even allowed to contact rich relatives in Saigon who had left the North many years before and it was decided that he would declare himself a *hoi chanh*, an enemy soldier who defects under the Open Arms program and is not treated as a prisoner of war. Tien had not defected to anyone, of course, he had simply been too weak to run away from a South Vietnamese platoon.

The last time he had seen his parents was on a June day in 1968 in his village, all that he had ever known, which was 50 miles south of Hanoi.

"They gave a small feast for me the day I left home to go into the army. My father, who is a farmer, was unable to speak. There were no words in his throat. My mother could not help weeping. And I wept, too. As I left, she said: 'You must go, I know that, but try to come back.'"

In his village, there were no men who had come back. There were no letters from any of them. Before 1968, men going south had been granted 15-day leaves, but these were canceled. No family knew, or wondered aloud, who had been wounded or killed.

Tien spoke often of his mother, as no young American soldiers had ever done with me. They mentioned their parents and I remember the doctor who told me of the words of a GI who had lost both of his legs and part of an arm, who lay on a litter and asked: "Will my parents treat me the same?"

Tien was telling us how he had dreamed on the Ho Chi Minh Trail of being a small boy again, back in his village, talking to his mother, when a roomboy came in with my laundry. Saigon was a city of informers, so I spoke to

(continued on page 182)



THE WRITER AS POLITICAL CRAZY

truth, beauty, totalitarianism and other sublime things

WHEN STALIN GOT THROUGH purging his fellow Communists in the Thirties, a Russian once said to me, it was noticed in Moscow that no one left in the Politburo was taller than the boss. Djilas, now a heretic but once an important Yugoslav Communist, reports in his memoirs of the Kremlin scene that at the all-night banquets that were a regular feature of the jolly life under Stalin, death warrants were gaily passed around the table and that members of the in-group *could fill in any name they liked*. By the time he died, in fact, Stalin had personally signed at least 50,000 death warrants.

But Stalin was a madman who killed more Communists than Hitler ever did and helped bring on the 1939–1945 war by sicking Hitler on France and England. This, as another Russian once said to me in Russia, was “a piece of folly for which *we* paid” with 30,000,000 lives. Hitler, of course, was an even greater madman in public than he was in private, where it was his pleasure to have women urinate and defecate on him. He destroyed millions of lives, brought Europe down in flames—and by his utter lack of political restraint or foresight assured Communist control over almost half of Germany and all of eastern Europe. Politicians, statesmen, leaders of helpless masses of people can of course be notoriously cruel, outstanding nuts, vicious in the name of race or class beyond anything in the usual booby hatch. And you don’t have to believe that this is the final conflict, as Communists do, or in the final solution, as Nazis did (and no doubt still do), to note that even in our noble democracy, President Kennedy, who was notoriously anxious about his *machismo*, was stung by that crude but not

article By ALFRED KAZIN

CONSTRUCTION BY DON BAUM

stupid psychologist Khrushchev, after their famous confrontation in Vienna in 1961, into more militancy than he had ever intended. Johnson hysterically described himself as "the chief of the free world" and went so mad on an unwinnable war in Vietnam that he destroyed his Presidency and his own passion for racial accommodation in this country. Nixon's closest aides have said that he became angry when negotiations with the North Vietnamese broke down at the end of 1972. That anger was amazingly costly to a great many B-52 crews and innocent residents of Hanoi.

Still, politicians are notoriously unbelievably and mistrusted—especially by those who disagree with them. And we live in an age of such political fanaticism, cruelty, unceasing violence, mass destruction and we are so helplessly bombarded by propaganda and extremism from every side that politics, classically the domain of the common good, the public realm, the general welfare, has become as frightening to many people as dictators, authoritarians and zealots themselves.

But we expect more, don't we, from writers and "intellectuals"?

One day in 1942—that was several wars ago—I wandered into a CBS studio to see a friend who monitored foreign broadcasts and found him staring open-mouthed at a transcript he had just made. "You've always praised Ezra Pound to me as a master of language," he said bitterly. "Will you kindly put your eyes on this?" The transcript was of Pound's twice-weekly broadcasts to America on the Italian Fascist radio, which my friend had started taking down the day Pearl Harbor was attacked.

The first thing I saw was a reference to Mrs. Roosevelt's consorting with "niggers." More than 30 years later I remember that I felt amazement more than anything else as I read these pronouncements by one of the original poets and master critics of the 20th Century, the writer most responsible for making "modernism" in literature part of our lives:

Things often do look simple to me. Roosevelt is more in the hands of the Jews than Wilson was in 1919. (December 7, 1941)

Politically and economically the U. S. has had economic and political syphilis for the past 80 years, ever since 1862. And England has had economic syphilis for 240 years. . . . (February 3, 1942)

That any Jew in the White House should send American kids to die for the private interests of the scum of the English earth . . . and the still lower dregs of the Levantine. . . . (February 19, 1942)

What I'm getting at with all this. What am I getting at? Which? What? What? Which? (February 26, 1942)

My job, as I see it, is to save what's left of America and to help keep up some sort of civilization somewhere or other.

Ezra Pound speaking from Europe for the American heritage.

F. D. R. is below the biological level at which the concept of honor enters the mind. (March 26, 1942)

It becomes increasingly difficult to discuss American affairs except on a racial basis.

Don't start a pogrom—an old-style killing of small Jews. That system is no good whatever. Of

course, if some man had a stroke of genius, and could start a pogrom up at the top, there might be something to say for it. But on the whole, legal measures are preferable. The 60 kikes who started this war might be sent to St. Helena as a measure of world prophylaxis, and some hyperkikes or non-Jewish kikes along with them. (April 30, 1942)

Pound died in Italy at the end of 1972. The case of Ezra Pound, as English professors called it in collections of documents set up for freshmen to study, would seem to have been over for some time. And right now, the left-wing writer as political nut is certainly sitting more heavily on our minds than Ezra Pound. Just recently, for example, Jean Genet said in an interview: "What makes me feel so very close to [blacks] is the hatred they bear for the white world; a hatred comparable to my own for the world that scorned me because I was a bastard, with no father and no mother, a creature . . . rejected just as they are today because they are black. . . ."

"My rebellion and my scorn took for their boundaries the boundaries of the French Empire. Now it extends to the entire white empire and to its mainstay, which is the U. S. A. . . . I rejoiced to see France attacked and invaded by the Germans. It pleased me to see the country that had oppressed me so oppressed in its turn. . . . Despised by Frenchmen, I felt and I still feel a bond to all that they regard as despicable. . . . All my life, all my work, is in fact a settling of scores with white society. I am always on the side of the strongest."

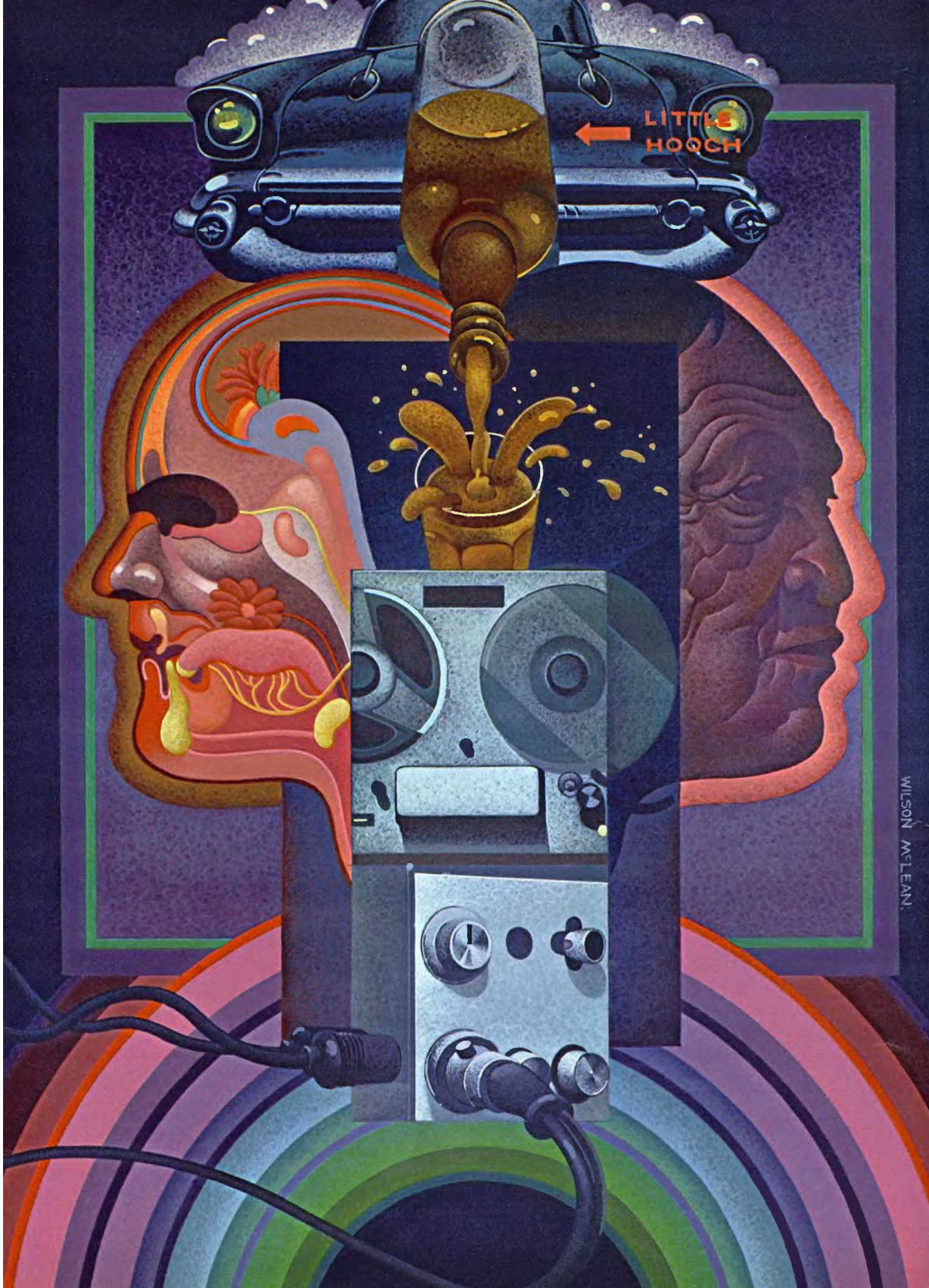
But the case of Ezra Pound will not disappear from the minds of those who know what a good poet and marvelous critic he was. It illustrates as no other writers' cases do in our time—not even those of the writers who shared his Fascist views, like the great French novelist Louis-Ferdinand Céline, or the master writers who were equally reactionary, like T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, W. B. Yeats—what madness, obscenity and, above all, self-destruction total intemperance on the subject of politics can visit on an extraordinary writer.

Everybody knows that Pound was indicted for treason by the U. S. Government, was kept in a steel cage in an American military prison near Pisa and, after being flown back to the United States, was judged by Government psychiatrists mentally unfit to stand trial, and that he spent 12 years in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the criminally insane, in Washington, D. C. In 1958 (thanks mostly to Robert Frost's influence with the Eisenhower Administration), Pound's indictment for treason was dismissed. He returned to Italy, where (out of step with the mob, as usual) he gave the Fascist salute as he disembarked. In his last years, Pound subsided into what was, for him, the most amazing act. He refused to talk at all.

Pound is still an issue, as is shown by the recent controversy over the refusal by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to grant him the prize conferred by its own Emerson-Thoreau committee. That is because his poetry will always be important and yet was as damaged by his intellectual violence as his life was. No one has ever claimed that Pound's scurrilous, vituperative but more often incoherent broadcasts to his native country influenced, or could have influenced, to acts of treason any American citizen who was not already a money crank and obsessive hater of (continued on page 136)



"Miriam, you could at least wait until I'm out of sight!"



LITTLE
HOOGH

THE TEACHINGS OF DON WOW

A GRINGO WAY OF KNOWLEDGE

parody **By LAURENCE GONZALES** As I recall, on the day I turned my brother's enemy into an armadillo I met Don Wow, the legendary medicine man of Los Angeles. Up until then I had been a normal Yaqui Indian sorcerer in the hot country of Arizona, making the desert tremble, taking "peyote" and working everyday miracles along the Mexican border. Under the tutelage of Don Wow, new worlds were opened to me and my accepted notions about the world and its workings were utterly and permanently changed.

What follows are excerpts from all three pages of my voluminous field notes, taken over a period of several years while Don Wow was my benefactor.

March 54, 1960 Sunderday 1700 hours: Don Wow had taken me for a long ride on what he called his "Harley-Davidson," showing me the incredible beauty and wonders of the world he lived in. We had traveled east all day and were turning back when an ambulance went by with its siren on and its lights flashing.

"That's an ambulance," he said without emotion.

I immediately demanded an explanation. He just looked at me, but I continued to press him for information. Finally, he said, "An ambulance carries sick and/or injured people from the place where they are to a doctor. It's a kind of car."

I found my head reeling with the impossibility of this concept. His world was so clear and precise that I could not make heads or tails of what he was saying. I asked him if an ambulance was the same thing as a crow. He explained to me that an ambulance was, in fact, nothing at all like a crow. "A crow, for example, has feathers," he said in a way that made me think that an ambulance was, in fact, a crow, as real and black and hollow-boned as any crow I'd ever seen. It was the look in his eye that I noticed. I offered him my handkerchief and he removed it from his eye, continuing to

define the differences between a crow and an ambulance: An ambulance has overhead cams; a crow eats corn; an ambulance has steel-belted radial tires; a crow doesn't have running lights. . . .

April 32, 1960, Saturday, 4:17 pm: I was sitting at a point due east by southeast from Don Wow. Over and over again that day I had noticed that the heel of his right shoe had a tack in it, obviously picked up while he was walking. I was certain Don Wow was actually aware of the tack, but for some strange reason I could not bring myself to ask him about it. Finally, I undid the handcuffs from behind my back and managed to peel off the adhesive tape he'd placed over my mouth as part of my studies.

"Do you know there's a tack in your shoe, Don Wow?" I asked, my voice shaking with suspense.

"No," he said in a way that convinced me he *knew* he had a tack in his shoe and wasn't telling. Lying to me was an essential part of his teachings and I caught him red-handed this time. I demanded an explanation. He said he really didn't know and assumed such an air of total innocence that I laughed out loud. The last thing I remember was seeing him pick up his totem baseball bat and raise it above my head. When I awoke I was being held by the collar while Don Wow poured ice-cold water on my face and told me, "Get your shit together or I'll send you back to Sonora, where you can eat water rats for the rest of your life."

Februday 24.3 o'clock, Friday! I had finally convinced Don Wow to teach me about an important gringo practice I'd heard of that he called "money."

We went to a large building called Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Wow. The ritual was already in progress when we arrived. Several men about the same color and shape as Don Wow sat in chairs watching pictures of numbers and letters that (continued on page 116)

*the red-skinned sorcerer
lives in a
humdrum world of
mind-shattering experience,
but with proper
tutelage he can attain
undreamed-of wonders:
money, booze,
color television—
even indoor plumbing*



This dynamic duo has chanced upon a found object that's definitely not driftwood. The fellow on this page heads shoreward in a multicolor stretch-nylon bikini, by Sabre, \$18.

Inset: He consoles a friend who appears to have lost everything to the outgoing tide. He's hung onto a pair of geometric-pattern stretch-nylon trunks, by Jantzen, \$8.



TALKING THE PILUNGE

attire BY ROBERT L. GREEN
*seaworthy wettables
for getting in a watery groove*

The Spitznik at right is delighted to see something other than an oil slick pop up where sand meets sea. His rig: a multicolor-stripe knit Crimplene bikini, by Altmann of Vienno, \$17. Inset: Scorning personal safety, a selfless helpmeet gets her man out of the hot sun, shielding him with a floral-print Arnel-nylon pongee kimono, by Bouncing Bertho's Banana Blanket, \$28.



WHEN IT COMES to this year's look in men's swimwear, the time-tested Mies van der Rohe dictum "less is more" certainly applies. There's nothing really new about male bikinis, of course; European men have been wearing them for years. Now the trend to surface economy has caught on over here and guys with good bods are chucking their balloon-seated boxer trunks and John L. Sullivan-type Baggies and jams in favor of a suit that's more revealing. So, gentlemen, the time has come to take it off, take it almost all off—and slip into something that does your build justice. We don't have to say what it will do to the ladies.



This page: Updating his favorite scene in *From Here to Eternity*, this surf sport doubles his pleasure with a brace of beached mermaids. He's gone down to the sea in a pair of chambray stretch nylon square-legged trunks, by Sabra \$16.95; and a multicolored striped cotton knit long-sleeved pullover, by Sabra of London for Cezar Ltd., \$12.95. Opposite: It's a brief but warm encounter for another hip gentleman who's wearing cotton humble cloth butt-cut low-rise swim trunks with an, obviously handy pocket, by Surf-Line Hawaii, \$10.





TEACHINGS OF DON WOW

(continued from page 111)

moved on boxes in the walls. The men didn't say anything. Neither did we. Then we left.

"What was the meaning of my experience?" I asked as we got into his powder-blue Excalibur.

"There is no meaning of your experience. The numbers represent prices of various stocks. If the prices are up in the right stocks, we are happy. Sometimes, if they're up enough, we sell and make a profit. If they're down, either we buy or we are unhappy. It's very difficult to explain to someone who knows nothing. If you want to learn about money, you must have an unbending credit rating."

Suddenly I understood. On many vigils in the mountains of Chihuahua, I had met with the shadows of spirits that inhabit those hills. In the valley of water I had called them. If none came, I sometimes had to sit for days with no food to sustain me. If they came, we communicated and I went home to store the power they had given me.

"If I give you a dollar, for example," Don Wow continued, "you could leave it in the bank for a year and then have a dollar and four cents." My mind raced back to a time when I was a small child. Without my mind it was impossible to continue taking notes on what Don Wow was telling me. With a sharp blow of his baseball bat, however, Don Wow snapped me out of my trance.

I asked him what a dollar was and he pulled out his wallet. He told me that within his wallet were powers I could not imagine. I could, he said, if I had his wallet, go out and acquire incredible things: a lube job, push-button telephones, lunch at French restaurants, 90-day renewable notes on personal loans for money that I could take to the place of the money rituals and invest in certain stocks that were bound to give me a better return than any bank could ever hope for. . . .

I became dizzy and absent-minded. My mind held onto very confusing images both of having the power in his wallet and of acquiring incredible things, neither of which was clear to me. Suddenly the two images merged for a moment and I had a clear vision of each separate power in his wallet, suffused with a brilliant iridescent green light. The light undulated and fused into distinct lines, which radiated from each power to the incredible things it could acquire. I immediately saw that I could speed along the American Express line toward major hotels in downtown Los Angeles. At the end of the line were long tables overflowing with foods of every description, and opportunities for extended vacations to Detroit and Pittsburgh, power places Don Wow had described to me. All along the BankAmericard path were the great halls of clothing

and vaulted rooms of major appliances, as well as a miniaturized calculator for keeping track. As I tried to hold the image and follow other lines radiating from his wallet, I faltered, became distracted by a small photo of his first wife and lost the image completely. My perception returned to one of Don Wow sitting there with a strange look on his face, asking if I was feeling all right.

"Maybe you ought to put your head between your knees," he said with a perplexed look.

He then gave me a dollar and I wept.

2 *Thursday March 3456 times pm:* I sat on the floor with my feet 14 centimeters apart. Don Wow was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed at a 34-degree angle. He tapped his fingers on the marble tabletop in six-four time, at about 120 beats per minute. The tapping had a strange mesmerizing effect and I knew he was doing it to induce a special State of Ordinary Boredom in me.

Then he got up and went to the organ. He had explained to me earlier that he sent away for a course of instruction from Berkeley School of Music and that I could take lessons with him if I liked. When he depressed the first key, the sound seemed to be coming from my right, a low-pitched humming like a baritone cricket. Suddenly the note was inside my head and I was carried off on it as if I were being pulled along in the current of a stream.

I traveled along this note for hundreds of miles, soaring through the air and observing the landscape in awe. I could hardly believe my eyes. Soon there was a loud buzzing and to my left I saw three fighter planes peeling off in formation toward the southeast, their silver underbellies winking at me in the slanting rays of sunlight. I knew that what I saw was the wink of my death advising me and that I would die in a fire storm at an altitude of 3100 feet over Magazine, Arizona, in the next Indian uprising. That thought caused a tremendous surge of self-pity and I passed out.

I awoke lying in the gutter in front of Don Wow's house. I found it incredible that I could have gotten back so quickly and gradually made my way to his front porch by using my abdominal muscles to slither across his lawn like a snake. I finally arrived at about ten in the morning.

"What's that crap all over the front of your shirt?" he asked as I approached.

In an unexpected moment of anger, I accidentally turned Don Wow into a live 400-pound hog. I immediately realized my mistake and we spent the next few sessions restoring him to his natural State of Ordinary Usualness. As a punishment for this impulsive act, Don Wow took away my dollar. A profound feeling that I

would never learn his way of life overwhelmed me.

Once Upon A Time: Don Wow had instructed me in the use of a special mixture that he referred to as "booze." He also called it "Cutty Sark." It was his mechanism for coming in contact and communicating with a spirit he referred to as "Little Hooch," which appeared to me after my first three days of training with "booze." When I awoke on the third morning, I felt an overwhelming nausea and a pain in my head, as if enormous pressure had built up in there. When I opened my eyes, to my amazement, I saw small pink coyotes traversing the corridor between one room and the next. As if in a trance, I watched them roaming around for what seemed like several hours before I fell asleep again.

"What is the meaning of my experience?" I asked when Don Wow returned.

"The booze's been working, that's all."

"You mean those were real coyotes?"

"No, they weren't real. You just saw them."

"But if they weren't real, how did I see them?"

"That's what a little hooch can do." His explanations were always terse and to the point. The "booze" training continued throughout the next few months.

January 1964: As usual, he gave me the usual dose of Cutty Sark. As usual, I vomited, with the usual results. But this was an unusual State of Ordinary Usualness. I found that by doing the usual thing and making certain unusual alterations in the basic pattern I could actually experience an unusually usual state that was almost like looking at television. Don Wow's face was made up of little colored dots that moved faster than the eye could follow. It was extremely unpleasant.

He explained to me that the people in the television were not *really* in the television.

"Do you mean that we are seeing people who aren't there?"

"Well, they *are* there, but they aren't *there*," he said, indicating the television.

"You mean that they can be both *there* and *not* there at the same time?"

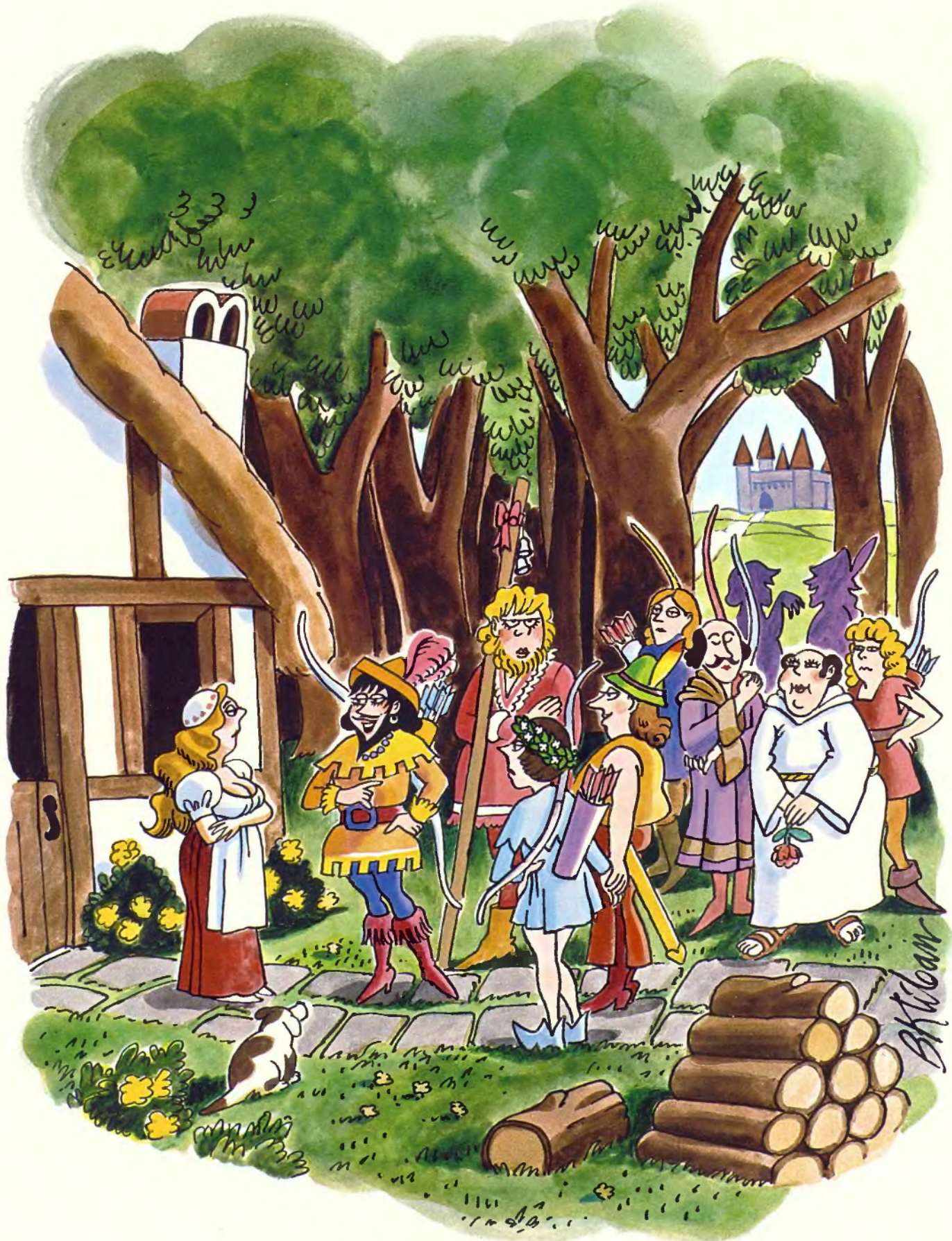
My mind, unaccustomed to such states, refused to believe that a thing could be as Don Wow said it was. Understanding that a man could become a crow and fly hundreds of miles was difficult enough without—

"Wait a minute," Don Wow interrupted my note taking, attempting again to explain. "See Howard Cosell there, the one with the orange suit?" I saw the man attempting to eat some sort of large metallic-looking fruit while talking very rapidly. His physical agility amazed me.

"Yes," I said. "Is he also a legendary medicine man?"

"No, he's a sports announcer."

(continued on page 246)



"Hi! I'm Robin Hood and these are my merry men."

Winners and Losers

article **By Jon Bradshaw**

The next best thing to playing and winning is playing and losing. The main thing is to play.

—NICK "THE GREEK" DANDOLOS

AQUINAS, Augustine, Gregory, Jude—these and other talismanic names rolled like loose ballast through my empty mind. The examination was at an end and, crouched like a cur at my desk, I had made the usual appeals, which they, in their infinite wisdom, had ignored. And so it was not until the headmaster said, "Time, gentlemen, time," that I dared use up the one true trump card left me: "Oh, my God." I whimpered, "help me, God"—trying for the life of me to become something more than the fraud I knew myself to be. Nothing: a shuffling of feet, silence. Had there been time, I might have knelt. But it was, as it usually is, too late.

Across the aisle, young Lockland, the acne on his cheeks scratched raw, rose with a snile of smug assurance and handed in his paper. The headmaster gazed fondly on the boy as he strutted from the (continued on page 194)



one of them believed that, given time and talent and happy odds, all things were possible...



...the other knew by the time
he turned forty that he would
never believe in anything again



Superbunny

ruthy ross's centerfold debut caps a hectic year as queen of the cottontails

FOR RUTHY ROSS, Playboy Bunny, ex-drama major, would-be actress and apprentice photographer, it's been quite a year. Quite a 16 months, as a matter of fact. It all started back in February 1972, when she was chosen to represent her fellow cottontails from the Los Angeles Playboy Club at the annual Bunny Beauty Contest. That event, a lavish pageant at the Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge, New Jersey, took place in March. Twenty-one girls—the pick of Playboy's hutches throughout the world—competed, and when it was all over, Ruthy Ross had won the title Bunny of the Year—1972. “Surprised?” she recalls. “I didn't think I had a chance. No sleep the night before the finals. Thought I looked a wreck, but apparently—and luckily—the judges didn't agree.” Since then, Ruthy's been juggling her regular Bunny duties at the Los Angeles Club with special promotional appearances; singing and dancing dates in the Club with the Bunniettes, a cottontail septet; driving lessons (to make use of her Datsun 1200 sports-car prize) and such personal interests as studying photography and







Ruthy, who admits she dotes on Forties gear (left), also digs music. Above, she shokes mean maracas with Playboy Club musicians. Above right, her Bunny of the Year contest finals.

moving into a new house-cum-swimming pool in suburban Reseda. Now, her crown relinquished to a successor (chosen as this issue went to press), Ruthy is enjoying what she considers the biggest triumph of all: becoming a Playmate. She's so enthusiastic about being a gatefold girl, in fact, that she's energetically boosting another Hollywood Bunny for a future spot in the magazine—and using her new camera skills to shoot the test photos herself.

After her selection as Bunny of the Year, Ruthy's first stop was Chicago, where she got a much-needed few days of relaxation as Hugh Hefner's guest at the Playboy Mansion. Next came an appearance at the premiere of the rock musical *Today Is a Good Day to Die* at the Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach, followed by a visit to Baltimore to appear on a radio talk show—the subject of which was “The Sexual Revolution—the New Morality and Sexual Exploitation.” (Ruthy said she didn't see what was sinful about sex between “two people who care for each other.”) Back in L.A., she did a turn as Ring Bunny (“I held up the cards saying ‘Round One,’ ‘Round Two,’ and so forth”) at a celebrity boxing match between former middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson and Bob Hope, held at Hope's Beverly Hills estate as a benefit for youth organizations. And when the Los Angeles Tennis Club staged a tournament on behalf of spastic children, Ruthy was there, greeting such celebrity players as James Franciscus, Charlton Heston and Ross Martin. “Craziest thing I got mixed up in was a pillow fight, of all things, with a disc jockey from



Bakersfield. He had tried to challenge Joe Frazier, but he settled for me and two other Bunnies. It was wild." Texas drew our star Bunny twice—once for the opening of a Playboy Products boutique in Dallas, once to appear at a sports show in Houston's Astrodome. "We had a ball there," she says. "Bunny Bevy and I had rolls of Rabbit-head stickers, and we stuck them on everybody who walked by. We were the hit of the show!"

Ruthy, who comes from a small town in Missouri and studied drama at the U of Mo. for two years, started her Bunny career at the Kansas City Playboy Club. She transferred to Hollywood in 1971 and is now looking forward to the imminent opening of that Club's new quarters in Century City. "Century City is really becoming 'uptown' for L.A., and it's where the action is," she says. "Besides, we'll expand our hours to include luncheon, and I think I'd like to start working days. There's a wonderful futuristic community theater in my neighborhood, and I'd like to get started working in it, but all the meetings and rehearsals are at night, which is when I've been working. I know I have some dramatic ability, but it's a little raw—it needs polish. And I don't really have the money to go to a private coach." What about her Playmate modeling fee? "That," says Miss Ross firmly, "is going into the bank. I believe in being prepared for a rainy day. Guess I'm old-fashioned that way. What with that and my love for funky Forties clothes, I sometimes think I was born thirty years too late." No way, Ruthy. Can you imagine a Bunny of the Year—1942?

Ruthy, with other gatefold girls, was a hit on a *Sonny & Cher Comedy Hour* (below)—during which, in both Uncle Sam costume and choir robe, she caught the eye of Joe Namath.





As Bunny of the Year, Ruthy found herself in constant demand. She fronted the Bunniettes (top left), a group of singing and dancing cottontails at the Los Angeles Club; met Jim Nabors (along with Playmates of the Year Liv Lindeland, 1972, and Lisa Baker, 1967) at a Sugar Ray Robinson Youth Foundation benefit at Bob Hope's home (center left); had her cuff autographed by TV's Joe Campanella at the same event (above); appeared on KCOP-TV's *Dialing for Dollars* with Dave Reeves (bottom left); and got acquainted with Charlton Heston at the Los Angeles Tennis Club's tournament for the Los Angeles area Spastic Children's Foundation (below).





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JUNE



Above: At the Astrodome in Houston, where she was promoting Playboy products at a mammoth sporting-goods show, Ruthy demonstrates a Rabbit-crested Frisbee—only to fall from grace while trying for a shoestring catch on a wild pitch. Below: On the flight home to Los Angeles, Ruthy grabs a welcome bit of sleep with fellow cottontail Bevy Self (left) and Bunny Mother Judi Bradford.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man came home sporting a pair of shoes he'd spent \$75 on that day. He had anticipated admiring comments from his wife, but she didn't even appear to notice that he had them on. Somewhat piqued, he waited until she was in bed later on, and then marched into the bedroom stark naked except for the fancy footwear. "It's about time you paid some attention to what my peter is pointing at," he announced, striking a pose.

Looking down at the splendiferous shoes, she shrugged and muttered, "Too bad you didn't buy a hat."



Virginity is a beautiful but frail bubble," says a sensitive acquaintance of ours, "that vanishes with the first prick."

In Tokyo, a huge and ferocious sumo wrestler won the Most Vicious Man in the World trophy and, as a sort of bonus, his manager fixed him up for the night with an unusually attractive geisha girl. When the girl went to the manager's office the next morning to collect her stipend, she was in a bad mood. "Who ever told that ape he could screw?" she snapped.

The manager shrugged. "Who's going to tell him he can't?"

And, of course, you've heard about the guy who couldn't find his way to the orgy—you might say he lost his ball bearings.

A muffled gong sounded as the little old lady opened the carved and gilded door and walked into the exotically furnished reception room. A silk-draped young woman appeared in a cloud of incense as if from nowhere and bowed. "Do you," she intoned, "wish to consult with the all-seeing, all-wise guru, Maharishi Mah-jongg?"

"Yes," said the visitor. "Tell Seymour his mother is here from the Bronx."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *timid feminist* as a chicken libber.

The young thing entered the greeting-card shop somewhat hesitantly. "Can I help you, miss?" asked the clerk.

"Well—er—yes," replied the girl. "Do you have any Father's Day cards that say 'To whom it may concern?'"

When a marriage starts to break up, the best thing to do is to start picking up the pieces—a piece here and a piece there.

The madam was dumfounded when a 14-year-old boy said he wanted to avail himself of one of her girls suffering from a dose of the clap. Some weeks after the transaction was completed, she ran across the boy and asked him if he got what he requested. "Sure," he bubbled, "but they gave me shots and I'm cured now."

"But why did you want to catch V. D.?" she asked.

"Well, it's kinda complicated, see. Before I went to the doctor, I gave the disease to the maid. She gave it to my father and, naturally, my mother got it next."

"But you didn't want to infect her?"

"Nah," he replied. "It's the milkman I was after. He's the bastard who ran over my bike."

A poor-spelling golfer named Lear
Was sent to the clink for a year
For an action obscene
Near the seventeenth green,
Where a club sign said ENTER COURSE HERE.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fellatio* as the French connection.

During a rehearsal break, two female members of the string section of a symphony orchestra were discussing the conductor, who had a reputation as a lecher. "I wonder," ventured one, "if his aroused organ is really as long as his baton?"

"I wonder, too," rejoined the other. "And if you've noticed, he can't conduct, either."



Three gay fellows were discussing ideal occupations. The first said he'd love to be a hairdresser, while the second expressed quite a strong preference for ballet dancing. "But I'd like to be a baseball pitcher," said the third.

"A baseball pitcher!" throated one of the others. "Whatever for, for goodness' sake?"

"Well," replied the diamond-smitten one, "I could use the rosin bag, paw the mound, shake off the catcher's first sign, take off my glove and rub up the ball, pose while looking over my shoulder toward first base and stretch slowly while peering toward third. By then someone in the stands is bound to yell, 'Pitch, you cocksucker!' And that's what I love—public recognition!"

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.



SOTOL

*"I'll go slop the hogs, milk the cows and feed the chickens, hon.
Then I'll come back and do my chores!"*

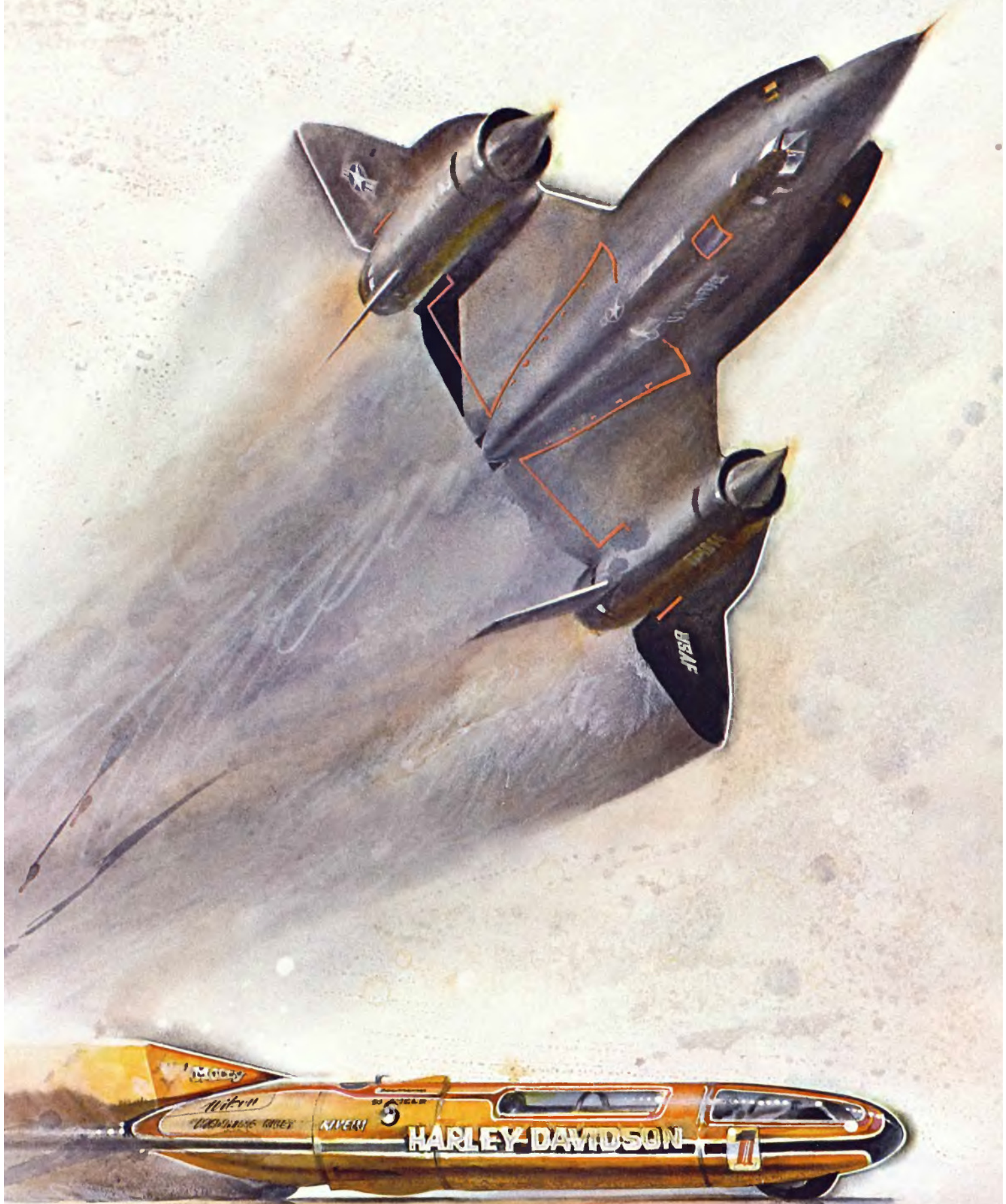
FASTEST!

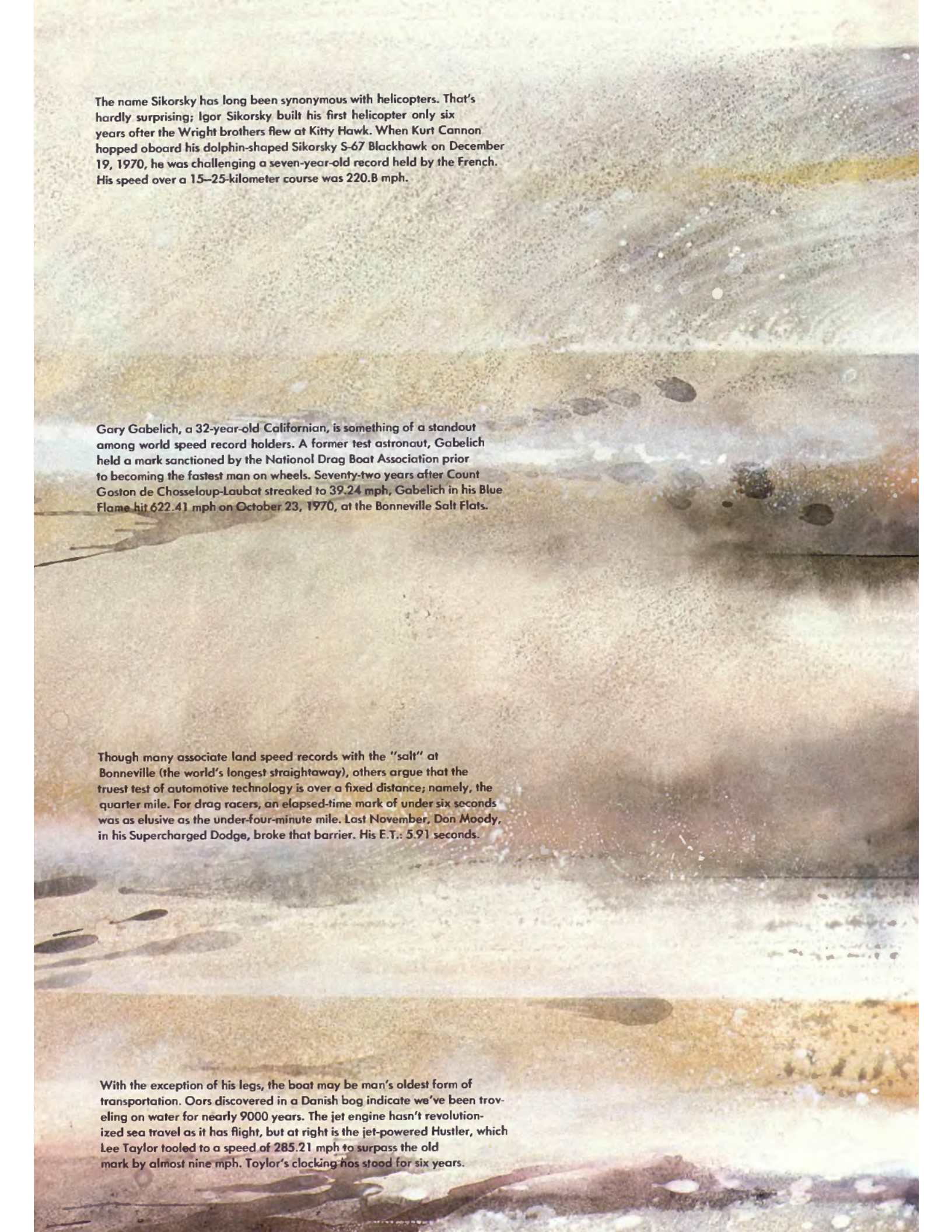
ralph who?—a rapturous view of the meanest machines on land, sea and in the air

IN THIS AGE OF ECOLOGY, transportation has come to mean going from one point to another with the least visible flash. What with the doomsday pronouncements of the Ehrlichs and the Commoners and the stuff we keep hearing about “the impending energy crisis,” it seems that those who still like to move in style are destined for even more bad press. On the other hand, there are perspectives—such as those advanced by naturalist Robert Ardrey—that urge such folks to carry on, full speed ahead. Ardrey, for instance, believes that all men possess an innate need to face danger. Without hazard, as he calls it, Ardrey says man—both as an individual and as a civilization—is doomed. Now, the six men who drove the machines pictured on these pages might not see their ambitions in Ardrey’s terms, but what they’ve sought and achieved isn’t unsympathetic to his views. The irony is that what the gentlemen who piloted these record breakers did scuttles the rationale behind technology. If nothing else, technology implies the elimination of human sacrifice. And when you take a device that was designed to remove suffering from your life and turn it around to stretch the limits of your endurance, you can understand the paradox. As we all know, record-setting attempts have their drawbacks: the fires, the flip-overs, the assorted wipe-outs—and the sad knowledge that almost every record eventually disappears from the books. But, granting that, there still remains a whole world of fringe benefits that eludes everyone but a few life-risking men. Take Craig Breedlove, for example, a former land speed record holder. In October 1964, he was attempting a new mark when his jet-powered Spirit of America went out of control. He missed the record, but his effort went down in history. On that day, Breedlove set a record for the longest skid marks ever made. By the time he brought his Spirit under control, he had skidded nearly eight miles. Of course, the difference between Breedlove and the men we feature here is that they got what they were after and he didn’t. And, as even Breedlove would agree, that makes all the difference in the world.

Significantly, all the record-setting machines pictured here are results of American technology. Before May 1, 1965, the Soviet Union held the record for aircraft speed on a straight course, 1665.89 mph. But on that May Day, Colonel Robert L. Stephens climbed into his YF-12A jet, designed by Clarence L. “Kelly” Johnson, and not only set a new world speed mark but cracked the 2000-mph barrier with 70 mph to spare.

The earliest internal-combustion-engined motorized bicycle was built in 1885 by Gottlieb Daimler of Germany. It was wooden, had a top speed of 12 mph and developed one half of one horsepower from its single-cylinder 16.1-cubic-inch engine. Eighty-five years later, Cal Rayborn powered his Harley-Davidson Sportster streamliner, sporting an 89-cubic-inch V-Twin engine, to a new world’s motorcycle speed record of 265.49 mph.



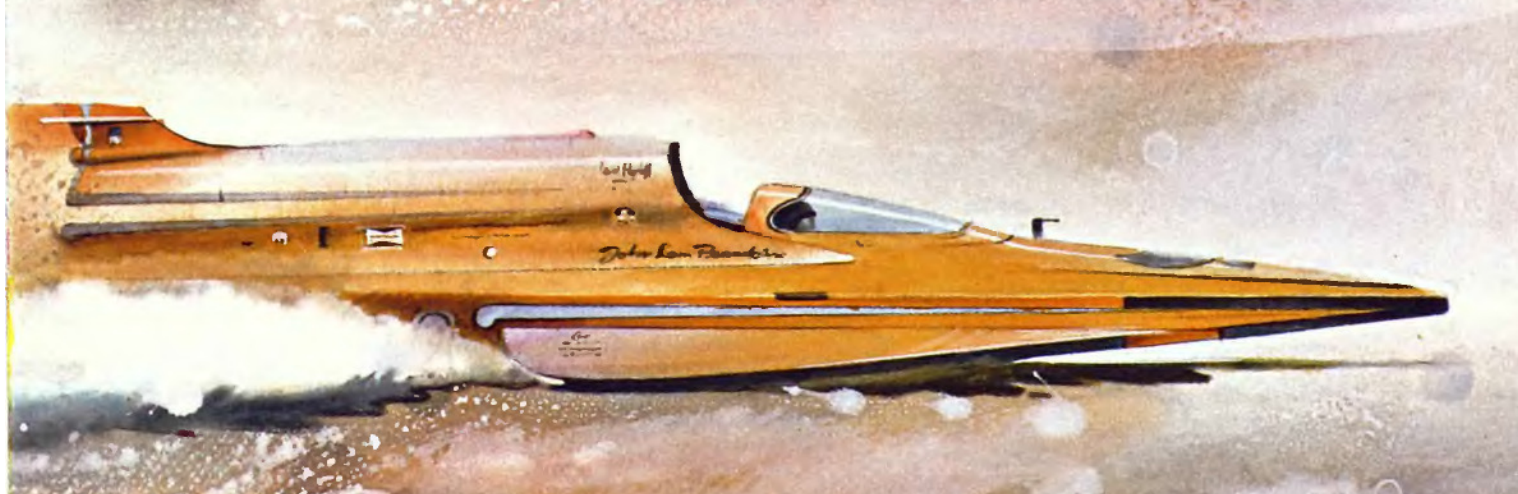
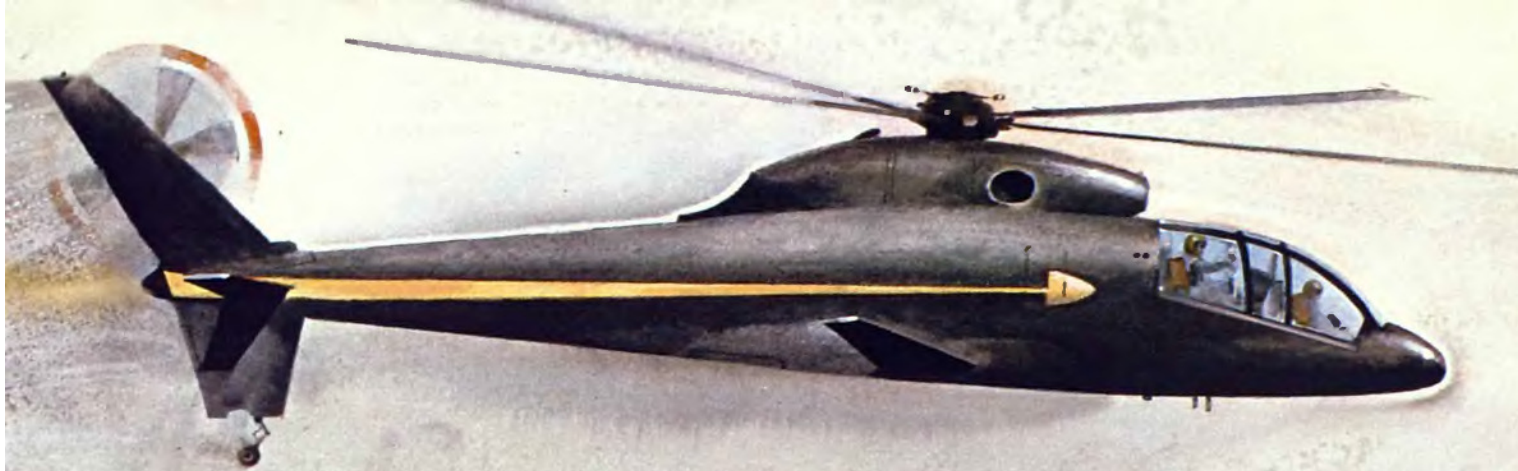


The name Sikorsky has long been synonymous with helicopters. That's hardly surprising; Igor Sikorsky built his first helicopter only six years after the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk. When Kurt Cannon hopped aboard his dolphin-shaped Sikorsky S-67 Blackhawk on December 19, 1970, he was challenging a seven-year-old record held by the French. His speed over a 15–25-kilometer course was 220.8 mph.

Gary Gabelich, a 32-year-old Californian, is something of a standout among world speed record holders. A former test astronaut, Gabelich held a mark sanctioned by the National Drag Boat Association prior to becoming the fastest man on wheels. Seventy-two years after Count Gaston de Chasseloup-Laubat streaked to 39.24 mph, Gabelich in his Blue Flame hit 622.41 mph on October 23, 1970, at the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Though many associate land speed records with the "salt" at Bonneville (the world's longest straightaway), others argue that the truest test of automotive technology is over a fixed distance; namely, the quarter mile. For drag racers, an elapsed-time mark of under six seconds was as elusive as the under-four-minute mile. Last November, Don Moody, in his Supercharged Dodge, broke that barrier. His E.T.: 5.91 seconds.

With the exception of his legs, the boat may be man's oldest form of transportation. Ours discovered in a Danish bog indicate we've been traveling on water for nearly 9000 years. The jet engine hasn't revolutionized sea travel as it has flight, but at right is the jet-powered Hustler, which Lee Taylor toolled to a speed of 285.21 mph to surpass the old mark by almost nine mph. Taylor's clocking has stood for six years.



WRITER AS POLITICAL CRAZY

Jews like himself. Pound's most notable disciples in this country were the fifth-rate demagog John Kasper and—hilariously—David R. Wang, Dartmouth 1955, who described himself as “the only Chinese poet of record who devotes himself to the cause of white supremacy.” Pound's broadcasts were (understandably) so unintelligible to the Fascists themselves that some Italian radio officials suspected he was an American agent relaying information in code!

No matter how much one regrets Pound the unsuccessful, hideous, loony political broadcaster, it is impossible to forget him entirely in favor of the Pound who wrote some of the most beautiful modern English poems, Pound the perfect friend and sponsor of other writers, who put Eliot's *The Waste Land* into shape, the Pound who was among the first to recognize Robert Frost, who influenced even an older poet like Yeats, who was a passionate defender of Joyce when that great man could not count on many friends and supporters for *Ulysses*. For Pound took his own political ideas and nostrums very seriously, put them into his most ambitious book, his lifework, the *Cantos*, and, above all, considered it his mission, as a poet, to lecture humanity at large on the subject of its political disorder. Pound believed that literature was the queen of the arts and that poets were its kings. Poetry was *it*: no scientist, no political leader (except those who were as wise as poets, which meant only Confucius and John Adams!) could rival a true and therefore supreme poet in the scope and power of his mind.

Modern times began with the French Revolution, modern literature with the romantic revolution in the arts. Wordsworth wrote of his first enthusiasm for the French Revolution, “Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven,” and Shelley wrote in *A Defense of Poetry* that “poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.” Ever since the French Revolution made politics everybody's business and romanticism glorified literary imagination as the key to heaven on earth, all the really interesting writers “in our time” (the title of Hemingway's first and still most arresting book) have taken it for granted that life is unprecedentedly on the move, that for us there has been the most awesome shifting of people's minds, lives, the whole of human destiny, in recorded history. (American writers have felt themselves to be right in the middle of this ever-accelerating idea of human possibility.)

So it is nothing new for modern writers to think of themselves as prophets, priests, ministers to the human condition in general. Pound fondly called poets “the antennae of the race.” And Pound, a writer with lightning intuitions about

(continued from page 108)

what was great in other writers, was equally cocksure on economics, Confucius, the history of finance in the ancient world, the political ideas of John Adams, the superiority of the Fascist system of “corporations” (which did not really exist) and, as he said in one of his broadcasts, the fact that “the Nazis have wiped out bad manners in Germany.”

Writers are by nature confident people—about their own opinions. The greater they are, the more confidently they indulge themselves in theories and suppositions that might shame the average citizen. Tolstoy, the greatest novelist in Europe, tyrannically insisted, as a believer in “naturalness,” that his wife breast-feed each of their children (they had 13). A boastfully virile man who had access to the many young girls on his estate, a wealthy novelist, aristocrat, landowner, he at length proclaimed that the times were too serious for mere novels and, without seeing anything funny in this, lectured everyone in sight on the necessity of total chastity, poverty, pacifism and civil disobedience.

Dostoevsky, who as a young man was sentenced to death for studying subversive literature, became a violent reactionary and supporter of czarist oppression, wrote a political column in a rich man's newspaper to advance his views and was so intolerant that he attacked *Anna Karénina* for its implied criticisms of Russia's “Pan-Slav” policy. Victor Hugo's admirers called him a god to his face and he became so convinced of his undeviating rightness that someone memorably called him “a madman who thinks he is Victor Hugo.” Flaubert, the aesthetic purist, the most famously apolitical of novelists, had such confidence that his books had the key to everything that on surveying the carnage after the Paris Commune was destroyed in 1871, he modestly said, “This wouldn't have happened if they had read my *Education Sentimentale*.”

But it was only with the 20th Century, the two terrible world wars and their chain of wars, with the coming of communism and fascism, the breakup of the old order, the slaughter of helpless millions for being the wrong class or race, that writers, usually the most sensitive and concerned writers, demonstrated that in our time everything does turn into politics.

D. H. Lawrence, for example, was an amazingly evocative novelist, essayist and poet. But he became the most viciously authoritarian of political pseudo-philosophers after he was rejected for medical reasons from serving in the 1914–1918 war. He was antiwar, but this was a blow to his shaky masculinity; he then found himself, because of his German wife, Frieda von Richthofen, accused of sympathizing with the enemy. All through the

postwar period, his increasing despair of Western civilization was matched by his struggle against the tuberculosis that finally killed him, in 1930, at 45.

A close friend, David Garnett, said that Lawrence literally kept himself alive by sheer rage. Bertrand Russell admired Lawrence's literary gifts (all the first-rate men of his time in England recognized his genius from the first) but was soon frightened by his private myth about himself as a “leader.” Russell saw before anyone else did that Lawrence's intense creative pride had in the disorder of the world after 1918 become political megalomania. He was to write in *Portraits from Memory* that Lawrence really saw himself as the supreme ruler when a dictatorship had been established. He charged that Lawrence had developed the whole philosophy of fascism before the politicians had thought of it. He called Lawrence “an exponent of the cult of insanity” in the between-wars period.

Lawrence's political views, when expressed in novels about Mexico (*The Plumed Serpent*) and about Australia (*Kangaroo*), were thoroughly brutal as well as feverishly exalted in their hatred of democracy. Lawrence was, of course, a miner's son, but his genteel husband-hating mother had taught him to despise the lower orders. The fierce attachment between himself and his mother also gave him an indestructible sense of his own rightness. He came to think of himself as a man born to re-educate humanity in the lessons of the primitive and what he insidiously liked to call “blood knowledge.”

“One thing I can do,” Lawrence boasted (and with reason), “I can juggle with words; get a white rabbit out of a silk hat, or a turtledove out of a black saucepan in which I had only rattled peas.” There are few 20th Century writers, few in all English literature, who can make the immediate moment so real, give us the feel of life at the moment we most gladly do feel it. But when Lawrence laid down the law about women, society, peasants, the Etruscans and their art, he was alternately repulsive and ridiculous. He said, for example, that the lower classes should be relieved of all responsibility. They should not even learn how to read or write. “The secret is to commit into the hands of the sacred few the responsibility which now lies like torture on the mass. . . . Leaders—this is what mankind is craving for.” As many of his admirers have noticed, there is a strain of personal cruelty in Lawrence's writing, a fantasy of unlimited domination over others; it allowed him to praise the most bestial “executions” among the Aztecs and to talk some of his silly women characters tall (if not behave) in perfect accordance with the male fantasy of sex as assured domination.

But Lawrence's belief in blood knowledge, though so much like the windiest
(continued on page 206)

NEIGHBORS

was the man with the binoculars watching the beginning of an affair—or the prelude to murder?

fiction

By ROBERT McNEAR

HE WAS WATERING the avocado plant when he saw her. The girl was standing behind a sliding glass door, one hand on the mechanism for opening it, and she was peering out in a gingerly manner, presumably leery of the strong wind that was blowing. Apparently satisfied that the air currents would not pitch her from the balcony, she opened the door wide enough to let herself through and stepped outside.

Her costume, he thought, was most

appealing, a long-sleeved gingham dress blood-red in color, which contrasted nicely with the blonde hair straight and falling in the most natural style. Leaning into the wind, she walked with purpose to the point on the balcony where the railing met from south to west. With the wind snapping at clothes and hair, with the clouds rolling ominously from the southwest, she resembled the figurehead of some noble ship about to meet



the storm head on.

Being a longtime student of high-rise life, he reached for that one accouterment necessary to the vertically glassed-in male species such as himself—binoculars. To the unaided eye, she had appeared tall, well formed and perhaps pretty around the face. Magnified seven times, the matter of height and build was confirmed, though the face did give pause—a squat nose, eyes set too widely apart, a thin mouth that seemed frivolous, a little chin that seemed pointless. Studying this, he decided that the ingredients did not work individually, for each feature was out of whack with the next one, but collectively the parts meshed very well, indeed, and he let the glasses linger on this most promising neighborly discovery.

For several long minutes she remained motionless, giving the impression of toying with the wind, vamping the gusty outriders of the approaching storm. Then when all hell was about to invade her balcony, she began to turn in his direction, a graceful whirl in preparation for going inside, but at that precise instant when head and body faced him directly, she aborted the swinging movement and froze completely, as if upon command.

She sees me, he thought in panic. A distance of 50 feet at most, so how could she miss? But did she? In part, he was shielded by the avocado plant, the lights in his apartment were not turned on and the gloom outside was increasing as the storm approached. Yet with the binoculars, he could clearly see the color of her eyes, a soft brown that blended nicely with the blonde hair.

If the girl had caught him in the act, she was behaving as no one ever had. Upon rare occasions when the object of his viewing had in turn viewed him, the person had simply left the balcony or, if inside, pulled the drapes. Never had one stared him down like the girl in the red gingham dress.

A single raindrop on his window skittered across the binocular's field of vision, a peal of thunder clapped around the buildings. Forewarned in earnest, the girl nimbly dashed for the sliding glass door and a moment later vanished inside.

Terrible timing for him to be heading out on a date, of that there was no doubt, but already he was late, so he put on a raincoat and left. All in all, the evening was not bad—dinner, movie, a walk back to the girl's apartment with the smell of the recent storm all around them. Later, back at his place, and with the lights off, he took up station by the avocado plant.

Where are you, you smashing thing in red gingham and blonde hair? Where are you, Marian Taylor? He had already learned her name and the thought of this caused him to smirk to himself.

Undoubtedly, the layout of the apart-

ment across the way was identical to that of his own, for the builders of this apartment-house complex were not known for originality among buildings. The living-room drapes were drawn, as were the shades in the one bedroom, leaving visible to him only a small corner of a room certain to be the kitchen and a portion of the hall leading to the living room.

His wait was not long. Apparently, she had gone into that part of the kitchen he could not see and raided the refrigerator there, because she showed up in the portion of the kitchen he could see with a glass of milk in her hand. The girl drank slowly from the glass. Her red gingham dress appeared mussed, and so did her hair. Who was the guy? he wondered. Whose hands had explored the dress and rummaged around the hair? The mild disarray suggested that he had been slightly rough on the girl, though perhaps the experience had not been entirely unpleasant. On her face: a trace of what could be annoyance, a measure of excitement. When she finished the milk and left, he went off and lay awake in his own dark bedroom, knowing that he had witnessed the beginning of an affair.

The next evening, however, she stayed home alone. Obliging, she left the drapes open. Dressed in blue jeans and a plaid shirt not tucked in, she took to the ironing board, doubtlessly sprucing up for the pending rounds. The red gingham dress was ironed, as were other dresses, and even put to the iron was a blue nightgown, transparent, he noticed, when she held it in front of her.

The following week, the girl went out three times. The bedroom drapes were always pulled shut, so the first he knew of the imminent date was her grand entrance into the living room. Anticipating her date's arrival, she would empty an ashtray here, smooth a pillow there, all the while moving with that lithe grace that he was beginning to love.

Upon each of these three occasions, he would abandon his watching post beside the avocado plant to go out before her date arrived and would return home after she was home, and alone, at that; so, curiously enough, that week he never caught so much as a glimpse of the other guy.

The other guy. Whoever he was, he was managing to pull off two neat little tricks at the same time—one good, one bad. He excited her, to be sure, as he had noticed after the first date, when she was drinking milk in the kitchen. And judging from her face, this emotion increased after each of the next three dates. But from the very first, he had seen what he took to be annoyance, and this grew in tandem with the excitement until it was no longer annoyance. Make it read fear, he thought. Pure, undiluted

fear. Even terror. Was he viewing the beginning of an affair or the prelude to murder?

Don't be so dramatic, he observed to himself. It was Saturday morning. A week to the day had passed since he had first seen the girl in the red gingham dress. And, like the previous Saturday, the air was heavy with storm, for it is axiomatic that fine Chicago summer days are not reserved for weekends.

In the apartment across the way, 17 floors above the street, the living-room drapes were unexpectedly drawn, and so were the bedroom shades, shielding the lovely girl from his inquisitive gaze. Well, he had nothing to do tonight. Likely, in time, she would pull the drapes and he would take up his post. Perhaps he would even see her date, although he somehow doubted this. The guy, he felt, was all through. He had something going for him and something going against him, but whatever it was that inspired the negative factor surely was adequate to mark finis to the matter.

Which raised an interesting point. Suppose she was in some danger. Suppose the guy was a threat to her. Ah, he would ride to the rescue. You dreamer, you, and he put on his raincoat and went to the supermarket. Returning with the fixings for dinner, he noticed the two thunderheads over the lake. Nigrescent like bruises against the summer sky, they lurked above the water, motionless, pointing menacingly at the sweltering city. Other passers-by, also noticing them, hurried on their way.

He unloaded the groceries and made sure that the air conditioning was turned up high. Several afternoon hours passed with the twin thunderheads stationed over the lake and the girl's drapes shut tight. Marian Taylor, what are you doing behind those curtains?

The time was nearly five o'clock when suddenly the sky became quite dark. Since sunset was some hours off, he went to the window and looked lakeward, knowing what he would see. In front of him was a wall of black; the thunderheads were on the move. Suspecting that he was not witnessing an ordinary summer storm, he turned on the radio. The weather bureau, the announcer said, had just issued a tornado watch. A moment later, the watch was escalated. Tornado warning!

Outside, all traces of day receded until the building next door was in evidence only by a scattering of light showing. The wind increased its vicious tugs at the windows, and on the quivering glass, raindrops hammered in fury. The first lightning flash was tentative, brief in length, arching over the lake-front sky, but following the exploratory electronics, the air was shattered by a trio of simultaneous zigzag bolts, each

(continued on page 248)



1



3



5



2



4



6

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR

Dads & Granddads

Following the numbers: 1. Danish-made brass megaphone with a six-inch opening stands 14" high, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$20. 2. The People Feeder, a plastic dispenser of munchies that looks like it's for the birds, from Baekgaard Ltd., \$12.50. 3. Electronic Desk-Auto-Wrist Watch, in a removable styrene case, runs on a tiny energy cell and features an easel back for desk use, adhesive fabric that adheres to an automobile's dash and strap slots for a watch band, by Timex, \$25.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

4. The Nome Caller, an automatic telephone dialer for office or home, can "memorize" up to 38 numbers and dial them at the touch of a button, by Macam Products, \$60 for a single-line unit, \$70 for multiple lines. 5. Jupiter 6500 stereo speaker with 12" woofer is made of Uniroyal Rubicast, a space-age material that provides a virtually indestructible non-resonating enclosure, by Empire, \$140. 6. Walnut box comes with two bottles of Old No. 7, from Jack Daniel's Distillery, \$25.



1



2



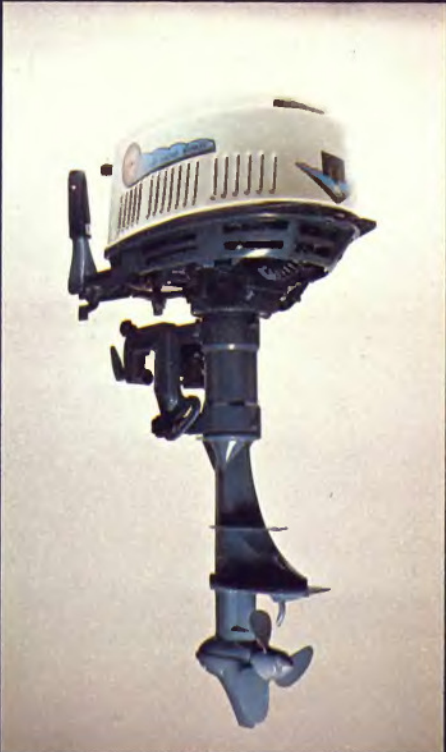
3



4



5



6



7



8

1. The Projecto solid-state portable color TV with a 15-diagonal-inch screen, by RCA, \$380, plus matching stand, \$30. 2. French-made LP holder of polished chrome, from Bonniers, about \$30. 3. Plastic bar with chrome legs, removable trays and ice-bucket liner measures 32½" x 28" x 20", from Plocix, \$50. 4. Jaguar XJ 12 has 12-cylinder engine, air conditioning, automatic transmission, power brakes and steering, electric windows, from British Leyland Motors, \$10,500. 5. Natural-pine wall- or table-mounted solid-maker set includes spice cubes, mortar and pestle, and oil and vinegar cruets, by Heath Ltd., Design Forum, \$25. 6. MAC 10, an Italian 9½-hp outboard powered by a Wankel engine that performs on only one sparkplug, from Offshore Marine Company, about \$600, including six-volt generator and remote-control attachments. 7. Colorful Italian-made Asti ice buckets of plastic hold about a gallon of cubes, from Heller Design, \$10 each. 8. Mork 8 automatic 8-track changer plays up to five cartridges through any stereo system, by RCA, \$170.



1



3



6



2



4



7

1. Jet 80 microwave oven with a front of solar bronze cooks food in ultraquick time, by G. E., \$230. 2. Celio P. Sebiri-designed Art Deco-type sterling-silver bracelet, \$65, and cuff links, \$57, both from Cul De Sac at Bloomingdale's. 3. Model 3100-D TV plus digital clock features a nonglare black-tinted screen, by JVC, \$180. 4. HP 80 battery-powered business calculator has problem-solving capability in such areas as bond yield, compound interest, sinking fund, loan repayment and investment analysis, by Hewlett-Packard, \$400. 5. Rabbit-insignia tennis balls, which conform to U. S. L. T. A. specifications, from Playboy Products, \$5 for a can of three; and an acrylic sleeveless tennis pullover, by Head, \$22. 6. Artificial charcoal cooler imparts true charcoal flavor to food without actual use of charcoal, by Chor-B-Que, \$60, portable cart, \$60. 7. KF 20 Aromaster Filter Coffee System produces 6 to 8 cups of delicious, oil-free coffee, by Braun, \$60. 8. Sopo, the Game of the Frog, a hand-crafted hardwood, brass and leather pitching platform, from Blue Ridge Cottage Industries, \$750.



5



8

FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE

*a russian army poised to
invade india—and all that
stood in the way were a few
thousand wild horsemen
and the british army's
greatest coward*

Concluding a new adventure satire

By
GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER

SYNOPSIS: *The fourth packet of the Flashman Papers (1854–1855) picks up the memoirs of the celebrated soldier as England is moving towards war with Russia. Captain Flashman—a public hero of the Afghanistan campaign but, as he reveals, a private coward—seeks to avoid the coming storm by joining the Board of Ordnance in London.*

Flashman finds himself promoted to the rank of colonel and ordered to active service as an aide and guardian to the young Prince William of Celle, a German relative of Prince Albert. This assignment comes to a tragic end when, at the battle of the Alma, the young prince charges ahead and Flashman lags behind. Flashman then, as an aide and galloper on General Lord Raglan's staff, to his overwhelming horror, gets involved in the charge of the Light Brigade. He was, in fact, somewhat to blame for its starting off in the wrong direction; having drunk some Russian champagne, he is bloated. His booming flatulence

annoys General Cardigan to the point of giving the order to charge, with Flashman, terror-struck, in the van.

By some miracle, Flashman survives the disaster and is captured by the Russians. He is taken into the interior and, on the way, meets a Russian captain, the cruel and icyhearted Count Ignatieff. Flashman's prison turns out, much to his surprise, to be the private estate of an old Cossack nobleman, Count Pencherjevsky, where he is well treated and given limited freedom. Another surprise is the discovery of his fellow prisoner—Scud East, an acquaintance from Rugby days.

Flashman then—as a result of the count's bizarre whim—falls into secret, torrid lovemaking with Valla, the count's beautiful daughter. That is interrupted, however, when Flashman and East manage to overhear a council of war presided over by the tsar himself. The strategy being plotted is a Russian attack on India by way of Persia. East is determined to escape and carry the news back to the

British. That chance comes when rebellious peasants launch an attack on Pencherjevsky's manor house. Flashman, East and Valla—who has had no time to dress—escape in a horse-drawn sleigh.

They reach a causeway that leads to the Crimea and suddenly, through the snow and darkness, Flashman sights Cossack cavalry in pursuit. Trying desperately to lighten the sleigh, he throws out everything moveable—and at last dumps the naked Valla into the snow. But, once across the causeway and close to safety, they suffer an accident when the sleigh overturns and Flashman is pinned beneath it. East explains that, much as it pains him, he must go on alone to take the intelligence to the British high command. Hurt and moaning with fear, Flashman is recaptured by the Russians.

I SUPPOSE my life has been full of poetic justice—an expression customarily used by Holy Joes to cloak the vindictive pleasure they feel when some enterprising



collos



fellow fetches himself a cropper. They are the kind who'll say unctuously that I was properly hoist with my own petard at Arabat, and serve the bastard right. I'm inclined to agree; East would never have abandoned me if I hadn't heaved Valla out of the sled in the first place. He'd have stuck by me and the Christian old-school code, and let his military duty go hang. But my treatment of his beloved made it easy for him to forget the ties of comradeship and brotherly love and do his duty; all his pious protestations about leaving me were really hypocritical moonshine, spouted out to salve his own conscience.

I know my Easts and Tom Browns, you see. They're never happy unless their morality is being tried in the furnace and they can feel they're doing the right, Christian thing—and never mind the consequences to anyone else. Selfish brutes. Damned unreliable it makes 'em, too. On the other hand, you can always count on me. I'd have got the news through to Raglan out of pure cowardice and self-love, and to hell with East and Valla both; but your pious Scud had to have a grudge to pay off before he'd abandon me. Odd, ain't it? They'll do for us yet, with their sentiment and morality.

In the meantime, he had done for me, handsomely. If you're one of the aforementioned who take satisfaction in seeing the wicked go arse over tip into the pit which they have digged, you'll relish the situation of old Flashy, a half-healed crack in his head, a broken rib crudely strapped up with rawhide, lousy after a week in a filthy cell under Fort Arabat and with his belly muscles fluttering in the presence of Captain Count Nicholas Pavlovitch Ignatieff.

They had hauled me into the guardroom and there he was, the inevitable cigarette clamped between his teeth, those terrible, hypnotic, blue-brown eyes regarding me with no more emotion than a snake's. For a full minute he stared at me, and then, without a change of expression, he lashed me back and forth across the face with his gloves, while I struggled feebly between my Cossack guards.

"Don't!" I cried. "*Pajalusta!* I'm a wounded prisoner! I'm a British officer! For God's sake, stop!"

He gave one last swipe and dropped the gloves at the feet of his aide. "Burn those," he said in an icy whisper. Then, in his deadly, unemotional voice, he said to me, "You plead for mercy—you, a betrayer of the vilest kind? You gave your most solemn oath to protect the daughter of a man who had treated you with every consideration—only to escape, abduct her and, finally, abandon her to her death."

"It's a lie!" I shouted. "It wasn't my fault. She fell from the sled by accident!

Besides, we'd given no parole. We had the right of any prisoners of war. . . ."

"You thought to take advantage," he said softly, "because you believed that Pencherjevsky was doomed. Fortunately, he was not a hetman of Cossacks for nothing. He cut his way clear and, in spite of your unspeakable treatment of his daughter, she, too, survived."

"Thank God for that!" cries I. "Believe me, sir, I intended no betrayal. And, as for the matter of the accident—"

"The only accident was the one that prevented you from escaping," he went on in that level, sibilant voice, "and you will live to wish that sled had crushed your life out. You have lost every right to be treated as an honourable man. One thing alone can mitigate your punishment." He paused to let that sink in while he lit another cigarette.

"I require an answer to one question," says Ignatieff, "and you will supply it in your own language." His next words were in English: "*Why* did you try to escape?"

Terrified as I was, I daren't tell him the truth. I knew that if he learned that I'd found out about his expedition to India, all was up with me. "Because it is the prisoner's duty to try to escape—to rejoin his own army. I swear we had no other—"

"You lie. The attempt would have been both foolhardy and dishonourable—unless you had some very pressing reason. As for that reason, you will be dying in excruciating agony within five minutes unless you can tell me"—he paused, inhaling on his cigarette, his blue-brown eyes seeming to bore into my brain—"what is meant by item seven."

There was nothing for it; I had to confess. I stammered out hoarsely in English, "It's a plan to invade India. Please, for God's sake—"

"How did you discover it?"

I babbled out how we had eavesdropped in the gallery and heard him talking to the tsar. "It was just by chance . . . I didn't mean to spy . . . it was East who said we must get away to warn our people! It was all his notion."

"Gag him," says Ignatieff, "and bring him to the courtyard with another prisoner. Anyone in the cells will do." So, in a minute, I found myself in the icy courtyard, shivering in my shirt and breeches. Presently, a Cossack appeared, driving in front of him a scared and dirty peasant with fetters on his legs. "What was this fellow's offence?" asks Ignatieff.

"Insubordination, Lord Count," says the Cossack guard.

Two more Cossacks appeared, carrying a curious bench like a vaulting horse with very short legs and a flat top. The prisoner shrieked at the sight of it, but they tore off his clothes and bound him to it face down, with thongs at his ankles, knees,

waist and neck, so that he lay there naked, still screaming horribly.

One of the Cossacks handed Ignatieff a thick black coil of something that looked for all the world like shiny liquorice. He hefted it in his hands, stepped in front of me and placed it over my head. I shuddered as it touched my shoulders and I was astonished by the weight of the thing. At a sign from Ignatieff, the Cossack grasped the end and slowly drew it off my shoulders and, as it uncoiled like an obscene black snake, I realized that it was a huge whip, over 12 feet long, as thick as my arm at the butt and tapering to a point as thin as a bootlace.

"You will have heard of the knout," says Ignatieff softly. "Its use is illegal." At this, the Cossack grasped the butt with both hands, swept the knout back over his shoulder and then struck. The diabolical thing cut through the air with a noise like a steam whistle's, ending with a crack like a pistol shot and a fearful, choked scream of agony.

They pushed me forwards to the bench and forced me to look. With the bile nearly choking me behind my gag, I saw that the man's buttocks were cut clean across, as by a sabre, and the blood was pouring out. "That is the drawing stroke," says Ignatieff. "Proceed."

Five more explosive cracks, five more razor gashes and the snow beneath the bench was sodden with blood. The victim was still conscious, making awful, animal sounds. "Now observe the effect of a flat blow," says Ignatieff. This time, the Cossack didn't snap the knout but let it fall flat on the man's spine. The sound was like that of a wet cloth slapped on stone. The victim was silent. When they unstrapped him from the bench, I saw that he'd been nearly broken in two.

They took me inside and dropped me, half-fainting, into a chair. Ignatieff lit another cigarette and began to talk quietly. "When your time comes, I shall see how many of the drawing strokes a man can suffer before he dies. Your one hope of escaping that fate lies in doing precisely what I am about to tell you." I watched him like a rabbit before a snake. He had committed that hideous butchery *just to impress me*. And I was enormously impressed.

"That you had somehow learned of item seven I had already suspected," says Ignatieff at last. "Regrettably, Major East was never recaptured, and thus I must assume that Lord Raglan has received the intelligence. Do not take cheer from that, however—it can be made to work to our advantage. Whereas your authorities will now suppose that they have seven months to prepare, in fact, within four months

(continued on page 146)



summer chefs of the world, unite! you have nothing to lose but your flames

food and drink By JACK DENTON SCOTT

DURING THE UPCOMING swelter season, the least appreciated aspect of any picnic, patio party or country cookout will be the heat—either in food or from cooking equipment.

Yet for years the women's and home magazines have been pushing glorious color photos of grinning groups dressed for the hot season gathered around blazing charcoal fires or gas cookers, steak, chicken or hamburgers sizzling merrily, the host in chef's hat and COOK AT WORK apron, fork in hand. It's a cliché and a fraud.

It isn't necessary to herd along with it. I have had picnics, patio parties and cookouts with professionals, top chefs, and, to a man, they place pleasure first. To that end, they prepare ahead so the host and/or hostess can also enjoy alfresco summer entertaining. Less effort, more play is their design, guests helping themselves to the offerings, the friendship rather than the see-how-we've-been-working theme carrying the affair. Psychological advantages are remarkable, in comfort and camaraderie.

If the host isn't forced to do his fork-in-hand wobble before

the hot fire, and his helpmate doesn't have to play the part of a freak eight-handed waitress, or whip-handed maître de, everyone is more relaxed—and so is the affair. It is also more civilized.

How do many professionals play this relaxed game? Simple: They don't cook. I realize this is akin to four-letter-wording the American way of life, especially summer dining, when charcoal and chow are synonymous. But in my rambles about Europe and other places, I have been on the receiving end of several no-cooking cookouts that left me impressed. It was cool entertainment in the best sense of the word. So let's dip into various cultures for a no-cooking get-together that is limited only by the imagination.

Each of the recipes that follow serves eight; multiply or divide ingredients according to the size of your party.

First, there's the much-abused steak. Let's turn it around and eat it as a first course, raw with drinks when the party begins, as I have had it in Austria and *(continued on page 187)*

our army, thirty thousand strong, will be advancing over the Khyber Pass with at least half as many Afghan allies. At their backs, your English troops will have a rebellious Indian population. Our agents are already preparing that insurrection.

"You may wonder how it is possible to advance the time of our attack. It is simple. We have given up any thought of the southern route through Persia and now adhere to General Khruleff's original northern plan. Transport of the army across the Caspian and Aral seas can begin immediately. The Syr Daria and Amu Daria tribesmen will be pacified by our army as it moves."

I didn't doubt a word of it—not that I cared a patriotic damn. They could have India, China and the whole bloody Orient if I could only find some way out for myself.

"In this, you will play a small rôle," Ignatieff went on. "We possess, you see, the most extensive dossiers in Europe—dossiers that are remarkably detailed about your activities in Afghanistan fourteen years ago: Your work among the Gilzai and other tribes, your dealings with Muhammed Akbar Khan, your solitary survival of the British army disaster—a disaster in which our own intelligence service played some part."

Shaken and fearful as I was, one part of my mind was noting something from all this. Master Ignatieff was a devilish clever man, but he had one of the weaknesses of youth: He was vain as an Etonian duke. Thus, he talked too much.

"It will be most convenient," says he, "to have a British officer with some small reputation in Afghanistan. He can persuade the tribal leaders that the decay of British power is imminent and that their advantage lies in joining the invasion." By the tilt of his cigarette and the glitter in his strange eye, I knew he was enjoying all this.

"My dossier reading tells me of a man brave to the point of recklessness. My own observation of you tends to contradict it—I do not judge you to be of heroic material. Still, there are the eyewitness accounts from Balaclava, and I may be wrong. In any case, even a hero would weigh a refusal to cooperate against being displayed naked in an iron cage and being made to suffer the knout at the end of the journey. That is all."

You may not credit it, but my feelings, as they clamped chains on my ankles and wrists and thrust me into an underground pit, were of profound relief. For one thing, I was out of the presence of that evil madman with his leery optic. Point two, I had my good health for at least four months—and I was old soldier enough to know that a lot can happen in that time. Afghanistan, ghastly place, was home country to me and all I would need

was a yard's start on any Russian pursuer.

Thinking about that, I could make a guess that if there were a point where the Russian force might run into trouble, it would be in the wild country before Afghanistan. There were the independent khanates at Bokhara, Samarkand and in the Syr Daria country, where the Russians had been trying to extend their empire for some time—and had been getting a bloody nose in the process. Fearsome bastards, those northern tribes of Tajiks, Uzbeks and the remnants of the Great Horde. Still, wouldn't an army of 30,000, with 10,000 Cossack cavalry and artillery trains, eat the tribes up at leisure? In all, perhaps I'd better wait until Afghanistan to lift mine eyes up unto the hills—or down to the nearest hiding hole.

You may think it strange that I could plan ahead so calmly. But, since my early days, I'd learned that there's no use in cramping your digestion with laments over evil luck. Even if your knees knock as hard as mine did, remember the golden rule: When the game's going against you, stay calm and cheat.

. . .

I began my journey from Fort Arabat the following day—a journey such as I don't suppose any other Englishman has ever made. You can trace it on the map, all 1500 miles of it, and your finger will go over places you never dreamed of, from the edge of civilisation to the real back of beyond, over seas and deserts to mountains that perhaps nobody will ever climb, through towns and tribes that belong to the *Arabian Nights* rather than to the true story of a reluctant English gentleman (as the guidebooks would say) with two enormous scowling Cossacks brooding over him the whole way.

The first part of the journey was all too familiar, by sled back along the Arrow of Arabat, over the bridge at Genitchi, and then east along that dreary winter coast to Taganrog, where the snow was already beginning to melt in the foul little streets and the locals still appeared to be recovering from the excesses of the great winter fair at Rostov. Russians, in my experience, are part drunk most of the time, but if there's a sober soul between the Black Sea and the Caspian for weeks after the Rostov kermess, he must be a Baptist hermit; Taganrog was littered with returned revellers. Rostov I don't much remember, or the famous river Don, but after that we took to telegas, and since the great Ignatieff was riding at the front of our little convoy of six vehicles, we made good speed. Too good for Flashy, bumping along uncomfortably on the straw in one of the middle wagons; my chains were beginning to be damned uncomfortable and every jolt of those infernal telegas bruised my wrists and ankles.

Cossacks, of course, never wash (although they brush their coats daily with immense care) and I wasn't allowed to, either, so by the time we were rolling east into the half-frozen steppe beyond Rostov, I was filthy, bearded, tangled and itchy beyond belief, stinking with the garlic of their awful food and only praying that I wouldn't contract some foul disease from my noisome companions—for they even slept either side of me, with their nagaikas knotted into my chains. It ain't like a honeymoon at Baden, I can tell you.

There were 400 miles of that interminable plain, getting worse as it went on; it took us about five days, as near as I remember, with the telegas going like blazes and new horses at every posthouse. The only good thing was that as we went, the weather grew slightly warmer, until when we were entering the great salt flats of the Astrakhan, the snow vanished altogether and you could even travel without your *tulup*.

Astrakhan city itself is a hellhole. The land all about is as flat as the Wash country, and the town itself lies so low they have a great dyke all round to prevent the Volga washing it into the Caspian, or t'other way round. As you might expect, it's a plague spot; you can smell the pestilence in the air, and before we passed through the dyke, Ignatieff ordered everyone to soak his face and hands with vinegar, as though that would do any good. Still, it was the nearest I came to making toilet the whole way.

I had two nights in a steaming cell before they put us aboard a steamer for the trip across the Caspian. It's a queer sea, that one, for at the north end it isn't above 20 meters deep, and consequently the boats are of shallow draught and bucket about like canoes. I spewed most of the way, but the Cossacks, who'd never sailed before, were in a fearful way, vomiting and praying by turns. They never let go of me, though, and I realized with a growing sense of alarm that if these two watchdogs were kept on me all the way to Kabul, I'd stand little chance of giving them the slip. Their terror of Ignatieff was, if anything, even greater than mine, and in the worst of the boat's heaving, one of them was always clutching my ankle chains, even if he was rolling about the deck, retching at the same time.

It was four days of misery before we began to steam through clusters of ugly, sandy little islands towards the port of Tishkandi, which was our destination. I'm told it isn't there any longer, and this is another strange thing about the Caspian—its coast line changes continually, almost like the Mississippi shores. One year there are islands and next they have become hills on a peninsula, while a few miles away a huge stretch of coast will have changed into a lagoon.

(continued on page 212)



while being honored for lesser achievements, albert einstein quietly revolutionized the field of slapstick comedy

IN HIS OTHERWISE admirable biography, *Einstein: The Life and Times*, British author Ronald W. Clark has shed virtually no light on what is certainly the most remarkable aspect of the late theoretical physicist's altogether remarkable career. Either by oversight—which seems nearly incredible in a work so apparently well researched—or by deliberate design, Clark has joined the overwhelming majority of Einstein biographers in completely ignoring the fact that from 1923 to 1933 Albert Einstein directed and

HOLLYWOOD'S NEGLECTED GENIUS

humor

BY RICHARD D. SMITH

starred in some of the funniest slapstick comedies of the era. In so doing, Clark has lent his support to a conspiracy of censorship that has been perpetrated by no less awesome bastions of the establishment than the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and the Atomic Energy Commission. This suppression has, since the early Thirties, systematically denied the American public the pleasure and enlightenment provided by such milestones of cinema history as *The Professor* (1924) and *The Genius* (1926). It can only be hoped that the forthcoming publication of the Einstein papers from the Princeton collection will not be subject to the same restraints and that the future will see the free dissemination of both the films and the biographical material concerning them.

In order, however, to understand the films themselves, we must first know something of the forces that transformed the world's foremost theoretical physicist into a madcap baggy-pants movie comic.

By 1921, Einstein had long since made his major contributions to science. His historic papers on the photoelectric effect and the special theory of relativity appeared as early as 1905, and the general theory of relativity, often considered the greatest intellectual achievement of a single human mind, was essentially complete by 1914. When dramatic proof of the general theory was obtained by Eddington during the eclipse of 1919, Einstein was catapulted from the status of humble academic to a position of unprecedented eminence in both the scientific community and the world at large. Yet even had he been able to continue serious scientific work under the burden of celebrity, Einstein would still have found himself in the ironic predicament of being the world's leading scientist just when he was most sorely disillusioned about the role of science in human affairs.

A pacifist who had spent the early war years in Berlin, Einstein had over and over again been exposed to the "wicked wedding" of pure science and military technology. He had looked on in helpless revulsion while his colleagues at the august Kaiser Wilhelm Institute willingly lent their intellectual and material resources to the service of the Prussian war machine. It was a shock from which he was never fully to recover.

In addition, by the early Twenties, physics itself was moving in a direction with which Einstein was unable intellectually to reconcile himself; that is, toward the probabilistic description of subatomic phenomena known as the Copenhagen Interpretation. Einstein's oft-quoted remark that he refused to believe that God played dice with the universe reflects his distaste for the new hypothesis, yet he was unable to come up with a satisfactory refutation of it. He must have felt, then, much as did his fellow physicist Wolfgang Pauli, whom Clark quotes as having written:

Physics is very muddled again at the moment; it is much too hard for me, anyway, and I wish I were a movie comedian or something like that and had never heard anything about physics.

Pauli's wistful alternative to the scientific life is not hard to appreciate, for the postwar world of German cinema offered one of the most exciting burgeonings of

artistic creativity since the Renaissance. In Einstein's Berlin, virtually down the block from the laboratories and lecture halls of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, the enormous Universum Film Aktiengesellschaft (UFA) studios were pouring forth the first fruits of what was to become the golden era of German film making. Screen giants such as Von Gerlach, Wiene, Leni, Lubitsch and Fritz Lang were expanding and enriching the vocabulary of cinematic art at a pace that far outstripped the plodding, uncertain inchings of theoretical physics. How, to the brilliantly impatient, creative imagination of Albert Einstein, could the icy mathematical formalism of the new quantum mechanics ever approach the sweep and grandeur of Lubitsch's great costume spectacles, the visual and emotional daring of Wiene's *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* or the subtle mood and pace of Lang's *Dr. Mabuse the Gambler*?

Einstein, then, was ripe for the movies and had only to find a form worthy of that vast creative energy that had so recently transformed man's vision of his universe. It was on his triumphant visit to New York, shortly before receiving the Nobel Prize of 1921, that he discovered the genre in which he was to distinguish himself so brilliantly in the decade to come. Here, between university speaking engagements, he sequestered himself in local moviehouses, reveling in such contemporary masterpieces of slapstick art as Charlie Chaplin's *Kid* and Fatty Arbuckle's *Dollar a Year Man*.

For the quiet man of science, it was a revelation. Never had he believed possible such rollicking high-jinks, such unrestrained frivolity as those flickering images now conjured up before him. He was transfixed. The pent-up energies of a lifetime of sober meditation had found their destined outlet.

As soon as he returned to Berlin, Einstein set about converting his allotted laboratory space at the institute into a complete film studio jammed with klieg lights, dollies, cranes, cameras. "To see this man apply himself to practicing the pratfall and double shuffle with the same white-hot concentration that he had previously reserved for the deepest mysteries of time and space is nothing less than awe-inspiring [*Närrischekeit*]," wrote his second wife, Elsa.

In a single year (1923), Einstein turned out over a dozen two-reelers, only two of which have survived. *The Violinist*, which many film scholars believe to be the first in the series, is a flimsy bit of slapstick about an old man whose fiddle keeps falling apart. *The Dude* chronicles the hilarious misadventures of a Jewish desperado. Both works, in conception and execution, bear the unmistakable stamp of the amateur, and Einstein never permitted them to be shown in public. A perfectionist in film as much as in physics, he delayed his commercial debut until he felt he had mastered the art. As far as the general public was concerned, he was still working as a physicist on "the unified field theory." The "field theory" became Einstein's humorous private nickname for his first full-length film, which was released in 1924 as *The Professor*.

The Professor is universally regarded as Einstein's finest football film. It features, furthermore, the first known appearance of the "cuddly professor" persona, whose droopy mustache, baggy sweat shirt and wild



"I guess this means I'm not very convincing when I say no."

white fright wig were to become an Einstein trademark. The plot of the film, characteristically, is simple almost to the point of simple-mindedness: It concerns an old professor at a fictitious Midwestern college (State) who watches in disgust each fall as football fever sweeps across the campus, disrupting classes and making any attempt at serious instruction impossible for the duration of the season. At last, the professor loses his patience and decides to act. Disguising himself as a young man, he enrolls as a freshman under the name Swivelhips McGee. His plan is to become a football hero, win the respect and love of the student body for his gridiron exploits, then use his prestige in denouncing the sport and leading the students back to the intellectual life.

Through a series of hilarious flukes, the professor is at first amazingly successful. With his misshaped helmet rotated sideways so that his nose protrudes from one of the earholes, his enormous winglike shoulder pads flapping wildly over his sweat shirt and his outsize cleats worn backward and on the wrong feet, he manages to so dumfound the opposition that he scores touchdown after touchdown.

But success is his undoing. Inspired by his new love, a cheerleader named Betty, Einstein/McGee comes to believe that he really is the greatest football player in the history of State. On the night before the big championship game with Tech—the night on which he had originally planned to make his pitch for the studious life—the old man gets drunk and delivers instead a hysterical paean to sport and the team. When, the next day, he meets his comeuppance at the hands of the superior Tech eleven, he sadly realizes that his great opportunity has been lost forever. Despised now for having lost the game, he returns to his professorship, reflecting that, “after all, football isn’t everything,” then drifts off into a daydream of his moments of glory carrying the ball for State.

It is, of course, fruitless to try to convey anything of the true flavor of an Einstein movie by simply synopsisizing the plot. Indeed, as one contemporary critic remarked, an Einstein comedy is not so much a coherent story as a “tenuously connected series of energetic and *outré* dance tableaux.” Then, too, American audiences have found *The Professor* a particularly disturbing film for quite another reason. Made in Berlin, with a German cast, by a man who knew virtually nothing about the rules of American football and not much more about our campus ambience, the work takes on a disjointed, surrealistic quality that many American viewers find to verge on menace. For this reason, *The Professor* never did well here commercially, even after Einstein’s film reputation was firmly established, though much of the zany football

shtick that he created reappeared almost intact the following year in Harold Lloyd’s highly regarded *The Freshman*.

The Professor did not make Einstein a star overnight. In fact, its most immediate effect was to stir up a certain amount of resentment in both the German government and the ranks of the established German directors. Lang, for example, was no doubt only half joking when he suggested to Einstein at the Berlin premiere of the film, “Stick to physics if you know what’s good for you,” a sentiment that was to be echoed with increasing vehemence, and ultimately with legal sanction, for the remainder of Einstein’s moviemaking career.

Moreover, the general public was somewhat confused by the turn the physicist’s career had taken. Was this the same Einstein as in $E = mc^2$? For as long as he made films, Einstein was plagued by the public’s confusion of his works with those of the great Russian director Sergei Eisenstein, and while otherwise renowned for his graciousness and equanimity, the physicist/film maker was notorious for his outbursts on this subject. “That Russian idiot is murdering me at the box office!” he complained in a 1926 letter to Fatty Arbuckle shortly after the opening of Eisenstein’s masterpiece *Potemkin*. “Everyone thinks I’ve lost my comic touch.” (Arbuckle’s reply, more laudable for its sentiment than for its erudition, assured Einstein that *The Professor* was “twice as funny as *Potemkin* any day.”)

Einstein, then, found himself in the disquieting position of being received with open arms as a scientist but with cold shoulders as a film maker. The critics, especially, were reluctant to take him seriously, even those few who regarded the slapstick genre as a legitimate form of expression. Like his well-known violin playing, his first movies were treated as nothing more than a harmless recreation. Since we would never think of comparing him to Heifetz, the reasoning went, why should we compare him to Chaplin?

Fittingly, it was Chaplin himself who provided the answer. After the American premiere of *The Genius* in 1926, the “Little Tramp” exclaimed, “I once prided myself on being the Einstein of the movies. Now I find that Einstein himself is.”

With that, it was not long before everyone jumped on the band wagon. From not being taken seriously at all, Einstein found himself taken too seriously. A popular critical pastime of the day was to somehow interpret his art in the light of his science, a tack that led to such *reductio ad absurdum* approaches as the one by the critic who tried to analyze the multilevel tracking montages of the big chase scene in *The Genius* as a crude demonstration of the special theory of relativity.

The Genius represents the high-water mark of Einstein’s film career. It stands in

relation to his cinematic *oeuvre* as the general theory does to his scientific contributions. In it, the submerged themes of the football films—militarism and nationalism—are no longer metaphorized as gridiron and alma mater but are dealt a full-scale frontal assault.

An old scientist (essentially the “cuddly professor” again), whose career has heretofore been dedicated to the technology of destruction, decides at the end of his life to turn his enormous intellectual resources to the invention of a “universal love potion,” a chemical agent that will bring about the age-old dream of peace on earth and international cooperation. In a brilliant burlesque of the process of scientific research, Einstein takes his protagonist through a series of experimental failures, such as the love potion that turns out to be merely an aphrodisiac and that sends the scientist’s assistant (played by that irrepressible vaudevillian Max Planck, in a rare screen appearance) on a rampage of misdirected amorous advances (cows, dogs, pillows, chickens, Einstein); or the portion that has the reverse of the intended effect, producing for a while universal hatred and world war. (The Genius: “We must be on the right track, Max. Multiply everything by minus one.”)

Each failure finds the Genius more depressed and desperate, for he feels that he is in a race against time. Often he is on the verge of despair and considers giving up the project and spending his remaining days making “a really big bomb.” But his faithful housekeeper, brilliantly rendered by the aging Marja Sklowdowska, consoles and encourages him, ignoring his consistent impatient rebuffs. She is a fixture in the lab, always tenderly dusting her way through the maze of glassware and bubbling retorts, until one day, overwhelmed with old age and unrequited love, she quietly dies. Planck discovers her body while perpetrating a highly imaginative perversion on a reflux condenser, and screams for his boss. Einstein arrives, clearing half the length of the laboratory in one enthusiastic but poorly coordinated vault of his Pogo stick. Suddenly, the truth of his housekeeper’s devotion comes through to him. “Oh, Max,” he wails, rising sheepishly from the smoke and shattered glassware, “I see it all now. The universal love potion is love itself!”

. . .

As it was for so many stars of the silent era, the talkie was to be Einstein’s Waterloo. In addition to being an accomplished violinist, he acquitted himself admirably on spoons, kazoo, jew’s-harp and yodeling (Alpine). The pleasure he took in exercising these talents was legendary, and as soon as the audio processes were perfected (using, incidentally, the same photoelectric effect that he had described in his Nobel Prize-winning paper
(concluded on page 179)



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

january's marilyn cole—outstanding among the past twelve-month's delightful dozen—reigns as our premier gatefold girl

MARILYN COLE, the girl from Portsmouth, England, is going places—literally as well as figuratively. Our gatefold girl of January 1972 is spending every spare moment (and penny) seeing as much of the world as she can; and the editors of *PLAYBOY* have chosen her as Playmate of the Year—1973. Marilyn's fans will recall that we discovered her after she'd left Portsmouth to seek her fortune in London—where, as luck would have it, she applied for a job as a Playboy Bunny at our local hutch in Park Lane. She worked as a cottontail before and after trying her wings in the public-relations field—coordinating promotional activities for her former hutchmates, fielding requests from the press, and so on. In recent months, however, she's been concentrating on modeling—a career that, like Bunnyhood, allows her maximum flexibility in scheduling her time. "I used to think I'd be bored, posing for photographers," she remembers. "But now that I'm getting accustomed to it, it's rather fun." It hasn't been easy, however, for Marilyn to become established as a mannequin. "I'm not the right size," she explains, adding with customary candor: "Most of the models I know have no boobs at all, or at least not big ones." When she does finish a lucrative assignment, Marilyn rushes home to the Mayfair apartment she shares with three Bunnies, packs her bags and takes off in pursuit of her latest passion: travel. "If I've got the money, I go," she says. "Maybe just for two weeks on the Costa del Sol. I've also made it to Morocco, Moscow, Switzerland—and Crete, but that was an expense-paid trip to shoot some of these pictures, after I was chosen Playmate of the Year." Glad to be of help, Miss Cole. You're entitled—to that and much more. At a cocktail party planned for May 15 at the Playboy Mansion West, she was to be presented to press, radio and television by Hugh M. Hefner, (text concluded on page 212)



"Getting involved with Playboy—both the Clubs and the magazine—has been wonderful for me," says Marilyn. "Of course, I never really expected this—becoming Playmate of the Year. Now that I've been given this lovely Volvo sports car, I guess I'll have to learn to drive. In London, I've never had the need to; but it will be fun to hove my own cor ond motor out into the countryside."









In her travels, Marilyn leans to places with lots of "sun and sea, such as Crete, where this picture was taken. Of course, we had to avoid the tourist areas while we were shooting nudes. We'd probably have been chased away or detained." Last year, she made a fortnight's hop to Zermatt, Switzerland. "I tried skiing one day, but I found that hard work! I spent the rest of the two weeks lying in the sun."





"Another country I've visited is Morocco. A friend and I drove down from Tongier to Cobo Negro. The poverty is horrifying, but the villages are beautiful. It was windy and hot, and the dust was flying about the Berbers and their veiled women walking beside their donkeys on the way to market. Little choppies sat at the roadside, trying to sell a couple of pitiful old figs. We bought some caftans, but we're not as good at bartering as they are. You know as soon as they say 'OK' that you've been jobbed."

"Moscow was quite a contrast. I spent four days there, on a guided tour—I think that's the only way to see a place like that. Otherwise, you wouldn't know what to look for. It was wintertime and I was freezing. But I like definite climates and I loved walking with the Muscovites along the streets—which were being cleaned of snow and ice by women. I saw the Bolshoi Ballet, the Red Army chorus and dancers, the beautiful subway, the Kremlin and museums with the Fabergé eggs. Fantastic!"



"My other great love, besides travel, is riding my white gelding, Seamus. After several months of lessons, he and I are learning to jump. It's frightening, really. I'm steady but a bit chicken in most things. Like riding to hounds. I used to think I wanted to do it, but now I've about decided I'd rather watch. I would join in only if I knew I had a really drowsy horse. In the hunt you have about 100 horses, of which 75 are usually out of control. It's very difficult to stop a horse once it lets go." We have a feeling that whatever career Marilyn chooses, she, too, will be hard to rein in.



THE VARGAS GIRL



*"It's obvious you're ready
for a Great Leap Forward."*

the machaca rebellion

SOME TIME before Simón Bolívar, with his British and Irish troops, won the Battle of Boyacá and swept into Bogotá, that sleepy colonial capital had begun to stir with revolutionary ideas. It was there that Antonio Nariño translated the *Declaration of the Rights of Man* in 1794 and it was in the *Nueva Granada* that the *comunero* uprising against Spanish power took place. "But what of the rights of woman?" thought the lovely Luz Marina Vásquez, weeping behind her veil as the carriage took her off to the nuptial Mass that would celebrate her marriage to Juan Carlos Morales, a man whose very compliments filled her with hatred.

Luz Marina's most revolutionary idea was to be allowed to marry the man she loved, but Joaquín Cortés Mejía was the son of a plain merchant, while Juan Carlos was an aristocrat and landowner. And so the marriage had been arranged between the two old families. Luz Marina had shut herself in her bedchamber and had demonstrated hysterics for two days.

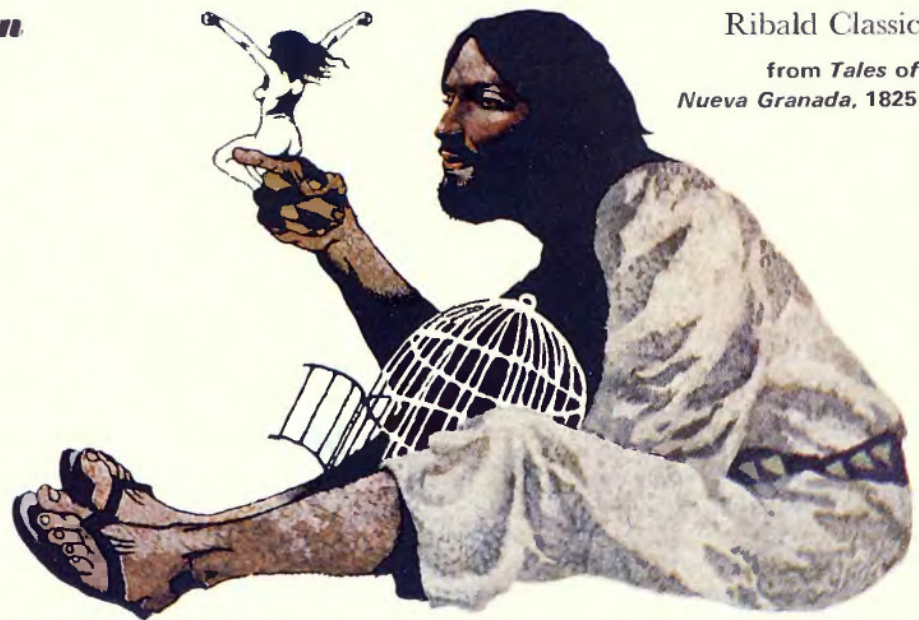
Finally, her father had gone to her and said, "I am aware that many vicious and immoral French notions about personal liberty are current nowadays, but I think that you will find very few of them in the convent where you will live the rest of your life unless you agree to marry Juan Carlos without further uproar. Furthermore, I am unconcerned that you find him a cold, cruel, unintelligent young man with a cast in his left eye, as you keep saying. I suggest that you find a more suitable description for your husband." So, when Joaquín returned from a business trip to Popayán, he heard the bad news.

He was a little shocked but not at all angry. He was a resourceful young man—and, after all, he had been enjoying the delights of a revolutionary and quite informal marriage for nearly six months in Luz Marina's bed. At her family's *casa*, there was a certain secluded stretch of garden wall; there was a broad-branched tree; there was a dangerous but possible slope of tile roof; and there was a balcony at Luz Marina's window. Joaquín had learned the way of combining all of these things. In love, as in life, one must sometimes scale, sometimes creep on treacherous footing and sometimes let oneself drop from a height, in order to exercise personal liberties. It might be added that the demure young lady had developed an erotic talent quite unparalleled in the whole of the *sábana de Bogotá*.

Two weeks after the wedding, a sour and angry Juan Carlos descended on the house of his father-in-law in order to discuss the eccentricities of his bride. "She categorically refuses to share my bed!" he burst out when they were alone. "The marriage has not been consummated."

"*Unimaginable!*" exclaimed Don Felipe. "Why don't you simply seize her? I, myself, when younger—"

"It is not that easy," replied Juan



Ribald Classic

from *Tales of Nueva Granada*, 1825

Carlos. "She keeps to her chambers with her maid, who brings her food and other necessaries. She swears to set the house afire if I so much as cross the threshold."

In the meantime, Joaquín had been passing by and had noted Juan Carlos' horse in the courtyard. He slipped inside the walls and made his way to the library window, where he hid and listened.

"You must end this ridiculous situation at once," said Don Felipe. "Tonight you will send all your servants away for three days." He went to a cabinet and took out a cage in which there was a strange, ugly, broad-winged insect of a dirty-green hue. "As you know, I am something of an amateur of science. This little creature is called a *machaca*, a beast renowned among the Indians. When it bites, its victim must have—insanely desires to have—sexual intercourse immediately. Otherwise, the result is certain death."

"She may prefer death to me," said Juan Carlos gloomily.

"Not after she has been stung by this," answered Don Felipe. "A *machaca* bite would make Saint Agnes rip off her clothes; it would make the *Islas Virgenes* couple with the Continent. It triples both desire and potency. But beware! Those who are bitten must grapple very shortly or else they fall into a drowsiness, thence into a deep sleep and, after that, death. I, myself, in my youth—"

"I'll be cautious," said Juan Carlos.

"When she is in her bath," said Don Felipe, "you must steal into her bedroom, shake the cage to stun the *machaca* for a moment, put it in the bed, then replace the covers before the monster can come to its senses. The rest is up to fortune."

"*Ingenioso!*" cried Juan Carlos with an ugly smile. "If this is effective, I shall have her; if it is not, I shall be rid of her." Joaquín rose silently from his hiding place and set off to find an old Indian woman who dealt in charms, potions and, on occasion, insects.

Once back at his hacienda, Juan awaited the time when Luz Marina took

her bath. Making sure that the maid was absent, he forced the bedroom door and stole into the room with his little cage. He reached down and pulled back the covers—but as he did so, he found, to his horror, three *machacas* already there. Swift as a snake, one of them bit his hand.

Juan Carlos roared and dropped the cage. Then, like a madman, he burst into the bathroom, only to find it empty. Shouting for his wife, he began to rage about the house—but she was nowhere to be found. Nor was there even a servant girl at hand, since he had dismissed the whole of his ménage for three days. In a cold sweat, he ran to the stables, saddled his horse and rode off.

Meanwhile, Luz Marina and Joaquín, behind the locked door of the master bedroom, were enjoying an erotic frenzy of a kind they had never imagined. They had deliberately allowed the *machacas* to bite them and they had discovered seven new positions. Luz Marina was now astride and galloping madly.

Juan Carlos was also galloping madly, headed for a bordello. He noticed that the city was in a state of turmoil. The streets were full of people and there were soldiers everywhere, but he could not stop to inquire what had happened. When he reached the house he was seeking, he reined up in astonishment. The street was full of a long line of soldiers in unfamiliar, ragged uniforms, all waiting to enter the door in turn.

"Stand at the end of the line and be patient, *hombre*," said a sergeant. "Bolívar has liberated the town and all men are equal now."

Juan Carlos turned away in despair. He rode for a short time and sleepiness began to overtake him. He slumped in his saddle. A few yards farther on, a young British lieutenant caught his body just as it was pitching to the ground.

Thus did Bolívar's revolution bring liberty not only to Colombia but to the lovely Luz Marina as well.

—Retold by Roger N. White



Where The West Has Gone

personality

By Bit Gilbert

casey tibbs was maybe the best cowboy ever, so naturally he wound up in hollywood

"DID YOU EVER hear of a guy named Casey Tibbs?"

"He was in rodeo twenty years or so ago. Sort of a horsy Mickey Mantle. What happened to him?"

"He went to Hollywood. Right now he's pushing something called the Casey Tibbs Wild Horse Round-up. It sounds like a dude thing. He's trying to get people to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars a head to go with him, smell a real horse. You want to go along? It might be funny."

"Where does it go from?"

"He's mailed the stuff from Los Angeles, but it says you meet in the Falcon Café in Pierre, South Dakota."

"I was there once. I started out from Pierre when I was looking for black-footed ferrets. They have pictures of Casey Tibbs all over the Falcon Café."

"You want to go?"

"Sure. I could use some relief."

"I had a hell of a time, I really did."

"How was Casey?"

"He's sort of harassed, but he's an appealing guy. I liked him a lot."

"Was it a dude thing?"

"It was meant to be, but the dudes got lost in the shuffle. He had about six things he was trying to juggle at once, which made it more interesting than it would have been otherwise."

"Is it going to be any kind of a story?"

"You know how stories are when you've had a good time, been with people you like. They're harder to

do. Bad scenes are easier to write about."

"To coin a phrase, I'll wait with bated breath."

"Don't hold it."

• • •

West of the wide Missouri, north of the Platte, east of the Rockies, there was (and still are remnants of) a great swath of prairie that was a major part of the American horse country. The grass was so thick, hard and rich that a stallion could hold his mares in one swale from the time they foaled until the foals could keep up with the herd. There was once so much grass that a herd could run three weeks and never run out of it. Now there is only three days' run left, but that's still a lot of grass and it's still cinch high and when a horse lopes through it, it swishes, sounding like gentle rollers breaking against a low beach.

It's well-watered country, cut by sweet rivers, the Cheyenne, Grand, Powder, Yellowstone, Bighorn, Little Bighorn. Thickets of cottonwood, wild rose and plum grow along the river bottoms, providing shade in the summer, a break of sorts against the wind and snow in the winter. There are islands rising above the sea of grass, buttes and ridges the tops of which are cleared of flies by the wind and on which a man, presumably a horse, can stand cooling mind and body. At the same time, he can watch anything that stands higher than the grass move anywhere between the horizons.

It has always been a good place for horsemen, commencing with the

Northern Cheyenne, the Hunkpapa and the Oglala Sioux. Always outnumbered, outequipped and outlied, the tribes held the forces of what is sometimes called Western civilization at bay for 75 years because they were the best light cavalrymen the world has even seen. By and by, the Cheyenne and the Sioux were rubbed out, imprisoned and debauched, and Crazy Horse's parents cut out his heart and buried it under the sea of grass in a secret place on Wounded Knee Creek. Then white horsemen moved into the grass.

It would serve no point except to stir up chauvinistic debate to claim that the best white horsemen, wranglers, trail drivers, bronc busters and rodeo hands came from a particular section of the old West, but it is true that an inordinate number of them came from someplace between Cheyenne and the Missouri. Boys growing up in that country fertilized with Crazy Horse's heart learned horsemanship early and well and often nothing else. Having learned this work, this way of life, they tended to regard all other callings—farm, tractor, shop and brainwork—as demeaning and contemptible. It is the man-on-horseback syndrome, the fatal attitude of the Hun and the Tartar, the Cheyenne and the Sioux; is still to an extent that of the red and white men who were born on these American steppes.

One such is Casey Tibbs, who was born in 1929 in a sod-and-cottonwood cabin at the head of a draw overlooking the Cheyenne River, more or less in the middle of South Dakota. The area has a name, Mission Ridge, but it is about 25 miles and on the wrong side of the river from the nearest village, Eagle Butte, which is on the Cheyenne River Indian (Sioux) Reservation. The nearest town is Fort Pierre, some 50 miles away.

"My old man wasn't very sociable and this gulch made a kind of natural corral where we could work horses. I guess that's why he stayed in this Godforsaken place and why I started out from here," says Tibbs, brooding over the rotted remains of his long-abandoned boyhood home.

"We'd plow an acre or so up yonder above that spring, put in a few watermelons and a little sweet corn, but otherwise my old man didn't have much use for farming, didn't care for much but horsemanship. When times was best he ran two thousand head on this side of the river and he was a hell of a hand with them. Old-timers who have no reason to lie claim that on the best day I ever had I couldn't ride a bucking horse like my old man could.

"I started working regular with him, breaking horses, when I was maybe ten years old. We'd just let them out of that old chute that lays in a pile over there and let them rip right up the draw. I remember one time, I'd been raising some hell. My old man didn't say anything, just

put me up on a mean-looking old sorrel. When I came out, he sicked a feisty little old dog we had around on me. That dog commenced yapping and that hammer-headed son of a buck went straight up and took off, climbed right up the side of that draw in the steep place. He hit the top and popped his heels up over me a couple of times, left me with my head drove into the ground up to mighty near my ears. I came limping back and my old man asks me did I enjoy the excitement."

When he was 13, having had enough of this sort of education, Tibbs left Mission Ridge. "I broke horses for the Diamond A, a big New Mexican outfit that ran a lot of cattle up here. Then a cook shot a foreman. It's a long story, but they wanted me to work on the fence crew, which I didn't want to do. I drifted around some and when I was fourteen or so, I started hitting the rodeo pretty fair and after that I just sort of busted loose."

Rodeo was not and does not give the feel of being consciously invented as, say, Abner Doubleday and Dr. Naismith invented their games for athletic youth. There is a sense of compulsion, necessity about rodeo, like a splinter working out of flesh. Rodeo was made by and for men who suffered from the peculiar version of Western American *cafard*, who were half-mad from boredom, fright, loneliness, exhaustion, working too long and hard in a country that was too big and harsh. Rodeo was a release for men so desperate for release that they used whatever was at hand—the stock, the ropes, the leather they fought all day—and organized it into a country game that is not too different in spirit from Russian roulette.

There is still something about rodeo that suggests a vicious practical joke. "Fuck you, Lash. Get me up on that hammer-headed son of a bitch and I'll ride him or kill him."

"Put him up. He's so goddamned drunk he's liable to do it or leastways break his neck."

Despite all the changes, embellishments, perhaps corruptions, there is still something of the Y.M.C.A. about basketball, of vacant small-town lots about baseball. In the same way, cleaned up, watered down, declining, the substance of rodeo suggests its origins. It is something that a 14-year-old on the bum would find a relief, good fun after breaking horses for the Diamond A.

Like pawpaws, more mushrooms and catfish sandwiches, rodeo is a regional delicacy that does not travel well. Gussied up with clowns, comic announcers, guest celebs, Humane Society picket lines, rodeo will draw moderate crowds in New York, Boston, Chicago, Houston and Los Angeles. But they are largely crowds of curiosity or gore seekers. The whole happening—performers in John Wayne clothes trying to manhandle horses and

cows, being stomped on by the stock—is now so foreign to the experience and imagination of most that it is not credible as an exhibit of competitive athletic skill, discipline and ingenuity. Generally, it is regarded as a kind of kinky, country variety act, a bastard version of showbiz, like swallowing flames or being shot out of a cannon.

In what is left of the Western horse country or where the memory of that country is fresh, rodeo is still the sport, is still taken seriously as a way for a man to comment on himself, other men and the world; an athletic art form that a spectator can learn from if he studies it carefully. On the top rails of flimsy, bleached-cottonwood corrals at little Sunday-afternoon jackpot rodeos, there are students and critics who can fault or praise the artistry and character of a bronc or a bronc rider as perceptively and pungently as a Philadelphia playground crowd can dissect the moves of a 6'8" forward.

Rodeo railbirds, like all hard-core fans, are generally contemptuous of what they're actually seeing: the present crop of riders and ropers. "There's that worthless kid of Lonnie's. He couldn't stay on a sheep in little briches [the rodeo equivalent of little league]. What's he doing trying broncs? Looks like he wishes he had himself a sheep right now."

Rodeo connoisseurs pine for and incessantly gossip about the good old days when men were men and bucking horses bucked rather than twitched as if a fly were bothering them. When the railbirds get to pining and gossiping, the chances are good that somebody will have something to say about the former 13-year-old runaway from Mission Ridge.

"I seen ol' Case the best ride he ever made. He sort of poured hisself on, you know how he was then, on that old roan, Goodbye. It was over in Cheyenne in—"

"I'll be go to hell if that was Cheyenne. It was in Casper. Anyways, Goodbye was no roan. He was a buckskin—"

"Now, wait up a goddamned minute—"

A lot of stories, some funny, some admiring, some malicious, circulate about Casey Tibbs, told to the point of how and when he dissipated his talent: Casey Tibbs going courting in his purple Cadillac; doing 110 miles an hour trailing gravel and state cops in his wake; Casey dropping a \$40,000 oil lease in a game in Elko; Tibbs brawling in front of the Cow Palace. However, there are no stories to the effect that he did not have the talent. Wherever he got it, he brought as much or more of it to the rodeo ring as any man ever has. He had, for lack of a better word, horse sense: a special, subtle knowledge of what could be done and

(continued on page 170)

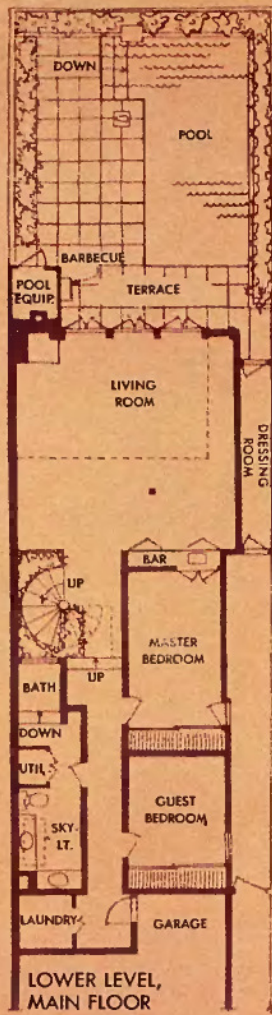


watch it! behind that self-effacing facade lurks a sensational duplex

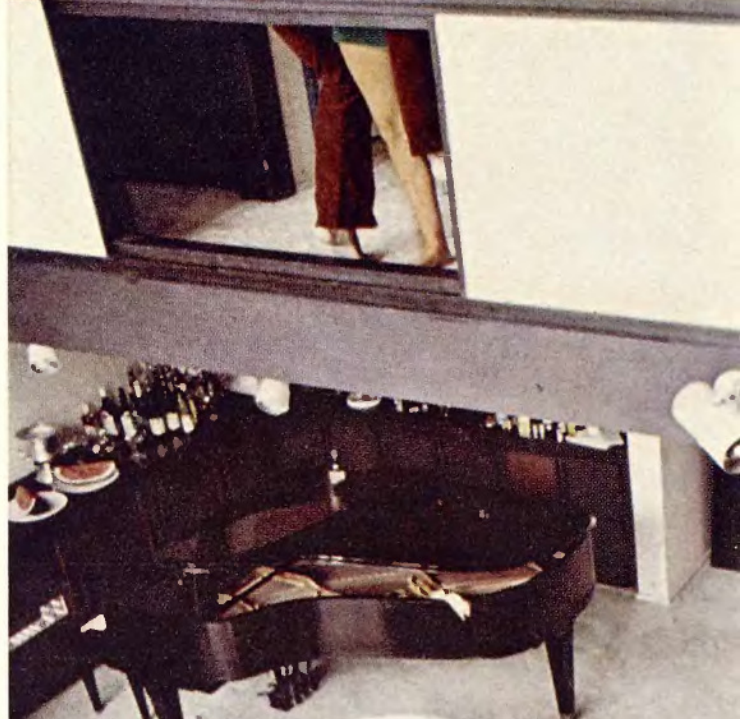
SOME OF ROBERT C. PRITIKIN'S neighbors are going to be surprised when they read this. You see, the exterior of his apartment building—that's right, apartment building—isn't all that spectacular. It stands next to a laundry on a shady street in San Francisco's Pacific Heights and it blends neatly—even inconspicuously—into its milieu. But there's a surprise awaiting you if you should ever visit Mr. Pritikin, a successful advertising executive, in the second of the six apartments. A carpeted hallway takes you to a balustrade overlooking a two-story living room. You descend via a graceful circular

PLAYBOY PAD: BIGGER THAN A BREADBOX

A close look at architect Crutchfield's floor plan shows the spectacular use of space—particularly in the two-story living room, which opens onto a swimming pool and a garden.



The living room (right) is the heart of the apartment, and perfect for entertaining. The lights under the balcony are used for videotaping sessions, which frequently enliven Pritikin's parties; a painting by local artist Ted Rand covers the sliding panel that opens up to reveal the monitor (below), as well as a regular TV set.

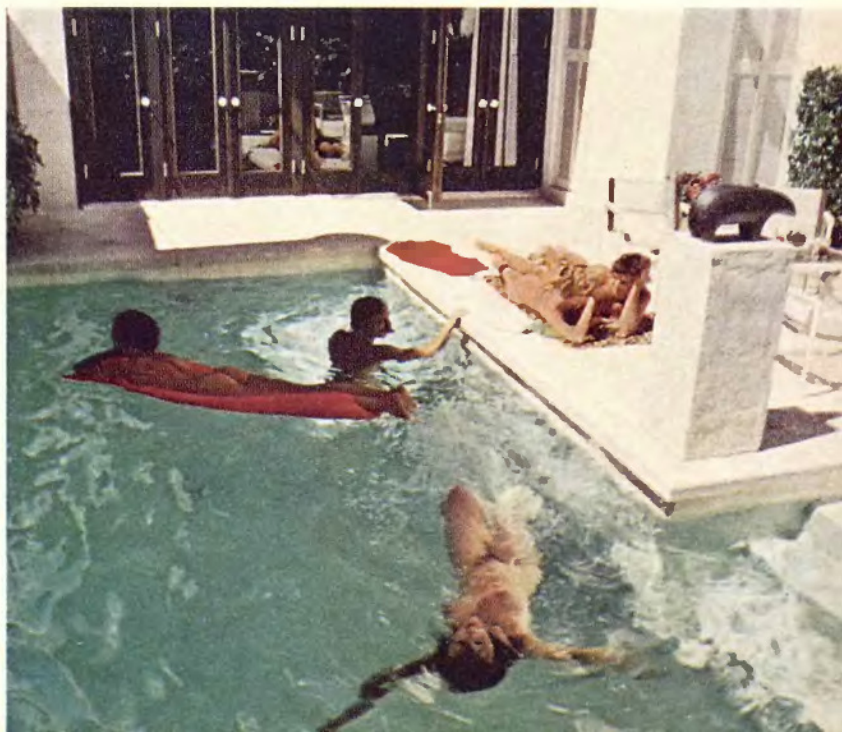




staircase—designed, like the rest of the apartment, by architect Robert Crutchfield—and find yourself facing seven gargantuan glass doors. They open at your touch and the living room expands to embrace an L-shaped swimming pool and a luxurious garden boasting full-sized trees and giant hanging plants. Above is a balcony that supports a dining area and a “library”; the latter is enriched by mahogany paneling and a brown-velvet wall sporting three stained-glass windows, hundreds of years old. The decor of the apartment, reflecting Pritikin’s myriad interests, is eclectic to the nth degree. On display are spears that he brought back from Australia; antique coffee grinders from



The view from the balcony shows the raised fireplace and the self-cleaning pool—which, like the garden, requires virtually no maintenance. Below: A bronze by Benny Bufano, the late San Francisco sculptor, adorns the pool. Piped-in music and rheostat-controlled lighting help keep the atmosphere cozy; privacy is afforded by the shrubbery and the high surrounding walls.





The leather-and-steel chairs of the dining area are situated so that guests can see the panorama below. In the foreground is an antique coffee grinder, one of three that Pritikin picked up in Guatemala while he was recording on-the-spot radio commercials for Folger's coffee; since Guatemala won't allow "antiques" to leave the country, he brought them out as household appliances. Below left: A couple pauses on the circular staircase. Below right: One of the apartment's two bedrooms. It has wall-to-wall closets, its own enclosed garden (at right) and a hi-fi unit designed by Vigneri, a local artist. Louvered shutters above the bed, opening to the living-room bar, keep occupants from feeling cooped in.



Guatemala: pieces of magic apparatus used by Carter the Great, a popular wizard of the Twenties; and literally thousands of mementos and art objects. They range from kinetic sculptures, which Pritikin doesn't necessarily recommend ("If the artist goes out of town and the sculpture goes on the blink, you've got a heavy problem") to a "small, worthless rock" that, according to Pritikin, "represents my thoughtless contribution to the deterioration of the Colosseum in Rome." And that's a sobering reference, in the context of the Bay Area: for if San Francisco is ever leveled by the natural catastrophe that all the scientists are predicting, Pritikin's pad, like the Colosseum, may be reduced to fragments. For the foreseeable future, however, the man has a good thing going. As a recent guest of his remarked—in an understatement for sure—"Anybody in the city could do worse."



Right: Guests take time out to admire the Bufano sculpture. The white-nylon awning over the glass doors is electronically controlled; the pool area can be heated by the infrared device on the right-hand wall.



Where The West Has Gone (continued from page 164)

how. He had a great athlete's body and coordination, a mysterious sense of anticipation and catlike balance. He had the quality that is absolutely necessary if a good horseman and athlete is to become a rodeo winner—a disdain for costs and consequences, recklessness raised to a kind of lunatic power.

Before he had to shave regularly, ol' Casey had busted out of the Dakota jackpots into Cheyenne, Calgary, Pendleton, Tucson, Los Angeles, New York. He won his first saddle-bronc championship in 1949, was the World's Champion All Around Cowboy in 1955, winning more than \$40,000. It was not only that he won but how he won. He had a style, generated an excitement that brought customers into arenas, brought them to their feet once they were inside. He rode as a few men hit balls or run or fight—in such a way as to leave others thinking about what a marvelous, beautiful thing a man is when once in a blue moon he busts out, brings everything together. By all accounts, from the testimony of the cottonwood railbirds, he left knowledgeable men with the feeling that they were better off for having been in Cheyenne-Casper when ol' Case came out of the chute on the roan buckskin.

"It's a funny thing. I learned most of what I knew about bucking horses from my old man, down on the Cheyenne River, but he hated rodeo, thought it was a bum's life. The first time I come back, I'd been doing real good, won in Boston, a couple of places like that. I came back with the works, a fifty-dollar hat, hundred-dollar boots, a Studebaker car—that was before the purple Cadillac, which you are bound to hear about—and I had five, six thousand dollars cash in my pocket. My folks thought I'd robbed a bank. When I explained where I'd got it, my old man wasn't much better pleased than if I had robbed a bank. His idea of a good job was breaking horses for some cow outfit for ten dollars a head. If he could see me now, wranglin' dudes, he'd probably still thought he was right."

By the time he was 25, Tibbs was a superstar of rodeo, holding much the same position that Mickey Mantle did at that time in baseball. Besides being contemporaries, there are many similarities between the two. Both are Western country boys, one from South Dakota, the other from Oklahoma, with strong-willed fathers. Both hit the big time as precocious teenagers and both have had celebrity problems, been beset by hustlers, sharpies, hangers-on, bad-advice artists. Both have made the establishment of their sports uneasy, except when the gate was being counted, and both were dropped like hot coals when the talent burned out. The

greatest similarity is that both possessed an immense, raw talent that they spent prodigiously to entertain others; neither ever able to refine, conserve, professionalize.

"I don't know anything about this game," said Mantle one Sunday afternoon sitting in the Tiger Stadium locker room. He has two more painful seasons left. His legs and shoulder ache from old injuries and continuing neglect. His head hurts from too much Saturday night. "I could outrun the mistakes I made in the outfield. I ran bases good because I had the wheels, but most of the time I never knew what our signs were. I could hit. I still can some, but I don't know why. I don't think I could teach anyone else to hit."

Tibbs is sitting in the Falcon Café in Pierre. Before Feds, bookies and wives leaned on him, he owned a piece of the Falcon. Saddles, buckles, trophies he won, old photos of Tibbs when he was being touted as the world's best cowboy still decorate the walls. "The cowboy stuff is comical," ol' Casey says. "I always was a sorry roper. I could rope a horse better than I could a steer. I just never was that interested in cowpunching. When I was going for all-around I rode bulls, but I didn't like it much. Didn't like, damn; I don't even like to look at them now. They scare the piss out of me. But what I could do was ride broncs. I just could."

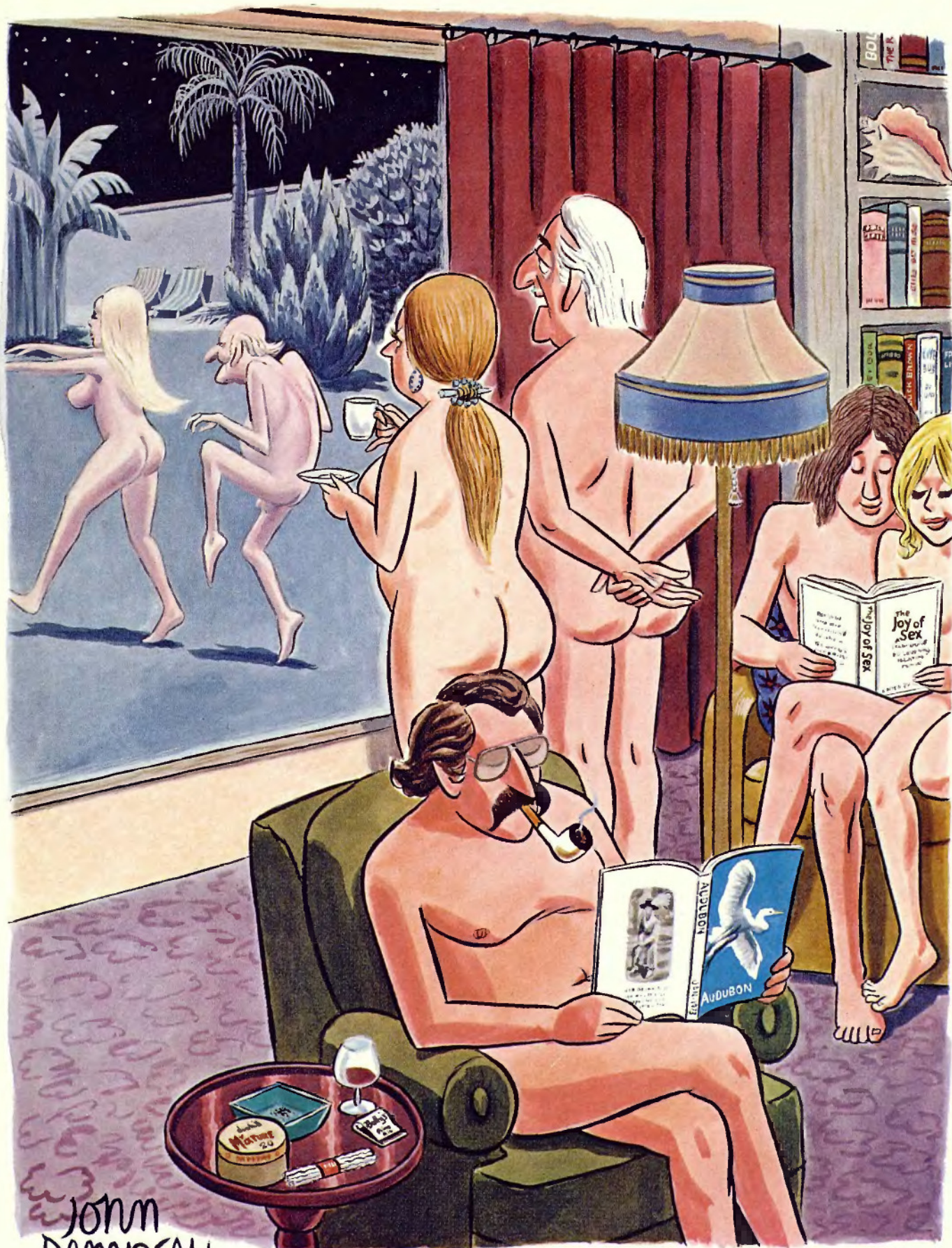
Besides his talent, Tibbs had some other things going for him that, though they made him no better a bronc rider and, in the end, finished him on the broncs, initially made him a bigger and better celebrity. The fading news photos, the *Life* cover portrait hanging in the Falcon Café testify that he must have been one of the best-looking men ever to ride out of South Dakota. Wiry, hipless, curly-headed, fresh, clean-faced—he was the romantic image of that young cowboy who has walked down the streets of Laredo through the American mind for a century or so. Also, this pretty boy from the Cheyenne River turned out to be, or soon turned into, a hell raiser of the first order. Good looks never hurt any entertainer and hell raising is part of the good old days, which, in a sense, rodeo is designed to re-create and memorialize, the whoopee-I'm-just-out-of-the-saddle, loaded-for-bear tradition. By all accounts, by his own, Tibbs did not have to force himself to do his bit to uphold this tradition. To the ancient rodeo brag "Ain't a horse can't be rode, ain't a man can't be thrown," he added a few of his own more or less to the effect, "Ain't a bottle can't be drunk, ain't a straight can't be filled, ain't a broad can't be had."

Tibbs's attempt to live up to the social code of the West and add some personal

twists to it were, it is said, spectacular, and, in fact, he shortly became almost as famous for how he lived outside the ring as how he rode inside it. In 1956, after he won the all-around championship, he listened to those who claimed that a man of his rep and color did not have to keep busting his ass on a bronc saddle. "They were right for a while, at least. I didn't rodeo none to speak of for the next two or three years, kept doing exhibitions, appearances. The money kept rolling in and I kept livin' high. I knew what the cowboys were saying—I was a hotdog—but it didn't bother me much. I was having a hell of a time. I knew I could still ride better 'n most of them and they knew it."

The perils of celebrityhood being what they are, there was a chance, in fact a necessity, for Tibbs to prove his point. In 1958 he signed up for a wild West and rodeo show that Gene Autry and others were sending to the Brussels World's Fair. The production left European audiences cold and the show went bankrupt, leaving Tibbs, 200 assorted cowboys and Indians to shift for themselves. "I guess that was the smart thing to do, why Gene is where he's at now and I'm where I'm at, but it was tough on us. We more or less swum back. I come here, worked with my brothers, got pretty hard again. Then I hit the rodeo because it was all there was. I was broke and hard and mad as hell and I think I rode about as good in '59 as I ever did. Anyway, I won the saddle-bronc championship again."

How many more championships there might have been, how long the talent would have held up is still a matter of speculation among rodeo buffs, but it is all speculation. After 1959, Tibbs gave up living off his talent, moved to Hollywood and became literally and figuratively a Hollywood cowboy. Since then, he has lived more or less by his wits. Working out of a pad just off Sunset Strip, he has peddled the one asset that nobody could attach, foreclose or repossess—the name and reputation made with his talent in rodeo rings. He has sold Casey Tibbs as a bit player, stunt man, second unit director; he has used the name to promote a Japanese rodeo tour, to sell lots ("Own a ranchette, in God's country"), Western-style clothes. One time he rounded up some of his old rodeo pals and went back to South Dakota and produced a movie of his own, *Born to Buck*. "I still feel pretty good about that, even though I damn near killed myself trying to swim a horse across the Missouri River. It was a pretty good movie, a good clean show for the kids, but the hell of it is, not many have seen it. I couldn't get the big distributors to touch it. I could tell you some stories about those bastards. I ended up like a Fuller Brush man, carrying it around the country with me, trying to make deals with independents. Hell, I had to rent an



"I'm sure Miss Kosley is sleepwalking, but I have my doubts about Mr. Forslyth."

old blacked-out theater even to get it shown in Pierre, my own home town."

In 1967, after *Born to Buck* and a few other deals had begun to go sour, Tibbs went back to rodeoing for a season. "It was the money some, but mostly it was for the relief, doing something I didn't have to think about, that was natural for me." In a way, 1967 was more a testimonial to his talent than were the big, championship years. Tibbs was 38 years old, had been a Hollywood cowboy for most of ten years, but he rolled out of the soft sheets and placed in the money in 18 of the 27 rodeos he entered before a few miscellaneous broken bones shelved him for good.

"Never again. If I'd get rid of twenty pounds of this gut, get hard again, maybe I could still ride. But riding isn't everything. When you get older, you know too much. You get thinking about what might happen. When you're a kid, you know nothing can happen. One thing I don't want to be is a sorry old has-been, hanging around after his time. I don't even go to rodeo now unless I'm paid for an appearance or something. I was there once, but time passes."

The fresh, clean, lean face has become heavier, is marked with pouches, veins and wrinkles. The curly hair is graying and there is, indeed, at least 20 pounds of lard around the middle. All of which is no disgrace, just another way of saying what Tibbs says—that time passes. Tibbs is 44 years old, but a fitter, more present-

able than average 44. He is still a good-looking man, an active one, can work a horse better than almost any 44-year-old, better than most men of any age. He is not, as some of the stories suggest, a broken-down and broke derelict. He is not the king of the Hollywood cowboys or hustlers, just one among many, but he works regularly at jobs that most would consider unusual and satisfying. "I got no regrets. I've done some things or at least tried some that most don't get a crack at." That is a true claim, but the truth does not allay the down-and-out stories or the almost reflexive tendency to deny regrets. The stories and the disclaimers have nothing to do with what Tibbs is: a respectable, moderately successful Hollywood entrepreneur. They have to do with what he was: maybe the most talented man ever to ride a bucking horse.

A man can, is generally allowed to, live down his crimes, errors, failures—almost anything but past magnificence. Ascending superstars excite hope, illuminate possibilities. Descending ones depress hope, darken the road. They are the ultimate ill omens, and thus inevitably objects of scorn and slander. If the best, a once-in-a-blue-moon talent, can't cut a notch that lasts, then the prospects of everyone else are poor to impossible.

"Been bitin' your nails? Tearin' your hair? Chokin' on the smog? Longin' for the good getaway life? Then bust loose

and come along on the CASEY TIBBS round-up in beautiful South Dakota. You'll cowboy with the top hands. Ride the unspoiled range you've heard about. Every man owes himself at least a taste of the good life. The application sheet has all the info, so go to it."

The Casey Tibbs Wild Horse Round-up sounds flacky, but it is, in fact, such an improbable happening that if it does not re-create the good getaway life everyone has heard about, it may come close to approximating another kind of Western life style that nearly everyone has abandoned and forgotten about: boredom, chaos, confusion, dirt, thirst, exhaustion, punctuated by high funny moments, bursts of wild free-form action, bouts of compulsive carousel.

In the first place, the C.T.W.H.R. evolved back-asswards in comparison with most dude enterprises, where the dudes come first and the work is used for illusionary and entertainment purposes. Tibbs started out with the work and the dudes were mixed in later as necessity was compounded by necessity. Over the years, Tibbs had collected 200 or so head of horse who roamed more or less freely, more or less illegally on the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation, across the river from his old home place on Mission Ridge. The arrangement was cool enough with the Sioux ranchers, who are horsemen, rodeo fans and participants, in many cases admirers and old friends of Tibbs's. It was not cool with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, an impersonal bureaucracy. The United States, said the BIA, in effect, had not gone to all the trouble of beating the bejesus out of the Sioux, setting them up on a nice reservation in the middle of South Dakota, so that an ex-rodeo hero could feed his horses free on Federal grass. Something more orderly had to be done about those horses.

Mulling it over, Tibbs decided several things might be done. If something could be worked out, or worked around, concerning veterinarian inspections and quarantines, some of the herd might be sold in California, where they would be worth a lot more than in South Dakota. If he could use some of his rodeo contacts, some of them might be pushed as bucking horses and the rest—mares, colts, a few stallions—might be left with a Sioux rancher if he could make the right medicine. All of which was a good enough plan, but complicated. The horses had to be rounded up and moved out, which would take help and money. This is where the dudes came into the mix. A few who thought it was worth \$750 to spend a week or so chasing horses across the reservation would un-complicate a lot of things. For the dudes, with their money you could go first-class, hire some young studs to do the work, some old cronies it would be good to see again



"Yes—that's the man!"



For name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07605



You not only get a car and a girl but a piece of history.

Way back then a new car flashed on the racing world. Spitfire! Honoring the plane that saved Britain.

It has done the name proud, racking up three national Class F championships, driving British Leyland to more national production victories in Sports Car Club of America competition than any other manufacturer.

For thousands this lovely two seater was their first sports car. It took an uncanny grip on owners. Says one

buff: "I now have a Ferrari. But I still think back to that damn Spitfire".

Straight line integrity, then till now. Still the same throaty sound, the tight circle, the snug seat, the rollicking ride, the intimacy, man and machine—pure Spitfire.

This year, a bigger 1500cc engine, 2 inch wider track, higher 3.89:1 axle ratio, larger 7¼ inch clutch. We look for new tracks to conquer.

There it is. A car, a girl, a piece of

history. Like your first love, you'll never forget your first Spitfire.



GINGER LACEY, BATTLE OF BRITAIN ACE, (18 KILLS) GROWLS SPITFIRE.

Triumph Spitfire 1500

and who would entertain the dudes, lay on a good cook and enough booze to float a wingding across the prairie that would entertain everybody—dudes, old cronies, young studs and Sioux—and which is the best way to make medicine of any sort on the reservation. It was an arrangement that could spread around a lot of relief.

From a strictly business point of view, the only real trouble with dudes is that there is an insufficiency of them: in fact, only eight bona fide paying customers. However, except for a free-lance producer ("We put together a horror deal last year, strictly commercial, beautiful") who says beautiful much too often and who quickly wins the name Hollywood Harry, the dudes who do show are no trouble. One reason is that Tibbs has had more recent experience wrangling dudes, in one form or another, than wrangling horses.

"Judge, you know how Johnny is, he's a kind of closemouthed cuss. He came up to me and he said, 'That judge and the boy were top hands. They stayed with us all day, didn't get in the way, did some real riding.' That's what Johnny said. That horse that come backward on you, it could have happened to any of us. I never seen you had him until it was too late. I don't think I'd want to be on that hammerheaded son of a buck."

The judge (back in Chicago, he has a

picture of himself and Tibbs hanging in his chambers and is called, affectionately or otherwise, the cowboy judge) and the boy fairly quiver with pride and vow to Casey and the company that this is the life, the real life.

The dudes are useful for more than their money. They are mostly suburban horsemen and they do not ride as well as the paid wranglers and the Sioux teenagers, but they are serious, responsible men of affairs, as their \$750 checks—if nothing else—testify. On the whole, they take rounding up horses more seriously than do the Indian boys, who know there is a lot of country and that if you lose a horse or two today you are likely to find them tomorrow. The riding dudes, on the other hand, believe that if you are going to round up horses, you should round them up right, and so work their asses off keeping the herd neat and tidy, like a legal brief or an accounts-receivable ledger. By and by, the dudes are sprinkling their conversation with a few hammerheaded son of a bucks, self-consciously waving their hats and yelling whoeee to head horses, in general getting into the good getaway life. The life further tends to wear on the dudes. After a day or two the working ones lurch into camp at night, have a medicinal belt or two and go to bed, leaving further festivities to others.

The top hands are there as advertised. Mostly they are old cronies of Casey's from the reservation, from Pierre, from the rodeo circuit of the Fifties. They ride old worn saddles, wear hats of character, tend to be thin, leathery men with little podlike stomachs. For brief spells they still move well, expertly and quickly; but given any sort of choice or pretext, they ride with the dudes, who, experience has taught them, are easier to work than horses. The arrangement is symbiotic. The dudes get the satisfaction of keeping up with top hands, swapping stories, being treated as equals. In return for a little bullshit, the top hands are able to save their energy for the night. Also, they are genuinely curious about the dudes. A man who can shell out \$750 to work for Casey for a week is a rare creature, probably knows a thing or two worth knowing.

Pinky is a big moonfaced Sioux rancher, part-time game warden, lively drinker and entertainer. At midnight or thereabout he is holding hard onto a cottonwood tree with one hand, a can of Bud in the other, all beside the Moreau River, from which the vapors and mosquitoes are rising, the bullfrogs croaking.

"That old Jew doctor, he's a fine man," vows Pinky fiercely, as if ready to fight any man who would contradict him. "He knows all about bugs and plants. I know about big animals because I'm a game



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

warden, but he knows about those little things. You know, he is the richest man I ever talked to and the smartest. He is the only Jew doctor I ever talked to. That's what he is, a Jew doctor, he admits it. Ain't nothing wrong with that. The Jews and the Sioux are a lot alike. We both been screwed. We ought to stick together."

"Scalp him, Pinky."

"You goddamned cowboy. You're trying to say that Pinky is a goddamned Indian."

"You're just a bad guy and you're drunk as a skunk."

"I drink very seldom. It's because you guys are here. This is just great. You guys and that old Jew doctor and that judge and Casey. Everybody kidding around, talking about things I like to talk about. It's just great."

• • •

"Hell, Bud. I didn't know you could play guitar that good."

"I can't. You're too drunk to tell the difference. If I had any talent I wouldn't be out here. I'd be playing nights in a joint."

"You remember when Mulkey tried to fly?"

"Remember, hell, I was there."

"That's right, you was. Damnedest thing you ever saw and I swear it's true, but it's hard to believe. We'd ridden in

Cheyenne and we was living it up some that night, in that old hotel, up two or three floors. Mulkey says he's going to fly out the window. Lays down fifty says he can and steps out the window. After they finished scraping him off the cement, Nick takes him down to the hospital. Mulkey comes around and he is raising hell with Nick for not stopping him. 'Stop you, you son of a bitch. I had fifty down with that bull rider on you making it.'"

"I told you I been training horses."

"You told me."

"Well, that's not strictly right. I haven't trained any horses in a year. I've been locked up. They lifted my licenses. That's why I'm here. I guess everyone's been wondering."

"I figured you were an old buddy of Casey's."

"I am, but that's not the reason. I was in a beef, a real bad one. I emptied a gun into a man."

"Aha."

"It was a personal thing. I'm not going into it, but they let me go after eleven and a half months, which for a beef like that means I've got something on my side. Right?"

"Right."

"But I can't go near a track. Hell, that's all I know except maybe hustling a little pool. That's why I'm here. Tibbs set up the deal, give me a chance to work, get

out of California. That fucking Tibbs is screwed up, but he's a hell of a straight guy. He's been there and come back a couple of times and he don't forget the guys he passed along the way."

The Wild Horse Roundup is probably tougher in several ways on Tibbs than on anyone else. By age and inclination he belongs with his old friends, the top hands, laying back easy, cutting up old touches. But he can't afford to do that. The horses that are being gathered, driven, separated, castrated, sold and pastured belong to him. The dudes also belong to him; and one of the things they bought was the World's Best Cowboy, and at the time the bargain was struck, the qualifier "ex" was not played up big. For business and image reasons, Tibbs has to roll out at dawn like he was still 25, still full of piss and vinegar.

The stud of them all is Johnny Chuck, a big, swarthy one, all shoulders and arms. Johnny is a nephew who recruited the other young studs, white and red wranglers, to do the real horsework. Johnny has a brooding look, which is mostly artificial by reason of the cud of snuff perpetually behind his lower lip. Also, he seems always about to explode from a sort of seething inner rage that may be genuine. He gives the impression of attacking whatever is in front of him

Salem refreshes naturally!

KING, SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

Natural Menthol Blend (means naturally fresh taste)



Salem's unique blend features natural menthol, not the kind made in laboratories. Like our superb tobaccos, our menthol is naturally grown. You'll get a taste that's not harsh or hot... a taste as naturally cool and fresh as Springtime.



© 1973 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



GARRY BROWN

"Close those draperies, will ya, fella? Some of us like a little privacy!"

—a calf, a stallion, a loose cinch, a can of beer.

Johnny comes in the first morning across the prairie on a dead run, lashing the neck of a gray horse with his reins, spurring, spraying dew and larks behind him. He yanks the gray back, sets him down on his haunches a few feet in front of the fire, jumps off and deadpan, in a kind of classic Western badman whisper, inquires, "Case, you want to make medicine with me?" It is a fine scene for the dudes, but it may be staged more for Tibbs's benefit than anyone else's. There is a story that there is a kind of circumstantial passion between the nephew and the uncle and that it has something to do with the violence of the younger man, the refusal of the older one to be, gracefully, an old hand. The story is that Johnny is much like Casey was at 25—wild, tough, with maybe almost as much talent for riding bucking horses. The last is speculation. Johnny's old man has a big spread, has done well. Like Casey's old man, Johnny's didn't want his boy on the rodeo circuit. But Johnny's old man has made it stick, has at least green broke his wild kid, got him into ranching, a wife, kids. The old man bought into the rodeo business, again it is gossiped, as a way to keep his boy happy, give him some relief on weekends but keep him more or less in South Dakota. Johnny Chuck is home and is becoming a big man in the horse country, but whether or not he is happy is another matter. The impression he gives, always on the dead run, lashing himself and whatever is at hand, attacking a bronc, breaking heads in a bar, is that of a man who has a lot of outstanding wants, a lot to prove. That is the talk among the top hands, even the other young studs, all of whom regard him as something rare, treat him a little gingerly, like a potent but unstable explosive device.

If the stories, appearances and logic are even a little true, such things might be one reason for yanking a horse down in front of the fire and whispering, "Do you want to make medicine with me?" It would also conceivably be a reason such a gesture does not soothe the rage, bring any permanent relief. The scene is not Cheyenne or Calgary or the Garden. It is a dudes' camp, 20 miles from home. Tibbs is principally a showbiz, dude wrangler now, but no young stud can be sure that once when he was cutting his notch with nothing but muscle and nerve, ol' Case wouldn't have, didn't ride a hammer-headed son of a buck right into the god-damned fire.

• • •

In the late afternoon there is a heavy pall of yellow dust hanging over Clarence Lawrence's cottonwood corrals. In the outer corral there are 50 head of frightened horses that Johnny, Justin Law-

rence and their studs ran across the river earlier in the day. In the small inner corral, there is only a buckskin stallion, who has been driven in to be castrated. He is not a colt but a big, powerful, prime animal, wild and tough from having been free on the prairie for three or four years. He is making his last stand as a stallion a good one. He swivels his head, slashes with his teeth like a snake, rears up, strikes down with his sledgelike hooves. He has come close to decapitating Justin Lawrence, one hoof glancing off his skull, coming down on his shoulder, flattening him. Groggy, but well motivated, Justin scrambles to the rail, then goes back to retrieve his crushed hat and spectacles from the dust. His brothers and father are whooping it up outside the corral, incoherent with laughter. Justin says sheepishly in the soft, almost Scottish burr that is oddly common among the Cheyenne River Sioux, "Geez, I almost had a wreck," wreck being the horse-country word for an accident of any sort.

Justin is slim, studious-looking in his horn-rimmed glasses, soft-spoken, diligent. In real life he is an agricultural specialist working for the Sioux tribe, but he has taken two weeks off to ride with Johnny and Casey's crew, "for the relief of getting out of the office." Despite appearances, he is the best horseman and rodeo hand of all of Clarence Lawrence's boys, all of whom are good. At the end of everything, Justin ends up beside Johnny, but he gets there by riding the waves of action gracefully, easily, like a surfer; does not have to nor care to fight his way in as Johnny does. A very, very cool young stud is Justin Lawrence.

By and by, Johnny, Justin and their apprentices get two ropes on the buckskin stallion and are hanging on for dear life, being beat against the cottonwood rails by the horse. Tibbs is trying to get the last rope around the stallion's forelegs. His Stetson has fallen off and the graying, curly hair is matted with dust. His round red face is dripping, the fancy shirt soaked with sweat, the roll around the middle pumping as if motor driven, and he looks worried. As he says, even in his best days he was not much of a roper, and now he is leery of the stallion's slashing hooves. He lays out his rope three times and doesn't come close on any of them.

Johnny can't stand it any longer. "Case," he hisses, "get your ass out of here. You don't know what the fuck you're doing."

Casey backs out gracefully, gratefully, goes back to the rail, takes a can of cold beer, chases the dust. A big Sioux rancher who rode with Casey as a boy says, laughing, "Ain't it hell, Case?"

Another Lawrence boy jumps into the arena, puts the rope on the stallion and the men stretch him out. Johnny lunges

at his neck, bulldogs him to the ground, where the horse is trussed up in a spider web of rope. Johnny gets up, takes out the knife with which, when nothing else is happening, he is always playing, scraping on his pants or on a whetstone he carries. It is an ordinary pocketknife, but the blade has been honed down to a sliver, thin and sharp as a razor. Johnny shifts the snuff in his lip, spits out tobacco and dust, moves in on the stallion, cuts quickly. The stallion groans like an exhausted man in his sleep. Johnny throws the testicles into a tin bucket. A young boy dumps dirty disinfectant from another bucket into the bloody hole. The ropes are released, the men stand back and the stallion staggers to his feet, stands swaying, blood flowing down his hindquarters, making puddles in the dust. Cutting calves or colts is routine ranchwork, but gelding a wild stallion is not that common. There is a curious moment of silence on the rails. Involuntarily, men squirm, touch their crotches for reassurance. Then somebody yells, "Ain't he gonna be surprised."

The last day is the best. The mares and colts, the few remaining stallions have been cut out, left on ranches. The rest of the herd has to be driven to Timber Lake, a railhead community on the northern edge of the reservation, from which they will be sold and shipped. Some of the dudes have left, Tibbs driving them to the airport in Pierre. The top hands and the cook are moving the camp in pickups, hitting some of the joints, catching a shower on the way. Left with the horses are Johnny, Justin, a rancher or two and a posse of very young Sioux, some so small that they have to be helped up on their ponies but who, once up, ride tirelessly, joyously, like the great-great-grandsons of the world's best light cavalrymen.

It is a lark, a picnic, a relief for everyone. The sea of grass has so shrunk, the horse business has so changed that it is more common practice to move horses by truck and van, over roads, than it is to run them 30 miles across the prairie. So there is a sense of being lucky, of doing something rare and exciting. Behind that there is a ghost feeling, even for the kids, of escape, of slipping through a crack in time.

The day is right. After the dawn haze burns off, the sky is mostly blue with enough clouds to give some heavenly perspective; a gentle sun; a steady breeze to keep down the heat and flies. The horses are right for this sort of thing. The mares with their unweaned colts and the strong-minded stallions having been left behind, the remaining animals keep moving fast enough to avoid tedium but are docile enough so that it is no great chore to keep them bunched. Just often enough for

interest a little rivulet of horses flows off to one side, tries to surge ahead of the lead ponies and a rider will swerve off, spur ahead, turn them back. The pace is a slow lope, a natural horse pace, slowing at the top of knolls and buttes, picking up on the downside. Every hour or so a pickup rattles across the prairie. The herd is pulled up, held in a milling circle around the truck while the riders get beer. Then they move out across the grass, holding Bud cans high and steady.

Loping mile after mile—under a sky and across a sea of grass that gives the illusion of being endless, beneath larks and hawks, through bluebells and roses, swales and creeks, always in a rhythmic current of horses—produces a curious, dreamlike feeling. The senses not only note the sky and grass, hawks and horses but begin to diffuse, mingle with them. The feel of the present, flowing along as one interacting factor in a harmonious, everlasting equation, is very powerful. It

is the kind of situation that can produce depth or mountain rapture. Nothing seems so well worth doing, in fact worth doing at all, as riding rhythmically on and on across the prairie.

At night there is a rodeo for the few dudes, the neighborhood ranch families, the Sioux boys who want to try out Tibbs's bucking horses; for the rodeo-stock buyer who wants to see if Tibbs has any bucking horses; for Tibbs, who hopes he has. The boys fight the horses until the sun goes down, being bucked off, thrown into the rail, stomped on by one, getting up, getting on another, while friends and kin cheer for good wrecks, jeer at kids who are afraid to wreck. During an interlude, while the chute is being loaded with a new batch of bucking horses, Tibbs rides into the corral on a nice-looking, mannerly palomino. The palomino was trucked in from California, has been happily running with the wild horses without being worked. The palomino is, in fact, a

kind of dude himself, a stable horse with a sophisticated skill. He has been trained by Tibbs for movie stuntwork, to collapse on command as if he has broken his leg or been shot.

On command the palomino falls, Casey rolls free, the horse lies there, plays dead until given another command. Then he rises and half bows to the crowd, which applauds, especially the very young children, who love the performance, which is like a real TV or Disney act.

"You can bet that horse is worth some money," a rancher tells his son, who is too young to be wrecking on the bucking horses but too old for Disney games.

"Is that Casey Tibbs?" asks the boy.
"That's ol' Case."

"Ain't he gonna do anything but ride that old fallin' horse? Ain't he gonna ride buckin' horses?"

"Maybe he ain't. He sure don't have to. He's a rich man. He done it all. I rid with Case on days when he'd 'a rid any horse in this corral for saddlework."

"But he ain't so much anymore, is he?"

"What the hell you expect? I'm telling you he done it all. That man amounted to something, which is more than you likely will."

The Casey Tibbs Wild Horse Round-up figuratively ends up in a cavernous barroom in Timber Lake. The bar is owned by a Lawrence boy and on weekends it is more or less the social center of the reservation. The young studs, the top hands head for the Lucky Seven, loaded for bear, whoop it up, find some relief. Casey makes a few phone calls to Los Angeles, asking about some deals that he has going. He sits back in the corner of the bar, content with a long, tall, slow, cold drink, to let the others take care of the hell raising.

"If you could do it again, would you do it different now? Like jump another way, say in '59."

"You mean keep riding, end up around here on a ranch?"

"Something like that."

"I think about it once in a while. My brothers went that road. When I was loaded, living it up, driving around in big cars, they stayed here, worked their asses off. Now they got more money than I have, they got some land, they are harder, maybe they are happier than I am. Hell, a good rainstorm keeps these people entertained for a week. I keep thinking that if things work right, maybe I'll get a place back here, get out of that goddamned Hollywood. But I'm bullshittin' myself. I couldn't take the work. I can't even take the winters, my blood has thinned. It looks awful good when I come back, but I'm another tourist. I couldn't hack this kind of life anymore. I've seen too many bright lights."



"They're from your district, concerning a campaign promise you made in the final, desperate hours before your election."



NEGLECTED GENIUS (continued from page 150)

a quarter of a century earlier), Einstein rushed to Hollywood to negotiate a contract for his first sound film.

The Physicist, as Einstein presented the project to Louis B. Mayer, was to be a high-budget musical extravaganza bristling with big names and dazzling special effects. The cast that Einstein brought together consisted of such disparate talents as Sessue Hayakawa, Zasu Pitts, the original Rin Tin Tin and, incredibly, Dr. Sigmund Freud, the psychoanalyst, with whom Einstein was in correspondence on other matters.

"I can't imagine what he thought he was doing," Mayer complained, finally terminating the project after Einstein fell irrevocably behind schedule. "That idiot must never be allowed to make another film in Hollywood!" Einstein's remaining supporters blamed the camerawork and editing of the film, both of which had been taken from his control (in violation of his contract) and put into the hands of the MGM studio hacks. The project was a bitter failure for all concerned, though MGM was able to recoup some of its losses by judiciously re-editing the raw footage and releasing it during the hysteria of World War Two as *Yellow Dogs, Die!*, the marginally coherent tale of a psychotic Japanese vivisectionist and the American woman he betrays.

Although Einstein felt, with much reason, that the blame for the talkie fiasco should have fallen to the Florentine Hollywood political structure, he never fully recovered from the failure of *The Physicist*. As late as 1953, when, at a Princeton dinner honoring him as the Father of Atomic Energy, he was asked if he felt in any way personally responsible for the bomb, the great man was compelled to joke, "Not the editing, not the camerawork."

Indeed, Einstein was never able fully to readjust to the world of high science after his ouster from Hollywood. Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer writes of Einstein's arrival in 1933 at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton: "He pulled up in a silver, chauffeur-driven Stutz (California license plate EMC2) and stepped out dolled up in smoked glasses, a velvet pinchback suit and a riding crop. It was ridiculous, and the assembled scientists ribbed the hell out of him. I'm afraid we were rather cruel."

For all his bravura, Einstein proved to be a defeated man, destined to live out his life in exile from what he often called his "true career." At Princeton he retreated into fantasy, actually becoming the character he had created years before on the screen. It is to this development that Clark alludes when he writes of the physicist's being "more an actor playing Einstein than the man himself."

"It is very sad," wrote Oppenheimer. "He pretends to read the journals on the unified field theory and we find copies of *Variety* hidden in them. Often, late at night, I have seen the light burning in his study and, upon investigating, have found Dr. Einstein hard at work on a new tap step or piece of comic business that we all know will never be filmed. My heart goes out to this man."

It was Einstein's dream to make films again, but he remained on Hollywood's blacklist to the end of his life. (There is no evidence to support such farfetched stories as the familiar rumor that he was secretly developing a 4-D process at Princeton, or that he was found once aimlessly wandering around the Fox lot in a crewcut and three-button suit, trying to get a job as an extra under the name Allen Easton.) Even after his death, the persecution of Einstein continued when the Government effectively banned his films for their "pink" tendencies during the McCarthy era and, later, after Sputnik, when educational authorities convinced the Administration that the image of the world's foremost scientist as a prat-falling buffoon would confuse the tender youth of the nation and deter them from the headlong pursuit of technical knowledge that Washington deemed necessary.

Clearly, the time is long overdue for

the public screening of the Einstein films. Even though much of what he did on the screen is "low" by modern standards—the glitzy, frenetic hot-rhythm dancing, the cheap gag jokes, the endless clumsy use of Pogo sticks, rickshas, stilts and roller skates—he nonetheless, better than any film maker to date, was able to elucidate the tragic clash between the sweet theories of the academic ivory tower and the hard realities of the social world. In an era in which we are reaping the grim harvest of a technology run rampant, in which a scientific answer to every problem seems only to increase our misery, we need the cool overview of Einstein and his skepticism of the pure scientist, whom he knew from bitter personal experience often to be deserving of the most searing satire.

Finally, we need Einstein as a shining example of the depth and complexity of the human soul, the scientist who hungered for expression in a way that no formula, no abstract theory, however brilliant, could ever fully satisfy. We need the Albert Einstein who wrote to Franklin Roosevelt in 1936:

As a scientist, Frank, the best that I can ever do is to understand the will of God. But when I shimmy up a wild and lascivious hootchy-kootchy in my wig and sweat shirt, ah, then I am God.



"I'm the king and we'll do it when I say we'll do it!"



ALFRED EISENSTADT

JASON MILLER *having a big season*

IN 1972, THE NEW YORK drama critics gave their annual award to Jason Miller's *That Championship Season*, an intense work that centers on the tragicomic reunion of a high school basketball championship team and its coach. Thinking back on a short but very successful career, Miller, 33, remembers "a lot of one-acts and another play, *Nobody Hears a Broken Drum*. It was about Irish miners and was set in the 18th Century . . . or the 19th . . . some fuckin' century. Anyway, it wasn't what you'd call a long-running play. It closed after about two and a half hours." Such unpretentious comments are characteristic of Miller. He dismisses his sensitive rendering of Tom, a character in *Season*, with: "At first, I had him attempting suicide, but that was bullshit, too melodramatic. So he's just a drunk; that's enough." Which is not to say that Miller's creative ego isn't touchy about his work. When an actor reading for a part in the play tossed the manuscript aside and spoke his lines from memory, Miller told him afterward, "You auditioned very well, but the way you threw the manuscript down, I wasn't sure you had enough respect for the material." Miller was graduated from the University of Scranton in 1961 and "after I kicked around the provinces for a while, I moved to New York to pay my dues." (That was about six years ago and he and his wife have stayed there ever since.) Miller not only writes but acts (he's the lead in the upcoming film *The Exorcist*) and also wants to direct as well. Currently writing the screenplay for *Season*—which Playboy Productions will film—Miller feels no pressure to finish another drama hastily. "Too many playwrights fall victim to the 'Where's the second play?' syndrome and end up pulling some lousy, discarded manuscript out of a drawer or writing an inferior work. I'm not going to let that happen. My next play is going to rise up and flow, easily and naturally." We suspect it will be worth the wait.

HERBERT STERN *the potato with a million eyes*

HE DOESN'T TELL anyone but close friends and associates where he lives; he can't afford to. As United States Attorney for the New Jersey District, Herbert Stern's task is to prosecute corrupt public officials. For more than half a century, he says, the Garden State has had "the most notorious graft in the U. S., extracting ten percent from anyone who sought to do business here." By the late Sixties, says Stern, "the feeling was that everything in City Hall had a price on it. The council of Jersey City had a secret bank account with \$1,231,000 in it and John V. Kenny [a prominent state Democratic Party leader] had three corporations doing nothing but keeping safe-deposit boxes." According to Stern, outrage over this situation was one cause of the riots that nearly leveled Newark. Cold and methodical, Stern normally works ten hours a day, going 16 or 18 when there's a case in court, often questioning all the witnesses himself. Even his pleasures seem serious, studied: A longtime friend of his describes Stern swimming relentlessly for two miles, apparently unaffected by the exertion. Powered by this kind of implacable drive, Stern has won convictions of so many city, county and state officials that it would be difficult to list them all. A few are: Paul Sherwin and Robert Burkhardt, both secretaries of state; C. E. Gallagher, U. S. Congressman; and the mayors of Morristown, Newark and two each from Atlantic City, Jersey City and Gloucester. Son of a New York attorney, Stern began his career as a prosecutor shortly after graduation from the University of Chicago, as an assistant to Manhattan's venerable D. A., Frank Hogan. Now, at the age of 36, his battles are just beginning. There are cases in court, others awaiting trial and new indictments being prepared. The amount of paper he's shuffled would reach to Tierra del Fuego. But with all his energy and determination, Stern seems to get no charge out of putting away some of the most venal politicians in the country. "I'm just doing my job," he says. Indeed,

ON
THE
SCENE

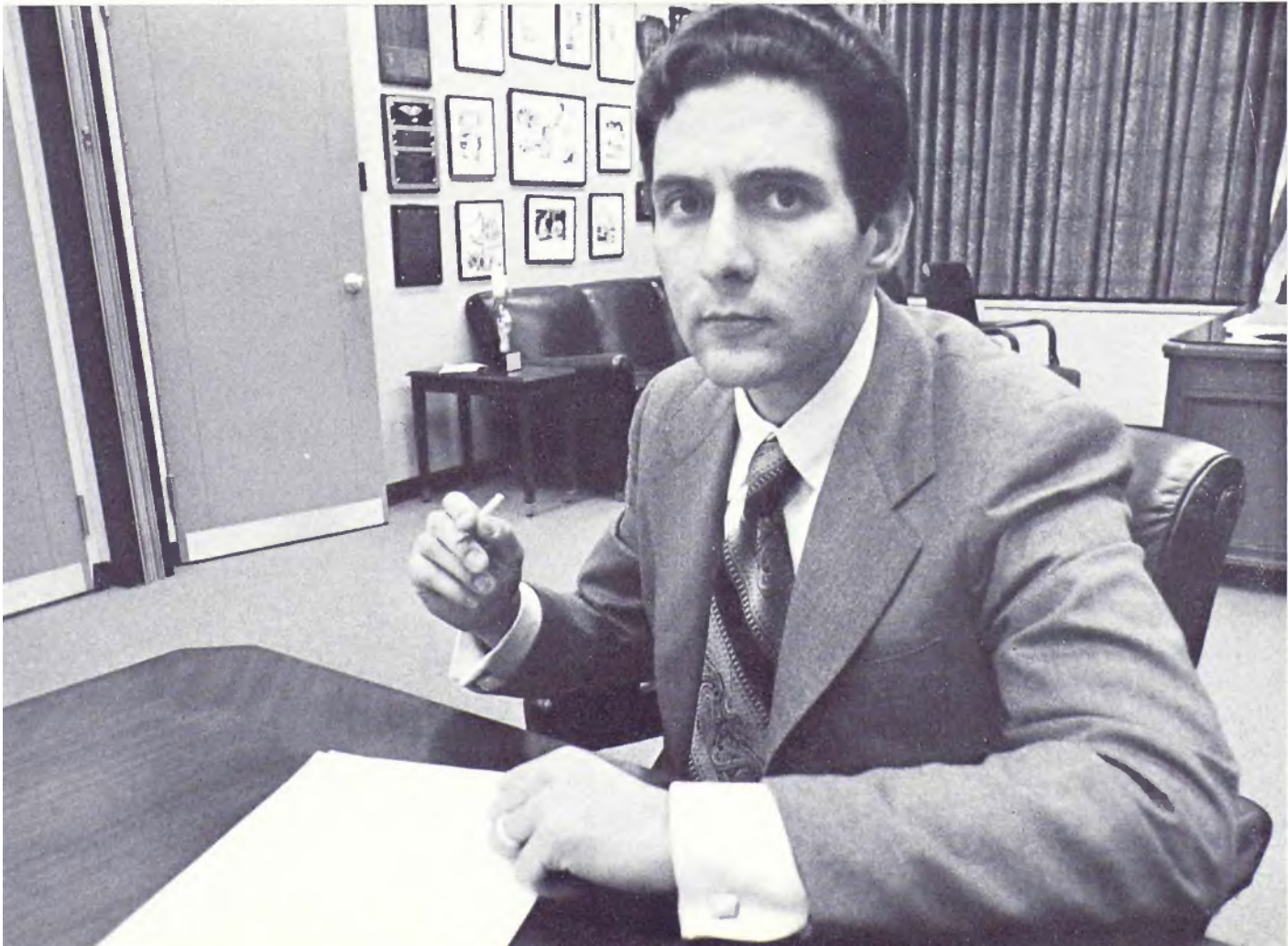
DAVID BOWIE *future rock*

WHEN DAVID BOWIE made his Carnegie Hall debut last fall, everybody from Albert Goldman to Andy Warhol was there—plus a gaggle of weirdos expecting some sort of British Alice Cooper. That's not what they got. The concert opened as Bowie, in clockwork-orange hair, came onstage amid flashing strobe lights, to the Mooged-up strains of Beethoven's Ninth. From there, except for a simulated sex act with silver-haired guitarist Mick Ronson, it was a matter of music, ranging from the hard rock laid down by Bowie's band, the Spiders from Mars, to a Jacques Brel song with guitar accompaniment. Music—and Bowie's poetic messages, some plaintively personal, others awesomely apocalyptic: music, messages and movement, for Bowie, who spent two and a half years with a mime troupe, is a thoroughly skilled performer who can turn a song into high drama with body language, or simply by contorting his futuristically made-up face. A dropout commercial artist who was born 26 years ago in a London suburb and later changed his name from Jones so as not to be confused with a certain Monkee, Bowie is an original offstage, too. Though he's got a wife, Angela, and a son whom he calls Zowie, his sexuality is admittedly changeable; he started dyeing his hair and messing around with dresses in his teens. Besides mime, he's studied the saxophone and Tibetan Buddhism. His idols include Edith Piaf, Marcel Marceau and Judy Garland. His fears? Well, planes for one: He came to the States by boat and toured by bus. Bowie also has a fantasy about becoming a rock martyr: "One day a big artist is going to get killed onstage, and I keep thinking it's bound to be me." Otherwise, he's optimistic about what's around the bend, provided people "face up to a future controlled by the pill, by sperm banks and by all kinds of things that have never been dreamed of before." Bowie's own future seems assured—even after the shock waves fade away.



MICK ROCK

JOHN R. OLSON



"BUI DOI"

(continued from page 106)

him harshly in the pidgin Vietnamese of GIs. *Di di mau*. Get out. The roomboy scuttled away, not looking at any of us.

Tien and a friend had walked two miles from their village to the district town to report for duty. After four months of basic training in Hoa Binh Province—the words mean peace in Vietnamese—the young soldiers were restless to start their war, nervous that it would be over too soon.

It took ten days for battalion 1071 to cross the Annamite mountain range to reach the border of Laos. They passed by tree trunks on which thousands of men before them had stopped to carve their names, their villages and the dates of going south. Even battalion and company commanders had carved their names. Tien said, and the sight of those trees warmed him and made him feel less alone. I tried to smile to show him, yes, I could understand that.

It was six A.M. when they finally reached the frontier. The soldiers crossed a rope bridge over a ravine. Go quickly, quickly, they were told, for the Americans often strafed and bombed here. Do not look back.

But Tien did look back, he had to, and all he could see of his Vietnam was a blurred mountain range in the mist. He was told to move faster.

It surprised Tien that the Ho Chi Minh Trail did not start as a wide road. It began as just a small lane winding through a bamboo forest in Laos. He had only two personal possessions: a diary and a walking stick made of North Vietnamese bamboo.

"That stick was precious to me," Tien said. "We all had one. It eased my exhaustion when I was walking and it helped me keep my balance. You could use it to measure the depth of a spring we had to cross. If you wanted to rest, you propped the stick up under your pack so it made the weight lighter. We called it our 'third leg.' There was even a song. I sang these lines many times."

And he did once more, in a high, small voice.

*"It trains the legs for the long march
without letting them get away.*

*It trains the spirit to go forward only,
never backward. . . ."*

When Tien was tired of talking, and when we could hear no more, I showed him my Phillips cassette player and we listened to Country Joe & the Fish.

*"Come on all of you big strong men
Uncle Sam needs your help again
He's got himself in a terrible jam
Way down yonder in Vietnam
So put down your books, pick up a
gun
We're gonna have a whole lot of
fun."*

I had a friend, a reporter named Sterba, who said that song was always running through his head in all the months he covered the war. But it is not a song you can explain to a North Vietnamese infantryman. Tien liked the cassette player, though. He found it a marvel.

On the tenth day his company was moving down the trail, the B-52s came. Other soldiers, stationed by the trail, had described them to the men.

"One man told me, 'You will never hear the approach of the B-52s, for suddenly there will be great undreamed-of noises around you but still you never see the planes and if you are in the middle of where the bomb lands you will die, and if you are close then you will be deaf for the rest of your life.'" Tien told us. "But this man also told me that the mountains and forests were so wide it was very hard for B-52s to hit men."

Tien's company survived three raids. He wished they could go into combat. Once, they passed a group of wounded Southerners—soldiers in the National Liberation Front—who teased them.

"Some of them told us, 'Go fast or the liberation will be finished before you get there,' and this worried us very much. One man told me that it was easy to fight the Americans. 'They have very weak eyes,' he said. 'If it is sunny they cannot see well.'"

Tien never did find out if the Americans were made helpless by the sun. He never fired an AK-47. His malarial attacks, which lasted two to three hours, were so intense that two men were assigned to hold him up as the company kept moving. When they entered South Vietnam, the sickest were separated and left behind.

In Saigon, for the first time in his life, he owned a wrist watch and a pen. He wore white shirts. What Tien really wanted was to have his diary and his walking stick again, and to talk with soldiers Hong and Ngoan, who had been with him on the trail.

Once he said wistfully he would like to find out where his unit was and rejoin it. But he knew it was not possible, he knew it very well. His relatives sent him to be an apprentice in a Honda repair shop, but he stayed listless and sad, a man of longing and few words.

There were times when, pretending that friendships were possible, I thought of inviting Vietnamese to my room, not just to ask them what were their losses and how deep was their pain but to try to have a nice time together. They would not have come. There was a painter named Ha Cam Tam, who taught drawing to children in five elementary schools for a monthly salary worth about \$40. He made money by selling paintings to Americans. One of them showed three gaunt, tormented

Vietnamese posing like the three monkeys who see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. He called the painting *Nothing About Anything*.

"Perhaps Americans buy my paintings because they are troubled," Tam said. "But if it was a war only between Vietnamese, as it should be, it would be different. We would not feel guilty, as you do, for both sides have their causes."

"The Vietnamese people must be deaf, dumb and blind to what goes on around them," Tam added. "It is required of us."

But sometimes they refused to be and could stand it no longer. When the United States Air Force handed over its helicopter base in Soc Trang to the South Vietnamese air force, Americans removed the pews, altar and altar rails from the chapel. They left behind a fluorescent-lit cross and piles of litter, including a handbook on survival and a sign that read: THINK THINK THINK.

Angry Vietnamese soldiers painted a sign of their own: U. S. ARMY—DON'T TAKE GOD AWAY.

Sometimes in room 53 the telephone rang very late at night or before dawn with a message from the *Times's* foreign desk in New York. It would be read, with patience and valor, by a Vietnamese named Mr. Lee, who worked at the Reuter's office and did not speak English. It was Mr. Lee who called on a summer morning to read a cable that said my father had died. His accent was so distracting that I had to have him read it three times. I went back to sleep in relief. There was no problem with a story, no inserts, no new facts needed. It was only another death, and not an unfair one, not a Vietnamese ending.

And as I moved from interview to interview, questioning the victims and those they made victims, always asking, "How much does it hurt?" or "How great is your fear?" the men who made up the fat and lumpy perimeter around the war went on with their daily lives. It was as though they could not see the graves and were never told of the dead.

There was Richard Funkhouser, for example, who tried to organize a 1971 decathlon in Chinese chess and wine-tasting to make Vietnam a cozier, more cheerful combat zone. (U.S. dead in 1970: 6065. U.S. wounded: 30,643.)

The fatuity of Funkhouser was concentrated in a memorandum he wrote on December 2, 1970. The subject: "Esprit de CORDS." It was a pun on the name of the agency, Civil Operations and Rural Development Support, which directed a network of pacification programs. One of them was called Brighter Life for War Victims. Few Americans who worked for CORDS took it well if you told them a brighter life for war victims meant ending the war. It was that kind

Are you smoking a menthol for the wrong reason?

If you're smoking a menthol cigarette because your menthol doesn't have a hot, harsh or scratchy taste, that's a good reason to be smoking it.

Or, if you're smoking your menthol because you plain like the taste of menthol, that's another good reason to be smoking it.

But if you're smoking a menthol for these or any other reasons and are concerned about 'tar' and nicotine, then you may be smoking it for the wrong reason.

Unless, of course, the menthol you're smoking is Vantage.

Because like every Vantage cigarette, Vantage Menthol has the innovative filter that reduces 'tar' and nicotine without destroying flavor.

That's not to say Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you can smoke.

Some menthols can always come out with numbers that are lower by compromising the flavor.

Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll enjoy smoking. Because we haven't compromised the flavor.

And that's the rightest reason we can give you for wanting to smoke it.



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

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

of comment that made them uneasy with reporters.

Funkhouser, whose greater glory had been in Gabon, where he was U. S. ambassador, headed CORDS in the third military region (Vietnam had four). I pasted his memorandum on the wall of the tiny, sick-smelling bathroom of room 53. It was where it belonged.

"It has been suggested that there should be more interplay between the CORDS headquarters in the four regions," he wrote.

"It sounds like a great idea to us," he burred, "and therefore we challenge representatives of other military regions to a 1971 decathlon comprising, for example, bridge, tennis, gin rummy, volleyball, nautical sports, Chinese chess, winetasting, close harmony, etc."

Nautical sports. Close harmony.

Each of the teams would be made up of six men and two women, with "one ringer of general rank" and one Vietnamese expert.

"It is always open house here at Bienhoa for competitors," Funkhouser wrote, in that playful spirit so many of us in Vietnam really lacked.

In the second year the room could no longer comfort or calm me. In no other place where I have ever lived did I grow so ugly or feel so finished. It was a malignant city, Saigon, and you could never quite sort out the horrors fast enough.

There was only a street to cross and a few hundred yards to walk between the *New York Times* office on Tu-Do and the Continental, but even that little strip provided surprises after curfew, when you might have thought it would be calm.

Alvin Shuster, the bureau chief, and I were walking to the hotel one night when we saw a big American, in civilian clothes, arguing with a Vietnamese woman and looking through her handbag as she pleaded with him. You often saw her on the terrace of the Continental.

She was a hooker, an old one, with a PX wig, and I hoped that Dennis had done better. The American was being very rough.

"Don't get involved," Alvin said. I told the man to stop it, leave her alone, because—the words came out wrong—that was no way to treat a lady. His answer was very odd. It upset Alvin and me.

"That's no lady," the American said. "It's a man." He added that he had been robbed. Perhaps she was. Sometimes I would see her on the terrace—she would always smile and nod at me after that night—and worry that a young man like Dennis might not understand and take her for just another whore, and ruin his life. Stop worrying, Alvin said, don't get involved. She tells them.

There was a nice garden at the Continental with round wooden tables under big umbrellas where you could have breakfast or tea and remember Graham

VIETNAM: A PRELIMINARY TALLY

early returns on the recent american adventure overseas

THE FOLLOWING FIGURES INDICATE, as accurately as possible, the number of Americans and Vietnamese killed or wounded as a result of the war in Vietnam:

U. S. military personnel killed	45,948
U. S. military personnel wounded	303,640
Americans killed as the result of noncombat incidents	10,303
South Vietnamese military personnel killed	184,000
South Vietnamese military personnel wounded	450,000
South Vietnamese civilians killed	415,000
South Vietnamese civilians wounded	935,000
Estimated North Vietnamese and Viet Cong soldiers killed	925,000
Estimated North Vietnamese civilians killed	185,000

According to NBC news sources, the United States dropped more than 14 billion pounds of bombs on North and South Vietnam. The years of bombing turned some areas of both countries into what has been widely described as a "moonscape." It is estimated that in South Vietnam, a geographical area about the size of Georgia, there are now 24,500,000 craters.

America's Food for Peace program, a plan to feed hungry Vietnamese, was ill-conceived, poorly administered and finally abandoned in 1972. The mass shipment of bulgur (parched wheat) provided just one example of the program's mismanagement. Bulgur was sent because a Food for Peace official reasoned that Indonesians like it—so Vietnamese would, too. But the Vietnamese refused to eat bulgur and instead fed it to livestock. Columnist Jack Anderson has stated that the Food for Peace program cost \$18,000,000 per year.

Throughout the war, American propaganda leaflets were dropped on Vietnam in such quantities that eventually they were found littering the floors of triple-canopy jungles. U. S. Army catalogs describe propaganda leaflets as "one of the most persuasive mediums of psychological operations." Vietnamese used them to wrap food, patch holes in hut walls and as toilet paper. *The New York Times* calculates that the number dropped on Vietnam exceeded 6,245.2 billion leaflets.

The United States sprayed chemicals on Vietnamese trees and crops to eliminate enemy ground cover. At the end of the war, NBC News estimated that the defoliated territory totaled 6,400,000 acres.

Anheuser-Busch, Inc., records indicate that the consumption of Budweiser beer in Vietnam during the last five years of the war totaled 47,150,000 gallons.

The Montagnards, a primitive tribal culture, had lived undisturbed in the Vietnam highlands for hundreds of years. As the war expanded, they were driven from their lands, their hunting grounds were overrun with Vietnamese refugees and their culture was destroyed. One longtime observer of the war, scholar and advisor Gerald C. Hickey, says the percentage of uprooted Montagnard villages is at least 85 percent.

The South Vietnamese have done little to commemorate the United States military presence in their country. A statue of a soldier that the 25th Infantry Division raised in its own honor in Cu Chi first had its head blown off, later disappeared altogether. In late March of this year, as the last U. S. military units left the country, President Nguyen Van Thieu laid a cornerstone for three memorials in Saigon commemorating allied participation in the war. One is dedicated to the Vietnamese people, one to the other non-U. S. allies and one—a giant steel arch—to the United States effort. American taxpayers are footing the entire \$1,000,000 bill for the triple memorial.

Final expense figures in Southeast Asia from Pentagon officials show that the war (excluding veterans' benefits and other miscellaneous items) cost the United States at least 125 billion dollars.

At least 1.8 billion dollars of that amount was spent on the physical construction of U. S. military and paramilitary facilities in South Vietnam. Through our years of involvement, we upgraded and maintained some 2300 miles of roads in the country, built four major support and logistics complexes, gouged out six deep-water ports and created eight jet-capable air bases, which included 15 runways of 10,000 feet or more. The vast, now nearly deserted base/airfield/port facility at Cam Ranh Bay cost more than \$133,000,000.

American medical aid to Vietnam has been insufficient since the first fighting. From a peak of \$25,000,000 in 1968, it fell consistently through the end of 1972, at a time when—according to medical officers in Vietnam—it should have risen to meet increased civilian casualty rates. *New York Times* correspondent Sydney Schanberg says that while the U. S. was sending one billion dollars to counter the North Vietnamese offensive at the end of the war the amount of medical aid reflected in that figure was less than one percent.

While United States medical aid and training was woefully lacking, we poured money into pilot instruction and air supply, so that South Vietnam presently has the world's third-largest air force.

South Vietnam's city streets are clogged with Hondas, Suzukis and Lambrettas as a result of the U. S. Government's commodity-import program, an economic-aid device that served several purposes: It soaked up the money the Vietnamese were making from the Americans, and so held down inflation; it created a few Vietnamese millionaires; and it promoted the transformation of the South Vietnamese society from a rural one to a city-based, consumption-oriented one. In 1971, one Saigon businessman was selling Hondas at the rate of 7000 per month.

The State Department keeps no figures on the number of illegitimate children fathered by American Servicemen in Vietnam, saying there is no accurate way to get such information. Private estimates vary widely, with one expert, Thomas C. Fox, co-author of *The Children of Vietnam*, claiming there are presently 75,000 to 100,000 of these children. Taking the most conservative and speculative figures, there are presently in Vietnam 15,000 to 100,000 half-American illegitimate children.

Including these American-sired children, the total number of war orphans in South Vietnam, according to Senator Edward Kennedy's Subcommittee on Refugees, is 826,000 children.

As part of the same report, Senator Kennedy's subcommittee issued figures indicating that there are 103,000 South Vietnamese war widows.

The peak war years, 1964 through 1972, produced 7,310,000 refugees in South Vietnam (more than one of every three inhabitants), according to the United States Agency for International Development (USAID). However, even that large number may be too low, because USAID has reported no new refugees since January 1, 1973. Senator Kennedy's Subcommittee on Refugees, on the other hand, says that since the peace signing there are at least 213,000 new South Vietnamese refugees.

At the end of April 1972, when only 70,000 GIs remained in Vietnam, construction of a new indoor theater at the Long Binh Army base was completed. Construction had begun only four months earlier, in the midst of heavy troop withdrawals, and the facility almost immediately became useless, since inexperienced South Vietnamese were incapable of maintaining it. Army figures for the theater project are much lower than those reported by *The Wall Street Journal*, but we know that the nonfunctional Long Binh theater cost between \$305,000 and \$445,000.

Many Americans are staying in Vietnam. "It's like 1961 or 1965 all over again," says one Western official. "The Americans are full of optimism again and proceeding as if the Vietnamese aren't even around." It is hard to say how many there are, because military spokesmen believe, "It's just not in the national interest to have these things known." But *The New York Times's* Fox Butterfield believes that, after all the troops have gone, there will remain approximately 1000 employees of the United States Agency for International Development; several hundred military attachés; 10,000 civilian advisors and technicians.

Greene and his Rue Catinat. But no nice corner of Saigon could ever keep its early promise, so the war came into the little garden as it had come to all places.

It was there that I tried to save Madame Ngo Ba Thanh from being arrested, but they took her away.

She was tiny and silly, brave and brilliant. I could never quote her in a story, for she rushed so, in any of four languages, that no sentence was ever finished. A lawyer, she had studied at the University of Paris and in Barcelona. Her master's degree in comparative law was from Columbia University. Madame Thanh knew all about prisons: She had spent 25 months in them during 1966 and 1967.

There was nothing left to be afraid of, she would say. But there was: prison again and for longer. Be careful, I would say, watching her demonstrate time and time again against the government of Nguyen Van Thieu and running from the police on Tu-Do in her high heels.

So I, who stood 11 inches taller than she, could not save her at all. There had been a demonstration—a bitter, mocking one—in front of the National Assembly by a handful of deputies opposed to the one-man presidential election in October 1971. The only candidate was President Thieu seeking re-election. The police used canisters of tear gas, made in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, as the protesters stood grouped on the steps, holding high their banners in Vietnamese. Madame Thanh was there, of course. She was always everywhere.

I ran behind her when the police charged and we ran into the little garden. There were two American officers sitting at a table and I said quick, quick, sit with them and the police cannot interfere. What is shaming, you see, is that I still believed that American officers would protect her. This, after all I had learned and seen and been told.

Sit down, sit down, I hissed at her in schoolgirl French. One of the men—a colonel—spoke to us in beautiful, serious French, offering to share his *café au lait* if the waiter did not soon appear. The other man, his brother, said he was a pilot on a Cobra gunship based at Tuy Hoa. Madame Thanh—who knew as well as I did what Cobra gunships can do to a village and its people—received this information calmly. Neither officer seemed to sense that something unusual had just taken place. Both of us had been crying from the tear gas. Her hair was disheveled. My nose was running. She was breathing in hoarse little gulps. It was her asthma again.

The officers seemed gallant and correct, those two, as though they had once learned a good deal of poetry, and taken sea voyages, and knew more about life than the Army wishes a man ever to know. Then the pilot began to speak of the war, why we had not won it and

how he would be the last man to leave, because he wanted it won.

She chewed a piece of *croissant* and kept looking at the entrance. The deputies who had been in the demonstration rushed in, so she rose to join them. It was no longer possible to stay where she was. Now, at a much later time, I remember her rising and thanking the colonel, who bowed slightly and said in French:

"Perhaps we shall meet in times that are less turbulent, *madame*."

The police came and the officers rose and left. I joined the deputies and Madame Thanh at their table while a policeman stood in front of us, taking our pictures on an American video tape to be used as evidence. Treason. Traitors. The Vietnamese sat there, not turning away their faces, looking solemnly at the American machine, as though they no longer cared what their punishment might be.

The deputies had diplomatic immunity and Madame Thanh did not. I tried to hold on to her when the police surrounded her.

But they won, tugging and pushing and circling her. We were told that the police threw her into the back of a jeep.

It is much more than a year now since she was sent to prison and there is nothing I can do. I saw a picture of her once—long after I had left Saigon. She was in court, lying on a stretcher and looking, suddenly, quite old and helpless.

There is one more thing to tell: It is about the children. Living in that huge, solemn room, where there were sheets and hot water at times, I often thought I could easily share it with a child. There were so many of them, working the streets, living in the markets, so small and so frail that the Vietnamese called them the *bui doi*, or dust of life. It seemed inhuman to refuse them help. Sometimes I would invite them into the office, where they could use the shower and, if we were lucky, there were new clothes they could wear. The mothers of friends sent bundles of them to me.

The child I wanted to help most was a very thin, trembling 11-year-old girl named Pham Thi Hoa. I met her in a prison compound in Danang, where the Vietnamese police chief let me interview two children so I could see how the Viet Cong recruited the very young and exposed them to risks. She had been arrested as a messenger for the Viet Cong; there was a letter in her pocket. She had

been in the detention center for children for five months.

"I have no father. My mother lived in Saigon," the child said. The interpreter could barely hear her.

"My mother gave me to Mrs. Xuan when I was very small. When Uncle Xuan died, I lived with Uncle Chi. When Uncle Chi died, I lived with Uncle Hien."

She had said it so many times before to her interrogators. Dang Von Song, head of the Special Police Branch, said the "uncles"—a respectful term in Vietnamese—were high-ranking Viet Cong cadre, in Quang Nam Province.

Pham Thi Hoa looked at no one as she spoke. She could not keep her hands still. They quivered and moved in strange, urgent ways. Mr. Song smiled as she spoke.

"Only Uncle Hien loves me. My mother does not love me. She gave me to Mrs. Xuan. Uncle Hien asked me whether I wanted to go to school and I said no, and he said: 'You decide. If you want, I will send you to school. If you don't, stay here with me.' Uncle Hien and the other uncles loved me. I lived in a bunker under a bamboo bush with Uncle Hien and Uncle Vinh. There was only one girl of my age living nearby. That was Thoai, but she and her mother went to Danang and her mother let her work as a servant for somebody.

"In the evening Uncle Hien hung up a hammock for me to sleep in."

It tired her to tell us this and her little hands did not stop their twitching. While the police were out of the room, she whispered to my interpreter that she had been beaten in the interrogation center. There was no time to ask her questions, for they came back.

Dang Von Song complained that Pham Thi Hoa had not been at all cooperative.

"This girl is very stubborn. Very. But we have found her weak point. She is very afraid of having her hair cut off," Mr. Song said. "So we say we will cut her hair if she is not more helpful."

The little girl showed that she feared this very much. She drew back as I tried to comfort her.

Another police official shook his head.

"I have offered to adopt her and take her home with me," he said. He repeated the offer, smiling at Pham Thi Hoa.

"I prefer to be in prison," she said. "I like to be in prison." She was taken away.

Perhaps because I looked queer or because my eyes were not dry, Mr. Song gave me some advice.

"Now, don't write an antiwar story, write how the Viet Cong exploit children," he said, wagging his finger at me.

There are other stories I could tell, about the living and the dead, much more than I have told here, but so very much has already been written, and none of it ever made any difference at all.



Denmark. It has various names, but the most popular is beefsteak tartare.

BEEFSTEAK TARTARE

The classic way to prepare beefsteak tartare is to use a slice of top round of beef and scrape it with a silver spoon. I have found, however, that putting it through the home grinder or having your butcher grind it no more than an hour before it is to be served is all right. If mechanically chopped, it must be ground twice. It must be fine and soft. Lean, top round steak is a must.

- 3 lbs. top round steak, no fat, trimmed of sinews and gristle, ground twice
- 8 small egg yolks
- 2½ cups minced white onion
- 5 tablespoons drained capers
- 14 flat anchovy fillets, drained, dried on paper towel, finely chopped
- 5 tablespoons flat-leaf parsley, finely chopped
- 5 tablespoons cold black caviar (optional)
- 2 tablespoons paprika
- 2 tablespoons caraway seed
- 3 tablespoons salt
- 3 tablespoons black pepper
- 2 loaves party rye bread (small, thin slices, buttered)

Form ground round steak in eight thick, circular patties, with a depression in the center deep enough to hold an egg yolk. Place on a large platter, center with garnishes. Paprika, caraway seed, salt, pepper can be placed in small glass containers with spoons and spaced on the platter or beside it. A large spoon and fork for mixing are placed beside serving platter; also, you'll need individual plates (plasticized paper to be discarded or your best china), the quality depending upon your choice and whether it is a balcony, flagstoned patio or a woodland glen.

The host approaches the platter, mixes an egg yolk well into a round of beef, lifts it onto his plate, spoons in onion, capers, a bit of anchovy, parsley, caviar. This is mixed well. Now paprika, caraway seed, salt and pepper are sparingly sprinkled in and blended thoroughly. The beef is thickly spread upon a thin round of the bread. Guests, cocktails in hand, are urged to emulate.

The no-cooking spread can be attractively displayed on separate tables or on a converted barbecue cart; or, if the scene is country, arrange the whole eye-appealing business on a convertible table you lug

along or on a tablecloth on the green-sward.

After cocktails with raw beef, the classic progression is to the fish course.

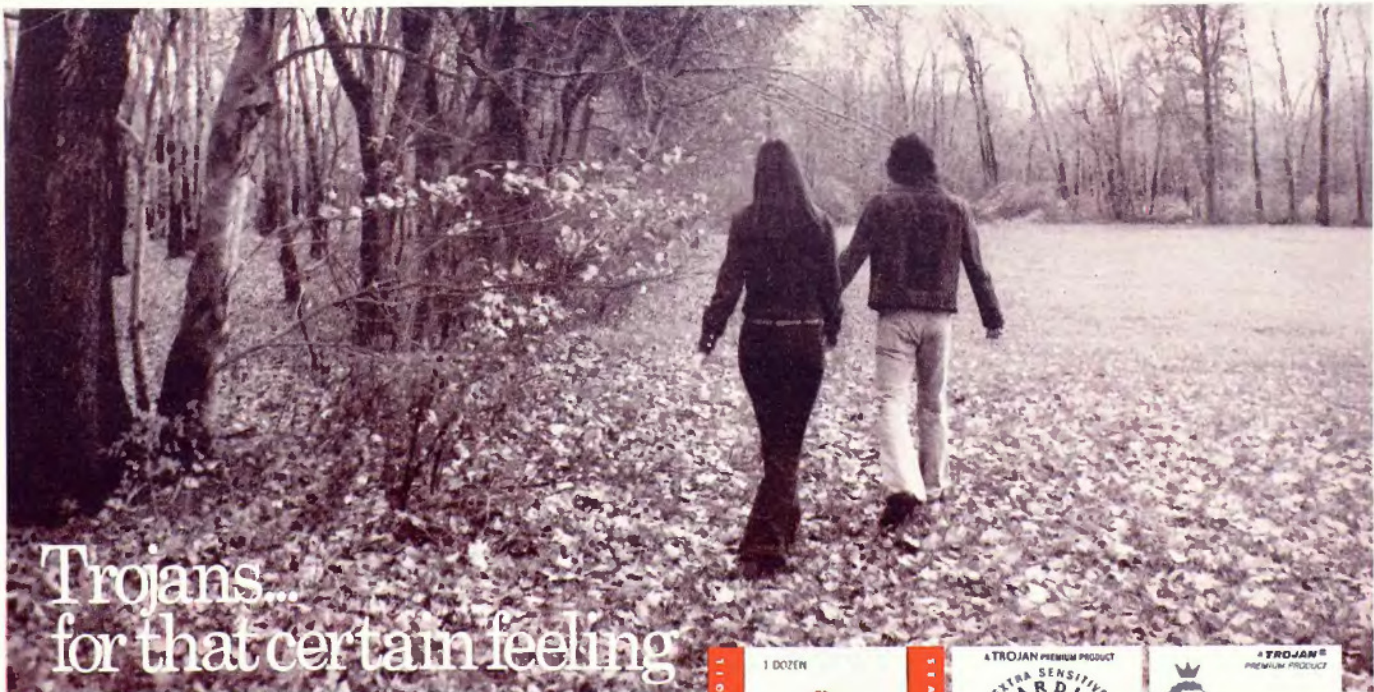
TUNA WITH ITALIAN CANNELLINI BEANS

- 4 7-oz. cans tuna, fancy, light, Italian style, packed in olive oil preferably; drained well, lightly sprinkled with lemon juice, refrigerated until chilled
- 4 1-lb., 4-oz. cans cannellini beans
- 8 tablespoons olive oil
- Juice of 4 lemons
- 8 tablespoons flat-leaf parsley, chopped
- 2 tablespoons freshly milled black pepper
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 8 cloves garlic, peeled, mashed (remove after taking beans from refrigerator)

Drain beans well: place in large bowl, add olive oil, lemon juice, parsley, pepper, salt, garlic. Toss well with two wooden spoons, but gently, so that you do not break the beans. Refrigerate until chilled.

ICELAND BROOK TROUT WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

This is superb fish, packed only by Ora of Iceland. Pink-fleshed and delicate, I suspect that it is arctic charr that I have savored several times in the far reaches of Norway. If you can't get this



Trojans...
for that certain feeling

You don't have to sacrifice sensitivity and feeling to be certain. Ultra-thin, ultra-sensitive Trojans brand prophylactics let you be safe without "feeling safe." They protect you and your loved ones from the fear of unwanted conception and they aid in the prevention of V.D. Be certain, buy Trojans premium products from your pharmacist's display. He's made them the Number 1 Selling Brand in drugstores.* Write for our FREE brochure which describes our Trojans Product Sampler. Then buy your future needs from your pharmacist.



Youngs Drug Products Corp. ♣

P.O. Box 5, Dept. PB-6, Piscataway, N.J. 08854

*According to National Survey Organization (includes Trojan-Enz Lubricated, Guardian, Naturalamb brands)



"Gosh, Emery . . . it's not often that one meets an honest-to-goodness cannibal in the suburbs."

tinned trout, try one of the several brands of American smoked rainbow.

- 2 10-oz. cans Iceland brook trout, 4 baby trout per can, drained, left whole, refrigerated until chilled
- 6 tablespoons quality mayonnaise
- 3 tablespoons Dijon mustard
- 8 slices lemon
- 8 leaves Boston lettuce

Blend mayonnaise very well with mustard. Refrigerate until set and chilled.

Arrange one baby trout, a dollop of mustard sauce and a slice of lemon on each leaf of well-washed, crisp lettuce, fresh from the refrigerator.

Ring a large platter with the trout on lettuce; center it with a mound of cannellini beans and one of flaky, cold tuna.

Plates, knives and forks should be abundant; self-service without searching for utensils is the get-across idea.

Fish finished, everything else is up for grabs.

Now is the time to begin pouring wine. Beaujolais, a jolly, small wine, is the traditional picnic or cookout drink. It should be served young, a year old is best, never more than two years. It is the only French red wine classically served chilled. Refrigerate it for an hour before serving. Of course, champagne will do very nicely for any and all occasions.

You'll find that bread is not the staff to lean on that it used to be. Many calorie counters shun it; but for those who couldn't care less or who can't count, you might have a variety of sliced breads

at hand. Make them interesting; mix white and dark, hard and hearty, but none of the soft, doughy horrors.

COLD CHICKEN IN SAUCES MÉRIDIONALE AND CIRCASSIAN

The variety of quality fowl that roost in cans these days is surprising. If your budget will permit, try pheasant, chukar partridge or guinea hen. If it will not, don't downgrade chicken. It remains the most versatile of our foods. Chickens are cooked in the can in their natural juices. Their taste is good, not great, a little bland. The trick is to jazz up the taste and still keep the flavor of the bird. Sauces solve this. I do it with two. One, *mérionale*, is courtesy of my friend the great French chef Antoine Gilly.

SAUCE MÉRIDIONALE

- 1 tablespoon each, chopped, basil, sage, rosemary, chervil, tarragon, chives, flat-leaf parsley (all should be fresh)
- 1 tablespoon chopped shallots
- 1 tablespoon minced garlic
- ½ cup wine vinegar
- 1 cup olive oil
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
- ¼ teaspoon white pepper

Mix all herbs, shallots, garlic well; place in bowl, carefully blend in vinegar, olive oil, salt, mustard and pepper. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

SAUCE CIRCASSIAN

- 2 slices white bread, crusts removed
- 1 cup canned chicken broth
- 2 cups walnut meats
- 2 small white onions, chopped
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon paprika

Liquid and jelly from 1 can chicken
Soak bread in chicken broth; squeeze out the moisture. Place bread, walnuts, onions, salt, paprika, liquid and jelly from canned chicken in electric blender. Blend into a smooth sauce.

CANNED CHICKEN

- 2 whole chickens, canned

Decan chickens, remove skin and bones and cut into serving pieces. Dribble 1 teaspoon *mérionale* over each piece of one chicken. Liberally cover the pieces of the remaining chicken with Circassian.

DANISH HAMS IN ALCOHOL JELLY

The ingenious Danes have come up with a couple of beauties: ham in Scotch whisky and ham in French champagne. Buy a 1-lb., 8-oz. can of each. Decan them. Leave them in their jelly and refrigerate until well chilled.

Slice the hams thinly (not wafer thin but thin) and serve the slices surrounded by the tasty jelly.

Hours ahead, you'll have run up these two simple salads that will appear on the table as anything but simple.

TOMATOES WITH MIXED VEGETABLES

- 8 dead-ripe tomatoes
- 2 1-lb. cans mixed vegetables
- 5 tablespoons quality mayonnaise
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 tablespoon freshly ground black pepper
- 1 tablespoon salt

Wash tomatoes; core them and remove pulp from centers. Drain the mixed vegetables in strainer. Place them in bowl; add mayonnaise, olive oil, pepper and salt. Blend well.

Fill the hollowed tomatoes with the vegetable mixture. Refrigerate until well chilled.

BABY ZUCCHINI AND CUCUMBERS IN YOGHURT

It is very important to get small zucchini and cucumbers, no larger than twice the size of your thumb.

- 8 small zucchini
- 8 small cucumbers
- 4 cups plain yoghurt
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 tablespoons fresh dill, chopped
- ½ cup scallions, minced

Wash zucchini well; do not peel; slice wafer thin. Peel cucumbers; slice wafer thin. Place in bowl; add yoghurt, lemon

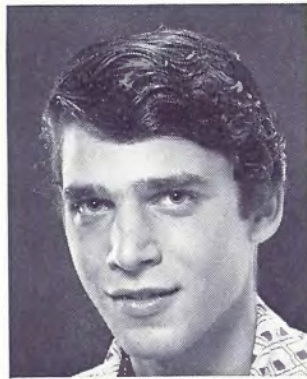
Same man. Same haircut. Some difference.



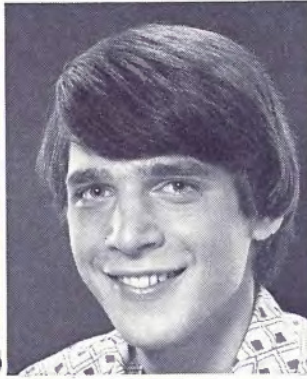
Bill Lund
WETHEAD



Bill Lund after
THE DRY LOOK®



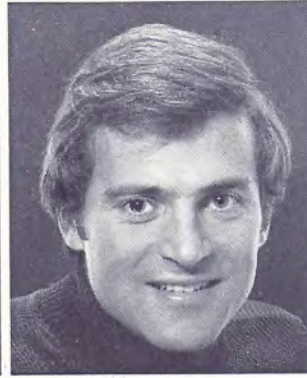
Bob Edwin
WETHEAD



Bob Edwin after
THE DRY LOOK®



Jerry Kohl
WETHEAD



Jerry Kohl after
THE DRY LOOK®



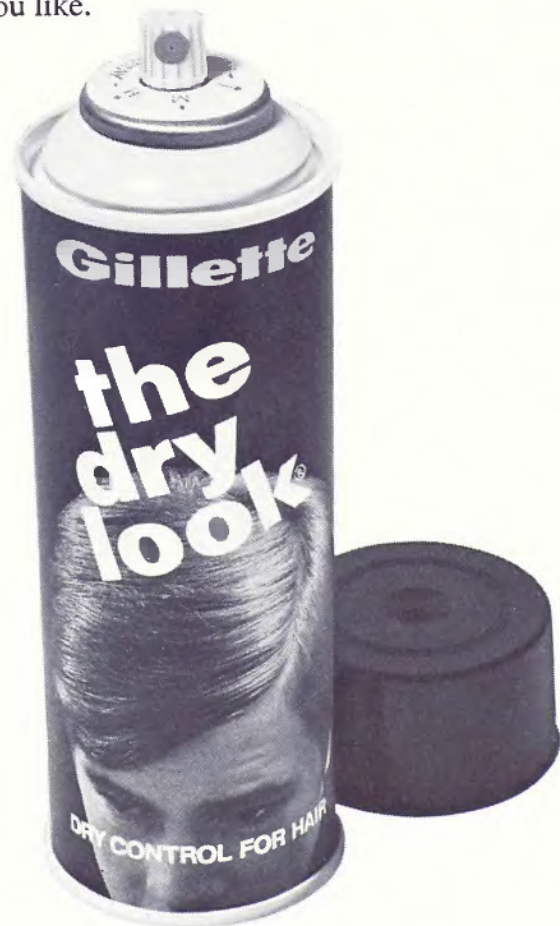
Joe Hanrahan
WETHEAD



Joe Hanrahan after
THE DRY LOOK®

Unretouched photos.

The Dry Look® from Gillette made it. It's the #1 aerosol hair control for men. Comes in Regular formula or Extra Hold. And it's the only one with an adjustable valve that lets you spray as *light* as you like.



juice, dill and scallions and mix well. Refrigerate until well chilled.

SERVING MAIN COURSE AND SALADS

Buy, rent or borrow an especially large serving platter. Center it with sauced cold chicken. Border it with jellied whisky ham on one side, champagne ham on the other. Arrange between ham (and chicken, if you need the room) whole tomatoes filled with mixed vegetables.

You'll need small bowls in which to serve the yoghurt salad.

Before you signal that the scene is near curtain by serving brandy and liqueurs, trot out two final offerings, one for the savvy, one for the sweet-toothers.

FRENCH BREAD AND CHEESE

- 2 long loaves French bread
- 1 piece each of the following, or any of the 100 imported French cheeses of your choice
- Chevre
- Boursault
- Pont l'Evêque
- Gourmandise
- Beau Pasteur

Slice the bread, butter slices, then re-assemble as a loaf. Place one loaf on each side of the table, center with the cheeses.

To do justice to its character, cheese must be served at room temperature. Take it out of the refrigerator at least five hours before guests arrive. Cut one piece from each cheese to hint to guests how it should be done. Let them cut it and serve themselves, placing wedges on slices of bread and washing them down with the soft, chilled Beaujolais, which by this time has become the most popular personality at the party.

FRESH SOUSED STRAWBERRIES

This one isn't practical for away-from-home cookouts unless you have a portable refrigerator-freezer.

- 2 quarts strawberries, cleaned
- 2½ ozs. Grand Marnier
- 2½ ozs. Armagnac
- 1 pint raspberry sherbet
- 1 pint strawberry ice cream
- ½ pint heavy cream, whipped

Place strawberries in bowl, pour Grand Marnier and Armagnac over them. Spoon in sherbet and ice cream, blending quickly so mixture does not become soupy. Stir in whipped cream. Serve immediately.

Now go ahead—and keep your cool.



DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL

(continued from page 94)

out after me, but he got in trouble himself. So I don't know, I mean, it passed on by. She was. . . . She didn't want no trouble, it was her old man tried to make a fuss. What's my mother been telling you, that old news? That's damn old news: that's last year's news."

"You weren't arrested for rape, were you?"

"No. I tole you, it was only her father: then he had to leave town."

"Before this you've been arrested twice, right? And put on probation twice? And no jail sentence."

"That's a way of looking at it."

"How do you look at it?"

"I hung around a long time waiting to get out . . . waiting for the trial. . . . You know, the trial or the hearing or whatever it was. Then the judge let me go anyway."

"You waited in jail, you mean."

"Sure I waited in jail."

"Why couldn't you get bond?"

"My momma said the hell with me."

"According to the record, you were arrested for theft twice. You pleaded guilty. What about the assault charges?"

"From roughing somebody up? Well, uh, that stuff got put aside. There was a deal made."

"So you got off on probation twice."

"Yeah, that worked out OK."

"You were arrested for the first time when you were nineteen years old, right?"

"If that's what it says."

"That isn't bad. Nineteen years old . . . that's a pretty advanced age for a first offense. . . . And no jail sentence, just probation. Now, tell me, is all this accurate: Your father served a five-year sentence for armed robbery, right?—then he left Detroit? Your mother has been on ADC from 1959 until the present, right? You have four brothers and two sisters, two children are still living at home with your mother, and your sister has a baby herself?—and you don't live at home, but nearby somewhere? And you give her money when you can?"

"Yeah."

"It says here you're unemployed. Were you ever employed?"

"Sure I been employed."

"It isn't down here. What kind of job did you have?"

"How come it ain't down there?"

"I don't know. What kind of job did you have?"

"Look, you write it in yourself, Mr. Morrissey, because I sure was employed. . . . I call that an insult. I was kind of a delivery boy off and on, I could get references to back me up."

"This is just a photostat copy of your



"Sorry, but the part has just been consummated."

file from Welfare; I can't write anything in. . . . Where did you work?"

"Some store that's closed up now."

"Whose was it?"

"I disremember the exact name."

"You're unemployed at the present time, at the age of twenty-three?"

"Well, I can't help that. I. . . . Mr. Morrissey, you going to make a deal for me?"

"I won't have to make a deal."

"Huh? Well, that woman is awful mad at me. She's out to get me."

"Don't worry about her."

"In the police station she was half-crazy, she was screaming so. . . . Her clothes was all ripped. I don't remember none of that. The front of her was all blood. Jesus, I don't know, I must of gone crazy or something. . . . When they brought me in, she was already there, waiting, and she took one look at me and started screaming. That was the end."

"She might reconsider, she might think all this over carefully. Don't worry about her. Let me worry about her. In fact, you have no necessary reason to believe that the woman who identified you was the woman you followed and attacked. . . . It might have been another woman. You didn't really see her face. All you know is that she was white, and probably all she knows about her attacker is that he was black. I won't have to make a deal for you. Don't worry about that."

"She's awful mad at me, she ain't going to back down. . . ."

"Let me worry about her. Tell me: How did the police happen to pick you up? Did they have a warrant for your arrest?"

"Hell, no. It was a goddamn asshole accident like a joke. . . . I, uh, I was running away from her, where I left her. . . . and. . . . I just run into the side of the squad car. Like that. Was running like hell and run into the side of the car, where it was parked, without no lights on. So they picked me up like that."

"Because you were running, they picked you up, right?"

"I run into the side of their goddamn fucking car."

"So they got out and arrested you?"

"One of them chased me."

"Did he fire a shot?"

"Sure he fired a shot."

"So you surrendered?"

"I hid somewhere, by a cellar window. But they found me. It was just a goddamn stupid accident. . . . Jesus, I don't know. I must of been flying so high, couldn't see the car where it was parked. They had it parked back from the big street, with the lights out. I saw one of

What do you think of a guy who bought a \$150 turntable to go with a \$75 amplifier and a pair of \$40 speakers?

Smart. Audio "accountants" have formulas for appropriating funds to the various components in a stereo system.

Usually they recommend about 20% of the total to take care of the turntable and cartridge, which is OK if your total is \$500 or more.

But what do you do if you really love music, and have a 10-LP-per-month habit that leaves you with peanuts to spend for hardware.

If you followed the accountants' advice you might end up with a \$5 or \$10 cartridge in a \$30 changer. It would be arithmetically compatible, and might even sound OK. But later on, when you can afford that monster system

you've had your eyes on, you might find that your records sound worse than they did on your old cheapie system—because the inexpensive changer, with heavy stylus pressure and unbalanced skating force, was grinding up the grooves. And your cheap amp and speakers wouldn't let you hear the damage.

And now that you've spent a pile on high power, low distortion electronics, and wide-range speakers, you have to spend another pile replacing your records.

So, if you think you will want the best amplifier and speakers later, be smart and get the best turntable now. . . . the BSR 810. Send for detailed specifications. BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.



BSR



A PARTY? HAVE IT AT MY PLACE!

Whatever the occasion—a friendly get-together or a serious business meeting—The Playboy Club lets you offer your guests the incomparable atmosphere and service that have made it world famous.

Choose in advance from any of our basic party plans; specify any special audio/visual or other facilities needed; then relax and enjoy the party as Playboy's professionals and beautiful Bunnies attend to your every wish.

You'll see why so many of America's leading corporations—from Aetna Insurance to Wurlitzer Corporation—have turned to Playboy again and again for parties, meetings and important sales presentations. For full information on all the Playboy extras, contact your local Club's Catering Manager or use the coupon.

Playboy Clubs International

Marilyn Smith, National Director of Sales—Club Division
Playboy Building
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611

We're planning our next meeting for some _____ persons on _____
Please send full information on your facilities and prices for (city) _____

NAME _____ (please print)
COMPANY _____
ADDRESS _____ BUS. PHONE _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Playboy Clubs are located in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston*, Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, Detroit, Great Gorge at McAfee, N.J., Kansas City, Lake Geneva, Wis., London, Los Angeles, Miami, Montreal, New Orleans, New York City, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco and in Jamaica. *In Massachusetts, it's Playboy of Boston

them with a paper cup, some coffee that got spilled down his front, when I banged into the door. He was surprised."

"So they brought you into the station and the woman was brought in also, this Mrs. Donner, and she identified you. Is that it? She took one look at you and seemed to recognize you?"

"Started screaming like hell."

"She identified you absolutely, in spite of her hysterical state?"

"I guess so."

"And you admitted attacking her?"

"I guess so."

"Was that really the correct woman, though? This 'Mrs. Donner' who is accusing you of rape?"

"Huh?"

"Could you have identified her?"

"Me? I don't know. No. I don't know."

"Let's go back to the bar. You said there were three women there, all white women. Did they look alike to you, or what?"

"I don't know."

"Did one of them catch your attention?"

"Maybe. I don't know. One of them . . . she kind of was watching me, I thought. They was all horsing around."

"It was very crowded in the bar? And this woman, this particular woman, looked at you. Did she smile at you?"

"They was all laughing, you know, and if they looked around the place, why, it would seem they was smiling.

. . . I don't know which one it was. I'm all mixed up on that."

"Would you say that this woman, let's call her 'Mrs. Donner' temporarily, this woman was behaving in a way that was provocative? She was looking at you or toward you, and at other men?"

"There was a lot of guys in there, black guys, and some white guys, too. I liked the tone of that place. There was a good feeling there. I wasn't drunk, but. . ."

"Yes, you were drunk."

"Naw, I was high on my own power, I only had a few drinks."

"You were drunk; that happens to be a fact. That's an important fact. Don't forget it."

"I was drunk . . . ?"

"Yes. You were drunk. And a white woman did smile at you, in a bar on Gratiot; let's say it was this 'Mrs. Donner' who is charging you with rape. Do you know anything about her? No. I'll tell you: She's married, separated from her husband, the husband's whereabouts are unknown, she's been on and off welfare since 1964, she worked for a while at Leonard's Downtown, the department store, and was discharged because she evidently took some merchandise home with her . . . and she's been unemployed since September of last year, but without any visible means of support: no welfare. So she won't be able to account for her means of support since September, if that should come up in court."

"Uh. . . You going to make a deal with them, then?"

"I don't have to make a deal. I told you to let me worry about her. She has to testify against you, and she has to convince a jury that she didn't deserve to be followed by you, that she didn't entice you, she didn't smile at you. She has to convince a jury that she didn't deserve whatever happened to her. . . She did smile at you?"

"Well, uh, you know how it was . . . a lot of guys crowding around, shifting around. . . I don't know which one of the women for sure looked at me, there was three of them, maybe they all did . . . or maybe just one . . . or. . . It was confused. Some guys was buying them drinks and I couldn't get too close, I didn't know anybody there. I liked the tone of the place, but I was on the outside, you know? I was having my own party in my head. Then I saw this one woman get mad and put on her coat—"

"A light-colored coat? An imitation-fur coat?"

"Jesus, how do I know? Saw her put her arm in a sleeve. . ."

"And she walked out? Alone?"

"Yeah. So I . . . I got very jumpy. . . I thought I would follow her, you know, just see what happens. . ."

"But you didn't follow her with the intention of committing rape."

"I. . ."

"You wanted to talk to her, maybe? She'd smiled at you and you wanted to talk to her?"

"I don't know if. . ."

"This white woman, whose name you didn't know, had smiled at you. She then left the bar—that is, Carson's Tavern—at about midnight, completely alone, unescorted, and she walked out along the street. Is this true?"

"Yes."

"When did she notice that you were following her?"

"Right away."

"Then what happened?"

"She started walking faster."

"Did she pause or give any sign to you? You mentioned that she kept looking over her shoulder at you—"

"Yeah."

"Then she started to run?"

"Yeah."

"She tried to get someone to stop, to let her in his car, but he wouldn't. He drove away. She was drunk, wasn't she, and screaming at him?"

"She was screaming. . ."

"She was drunk, too. That happens to be a fact. You were both drunk, those are facts. This 'Mrs. Donner' who is accusing you of rape was drunk at the time. So. . . The driver in the Pontiac drove away and you approached her.

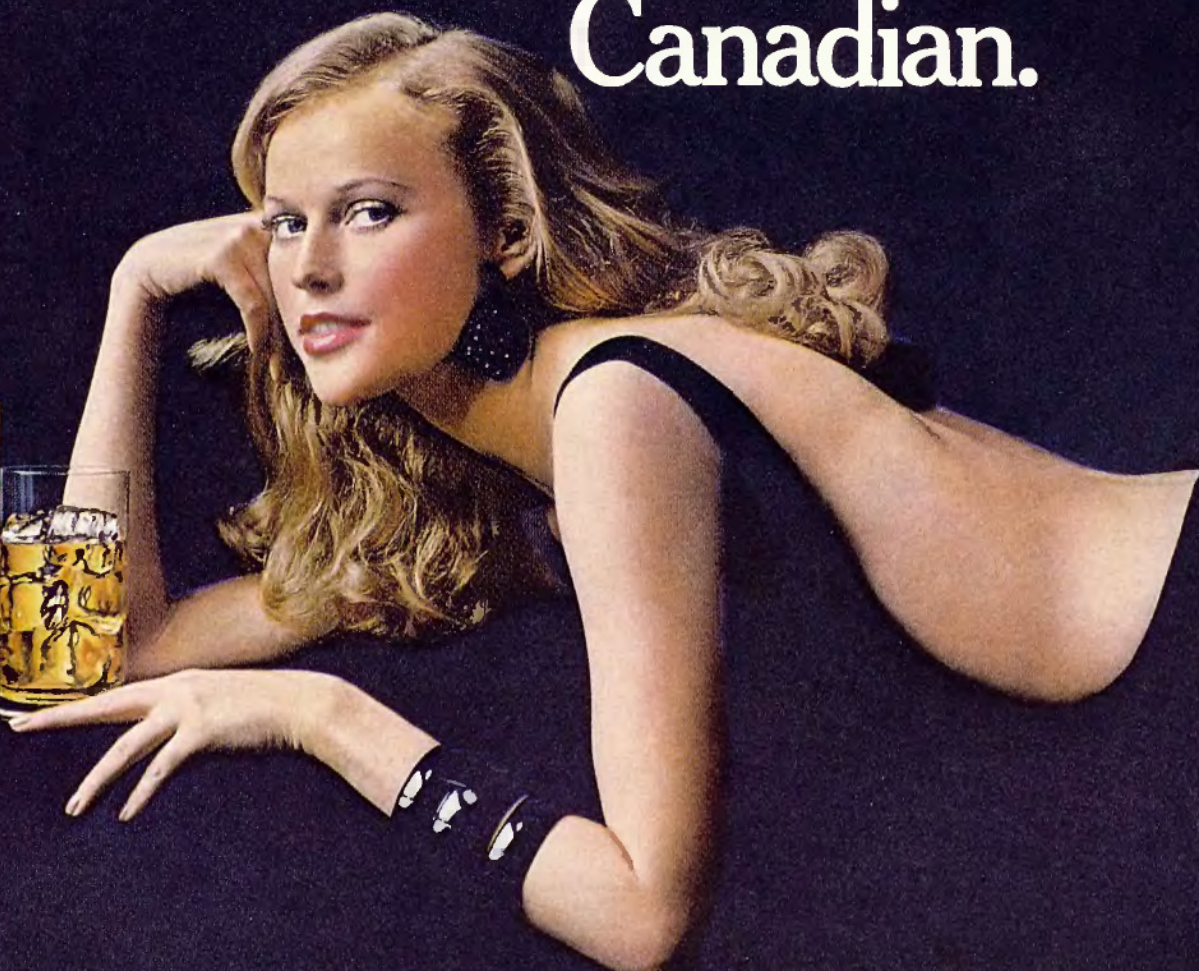


Feel the Black Velvet.

Indulge the easy mildness,
the delicate smoothness of
Black Velvet.[®]

An imported Canadian
that honestly tastes better.

Black Velvet. The smooth
Canadian.



If you buy the wrong steel belted radials, you'll be reminded of it for 40,000 miles.



No matter which steel belted radials you buy, you'll be getting tires that will probably last 40,000 miles. Tires that are tough enough to drive over nails and spikes. Tires that can even be driven over axe blades. And keep on going.

But building a tire that can take all this punishment is easy. All it takes is steel. The hard part is putting something as rigid as steel into a tire in such a way that you still get good handling and a smooth quiet ride out of it.

At Pirelli, we've developed a tire that solves this problem.

The Cinturato CN-75.

The CN-75 is good for 40,000 miles, and can take just as much punishment as any other steel belted radial. The difference lies in the way we put it together. We know that a tire can't ride smoothly if its belt is too stiff and rigid. So we found a way to make our steel belts more flexible. We use what we call "Trac Steel 21™". What this means is that each of the

CN-75's steel cords consists of 21 individual strands. More than any other tire uses.

Once we found this new kind of steel cord, we discovered a new way of putting it into the tire. The result is a unique combination of "Trac Steel 21" and rayon which provides all the strength and protection of steel without sacrificing a quiet comfortable ride.

In developing a tire that will do all this, we discovered one more thing: It's very difficult to make. So we don't take any chances. Every single CN-75 is completely X-ray inspected. Because we know if even the slightest thing is wrong with a steel belted radial, the effect it could have on your car will be more than slight.

You'll probably get 40,000 miles out of any steel belted radial. But the kind of miles they turn out to be depends on which steel belted radials you decide to buy.

PIRELLI

**All the advantages of a steel belted radial
without the disadvantages.**

Pirelli Cinturato CN75 tires are guaranteed to have an original tread life of 40,000 miles. Replacement credit or cash refund (at Pirelli's option), equal to percent of guaranteed mileage not delivered multiplied by National Price at time of adjustment, issued upon presentation of tire and valid guarantee form to authorized Pirelli Dealer by original purchaser. Tires must be used on American made passenger vehicle listed on guarantee form in normal non-commercial service within continental U.S. (excluding Alaska). In the interests of safety and to maintain guarantee, CN75's must be mounted in full sets or pairs (on rear axle) and balanced. They must not be abused, run flat or underinflated, used on a vehicle out of alignment or with defective shocks, brakes or similar defect. Pirelli Cinturato CN75 tires are also guaranteed against defects in workmanship and materials and normal road hazards. Credit or refund based on tread depth remaining.

FOR THE PIRELLI DEALER NEAREST YOU, IN THE U.S. AND CANADA, SEE THE YELLOW PAGES. PIRELLI TIRE CORPORATION, 600 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Was it the same woman who had smiled at you in the tavern?"

"I think . . . uh . . . I don't know . . ."

"She was the woman from the tavern?"

"That got mad and put her coat on? Sure. She walked out. . . ."

"Did all three women more or less behave in the same manner? They were very loud, they'd been drinking, you really couldn't distinguish between them . . .?"

"I don't know."

"When you caught up to the woman, what did she say to you?"

"Say? Nothing. No words."

"She was screaming?"

"Oh, yeah."

"What did you say to her?"

"Nothing."

"Could you identify her?"

"I . . . uh . . . That's where I get mixed up."

"Why?"

"I don't remember no face to her."

"Why not?"

"Must not of looked at it."

"Back in the bar, you didn't look either?"

"Well, yes . . . but I . . . It's all a smear, like. Like a blur."

"This 'Mrs. Donner' says you threatened to kill her. Is that true?"

"If she says so . . ."

"No, hell. Don't worry about what she says. What do you say?"

"I don't remember."

"*Lay still or I'll kill you.* Did you say that?"

"Is that what they have down?"

"Did you say it? *Lay still or I'll kill you?*"

"That don't sound like me."

"You didn't say anything to her, did you?"

"When? When we was fighting?"

"At any time."

"I don't remember."

"In the confusion of struggling, it isn't likely you said anything to her, is it—anything so distinct as that? Or maybe it was another man, another black man, who attacked this 'Mrs. Donner' and she's confusing him with you . . .?"

"Uh . . ."

"Did you intend to kill her?"

"No."

"What did you have in mind, when you followed her out of the tavern?"

"Oh, you know . . . I was kind of high-strung . . ."

"She had smiled at you, so you thought she might be friendly? A pretty white woman like that, only twenty-nine years old, with her hair fixed up and a fancy imitation-fur coat, who had smiled at you, a stranger, in a bar . . . ? You thought she might be friendly, wasn't that it?"



"Feel like another swim?"

"Friendly? Jesus! I never expected no friendship, that's for sure."

"Well, put yourself back in that situation. Don't be so sure. If a white woman smiled at you, and you followed her out onto the street, it would be logical you might expect her to be friendly toward you. Keep your mind clear. You don't have to believe what other people tell you about yourself; you don't have to believe that you assaulted that woman just because she says you did. Things aren't so simple. Did you expect her to fight you off?"

"Don't know."

"If she hadn't fought you, there wouldn't be any crime committed, would there? She resisted you, she provoked you into a frenzy. . . . But don't think about that. I'll think about that angle. I'm the one who's going to question Mrs. Donner, and then we'll see who's guilty of what. . . . But one important thing: Why didn't you tell the police that you really didn't recognize the woman, yourself?"

"Huh? Jesus, they'd of been mad as hell—"

"Yes, they would have been mad, they might have beaten you some more. You were terrified of a further beating. So, of course, you didn't protest, you didn't say anything. Because she's a white woman and you're black. Isn't that the real reason?"

"I don't know."

"There weren't any black men in the station. You were the only black man there. So you thought it would be the safest, most prudent thing to confess to everything, because this white woman and the white police had you, they had

you, and you considered yourself fair game. And already you'd been beaten, your mouth was bleeding, and you didn't know you had the right to an attorney, to any help at all. You were completely isolated. They could do anything to you they wanted. . . . Your instincts told you to go along with them, to cooperate. Nobody can blame you for that; that's how you survived. Does any of this sound familiar to you?"

"Some kind of way, yes. . . . Yes, I think so."

"And the police demonstrated their antagonism toward you, their automatic assumption of your guilt, even though the woman who accused you of rape was a probable prostitute, a woman of very doubtful reputation who led you on, who enticed you out into the street . . . and then evidently changed her mind, or became frightened when she saw how excited you were. Is that it? Why do you think she identified you so quickly, why was she so certain?"

"Must of seen my face."

"How did she see your face, if you didn't see hers?"

"I saw hers but didn't take it in, you know, I kind of blacked out . . . she was fighting me off and that drove me wild . . . it was good luck she stopped, or . . . or something else might of happened. . . . You know how frenzied you get. There was a streetlight there, and I thought to myself, *She ain't going to forget me.*"

"Why not?"

"Gave her a good look at my face. My face is important to me."



Winners and Losers (continued from page 118)

room and then, turning to one of the senior prefects, said: "That young man's a winner. Mark my words, he'll go far." I waited, hoping to hear further, more pragmatic proof of the boy's potential, but none was forthcoming. Which troubled me, since Lockland was a craven fellow with none of the qualities that I associated with "winning" or "going far." He was an overly attentive student; he neither boxed nor wrestled nor ran; he kept to his bed after lights out and took no delight in poetry or in photographs of Esther Williams; neither did he smoke nor masturbate and he called his mother *Mama*. A winner. Even now, some 20 years on, I remember thinking that if these were the qualities on which Lockland had been propelled to his tawdry fame, then I would concentrate on becoming the most notorious loser in the school's history.

All of which brings me to the point (or nearer the point) of this particular tale. Taught from the start to believe in absolutes, I found myself still half in love with the lie that losers were unlucky, that winners were merely fortunate and privy to none of those sudden catastrophes that snap at the heels of lesser men. But only in part. Of what befell the wily Lockland (who was likely enough an honorable, if priggish lad), I shall probably never know. But he was a debut of sorts for me—the first in an irksome series of apparent winners. And, if the unanimous decision of my masters is to be believed, I, well, I was my first loser. Misfortune, like charity, begins at home.

Winners and losers, then: The types are so familiar a part of our mythology, we feel their faces could be picked as easily as twins' from the crowd. One, a cocky fellow with a self-appointed air; the other, drawn and self-defeated, with the look of a man who would pawn his soul if he could somehow ascertain its worth. We have come to see them as little more than trite and quintessential types. As a result, whenever someone points them out to me, I feel sure he is also trying to convey some flattering evaluation of himself—as if by naming them, he had in some way defined himself. Nick the Greek, most notorious of American gamblers, claimed that the only difference between winners and losers was one of character, which, he added, was about the only difference one could really find between people anyway. But Nick held a rigid view of the world—heads or tails, win or lose, no two ways about it. He was a gambler and gamblers incline to unconditional views.

During the past few months, I have consorted with two such men—not to define myself or them but to understand that part of myself we had in common. I am not a constant player and gambling

does little more than occasionally appease the romantic excesses my gods demand of me. For me, it is more of a cold than a cancer—incurable, perhaps, but hesitantly held in check. They, however, were professionals—or "compulsive gamblers," for those who prefer psychological names for our passions. But they had very little in common. It was only in the pursuit of their passion that they could be said to have been alike. That pursuit was more important to them than God or love or money, even. To call one of them a winner, the other a loser is too easy, too uninteresting a definition, since, at the beginning, they both believed the force of their passion would somehow see them through. Much later, when I first encountered them, there was only this to tell them apart: One of them, a bootlegger's boy from Tennessee, believed that, given time and talent and happy odds, all things were possible. The other, whose youth had been fat with promises of power and prestige, knew by the time he turned 40 that he would never believe in anything again.

• • •

My boy . . . always try to rub up against money, for if you rub up against money long enough, some of it may rub off on you.

—DAMON RUNYON

His name was Walter Clyde Pearson, but few of his friends or acquaintances knew it. For as long as he could remember, he had been called Pug—because of his nose, irrevocably flattened from a boyhood fall. Everyone called him Pug with what amounted to an implied familiarity—the doormen and carhops at the Las Vegas Strip hotels, the shills, the showgirls, the dealers and grifters and all the hapless players who came to sit with him at poker. Only his mother, in keeping with the Southern custom, called him Walter Clyde. He must have liked the nickname or had grown accustomed to it. When telling me comic tales of his early gambling days, he sometimes referred to *himself* as Pug—as though he were talking about someone else, a pigeon, or some extravagant friend, perhaps, whom he implied it would have amused me to know.

He had a candid sense of humor, brusque and down to earth. He would not have noticed irony nor appreciated it if he had. He wasn't that kind of man, nor did he have that kind of circumambulatory mind. He saw things simply and then brought a kind of inspired logic to bear. He once, for example, explained to me why there were so few good poker players in the country. "Poker," he said, "has a language all its own, but you don't expect most folks to understand it, any more than you expect 'em to understand Egyptian."

Pug was good with people in the way

some men are good with dogs. People responded to some quality of self-belief in him, which gave them an illusion of potential warmth and safety. It was the illusion usually described as charm. Pug used it, as charming men do, to exert an influence in order to control. His voice, filled with unchallengeable assurance, simply extended and completed the illusion. I had been told I would have no difficulty recognizing him. "You'll know him," one of his colleagues had said. "Ain't but one nose like it in the world." Pug was a tall, heavily built man in his early 40s who covered his almost-total baldness with a wide-brimmed straw hat. He had the round mischievous face of an elderly troll, a troll with a fondness for Cuban cigars. There was an air of jauntiness about him and of inexhaustible good spirits, the air of a man who had had his share of passing pleasure.

Yet, despite the way he immediately took one into his confidence, his accessibility, he had been a difficult man to meet, implying that it would in some way detract from his anonymity. Nick the Greek observed that in gambling, "Fame is usually followed by a jail sentence," and Pug, at least temporarily, had held some similar belief. "Son, you can't be too careful," he explained. "The Government is like the Gestapo on gamblers. Like they was some kind of outlaws. But, I'll tell you. Gamblers are the most broad-minded people in the world. If more folks were like 'em, there would be fewer laws. That's on the square. You've got to be sharp in this world, no matter what your business is, or the world is gonna gobble you up. That's what it's all about, son. That's what they call life." Pug liked to imply, and with good reason, that he knew more about life than he pretended. Given his obvious airs of opulence, emphasized by the wad of \$100 bills he carried, one tended to forget that his life had not always been so prosperous—that once, prosperity had seemed not only improbable but beyond the ken of any experience he or his family had ever had.

Pug was born in Kentucky in early 1929. It was not an auspicious time, he recalled, and he was not referring to the Depression. Reports of imminent depression would not have meant much to his family. There had been no joy in Appalachia for a generation or more. "My folks were what we used to call 'God-fearin' people,' Church of Christ," he said. His father was a sharecropper, tilling other people's land, though he worked at any job that came his way, including a stint at building roads for the WPA. When times were lean, as they often were, he ran bootleg whiskey, till a competitor's gun removed his little finger. There is a portrait of the old man in Pug's mother's parlor. Posed in his rough Sunday best, he looked as many men of that period did in their

photographs—stern and upright, with a look of moral condescension in the face. Whatever else the photograph implied, it reminded Pug that his father was often sullen and usually unemployed. In 1934, the family drifted south into Jackson County, Tennessee, following rumors of work from one hollow town to another. Before Pug was ten, he had lived in nearly 20 of those towns. They always moved for the same reason—slipping away in the dead of night because the rent was due at dawn. They moved from Reese Hollow to Farn's Branch by covered wagon and Pug can still recall the blackened pots and pans swinging from the wagon as he walked behind it in the dusty road. There was never any money. They lived in the clapboard-and-log houses of the region, using coal oil for light, wood stoves for heat and cooking. The potatoes and whiskey were buried in the ground, the perishables were stored in the well house, the meat in the small smokehouse, and when there was fruit, it was dried and hung inside from the rafters. Times were hard and the nine children often went for days with nothing to eat but beans. Pug never saw a loaf of bread before he was ten. Even after they had moved to Nashville at the beginning of the war, the family's main diet consisted of corn bread, molasses and biscuits. "We never had meat," Pug remembered. "When I ate lunch at school, I was always conscious of the little our family had to eat. The other kids had good food—peanut butter and crackers and jam—but we ate biscuits and molasses. The other kids used to rib me a lot and, believe me, kids on kids is tougher than anything."

Once they had moved to Nashville, much else could be overlooked. They were in a city and they settled down. Back in the hollows, the Pearsons had never settled—they had never cleared the land, nor plowed, nor built, nor created for themselves a single place of permanence. They *had* established an identity of a kind; that is, they were remembered—since to this day the up hollows are filled with Pearsons—but they were remembered as transients. But that was all behind Pug now. "I don't know how I ever got out," he said. "A miracle, I guess. Evolution on the move."

Nashville. Pug still had great affection for the city, though it lacks the rush and color of his youth. There was a lot to do in the city then, particularly for a boy accustomed to an absence of temptation. To gain time, at 14 he left school. He had already discovered where his real talents lay: "I started hustlin' real young," he recalled, "at ten or eleven. I just started playin' cards and pool with the other paper boys. In those days, there was a pool hall on every corner and Eddie Taylor and New York Fats were our heroes. They came through Nashville all the

time." At 13, Pug hitchhiked to Tampa with three dollars in his pocket. In two weeks, he made over \$1000, more money than he thought existed, playing pool. "But I was burglaried," he said, "so I had to come home." At 15, he drove 40 miles a day to a small town north of Nashville to pitch half dollars to the line. He traveled a lot in his early teens and he soon began to feel he had exhausted Nashville's possibilities. His appetite for action had become insatiable, though he expressed it in different terms. It was just that Nashville seemed somehow smaller and more confined than Farn's Branch or Reese Hollow had ever been. In 1945, at the age of 16, Pug joined the Navy to get what the Navy assured him would be an education.

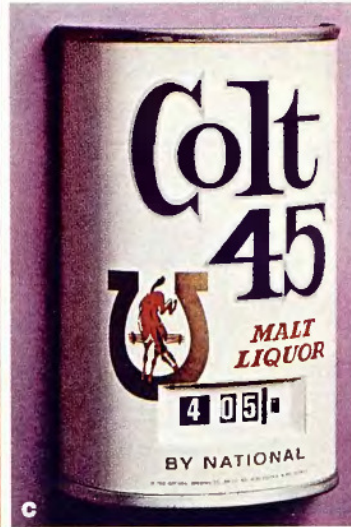
"I didn't really start to play poker till I got in the Navy," he said. "I learned the game real good. While everyone else was throwin' their money on drink and women, I was organizing poker games and playin'. When I got out, I'd saved about twenty thousand." He returned to Nashville. He opened a couple of bars, but that soon bored him. He had an itch to play cards and Nashville was no place for poker. "Between 1951 and 1957, I had this poker route, you see. Used to make the trip at least twice a year. I'd get in that old car and drive up to Bardstown and Bowling Green, to Louisville, Atlanta and Chicago, and sometimes down as far as Miami. A poker game every night. Those old boys could always count on me droppin' in on their little games. Knew I was comin'—same as Santa Claus. I played most everything. I played a lot of 'git-you-one' and cooncan, an awful lot. But I loved poker. I got so good at that game I could play with folks that used marked cards and signals and God knows what and beat 'em every time. Them old boys used to call me 'Catfish Jones, swimmin' up a muddy stream,' because they never saw me comin'. I came in right on their blind spots. I played and played. The thing of it is that when you're a kid, you've got no sense of time. And time passes the quickest during a poker game. Why, I got up from a game once, turned round a couple of times, and five or six years had gone by. That was in 1957. For years, on that poker route, I played one game after another. That's all I did."

Pug had an excellent memory. The story of the poker route was the only one he told me twice. I assumed it disturbed him, that somewhere along the way he had nurtured other dreams, which he had not had time to follow. But his dreams had been conventional enough. He had never had what are called illusions, no elusive sense of the ideal. It would have contravened his sense of order. "When I first started gamblin'," he remembered, "I suppose all I wanted was a big Cadillac, my own cue and cue case and a pocketful of money. What would

you expect a poor country boy from down yonder to want? Now I sometimes feel I haven't accomplished a damn thing. I gambled out of necessity to start. Now it's too late for anything else."

The Aladdin is no gaudier than any other hotel on the Strip. Given the ambience, the names of the hotel's main rooms—the Sabre Room, the Sinbad Lounge, the Gold Room and the Bagdad Theater—make as much sense as its mock-Byzantine façade. The cardroom is across from the Sinbad Lounge, in the large main room on the ground floor, where nightly some of the biggest poker games in the world are played. Here Pug Pearson holds court in a way Neil Diamond must have had in mind when he sang of "a high-rolling man in a high-rolling neighborhood." At first, it seems more than a little preposterous to find Pug—"a poor country boy from down yonder"—in such an opulent environment, until one understands that here the American ideal has been carried to its most practical conclusion; a place where, regardless of differences in background, taste or intelligence, money makes everyone equal, or momentarily creates that illusion. It is the panacea of the merchant classes. On the wall above the card tables is a sign that reads: POKER—24 HOURS EVERY DAY. Above the sign is a spread royal heart flush. The cardroom is not a room at all, since it occupies a side of the casino and is open to traffic between the slot machines in the lobby and the stage, from which pours the amplified noise of resident talent. Round about the card tables is the crowd of tourists and hopeful high rollers, as ridiculously dressed as jesters, the shills and stickmen, the security men and bad-credit boys acting as a kind of palace guard, and here and there an itinerant sinner. The people come and go like refugees—the places of the departed so quickly taken by new arrivals that there is little impression of real movement: just a kind of tense restlessness and the garbled sounds of the machines and the music and the mob lifted in endless crescendo. It is here that Pug, who has never been as innocent as any of them, makes his daily bread.

Pug has lived in Vegas for ten years. He, his wife and daughter occupy a rambling house on the nice, suburban edge of the city. His wife is also from Nashville and Pug claims they still miss the hills and streams of Tennessee. But Vegas is where the action is and his wife accepts his way of life, because, as he explains, "there ain't no changin' it." Now, action does not mean easy money, though there is that, too. But some of the best poker players in the country live in Vegas. Almost to a man, they are Southerners, from Texas, Oklahoma and Kentucky, and, like Pug, poor boys become well to do because of a



If unique is what you seek...

... you've found it! Select from these completely unique Colt 45 Malt Liqueur items . . . (a) Thermo Stein: a very classy way to keep cold drinks cold . . . hot drinks hot. (b) Tiffany Lamp: the light fantastic. Suitable for illuminating dens, pool tables and boudoirs. (c) Digital Wall Clock: beautiful proof that it's always time for Colt 45 Malt Liqueur. (d) Transistor Radio: introducing the cool sounds of Colt 45 Malt Liqueur. (e) Ice Bucket: the completely unique way to keep your Colt 45 cold. 15" tall. (f) Smiley T-Shirt, Mug & Decal Kit: wear a smile while you're drinking Colt 45. A completely unique 3-part offer. (g) Bottle Flashlight: brighten up your world with this bottle of Colt 45. Batteries not included.

COLT 45 MALT LIQUOR PREMIUM ORDER FORM

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$_____ (Do not send cash or stamps. No C.O.D.) Please send items checked below to:

NAME (Print or type)

ADDRESS (Print or type) APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

Colt 45 Items	Quantity	Cost	Total
Thermo Stein	_____	\$ 2.00	_____
Bottle Flashlight	_____	\$ 3.00	_____
Smiley Kit—T-shirt (sizes: S-M-L-XL), mug, decal	_____	\$ 4.00	_____
Transistor Radio	_____	\$10.00	_____
Ice Bucket	_____	\$10.00	_____
Tiffany Lamp	_____	\$15.00	_____
Digital Wall Clock	_____	\$17.00	_____
Sub-total \$			_____

If order is under \$25.00 add \$1.00 for postage and handling. If Missouri resident, add 3% of sub-total for sales tax. \$_____

Total \$_____

CATALOG OFFER. I do not wish to order anything now. Enclosed is 25¢ for my copy of the Colt 45 Premium Catalog containing all above merchandise and more. The 25¢ will be credited to my first order. (A free copy of the catalog is sent with any order placed for the above merchandise.)

Send orders to and make checks payable to:
Colt 45 Premium Offer
P.O. Box 8457 • St. Louis, Mo. 63132

talent at cards. Gambling, as Pug certainly believes, was born of necessity and represents the open road to Avalon. It is a curious fact that, like the American military—80 percent of whom above the rank of major are Southerners—the majority of professional cardplayers (and card-sharps) are Southerners. Thus, in one sense, Pug, by playing cards with his peers, maintains a loose hold on his roots. Eliminate the slot machines and the vulgar Western crowds, listen to the players in the Aladdin Hotel and one might easily be in Abilene or Tulsa or Bowling Green.

The night I walked into the Aladdin, I was told I could find Pug at the poker table, where he had been for the past 24 hours. He was dressed as he always was—the striped trousers, the short-sleeved shirt, the colored shoes and the wide straw hat. He looked no more outlandish than anyone else in the room; he looked perfectly at home. There was an air of permanence about him, the slightly bored authority of a teacher who has taught the same course for 20 years. He was in the middle of a hand and looked, as Nick the Greek had once been described, “like a guy sitting with an icicle up his ass.” Looking round the crowded noisy room, I remembered that this was the place Pug had called his office, a place of business to which he came each night; his opponents, seated now round the green-felt table in various attitudes of peevish dejection, he had referred to as his clientele. They were all there—Alabama Blackie, Treetop Jack Straus, Nigger Nate Raymond, Texas Dolly Doyle and a group of lesser players, all of whom looked like they had ridden in that night from the ranch.

In Las Vegas, Pug was deferred to—as parents defer to favorite sons. Everyone seemed to know him. Waitresses assured themselves his glass was always filled with water or tea or Seven-Up; passers-by stopped to chat or to whisper urgent messages in his ear; and players, en route to other games, paused to discuss old times or future plans. All of which Pug accepted as his due. “Folks know me real well out here,” he explained. “I could sit down in the middle of the freeway and get a game going, because people like to play with me. They like my action. They know I’m gonna give ‘em a square gamble. That’s what it’s all about. I can beat ‘em and beat ‘em and they’ll always come back. But fuck ‘em out of a quarter and they’ll leave forever. It gives ‘em an excuse for losing.” Pug thought of himself as a winner; it was something he knew about. As a winner, he also figured he knew more about loss than losers did. “Losing,” he told me, “is like smoking. It’s habit-forming, believe me. Some of the players at this here table couldn’t beat Tom Thumb at nothin’. But loss is

inevitable. The question is how much you control it. A winner is first and foremost a controller. That’s why in life, I’m just a little better than even—and an odds-on favorite to stay that way.

“You’ve got to remember that in poker, there are more winners than losers. At least at the higher levels. I’d say there was a ratio of twenty to one. But losers are great suppliers. One loser supplies a lot of winners. And the better the player, the bigger the cut. That’s what they call the great pyramid of gamblin’. Sharks at the top, then the rounders, the minnows, and at the bottom the fish—the suckers, the suppliers. Scavengers and suppliers, just like in life.

“It’s a funny thing—gamblin’. It’s like running a grocery store. You buy and you sell. You pay the going rate for cards and you try and sell ‘em for more than you paid. A gambler’s ace is his ability to think clearly under stress. That’s very important, because, you see, fear is the basis of all mankind. In cards, you psych ‘em out, you shark ‘em, you put the fear of God in ‘em. That’s life. Everything’s mental in life. The butt was made to lug the mind around. The most important thing in gamblin’ is knowing the sixty-four end of the proposition and knowing the human element. Some folks may know one of ‘em, but ain’t many know ‘em both. I believe in logics. Cut and dried. Two and two ain’t nothin’ in this world but four. But them suckers always think it’s something different. Makes you think, don’t it? I play percentages in everything. Now, knowing the percentages perfectly, the kind of numbers you read in them books, is all right, but the hidden percentages are more important. The thing to know is that folks will stand to lose more than they will to win. That’s the most important percentage there is. I mean, if they lose, they’re willin’ to lose everything. If they win, they’re usually satisfied to win enough to pay for dinner and a show. The best gamblers know that.”

I sat next to Pug or just behind like a stowaway, and between hands or when he folded early, we talked. There were usually five or six players sitting round the table—with piles of \$100 bills and various stacks of colored chips in front of them. As a rule, the players remained the same, though occasionally, one went broke or another would leave and someone would take his place. There were no introductions. They all seemed to know one another and Pug referred to them as “environment.” They played limit poker—usually five- or seven-card stud—which Pug believed was the best kind of poker, because there was less jeopardy and the best player always won. Once, in the middle of a hand, Pug suddenly turned as though he had forgotten something and said, “Always remember, the first thing a gambler has to do is make

friends with himself. A lot of people go through this world thinking they’re someone else. There are a lot of players sitting at this table with mistaken identities. You wouldn’t believe it.”

The hands went on and on throughout the night. At midnight, Pug’s wife phoned to say good night. He continued to play while he talked to her. At one point, he was almost \$10,000 ahead, but by four in the morning, he had lost most of it. He was tired. He had been up too long and knew he wasn’t giving the game the attention it required. But he began winning again and his game was soon interspersed with running comment and criticism. Toward the end of one hand, he turned up his cards and said: “This will beat your two queens, pally.”

“Christ, Pug, how’d you know I had queens?” said his opponent. “You see through my cards?”

“Hell, no,” said Pug. “I’m a gambler, not a mind reader.” Another player, a Texan, decided to leave, taking close to \$8000 in winnings with him. As he left, Pug said, “He’ll be back. He’s a great poker player, but, like most gamblers, he’s got a lot of bad habits—craps, roulette and the football.” Beating another player for a small pot, Pug said to him, “Son, if I’d had your hand, I’d of won.” He laughed. “That’s the thing of poker,” he said. “Ideally, you want the winning hands to pay and the losing hands to win.” At ten in the morning, Pug was about \$2500 ahead. He decided to play a final hand. The calls and raises went back and forth until there was some \$4000 in the pot. Only Pug and one other player had stayed in. Pug was very quiet. The seventh card was dealt. It was his call. He hesitated for a moment, then looked up and, pushing a pile of bills into the pot, he said: “I’m gonna raise you, son, ‘cause you ain’t got nothin’ in that hand but dreams.” He didn’t wait for an answer. Turning over his hand, he pulled in the pot.

The other player simply put down his cards and, shaking his head in disbelief, said, “Pug, you’re the goddamnedest lucky player.”

Pug grinned, lighting up a fresh cigar. As he put his money in his pocket, we left. “They all think I’m the luckiest son of a bitch in the world,” he said. “I like that; it brings ‘em back. Hell, ain’t no one can fill an inside straight quicker ‘n me. I’ll tell you about luck. I believe in it, sure, even though I know there ain’t no such thing. But other folks believe in it and sometimes it’s downright polite to go along with their beliefs. Just remember one thing—luck ain’t never paid the bills.”

That morning, he told me the story of the biggest hand he had ever won. “I was playin’ Johnny Moss,” he said, “at deuce-to-the-seven lowball. Kansas City lowball,



THE RICH NEED VOLVOS, TOO.

The rich have to travel the same roads as everyone else.

Face the same pitfalls.

Weather the same storms.

So we've armed them with a Volvo of their own.

The Volvo 164.

It provides the luxuries people of wealth consider necessities.

Infinitely adjustable seats

that let them sit on leather, instead of enveloping them in vinyl. Air-conditioning. Power steering. And a fuel-injected 3 liter engine (the rich do, after all, travel in fast circles).

Then there are the luxuries we consider necessities.

Like power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels. A body welded in one piece—any one of

its thousands of spot welds strong enough to support the weight of the entire body.

Plus six coats of rustproofing, primer and paint. And two different undercoatings.

Just because a man is rich doesn't mean he shouldn't be prepared for the road ahead.

THE VOLVO 164

© 1973 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION

they call it. Straights and flushes count against you. The perfect hand is two-three-four-five-seven. Now, I'm dealt a two-three-four-seven-jack. There were six or seven players in the game, a two-hundred-dollar ante. After the first round, there ain't but three of us left in the pot—Johnny, me and another guy, who was sitting on my right. He opens with a thousand. I raise twenty-eight hundred. Johnny calls and raises five thousand and then this guy only calls. Well, I know this guy, see, and he's a tight player, and when he calls I figure either he's got a perfect hand, what they call a bicycle, or he's gonna draw, and it's a hundred to one he's gonna draw. So I push all my checks into the pot—about twenty-five thousand—hoping to pick it up right there. Well, there's about forty-seven thousand in that pot now. Johnny sits there and stalls and stalls and does a lot of whispering with his confederate. I know he's got a real tough hand, possibly a two-three-four-seven and a ten or a jack. And I'm worried. Well, I know what Johnny's thinkin' and he's a good enough player so that I know what he's thinkin', just like he knows what I'm thinkin'. Hell, we're environment, we know each other like hills and streams. Finally, Johnny calls for what he's got left, which is fifteen thousand. By calling, you understand, he thought he was getting two to one on his money. Which is what I thought: but what happens, the guy on my right throws in his cards. He folds. Now Johnny knows he ain't but getting about six to five on his money and that just ain't the same investment. That's the main secret in cards—getting the right price on your money. Now, had the other guy drawn, I'm gonna get rid of that jack, but he drops, so I stand pat, figuring to make Johnny come off his hand. Hoping he'll dog it. Johnny is in last position. And he's uncertain. He knows I play kinda wild. Now, he stalls and stalls. I can see the BBs goin' round and round in his head, just like he sees mine, though not so clearly—Johnny's gettin' on. No more bets can be made, so he knows I'm not stealin'. He also knows I'm not bluffin'. I'm not. I'm playin' a fine line, son, I was reading my people real good and I knew it. I was like one of those guys with a baton in front of an orchestra. I was playin' it like Liberace. And Johnny, Johnny knows I got a hand. But what kind of hand do I have? He probably figures I've got a slick nine or an eight, so what does he do? He pooches it and draws. Now, once he hits that deck, I'm an eight—or an eight-and-a-half-to-five favorite to win. As he draws, I flop over my hand and say, 'Johnny, you made a mistake, now beat that jack.' He had discarded a ten and drawn a king. 'Oh, my God,' he says. 'I dumped the winning hand.' And I raked in the pot of sixty-two thousand. Now, that's what I mean

about knowing your human element."

It was nearly noon. Pug took me round his garden, which he had reclaimed from the desert. "It's a long way from Jackson County, ain't it?" he said with a smile. Even here, in Las Vegas, Appalachia wasn't far away and it reminded me that for all his practicalities, Pug would have to play and keep on playing in order to push it further from his mind. But it was always there; it was responsible for the dream in which he had become marooned. It was why he talked so intimately of loss and why suddenly, as if in answer to a question I had asked some time ago, he began to talk of it again. "Losers have an overwhelming ambition to win," he said, almost in a whisper. "They con themselves that they can win and that's why they keep on coming back. They *have* to, you understand, 'cause they'd hold a bad opinion of themselves otherwise. But without 'em, there would be no winners. No me." He paused, then added: "And that would be contrary to the laws of nature. Wouldn't be right."

Pug believed in what he liked to think were the laws of nature, one of them being that he would always be a winner. Although he had been broke before, he believed the odds had set things right and that they had also promised something more. And perhaps they had—though it continued to elude him. Like his father before him, chasing rumors of work from one town to another, Pug still pursued that dream of high elusive action. And in his darker moments, he must have wondered why it had not materialized. No matter. He was a patient suitor. Tomorrow, it would come. Tomorrow . . . or the day after. It was in the cards.

. . . .
I hope I break even today. I need the money.
—JOE E. LEWIS

He had always been just another face in the catalog of dark and half-remembered faces across from me—another player across a backgammon board in one of New York's darker East Side bars. No one, it seemed, knew much about him. Bo Strickland was his name, though I was to learn his given name was George, as his father's and his grandfather's had been before him. But they called him Bo, presumably because he was born in Boston. His accent was crisp and pleasantly stilted. He had only to ask the waiter for a drink to indicate that he came from Boston or from one of the clapboard towns in that vicinity.

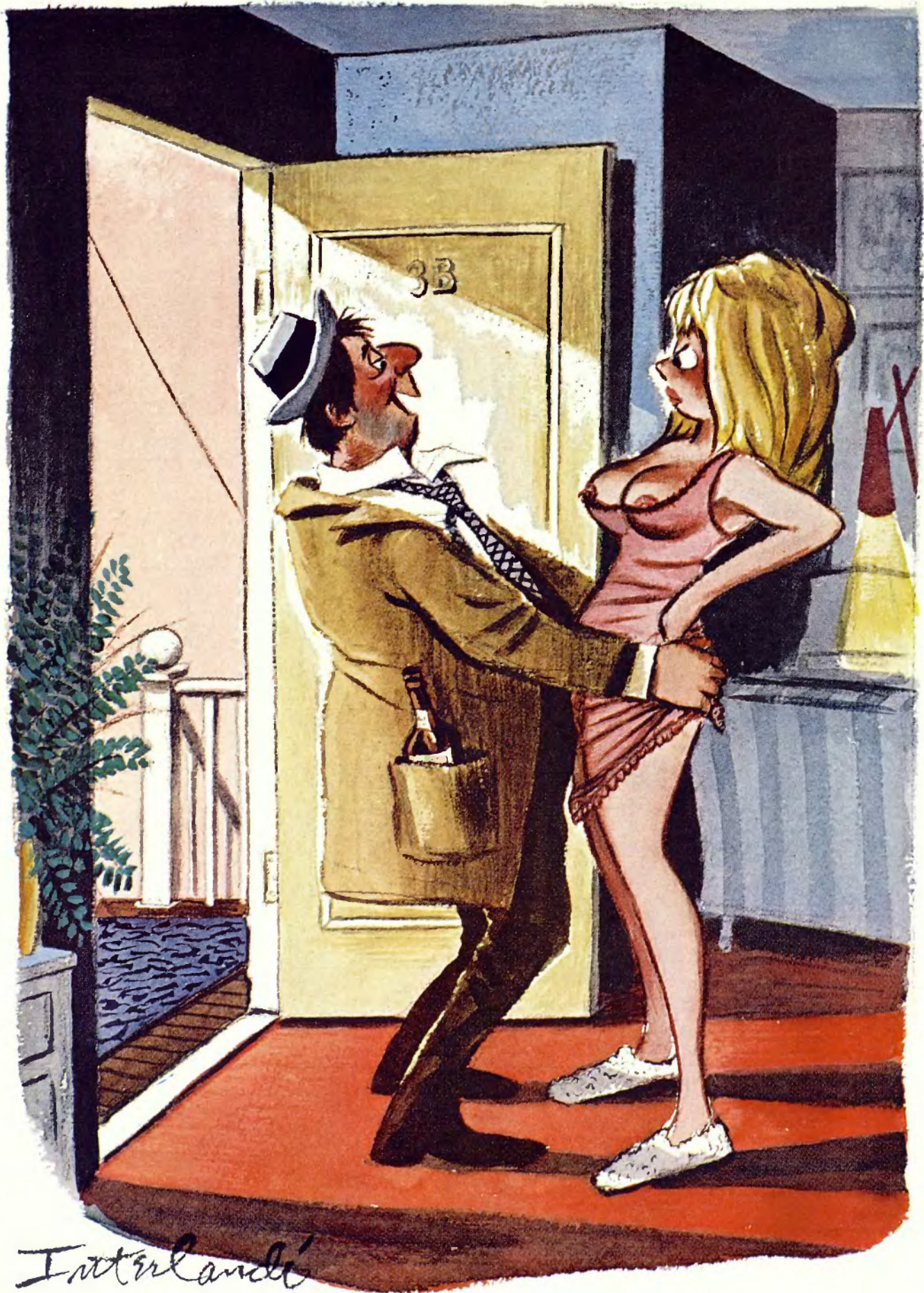
He was a tall man with a sharp aristocratic face, which in the dim light of the bar seemed to have just two expressions—one taut with a kind of pronounced regret, the other a lazy look of diffident elation, the look of a boy who has been praised for something he hasn't actually done. In his mid-40s, he was always dressed in an elegant pinstripe suit, as

though he had just arrived from the office. He had, in fact, that dour commercial air one usually attributes to members of the banking and stockbroking professions. Yet he also had the casual authority of a man with private funds. But it was difficult to know much about Bo. He usually arrived after midnight and rarely stayed more than an hour or two. I didn't know him very well: We exchanged the humdrum pleasantries of strangers who happen to gamble at the same game.

I would not have remembered him at all had not a curious incident occurred. One evening toward midnight, I stopped for a drink in one of those noisy "German" bars that clutter the Yorkville section of New York. Just inside the door, I looked across to the bar and there, in an open-necked shirt with a large dirty apron round his waist, was Bo Strickland serving drinks. Without his pinstripe suit and tie, he looked older, that taut look of regret more deeply pronounced than usual. Even his hair, normally slicked back, fell across his brow like some cheap, equivocal disguise. He looked somehow vulnerable and suddenly, not wishing to be seen, I turned back to the door. But Bo, at that moment, looked up and saw me there. He did not seem embarrassed nor particularly put out, almost angry, rather; and when a customer demanded service from down the bar, he abruptly turned away.

Some days later, I saw him again. He was at the backgammon table in his pinstripe suit. Looking occasionally at his watch, he played with that unruffled poise of his—the impression of a busy man between important errands. He noticed me at the bar, though he showed no sign of recognition. But when he was through playing, he rose and offered to buy me a drink. It was the first in a series of drinks and dinners and though we never became friends, we struck up for a time a loose and even convivial association.

At the best of times it is difficult for anyone to admit his failures, and Bo was no exception. To the end, he insisted he had merely been unlucky. When his bartending job was over, we would go to his apartment or sit and drink at one of the back tables in the bar, often until closing time, and Bo would recite the tale of his decline and fall in the sort of apathetic tones that schoolboys use when reciting passages they have had to memorize the night before. He sometimes sounded like a man with an alibi. But, for all his persuasive charm, Bo was an inadequate liar. Whenever he wished to gloss over certain portions of his life, his words would run together and his fingers would twitch endlessly through his thinning hair. He wasn't convincing: These are the facts, they speak for themselves, he seemed to say. The trouble was that I was forced to



Interlandi

"I came home horny. Doesn't that count for anything?"

see them exclusively through Bo's disarming and often dodgy point of view.

He was the only child of an old Boston family. Born just before the Depression, he had no real sense of that grotesque occasion. He remembered only that it had not disturbed the opulent composure of his father's home; when it was mentioned at all, it was made to seem like some fantastic rumor, like one of those catastrophes that frequent the far side of the world, an earthquake or a tidal wave, which are horrible but ultimately unimportant, since they involve Peruvians or Turks or Pakistanis.

Bo's childhood was that circumscribed. Although he cannot remember feeling one way or another about it then, when older, he developed a fear of partitioned spaces and interrupted views—a hatred, in fact, for any obstacle that set a limit to his actions. But at that time, his little world was as neat and elegant as a cocoon. His family had always had money; it was, his father liked to say, a family custom. Only once in their dull untroubled history had a note of alarm been introduced. His grandfather (by all accounts, a monstrous man) had squandered his inheritance on what used to be called loose women and riotous living. Accounts of his spendthrift ways occasionally filtered

down to a spellbound Bo, though it was forbidden to mention his name in the house. A monstrous man. Although the family had continued to maintain houses in Boston and on the Cape, when Bo's parents had married, they'd lived in "comparative penury." But his father soon righted the balance by making a fortune in real estate.

Bo's mother had died in childbirth: unexpected complications, too great a loss of blood, a frail condition—there never was a satisfactory answer. But his father had been unaffected. A gruff and stoic man, he saw in Bo the continuation of the Strickland line and he treated him not as a son but as his eventual successor. He seemed to imply that although certain gestures would be made, although certain standards would be indifferently upheld, Bo's real life was to be somehow suspended until that day arrived. Of the boy's capabilities, the father had no doubts—a chip off the old block, you understand. Making those smug assumptions, which fathers often make of only sons, he would say to Bo: "Remember, Son, you're a Strickland," as though that were more than most could hope for. It was a long time before Bo could repeat those words, even to himself, without breaking into raucous laughter.

Before he was 12, the boy had been sent to a series of fashionable day schools—till he was old enough to attend Choate. As a student, he was never more than satisfactory, but he did enough to get by and to be admitted to Princeton. Again, he made no particular mark, though he became conspicuous in other ways. He was one of those people who always seem to get away with things. Before the end of his freshman year, he was admired for what was thought to be his audacity and his eccentric charm. The latter quality, one of the few things he had not inherited from his father, enabled him to enter worlds from which his conduct should have barred him. Bad habits are often best disguised by what appear to be good manners; and Bo merely contrived the one to camouflage the other. His charm covered a multitude of errors, the earliest of which was gambling. "I gambled even as a kid," he recalled. "It amused me, and besides I was good at it. I learned to play poker before I was ten. I knew those odds and percentages before I knew my multiplication tables." He liked to think that if gambling had been in the curriculum, he would have graduated from Princeton with honors.

As it happened, he was fortunate to have graduated at all. As before, he did just enough to get by—concentrating his brightest efforts on giving or going to elaborate dances, parties and masquerades, spending giddy weekends in New York, Palm Beach or at one or another of the East Coast tracks. Bo looked on Princeton as a smart and rather amusing resort—a place where it was possible to entertain his friends and where, if one had money, all but the most major infractions of college etiquette were generously overlooked. When Princeton gave him his degree, Bo accepted it as a kind of compliment for having executed some extraordinary practical joke.

After graduation, he spent 18 months in Europe undergoing a sort of grand tour from London to Deauville to Biarritz to Cannes and Monte Carlo, to San Remo and to many of the lesser casinos in between. He won, he claimed, some \$40,000. When he returned to Boston, he was filled with what he described as an irrepressible *joie de vivre* and a still unsatisfied yearning to prove himself on native ground.

Back in Boston, Bo's father insisted that he work at one of the more respectable brokerage houses in New York. It was not the money, of course. His father had long before arranged a trust so that he would receive \$100,000 on his 25th birthday, followed by similar amounts on his 30th, 35th and 40th birthdays. It was assumed that he would inherit the remainder, "the real cash," on his father's death. Until the trust commenced, Bo was to receive a large allowance. But on the condition that he find work. His father felt that in Wall Street he would acquire a



"Phallic symbol? I'd hate to tell you what it looks like to me!"

business sense and suitable credentials. Credentials had been one of his father's favorite words, by which he meant insurance against the unforeseen, the keys to the scheme of things. In the early spring of 1950, armed with numerous letters of credit and introduction, Bo set out for Manhattan. Two weeks later, he accepted a job as a customers' man in a reliable firm at a salary of \$100 a week. He began the job with reluctance and a certain dissatisfaction, but it would not be for long, he reasoned. So long as he was limited to an allowance, he would conceal his bright hopes in a gray-flannel suit; so long as he was in tether, he would toe the mark and soldier on. Indifference, that was the key. He could wait. It was only a matter of time.

I don't know whether I have managed to convey the intense quality of Bo's optimism. Then, as now, hope was his chief happiness; it was absolute and unassailable. He was an optimist—the sort of man Ambrose Bierce once described as a proponent of the doctrine that black is white. But because hope lives in the future and always seemed just a jump ahead of him, it began to cast a little fog of apprehension on Bo's day-to-day activities. Each day seemed to him a prison, but tomorrow, at dawn, the pardon would come; his hopes were high—as they needed to be, for Bo entered what he later called the bottom of his life. He once explained to me that should he ever come to write his autobiography, that portion of his life would be eliminated for reasons of dullness and a lack of panache. It had been a compromise, he said, and would not do.

For the first few years of his Wall Street period, Bo behaved himself and seemed to have forgotten his dreams of brash knight-errantry. At the age of 25, he came into the first part of his trust and met the girl whom he married shortly thereafter. They lived in a large three-bedroom apartment on Fifth Avenue overlooking the park and maintained a weekend house in a fashionable part of Westchester County. Since joining the firm, he had been rapidly promoted: "They think the world of Bo," his wife liked to say. Each morning, he took the subway to work and the subway back and the weekends were spent in the country. In the second year of their marriage, his wife produced a daughter, and afterward, in the dark of their apartment or sitting during the long summer evenings on the porch of their country home, she would assure him that she was blissfully happy. And so, it seemed, was he. But sometimes, while riding the subway, that little fog of apprehension would creep across his mind; he began to wonder if this were all, if there would be no further nights of revelry, no more extravagant gestures made. It wasn't fun anymore and the daily subway rides began to unnerve him—became the visible symbol of his captivity. He hated

his job, hated its pointless aims, its pompous air of self-approval and he began to feel, as Nick the Greek had, that a guaranteed income was a guaranteed bore.

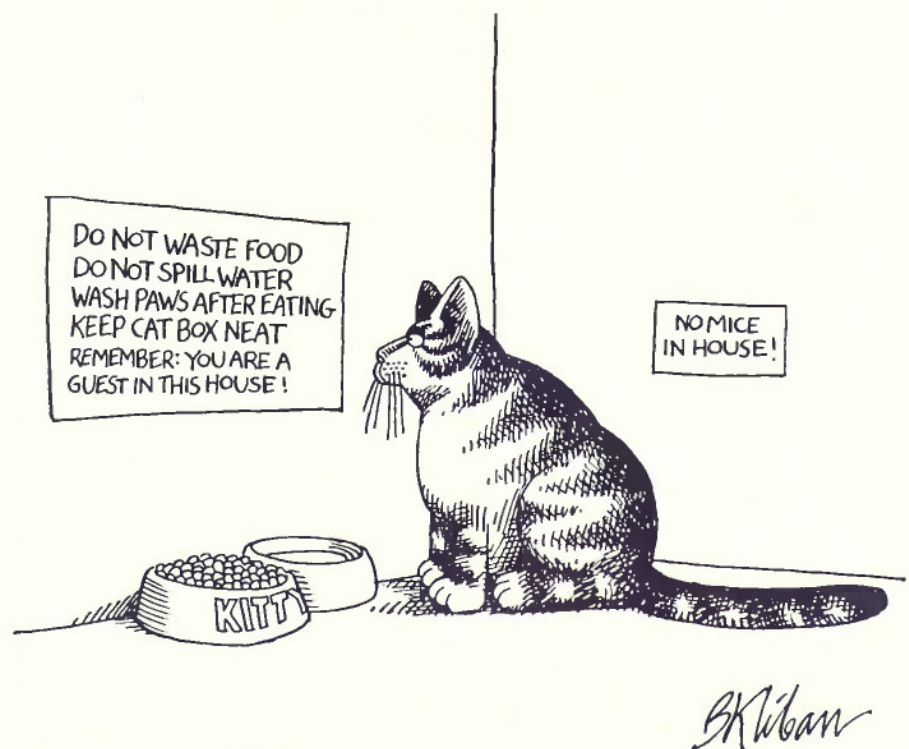
"It began quite inadvertently," he recalled. "A colleague at the office needed a fourth for a poker game. I had no particular feelings about it. I'd made no unbreakable resolutions. I just hadn't gambled for a few years. That night, I wanted to. How can I explain it to you? I got home at three in the morning. I'd won three hundred and fifty dollars, but it wasn't the money. I didn't need the money. No, it was the action, that sense of excitement stretched toward a breaking point that never comes, and I realized just how dull my life had become, how insufferably dull. I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep, and all the next day I felt little, almost orgasmic jolts, not in my cock but in my mind. It was a revelation. I felt as though I'd taken a pill."

His life was never again the same. Even now, looking back after 18 years, Bo saw no telltale clues or inauspicious signs that might indicate some point of no return along the way. Quite the reverse. That night revealed to him what he had always known—it brought him to his senses. He had, as he saw it, denied the best in him, denied those high elated leaps of the soul that rise from the turn of a single card or the sudden burst of a horse in the stretch. He had been living too long at second hand, reined in, and he wanted to come into the open now. "It was," he said, "an appetite over which I had less and less control. But, you see, I didn't want control. I wanted a kind of freedom, I suppose, a sense of space. Gambling was just

something to do, like getting laid, and I liked it. I still do. It relieves the pain."

During those first years, Bo could not have been more satisfied, justified, even, that he had made a sensible decision. And he won—consistently. He absented himself from the office more and more. On his way home from the track or the gaming parlor, he usually bought his wife some slight expensive bauble and she would scold him for his extravagance—with unconcealed affection. This was Bo's best period. Curiously, he sensed that his success had little to do with any real gambling talent; more often than not, he saw that chance had intervened on his behalf. Even so, he had also come to believe that some eccentric rationale ruled his wild ascent—as though magic were merely logic mispronounced.

It could not last, of course, and slowly that mysterious flair of his began to disappear. By 1964, his life had become a continuous gamble. What had begun as occasional poker became thrice-weekly sessions. He began to lose. He began to bet on everything—cards, backgammon and craps, the horses and the trotters, the football, baseball and basketball games, even politics. Suddenly, at the age of 36, he found he had gone through most of his available funds. No one knew—not even his wife—credit camouflaged that, but it became apparent that unless he stopped, that unless, as he liked to think, his monstrous luck quit dogging him, he would soon come to the end of the line. One night, in a private high-stakes poker game, he could not cover his losses with ready cash and he put up as collateral the deed to his Fifth Avenue apartment. By



Brut for Men.

If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.

four in the morning, when the game ended, he returned to an apartment that was no longer his. The new owner gave him three months' grace in which to move his chattels out. Bo told his wife that he was bored, that he required a change, that they should move to some more appropriate address; and besides, he explained, Fifth Avenue wasn't what it used to be. Surprisingly, Bo recalled, she agreed, but with a kind of abject resignation.

They moved to a more appropriate address—a small brownstone somewhat too far east in the upper 60s. "Given my setbacks," said Bo. "it wasn't bad for a time, it wasn't bad at all." Although minor adjustments were made and occasional concessions given, their lives continued in much the same old way—became better, in fact, since Bo had now embarked on an Indian summer of good fortune. But even irresponsibility develops its own logic and with a kind of evil, irreversible regression, Bo saw his successes slip away. In 1968, he and his wife had a second daughter, whom Bo, during a particularly bad run at the track, called Hope. But nothing came of it. That autumn, he lost \$10,000 on the world series and could not pay. Mixing semitruths with apology and outright lies with mild exaggeration, he asked his father for help. But even his charm seemed to have deserted him. His father was cold and polite and he refused. "It was then," said Bo, "that I felt the paranoia breaking out in boils all over my body."

Whatever Bo had lost, whatever his real or imagined fears had taken from him, he always seemed to me a cheerful, uncomplaining man. During those long nights in the Yorkville bar, he would recite the grim account of his demise with a kind of comic malice, as though it had happened to some imprudent friend of his. And yet the night he told me of those last hysteric quests of his to overcome his losses, a kind of gothic monolog ensued—a bitter series of dashed hopes and dark reversals that an inexorable fate had heaped upon him. Rejected by his father and treated more and more with cold suspicion by his wife, he cast about for more amenable solutions. Before the year was out, he was sacked by his employers for embezzling \$15,000. For reasons of propriety, they decided not to prosecute, extracting a fragile promise that he would repay the debt one day. "I was at my wit's end," he said. "I'd considered everything—insurance schemes, loan sharks, finance companies, bank loans, everything. In the end, I settled on what seemed the lesser evil." He continued to gamble, but winning had become a lost cause. He sold stocks, obtained advances on his trust, wrote postdated checks, borrowed from the Shylocks, to whom, at one point in his decline, he owed \$1000 a week in interest alone. "I'd borrowed sums from five or six loan outfits," he said. "I drove

them all crazy." At the end, the schemes, the advances, the loans, the returned checks, all these separate instances of his dementia acquired a general definition: a sense of utter desolation, of having been unjustly singled out for some demonic retribution.

Gambling had become a sort of hypnosis. What had begun as a desire to overcome the odds had now become an obsession to keep them at bay. And everything was sacrificed to that. From time to time in those black years, his wife had threatened separation, but with tears and endless promises, she had been dissuaded. But just before Christmas in 1969, Bo returned to the apartment to find that she and the children had gone. "I think the final straw," he said, "was the day I pawned her engagement ring. I told her I'd only pawned it, that I hadn't actually sold it, but she wasn't listening to much sense at the time. I used to dream of the things I'd buy her with my winnings. And do you know, she thought I was selfish? There was nothing I wouldn't have done for her." Bo paused, as though thinking of further favors he might have performed. "No, she was the selfish one," he said. "She left me at a rather crucial time, you know." Less than two weeks later, Bo received a letter from his father filled with phrases such as "most distressed" . . . "unwarrantable behavior" . . . "that a son of mine" . . . "no alternative" . . . in short, that Bo was stricken from his father's will.

And so, at the pivotal age of 40, Bo stood well outside the periphery of his dreams. He felt cheated, as though the dialectic of the game he'd played had somehow been impure—falsified. But he was not an optimist for nothing; and he began to search for some new Euclidean principle that would direct the straight line of his hope along the shortest distance between loss and gain.

Bo's present home was in one of those quaint and shabby Upper East Side streets that in New York, at least, are fashionable: here and there, a thin leafless tree kept upright by sticks and wires; on either side, the drab brownstones with steep steps rising to the door. In one of these, an old *Frau* ran a boardinghouse, though in keeping with the neighborhood, they were called self-contained apartments. On one of the landings, a coin-operated telephone was bolted to the wall; the stair wells were dark and narrow. For nearly two years, Bo had occupied the largest of these apartments at the top of the house—a single room with one high window overlooking the street. Inside: a bed in the corner disguised as a divan, an armchair or two, small wooden tables, a thick wardrobe, a chiffonier—the undistinguished bric-a-brac of furnished rooms. But dotted round the room were remnants of Bo's past—silver-framed photographs of Bo as a dapper

young man, Bo at Princeton, Bo and his smiling wife in some such place as Biarritz, his children. In the corner were several walking sticks, a silver trophy was on the mantel and on a table next to the bed lay an old silver brush and tortoise-shell comb. There was an antiquated air about the place and I always felt as though I had entered a rather cheap museum.

Bo was now nearly 44 and he liked to think that life had made a realist of him. Increasing Damon Runyon's odds, he believed that all life was eight to five against, that this was inevitable, the way of the world. Banned from his heaven, Bo began to praise his hell. I once asked him if he regretted the waste of all that had gone before. "A waste?" he said. "How can you call it a waste? I've cornered more excitement into twenty minutes than most men have in twenty years.

"A friend of mine," he continued, "who is now involved in Gamblers Anonymous, tried to talk me into going. I mean, he thought I was some kind of sick loony. Do I look sick? Gambling gives me a sense of camaraderie, that's all. I suppose it reminds me of my days at Princeton. But that's not sick. At one time, I'll admit, I thought of suicide, just after my wife walked out, but I won on the Jets that Sunday and forgot all about it."

Bo talked obsessively about the one game, the one hand, he felt had conquered him, as though it had been a turning point—that single wager that had sliced his life into two quite separate entities. He was very unlucky to have lost that night, he said, with \$15,000 in the pot. "Had that not happened," he mused, absent-mindedly caressing the silver trophy, "had the next card been the three of diamonds. . . .

"I remember leaving the room hurriedly. I was broke and had to quit. I rushed outside and got violently sick, vomiting everywhere. Suddenly, there in the vomit, I saw a fifty-dollar bill. I saw it quite clearly and grabbed at it. But it was only an old piece of newspaper and I was sick all over again." It was only after that, he claimed, that he began pressing—drawing two cards to a flush, drawing to inside straights, raising on deuces, bluffing and almost never folding. After that, he dropped from sight, saw none of his former friends and took a series of menial jobs, of which bartending was the best, since the pay was good and it gave him company. And he continued to gamble, convinced that sooner or later, his break would come.

Nick the Greek once said that the majority of people share a common goal and a common failing: "They believe that money is something far more than a handy scorekeeping device." Bo would have agreed with that, though for quite a different reason. "It used to be," he said, "that if I were winning, I'd play to win

more, and if I were losing, I'd play to get even. But I don't think about the money anymore. I made that mistake last time. The play's the thing, the play. You know? Hell, I read the license plates ahead of me in traffic jams, figuring just how good a hi-lo hand they'll make. I really love to play." He looked at me and sat down, a faint smile of suspicion on his face. "You think that's unusual, don't you? Come on, everybody gambles. Look around you. Look at the business world. There are a lot of Monopoly games going on."

I saw Bo gambling at cards only once. He didn't like me around, he said, as I disturbed his concentration. But one night he relented, and after his shift, we went to a shabby hotel on the West Side. Bo nodded to the desk clerk; we walked upstairs and down a hall to a small overheated room that reeked of sweat and stale cigarettes. The door was locked behind us. Inside, there were five players at an oval table—seedy, unshaven men of indeterminate age. One of them, a huge Puerto Rican with a gold front tooth, wore little more than his trousers and a pair of suspenders hitched across his naked shoulders. They were all drinking cheap whiskey. The men nodded and Bo sat down—out of place in his pinstripe suit, like a character who had wandered into the wrong play. But he seemed perfectly at home—the silence, broken only by a radio, by coughs and gruff instructions to raise, to pass or fold, the smoke, the sweat, the sense of ugly isolation, were instances of an all-too-hospitable geography now. Theodor Reik observed that gambling was "a kind of question addressed to destiny." And it seemed to me that Bo had bent his head in such a way as to have heard an answer. For he was in his element now and he played with the intensity of a man who sensed that each new dawn, each new turn of the card, represented a place where pain was neutralized and memory dulled, where hope, like some old familiar landmark, would guide him home again.

It was dawn. (It is always dawn on these occasions.) Bo had played throughout the night and, collecting his winnings, about \$100, we left. We parted at the corner. He was drunk; he seemed agitated and very tired, as if he had just come down off Methedrine. The streets were empty but for a passing milkman and two or three black hookers loitering in a door at the corner. Bo began to sing in a thick dissonant voice. Adjusting the lapels of his pinstripe suit and running his fingers through his thinning hair, he reeled quaintly toward the corner. I never saw him again. I don't know where he was going, nor I think did he, but sliding out from the door, one of the hookers took Bo by the arm and helped him on his way.

Brut 33 Anti-Perspirant for Men.

You won't have any doubts about yourself.



See "The Protectors", an exciting new TV adventure show starring Robert Vaughn, brought to you by the great "Protectors" of good grooming—Brut 33 by Fabergé.



WRITER AS POLITICAL CRAZY

Nazi rhetoric about "blood and soil," is often funny in its unqualified pretentiousness. Lawrence once wrote in a letter:

If a lizard falls on the breast of a pregnant woman, then the blood-being of the lizard passes with a shock into the blood-being of the woman and is transferred to the fetus, probably without intervention either of nerve or brain consciousness. And this is the origin of totem; and for this reason some tribes no doubt really were kangaroos.

T. S. Eliot was not as obviously far out as Lawrence, Pound, Céline (who became Pétain's personal physician during the Vichy period) and other great presences in the 20th Century revolution of modernism. Unlike Céline, who always heard a buzzing in his head from wounds incurred in 1914 but wrote the most savagely powerful French prose of our time in his great novel *Journey to the End of the Night*, Eliot was an almost preposterously proper type. He was a deeply repressed man who wrote his great early poem, *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, directly about sexual timidity and deprivation carried to the point of schizophrenic delusion.

Eliot was so ravaged and broken down by the mental illness of his first wife that in his most famous poem, *The Waste Land*, he identified his personal desolation with the disintegration of Europe. But as he said when paying tribute to Pound's inspired cutting and sharpening of the poem (Pound also raised a fund to send Eliot to recuperate in Switzerland), *The Waste Land* should not have been taken, so much as it was, for a picture of civilization in trouble. It was Tom Eliot who was in trouble.

Still, like so many great poets and novelists of the suspense-laden Twenties (civilization seemed to be hanging in the balance, and indeed it soon fell), Eliot did fancy himself something of a pundit about society, tradition, culture. He once made a ridiculous speech to the Conservative Association in London (at which two former prime ministers swelled the captive audience) that demonstrated his lack of any real ideas on the subject of politics. But in England he became such a VIP that he finally convinced himself that it was up to him to help save poor declining England. Alas, he remained such a make-believe, literary theorist of society that at a time when everybody in England knew that something had to be done about the monstrously inadequate educational system, Eliot publicly opposed raising the school-leaving age from 14 to 15. He advocated inequality of education on the grounds that it was nonsense to believe "that a great deal of first-class ability . . . is being wasted." A few years later,

(continued from page 136)

the classic Robbins report on higher education in England proved that "most of the intelligence of the nation was in fact being wasted."

William Butler Yeats, surely the greatest poet in English of the 20th Century, developed as a poet so amazingly that his later poetry was infinitely sharper, tarter, more magical and sensual than his early romantic poems. But the fierceness of his Irish mind led him to develop a foolish contempt for what he assumed to be the effiteness of modern times. He saw the present as a mere transition to a more legendary, traditionalist future. He was infatuated with Mussolini's Fascism, which he hilariously called individualist. He supported the Irish Fascist Blue Shirts, led by General Duffy. Yeats wrote, with misplaced confidence in his own words:

Politics are growing heroic. De Valera has forced political thought to face the most fundamental issues. A Fascist opposition is forming behind the scenes to be ready should some tragic situation develop. I find myself constantly urging the despotic rule of the educated classes. . . . I know half a dozen men, any one of whom may be Caesar—or Catiline. It is amusing to live in a country where men will always act. Where nobody is satisfied with thought. There is so little in our stocking that we are ready at any moment to turn it inside out, and how can we not feel emulous when we see Hitler juggling with his sausage of stocking. . . . The chance of being shot is raising everybody's spirits enormously.

. . .

In a sense, we have all been political nuts since the world-wide Depression of the Thirties; this led straight to the still-incredible destructiveness of 1939–1945 and the revolutions, wars, civil wars, mass insurrections that have followed World War Two. This war certainly made us all "very tough," as Kurt Vonnegut says in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. But the tougher we get, the more we grow afraid of ourselves. There seems to be no escape from political anxiety. Yet for all this unrelenting pressure of political issues on every man, woman and child just now (especially in an age when instant mass communications single out and dramatize every act of violence, every rape and shoot-out as a political protest), our faith in our own political ideas and nostrums, in the use of reason and in the exercise of right language, has correspondingly declined.

This is why, in our time, the writer as political nut is such a spectacle. Wordsworth and Shelley, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, Emerson and Thoreau still had perfect faith in the power of literature over the minds, souls, lives of everyone.

Today even the best of writers cannot help doubting the rightness and relevance of literature to the whole human predicament. This decline of confidence comes at a time when any writer with imagination is likely to feel increasingly outraged by the political nuts everywhere who shape lives and send children to useless wars; who order the Cuban TV to cover the execution of political prisoners; who allot billions every year to pay for past wars, present wars, future wars; who unleash the killings in Northern Ireland, the killings in Colombia, the killings in America; who perpetuate the militarism of senile Southern politicians, the epidemic of drug taking on the part of the young, the fanaticism of political debate, the overbearingness of politicians, the poisoning of personal relationships in what French novelist Nathalie Sarraute calls "the age of suspicion."

Although I have never had an original political idea in my life, I, too, am a political nut. For without being able to do anything about it, I have been maddened by the slaughter of so many innocent people, the unspeakable cruelty in the very streets of American cities, the insane self-righteousness of people who excuse their blood lust as political virtue. Literature has been life itself to me, certainly the most creative part of life. Yet aware of myself as a writer peculiarly concerned with the minds of other writers, I am even more aware that the news, the alarms, the disturbances that fill our lives all day and every day have not brought the most gifted writers of my time any corresponding faith that they will be listened to and believed.

It was thus exactly his political insignificance that cemented Pound's craziness. For he was not used to having anything he said or believed on any subject dismissed as insignificant. Like D. H. Lawrence and so many other famous writers with a notable faith in all their own pronouncements, Pound was a spoiled child and sounded off for 70 years with the self-assurance of one. Freud said that the favorite of the mother is always a "conqueror." Pound was the favorite of both his parents, was peculiarly close to them (and always had them around in heathen Europe) up to an amazingly late age. He was used to being loved and fondly listened to evidently from babyhood. In his broadcasts, he sounded off about the "spirit of '76," which he thought his family represented—a grandfather had been a Congressman. It is important to note about this political nut that he was able to sustain good relationships with wife and mistress openly. He was a wonderful friend and always so good to people he admired that the poet Louis Zukofsky and other Jews have defended him against the charge of being *personally* anti-Semitic. On the other hand, it is a fact that when this spoiled child felt

ignored, not made enough of for any reason, he turned petulant—this seems to have happened in England, and he came to hate the English just as publicly as he excoriated those financiers and other superpowerful bogeymen he called kikes.

Pound always took his own opinions most seriously. He could be humble and contrite, as befits a man of 60 held prisoner in a steel cage who discovered after the war that he had been extolling leaders who had put 1,000,000 Jewish children to death. But his earlier cockiness stemmed from his poet's sense of personal authority. One of the wonders of human creativity is the sureness with which poets come to trust their wayward moods, the electric instinct with which they can put unrelated and opposing things into exciting combination. The poet's gift is one of the most remarkable forms of mental organization known to nature. It involves the ability to bring together different levels of being, to unite into sound items drawn from both our deepest unconscious and our closest thinking. Yet even among modern poets, famous for emphasizing the "natural" qualities of the spoken voice, Pound is remarkable for turning the most amazing pile of ideas and reminiscences into beautiful sound.

His most ambitious and most famous poem, the 84 *Cantos*, is in many respects a weird junk shop and flea market of his random experiences (and favorite quotations). Yeats called the *Cantos* "nervous obsession, nightmare, stammering confusion." It is studded, in no discernible order, with Chinese ideograms and quotations from the Greek, Provençal, Italian; it is full of historical freight lifted bodily from the political papers of John Adams and the diaries of John Quincy Adams, and I mean *lifted*, not stolen. It is by turns also catty and tremulously "beyootiful" in a romantic style not seen since Pound was in high school, and it is characteristic of his mind that he repeats stories about mandarin figures in the arts he knew for over half a century without his noticing the repetitions.

Reading the *Cantos* is a kind of exercise in magic: You wait for the great man to deliver a rabbit out of so much drivel and, by God, sometimes he does! There are many stunning passages, much pretense and, above all, a lot of the static buzzing in Pound's curious mind. Finally, Pound is a maker of pastiches, clever imitations and impersonations of how any and all poets have sounded through the ages. Although the *Cantos* is really an old Saratoga trunk stuffed with personal memorabilia, fantastic reading, conscious and unconscious quotations, gossip, hatred and spite, it is, in the end, a work in honor of poetry as Pound's real life, his best life. As a poet, Pound *was* able to rise above the debris of his life, above the junk pile of his miscellaneous and sometimes phony learning. By his gift for making poetry sound, by sheer hypnotic



"A package of condominiums, please."

incantation, he did make his unbelievable contraption *move*.

George Orwell was probably right when he called Pound a faker. Pound always pretended to more languages than he had, and certainly to more knowledge of history and economics. But Orwell was not a poet. His wonderful commonsensical mind made him the long-needed scourge of upper-class English leftists who cheerfully thought Marxist dictatorship good enough for the common people. But Orwell was incapable of understanding the peculiarly intuitive accomplishment at work in wizard poets like Pound—which is a form of genuine divination, of occult knowledge. As Rilke said, "Poetry is the past that breaks out in our hearts."

Pound had this gift. And, like many poets, he had it to a degree that unbalanced *him*. Poets are different from prose writers: They are more the victims of words for words' sake; but they also have an inborn sense of what lies buried in words—the human traditions and human practices that have been congealed into the rhythm, force and color of words alone. Poets have a right to speak for that realm within our own minds that feels like another world. This other world lies in the undecipherable network of our unconscious thought, where we are under the spell of words and the combination of words without knowing what they "mean." Poets like Pound have this secret writing in their heads to such an extent that they are often literally cracked. They see life through this crack and often they *become* this crack.

The mad poets are legion, a legion of the damned. Since the 18th Century and the beginning of modern, romantic poetry, we have had such certified madmen and lunatic cases as Christopher Smart, John Clare, Dr. Johnson, William Cowper, William Blake, Friedrich Hölderlin, Paul Verlaine—and, in our day, the German Nobel Prize winner Nelly Sachs, Robert Lowell, Anne Sexton, Delmore Schwartz. And there are the suicide poets—Gérard de Nerval, Hart Crane, Sylvia Plath, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman.

Pound's good friend Ernest Hemingway said of him when he was on trial for treason, "Pound's crazy. All poets are. They have to be. You don't put a poet like Pound in the loony bin. For history's sake, we shouldn't keep him there." But from Pound's own point of view, this craziness may have been the positive in his life, the force behind his unquenchable mental energy, his gift for whipping up other minds into an intellectual excitement like his own. Pound was an unstoppable talker, mover, prodder; his intellectual energy, his poet's sense that whatever he said *was authoritative because a poet said it* made him think of language as the divine gift embodied in him. He was a creature of words, bewitched by words, haunted by his own power to summon up the myths of human history from the amazing deep that is a poet's mind.

Pound was, from ecstatic youth on, the poet's poet, a man driven mad with excitement by his own gift, by poetry everywhere in the air of his life. He had a sure

instinct for what was first-rate. It is a matter of record that he was also the most generous of critics to now-famous poets when they still needed a hearing. But the world-wide Depression of the Thirties brought out all his family's obsession with finance as an Eastern monopoly (his father, Homer Pound, once actually printed his own scrip to pay off his employees). Pound became obsessive on the subject of "usury," assumed on his own say-so that the banks and banks alone, "international financiers," held everyone else in thrall by forcing them to borrow all capital at high interest rates. By rapid stages Pound became a believer in Major Douglas' Social Credit, then in Mussolini's theory that the Fascist state could be made up of "corporations" from the different classes that would work together in the interest of the state, then in the Nazi claims that rich Jews alone held the purse strings in Europe and, by squeezing off credit, were responsible for the Depression.

Pound read a lot in history, but only to find things suitable to his growing paranoia that "they" were after the rest of "us" and to his megalomania that a few great men in history, like himself, Confucius and John Adams, knew all the answers. Have you ever seen marginal comments in library books—"Fool! Hasn't he read Blankety Blank, page 83?" Pound's economic pamphlets are like that.

What is most disturbing about Pound the political nut (as opposed to Pound the poet) is how cheap, nasty, downright stupid his style becomes in polemic. This is already clear in the excerpts from his "treason" broadcasts during the war. It appears in many cantos. In the original version of canto 52, for example, Pound propounded the lie that the poor Jews of Europe, just then being slaughtered by Hitler, were paying for the "guilt" (*Schuld* in German) of the Rothschilds (the name means red shield in German), whom Pound typically called the Stink-schulds. These names were replaced by blanks in the complete edition of the *Cantos*. But it is typical of right-wing mania on the subject of Jews that one of the most brilliant critics of Pound, Hugh Kenner, repeats this dangerous falsehood in his recent book, *The Pound Era*, when he says that "Hitler jailed no Rothschilds, and Pound thought that the poor Jews whom German resentment drove into concentration camps were suffering for the sins of their inaccessible coreligionists." Kenner quotes these beautiful lines from canto 52:

*Stinkschuld sin drawing vengeance,
poor yitts paying for Stinkschuld,
paying for a few big jews' vendetta
on goyim.*

Kenner does not know how many "Rothschilds" died in Nazi camps. Still, right-wing literary critics are not the

greatest danger to the republic just now. The most obvious political nuts among writers are on the left, whether New Left, Bomber Left or Would-Be Left. Norman Mailer, in a famous essay, "The White Negro," on the necessity of white middle-class writers like himself becoming "psychopaths" or "hipsters" so as to beat back the conformism poisoning American life, wrote that as opposed to the arch-square and obedient goody-goody male who "can conform to what he loathes because he no longer has the passion to feel loathing so intensely," two strong 18-year-old hoodlums beating in the brains of a caudystore keeper do have courage of a sort:

for one murders not only a weak 50-year-old man but an institution as well, one violates private property, one enters into new relations with the police and introduces a dangerous element into one's life. The hoodlum is therefore daring the unknown, and so no matter how brutal the act, it is not altogether cowardly.

I once heard Mailer lament to a private discussion group that literature is "conservative." He is an always exciting writer who for years has also been playing every possible role in and out of his work because his desire for himself is, above all, to be a doer, risk taker, adventurer not content with mere writing. But, of course, writing is Mailer's life and his only real consistency. A good deal of his posturing consists in sticking his head over the trench, yelling *Fuck you, squares!* and then contentedly getting back to his typing.

Pound hated Jews because he had a child's version of history: Everything was just lovely in his Golden West until those corrupters from the East came in. Mailer is a Jew with a typical modern dislike of being a "good Jew." As he has often said, being a Nice Jewish Boy is the one role unacceptable to him. He, too, is a spoiled child, with a partiality to his own family that permits him, like Pound, to take off on the world at large whenever he likes.

Right-wing nuts are distinguished by their feeling for tradition, continuity and the paranoid delusion that some evil person or force is trying to break up something that was never questioned before. Left-wing nuts are distinguished by the delusion that activism at any price, symbolic activism if necessary, will redeem man (whether he likes it or not) from the suffering inflicted on him in the past and present. Mailer is actually a very cagey writer, is by no means taken in by his own propaganda and is certainly no "poet" in the cracked and suicidal tradition. But he does have the itch to get things moving, and he is so much one Jewish mother's favorite that he does have the delusion that anything he says about women, the infamy of birth control (and the necessity of abortions), the city of New York, high-

rise apartments, the nature of movies, Marilyn Monroe, Nixon, McGovern, the moon shots, the short-sleeved WASP technicians in the Houston space center, etc., is true and important and vital because he feels these things and people must look up to hear him *say* these things. And saying is for Mailer a form of doing. He is essentially a novelist, of course. For some years now, he has been living his novels rather than writing them. Like many intellectual Jews, he is also a moralist, his head beating against the mythically perfect unlimited future that *something* must bring us to.

Robespierre, the very type of the absolutist radical who coudemus masses of people to death in the name of revolution as the "final solution" to all human problems, actually described himself as a "pure and sensitive soul." His deepest belief was that the French Revolution could have been made only by pure and sensitive souls. That passion exists, he once said in a speech to his followers, "that sublime and sacred love of humanity, without which a great revolution is but a manifest crime that destroys another crime: it exists, that generous ambition to found on this earth the first republic of the world. . . . You feel it burning at this very moment in your souls; I feel it in my own."

To burn with one's own virtue and indignation is the great mark of high-principled radicals. But no one has ever burned quite so fiercely as far-out radicals, blacks and feminists have in our day. It was for the sake of humanity at large, of course, that *The Realist* published the report that on the plane taking Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy's body back to Washington after the assassination in Dallas, Johnson mounted the corpse and reached sexual climax in the throat wound of his predecessor. It was in the name of the highest principles that James Baldwin addressed Angela Davis in prison as "my sister in Dachau." Susan Sontag said in *Partisan Review*: "The white race is the cancer of history. It is the white race and it alone—its ideologies and inventions—which eradicates autonomous civilization wherever it spreads, which has upset the ecological balance of the planet, which now threatens the very existence of life itself."

Sometimes it is not necessary to be a *talented* writer, just a literary feller, to contribute to what Benjamin DeMott called "The Age of Overkill." Louis Kampf, recently president of the Modern Language Association (the largest professional organization of literature teachers in the world), wrote in *The Trouble with Literature* that "the study of literature—the voyeurism implicit in this—must really come to an end if all of us are to be full participants in the making of our culture." Kampf wrote of Lincoln

Center in a collection of essays called *The New Left* that "not a performance should go by without disruption. The fountains should be dried with calcium chloride, the statuary pissed on, the walls smeared with shit."

Just now the most vociferous expressers of outrage in this country are blacks, homosexuals and feminists. All three groups (though certainly not in equal proportions) have good reason to complain of legal disabilities against them, prejudice and malevolence at large. But no group ever protests until it is organized as a group, gets a growing sense of power and the assurance that its grievances are sympathized with by many forces in the community. But if one protests as a writer, with a writer's skill and a writer's sense of his or her own importance, one also exaggerates by dint of one's own natural and professional egotism. There is something peremptory, dogmatic, teacherlike about any kind of literary gift. As Serge Koussevitzky once said in his special brand of Russian-English to a young conductor who had lost control of the orchestra: *Is taking a tempo and kept it!*

To write is to take a tempo, to lay down a line, to set up an argument and to keep it. Persuasion, indoctrination, influence are what writing *does*, and that is why writers with an eye on the audience are the last ones in creation to live up to the French saying "Truth is in the nuance."

As the Mailer syndrome has shown, writing can be an exercise of power, of *machismo*, of keeping all directives in your keeping. It can be a form of absolute domination—especially over the truth, over the writer's own contradictory feelings. Many women writers these days are bursting out, understandably. Sylvia Plath, who is becoming a martyr symbol to many feminist writers, was a gifted but thoroughly morbid writer; indeed, a specialist in death, hypnotized by the Nazis' killing of millions. Violent against herself, she wrote in a famous poem, *Daddy*, that her German-born father, an innocent professor of biology in Boston who incurred her wrath by dying when she was very young, was a "Nazi" and a "bastard."

These lines were idiotic, shameful. But it is funny as well as sad to find an equally talented woman poet, Adrienne Rich, say in a recent book review: "I believe that the poem *Daddy* is more than Plath's exorcism of her own father; it is an attempt to exorcise the patriarchy internalized in every woman—the same patriarchy that committed Dachau and Hiroshima."

Anything goes in our time. Rage is epidemic, especially when it is would-be rage. Without strong feelings, man, you may be just another square! Rage makes us all revolutionaries. And artists at the same time? A talented black poet, who

knows, of course, that Malcolm X was murdered by blacks, turns on his own people in a poem called *The Nigger Section* and writes with mounting fury:

*slimy obscene creatures. insane
creations of a beast. you
have murdered a man. you
have devoured me. you
have done it with precision
like the way you stand green
in the dark sucking pus
and slicing your penis*

As they lurch toward the end of the 20th Century, writers have good reason to worry whether literature will survive. But meanwhile, rage as literature is a going game. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind," a great American writer wrote in the last century, "the century of hope." Things ride us more and more, and we are right to feel much of what we feel. But feeling can be a liar, a pretense, a piece of opportunism. In our time, just now, our supposed innocence as private human beings combines all too nicely with our political fury at what is happening to mankind. Rage makes up a lively substitute for the balance and modesty and, above all, the personal honesty that will alone get us to do what we seem least capable of just now—to live with one another.



Close shaves, but...

Change blades. Change accuracy. Improper clamping can upset blade angle and exposure, misalign blades.

Bulky head. Hard to use in tight spots.

Complex clamping mechanism. It can get out of line with wear, and lead to nicks and cuts.

Compact shaving head. Much thinner, narrower. Fits the topography of your face better.

Closer shaves. Better protection from nicks and cuts.

No moving parts. You don't just change blades, you change the whole shaving head.

Permanent precision. Blade angle is scientifically fixed, edge exposure precision set. You get closer shaves with better protection from nicks and cuts.

Up till now, men liked their double-edge razors for close shaves. But now there is something better... the Wilkinson BONDED Razor. It not only shaves closer, but also gives you better protection from nicks and cuts.

The Wilkinson BONDED is so advanced that when tested against the most popular double-edge razor, with hundreds of men, it won in *every* category of shaving performance. The Wilkinson BONDED was superior for less irritation, better first shaves, longer blade life, and closer shaves with fewer nicks and cuts.

Clearly, the Wilkinson BONDED Razor is a major advance over the kind of razor most men shave with.

THE WILKINSON® BONDED™ RAZOR.
A BETTER WAY TO SHAVE



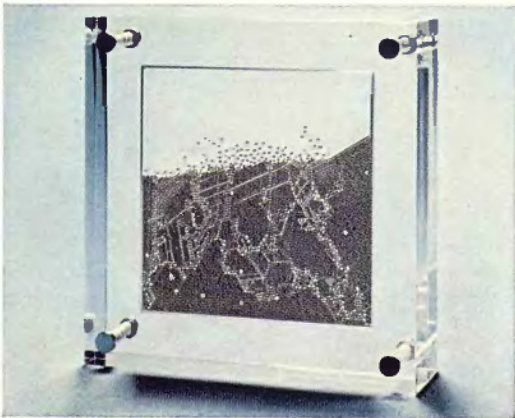
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



NO-REST ROOMS

"M" and "J" never had it so good. A bold new breed of motel chain called The Experience has opened in Southern California and after one look at your room, brother, you'll know exactly what kind of experience they're referring to. Synthetic furs. Mirrors galore. Water beds. And—Holy Baby Oil!—your very own closed-circuit-TV dirty movies right in the room. Rates are from \$20 to \$25 at 930 West Olympic Boulevard, Los Angeles. Take that, you Holiday Inns.



ATOMIX EXPLOSION

Riddle: What measures 125mmx125mmx25mm and contains 6000 high-precision steel balls in free motion? Atomix, of course, created by François Dallegret and available for \$35 postpaid from Emotion Productions, Inc. (P. O. Box 282, Montreal 215, Quebec). What is it? We are not sure, but for some reason, people tend to sit around turning it over in their hands while the little balls rearrange themselves in distinctive patterns and hang suspended by electrostatic forces. Perfect for that lobotomized person in your life.

GETTIN' HIGH ON BLUEGRASS

Load up the camper and spend the summer touring three brand-new bluegrass festivals. First, the Old Time Mountain, Country Cajun, Blues and Bluegrass Folk Music Festival in York, Pennsylvania, June 29–July 4. Next, the West Virginia Old Time Mountain, Country Bluegrass Folk Music Festival in Glenville, West Virginia, July 26–29. And, finally, there's bluegrass across the border, at the Ontario Bluegrass Festival in Burlington, Ontario, August 3–5. For talent: Earl Scruggs, The Osborne Brothers and Doc Watson, among others. For more info: Virginia Folklore Society, Box 186, Fairfax, Virginia. Them's good pickings.



FOR THAT LITTLE OLD WINE DRINKER—YOU

Omar Khayyám had the right idea: a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou—standing there in a bottle-green smoking jacket swirling a glass of Cheval Blanc '47 as you talk about deep nose and long foretaste and clean finish. So you don't know Cheval Blanc from *vin blanc*? Subscribe to what's probably the best oenological correspondence course available: a 12-lesson series at \$4.95 per, from the André Duval Institute at 53 West Jackson Boulevard in Chicago. What you'll get are labels, maps, pronouncing records, guides, quizzes and more, all designed to acquaint



you with wines of the world, great and small. Once you've become a grape nut, of course you'll want to name-drop by putting up large poster lithographs of some of the greatest wine labels of this century—Lafite '45, Latour '29, Mouton '52, among others—that are being marketed by the BDC Company, Box 2827, Los Angeles 90028. Prices are from \$4 to \$7.50. And they also sell four-color posters of such immortal bottles as Mouton-Rothschild 1893, at \$6. Sommelier, make it one for my baby and one more for the wall.



FOUR-LETTER WORD

It's the ultimate kinetic sculpture—an 11"x 5" Plexiglas box that blinks out four-letter words at random from a library of 8000 possibilities on readout tubes. And you just sit there, waiting for you-know-what to appear. Viewing speed can be adjusted from one to 120 words per minute, says its creator, Milwaukee artist Raymond Weisling, who heads Polymedia Electron Arts, P. O. Box 5621. The price is \$195 postpaid. Darn dear, that cost.



CRUMBS ON THE WATER

That mad master of the underground comic, R. Crumb, is still truckin'. A cookbook titled *Eat It*—with recipes by his wife, Dana, and Shery Cohen—has just been published and, of course, it's chock-full of illustrations by the inimitable Crumb himself. At \$1.95 from hipper bookstores, *Eat It* is already selling like hot cakes. Also, be advised (or warned) that he's just put out the first 78-rpm record in 20 years. It features R. Crumb and His Keep-on-Truckin' Orchestra (Crumb's on vocals, banjuke and piano) and is available for two dollars from the Krupp Comic Works, P. O. Box 5699, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Heavy Crumb.



GO LIKE THE DEVIL

By some quirk of fate, the Volkswagen Beetle may be destined to be the most customized car of them all. The latest development in this fad is a fiberglass hood cover in the form of a Devil's face. Created by a New Mexico outfit, Universal Plastics, in Rio Rancho Estates, the \$95 cover bolts onto your machine's hood and the horns swivel so as not to obstruct the driver's view. And, best of all, if a cop stops you for speeding while you're Beelzebubbing about, what better excuse could you have than "The Devil made me do it"?



JAZZ, JIMMY AND THE GENIUS

Thanks to his many recordings, plus extensive media coverage in print and on film, the Ray Charles story is pretty well known. This year, though, it acquires a new dimension, as James Baldwin is writing *The Life and Times of Ray Charles* for the Newport Jazz Festival (June 29–July 8, in New York City). Baldwin will narrate his own opus, with music by R.C. himself—obviously, not a new version of *Blues for Mister Charlie*.



AND NOW, DIRECT FROM FREEBISH'S CHAPEL...

Would you believe a \$200 talking wedding album that preserves for posterity your nervous little voices jabbering out those fateful "I do's"? Yes, somebody in Brooklyn named Bernie Pollack is marketing the first Sight and Sound Wedding Album that includes voice-over narration by a professional announcer who describes in glowing detail the pageantry that's unfolding right before your dewy eyes. The heart of the album is a Japanese cassette player and there's space for 44 pictures. Well, if you won't buy all that, would you settle for a couple of 8x10 glossies?

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 152)

PLAYBOY Editor and Publisher—who also was to present her with a \$5000 cash prize from PLAYBOY. Marilyn's largess by no means ends there. Her bounty includes:

A \$6000 four-seater Playmate Pink Volvo 1800 ES sports car, powered by a fuel-injected B20F engine.

A holiday in Mexico for two, under the auspices of the Mexican Government Tourism Department, arranged through the courtesy of Wilbert Sanchez of its Miami office. Features include transportation via Mexicana Airlines and accommodations at El Presidente hotel in Mexico City and the Villa Vera hotel in Acapulco.

A 1973 Schwinn ladies' Super Sport ten-speed racing bicycle, with complete accessories, in Playmate Pink.

A six-piece set of hand-tailored, matched luggage; caftan and maxi-apron in Near East design; and Spectrum sculptured clock that changes colors with the time, all from Rathcon.

A Sperti sun lamp from Cooper-Hewitt Electric.

Bushnell Model 12-9114 Banner Zoom deluxe binoculars from Bushnell Optical.

Brentwood Bellissima wig wardrobe from Sam Tiller.

A make-up collection from Syd Simons.

Aluminum tennis racquet, cover and carry bag from Playboy Sports Products.

Atomic Glass 2000 fiberglass skis and Munari ski boots from Gold Medal Sports.

Prismatic ski poles, Bausch & Lomb ski glasses and goggles, all from Collins Ski Products.

A collection of Promark ski gloves by Wells Lamont Corporation.

Designer ensembles in Playmate Pink from noted couturiers Halston, John Anthony and Adele Simpson.

Marco Polo down-insulated ski apparel from Don Shingler.

A Jantzen swimsuit wardrobe.

A ruby-eyed, 14-kt. gold Rabbit pin by Maria Vogt.

A collection of sunglasses from Renaud International.

A queen's ransom in gifts from Core Enterprises: Panasonic Crestview AM/FM stereo system with 8-track cartridge player; Panasonic pop-up television with AM/FM radio; Royal portable electric typewriter; sports and dress watches from the Lady Seiko Boutique series; Konica pocket 35mm camera; Polaroid 450 camera kit with complete accessories; Strum & Drum Ensenada guitar; Diamint jewelry by OGI International; Lady Schick Shaving Wand and Speed Styler with mist spray; and a Franzus portable current converter.

And, so that Marilyn and her friends may toast her successes present and future, a case of crackling rosé from Paul Masson and a case of Pol Roger dry special champagne from Frederick Wildman & Sons, Ltd. *Prosit!*



FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE

(continued from page 146)

Tishkandi's disappearance can have been no loss to anyone; it was a dirty collection of huts with a pier, and beyond it the ground climbed slowly through marshy salt flats to 200 miles of arid, empty desert. You could call it steppe, I suppose, but it's dry, rocky, heartbreaking country, fit only for camels and lizards.

"Ust-Urt," says one of the officers as he looked at it, and the very name sent my heart into my boots.

It's dangerous country, too. There was a squadron of lancers waiting for us when we landed, to guard us against the wild desert tribes, for this was beyond the Russian frontiers, in land where they were still just probing at the savage folk who chopped up their caravans and raided their outposts whenever they had the chance. When we made camp at night, it was your proper little laager, with sangars at each corner, and sentries posted, and half a dozen lancers out riding herd. All very businesslike and not what I'd have expected from Ruskis, really. But this was their hard school, as I was to learn, like our North-West Frontier, where you either soldiered well or not at all.

It was five days through the desert, not too uncomfortable while we were moving but freezing hellish at night, and the dromedaries with their native drivers must have covered the ground at a fair pace, 40 miles a day or thereabouts. Once or twice we saw horsemen in the distance, on the low rocky bakhans, and I heard for the first time names like Kazak and Turka, but they kept a safe distance. On the last day, though, we saw more of them, much closer and quite peaceable, for these were people of the Aral coast, and the Russians had them fairly well in order on that side of the sea. When I saw them near, I had a strange sense of recognition—those swarthy faces, with here and there a hooked nose and a straggling moustache, the dirty puggarees swathed round the heads and the open belted robes took me back to northern India and the Afghan hills. It's a strange thing, to come through hundreds of miles of wilderness, from a foreign land and moving in the wrong direction, and suddenly find yourself sniffing the air and thinking, "Home." If you're British and have soldiered in India, you'll understand what I mean.

Late that afternoon, we came through more salty flats to a long coast line of rollers sweeping in from a sea so blue that I found myself muttering through my beard, "*Thalassa* or *thalatta*, the former or the latter?" it seemed so much like the ocean that old Arnold's Greeks had seen after their great march. And suddenly I could close my eyes and hear his voice droning away on a summer afternoon at Rugby, and smell the cut grass coming in



"Incidentally, how tall are you?"

through the open windows, and hear the fags at cricket outside, and from that I found myself dreaming of the smell of hay in the fields beyond Renfrew, and Elspeth's body warm and yielding, and the birds calling at dusk along the river, and the pony champing at the grass, and it was such a sweet, torturing longing that I groaned aloud, and when I opened my eyes the tears came, and there was a hideous Russian voice clacking "*Aralskoje More!* [Aral Sea!]" and bright Asian sunlight, and the chains galling my wrists and anklebones, and foreign flat faces all round.

There was a big military camp on the shore and a handy little steamer lying off. They put us aboard the steamer that evening and I was so tuckered out by the journey that I just slept where I lay down. And in the morning there was a coast ahead, with a great new wooden pier, and a huge river flowing down between low banks to the sea. As far as I could see, the coast was covered with tents, and there was another steamer, and half a dozen big wooden transports, and one great warship, all riding at anchor between the pier and the river mouth. There were bugles sounding on the distant shore, and swarms of people everywhere, among the tents, on the pier and on the ships, and a great hum of noise in the midst of which a military band was playing a rousing march; this is the army, I thought, or most of it; this is their Afghan expedition.

I asked one of the Russian sailors what the river might be and he said: "Syr Daria," and then, pointing to a great wooden stockaded fort on the rising land above the river, he added: "Fort Raim."¹ And then one of the Cossacks pushed him away, cursing, and told me to hold my tongue.

They landed us in lighters, and there was a delegation of smart uniforms to greet Ignatieff, and an orderly holding a horse for him, and all round tremendous bustle of unloading and ferrying from the ships, and gangs of Orientals at work, with Russian noncoms bawling at them and swinging whips, and gear being stowed in the newly built wooden sheds along the shore. I watched gun limbers being swung down by a derrick and cursing, half-naked gangs hauling them away.

Ignatieff came trotting down to where I was sitting between my Cossacks, and at a word they hauled me up and we set off at his heels through the confusion, up the long, gradual slope to the fort. It was farther off than I'd expected, about a mile, so that it stood well back from the camp, which was all spread out like a sand table

¹ Fort Raim was built on the Syr Daria (Jaxartes) in 1817. The Russian policy of expansion followed the fort's establishment and their armed expeditions eastwards began in 1852.

Introducing FIESTA!

The new male contraceptive
in assorted colors.

Now family planning can be more exciting... with new FIESTA Sensi-color male contraceptives. You'll find an assortment of sensuous colors in each package: magnificent magenta, empyrean green, intriguing black, and sunshine yellow.

Every FIESTA contraceptive is SENSITOL-lubricated to heighten sensitivity...and electronically tested to insure reliability. Choose a different color every time. And let FIESTA make that special moment more exciting.

Available only in drugstores.



JULIUS SCHMID Pharmaceuticals, Pioneers in Family Planning.

Bags that take 10 minutes to pack shouldn't take an hour to claim.

If you're taking a short trip you don't want to spend a long time claiming your luggage. You need bags that carry on and off.

Like our car bag. It's carried by its handle, hung by its hook, and kept looking good because it's scratch-resistant vinyl.

And our club tote, which slips right under any seat.

Both come in olive, dusk and walnut.

Our prices are as sensible as our luggage: the car bag and the club tote are \$35 each.

If you're not packing a bundle, you shouldn't have to spend a bundle.



American Tourister
Casual Luggage



down the shore line. As we neared the fort he stopped, and his orderly was pointing at the distant picket lines and identifying the various regiments—New Russian Dragoons, Rumiantzoff's Grenadiers, Astrakhan Carabiniers and Aral Hussars, I remember. Ignatieff saw me surveying the camp and came over. He hadn't spoken to me since we left Arabat.

"You may look," says he in that chilling murmur of his, "and reflect on what you see. The next Englishman to catch sight of them will be your sentry on the walls of Peshawar. And while you are observing, look yonder also and see the fate of all who oppose the majesty of the tsar."

I looked where he pointed, up the hill towards the fort, and my stomach turned over. To one side of the gateway was a series of wooden gallows and from each one hung a human figure—although some of them were hard to recognize as human. A few hung by their arms, some by their ankles, one or two lucky ones by their necks. Some were wasted and blackened by exposure; at least one was still alive and stirring feebly. An awful carrion reek drifted down on the clear spring air.

"Unteachables," says Ignatieff. "Bandit scum and rebels of the Syr Daria who have been unreceptive to our sacred Russian imperial mission. Perhaps, when we have lined their river with sufficient of these examples, they will learn. It is the only way to impress recalcitrants. Do you not agree?"

He wheeled his horse and we trailed up after him towards the fort. It was bigger, far bigger, than I'd expected, a good 200 yards square, with timber ramparts 20 feet high, and at one end they were already replacing the timber with rough stone. The Russian eagle ensign was fluttering over the roofed gatehouse, there were grenadiers drawn up and saluting as Ignatieff cantered through, and I trudged in, clanking, to find myself on a vast parade, with good wooden barracks round the walls, troops drilling in the dusky square and a row of two-storey administrative buildings down one side. It was a very proper fort, something like those of the American frontier in the Seventies; there were even some small cottages which I guessed were officers' quarters.

Ignatieff was getting his usual welcome from a tubby chap who appeared to be the commandant; I wasn't interested in what they said, but I gathered the commandant was greatly excited and was babbling some great news.

"Not both of them?" I heard Ignatieff say, and the other clapped his hands in great glee and said, yes, both, a fine treat for General Perovski and General Khru-leff when they arrived.

"They will make a pretty pair of gallows, then," says Ignatieff. "You are to be congratulated, sir. Nothing could be a better omen for our march through Syr Daria."

"Ah, ha, excellent!" cries the tubby chap, rubbing his hands. "And that will not be long, eh? All is in train here, as you see, and the equipment arrives daily. But come, my dear Count, and refresh yourself."

They went off, leaving me feeling sick and hangdog between my guards; the sight of those tortured bodies outside the stockade had brought back to me the full horror of my own situation. And I felt no better when there came presently a big, brute-faced sergeant of grenadiers, a coiled nagaika in his fist, to tell my Cossacks they could fall out, as he was taking me under his wing.

"Our necks depend on this fellow," says one of the Cossacks doubtfully, and the sergeant sneered and scowled at me.

"My neck depends on what I've got in the cells already," growls he. "This offal is no more precious than my two birds. Be at peace; he shall join them in my most salubrious cell, from which even the lizards cannot escape. March him along!"

They escorted me to a corner on the landward side of the fort, down an alley between the wooden buildings and to a short flight of stone steps leading down to an ironshod door. The sergeant hauled back the massive bolts, thrust back the creaking door and then reached up, grabbing me by my wrist chains.

"In, tut!" he snarled, and yanked me headlong down into the cell. The door slammed, the bolts ground to and I heard him guffawing brutally as their footsteps died away.

I lay there trembling on the dirty floor, just about done in with fatigue and fear. At least it was dim and cool in there. And then I heard someone speaking in the cell and raised my head; at first I could make nothing out in the faint light that came from a single window high in one wall, and then I started with astonishment, for suspended flat in the air in the middle of the cell, spread-eagled as though in flight, was the figure of a man. As my eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, I drew in a shuddering breath, for now I could see that he was cruelly hung between four chains, one to each limb from the top corners of the room. More astonishing still, beneath his racked body, which hung about three feet from the floor, was crouched another figure, supporting the hanging man on his back, presumably to take the appalling strain of the chains from his wrists and ankles. It was the crouching man who was speaking, and to my surprise, his words were in Persian.

"It is a gift from God, brother," says he, speaking with difficulty. "A rather dirty gift, but human—if there is such a thing as a human Russian. At least, he is a prisoner, and if I speak politely to him, I may persuade him to take my place for a while and bear your intolerable body. I am too old for this and you are heavier than Abu

Hassan, the breaker of wind."

The hanging man, whose head was away from me, tried to lift it to look. His voice, when he spoke, was hoarse with pain, but what he said was, unbelievably, a joke.

"Let him . . . approach . . . then . . . and I pray . . . to God . . . that he has . . . fewer fleas . . . than you. . . . Also . . . you are . . . a most . . . uncomfortable . . . support. . . . God help . . . the woman . . . who shares . . . your bed."

"Here is thanks," says the crouching man, panting under the weight. "I bear him as though I were the Djinn of the Seven Peaks, and he rails at me. You, *nasrani* [Christian]," he addressed me. "If you understand God's language, come and help me to support this ingrate, this sinner. And when you are tired, we shall sit in comfort against the wall and gloat over him. Or I may squat on his chest, to teach him gratitude. Come, Ruski, are we not all God's creatures?"

And even as he said it, his voice quavered, he staggered under the burden above him and slumped forward unconscious on the floor.

The hanging man gave a sudden cry of anguish as his body took the full stretch of the chains; he hung there moaning and panting until, without really thinking, I scrambled forward and came up beneath him, bearing his trunk across my stooped back. His face was hanging backwards beside my own, working with pain.

"God . . . thank you!" he gasped at last. "My limbs are on fire! But not for long—not for long—if God is kind." His voice came in a tortured whisper. "Who are you—a Ruski?"

"No," says I, "an English colonel. Flashman, British army."

"You speak . . . our tongue . . . in God's name?" He groaned again; he was a devilish weight. And then: "Providence . . . works strangely," says he. "*An angliski* . . . here. Well, take heart, stranger . . . you may be . . . more fortunate . . . than you know."

I couldn't see that, not by any stretch, stuck in a lousy cell with some Asiatic nigger breaking my back. Indeed, I was regretting the impulse which had made me bear him up—who was he to me, after all, that I shouldn't let him dangle? But when you're in adversity, it don't pay to antagonize your companions, at least until you know what's what, so I stayed unwillingly where I was, puffing and straining.

"I am Yakub Beg,"² whispers he, and even through his pain you could hear the pride in his voice. "Kush Begi, Khan of Khokand and guardian of . . . the White Mosque. You are my . . . guest . . . sent to me . . . from heaven. Touch . . . on

² *Yakub Beg (1820-1877), fighting leader of the Tajiks, chamberlain to the Khan of Khokand, war lord of the Syr Daria, etc. (See Appendix.)*



"Young man, I'd like you to know that you've just made an old voyeur very happy."

my knee . . . touch on my bosom . . . touch where you will."

I recognized the formal greeting of the hill folk, which wasn't appropriate in the circumstances. "Can't touch anything but your arse at present," I told him, and I felt him shake—my God, he could even laugh, with the arms and legs being drawn out of him.

"It is a . . . good answer," says he. "You talk . . . like a Tajik. We laugh . . . in adversity. Now I tell you . . . Englishman . . . when I go hence . . . you go, too."

I thought he was just babbling, of course. And then the other fellow, who had collapsed, groaned and sat up and looked about him. "Ah, God, I was weak," says he. "Yakub, my son and brother, forgive me. I am as an old wife with dropsy; my knees are as water."

Yakub Beg turned his face towards mine, and you must imagine his words punctuated by little gasps of pain. "That ancient creature who grovels on the floor is Izzat Kutebar,"³ says he. "A poor fellow of little substance and less wit, who raided one Ruski caravan too many and was taken, through his greed. So they made him 'swim upon land,' as I am swimming now, and he might have hung here till he rotted—and welcome—but I was foolish enough to think of rescue and scouted too close to this fort of Shaitan. So they took me and placed me in his chains, as the

³ Izzat Kutebar, bandit, guerrilla fighter, so-called Rob Roy of the Steppe. (See Appendix.)

more important prisoner of the two—for he is dirt, this feeble old Kutebar. He swung a good sword once, they say—God, it must have been in Timur's time."

"By God!" cries Kutebar. "Did I lose Ak Mechet to the Ruskis? Was I whoring after the beauties of Bokhara when the beast Perovski massacred the men of Khokand with his grapeshot? No, by the pubic hairs of Rustum! I was swinging that good sword, laying the Muscovites in swathes along the Syr Daria, while this fine fighting chief here was loafing in the bazaar with his darlings, saying, 'Ayawal-lah, it is hot today. Give me to drink, Miriam, and put a cool hand on my forehead.' Come out from under him, *feringhee*, and let him swing for his pains."

"You see?" says Yakub Beg, craning his neck and trying to grin. "A dotard, flown with dreams. A *badawi zha:z-kayan* [wild babbler] who talks as the wild sheep defecate, at random, everywhere. When you and I go hither, Flashman *bahadur*, we shall leave him, and even the Ruskis will take pity on such a dried-up husk and employ him to clean their privies—those of the common soldiers, you understand, not the officers."

If I hadn't served long in Afghanistan and learned the speech and ways of the Central Asian tribes, I suppose I'd have imagined that I was in a cell with a couple of madmen. But I knew this trick that they have of reviling those they respect most, in banter, of their love of irony and formal imagery, which is strong in Pushtu

and even stronger in Persian, the loveliest of all languages.

"When you go hither!" scoffs Kutebar, climbing to his feet and peering at his friend. "When will that be? When Buzurg Khan remembers you? God forbid I should depend on the good will of such a one. Or when Sahib Khan comes blundering against this place as you and he did two years ago and lost two thousand men? Ayah! Why should they risk their necks for you—or me? We are not gold; once we are buried, who will dig us up?"

"My people will come," says Yakub Beg. "And *she* will not forget me."

"Put no faith in women, and as much in the Chinese," says Kutebar cryptically. "Better if this stranger and I try to surprise the guard and cut our way out."

"And who will cut these chains?" says the other. "No, old one, put the foot of courage in the stirrup of patience. They will come, if not tonight, then tomorrow. Let us wait."

"And while you're waiting," says I, "put the shoulder of friendship beneath the backside of helplessness. Lend a hand, man, before I break in two."

Kutebar took my place, exchanging insults with his friend, and I straightened up to take a look at Yakub Beg. He was a tall fellow, so far as I could judge, narrow-waisted and big-shouldered—for he was naked save for his loose pyjama trousers—with great corded arm muscles. His wrists were horribly torn by his manacles, and while I sponged them with water from a chatty [water jug] in the corner, I examined his face. It was one of your strong hill figureheads, lean and long-jawed, but straight-nosed for once—he'd said he was a Tajik, which meant he was half Persian. His head was shaved, Uzbek fashion, with a little scalp lock to one side, and so was his face, except for a tuft of forked beard on his chin. A tough customer, by the look of him; one of those genial mountain scoundrels who'll tell you merry stories while they stab you in the guts just for the fun of hearing their knife-hilt bells jingle.

"You spoke of getting out of here," says I to Yakub Beg. "Is it possible? Will your friends attempt a rescue?"

"He has no friends," says Kutebar. "Except me, and see the pass I am brought to, propping up his useless trunk."

"They will come," says Yakub Beg softly. He was pretty done, it seemed to me, with his eyes closed and his face ravaged with pain. "When the light fades, you two must leave me to hang—no, Izzat, it is an order. You and Flashman *bahadur* must rest, for when the Lady of the Great Horde comes over the wall, the Ruskis will surely try to kill us before we can be rescued. You two must hold them, with your shoulders to the door."

"If we leave you to hang, you will surely die," says Kutebar gloomily. "What



"Miss Hartigan, have you ever heard the expression 'kiss it and make it well?'"

**Make yourself a Red Baron.
Orange juice, grenadine and lime.
Now get it all together
with the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry.**



To order four Red Baron glass mugs, send a check or money order for \$2.50 to: Service Command, P.O. Box 942, Bronx, N.Y. 10453. Allow 8 weeks for delivery. Offer void where prohibited by law.

Seagram's Extra Dry.

The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

Red Baron recipe: 1½ oz. Orange Juice, ½ Lime, Dash of Grenadine (or to taste), 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin.

Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

will I say to her then?" And suddenly he burst into a torrent of swearing, slightly muffled by his bent position. "These Russian apes! These scum of Muscovy! God smite them to the nethermost pit! Can they not give a man a clean death, instead of racking him apart by inches?"

In spite of Kutebar's protests, Yakub Beg was adamant. When the light began to fade, he insisted that we support him no longer but let him hang at full stretch in his chains. I don't know how he endured it, for his muscles creaked and he bit his lip until the blood ran over his cheek, while Kutebar wept like a child. He was a burly, grizzled old fellow, stout enough for all his lined face and the grey hairs on his cropped head, but the tears fairly coursed over his leathery cheeks and beard, and he damned the Russians as only an Oriental can. Finally, he kissed the hanging man on the forehead, and clasped his chained hand, and came over to sit by me against the wall.

I finally fell asleep. When dawn came, three Russians came with it bearing a dish of nauseating porridge; they jeered at us and then withdrew. Yakub Beg was half-conscious, swinging in his fetters, and through that interminable day Kutebar and I took turns to prop him up. I was on the point, once or twice, of rebelling at the work, which didn't seem worth it for all the slight relief it gave his tortured joints; but one look at Kutebar's face made me think better of it. Yakub Beg was too weak to joke now, or say much at all, and Kutebar and I just crouched or lay in silence, until evening came. Yakub Beg somehow dragged himself back to sense then, just long enough to order Kutebar hoarsely to let him swing, so that we should save our strength. My back was aching with the strain, and in spite of my depression and fears, I went off to sleep almost at once, with that stark figure spread horribly overhead in the fading light.

Suddenly I was awake, trembling and sweating, with Kutebar's hand clamped across my mouth, and his voice hissing me to silence. It was still night and the cold in the cell was bitter. There wasn't a sound except Kutebar's hoarse breathing, and then, from somewhere outside, very faint, came a distant sighing noise, like a sleepy night bird, dying away into nothing. Kutebar stiffened and Yakub Beg's chains clinked as he turned and whispered:

"*Bihishti-sawar!* [Heavenly!] The Sky-blue Wolves are in the fold!"

Kutebar rose and moved over beneath the window. I heard him draw in his breath, and then, between his teeth, he made that same strange, muffled whistle—it's the kind of soft, low noise you sometimes think you hear at night but don't regard, because you imagine it is coming from inside your own head. The Khokandians can make it travel up to a

mile and enemies in between don't even notice it. We waited and, sure enough, it came again, and right on its heels the bang of a musket, shattering the night.

There was a cry of alarm, another shot, and then a positive volley culminating in a thunderous roar of explosion, and the dim light from the window suddenly increased, as with a lightning flash. And then a small war broke out, shots and shrieks and Russian voices roaring and, above all, the hideous din of yelling voices—the old ghazi war cry that had petrified me so often on the Kabul road.

Kutebar was across the cell in a flash, roaring to me. We threw ourselves against the door, listening for the sounds of our guards.

"They have blown in the main gate with *barut* [gunpowder]," cries Yakub Beg weakly. "Listen—the firing is all on the other side!"

Kutebar's shout of alarm cut him short. Above the tumult of shooting and yelling, we heard a rush of feet, the bolts were rasping back and a great weight heaved at the door on the other side. We strained against it, there was a roar in Russian, and then a concerted thrust from without. With our feet scrabbling for purchase on the rough floor, we held them; they charged together and the door gave back, but we managed to heave it shut again, and then came the sound of a muffled shot and a splinter flew from the door between our faces.

"*Ba-nasnas!* [Apes!]" bawled Kutebar. "Monkeys without muscles! Can two weak prisoners hold you, then? Must you shoot, you bastard sons of filth?"

Another shot, close beside the other, and I threw myself sideways; I wasn't getting a bullet in my guts if I could help it. Kutebar gave a despairing cry as the door was forced in; he stumbled back into the cell, and there on the threshold was the big sergeant, torch in one hand and revolver in the other, and two men with bayoneted muskets at his heels.

"That one first!" bawls the sergeant, pointing at Yakub Beg. "Still, you!" he added to me and I crouched back beside the door as he covered me. Kutebar was scrambling up beyond Yakub Beg; the two soldiers ignored him, one seizing Yakub Beg about the middle to steady him while the other raised his musket aloft to plunge the bayonet into the helpless body.

"Death to all Ruskis!" cries Yakub. "Greetings, Timur—"

But before the bayonet could come down, Kutebar had launched himself at the soldier's legs; they fell in a thrashing tangle of limbs. Kutebar yelling blue murder, while the other soldier danced round them with his musket, trying to get a chance with his bayonet, and the sergeant bawled to them to keep clear and give him a shot.

I know that the thing to do on these

occasions is find a nice dark corner and crawl into it. But out of sheer self-preservation, I daren't—I knew that if I didn't take a hand, Kutebar and Yakub would be dead inside a minute, and where would Cock Flashy be then, poor thing? The sergeant was within a yard of me, side on, revolver hand extended towards the wrestlers on the floor; there was two feet of heavy chain between my wrists, so with a silent frantic prayer I swung my hands sideways and over, lashing the doubled chain at his forearm with all my strength. He screamed and staggered, the gun dropping to the floor, and I went plunging after it, scrabbling madly. He fetched up beside me, but his arm must have been broken, for he tried to claw at me with his far hand and couldn't reach; I grabbed the gun, stuck it in his face and pulled the trigger—and the bloody thing was a single-action weapon and wouldn't fire!

He floundered over me, trying to bite—and his breath was poisonous with garlic—while I wrestled with the hammer of the revolver. His sound hand was at my throat; I kicked and heaved to get him off, but his weight was terrific. I smashed at his face with the gun and he released my throat and grabbed my wrist; he had a hold like a vice, but I'm strong, too, especially in the grip of fear, and with a huge heave I managed to get him half off me—and in that instant the soldier with the bayonet was towering over us, his weapon poised to drive down at my midriff.

There was nothing I could do but scream and try to roll away; it saved my life, for the sergeant must have felt me weaken and with an animal snarl of triumph flung himself back on top of me—just as the bayonet came down to spit him clean between the shoulder blades. I'll never forget that engorged face, only inches from my own—the eyes starting, the mouth snapping open in agony and the deafening scream that he let out. The soldier, yelling madly, hauled on his musket to free the bayonet; it came out of the writhing, kicking body just as I finally got the revolver cocked, and before he could make a second thrust, I shot him through the body.

The other soldier had broken free from Kutebar and was in the act of seizing his fallen musket; I blazed away at him and missed—it's all too easy, I assure you—and he took the chance to break for the door. I snapped off another round at him and hit him about the hip, I think, for he went hurtling into the wall. Before he could struggle up, Kutebar was on him with the fallen musket, yelling some outlandish war cry as he sank the bayonet to the locking ring in the fellow's breast.

The cell was a shambles. Three dead men on the floor, all bleeding busily, the air thick with powder smoke, Kutebar brandishing his musket and inviting



"He gives the wildest oral examinations."



"Say, Mac, will you toot your horn when the traffic starts moving?"

Allah to admire him, Yakub Beg exulting weakly and calling us to search the sergeant for his fetter keys and myself counting the shots left in the revolver—two, in fact.

We found a key in the sergeant's pocket and released Yakub's ankles, lowering him gently to the cell floor and propping him against the wall with his arms still chained to the corners above his head. He couldn't stand—I doubted if he'd have the use of his limbs inside a week—and when we tried to unlock his wrist shackles, the key didn't fit. While Izzat searched the dead man's clothes, fuming, I kept the door covered; the sounds of distant fighting were still proceeding merrily and it seemed to me we'd have more Russian visitors before long. We were in a damned tight place until we could get Yakub fully released; Kutebar had changed his tack now and was trying to batter open a link in the chain with his musket butt.

"Strike harder, feeble one!" Yakub encouraged him. "Has all your strength gone in killing one wounded Ruski?"

"Am I a blacksmith?" says Kutebar. "By the Seven Pools of Eblis, do I have iron teeth? I save your life—again—and all you can do is whine. We have been at work, this *feringhee* and I, while you swung comfortably—God, what a fool's labour is this!"

"Cease!" cries Yakub. "Watch the door!"

There were feet running and voices; Kutebar took the other side from me, his bayonet poised, and I cocked the revol-

er. The feet stopped, and then a voice called, "Yakub Beg?" and Kutebar flung up his hands with a crow of delight. "In-shallah! There is good in the Chinese, after all! Come in, little dogs, and look on the bloody harvest of Kutebar!"

The door swung back, and before you could say Jack Robinson, there were half a dozen of them in the cell—robed, bearded figures with grinning hawk faces and long knives—I never thought I'd be glad to see a ghazi, and these were straight from that stable. They fell on Kutebar, embracing and slapping him, while the others were either stopped short at sight of me or hurried on to Yakub Beg, slumped against the far wall. And foremost was a lithe black-clad figure, tight-turbaned round head and chin, with a flowing cloak—hardly more than a boy. He stooped over Yakub Beg, cursing softly, and then shouted shrilly to the tribesmen: "Hack through those chains! Bear him up—gently—ah, God, my love, my love, what have they done to you?"

He was positively weeping, and then suddenly he was clasping the wounded man, smothering his cheeks with kisses, cupping the lolling head between his hands, murmuring endearments and finally kissing him passionately on the mouth.

Well, the Pathans are like that, you know, and I wasn't surprised to find these near relations of theirs similarly inclined to perversion; bad luck on the girls, I always think, but all the more skirt for chaps like me. Disgusting sight, though, this youth slobbering over him like that.

Our rescuers were eyeing me uncertainly, until Kutebar explained whose side I was on; then they all turned their attention to Oscar and Bosie. One of the tribesmen had hacked through Yakub's chains and four of them were bearing him towards the door, while the black-clad boy flitted alongside, cursing them to be careful. Kutebar motioned me to the door and I followed him up the steps, still clutching my revolver; the last of the tribesmen paused, even at that critical moment, to pass his knife carefully across the throats of the three dead Russians, and then joined us, giggling gleefully.

"The *hallal* [ritual throat cutting]!" says he. "Is it not fitting, for the proper despatch of animals?"

"Blasphemer!" says Kutebar. "Is this a time for jest?"

The boy hissed at them and they were silent. He had authority, this little spring violet, and when he snapped a command they jumped to it, hurrying along between the buildings, while he brought up the rear, glancing back towards the sound of shooting from the other side of the fort. There wasn't a Russian to be seen where we were, but I wasn't surprised. I could see the game—a sudden attack, with gunpowder and lots of noise, at the main gate, to draw every Russian in that direction, while the lifting party sneaked in through some rear bolthole. They were probably inside before the attack began, marking the sentries and waiting for the signal—but they hadn't bargained, apparently, for the sergeant and his men having orders to kill Yakub Beg as soon as a rescue was attempted. We'd been lucky there.

Suddenly we were under the main wall and there were figures on the catwalk overhead; Yakub Beg's body, grotesquely limp, was being hauled up, with the boy piping feverishly at them to be easy with him. Not 50 feet away, to our left, muskets were blazing from one of the guard towers, but they were shooting away from us. Strong lean hands helped me as I scrambled clumsily at a rope ladder; voices in Persian were muttering round us in the dark, robed figures were crouching at the embrasures, and then we were sliding down the ropes on the outside and I fell the last ten feet, landing on top of the man beneath, who gave a brief commentary on my parentage, future and personal habits as only a hillman can and then called softly: "All down, Silk One, including the clown Kutebar, your beloved the Kush Begi and this misbegotten pig of a *feringhee* with the large feet."

"Go!" said the boy's voice from the top of the wall, and as they thrust me forward in the dark, a long keening wail broke out from overhead; it was echoed somewhere along the wall, and even above the sound of firing I heard it farther off still. I was stumbling along in my

chains, clutching at the hand of the man who led me.

About half a mile from the fort, there was a gully, with cypress trees, and horses stamping in the dark, and I just sat on the ground, limp and thankful, beside Kutebar, while he reviled our saviours genially. Presently, the boy in black came slipping out of the shadows, kneeling beside us.

"I have sent Yakub away," says he. "It is far to the edge of the Red Sands. We wait here, for Sahib Khan and the others—God grant they have not lost too many!"

"To build the house, trees must fall," says Kutebar complacently. I agreed with him entirely, mind you. "And how is His Idleness, the Falcon on the Royal Wrist?"

"He is well, God be thanked," says the boy, and then the furious little pansy began to snivel like a girl. "His poor limbs are torn and helpless—but he is strong, he will mend!"

And the disgusting young lout flung his arms round Kutebar's neck, murmuring gratefully and kissing him, until the old fellow pushed him away—he was normal, at least.

"Shameless thing!" mutters he. "Respect my grey hairs! Is there no seemliness among you Chinese, then? Away, you barefaced creature—practise your gratitude on this *angliski*, if you must, but spare me!"

"Indeed I shall," says the youth and, turning to me, he put his hands on my shoulders. "You have saved my love, stranger; therefore, you have my love, forever and all." He was a nauseatingly pretty one, this, with his full lips and slanting Chinese eyes, and his pale, chiselled face framed by the black turban. The tears were still wet on his cheeks, and then to my disgust he leaned forward, plainly intending to kiss me, too.

"No, thank'ee!" cries I. "No offence, my son, but I ain't one for your sort, if you don't mind. . . ."

But his arms were round my neck and his lips on mine before I could stop him—and then I felt two firm young breasts pressing against my chest, and there was no mistaking the womanliness of the soft cheek against mine. A female, begad—leading a ghazi storming party on a neck-or-nothing venture like this! And such a female, by the feel of her. Well, of course, that put a different complexion on the thing entirely, and I suffered her to kiss away to her heart's content, and mine. What else could a gentleman do?

There are some parts of my life that I'd be glad to relive any time—and some that I don't care to remember at all. But there aren't many that I look back on and have to pinch myself to believe that they really happened. The business of the Khokandian Horde of the Red Sands is one of these, and yet it's one of the few episodes

in my career that I can verify from the history books if I want to. There are obscure works on Central Asia by anonymous surveyors and military writers,⁴ and I can look in them and find the names and places—Yakub Beg, Izzat Kutebar and Katti Torah; Buzurg Khan and the Seven Khojas, the Great and Middle Hordes of the Black Sands and the Golden Road, the Sky-blue Wolves of the Hungry Steppe, Sahib Khan and the remarkable girl they called the Silk One. You can trace them all, if you are curious, and learn how in those days they fought the Russians inch by inch from the Jaxartes to the Oxus, and if it reads to you like a mixture of *Robin Hood* and the *Arabian Nights*—well, I was there for part of it, and even I look back

⁴ Presumably such works as "England and Russia in Central Asia" (1879), "Central Asian Portraits" (1880), by D. C. Boulger, and "Caravan Journeys and Wanderings," by J. P. Ferrier. These and companion volumes give, in addition to biographical details, an account of the occupation of the Eastern lands by Russia, which had its origins in the agreement of 1760, when the Kirghiz-Kazak peoples, under their khan, Sultan Abdul Faiz, became nominal subjects of the tsar, receiving his protection in return for their promise to safeguard the Russian caravans. Neither side kept its bargain.



Meet the music savers.

Click! Another scratch in Sgt. Pepper that wasn't there before. Pop! Another one right in the middle of the Moody Blues. Crackle! Even with plastic jackets and cleaning gadgets and static removers, a few new noises seem to appear every time you put one of your records on the turntable.

If you'd like to end all that, take a look at the music savers—TEAC professional quality stereo cassette decks with built-in Dolby.* These skillfully engineered and carefully crafted TEAC Tape

Decks enable you to permanently record your valued albums on convenient cassettes. Capture all of their sound purity for years to come, no matter how often you listen to them. And they'll always be reproduced with the accuracy and full-range fidelity that have made TEAC professional quality stereo cassette decks the best-selling music savers in America.

Stop the clicks, crackles and pops. Add the easy-handling convenience of cassettes and the professional performance of TEAC to your sound system, all backed by TEAC's exclusive two-year Warranty of Confidence.** It could be the nicest thing you'll ever do for your music.

The sound of a new generation
TEAC.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

**TEAC or one of its authorized service stations will make all necessary repairs to any TEAC TAPE DECK resulting from defects in workmanship or material for two full years from the date of purchase free of charge to the original purchaser. This warranty applies only to TEAC products sold in the United States.

TEAC Corporation of America • Headquarters: 7733 Telegraph Rd., Montebello, California 90640 • TEAC offices in principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, Mexico and Japan.





827 THE WAY THINGS WORK
Alex Comfort, Ed.
(Pub. Price \$9.95)
Illustrated encyclopedia—International bestseller



885 THE JOY OF SEX
Alex Comfort, Ed.
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Gourmet guide to lovemaking



823 FIELDS FOR PRESIDENT
W. C. Fields
(Pub. Price \$5.95)
He wrote it himself!



891 THE APRIL GAME
"Diogenes"
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Secrets of an Internal Revenue agent



836 THE FRIENDS OF EODIE COYLE
George V. Higgins
(Pub. Price \$5.95)
Tense underworld novel—Bestseller



765 SINKINGS, SALVAGES AND SHIPWRECKS
Robert F. Burgess
(Pub. Price \$6.95)
Sea sagas—Illus.



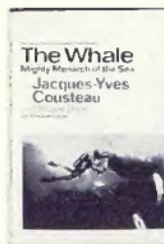
886 PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF FORBIDDEN WORDS
Robert A. Wilson, Ed.
(Pub. Price \$8.95)
Liberated dictionary



900 THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
Walter Lord
(Pub. Price \$8.50)
Exciting, gripping story of War of 1812



835 HOWARD HUGHES
John Keats
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Intimate portrait including Irving hoax



859 THE WHALE
Jacques-Yves Cousteau
(Pub. Price \$9.95)
Close-up living with giants of the seas—Magnificently illustrated



786 HOW TO TALK DIRTY AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE
Lenny Bruce
(Pub. Price \$6.00)
Confessions and accusations—Illustrated



831 THE FUNNY MONEY GAME
Andrew Tobias
(Pub. Price \$6.95)
Wild Wall Street joyride



818 THE ASSASSINS
Elia Kazan
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Powerful bestselling novel



880 GREAT EROTIC SCENES FROM LITERATURE
Robert Reiser, Ed.
(Pub. Price \$9.95)
Entertaining, edifying, enlightening



896 RABBIT REDUX
John Updike
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Searing, explosive novel—Bestseller



853 COSMOPOLITAN'S LOVE BOOK
(Pub. Price \$5.95)
A guide to ecstasy in bed



901 TOTAL ORGASM
Jack Lee Rosenberg
(Pub. Price \$6.95)
Illustrated guide to sexual fulfillment



711 THE SHARK
Jacques-Yves Cousteau
(Pub. Price \$8.95)
Undersea adventures—124 illustrations in full color



890 "JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE"
O'Donnell, Powers, & McCarthy
(Pub. Price \$8.95)
Intimate memories of JFK—Bestseller

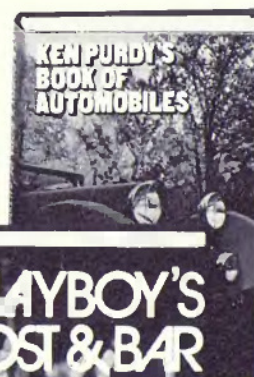


889 THE BOYS OF SUMMER
Roger Kahn
(Pub. Price \$8.95)
The fabulous Brooklyn Dodger stars—Illustrated



731 SCARNE'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO GAMBLING
(Pub. Price \$10.00)
Games classic

867 KEN PURDY'S BOOK OF AUTOMOBILES
(Pub. Price \$9.95)
Great book on cars and drivers—Illustrated



798 DUCE!
Richard Collier
(Pub. Price \$10.00)
Mussolini's biography



764 THE SENSUOUS MAN
by "M"
(Pub. Price \$6.00)
Sensational bestseller

809 PLAYBOY'S HOST & BAR BOOK
Thomas Mario
(Pub. Price \$12.95)
For the Superhost—Illustrated (Counts as two books)



795 RODEO!
The Suicide Circuit
Fred Schnell
(Pub. Price \$12.95)
The glory and the pain—Illustrated (Counts as two books)



737 THE MOVIES
Richard Griffith & Arthur Mayer
(Pub. Price \$19.95)
Movie history—1300 photos (Counts as two books)



899 FIELD & STREAM INTERNATIONAL FISHING GUIDE
A. J. McClane
(Pub. Price \$8.95)
For jet-age anglers—over 350 photos; 36 maps

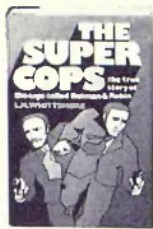


878 THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO
Cottie A. Burland
(Pub. Price \$12.95)
Large format, marvelous illustrations (Counts as two books)

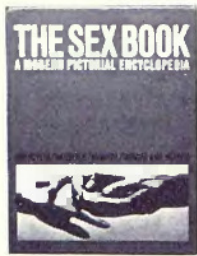


863 THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE
Inkeles, Todria & Footorap
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Explicit photographic guide

898 SEMI-TOUGH
Dan Jenkins
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Super-novel about the Super Bowl—Bestseller



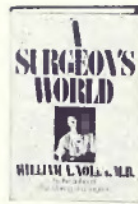
894 THE SUPERCOPS
L. H. Whittemore
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
True story of the two toughest cops in the U.S.



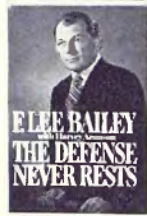
784 THE SEX BOOK
Goldstein, Haerle & McBride
(Pub. Price \$9.95)
Pictorial encyclopedia — "revolutionary" bestseller



870 THE PLAYBOY GOURMET
Thomas Mario
(Pub. Price \$14.95)
Delighting the sensuous palate—Illustrated
(Counts as two books)



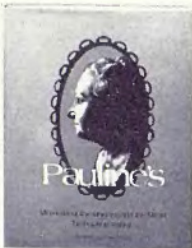
882 A SURGEON'S WORLD
William A. Nolen, M.D.
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Frank, fascinating, eye-opening account



810 THE DEFENSE NEVER RESTS
F. Lee Bailey with Harvey Aronson
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
His famous murder cases—Bestseller



875 I'M OK—YOU'RE OK
Thomas A. Harris, M.D.
(Pub. Price \$5.95)
The No. 1 bestseller



902 PAULINE'S
Pauline Tabor
(Pub. Price \$9.95)
Famous madam's bawdy house memoirs



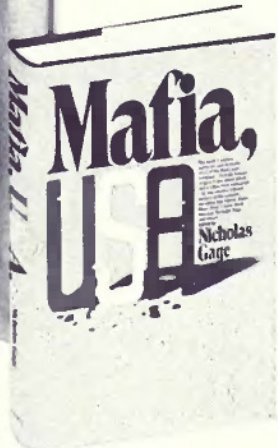
758 PRACTICAL BOATING
W. S. Kals
(Pub. Price \$7.95)
Power and sail guide



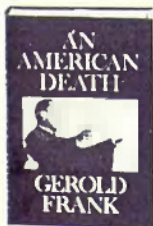
892 GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE
Text by Susan Hall
Photos by Bob Adelman
(Pub. Price \$12.95)
Private lives of a pimp and his prostitutes
(Counts as two books)



742 MIRROR OF VENUS
Paine, Sagan & Fellini
(Pub. Price \$22.50)
Women explored—magnificent photographs
(Counts as two books)



873 MAFIA, U.S.A.
Nicholas Gage, Ed.
(Pub. Price \$10.00)
Complete, factual, explosive, horrifying!
32 pages of photos



842 AN AMERICAN DEATH
Gerold Frank
(Pub. Price \$10.00)
The killing and killer of Martin Luther King, Jr.
—shocking, true

If you enjoy PLAYBOY, you belong in the Playboy Book Club



Just as PLAYBOY is different from all other magazines, Playboy Book Club is different from all other book clubs. It is a book club designed by our editors to match your tastes, your life-style, your point of view.

In the pages of PLAYBOY we bring you the finest and most provocative articles and fiction by many of the world's most prominent writers. Now we will make available to you—at significant savings—what we consider the most candid, contemporary, swinging and thought-provoking books of permanent value published this year.

And we'll offer you a wide choice of books at savings up to 33% under retail prices. The best from the publishing world selected for you by PLAYBOY editors.

Playboy's Choice, an illustrated monthly bulletin, will describe our editors' selections. Your only obligation is to add as few as four Club Selections (or Alternates) to your library during the first year. (Sorry, but orders from outside the U.S. and Canada cannot be processed.)

Remember, if you enjoy PLAYBOY, you *belong* in Playboy Book Club. Fill in the application today, and embark with us on a reading adventure that knows no boundaries.

Bonus: PLAYBOY'S GIFT PACK of three provocative paperbacks (a \$2.85 value) yours FREE for prompt action.

Introductory offer: Choose any 4 books* for only \$1.95

(value up to \$42.50) when you agree to become a member of the Playboy Book Club

*Deluxe volumes count as two selections. Publishers' prices quoted are U.S. prices; Canadian prices may be slightly higher.

on it as some kind of frightening fairy tale come true.

On the night of the rescue from Fort Raim, of course, I knew next to nothing about them—except that they were obviously of the warlike tribes constantly resisting the Russians who were trying to invade their country and push the tsar's dominions south to Afghanistan and east to the China border. It was a bloody, brutal business, that, and the wild people—the Tajiks, the Kirghiz-Kazaks, the Khokandians, the Uzbeks and the rest—were being forced back up the Syr Daria into the Hungry Steppe and the Red Sands, harrying all the way, raiding the new Russian outposts and cutting up their caravans.

But they weren't just savages, by any means. Behind them, far up the Syr Daria and the Amu Daria, were their great cities of Tashkent and Khokand and Samarkand and Bokhara, places that had been civilized when the Russians were running round bare-arsed—these were the spots that Moscow was really after.

It was to the brink of no man's land that they carried us on the night of our deliverance from Fort Raim—a punishing ride, hour after hour, through the dark and the silvery morning, over miles of desert and gully and parched steppe-land. They had managed to sever my ankle chain, so that I could back a horse, but I rode in an exhausted dream, only half-conscious of the robed figures flanking me, and when we finally halted, I remember only arms supporting me, and the smell of camel's-hair robes, and sinking onto a blessed softness to sleep forever.

It was a good place, that—an oasis deep in the Red Sands of the Kizil Kum, where the Russians still knew better than to venture. I remember waking there, to the sound of rippling water, and crawling out of the tent into bright sunlight and blinking at a long valley, crowded with tents, and a little village of beautiful white houses on the valley side, with trees and grass, and women and children chattering, and Tajik riders everywhere, with their horses and camels—lean, ugly, bearded fellows, bandoleered and booted, and not the kind of company I care to keep, normally. But one of them sings out: "Salaam, *angliski!*" as he clattered by, and one of the women gave me bread and coffee, and all seemed very friendly.

That first morning, as the local smith was filing off my fetters in the presence of a grinning, admiring crowd, I was already beginning to think ahead to the next leap. Very likely, Yakub Beg was on dining-out terms with half the bud-mashes [ruffians] and cattle thieves between here and Jalalabad. In gratitude for my services in the cell at Fort Raim, he couldn't refuse giving me an escort along the road through Afghanistan.

And, with my Persian and Pushtu, I'd have no difficulty in passing as an Afghan, as I had once before.

Then my thoughts went bounding ahead to my triumphant arrival in India—the renowned Flashy, last seen vanishing into the Russian army at Balaclava, emerging at Peshawar in romantic disguise.

"Rough trip halfway across Russia, through Astrakhan, over the Aral Sea and across the Hindu Kush? No-o, not really, though I'll be glad when these fettermarks have healed up. By the way, you might let the governor-general know that there's a Russian army of thirty thousand coming down through the Khyber shortly—I learned it from the tsar's secret cabinet, you know. Now, be a good fellow and get it on the telegraph to Calcutta."

Gad, the press would be full of it—"Saviour of India," assuming the damned place would be saved. East's scuttle through the snow would look puny by comparison, though I'd give him a pat on the back and point out that he'd done his duty, even though it meant sacrificing his old companion. I might, if I played it properly, get a knighthood out of it.

Not to waste time, I broached my travel plans to Izzat Kutebar that afternoon over a dish of kefir in the neighbouring tent where he was recovering noisily from his captivity.

"Eat, and thank Providence for such delights as this, which you infidels call ambrosia," says Kutebar, while an old serving-woman put the dish of honey-coloured curds before me. "The secret of its preparation was specially given by God to Abraham himself. Personally, I prefer it even to a Tashkent melon—and you know the proverb runs that the Caliph of the Faithful would give ten pearl-breasted beauties from his harem for a single melon of Tashkent. Myself, I would give five, perhaps, or six, if the melon were a big one." He wiped his beard. "And you would go to Afghanistan, then, and to your folk in India? It can be arranged—we owe you a debt, Flashman *bahadur*, Yakub and I and all our people. As you owe to us, for your own deliverance," he added gently, I protested my undying gratitude at once, and he nodded gravely.

"Between warriors let a word of thanks be like a heartbeat—a small thing, hardly heard, but it suffices," says he, and then grinned sheepishly. "What do I say? The truth is, we all owe our chief debt to that wild witch, Ko Dali's daughter. She whom they call the Silk One."

"Who is she?" I asked, for I'd seen—and felt—just enough of that remarkable female last night to be thoroughly intrigued. "Do you know, Izzat, last night until she . . . er, kissed me—I was sure she was a man."

"So Ko Dali must have thought, when

the fierce little bitch came yelping into the world," says he. "Who is Ko Dali?—a Chinese war lord, who had the good taste to take a Khokandian wife and the ill luck to father the Silk One. He governs in Kashgar, a Chinese city of East Turkestan a thousand miles east of here, below the Issik Kul and the Seven Rivers Country. Would to God he could govern his daughter as well—so should we be spared much shame, for is it not deplorable to have a woman who struts like a khan among us and leads such enterprises as that which freed you and me last night? Who can fathom the ways of Allah, who lets such things happen?"

"Well," says I, "it happened among the Ruskis, you know, Kutebar. They had an empress—why, in my own country, we are ruled by a queen."

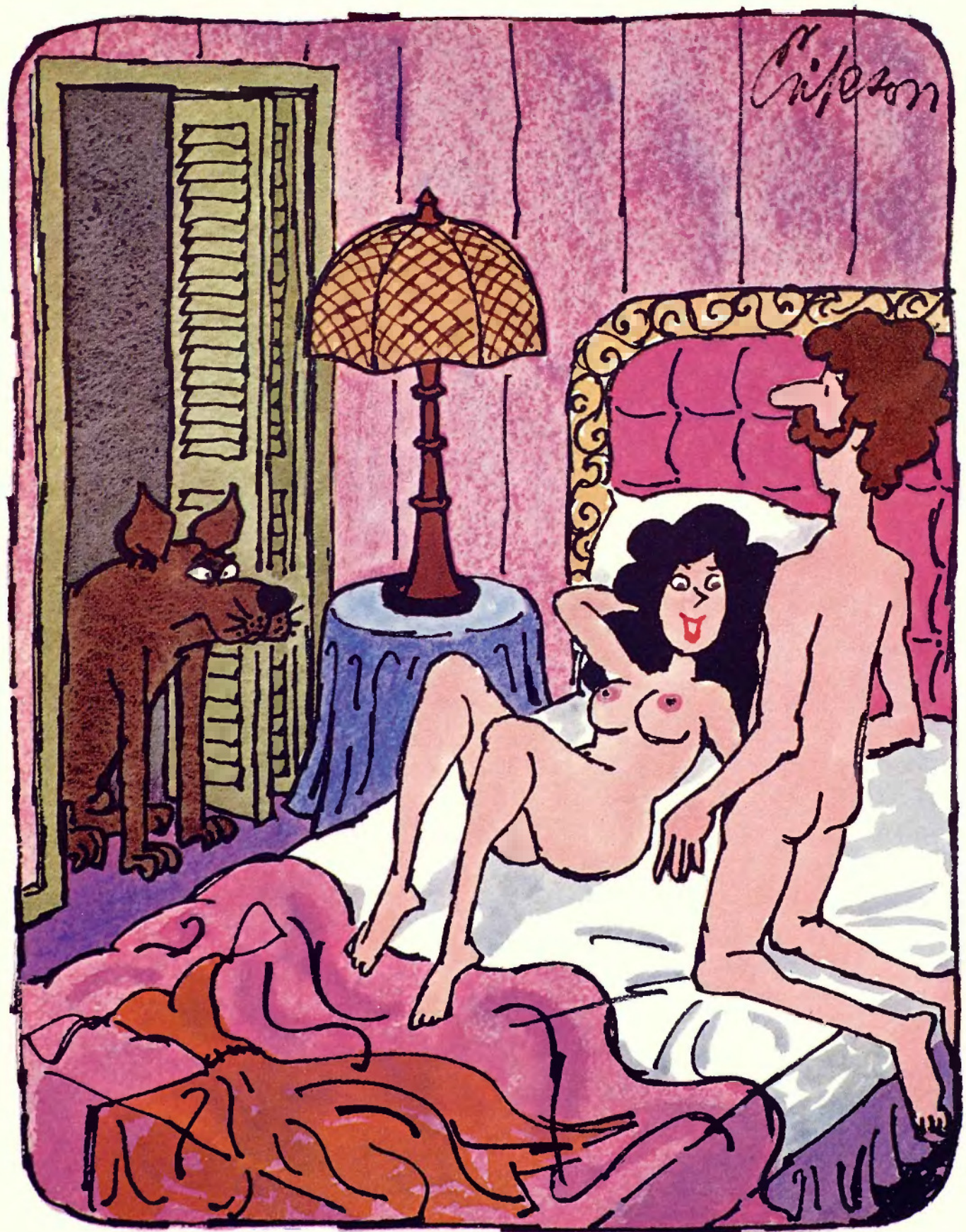
"So I have heard," says he, "but you are infidels. Besides, does your sultana, Vik Taria, go unveiled? Does she plan raid and ambush? No, by the black tomb of Timur, I'll wager she does not."

"Not that I've heard, lately," I admitted. "But this Silk One—"

"She came, on a day—it would be two years ago, after the Ruskis had built that devil's house, Fort Raim, and then she was among us, with her shameless bare face and bold talk and a dozen Chinese devil fighters attending on her. It was a troubled time, with the world upside down, and we scratching with our fingernails to hold the Ruskis back by foray and ambush; in such disorders, anything is possible, even a woman fighting chief. And Yakub saw her and . . ." He spread his hands. "She is beautiful, as the lily at morning—and clever, it is not to be denied. Doubtless they will marry, someday, if Yakub's wife will let him—she lives at Julek, on the river. But he is no fool, my Yakub—perhaps he loves this female hawk, perhaps not, but he is ambitious and he seeks such a kingdom for himself as Kashgar. Who knows, when Ko Dali dies, if Yakub finds the throne of Khokand beyond his reach, he may look to Ko Dali's daughter to help him wrest Kashgar Province from the Chinese. He has spoken of it, and she sits, devouring him with those black Mongolian eyes of hers. It is said," he went on confidentially, "that she devours other men also and that it was for her scandalous habits that the governor of Fort Raim, Engmann the Ruski—may wild dogs mate above his grave!—had her head shaved when she was taken last year, after the fall of Ak Mechet. They say—"

"They lie!" screeched the old woman, who had been listening. "In their jealousy they throw dirt on her, the pretty Silk One!"

"Will you raise your head, mother of discord and ruiner of good food?" says Izzat. "They shaved her scalp, I say, which is why she goes with a turban about



"That's Greta. When I'm satisfied, she's satisfied."



"Single!"

her always—for she has kept it shaved, and vowed to do so until she has Engmann's own head on a plate at her feet. God, the perversity of women! But what can one do about her? She is worth ten heads in the council, she can ride like a Kazak and is as brave as . . . as . . . as I am, by God! If Yakub and Buzurg Khan of Khokand—and I, of course—hold these Russian swine back from our country, it will be because she has the gift of seeing their weaknesses and showing us how they may be confounded. She is touched by God, I believe."

"And you say she'll make him a king one day and be his queen? An extraordinary girl, indeed. Meanwhile, she helps you fight the Ruskis."

"She helps not me, by God! She may help Yakub, who fights as chief of the Tajiks and military governor under Buzurg Khan, who rules in Khokand. They fight for their state, for all the Kirghiz-Kazak people, against an invader. But I, Izzat Kutebar, fight for myself and my own band. I am no statesman, I am no gover-

nor or princeling. I need no throne but my saddle. I," says this old ruffian, with immense pride, "am a bandit, as my fathers were. For upwards of thirty years—since I first ambushed the Bokhara caravan, in fact—I have robbed the Russians. Let me wear the robe of pride over the breastplate of distinction, for I have taken more loot and cut more throats of theirs since they put their thieving noses east of the Blue Lake [Aral Sea] than any—"

"Each to his own cause, I say."

"But you shall see for yourself, when we go to greet Yakub tonight—aye, and you shall see the Silk One, too, and judge what manner of thing she is. God keep me from the marriage bed of such a demon, and when I find paradise, may my houris not come from China."

So that evening, when I had bathed, trimmed my beard and had the filthy rags of my captivity replaced by shirt, pyjama trousers and soft Persian boots, Kutebar took me through the crowded camp, with everyone saluting him as he strutted by,

with his beard oiled and his silver-crusted belt and broad gold medal worn over his fine green coat.

We climbed up to the white houses of the village and Izzat led me through a low archway into a little garden, where there was a fountain and an open pillared pavilion such as you might find in Aladdin's pantomime. It was a lovely little place, shaded by trees in the warm evening, with birds murmuring in the branches, the first stars beginning to peep in the dark-blue sky overhead and some flutelike instrument playing softly beyond the wall. It's strange, but the reality of the East is always far beyond anything the romantic poets and artists can create in imitation.

Yakub Beg was lying on a pile of cushions beneath the pavilion, bareheaded and clad only in his pyjamas, so that his shoulders could be massaged by a stout woman who was working at them with warmed oil. He was tired and hollow-eyed still, but his lean face lit up at the sight of us. I suppose he was a bit of a demon king, with his forked beard and scalp lock, and that rare thing in Central Asia, which they say is a legacy of Alexander's Greek mercenaries—the bright-blue eyes of the European. And he had the happiest smile, I think, that ever I saw on a human face. You had only to see it to understand why the Syr Daria tribes carried on their hopeless struggle against the Russians; fools will always follow the Yakub Begs of this world.

He greeted me eagerly and presented me to Sahib Khan, his lieutenant, of whom I remember nothing except that he was unusually tall, with moustaches that fell below his chin; I was trying not to look too pointedly at the third member of the group, who was lounging on the cushions near Yakub, playing with a tiny Persian kitten on her lap. Now that I saw her in full light, I had a little difficulty in recognizing the excitable, passionate creature I had taken for a boy only the night before; Ko Dali's daughter this evening was a very self-possessed, consciously feminine young woman, indeed—of course, girls are like that, squealing one minute, all assured dignity the next. She was dressed in the tight-wrapped white trousers the Tajik women wear, with curled Persian slippers on her dainty feet, and any illusion of boyishness was dispelled by the roundness of the cloth-of-silver blouse beneath her short embroidered jacket. Round her head she wore a pale-pink turban, very tight, framing a striking young face as pale as alabaster—you'll think me susceptible, but I found her incredibly fetching, with her slanting almond eyes (the only Chinese thing about her), the slightly protruding milk-white teeth which showed as she teased and laughed at the kitten, the determined little chin and the fine straight



McKesson LIQUOR CO., N.Y., N.Y. 80 PROOF LIQUEUR.



“May all your screwdrivers be Harvey Wallbangers.”

That's how true believers in vodka and orange juice toast each other.

Because, thanks to Galliano, a Harvey Wallbanger is more than just a gold-plated screwdriver. It's the party drink of the decade, the

taste that's sweeping the country. Proving how Galliano can add new life to the most familiar combinations.

Make your next drink with a friend or friends a Harvey Wallbanger party. Somebody brings

Liquore Galliano. You take it from there: Fill tall glass with ice cubes.

Fill 3/4 full with orange juice. Add 1 oz. vodka. Stir. Float 1/2 oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

LIQUORE GALLIANO®
A LIQUEUR

© McKesson LIQUOR CO., 1972



nose that looked as though it had been chiselled out of marble.

"Izzat tells me you are eager to rejoin your own people in India, Flashman *bahadur*. Before we discuss that, I wish to make a small token sign of my gratitude to you for . . . well, for my life, no less. There are perhaps half a dozen people in the world who have saved Yakub Beg at one time or another—three of them you see here. . . ."

"More fool we," growls Kutebar. "A thankless task, friends."

"But you are the first *feringhee* to render me that service. So"—he gave that frank impulsive grin and ducked his shaven head—"if you are willing, and will do me the great honour to accept. . . ."

I wondered what was coming and caught my breath when, at a signal from Sahib Khan, a servant brought in a tray on which were four articles—a little bowl containing salt, another in which an ember of wood burned smokily, a small square of earth with a shred of rank grass attaching to it and a wave-bladed Persian dagger with the snake-and-hare design on its blade. I knew what this meant and it took me aback, for it's the ultimate honour a hillman can do to you: Yakub Beg wanted to make me his blood brother. And while you could say I had saved his

life—still, it was big medicine, on such short acquaintance.

However, I knew the formula, for I'd been blood brother to young Ilderim of Mogala years before, so I followed him in tasting the salt, and passing my hand over the fire and the earth, and then laying it beside his on the knife while he said, and I repeated:

"By earth and salt and fire; by hilt and blade; and in the name of God in whatever tongue men call Him, I am thy brother in blood henceforth. May He curse me and consign me to the pit forever, if I fail thee, my friend."

Yakub Beg had some difficulty, his shoulders were still crippled and Sahib Khan had to lift his hand to the tray for him. And then he had to carry both his hands round my neck as I stooped for the formal embrace, after which Kutebar and Ko Dali's daughter and Sahib Khan murmured their applause and we drank hot black coffee with lemon essence and opium, sweetened with sherbet.

And then the serious business began. I had to recite, at Yakub Beg's request, my own recent history and how I had come into the hands of the Russians. So I told them, in brief, much of what I've written here, from my capture at Balacava to my arrival in Fort Raim—leaving out the dis-

creditable bits, of course, but telling them what they wanted to hear most, which was why there was a great Russian army assembling at Fort Raim, for the march to India. They listened intently, the men only occasionally exploding in a "Bismillah!" or "Ayah!" with a handclap by way of emphasis and the woman silent, fondling the kitten and watching me with those thoughtful, almond eyes. And when I had done, Yakub Beg began to laugh—so loud and hearty that he hurt his torn muscles.

"So much for pride, then! Oh, Khokand, what a little thing you are, and how insignificant your people in the sight of the great world! We had thought, in our folly, that this great army was for *us*, that the White Tsar was sending his best to trample us flat—and we are just to be licked up in the bygoing, like a mosquito brushed from the hunter's eye when he sights his quarry. And the Great Bear marches on India, does he?" He shook his head. "Can your people stop him at the Khyber gate?"

"Perhaps," says I, "if I get word to them in time."

"In three weeks you might be in Peshawar," says he, thoughtfully. "Not that it will profit us here. The word is that the Ruskis will begin their advance up Syr Daria within two weeks, which means we have a month of life left to us. And then"—he made a weary little gesture—"Tashkent and Khokand will go; Perovski will drink his tea in the serai by Samarkand bazaar and his horses will water in the See-ah stream. The Cossacks will ride over the Black Sands and the Red."

"Well," says I, helpfully, "perhaps you can make some sort of . . . accommodation with them. Terms, don't you know?"

"Terms?" says Yakub. "Have you made terms with a wolf lately, Englishman? Shall I tell you the kind of terms they make? When this scum Perovski brought his soldiers and big guns to my city of Ak Mechet two years ago, invading our soil for no better reason than that he wished to steal it, what did he tell Mahomed Wali, who ruled in my absence?" His voice was still steady, but his eyes were shining. "He said: 'Russia comes not for a day, not for a year, but forever.' Those were his terms. And when Wali's people fought for the town, even the women and children throwing their *kissiahs* [hard dung balls used as missiles] against the guns, and held until there was no food left, and the swords were all broken, and the little powder gone, and the walls blown in, and only the citadel remained, Wali said: 'It is enough. We will surrender.' And Perovski tore up the offer of surrender and said: 'We will take the citadel with our bayonets.' And they did. Two hundred of our folk they mowed



"Boss, the boys have voted to kick you upstairs."

down with grape, even the old and young. That is the honour of a Russian soldier: that is the peace of the White Tsar."⁵

"My wife and children died in Ak Mechet, beneath the White Mosque," says

⁵ *The Russian expansion into Central Asia in the middle of the last century, which swallowed up all the independent countries and khanates east of the Caspian as far as China and south to Afghanistan, was conducted with considerable brutality. The massacre at Ak Mechet (the White Mosque) by General Pevovski, on August 8, 1853, took place as Yakub Beg describes it, but it was surpassed by such atrocities as Denghil Tepe, in the Kara Kum, in 1879, when the Tekke women and children, attempting to escape from the position which their menfolk were holding, were deliberately shot down by Lomakine's troops. In this, as in other places, the Russian commanders made it clear that they were not interested in receiving surrenders.*

It is customary nowadays for Russians to refer to this expansion as "tsarist imperialism"; however, it will be noted that while the much-abused Western colonial powers have now largely divested themselves of their empires, the modern Russian Communist state retains an iron grip on the extensive colonies in Central Asia which the old Russian empire acquired.

Sahib Khan. "They did not even know who the Russians were. My little son clapped his hands before the battle, to see so many pretty uniforms and the guns all in a row."

They were silent again and I sat uncomfortably, until Yakub Beg says: "I took seven thousand men against Ak Mechet two winters since and saw them routed; I went again with twice as many and saw my thousands slain. The Russians lost eighteen killed. Oh, if it were sabre to sabre, horse to horse, man to man, I would not shirk the odds—but against their artillery, their rifles, what can our riders do?"

"Fight," growls Kutebar. "So it is the last fight, let it be one they will remember. A month, you say? In that time we can run the horsetail banner to Kashgar and back; we can raise every Muslim fighting man from Turgai to the Killer-of-Hindus [Hindu Kush range], from Khorasan to the Tarim Desert." His voice rose steadily from a growl to a shout. "When the Chinese slew the Kalmuks in the old time, what was the answer given to the fainthearts: 'Turn east, west, north, south, there you shall find the Kirghiz. Why should we lie down to a handful of strangers?' They have arms, they have horses—so have we. If they come in their thousands, these infidels, have we not the Great Horde of the far steppes,

the people of the Blue Wolf,⁶ to join our jihad [holy war]? We may not win, but, by God, we can make them understand that the ghosts of Timur and Chinghiz Khan still ride these plains; we can mark every yard of the Syr Daria with a Russian corpse; we can make them buy this country at a price that will cause the tsar to count his change in the Kremlin palace!"

Yakub Beg sighed, and then smiled at me. He was one of your spirited rascals who can never be glum for more than a moment. "It may be. If they overrun us, I shall not live to see it; I'll make young bones somewhere up by Ak Mechet. You understand, Flashman *bahadur*, we may buy you a little time here, in Syr Daria—no more. Your red soldiers may avenge us, but only God can help us."

Ko Dali's daughter spoke for the first time and I was surprised how high and yet husky her voice was—the kind that makes you think of French satin sofas,

⁶ *The Mongols were said to be descended from a sky-blue wolf. Flashman's Khokandian friends seem to have used the term rather loosely, possibly because many of them were part Mongol by descent. Incidentally, much of Kutebar's speech at this point is almost word for word with a rallying call heard in the Syr Daria country at the time of the Russian advance.*

Why push a brush when you get a better shine pushing a button?



The electric push-button shoeshine in two speeds: In this solid oak chest you have polish applicators, brushes, buffers, extra flannels, mudbrush and polish. Each attachment couples magnetically to the Roto-Shine with low speed for application and high for buffing and polishing. Push the button and you have an automatic shoe shine.

The Ronson Roto-Shine magnetically picks up applicators, brushes, polishers and outshines experts.

RONSON[®]
DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

with the blinds down and purple wall-paper. She was lying prone now, tickling the kitten's belly and murmuring to it.

"Do you hear them, little tiger, these great strong men? How they enjoy their despair! They reckon the odds and find them heavy, and since fighting is so much easier than thinking, they put the scowl of resignation on the face of stupidity and swear most horribly." Her voice whined in grotesque mimicry. "By the bowels of Rustum, we shall give them a battle to remember—hand me my scimitar, Gamal, it is in the woodshed. Aye, we shall make such and such a slaughter, and if we are all blown to the ends of Eblis—may God protect the valorous!—we shall at least be blown like men. Aya-wallah, brothers, it is God's will; we shall have done our best." This is how the wise warriors talk, furry little sister—which is why we women weep and children go hungry. But never fear—when the Russians have killed them all, I shall find myself a great strong Cossack and you shall have a lusty Russian tom, and we shall live on oranges and honey and cream forever."

Yakub Beg just laughed and silenced Kutebar's angry growl. "She never said a word that was not worth listening to. Well, Silk One, what must we do to be saved?"

Ko Dali's daughter rolled the kitten over. "Fight them now, before they have moved, while they have their backs to the sea. Take all your horsemen, suddenly, and scatter them on the beach."

"Oh, cage the wind, girl!" cries Kutebar. "They have thirty thousand muskets, one third of them Cossack cavalry. Where can we raise half that number?"

"Send to Buzurg Khan to help you. At need, ask aid from Bokhara."

"Bokhara is lukewarm," says Yakub Beg. "They are the last to whom we can turn for help."

The girl shrugged. "When the Jew grows poor, he looks to his old accounts. Well, then, you must do it alone."

"How, woman? I have not the gift of human multiplication; they outnumber us."

"But their ammunition has not yet come—this much we know from your spies at Fort Raim. So the odds are none so great—three to one at most. With such valiant sabres as Kutebar here, the thing should be easy."

"If there were a hope of a surprise attack on their camp succeeding, I should have ordered it," says Yakub Beg. "But I see no way. Their powder ships will arrive in a week, and three days, perhaps four, thereafter, they will be moving up Syr Daria."

"Ask her, then," says Kutebar sarcastically. "Is she not waiting to be asked? To her, it will be easy."

"If it were easy, even you would have thought of it by now," says the girl. "Let

me think of it instead." She rose, picking up her cat, stroking it and smiling as she nuzzled it. "Shall we think, little cruelty? And when we have thought, we shall tell them and they will slap their knees and cry: 'Mashallah, but how simple! It leaps to the eye! A child could have conceived it.' And they will smile on us and perhaps throw us a little *jumagi* [pocket money] or a sweetmeat, for which we shall be humbly thankful. Come, butcher of little mice." And without so much as a glance at us, she sauntered off, with those tight white pants stirring provocatively and Izzat cursing under his breath.

"Ko Dali should have whipped the demons out of that baggage before she grew teeth! But then, what do the Chinese know of education? If she were mine, by death, would I not discipline her?"

"You would not dare, father of wind and grey whiskers," says Yakub genially. "So let her think—and if nothing comes of it, you may have the laugh of her."

Now, their discussion had been all very well, no doubt, but it was of no great interest to me whether they got themselves cut up by the Russians now or a month hence. The main thing was to get Flashy on his way to India, and I made bold to raise the subject again. But Yakub Beg disappointed me.

"You shall go, surely, but a few days will make no difference. By then we shall have made a resolve here, and it were best your chiefs in India knew what it was. So they may be the better prepared. In the meantime, Flashman *bahadur*, blood brother, take your ease among us."

I couldn't object to that and for three days I loafed about, wandering through the camp, observing the great coming and going of couriers and the arrival each day of fresh bands of horsemen. They were coming in from all parts of the Red Sands and, beyond, from as far as the Black Sands below Khiva, and Zarafshan and the Bokhara border—Uzbeks with their flat yellow faces and scalp locks, lean, swarthy Tajiks and slit-eyed Mongols, terrible-looking folk with their long swords and bandy legs—until there must have been close on 5000 riders in that valley alone. But when you thought of these wild hordes pitted against artillery and disciplined riflemen, you saw how hopeless the business was; it would take more than the Silk One to think them out of this.

An extraordinary young woman, that—weeping passionately over Yakub's wounds on the night of the rescue, but in council with the men as composed (and bossy) as a Mayfair mama. A walking temptation, too, to a warm-blooded chap like me, so I kept well clear of her in those three days. She might be just the ticket for a wet weekend, but she was also Yakub Beg's intended—and that apart, I'm bound to confess that there was something about the cut of her shapely little

jib that made me just a mite uneasy. I'm wary of strong, clever women, however beddable they may be, and Ko Dali's daughter was strong and too clever for comfort. As I was to find out to my cost—God, when I think what that Chinese-minded mort got me into!

I spent my time, as I say, loafing and getting more impatient and edgy by the hour. I wanted to get away for India, and every day that passed brought nearer the moment when those Russian brutes (with Ignatieff well to the fore, no doubt) came pouring up the Syr Daria valley from Fort Raim, guns, Cossacks, foot and all. But Yakub still seemed uncertain how to prepare for the fight that was coming; he'd tried his overlord, Buzurg Khan, for help, and got little out of him, and egged on by Kutebar, he was coming round to the Silk One's notion of one mad slash at the enemy before they had got under way from Fort Raim. Good luck, thinks I, just give me a horse and an escort first and I'll bless your enterprise as I wave farewell.

It was the fourth day and I was lounging in the camp's little market, improving my Persian by learning the 99 names of God (only the Bactrian camels know the 100th, which is why they look so deuced superior) from an Astrabad caravan guard turned murderer, when Kutebar came in a great bustle to take me to Yakub Beg at once. I went, thinking no evil, and found him in the pavilion with Sahib Khan and one or two others, squatting round their coffee table. Ko Dali's daughter was lounging apart, listening and saying nothing, feeding her kitten with sweet jelly. Yakub, whose limbs had mended to the point where he could move with only a little stiffness, was wound up like a fiddlestring with excitement; he was smiling gleefully as he touched my hand in greeting and motioned me to sit.

"News, Flashman *bahadur*! The Ruski powder boats come tomorrow. They have loaded at Tokmak, the Obrucheff steamer and the Mikhail, and by evening they will be at anchor off Syr Daria's mouth, with every grain of powder, every cartridge, every pack for the artillery in their holds! The next day their cargoes will be dispersed through the Ruski host, who at the moment have a bare twenty rounds to each musket." He rubbed his hands joyfully. "You see what it means, *angliski*? God has put them in our hands—may His name be ever blessed!"

I didn't see what he was driving at, until Sahib Khan enlightened me. "If those two powder boats can be destroyed," says he, "there will be no Ruski army on the Syr Daria this year. They will be a bear without claws."

"And there will be no advance on India this year, either!" cries Yakub. "What do you say to that, Flashman?"

It was big news, certainly, and their logic was flawless—so far as it went:



AN UNRELIABLE WATCH CAN MAKE YOU UNRELIABLE.

Your watch has done you in again.

And everybody's fed up with your excuses.

To insure your dignity, not to mention your job, you need an Accutron® watch.

It doesn't have a mainspring that can get unsprung. Or a balance wheel that can get unbalanced.

It has a tuning fork movement guaranteed to turn in an honest day's work to within a minute a month*.

Just match that record, and your worries are over.

BULOVA ACCUTRON®

The faithful tuning fork watch.

Left to right: #25806. 14K solid gold case and bracelet \$500. #25526. 14K solid gold. \$275. Other styles at fine jewelry and department stores. From \$100.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase ©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



Without their main munitions, the Russians couldn't march. From my detached point of view, there was only one small question to ask. "Can you do it?"

He looked at me, grinning, and something in that happy bandit face started the alarms rumbling in my lower innards.

"That you shall tell us," says he. "Indeed, God has sent you here. Listen, now. What I have told you is sure information; every slave who labours on that beach at Fort Raim, unloading and piling baggage for those Ruski filth, is a man or a woman of our people—so that not a word is spoken in that camp, not a deed done, not a sentry relieves himself but we know of it. We know to the last peck of rice, to the last horseshoe, what supplies already lie on that beach, and we know, too, that when the powder ships anchor off Fort Raim, they will be ringed about with guard boats, so that not even a fish can swim through. So we cannot hope to mine or burn them by storm or surprise."

Well, that dished him, it seemed to me, but on he went, happily disposing of another possibility. "Nor could we hope to drag the lightest of the few poor cannon we have to some place within shot of the ships. What then remains?" He smiled triumphantly and produced from his breast a roll of papers, written in Russian; it looked like a list.

"Did I not say we were well served for spies? This is a manifest of stores and equipment already landed and lying beneath the awnings and in the sheds. My careful Silk One—he bowed in her direction—"has had them interpreted and has found an item of vast interest. It says—now listen, and bless the name of your own people, from whom this gift comes—it says: 'Twenty stands of British rocket artillery; two hundred boxes of cases.'"

He stopped, staring eagerly at me, and I was aware that they were all waiting expectantly.

"Congreves?" says I. "Well, what—"

"What is the range of such rockets?" asked Yakub Beg.

"Why—about two miles." I knew a bit about Congreves from my time at Woolwich. "Not accurate at that distance, of course; if you want to make good practice, then half a mile, three quarters, but—"

"The ships will not be above half a mile from the shore," says he softly. "And these rockets, from what I have heard, are fiercely combustible—like Greek fire! If one of them were to strike the upper works of the steamer or the wooden hull of the Mikhail."

"Forgive me," says I. "But the Ruskis have these rockets—you don't. And if you're thinking of stealing some of 'em, I'm sorry, Yakub, but you're eating green corn. D'ye know how much a single Congreve rocket head weighs, without its stick? Thirty-two pounds. And the stick is fifteen feet long—and before you can

fire one you have to have the firing frame, which is solid steel weighing God knows what, with iron half-pipes. Oh, I daresay friend Kutebar here has some pretty thieves in his fighting tail, but they couldn't hope to lug this kind of gear out from under the Russians' noses—not unseen. Dammit, you'd need a mule train. And if, by some miracle, you did get hold of a frame and rockets, where would you find a firing point close enough? For that matter, at two miles—maximum range, trained at fifty-five degrees—why, you could blaze away all night and never score a hit!"

I suddenly stopped talking. I'd been expecting to see their faces fall, but Yakub was grinning broader by the second. Kutebar was nodding grimly, even Sahib Khan was smiling.

"What's the joke, then?" says I. "You can't do it, you see."

"We do not need to do it," says Yakub, looking like a happy crocodile. "Tell me: These things are like great skyrockets, are they not? How long would it take unskilled men—handless creatures like the ancient Kutebar, for example—to prepare and fire one?"

"To erect the frame?—oh, two minutes, for artillerymen. Ten times as long, probably, for your lot. Adjust the aim, light the fuse and off she goes—but dammit, what's the use of this to you?"

"Yallah!" cries he, clapping his hands delightedly. "I should call you *saped-pa*—white foot, the bringer of good luck and good news, for what you have just told us is the sweetest tidings I have heard this summer." He reached over and slapped my knee. "Have no fear—we do not intend to steal a rocket, although it was my first thought. But, as you have pointed out, it would be impossible; this much we had realized. But my Silk One, whose mind is like the puzzles of her father's people, intricately simple, has found a way. Tell him, Kutebar."

"We cannot beat the Ruskis, even if we launch our whole power, five or six thousand riders, upon their beach camp and Fort Raim," says the old bandit. "They must drive us back with slaughter in the end. But"—he wagged a finger like an eagle's talon under my nose—"we can storm their camp by night, in one place, where these *Jevinghee* ra-kets are lying—and that is hard by the pier, in a little godown [warehouse]. This our people have already told us. It will be a strange thing if, descending out of the night past Fort Raim like a thunderbolt, we cannot hold fifty yards of beach for an hour, facing both ways. And in our midst, we shall set up this ra-ke-t device, and while our riders hold the enemy at bay, our gunners can launch this fire of Eblis against the Ruski powder ships. They will be in fair range, not half a mile—and in such weather, with timbers as dry as sand, will not one ra-ke-t striking home be sufficient to burn them to Jehannum?"

I looked at the Silk One with my skin crawling. She'd schemed up this desperate, doomed nonsense, in which thousands of men were going to be cut up, and there she sat, dusting her kitten's whiskers. Mind you, I didn't doubt, when I thought of the thing, that they could bring it off, given decent luck. Five thousand sabres, with the likes of Kutebar roaring about in the dark, could create havoc in that Russian camp and probably secure a beachhead just long enough for them to turn the Russians' own rockets on the powder ships. And I knew any fool could lay and fire a Congreve. But afterwards? I thought of the shambles of that beach in the dark—and those rows of gal-lows outside Fort Raim.

And yet, there they sat, those madmen, looking as pleased as if they were going to a birthday party, Yakub Beg calling for coffee and sherbet, Kutebar's evil old face wreathed in happy smiles. Well, it was no concern of mine if they wanted to throw their lives away—and if they did succeed in crippling the Russian invasion before it had even started, so much the better. It would be glad news to bring into Peshawar—by Jove, I might even hint that I'd engineered the whole thing.

And then Yakub Beg's voice broke in on my daydreams:

"Who shall say there is such a thing as chance?" he was exulting. "All is as God directs. He sends the Ruski powder ships. He sends the means of their destruction. And"—he reached out to pass me my coffee cup—"best of all, He sends you, blood brother, without whom all would be nought."

You may think that until now I'd been slow on the uptake—that I should have seen the danger signal as soon as this lunatic mentioned Congreve rockets. But I'd been so taken aback by the scheme and had it so fixed in my mind that I had no part in it, anyway, that the fearful implication behind his last words came like a douche of cold water. I nearly dropped my coffee cup.

"Nought?" I echoed. "What d'you mean?"

"Who among us would have the skill or knowledge to make use of these rockets of yours?" says he. "I said you were sent by God. A British officer, who knows how these things are employed, who can ensure success where our bungling fingers would—"

"You mean you expect me to fire these bloody things for you? Look, Yakub Beg—I'm sorry, but it cannot be. You know I must go to India, to carry the news of this Russian invasion . . . this army. . . . I can't risk such news going astray. . . ."

"But there will be no invasion," says he contentedly. "We will see to that."

"But if we—you—I mean, if it doesn't work?" I cried. "I can't take the risk! I mean, it's not that I don't wish to help you—I would if I could, of course. But if I were killed and the Russians marched



"Stop worrying, Rodney—there are times when a stutter can be a very attractive impediment."



“... And over here, a little-known event in American history took place.”

in spite of your idiotic—I mean, your daring scheme—they would catch my people unprepared!”

“Rest assured,” says he, “the news will go to Peshawar. I pledge my honour, just as I pledge my people to fight these Ruski tooth and nail from here to the Killer-of-Hindus. But we will stop them *here*”—and he struck the ground beside him. “I know it! And your soldiers in India will be prepared for a blow that never comes. For we will not fail. The Silk One’s plan is sound. Is she not the *najid*?” And the grinning ape bowed again in her direction, pleased as Punch.

By George, this was desperate. I didn’t know what to say. He was bent on dragging me into certain destruction and I had to weasel out somehow—but, at the same time, I daren’t let them see the truth, which was that the whole mad scheme terrified me out of my wits. That might well be fatal—you’ve no idea what those folk are like, and if Yakub Beg thought I was letting him down . . . well, one thing I could be sure of: There’d be no excursion train ordered up to take me to the coral strand in a hurry.

“Yakub, my friend,” says I, “think but a moment. I would ask nothing better than to ride with you and Kutebar on this affair. I have my own score to settle with these Ruski pigs, believe me. And if I could add one asper in the scale of success, I would be with you heart and soul. But I am no artilleryman. I know something of these rockets but nothing to the purpose. Any fool can aim them and fire them—Kutebar can do it as easily as he breaks wind”—that got them laughing,

as I intended it should. “And I have my duty, which is to my country. I, and I alone, must take that news—who else would be believed? Don’t you see—you may do this thing without me?”

“Not as surely,” says he. “How could we? An artilleryman you may not be, but you are a soldier, with those little skills that mean the difference between success and failure. You know this—and think, blood brother, whether we stand or fall, when those ships flame like the rising sun and sink into destruction, we will have shattered the threat to your folk and mine! We will have lit a fire that will singe the Kremlin wall! By God, what a dawn that will be!”

I sat pretty quiet, feverishly trying to plot a way out of this and getting nowhere. The others got down to the details of the business and I had to take part and try to look happy about it. I must say, looking back, they had it well schemed out: They would take 5000 riders, under Yakub and Kutebar and Sahib Khan, each commanding a division, and just go hell for leather past Fort Raim at four in the morning, driving down to the beach and cutting off the pier. Sahib Khan’s lot would secure the northern flank beyond the pier, facing the Syr Daria mouth; Yakub would take the south side, fronting the main beach; and their forces would join up at the landward end of the pier, presenting a ring of fire and steel against the Russian counterattacks. Kutebar’s detachment would be inside the ring, in reserve, and shielding the firing party—here they looked at me with reverent eyes and I managed an off-

hand grin that any dentist would have recognized first go.

And then, while all hell was breaking loose round us, the intrepid Flashy and his assistants would set the infernal things up and blaze away at the powder ships. And when the great Guy Fawkes explosion occurred—supposing that it did—we would take to the sea; it was half a mile across the Syr Daria mouth and Katti Torah—a horrible little person with yellow teeth and a squint, who was one of the council that night—would be waiting on the other side to cover all who could escape that way.

I loafed about my tent, worrying, next morning, while the camp hummed round me—you never saw so many happy faces at the prospect of impending dissolution. How many of them would be alive next day? Not that I cared—I’d have seen ‘em all dead and damned if only I could come off safe. My guts were beginning to churn in earnest as the hours went by, and finally I was in such a sweat I couldn’t stand it any longer. I decided to go up to the pavilion and have a last shot at talking some sense into Yakub Beg—I didn’t know what I could say, but if the worst came to the worst, I might even chance a flat refusal to have anything to do with his mad venture and see what he would do about it. In this desperate frame of mind, I made my way up through the village, which was quiet with everyone being down in the camp below, went through the little archway and past the screen to the garden—and there was Ko Dali’s daughter, alone, sitting by the fountain, trailing her fingers in the water, with that damned kitten watching the ripples.

In spite of my fearful preoccupations—which were entirely her fault, in the first place—I felt the old Adam stir at the sight of her. She was wearing a close-fitting white robe with a gold-embroidered border and her shapely little bare feet peeping out beneath it; round her head was the inevitable turban, also of white. She looked like Scheherazade in the caliph’s garden, and didn’t she know it, just?

“Yakub is not here,” says she, before I’d even had time to state my business. “He has ridden out with the others to talk with Buzurg Khan; perhaps by evening he will have returned.” She stroked the kitten. “Will you wait?”

It was an invitation if ever I heard one—and I’m used to them. But it was unexpected and, as I’ve said, I was something wary of this young woman. So I hesitated, while she watched me, smiling with her lips closed, and I was just on the point of making my apology and withdrawing, when she leaned down to the kitten and said:

“Why do you suppose such a tall fellow is so afraid, little sister? Can you tell? No? He would be wise not to let Yakub

and those almond eyes looking up at me, her lips parted; I was shaking as I brought my mouth down on them and pulled the robe from her shoulders, gripping her sharp-pointed breasts in my hands. She lay quivering against me for a moment, and then pulled free, pushing the kitten gently aside with her foot.

And then she turned towards me, pushing me back and down, with her hands on my chest, and sliding astride of me while her tongue flickered out against my lips and then my eyelids and cheeks and into my ear. I grappled her, yammering lustfully, as she shrugged off the robe and began working nimbly at my girdle—and no sooner had we set to partners and commenced heaving passionately away than up comes that damned kitten beside my head and Ko Dali's daughter had to pause and lift her face to blow at it.

"Does no one pay heed to you, then? Fie, selfish little inquisitive! Can your mistress not have a moment of pleasure herself with an *angliski*—a thing she has never done before?" And they purred at each other while I was going mad—I've never been more mortified in my life.

"I shall tell you all about it later," said she, which is an astonishing thing to hear, when you're at grips.

"Never mind telling the blasted cat!" I roared, straining at her. "Dammit, if you're going to tell anyone, tell me!"

"Ah," says she, sitting back. "You are like the Chinese—you wish to talk as well? Then here is a topic of conversation." And she reached up and suddenly plucked off her turban, and there she was, shaved like a Buddhist monk, staring mischievously down at me.

"Good God!" I croaked. "You're bald!"

"Did you not know? It is my vow. Does it make me"—she stirred her rump deliciously—"less desirable?"

"My God, no!" I cried and fell to again with a will, but every time I became properly engrossed, she would stop to chide the cat, which kept loafing round miaowing, until I was near crazy, with that naked alabaster beauty squirming athwart my hawse, as the sailors say, and nothing to be done satisfactorily until she had left off talking and come back to work. And once she nearly unmanned me completely by stopping short, glancing up and crying, "Yakub!" and I let out a frantic yelp and near as anything heaved her into the fountain as I strained my head round to look at the archway and see—nothing. But before I could remonstrate or swipe her head off, she was writhing and plunging away again, moaning with her eyes half-closed, and this time, for a wonder, the thing went on uninterrupted until we were lying gasping and exhausted.

Presently she got up and went off, returning with a little tray on which there were cups of sherbet and two big bowls of kefir—just the thing after a hot en-

counter, when you're feeling well and contented, and wondering vaguely whether you ought not to slide out before the man of the house comes back, and deciding the devil with him. It was good kefir, too—strangely sweet, with a musky flavour that I couldn't place, and as I spooned it down gratefully, she sat watching me, with those mysterious dark eyes, and murmuring to her kitten as it played with her fingers.

"Capital kefir, this," says I, cleaning round the bowl. "Any more?"

She gave me another helping and went on whispering to the cat—taking care that I could hear. "Why did we permit him to make love? Oh, such a question! Because of his fine shape and handsome head, you think, and the promise of a great *baz-baz* [an indelicate synonym for virility]—oh, whiskered little harlot, have you no blushes? What—because he was fearful and we women know that nothing so drives out a man's fear as passion and delight with a beautiful darling? That is an old wisdom, true—is it the poet Firdausi who says 'The making of life in the shadow of death is the blissful oblivion'?"

"I call you to witness, curious tiny leopard—you and Firdausi both. He is much braver now—and he is so very strong, with his great powerful arms and thighs, like the black djinn in the story of *es-Sinbad of the sea*—he is no longer safe with delicate ladies such as we. He might harm us." And with that mocking smile, she went quickly round the fountain, before I could stop her. "Tell me, *angliski*," she said, looking back but not stopping. "You who speak Persian and know so much of our country—have you ever heard of the Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No, by Jove, I don't think I have," says I. "Come back and tell me about him."

"After tonight—when the work has been done," says she, teasing. "Perhaps then I shall tell you."

"But I want to know now."

"Be content," says she. "You are a different man from the fearful fellow who came here seeking Yakub an hour ago. Remember the Persian saying: 'Lick up the honey, stranger, and ask no questions.'"

And then she was gone, leaving me grinning foolishly after her and cursing her perversity in a good-humoured way. I couldn't account for it, but for some reason, I felt full of buck and appetite and great good humour, and I couldn't even remember feeling doubts or fears or anything much—of course, I knew there was nothing like a good lively female for putting a chap in trim, as her man Firdausi had apparently pointed out. Clever lads, these Persian poets.

I went striding back down to the valley, then, singing, "Ahunting we will go," if I remember rightly, and was just in time to

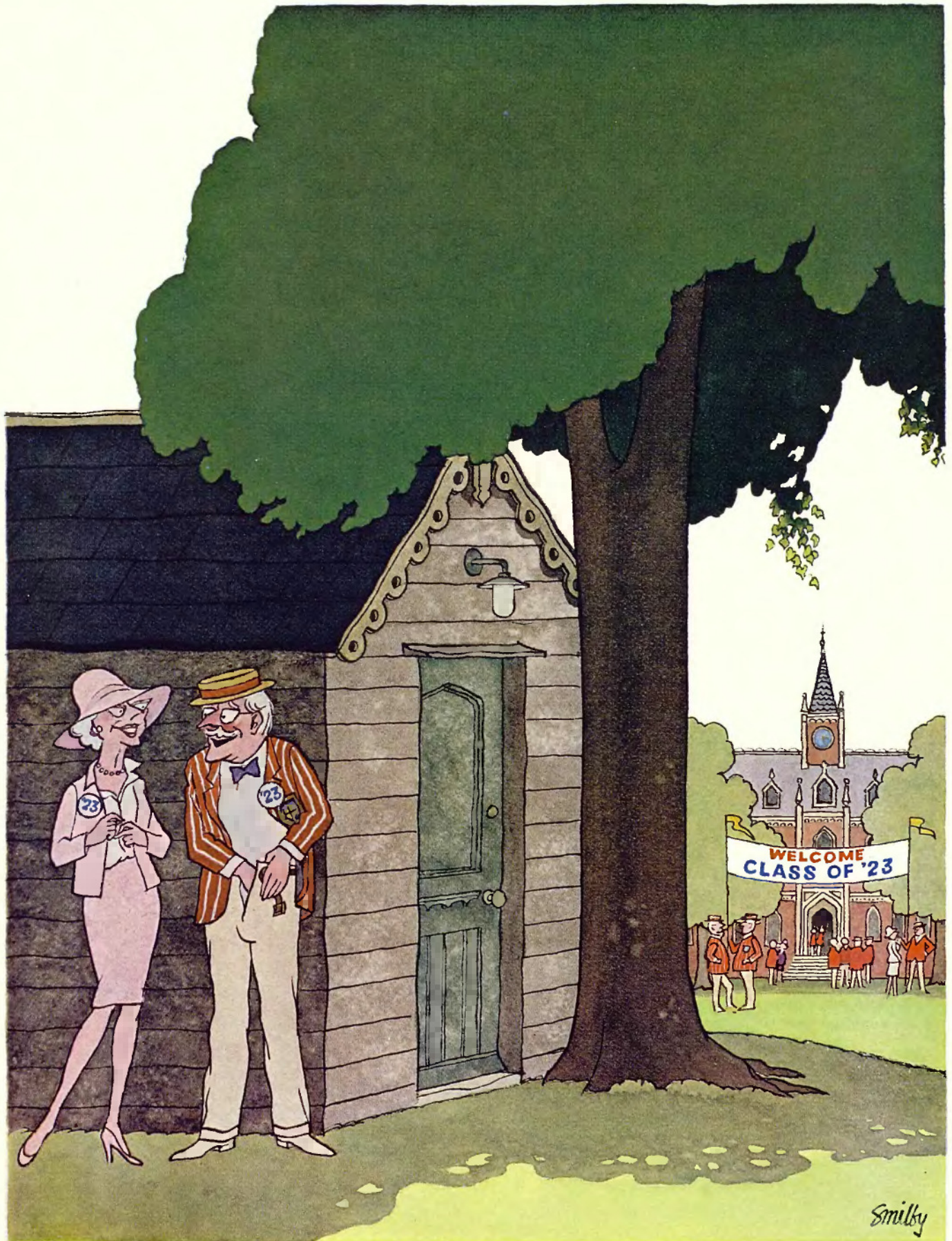
see Yakub and Kutebar return from their meeting with Buzurg Khan in a fine rage: The overlord had refused to risk any of his people in what he, the shirking recreant, regarded as a lost hope. I couldn't believe such poltroonery myself, and said so, loudly. But there it was: The business was up to us and our 5000 sabres, and when Yakub jumped onto a pile of camel bales in the valley market and told the mob it was do or die by themselves for the honour of Old Khokand, and explained how we were going to assault the beach that night and blow up the powder ships, the whole splendid crowd rose to him as a man. There was just a sea of faces, yellow and brown, slit-eyed and hook-nosed, bald-pated and scalp-locked or turbaned and hairy, all yelling and laughing and waving their sabres, with the wilder spirits cracking off their pistols and racing their ponies round the outskirts of the crowd in an ecstasy of excitement, churning up the dust and whooping like Arapaho.

And when Kutebar, to a storm of applause, took his place beside Yakub and thundered in his huge voice: "North, south, east and west—where shall you find the Kirghiz? By the silver hand of Alexander, they are *here!*" the whole place exploded in wild cheering and they crowded round the two leaders, promising ten Russian dead for every one of ours, and I thought, why not give 'em a bit of civilized comfort, too, so I jumped up myself, roaring, "Hear, hear!" and when they stopped to listen, I gave it to them, straight and manly.

"That's the spirit, you fellows!" I told them. "I second what these two fine associates of mine have told you and have only this to add. We're going to blow these bloody Russians from hell to Huddersfield—and I'm the chap who can do it, let me tell you! So I shall detain you no longer, my good friends—and Tajiks, and niggers, and what not—but only ask you to be upstanding and give a rousing British cheer for the honour of the dear old schoolhouse—hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

And didn't they cheer, too? Best speech I ever made, I remember thinking, and Yakub clapped me on the back, grinning all over, and said by the beard of Mohammed, if we had proposed a march on Moscow, every man jack would have been in his saddle that minute, riding west.

So I got my crew together—and Ko Dali's daughter was there, too, lovely girl and so attentive, all in black now, shirt, pyjamas, boots and turban, very business-like. And I lectured them about Congreves—it was remarkable how well I remembered each detail about assembling the firing frame and half-pipes and adjusting the range screws and everything; the excellent fellows took it all in, spitting and exclaiming with excitement, and you could see that even if they weren't the kind to get elected to the Royal Society for their mechanical aptitude, their



"By George, Agatha, that was even better than I remembered."

hearts were in the right place. I tried to get Ko Dali's daughter aside afterwards for some special instruction, but she excused herself, so I went off to the grindstone merchant to get a sabre sharpened and got Kutobar to find me a few rounds for my German revolver.

"The only thing that irks me," I told him, "is that we are going to be stuck in some stuffy godown, blazing away with rockets, while Yakub and the others have got the best of the evening. Dammit, Izzat, I want to put this steel across a few Ruski necks—there's a walleyed rascal called Ignatieff, now, have I told you about him? Two rounds from this popgun into his midriff, and then a foot of sabre through his throat—that's all he needs."

I didn't know when I'd felt so blood-lusty, and it got worse as the evening wore on. By the time we saddled up, I was full of hate against a vague figure who was Ignatieff in a Cossack hat with the tsar's eagle across the front of his shirt: I want-

ed to settle him, gorily and painfully, and all the way on our ride across the Kizil Kum in the gathering dark, I was dreaming fine nightmares in which I despatched him. But from time to time I felt quite jolly, too, and sang a few snatches of *The Leather Bottel* and *John Peel* and other popular favourites, while the riders grinned and nudged each other.

It took a good hour in the cold dark to bring all the riders quietly into the safety of the scrubby wood that lies a bare half mile from Fort Raim, each man holding his horse's nostrils or blanketing its head, while I fidgeted with impatience. Yakub Beg emerged out of the shadows, very brave in spiked helmet and red cloak, to say that we should move when the moon hid behind the cloud bank.

And then Yakub was calling softly into the dark: "In the name of God and the Son of God! Kirghiz, Uzbek, Tajik, Kalmuk, Turka—remember Ak Mechet! The morning rides behind us!" And he made that strange, moaning Khokand

whistle, and with a great rumbling growl and a drumming of hooves the whole horde went surging forward beneath the trees and out onto the empty steppe towards Fort Raim.

If I'd been a sentry on those walls I'd have had apoplexy. One moment an empty steppe and the next it was thick with mounted men, pouring down on the fort; we must have covered quarter of a mile before the first shot cracked, and then we were tearing at full tilt towards the gap between fort and river, with the shouts of alarm sounding from the walls and musketry popping, and then with one voice the yell of the ghazi war cry burst from the riders (one voice, in fact, was crying, "Tallyho! Ha-ha!"), 5000 mad creatures thundering down the long slope with the glittering sea far ahead, and the ships riding silent and huge on the water, and onto the cluttered beach, with men scattering in panic as we swept in among the great piles of bales, sabring and shooting, leaping crazily in the gloom over the boxes and low shelters. Yakub's contingent streaming out to the left among the sheds and godowns, while our party and Sahib Khan's drove for the pier.

I was in capital fettle as I strode into the godown, which was full of half-naked natives with torches, all in a ferment of excitement.

"Now, then, my likely lads," cries I, "where are those Congreves, eh? Look alive, boys, we haven't got all night, you know."

"Here is the devil fire, O slayer of thousands," says someone, and there, sure enough, was a huge pile of boxes, and in the smoky torchlight I could see the broad arrow and make out the old familiar lettering on them: ROYAL SMALL ARMS FACTORY. HANDLE WITH EXTREME CARE. EXPLOSIVES. DANGER. THIS SIDE UP.

"And how the deuce did this lot get here, d'ye suppose?" says I to Kutobar. "Depend upon it, some greasy bastard in Birmingham with a pocketful of dollars could tell us. Righto, you fellows, break 'em out, break 'em out!" And as they set to with a will, I gave them another chorus of *John Peel* and strode to the sea end of the godown, which of course was open, and surveyed the bay.

Ko Dali's daughter was at my elbow, with a chattering nigger pointing out which ship was which. There were two steamers, the farther one being the Obrucheff, three vessels with masts, of which the Mikhail was farthest north, and a ketch, all riding under the moon on the glassy sea, pretty as paint.

"That's the ticket for soup!" says I. "We'll have 'em sunk in half a jiffy. How are you, my dear—I say, that's a fetching rig you're wearing!" And I gave her a squeeze for luck, but she wriggled free.

Then I strode in among the toilers, saw the firing frame broken from its crate and



*"Work shirts,
work pants, socks, underwear
and, on top of it all, panties, slippers, bras, blouses
and dresses—I'm telling you, Elaine, it's a lot
of extra work being married to
a transvestite."*

showed them where to position it, at the very lip of the godown, just above the small boats and barges which were rocking gently at their moorings on the water six feet below our feet.

Putting up the frame was simple—it's just an iron fence, you see, with supports both sides and half-pipes running from the ground behind to the top of the fence, to take the rockets. I've never known my fingers so nimble as I tightened the screws and adjusted the half-pipes in their sockets; everyone else seemed slow by comparison, and I cursed them good-naturedly and finally left Ko Dali's daughter to see to the final adjustments while I went off to examine the rockets.

They had them broken out by now, the dull-grey three-foot metal cylinders with their conical heads—I swore when I saw that, as I'd feared, they were the old pattern, without fins and needing the 15-foot sticks.⁷ Sure enough, there were the sticks, in long canvas bundles; I called for one and set to work to fit it into a rocket head, but the thing was corroded to blazes.

"Now blast these Brummagem robbers!" cries I. "This is too bad—see how British workmanship gets a bad name! At this rate, the Yankees will be streets ahead of us. Break out another box!"

It was a fine, sweaty confusion in the godown as they dragged the rockets down to the firing frame, and I egged 'em on and showed them how to lay a rocket in the half-pipe. No corrosion there, thank God, I noted, and the Silk One fairly twitched with impatience—strange girl, she was tense as a telegraph wire at moments like this but all composure when she was at home—while I lectured her on the importance of unruined surfaces, so that the rockets flew straight.

"In God's name, *anglishi!*" cries Kutebar. "Let us be about it! See the Mikhail yonder, with enough munitions aboard to blow the Aral dry—for the love of women, let us fire on her!"

"All right, old fellow," says I. "Let's see

⁷ *The military rockets devised by Sir William Congreve were used in the War of 1812, and those described by Flashman were obviously similar to this early pattern, which continued in use for many years. The 32-pound Congreve was a gigantic skyrocket, consisting of an iron cylinder four inches in diameter and over a yard long, packed with powder and attached to a 15-foot stick. It was fired from a slanting trough or tube and travelled with a tremendous noise and a great trail of smoke and sparks, exploding on impact. Although they could fly two miles, the rockets were extremely erratic, and throughout the first half of the 19th Century, frequent modifications were made, including William Hale's spinning rocket and the grooved and finned rocket, which could be fired without a stick.*



how we stand." I squinted along the half-pipe, which was at full elevation. "Give us a box beneath the pipe, to lift her. So—steady." I adjusted the range screw, and now the great conical head of the rocket was pointing just over her mainmast. "That's about it. Right, give me a slow match, someone.

"Stand clear, boys and girls," I sang out. "Papa's going to light the blue touch paper and retire immediately!" And in that instant before I touched the match to the firing vent, I had a sudden vivid memory of November the fifth, with the frosty ground and the dark, and little boys chattering and giggling and the girls covering their ears, and the red eye of the rocket smouldering in the black, and the white fizz of sparks, and the chorus of admiring oohs and aahs as the rocket burst overhead—and it was something like that now, if you like, except that here the fizzing was like a locomotive funnel belching sparks, filling the godown with acrid, reeking smoke, while the firing frame shuddered, and then with an almighty whoosh like an express tearing by, the Congreve went rushing away into the night, clouds of smoke and fire gushing from its tail, and the boys and girls cried, "By Shaitan!" and "Istagfurallah!" and Papa skidded nimbly aside, roaring, "Take that, you sons of bitches!" And we all stood gaping as it soared into the night like a comet, reached the top of its arc, dipped towards the Mikhail—and vanished miles on the wrong side of her.

"Bad luck, dammit! Hard lines! Right, you fellows, let's have another!" And laughing heartily, I had another box shoved under the pipe to level it out. We let fly again, but this time the rocket must

have been faulty, for it swerved away crazily into the night, weaving to and fro before plunging into the water a bare 300 yards out with a tremendous hiss and a cloud of steam. We tried three more and all fell short, so we adjusted the range slightly and the sixth rocket flew straight and true, like a great scarlet lance searching for its target; we watched it pass between the masts of the Mikhail and howled with disappointment. But now at least we had the range, so I ordered all the pipes loaded and we touched off the whole battery at once.

It was indescribable and great fun—like a volcano erupting under your feet, and a dense choking fog filling the godown; the men clinging to steady the firing frame were almost torn from their feet, the rush of the launching Congreves was deafening and for a moment we were all staggering about, weeping and coughing in that filthy smoke. It was a full minute before the reek had cleared sufficiently to see how our shots had fared, and then Kutebar was flinging himself into the air and rushing to embrace me.

The Mikhail was hit! There was a red ball of fire clinging to her timbers just below the rail amidships, and even as we watched, there was a climbing lick of flame—and over to the right, by some freakish chance, the ketch had been hit, too: There was a fire on her deck and she was sluing round at anchor. All about me they were dancing and yelling and clapping hands, like schoolgirls when Popular Penelope has won the sewing prize.

"We have hit one, *anglishi!*—it is time for the other." Silk One rapped it out and I was aware that her face was strained and

her eyes seemed to be searching mine anxiously. "There is no time to waste—listen to the firing! In a few moments they will have broken through Yakub's line and be upon us!"

You know, I'd been so taken up with our target practise, I'd almost forgotten about the fighting that was going on outside. But she was right; it was fiercer than ever and getting closer.

Perhaps we'd been lucky with the Mikhail, but I fired 20 single rockets at the Obrucheff and never came near enough to singe her cable—they snaked over her, or flew wide, or hit the water short, until the smoky trails of their passing blended into a fine mist across the bay; the godown was a scorching inferno of choking smoke in which we shouted and swore hoarsely as we wrestled sticks and canisters into pipes that were so hot we had to douse them with water after every shot. My good humour didn't survive the 20th miss; I raged and swore and kicked the nearest nigger—I was aware, too, that as we laboured, the sounds of battle outside were drawing closer still, and I was in half a mind to leave these infernal rockets that wouldn't fly straight and pitch into the fighting on the beach. It was like hell, outside and in, and to add to my fury, one of the ships in the bay was firing at us now; the pillar of cloud from the godown must have made a perfect target, and the rocket trails had long since advertised to everyone on that beach exactly what was

going on. The smack of musket balls on the roof and walls was continuous—although I didn't know it then, detachments of Russian cavalry had tried three times to drive through the lumbered beach in phalanx to reach the godown and silence us, and Yakub's riders had halted them each time with desperate courage. The ring round our position was contracting all the time as the Khokandian riders fell back; once a shot from the sea pitched right in front of the godown, showering us with spray; another howled overhead like a banshee and a third crashed into the pier alongside us.

"Damn you!" I roared, shaking my fist. "Come ashore, you swine, and I'll show you!" I seemed to be seeing everything through a red mist, with a terrible, consuming rage swelling up inside me; I was swearing incoherently, I know, as we dragged another rocket into the reeking pipe; half-blinded with smoke and sweat and fury, I touched it off, and this time it seemed to drop just short of the Obrucheff—and then, by God, I saw that the ship was moving; they must have got steam up in her at last, and she was veering round slowly, her stern wheel churning as she prepared to draw out from the shore.

"Cowardly rascals!" I hollered. "Turn tail, will you? Why don't you stand and fight, you measly hounds? Load 'em up, you idle bastards, there!" And savagely I flung myself among them as they hauled

up five rockets—one of 'em was still half off its stick, I remember, with a little nigger still wrestling to fix it home even as the man with the match was touching the fuse. I crammed the burning remnant of my match against a vent, and even as the trail of sparks shot out, the whole godown seemed to stand on end. I felt myself falling; something hit me a great crack on the head and my ears were full of cannonading that went on and on until the pain of it seemed to be bursting my brain before blackness came.

I've reckoned since that I must have been unconscious for only a few minutes, but for all I knew when I opened my eyes, it might have been hours. What had happened was that a cannon shot had hit the godown roof just as the rockets went off, and a falling slat had knocked me endways; when I came to, the first thing I saw was the firing frame in ruins, with a beam across it, and I remember thinking, ah, well, no more Guy Fawkes night until next year. Beyond it, through the smoke, I could see the Mikhail burning quite nicely now, but not exploding, which I thought strange; the ketch was well alight, too, but the Obrucheff was under way, with smoke pouring from her funnel and her wheel thrashing great guns.

But the strangest thing was that my head seemed to have floated loose from my shoulders and I couldn't seem to focus properly on things round me. The great berserk rage that had possessed me only a moment since seemed to have gone and I felt quite tranquil and dreamy—it wasn't unpleasant, really, for I felt that nothing much mattered and there was no pain or anxiety, or even inclination to do anything but just lie there, resting body and brain together.

And then Yakub Beg was there, his helmet gone, one arm limp with a great bloodied gash near the shoulder and a naked sabre in his good hand. Strange, thinks I, you ought to be out on the beach, killing Russians; what the deuce are you doing here? "Away!" he was shouting. "Away—take to the water!" And he dropped his sabre and took Ko Dali's daughter by the shoulder. "Quickly, Silk One—it is done! They have driven us in! Swim for it, beloved—and Kutebar! Get them into the sea, Izzat! There are only moments left! Sahib Khan can hold them with his Immortals—but only for minutes. Get you gone—and take the Englishman. Do as I tell you."

She didn't hesitate, but rose, and two of the others half-dragged, half-carried me to the mouth of the godown. I was so dazed I don't think it even crossed my mind that I was in no case to swim; it didn't matter, anyway, for some clever lads were cutting loose the lighter that swung under the edge of the godown and men were tumbling into it. I caught a glimpse of a swirling mass of figures at the doors and I think I even made out a



"I don't usually do this sort of thing on the first date."

A life style like nothing you have ever experienced before.

ALL POSSIBLE WITH A PLAYBOY CLUB KEY. ALL YOURS FOR JUST \$25.

SWING INTO SUMMER AT A PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL

Great golfing is par for the courses at Playboy's Club-Hotels at Lake Geneva, Wis., and Great Gorge, McAfee, N.J. As a keyholder, you'll tee off on courses laid out by top links designers. After? Plenty of fun left for you to enjoy. Star-studded entertainment, restaurants and bars to cater to your every whim, pools both indoors and out, horses and trails, game rooms, shopping arcades. And if you really want to get away from it all, we'll save you a spot on the beach at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel. It's every man's dream of an island paradise.



SOMETHING GREAT IS ALWAYS HAPPENING AT THE PLAYBOY CLUBS Montreal! Los Angeles! Both with brand-new locations and designed to appeal to your individual tastes. Featured in both are Playmate Bars and Living Rooms with the greatest sounds around for listening and dancing with the stars of tomorrow. Montreal's new address is 2015 Mountain St. The Los Angeles Club will soon be moving to the ABC Entertainment Center at Century City. And the other Clubs across the country and in London—17 in all—will be waiting to open their doors to you; to serve you with fine foods and those famous Playboy-size drinks, and to offer you headline entertainment in an urbane atmosphere.



THE PLAYBOY HOTELS—GREAT IN-TOWN ADDRESSES

As a Playboy Club credit keyholder, you'll be assured of charge privileges at the Playboy Towers in Chicago and the Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach. Close to the best shopping, wining and dining in the city, the Playboy Towers is only a hallway away from our new Chicago Club in the Playboy Center. At the Plaza in Miami Beach . . . a beach at your doorstep . . . and the inimitable Playboy touches prevailing throughout the hotel.

Why wait? The sooner you send your \$25 check and the coupon below, the sooner you'll have your Playboy Club Key.

Clip and mail today.
TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC.
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Gentlemen: Please send me an application for my personal Key.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. Initial Key Fee is \$25. Canadian Initial Key Fee is \$25 Canadian. Initial Key Fee includes year's subscription to VIP, the Club's quarterly magazine. You will be billed for the Annual Key Fee (currently \$10 U.S.; \$10 Canadian) at the close of your first year as a keyholder.

Enclosed find check or money order for \$25 payable to Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

Bill me for \$25.

I wish only information about The Playboy Club.



LOCATIONS:
Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago (Club and Playboy Towers Hotel) • Cincinnati • Denver • Detroit • Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey (Club-Hotel) • Jamaica (Club-Hotel) • Kansas City • Lake Geneva, Wis. (Club-Hotel) • London • Los Angeles • Miami • Miami Beach (Playboy Plaza Hotel) • Montreal • New Orleans • New York • Phoenix • St. Louis • San Francisco

AB3FB

Cossack, laying about him with a sabre, before someone tumbled down on top of me and knocked me flat on the floor of the lighter.

Somehow they must have poled the thing off, for when I had recovered my breath and pulled myself up to the low gunwale, we were about 20 yards from the godown and drifting away from the pier as the eddy from the river mouth, I suppose, caught the lighter and tugged it out to sea. I had only a momentary sight of the interior of the godown, looking for all the world like a mine shaft, with the figures of miners hewing away in it, and then I saw a brilliant light suddenly glowing on its floor, growing in intensity, and then the rush-rush-rush sound of the Congreves as the flames from the burning wall reached them, and I just had sense enough to duck my head below the gunwale before the whole place dissolved in a blinding light—but, strangely enough, without any great roar of explosion, just the rushing noise of a huge whirlwind. There were screams and oaths from the lighter all round me, but when I raised my head, there was just one huge flame where the godown had been, and the pier beside it was burning at its landward end, and the glare was so fierce that beyond there was nothing to be seen.

I just lay, with my cheek on the thwart, wondering if the eddy would carry us out of range before they started shooting at us and thinking how calm and pleasant it was to be drifting along there, after all the hellish work in the godown. I suddenly became aware that Ko Dali's daughter was crouched down beside me at the gunwale, staring back, and people were pressed close about us, and I thought, this is a splendid opportunity to squeeze that lovely little rump of hers. There it was, just nicely curved within a foot of me, so I took a handful and kneaded away contentedly, and she never even noticed—or, if she did, she didn't mind. But I think she was too preoccupied with the inferno we had left behind us; so were the others, craning and muttering as we drifted over the dark water. It's queer, but in my memory that drifting and bum fondling seems to have gone on for the deuce of a long time.

Yakub Beg was saying that the Mikhail was burning to a wreck but the Obrucheff had got away, so our work was only half-done, but better half-done than not done at all, when pat on his words the sun was suddenly in the sky—or so it seemed, for the whole place, the lighter, the sea round and the sky itself, was suddenly as bright as day, and it seemed to me that the lighter was no longer drifting but racing over the water, and then came the most tremendous thundering crash of sound I've ever heard, reverberating over the sea, making the head sing and shudder with the deafening boom of it, and as I tried to put up my hands to my ears to

shut out the pain, I heard Kutebar's frantic yell: "The Obrucheff! She has gone—gone to the pit of damnation! Now whose work is half-done? By God!—it is done, it is done, it is done! A thousand times done! Ya, Yakub—is it not done? Now the praise to Him and to the foreign professors!"

More than 2000 Khokandians were killed in the battle of Fort Raim, which shows you what a clever lad Buzurg Khan was to keep out of it. The rest escaped, some by cutting their way eastwards off the beach, some by swimming the Syr Daria mouth and a favoured few travelling in style, by boat and lighter. How many Russians died, no one knows, but Yakub Beg later estimated about 3000. So it was a good deal bigger than many battles that are household words, but it happened a long way away and the Russians doubtless tried to forget it, so I suppose only the Khokandians remember it now.

It achieved their purpose, anyhow, for it destroyed the Russian munition ships and prevented the army marching that year. Which saved British India for as long as I've lived—and preserved Khokand's freedom for a few years more, before the tsar's soldiers came and stamped it flat in the Sixties. I imagine the Khokandians thought the respite was worth while and the 2000 lives well lost—what the 2000 would say, of course, is another matter, but since they went to fight of their own free will (so far as any soldier ever does), I suppose they would support the majority.

Myself, I haven't changed my opinion since I came back to my senses two days afterwards, back in the valley in Kizil Kum. I remember nothing of our lighter's being hauled from the water by Katti Torah's rescue party, or of the journey back through the desert, for by that time I was in the finest hallucinatory delirium since the first Reform Bill, and I came out of it gradually and painfully. The terrible thing was that I remembered the battle very clearly and my own incredible behaviour—I knew I'd gone bawling about like a viking in drink, seeking sorrow and raving heroically in murderous rage—but I couldn't for the life of me understand why. It had been utterly against nature, instinct and judgement—and I knew it hadn't been booze, because I hadn't had any, and anyway, the liquor hasn't been distilled that can make me oblivious of self-preservation. It appalled me, for what security does a right-thinking coward have, if he loses his sense of panic?

At first I thought my memory of that night's work must be playing me false, but the admiring congratulations I got from Yakub Beg and Kutebar (who called me "Ghazi," of all things) soon put paid to that notion. So I must have been temporarily deranged—but why? The obvious explanation, for some reason, never occurred to me—and yet I knew Ko

Dali's daughter was at the bottom of it somehow, so I sought her out first thing when I had emerged weak and shaky from my brief convalescence.

"You remember I spoke to you about the Old Man of the Mountain, of whom you had never heard?" she asked.

"What's he got to do with me rushing about like a lunatic?"

"He lived many years ago, in Persia, beyond the Two Seas and the Salt Desert. He was the master of the mad fighting men—the *hasheesheen*—who nerved themselves to murder and die by drinking the *hasheesh* drug—what the Indians call *bang*. It is prepared in many ways, for many purposes—it can be so concocted that it will drive a man to any lengths of hatred and courage—and other passions."

And she said it as calm as a virgin discussing flower arrangement, sitting there gravely cross-legged on a *charpai* [bed platform] in a corner of her garden, with her vile kitten gorging itself on a saucer of milk beside her. I stared at her astounded.

"The *hasheesheen*—you mean the Assassins?⁸ Great God, woman, d'you mean to say you filled me with an infernal drug that sent me clean barmy?"

"It was in your *kafir*," says she, lightly. "Drink, little tiger, there is more if you need it."

"But . . . but . . ." I was almost gobbling. "What the devil for?"

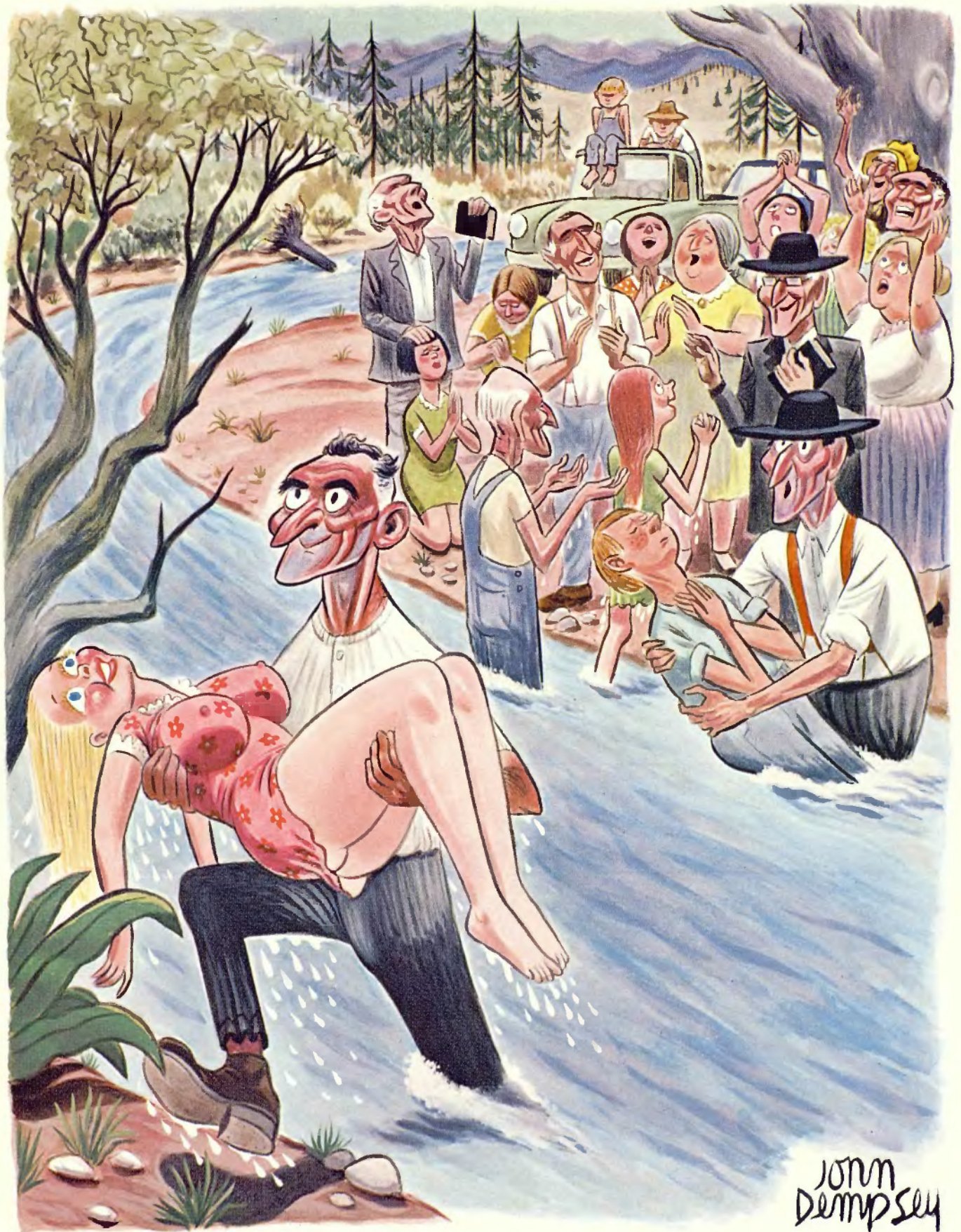
"Because you were afraid. Because I knew, from the moment I first saw you, that fear rules you and that, in the test, it will always master you." She suddenly laughed, showing those pretty teeth. "You are sometimes an honest man, *angliski*! Is he not, puss? And he would be wrong to rage and abuse us—for is he not alive? And if he had turned coward, where would he have been?"

A sound argument, as I've realized since, but it didn't do much to quieten me just then. I detested her in that moment, as only a coward can when he hears the truth to his face.

"Stop talking to the blasted cat! Speak plain, can't you?"

"If it pleases you. Listen, *angliski*, I do not mock—now—and I do not seek to put shame on you. It is no sin to be fearful, any more than it is a sin to be one-legged or red-haired. All men fear—even

⁸ *The secret society of Assassins, founded in Persia in the 11th Century by Hasan ibn-al-Sabbah, the Old Man of the Mountain, were notorious for their policy of secret murder and their addiction to the hashish drug from which they took their name. At their height, they operated from hill strongholds, mostly in Persia and Syria, and were active against the Crusaders before being dispersed by the Mongol invasion of Hulagu Khan in the 13 Century. Traces of the sect exist today in the Middle East.*



"Oh, Brother Johnston, whither goest thou?"

Yakub and Kutebar and all of them. To conquer fear, some need love, and some hate, and some greed, and some even—hasheesh. I understand your anger—but consider, is it not all for the best? You are here, which is what matters most to you—and no one but I knows what fears are in your heart. And that I knew from the beginning. So”—she smiled, and I remember it still as a winning smile, curse her—“Lick up the honey, stranger, and ask no questions.”

And that was all I could get from her—but somewhere in it I detected a tiny mite of consolation. I've got my pride in one direction, you know—or had then. So before I left her, I asked the question: “Why did you goad me into making love to you?”

“Call that a drug, too, if you will—to make certain you ate my kefir.”

“Just that, eh? Lot of trouble you Chinese girls go to.”

She laughed aloud at that and gave a little pout. “And I had never met an *anglishi* before, you remember. Say I was curious.”

“May I ask if your curiosity was satisfied?”

“Ah, you ask too much, *anglishi*. That is one tale I tell only to my kitten.”

Still, I had no cause for complaint once I'd recovered from the shock of realizing I'd fought that do-or-die action by means of a bellyful of some disgusting Oriental potion. And, now that the danger was past and I was safe out of the Russian reach, I didn't think too long about the matter. I began to wonder whether the war in the Crimea was over, whether—with luck—Cardigan had got himself killed. I thought of going home to my beautiful, blonde Elspeth, who could be relied on not to lace my kidneys and bacon with opium. Decidedly, I must get back to civilisation as soon as possible.

Yakub Beg was deuced good about it and, after a tremendous feast of celebration in the Kizil Kum valley, we set out for Khiva, where he was moving his folk out of reach from Russian reprisals. From there we went east to Samarkand, where he had promised to arrange for some Afghan pals of his to convey me over

the mountains, through Afghanistan to Peshawar.

We passed the night in Samarkand, in the little serai near the market, under the huge turquoise walls of one of the biggest mosques in the world, and in the morning they rode out with me and my new escort a little way on the southern road. It was thronged with folk—bustling crowds of Uzbeks in their black caps, and big-nosed hillmen with their crafty faces, and veiled women, and long lines of camels with their jingling bells shuffling up the yellow dust, and porters staggering under great bales, and children underfoot, and everywhere the babbling of 20 different languages. Yakub and I were riding ahead, talking, and we stopped at a little river running under the road to water our beasts.

“The stream of See-ah,” says Yakub, laughing. “Did I say the Ruskis would water their horses in it this autumn? I was wrong—thanks to you—and to my silk girl and Kutebar and the others. They will not come yet, to spoil all this”—and he gestured round at the crowds streaming by—“or come at all, if I can help it. And if they do—well, there is still Kashgar and a free place in the hills.”

“There the wicked cease from troubling, eh,” says I, because it seemed appropriate.

“Is that an English saying?” he asked.

“I think it's a hymn.” If I remember rightly, we used to sing it in chapel at Rugby before the miscreants of the day got flogged.

“All holy songs are made of dreams,” says he. “And this is a great place for dreams, such as mine. You know where we are, Englishman?” He pointed along the dusty track, which wound in and out of the little sand hills, and then ran like a yellow ribbon across the plain before it forked towards the great white barrier of the Afghan mountains. “This is the great Pathway of Expectation, as the hill people say, where you may realize your hopes just by hoping them. The Chinese call it the Baghdad Highway and the Persians and Hindus know it as the Silk Trail, but we call it the Golden Road.” And he quoted a verse which, with considerable trouble, I've turned into rhyming English:

*To learn the age-old lesson day by day:
It is not in the bright arrival planned,
But in the dreams men dream along the way,
They find the Golden Road to Samarkand.*

“Very pretty,” says I. “Make it up yourself?”

He laughed. “No—it's an old song, perhaps Firdausi or Omar. Anyway, it will take me to Kashgar—if I live long



“Wow! Where did you learn to resuscitate?”

enough. But here are the others, and here we say farewell. You were my guest, sent to me from heaven; touch upon my hand in parting."

So we shook, and then the others arrived and Kutebar was gripping me by the shoulders in his great bear hug and shouting: "God be with you, Flashman—and my compliments to the scientists and doctors in Inglistan." And Ko Dali's daughter approached demurely to give me the gift of her scarf and kiss me gently on the lips—and just for an instant the minx's tongue was halfway down my throat before she withdrew, looking like Saint Cecilia.

And then they were thundering away back on the Samarkand road, cloaks flying, and Kutebar turning in the saddle to give me a wave and a roar. And it's odd—but for a moment I felt lonely and wondered if I should miss them. It was a deeply felt sentimental mood which lasted for at least a quarter of a second and has never returned. I'm happy to say.

It was strange, though, to go back into Afghanistan again, with my escort—heaven knows where Yakub had got 'em from, but one look at their wolfish faces and well-stuffed cartridge belts reassured me that this was one party that no right-minded budmash would dream of attacking. It took us a week over the Hindu-Killer and another couple of days through the hills to Kabul.

From there we went on to the Khyber and the winding road down to Peshawar, where I said goodbye to my escort and rode under the arch where Avitabile used to hang the Gilzai, and so into the presence of a young whippersnapper of a company ensign.

"A very good day to you, old boy," says I. "I'm Flashman."

He was a fishy-looking, fresh young lad with a peeling nose, and he goggled at me, going red.

"Sergeant!" he squeaks. "What's this beastly-looking nigger doing on the office verandah?" For I was attired à la Kizil Kum still, in cloak and pyjamas and puggaree, with a big beard.

"Not at all," says I affably. "I'm English—a British officer, in fact. Name of Flashman—Colonel Flashman, Seventeenth Lancers, but slightly detached for the moment. I've just come from—up yonder, at considerable personal expense, and I'd like to see someone in authority. Your commanding officer will do."

"It's a madman!" cries he. "Sergeant, stand by!"

And would you believe it, it took me half an hour before I could convince him not to throw me into the lockup, and he summoned a peevisish-looking captain, who listened, nodding irritably while I explained who and what I was.

"Very good," says he. "You've come from Afghanistan?"

"By way of Afghanistan, yes. But—" "Very good. This is a customs post, among other things. Have you anything to declare?"

APPENDIX

Yakub Beg and Izzat Kutebar

Yakub (Yakoob) Beg, who became the greatest chief in Central Asia and the leading resistance fighter against Russian imperialism, was born in Piskent in 1820. He was one of the Persian-Tajik people and claimed to be a descendant of Tamerlane the Great (Timur). Flashman's description of him corresponds closely to the reconstruction of features recently made from Timur's skull by the Russian expert Professor Mikhail Gerasimov.

In 1845, Yakub became chamberlain to the Khan of Khokand, and then Pansad Bashi (commander of 500). He was made Kush Begi (military commander) and governor of Ak Mechet, an important fortress on the Syr Daria, in 1847, and in the same year married a girl from Julek, a river town; she is described as "a Kipchak lady of the Golden Horde." Yakub was active in raiding the new Russian outposts on the Aral coast, and after the fall of Ak Mechet in 1853, he made strenuous efforts to retake it from the Russians, without success.

After the Russian invasion, Yakub eventually turned his attention to making his own state in Kashgar. In 1865, as commander in chief to the decadent Buzurg Khan, he took Kashgar, then dispossessed his own overlord and assumed the throne himself as Amir and Athalik Ghazi; in this same year, he married "the beautiful daughter of Ko Dali, an officer in the Chinese army," by whom he had several children.

As ruler of Kashgar and East Turkestan, Yakub Beg was the most powerful monarch of Central Asia. He remained a bitter enemy of Russia and a close friend of the British, whose envoys were received in Kashgar, where a British-Kashgari commercial treaty was concluded in 1874. (See D. C. Boulger's *Life of Yakoob Beg*, 1878.)

Izzat Kutebar, brigand, rebel and guerrilla leader, was a Kirghiz, born probably in 1800. He first robbed the Bokhara caravan in 1822 and was at his height as a raider and scourge of the Russians in the 1840s. They eventually persuaded him to suspend his bandit activities and rewarded him with a gold medal, but he cut loose again in the early Fifties, was captured in 1854, escaped or was released, raised a revolt and lived as a rebel in the Ust-Urt until 1858, when he finally surrendered to Count Ignatieff and made his peace with Russia.

This is the third and final installment of "Flashman at the Charge."



Great in bed.

Satin sheets, of course! Ours come in a dozen vibrant colors: Silver, Gold, Blue, Black, Mint, Orange, Bronze, Olive, Red, Pink, White or Orchid acetate satin. Washable. A sleep to remember!

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)
Double set \$17.50 Queen set \$20.49
Twin set 17.25 King set 23.99

3 letter monogram on cases—\$2.00
For fitted bottom sheet, add \$2.00 to double or twin price; \$2.50 to queen price; \$3.00 to king price. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.
SCINTILLA, INC. 4802 N. Broadway P-6 Chicago, Ill. 60640

"All Things Exotic in Satin"

GIANT PHOTO POSTER

Great gift or gag idea. Ideal room decoration, perfect for parties. Send any b&w or color photo, polaroid print, cartoon or magazine photo. For slides and negatives add \$1.00 per poster. Better originals produce better posters. Giant b&w poster mailed in tube.



RUSH SERVICE orders shipped in 1 day by first class mail. Add \$2 per poster ordered.

2 x 3 FT. - \$3.50
1 1/2 x 2 - \$2.50, 3x4 - \$7.50

Your original returned undamaged. Add 50c for postage and handling for EACH item ordered. N.Y. residents add sales tax. Send check, cash or M.O. (No C.O.D.) to:
PHOTO POSTER Dept. PL63 210 E. 23 St., N.Y. 10010



For the best-socked feet in town, it's

SPRINGFOOT FOR SURE

at the best stores

EXOTIC ATTRACTION for LOVE and LOVER.

Ancient blossom of scented life—exciting mystical essence. One drop lingers 24 hrs. one dram, \$6.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send cash, check, M.O. to EUTOPIA CREATIONS, Dept. PB673, Box 2727, Miami Beach, Fla. 33140.



sheer fancy

Sleek satin and frilly French lace fashion the Playmate Garter. Black or white. Use order no. MW20
\$2.50



Please add 50¢ for handling.
Please send check or money order to:
Playboy Products, The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.
Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

TEACHINGS OF DON WOW

(continued from page 116)

"What's a sports announcer, Don Wow?"

"He tells everybody what's going on at some kind of sports event, like football."

"Like the lizards that answer my questions when I sew up their eyelids and rub them against my temples?"

"No, it's different. Cosell is not here, but you can see him. He's not at the football game, either, but he can see it just like you can see him." He then went on to explain that the fruit Cosell was trying to eat was what allowed us to hear him. It was called a "microphone."

His explanation was so far from my way of viewing the world that my mind rushed to the nearest cliff and jumped off.

34.00 N by 118.15 W: For a long time I'd been asking Don Wow to teach me how to work his stereo set. I first became interested in it when he played a Rod McKuen record one day while I was sleeping in the fireplace. I awoke to the sound of McKuen's voice and was astounded. Then Don Wow explained to me that Rod McKuen was perhaps the greatest poet of the 20th Century, that his power was enormous and unfathomable. My training at that point, however, was so rudimentary that I couldn't even recognize this power. All I heard was a lot of words that seemed to make no sense. But my interest in learning didn't flag. When a new Rod McKuen record called *Parking Meter Mind* arrived, I was dying to hear it. However, each time

I asked to be taught this technique, I was rebuffed.

Finally, we were sitting around preparing to meet with Little Hooch when Don Wow said, "Here," and handed me the record. "Wow," I thought. My entire perception changed from normal hallucinating to a complete and unmitigated sense that what I was seeing was actually there: Don Wow's tie, his nine-iron tie tack, the little 14K engraved on the tie tack, the tiny scratch to the left of the 14K, an out-of-place molecule of einsteinium with a faulty third electron shell right behind that. My whole mode of seeing was as clear as the bright eyes of the white crow on the day of one's death.

Don Wow went through the arduous task of teaching me to use the stereo. It took days for me to master it, putting the record on, pushing the POWER button, adjusting the VOLUME and starting the turntable rolling. Finally, on the third day, I got it right. Everything somehow fell into place and the actual sound of Rod's masculine voice came through. He said, "I like your brown hair and the moon." My whole perception changed. I felt a momentary nausea that immediately went away and turned into a sickening feeling in my stomach. Then that went away and I threw up all over the stereo set. The next thing I remember is Don Wow telling me I had a lot to learn. I was incredibly proud of my achievements with the stereo.

The Usual Information: As time passed, I came closer and closer to following Don Wow's rigorous path. I exchanged my native dress for Brooks Brothers suits and learned to walk in Gucci shoes on concrete sidewalks. I had begun dreaming strange and wondrous dreams. Tech-Sym stock soared into the 40s on the American in one dream. But the demands of this life style began to take their toll. One night I dreamed of dancing the funky chicken with a beautiful girl in what I believe Don Wow called a "night box." I noticed her moving farther and farther away as we danced faster and faster. In the end I awoke screaming at the thought that my Right Guard had failed to work. I told Don Wow about it and he said I was making great progress.

In spite of his encouragement, throughout this period I had a continuing feeling that something was vaguely wrong with me. I experienced brief flashes of disassociation, or shallow States of Ordinary Usualness, not unlike the states in which I met Little Hooch. Some mornings I would wake up with a nagging backache, nervous tension and that headachy feeling that required drastic measures, sometimes even Excedrin, one of Don Wow's power foods. As a result, I suffered moments of profound discomfort and anxiety. I felt I had reached a personal threshold, but Don Wow dismissed the whole thing, saying it was of no importance, that I was only beginning to feel like a gringo.

Finally, he explained to me that it was necessary, if I wished to continue on this path, to learn another technique, that of driving a car. I insisted that I was not ready for it, that my nature was not strong enough, but he insisted I drive his car, saying he would sit with me and explain what to do.

By the time we got to his car it was almost "rush hour." Even before that hour, I'd begun feeling a big rush from the red pills he gave me to calm my nerves.

"This is the most dangerous time to drive," he said. "Many accidents can happen. People can be hurt or even killed. So be careful. We don't want to go home in a crow—uh, I mean an ambulance." His words increased my apprehension to the point that my hands were shaking.

Eventually I calmed myself enough to start the engine. We got onto the freeway and were immediately jammed in among literally thousands of cars. The scene was so magnificent and yet so terrifying that I couldn't hold the wheel and several times Don Wow had to grab it to avoid our being squashed like bugs. All I could see was the blinding glare of baked enamel in every imaginable color of the rainbow, mixed with the silver winking and glinting of the chrome in



"I'm delighted to hear you're not balling our secretary, Haskins. You can fire her."

NEIGHBORS (continued from page 138)

grotesquely seeking and finding the earth. The resulting thunderclaps were immense to the ears, and when the buildings had tossed back their last echoes, the silence was absolute. In his apartment, the radio announcer's voice was still, the air conditioning silent. The power had failed in the glass-and-concrete complex.

The fickle lightning moved north toward Milwaukee, leaving in its path trailings like fireflies on a summer night. With the lightning gone, the complex was plunged into darkness, although he could see through the pelting rain the flickering of candles and the beams from flashlights. Which do you use behind your curtains, Marian Taylor? If only I could help you.

This pleasant fancy had no sooner passed than he was startled to see her balcony door slide open and the girl appear outside. With several large steps suggesting urgency, she went to the corner of the balcony nearest him and

waved frantically in his direction. Impossible, he thought, she can't see me, for it's as dark as moonless midnight. Nevertheless, there was terror in the wild waving and he opened his own balcony door and went outside.

"Help!" she yelled, her voice diluted by the wind.

"What's the matter?" he shouted. Leaning forward at the balcony, he tried to see more of her, but all he could make out in the gloom were the white of her shorts, the blonde of her hair.

"Please help me!"

"What's the matter?"

"He's going to kill me."

"I'm coming, Marian."

• • •

Resembling tennis balls bouncing about a court, the wind-propelled clouds tumbled toward the group of high-rise apartment buildings. In a few minutes, she thought, the storm will be upon us with lightning and rain. Still, there was time before it hit and, opening the

sliding glass door all the way, she stepped out onto the balcony. To her feet, the floor of the concrete balcony was hot from the late-afternoon sun now rendered invisible by the coming storm. At that place on the balcony where the view was directly toward Old Town, she placed both hands on the railing.

Go to church, her mother had said, and you will surely meet some nice young men. In a big city, the advice had proceeded, you must be careful where you meet people. Church is a good place. Well, she had tried church, the Episcopal one over on Dearborn Street, and no thanks, Mother. Not her type, or types, but what was her type? He was . . . maybe. The guy on the number-151 bus and her date tonight. Mother, you'll never guess where I met him. On the bus. On a Michigan Avenue number-151 bus. His name is Don Moretel, but that wouldn't mean anything to you.

The wind played with her dress and long blonde hair and, leaning into the wind, she could feel the temperature of the air descend. Nearly time to go in, she thought, since it appeared that date and storm would arrive almost simultaneously. She was starting to turn, to head back into the apartment, when she noticed the man in the next building. Not more than a shadow in the failing light; nevertheless, he was visible: standing next to a plant (avocado?), holding binoculars pointed directly at her. Of all the nerve, you creep! she shrieked to herself.

No more than 50 feet away and there he was, devouring me with those big powerful glasses, eating me alive at close range. Strongly tempted to bolt inside and escape those invading eyes, nevertheless, she remained motionless and met the gaze head on. Obviously, he must know that he was caught in the act, yet he stayed still and frozen. Or did he believe the fading light rendered him invisible? Anyway. . . . A scattering of raindrops smacked her in the face and she went inside.

Some hours later, she critiqued the first date, mulling it over in the kitchen with a glass of milk for an audience. Don Moretel was an interesting guy, a strange one, too. Possessive and moody, though entertaining and amusing. Contradictions galore. She looked into the glass as if for the answer. Speak, glass. It spoke: The creep's looking at you again. Without glancing his way, she knew it for a fact. Good night, creep, she thought. After finishing the milk, she went to bed.

Next evening came and, with it, the call of a girl who suspects that romance may lurk nearby—a session with a hot iron. The red gingham dress and other possible dating apparel fell to the steaming metal, and she even touched up her blue nightgown. After ironing the nightgown, she held it to the light,



"In this dim light, how many seconds' exposure do you give it?"

approvingly noticing its patent transparency, wistfully musing whether or not Don would ever see her draped in such. While temporarily suspended in this reverie, she became aware that her solitude was an illusion, that the guy across the way was nocturnally scanning, and by turning slightly, she confirmed it. By the potted plant, there was a vague shape in the darkened apartment. One thing, creep, she mused, you'll never see me in this nightgown.

Events of the following week called forth a mixed bag of emotions: pleasure, puzzlement, annoyance. Don Moretel was solicitous, polite, generous with his dating cash.

He was also somewhat of a mystery man concerning where he lived. "Nearby" was his only reply. And he was suspicious, jealous, even threatening.

"What do you do when I don't see you?" he asked at one point.

"Right now, I'm seeing you, Don."

"But when I'm not around?"

"Just you, Don."

"Better keep it that way."

"What do you mean?"

"I have this picture of you in my mind, Marian. It's like I monitor you with some kind of ESP." She remembered that one of their early conversations had been about thought transference. It was one of his peculiar interests—but she hadn't been able to tell whether he'd been joking about it or whether he really believed in it.

Six short days had passed since the first date, and in six days and four dates it was all over, ending far short of any scene starring the blue nightgown. Saturday morning and dressed in white shorts and dark T-shirt, she chain-smoked behind closed drapes, hardly aware of the humming of the air conditioning, completely oblivious to the weather outside.

Last night had seen the proverbial final straw. Following an expensive and well-turned-out meal in a French restaurant, they had gone to a Near North bar popular with the young set. Before she had finished her first drink, he had pulled the possessive act with such force that she had taken refuge in the ladies' room and there she reached the final decision. She was returning to the table, threading her way through massed humanity, when she noticed that Don had opened her purse and with one hand was rummaging around inside.

"Don, what are you doing in my purse?"

"Looking for a match. What took you so long?"

"Take me home, please."

In the cab on the way back, she owned the conversation. In precise language, without attempting to keep the heat out of her voice, she delivered the nonnegotiable.

"You don't own me," she concluded.

"Good night," he replied sweetly, not bothering to get out of the cab. And as she was walking away from the cab, he tossed her a kind of throwaway line, one that exploded around her head like a bomb.

"Marian, I'm going to kill you. That's a promise."

She had rushed into her building's lobby, mentally urged the elevator on to greater speed and, once inside the apartment, she slammed the door. Turning the double lock at the top, she felt satisfaction at the solid, metallic click.

"No way," the building superintendent had said when she moved in, "for anyone to get through that double lock without a key. Of course, they could always take the door off," and he laughed at this, since the neighbors would be bound to hear or notice.

Saturday morning passed into afternoon and she sat there behind closed drapes, smoked, commiserated with herself. The principal reassuring thought: Thank God for the double lock. And there was always the phone and the police. And, as a last resort, the gun in the bedroom.


She went into the bedroom. Nestled beneath a maroon wool sweater was a Ruger Mark I automatic target pistol. Great on tin cans and for just fooling around, it wasn't an unusual gun for a city girl to have, especially for a former downstate tomboy. A box of .22-caliber ammunition was kept under another sweater, and she placed both pistol and bullets on top of the bureau.

The world's full of kooks, she thought, returning to the living room. Like Don Moretel from the 151 bus. Well, her mother would say, what would you expect? Now, I suggest. . . . OK, Mother, I get the picture. Kooks. An ocean full of them. And not to mention my little friend with the binoculars across the way.

That week she had been aware of his watching her when tidying up before Don came over, after Don had brought her home and had left, and the time she had done the ironing. But oddly enough, she had not believed her apartment under surveillance when Don was with her there, although there was no reason to doubt that even creeps have their own social life and go out, too. What do you suppose he's up to now? she wondered. To be sure, the drawn curtains did not offer a tempting view for him; she went to the curtain and drew it back a slit so she could see into the next apartment.

Looking out, she was surprised how dark it was. There could only be a storm on the way, she knew, for it was not quite five o'clock. And, yes, he was there, not by the avocado plant but back in the apartment with binoculars

WORLD WIDE . . .
THERE'S ONLY ONE

PLAYBOY 
Subscribe Today
...and Save!

WORLD-WIDE RATES: \$15 U.S. Currency* or: Austria 350 S • Belgium 675 BFr • British Isles £5.75 • British Possessions £5.75 • Denmark 105 DKr • Finland 61 FMk • France 75 Fr • French Possessions 75 Fr • Greece 450 Dr • Hong Kong 85 HK\$ • India 110 Re • Iraq 5.00 ID • Ireland £5.75 • Israel 65 If • Italy 8750 Lit • Japan 4600 Yen • Lebanon 47 LL • Luxembourg 675 LFr • Netherlands 48 FL • New Zealand 12.33 NZ\$ • Norway 100 NKr • Portugal 410 Esc. • Saudi Arabia 62 Riyal • Sweden 72 Skr • Switzerland 57 Sw Fr • Turkey 210 TL

Above Countries enclose U.S. or Canadian Currency or equivalent funds of your country and mail to:

PLAYBOY
1 Brixton Road
London, S.W. 9, England

*U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada APO-FPO addresses, \$10. All countries not listed above, \$15 U.S. Currency. Mail orders to:

PLAYBOY
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611, U.S.A.

Please enter my one-year subscription to PLAYBOY. I am enclosing cheque, postal draft, money order or currency in equivalent funds for my country. I understand that credit orders may not be accepted.

name (please print)

address

city state or province

country

Change of Address?

LABEL OR OLD ADDRESS HERE:

name (please print)

address

city state or province zip or country

NEW ADDRESS:

name (please print)

address

city state or province zip or country

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A.
or to 1 Brixton Road, London, S.W. 9, England.

hanging from his neck, the glasses flat on his chest, his head facing the lake, no doubt eyeing the coming storm. To Marian, he was an indistinct figure in the false dusk.

With the first flash of lightning, she let the drapes return to their normal state and stepped back into her living room. Putting a hand to her chest, she could clearly feel the beat of her heart, strong, increasing in tempo, reflecting anxiety about to overflow to the grounds of panic. Several things were wrong, dead wrong, yet their essences eluded her. She glanced around the room, as if the room itself held an answer—any answer. The double-locked door. Newspapers on the floor. An overflowing ash-tray. The lamp burning on the coffee table. The purse on the couch.

"The purse!" she said out loud, fingers tearing at the zipper.

Turning it upside down, she let the contents fall to the couch, and then she got down on her knees to better inspect. Suddenly, the little pile of feminine effects seemed to glow not once but three times, localized evidence of three monstrous thunderbolts ripping the sky; but even before the coffee-table lamp went out and the air conditioning ceased to whoosh, she knew that the extra set of keys was gone.

"Marian, I'm going to kill you."

At any moment, entirely at his discretion, Don Moretel could come through the door. The police, she thought; but from the lifted phone, she was insulted by the lack of a hum, isolated by absolute silence. The word escape rang in her brain and, in a triffing, she was in the hall and running for the stairs. With the power failure, surely the elevators were out of action, but 17 flights down she would be in the lobby, with the street outside and a police car soon to pass.

Normally, an electric sign indicated STAIRS in the hall, but this also had been extinguished by the storm. Four doors toward the elevators were the stairs, she reckoned on the run, and she was right on target, opening the door as the building shook with an outrageous rumble of thunder. She started down the stairs but had not traveled a flight in the dark when a noise brought her to a stop: from below, the heavy tread of a man ascending the stairs.

The rational part of her mind suggested that an occupant of the building had elected to hoof it up home, while the other part shouted that Don Moretel was on the way. It was impossible to meet anyone in the elevator, so what better place for murder than in a glass house without electricity? She fled back to her apartment, stopping in her dash to bang on two doors, hitting them hard with a doubled fist, striking them with force enough to send the little brass knockers into crazy metallic dances. Thunder answered her desperation.

Back in her own place, she did not bother to lock the door, for what good would it do with Don having the key? She did light a candle, however, to afford some light for the apartment, and placed it on the coffee table. She had a plan now and this made her feel calmer. To her, the use of the gun was repugnant and a last desperate remedy. But there was someone to whom she could call for help. The creep across the way. To be a creep was one thing, to be a possible murderer, another. He was probably safe enough and, at least, better than no one. She rushed for the balcony door.

He must see me waving, she prayed. He does see me. He's coming. Still no more than a blur in the murk, he stood across from her on his balcony, leaning over the railing, trying to catch her plea.

"Help!" she yelled.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Please help me!"

"What's the matter?"

"He's going to kill me."

"I'm coming, Marian."

He knows my name, she thought, both relieved and perplexed. The lightning was very distant now, barely illuminating the dark skies north along the lake. She closed the sliding glass door and returned to the living room. He knows my name. When concentrating hard, Marian had a stance that was, in effect, a characteristic gesture of deep contemplation, legs stiff, with the right foot at a right angle to the left. Standing in such a way, staring at the undulating wave of the candlelight, she grabbed for what was loose and brought it down.

"Oh, my God!" she said, speaking out loud in her solitude for the second time that day. The graceful position evaporated into a huddled figure on the sofa, one hand behind the other and both pressed tightly to her eyes.

"I have this picture of you in my mind, Marian," Don had boasted. But now she guessed the picture came from something more tangible than ESP.

Squarely she must face one ghastly, inescapable truth: Don Moretel and the creep were one and the same.

Surely this was the reason the man in the next building had never snooped when Don was with her and why he had said that she was never out of his sight. Nevertheless, against overwhelming evidence, she wondered if she wasn't making a mistake, if Don had been trying only to scare her from seeing other men and if Don's and the creep's going out at the same time wasn't just coincidence. And the fact that he knew her name virtually could be meaningless. After all, he must be interested in her, because of the intensity of his watching. He lived on the same floor as she, though in a different building. Figuring out her apartment number would not be tough,

since each building had an identical layout as to apartment numbers. The directory downstairs would furnish her name in a second. Perhaps, she thought; but her final conclusion was hard. The two men were identical and any other rationale was simply fooling herself.

In the bedroom, the metal of the target pistol felt warm and humid to the touch. Carrying the weapon into the living room, she loaded it by candlelight and, going to the corner of the room, flanked by the draperies, she waited with gun pointing at the door.

"Marian, I'm going to kill you."

"Maybe you will," she whispered to herself. "We'll see."

With doors and windows shut and air conditioning off, the air in the room was getting sticky, and she felt a thin unladylike film spread across her, caused partially by rising temperature and humidity but mainly by the most terrifying experience of her existence.

Falling nearly horizontally, the rain beat a staccato pattern on the windows, and with water came wind howling with an eerie pitch around glass and concrete. Seven thousand people lived in the complex, she had heard, yet she could summon only a single person to help, a jilted suitor who for some warped reason imagined himself wronged, and one who had promised to kill her.

She was too far from the candle to see the gun held in her hand, though she suspected from the vicious grip on the butt that the hand would show white. Please come. Please come. So we can finish whatever it is you and I must finish.

In time he came. In uncounted hours to the waiting girl, in reality only the handful of minutes that it requires a strong man to run down 17 flights, cross a courtyard, climb 17 flights, he burst through the door, hitting it at a run at nearly shoulder height, entering the room in a shallow dive, unnaturally stiff as a creature drawn on wires.

The first shot she could identify individually, a sharp minor ping in the small room, but the rest ran together like a string of irritating firecrackers. The slightly plunging man never had the opportunity to straighten from his dive, for his trip was all one way—to the floor by the coffee table, face flush with the rug when the forward momentum had stopped.

Falling to the rug, the gun made a gentle anticlimactic thud, and the one large gulp of air she took was filled with smoke, so when she screamed, the sound came out hoarse and warbling, like the racket from a hurt animal.

"Shut up," Don Moretel said as he closed the door. In easy fashion, he swung a flashlight. "You'll wake the dead," he added, and laughed.

In the corner, Marian started to cry.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELLER

LET'S LOOK IN ON OUR SWEET - STEPPING DARLING AS SHE STROLLS DOWN A TYPICAL STREET IN A TYPICAL BIG CITY. TYPICALLY, SHE IS FACED WITH TWO EVER- PRESENT PROBLEMS; THE PERSISTENT PORTNOY, HER MOST AVID SUITOR, AND EVEN MORE VEXING, THAT WHICH IS KNOWN TO ANIMAL LOVERS AND POOPER SCOOPERS AS PLOP OR DOO-DOO, AND TO ALL OTHERS AS DOG SHIT.



FEAR OF MUGGING

FEAR OF BLACKS.

FEAR OF RAPE

FEAR OF ASSAULT.

FEAR OF ROLLED-UP NEWS-PAPERS.

GOLLY, THERE ARE MORE PETS THAN EVER THESE DAYS. DOESN'T IT JUST GO TO SHOW THAT PEOPLE ARE BRIMMING OVER WITH LOVE?



SPARE CHANGE, DOLL?

LEMME SEE THAT HANDBAG!

STAND STILL SO'S I CAN MOLEST YOU A LITTLE, HONEY.

HI, ANNIE.

WATCH DOGS FOR SALE



GOING MY WAY?

PORTNOY!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MONEY CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS.

THAT'S A NICE HANDBAG, WEAR IT WELL.

I THINK I HEAR MY MOMMY CALLING!



IT'S A GOOD THING GENGHIS AND I HAPPENED ALONG. YOU SHOULD GET A DOG!

I LOVE DOGS, BUT... GLORYOSKY... THE STREETS ARE WALL-TO-WALL POO-POO! WALKING HAS BECOME IMPOSSIBLE!

HOPPETTY SLIPPETTY FLOP!

YAAGH!

LEAPIN' (UGH) LIZARDS! SOME POOR SOUL JUST LOST HIS FOOTING!

HIP-HOP!



THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR YOU FOR WALKING ME HOME IS TO OFFER YOU A DRINK.

HEEL, GENGHIS!

HE'S A MEAN, MURDERING MOTHER, THIS DOG. GOES RIGHT FOR THE JUGULAR WHEN HE'S MAD. JUST DON'T PICK UP ANYTHING OR TALK ABOVE A WHISPER. ... OTHER THAN THAT, HE'S VERY FRIENDLY.



HERE WE ARE... A PINK SQUIRREL FOR YOU AND A SHIRLEY TEMPLE FOR ME!

(PSSST! DO YOUR STUFF, DOG.)

RR-RAH!

-THE TRAY! PUT IT DOWN! TRAYS REALLY SET HIM OFF!

HOUSE-BREAKING MADE EASY



ONCE HE SEES A TRAY HE GOES BERSERK! THERE'S NO CONTROLLING HIM!

QUICK! MAKE HIM FEEL AT EASE! LET'S TAKE OFF OUR JACKETS! HE HATES JACKETS!!



-NOW THE SHOES AND PANTS! HE HATES SHOES AND PANTS!

I KNOW IT SOUNDS DUMB, BUT ONCE HE GETS GOING, THE ONLY THING THAT CALMS HIM IS STRIPPING!

CALMLY TAKE OFF THE PANTS, THE BRA, EVERYTHING!

SNAP! SNAP!



EVERYTHING? -EVEN MY PANTIES?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! JUST DO LIKE HE SAYS!

BACK. BOY... BACK!

WINK!

GRR! SNAP!

WINK!



QUICK! LIE DOWN OVER HERE!

-ON THE BED?

**GRRR!
GRRR!**



ACT FRIENDLY! KISS ME! MAKE HIM THINK WE'RE MAKING LOVE! THAT CALMS HIM, TOO!

GLORY-OSKY-



I AM NOT MAKING LOVE WHILE A SILLY OLD DOG WATCHES!

OK, FLAKE OFF, YOU LOUSY MUTT!



NOW WHERE WERE WE...

GRRRAAH!



HEEL!

SHE'S MINE, YOU MUTT!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

LIE DOWN!

I AM LYING DOWN!

NOT YOU! HIM!

FETCH!

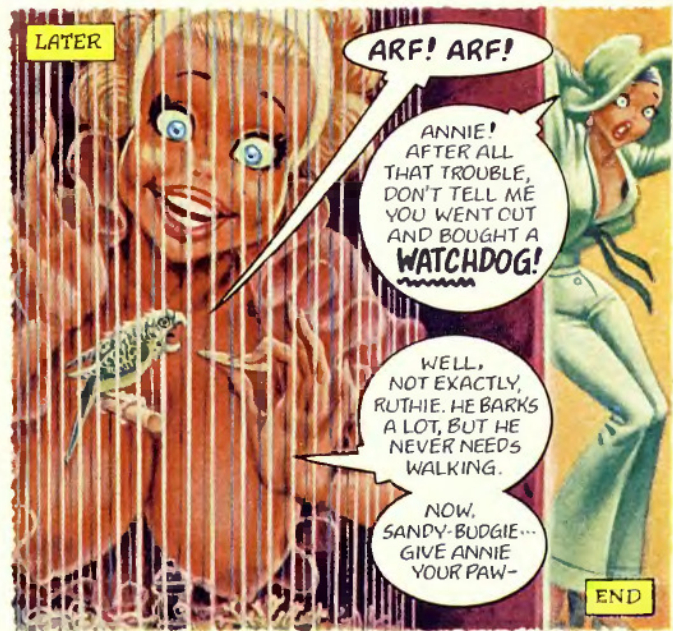


-AND THEN HE BARKED AND MADE ME GET UNDRESSED... AND IF YOU HADN'T COME IN JUST WHEN YOU DID -

...!! ? LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WRITING? - "SUGGEST CHECK FOR BABIES" - ?? WHY HE NEVER LAID A PAW ON ME!

NOT "BABIES," SWEETHEART ... "RABIES!"

YOU'RE ALLOWED ONE PHONE CALL, FIDO.



LATER

ARF! ARF!

ANNIE! AFTER ALL THAT TROUBLE, DON'T TELL ME YOU WENT OUT AND BOUGHT A WATCHDOG!

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, RUTHIE. HE BARKS A LOT, BUT HE NEVER NEEDS WALKING.

NOW, SANDY-BUDGIE... GIVE ANNIE YOUR PAW-

END

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

American Tourister	Playboy Book Club
Langkne	Card
NSR Turntables	Porsche Auto
Hilova Watches	Rollei Cameras
Clarks Shoes	Rouson Roto-Shine
Footline Shoes	Sony SuperScope Tape
Harley-Davidson	Recorders
Motorcycles	Sony TV
Hitachi Electronics	Sabour Auto
Honda Civic Auto	TEAC Electronics
Jaguar V-12 Auto	Toyota Auto
Kawasaki Motorcycles	Triumph Spitfire
Keywood Electronics	Volvo Auto
Maramitz Hi Fidelity	U. S. Navy
Components	Card
Minolta Cameras	Ventura Travelware
Paris Belts	Volkswagen Auto
Pioneer Electronics	Volvo 164 Auto
	Yashica Cameras
	Zenith Electronics

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

We will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, stereo, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write. 6-73

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

SEND
PLAYBOY
EVERY
MONTH



- 3 yrs. for \$24 (Save \$15.00)
 1 yr. for \$10 (Save \$3.00)
 payment enclosed bill later

TO:

name (please print) _____
 address _____
 city state zip code no. _____

Mail to **PLAYBOY**

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

7282

NEXT MONTH:



J. C. SUPERHAM



TIME MACHINE



TANBARK TINA



STOCK MARKET

KURT VONNEGUT, JR., WRITER, IRONIC MORALIST AND YOUTH-CULT HERO, TALKS ABOUT JESUS FREAKS, P. O. W. S, DRESDEN, CHARLES MANSON AND THE LONELINESS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"A SOCIETY OF FRIENDS"—WITH ONES LIKE THESE, AS THE SAYING GOES, WHO NEEDS ENEMIES? NOT THE GUY IN THIS STORY, BEING BURIED AT SEA—BY **TOM McHALE**

"JESUS CHRIST SUPERHAM"—ON LOCATION WITH THE COMPANY FILMING A MOVIE OF THE HIT MUSICAL, A WRITER WONDER: WHY IS THIS MAN CRYING?—BY **NIK COHN**

"HOW TO BEAT THE STOCK MARKET BY WATCHING GIRLS, COUNTING ASPIRIN, CHECKING SUNSPOTS AND WONDERING WHERE THE YELLOW WENT"—SOME EERILY ACCURATE INVESTMENT THEORIES—BY **MAX GUNTHER**

"TINA OF THE TANBARK"—THE CURVACEOUS HEIRESS TO THE REVERED CRISTIANI FAMILY TRADITION STARS UNDER THE BIG TOP—AND IN A REVEALING **PLAYBOY PICTORIAL**

"RIDING RESCUE"—IN THE 24-HOUR DAY'S WORK OF A MIAMI EMERGENCY SQUAD, THERE ARE A GREAT MANY OLDIES BUT PRECIOUS FEW GOODIES—BY **DONN PEARCE**

"THE TIME MACHINE"—THE TALE OF A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST WHO SHOULD HAVE CONSULTED DALE CARNEGIE BEFORE SITTING DOWN AT THE DRAWING BOARD—BY **ROBERT F. YOUNG**

"SUMMER OF '72"—OUR PERIPATETIC ARTIST TAKES HIS SKETCHBOOK TO THE HAMPTONS—BY **LEROY NEIMAN**

"A CROSSING ON THE FRANCE"—A TRIBUTE TO ONE OF THE WORLD'S FEW SURVIVING LUXURIES—BY **JOSEPH WECHSBERG**

"THE BIJONA IN 615"—EVER BEEN ASSAULTED BY A TOILET SEAT? YOU'RE NOT ALONE, ACCORDING TO A PAINSTAKING STUDY CONDUCTED BY **JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK**

"GREAT GORGE!"—A WORDS-AND-PICTURES ALBUM ON **PLAYBOY'S LAVISH RESORT IN NORTHERN NEW JERSEY**

Touch. And go.

Full electrics. The Harley-Davidson SS-350. Takes the kick out of starting. Puts it in the going.

Motivated by the 350cc Harley-Davidson power plant that moves you down express lanes, keeps you hanging in there on back road turns.

All the torque you'll ever need. Neatly ratioed through the 5-speed box.

(With 5-under-foot, who wants 4-on-the-floor?)

A most responsive, beautiful touch. In handling. And styling.

The Harley-Davidson SS-350.

Sets you free.

Harley-Davidson.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201
Member Motorcycle Industry Council

AMF

Harley-Davidson



Harley-Davidson SS-350.
The Great American Freedom Machine.

The Dodge Colt GT

Built across the ocean.
Serviced across the street.



Up until now, when you bought a sporty little Japanese import, you pretty much had to rely on dealerships the imports themselves set up in the U.S., for parts and service.

But now, along comes the Dodge Colt GT.

Sporty as you could ask for. But, more important, the Colt comes with a system of ready-made U.S. dealerships.

That means when your Colt gets to America, it's sold and serviced by a network of Dodge Colt Dealers that stretches from coast to coast.

So if you're thinking sporty, think of it this way: The Dodge Colt GT comes from Japan ... to America ... c/o Dodge.



Here are just a few of the 35 things that come standard on the Colt GT: Overhead cam hemi engine • Four-on-the-floor • Front disc brakes • Reclining bucket seats • Adjustable steering column • Rally striping inside and out • Soft-rim sports steering wheel • Flow-through ventilation • Whitewall tires • Center console with storage bin.

