ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

BOBBY FISCHER—
YOU DON'T KNOW
THE HALF OF HIM

AN INTERVIEW WITH
KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

ONE LAST CRACK AT
GLORIOUS DECADENCE:
JOSEPH WECHSBERG
ABOARD THE FRANCE

EIGHT FREAKY
WAYS TO BEAT THE
STOCK MARKET

BOND GETS SAINTED!
ROGER MOORE AS 007
IN "LIVE AND LET DIE"

ON LOCATION WITH J.C.
AND ALL THE GANG:
JESUS CHRIST SUPERHAM

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®

MG.
Built for sports car enthusiasts by sports car enthusiasts.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, NEW JERSEY 07605

The roads around the MG works in Abingdon, England are curved and narrow. They wend north to Oxford, east toward Dorchester and south to the channel. Some were laid out in the 14th Century, when horsepower was easier to measure.

It's no wonder the whole idea of a popular-priced sports car originated there.

And it's no wonder the people who assemble today's MGs have sports cars in their blood.

In the days of the MG racing team, the whole factory stopped and cheered when news of another victory reached them. Today, many of the same workers, or their sons and grandsons, still work on our MGB production line—the shortest, slowest and least automated one we know of.

The MGB body shells are mounted on individual assembly trucks and pushed onto a track. The first team goes to work methodically and carefully, unpressured by a grinding set of automated tracks.

When they complete their jobs, they push the car to the next station. By hand.

This ritual is repeated only 20 times down the line. The result is a sports car that's famous for its stamina, durability and careful workmanship.

Of course, MGB's greatness comes not only from *how* we built it, but from *what* we build in it. Rack and pinion steering for quick, responsive control. Race-seasoned suspension for a firm grip on the road. And a four speed, short-throw gearbox to put your reflexes in touch with the 1798 c.c. engine.

The MGB also has radial-ply tires, mag-style wheels, front disc brakes, monocoque body, reclining bucket seats and full sports car instrumentation.

So the next time an MGB amazes you with its facility to negotiate a curve or maneuver in a pack, don't be so amazed. It was built by people who know what sports car motoring is all about.

That may explain why MGB is the reigning National Champion in SCCA's E Production for the second year in a row.

So go meet another sports car enthusiast—your MG dealer.

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

The sports car America loved first.

THERE'VE BEEN 24 CHARCOAL FILTER CIGARETTES, BUT

THERE'S ONLY ONE NUMBER ONE.

THIS ONE.

Tareyton was America's first charcoal filter cigarette.

It's been America's best-selling charcoal filter cigarette ever since.

No surprise. Tareyton is America's best-*tasting* charcoal filter cigarette. Twenty-three other charcoal filters have come. And mostly gone.

But today, more people smoke Tareyton than all the other charcoal filter cigarettes combined.

The number one charcoal filter? There's only one. The first one.

Tareyton.

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

King Size: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73

PLAYBILL SOMETIMES A JOURNALIST conducts his basic research without consciously knowing it. He reads a fascinating item in the paper and follows it off and on through the years, simply because it interests him. But if that small news clip grows into a full event, he suddenly finds himself peculiarly qualified to write about it. This happened to Brad Darrach after he heard about a 13-year-old kid from Brooklyn named Bobby Fischer. "When I first read about this phenomenal prodigy, I filed the information away in my head and began to keep track of his activities. I finally met him in New York, where we had a steak dinner and played chess. I was always tactful around Bobby, found him a place to play tennis in Manhattan, things like that. By the time championship negotiations were under way, I was talking with his aides and lawyers almost daily." After the match was finished, Darrach spoke with members of Fischer's circle and was able, through many long interviews with them, to construct *The Day Bobby Blew It* (illustrated by Shawn Shea), a vivid account of their frantic efforts to get him on that plane to Iceland. "I was already up there," says Darrach, "waiting with everyone else, while these events were going on in New York. What was really most important to him was not the championship, not the money, but the need to achieve all of it on *his* terms. I think his battle for autonomy was admirable, especially when you consider that, in my opinion, another part of him was terrified during all this."


DARRACH


SHEA


MC HALE


HALBERSTAM


PEARCE


FISH


WECHSBERG


GUNTHER


COHN


YOUNG


KILPATRICK


FERY


DEMPSEY


NEIMAN


URBA

This month's lead fiction, *A Society of Friends*, by Tom McHale, is the splendid offshoot of his recent novel, *Farragan's Retreat*. "It was material I wanted to get into the book but couldn't," he explains of these soulless characters, who take a boat ride to dispose of a body—and get in a little deep-sea fishing. McHale is presently finishing a new book, *Alinsky's Diamond*, which he calls "my Jewish novel."

A group as callous to death as McHale's fictional cast is the elite medical emergency corps of the Miami Beach Fire Department, with whom Donn Pearce spent four days to write *Win Some, Lose Some*. But Pearce defends the men's insensitivity as necessary. "If they got emotionally involved, they'd go bananas." The Miami Beach squad, he observes, is unique in that there's a doctor with every team and the service is free, "which makes it, as far as I know, the only pure form of socialized medicine in America."

One thing you can say for Norman Jewison, director of the film *Jesus Christ Superstar*—he didn't give the title role to Charlton Heston. But he *did* give it to a young Texas drifter "at a salary reported to be in three figures," and Nik Cohn figured there had to be some strange vibrations on the set—i.e., the Holy Land. When you read his article, *Jesus Christ Superham*, you'll see he was right.

Robert L. Fish's July fiction contribution, *The Wager*, describes a long sea cruise taken by his protagonist as part of a bet he either wins or loses, depending on whether you love hot art or cold cash. Joseph Wechsberg also writes about an ocean voyage this month, a luxuriously real one, in *A Crossing on the France*. (Wechsberg's latest book, *The Glory of the Violin*, is published by Viking.) And there's plenty more to entertain you: Max Gunther's compilation of bizarre stock-market indicators, *How to Beat the Stock Market by Watching Girls, Counting Aspirin, Checking Sunspots and Wondering Where the Yellow Went*; *Washington Star* columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick's *In Search of the Savage Bijoona*, a whimsical report on his continuous war against a cursed male nemesis; *The Time Machine*, by Robert F. Young, an ingeniously crafted work of science fiction; artist LeRoy Neiman's *Summer of '72*, updating social life in the Hamptons; David (*The Best and the Brightest*) Halberstam's harsh essay on those faceless efficiency experts at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, *The Worst and the Grayest*; *The Odd Couplers*, by cartoonist John Dempsey; and *Getting Off on the Right Shoe*, footwear fashion illustrated by Guy Fery. Additionally, there's big-top uncoverage of circus beauty Tina Cristiani, shot by Alexas Urba; a look at the newest Playboy Club-Hotel; the latest James Bond film; an introduction to Tisa Farrow; and an interview with novelist–cult hero Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Lots of fireworks for July.

vol. 20, no. 7—july, 1973

PLAYBOY

Time Machine P. 131

Other Farrow P. 83

Fischer's Frolics P. 80

Center Ring P. 135

Shoe Business P. 94

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

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 EDITORIALLY. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL PLAYMATE KAREN CHRISTY. DESIGNED BY LEN WILLIS. PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: OSCAR ABOLAFIA, P. 148; BILL ARSENAULT, P. 3, 122 (3); DON AZUMA, P. 128-129; LONNIE BADIS, P. 3; JOHN BRYSON, P. 147 (2), 148-149 (2); RICK CLUTHE, P. 3, 125; RAY FISHER, P. 3; BILL FRANTZ, P. 3; HEDRICH-BLESSING, P. 119, 120; DWIGHT HOOKER, P. 119, 120-121 (5), 123; CARL IRI, P. 3; C. DICK NORTON, P. 3; TERRY O'NEILL, P. 147 (2), 148-149 (3); J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3 (2), 122, 125; ROBERT PHILLIPS, P. 108, 109, 113; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3 (3); ALEXAS URBA, P. 121, 123 (2), 124-125 (3); VOTAVA/CAMERA PRESS, P. 3; HARRY NICHOLAS WOWCHUK, P. 85 (3); ARNOLD ZANN, P. 125.

PLAYBOY, JULY, 1973, VOLUME 20, NUMBER 7. 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

If your Dad's the best, our Dad's the best.

Old Grand-Dad. The good stuff.®

Head of The Bourbon Family.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

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 GOLSON *assistant editor* • FICTION: ROBIE MACAULEY *editor*, STANLEY PALEY *associate editor*, SUZANNE MC NEAR, 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 MC NEESE, 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 ZELCER *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*

7 TIMEX ELECTRONIC WATCHES YOU DON'T HAVE TO WIND (ALL AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD).

The Electronic TIMEX is powered by a tiny replaceable energy cell* that lasts a whole year. So it never needs winding.

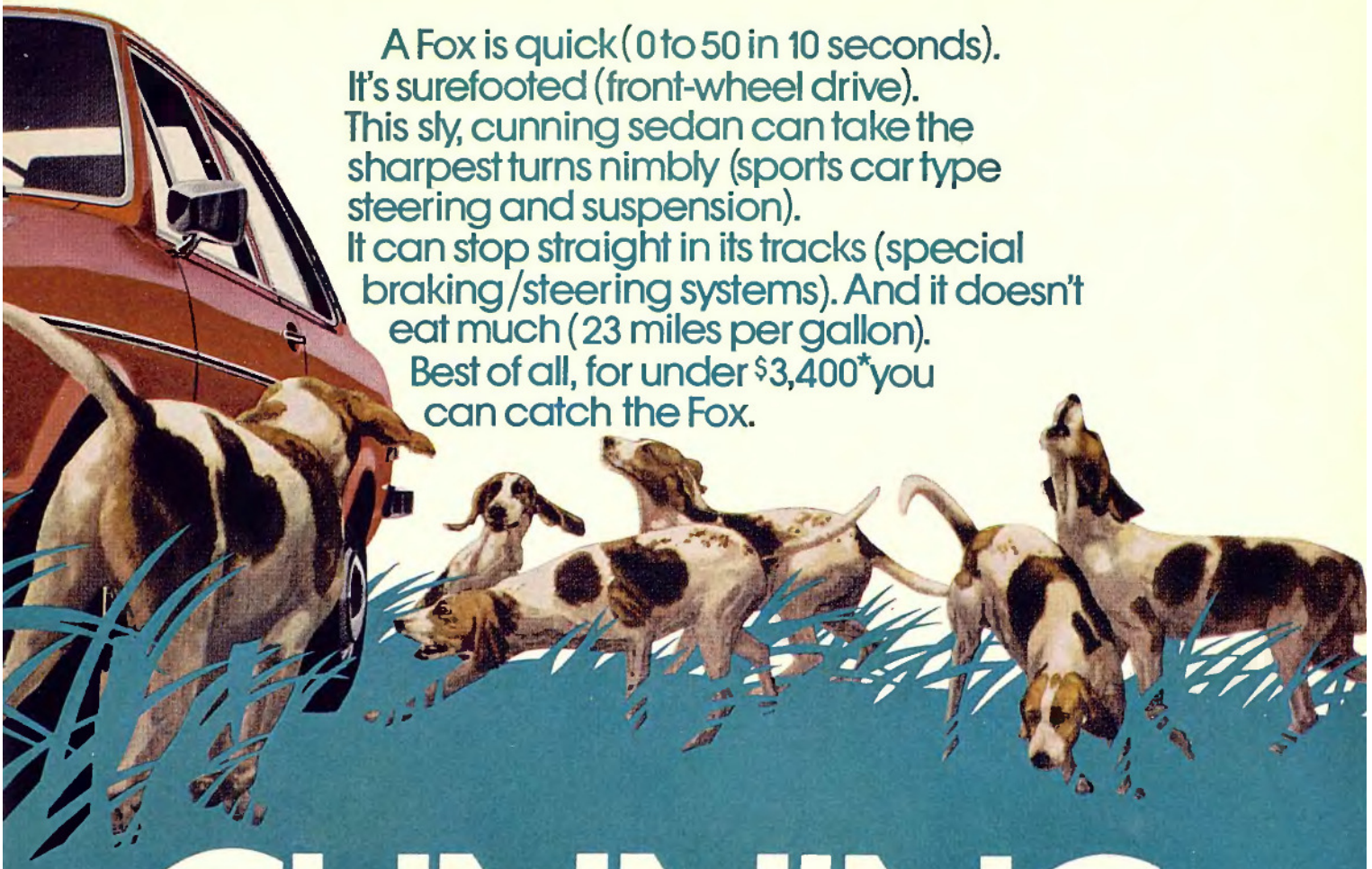
The Electronic TIMEX is water and dust resistant and perhaps as important as anything else, it's inexpensive. You can buy one for as little as $25. With an automatic calendar, from only $30. With a day-date indicator, only $35.

See? We told you, you could afford to buy one.

THE ELECTRONIC TIMEX® FROM $25.

Models illustrated: Clockwise—763502, 765602, 779702, 761602, 765502, 778602; Center—764504.
*We recommend genuine TIMEX Energy Cells. Other cells not meeting Timex specifications may cause a malfunction.

YOUR HUNT IS OVER. THE QUICK, SLY, CRAFTY,

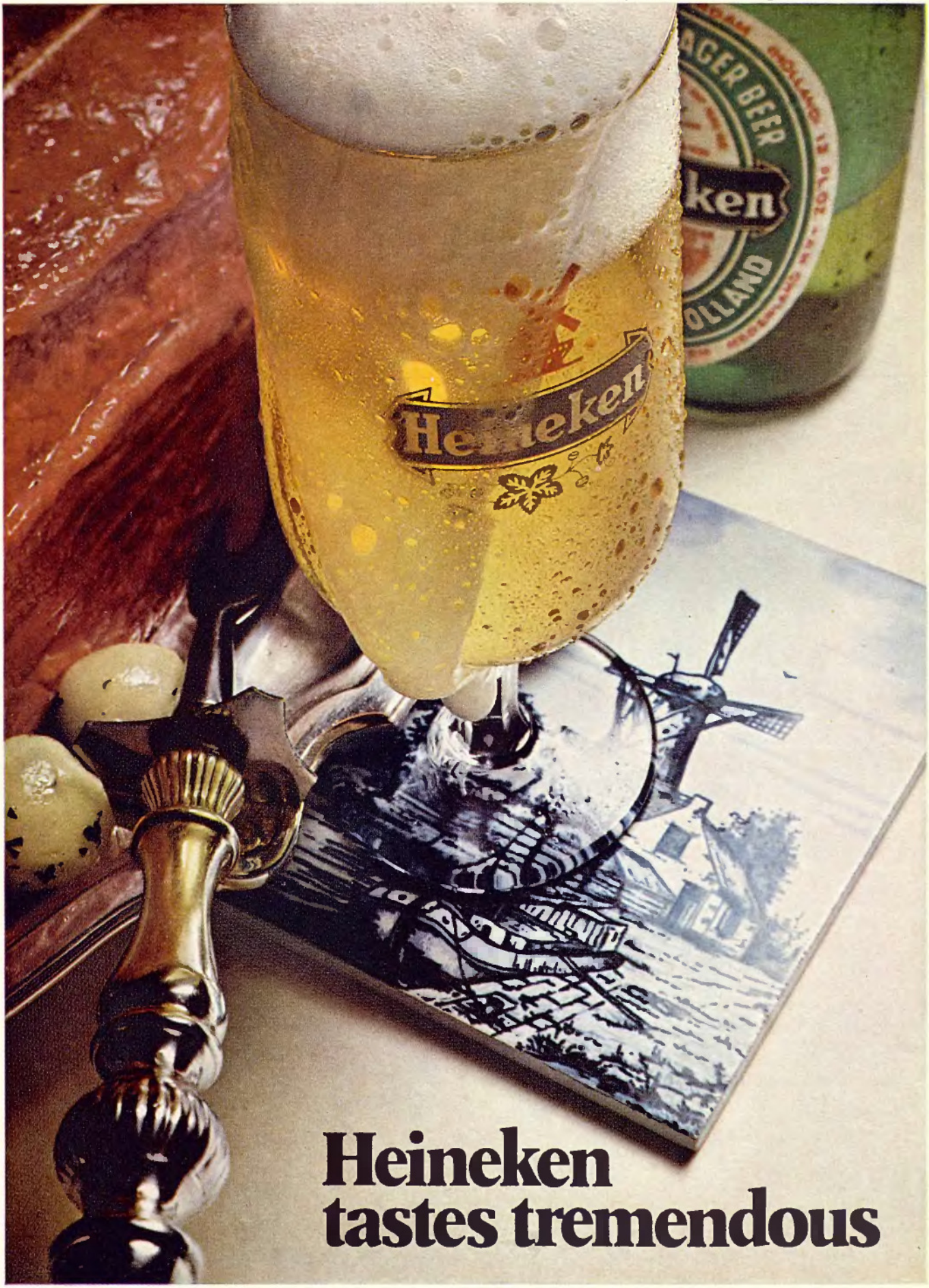


A Fox is quick (0 to 50 in 10 seconds).
It's surefooted (front-wheel drive).
This sly, cunning sedan can take the sharpest turns nimbly (sports car type steering and suspension).
It can stop straight in its tracks (special braking/steering systems). And it doesn't eat much (23 miles per gallon).
Best of all, for under $3,400* you can catch the Fox.

CUNNING FOX BY AUDI IS HERE.

*Suggested retail price, East Coast POE, $3399. West Coast slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. (In California, available only with automatic transmission. Suggested retail price $3744.) Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Gen. U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.



Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

THE WHOLE THING

My thanks to PLAYBOY for the April takeout on Linda Lovelace (*Say "Ah!"*) and my congratulations to Linda for her honest attitudes toward human sexuality. She is obviously a woman who has read her Socrates. Hopefully, her example will lead others to the realization that an expanded sexual repertoire is not a symptom of depravity but, rather, a reflection of sexual health and creativity. If *Deep Throat* succeeds in expanding sexual horizons (and there are many indications that it has), it will have proved its redeeming social value.

P. Peterson
Washington, D.C.

The only obscene thing about *Deep Throat* is that Linda got just $1200 for her performance. The moneygrubbers are everywhere.

Dave Matteson
Warwick, Rhode Island

I always knew that Texas spawned the biggest liars, the crookedest politicians and the largest pricks. Now I see that the Lone Star State can also boast the world's most accomplished cocksucker. Congratulations, Texas.

Jay P. Ernst
Norwalk, Connecticut

What the hell kind of magazine are you turning into? Whatever else she might be, Lovelace isn't a very attractive woman. I assume that's why your photos of her are so out of focus. Leave the likes of Lovelace to magazines such as *Screw*. PLAYBOY's readers are sufficiently well-adjusted as to not need that kind of titillation.

Gregory Gaines
New York, New York

Your story about Linda Lovelace was entertaining, if not entirely accurate. Although *Deep Throat* was her first film of lasting consequence, she cut her cinematic teeth in porno films long before *Throat*. I quote here from a stag-film catalog I received recently, which offers the following four films (for $29.95 each):

"Piss Orgy—Stars Linda Lovelace (shaven); a very young, slim, beautiful blonde; and a young man. The action is varied, with dildo, Lesbianism, much pissing, analingus. Good quality.

"M81 & M82—A two-part series, only available as a set, with one man, Linda Lovelace (shaven) and a very pretty redhead. Excellent action, variety, quality; with anal screwing, dildo, Lesbian activity, come in mouth and face.

"Dogarama—Stars Linda Lovelace (shaven); a man; and a German police dog. Considerable oral activity, brief penetration, good quality.

"Dog Fucker—Stars Linda Lovelace with a brownish large hound-type dog. Considerably oral. Not as good as *Dogarama*."

I'm not sure that I endorse your conclusion that Linda "would make a hell of a wife." If I were married to her, I sure wouldn't want any pets around.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

Lovelace says, *"Deep Throat* was really just me, acting naturally." Then she says she "had to spend three or four weeks learning how to keep from gagging." This is *natural*? I had all I could do to keep from gagging myself, but for different reasons.

Mrs. Davis Bradley
East Islip, New York

On the controversial subject of gagging, one can find, in *The Cradle of Erotica* (in the section on oral intercourse), the following note: "Scientific findings confirm that the chances of gagging diminish as the degree of erotic arousal increases, with a fully aroused fellator (or fellatrice) able to perform violent up-and-down movements upon the full length of a large penis, something that would surely provoke gagging under any other circumstance than intense sexual excitement."

Robert J. Houbrick
West Chester, Pennsylvania

When you feature a porno queen who says she likes to get fucked in the "throat, ass, cunt, one, two, three, in that order" and then conclude your article with the statement that "a well-rounded girl like her would make a hell of a wife," you pose a question: Would she also make

PLAYBOY, JULY, 1973, VOLUME 20, NUMBER 7. 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 ST.; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30305.

a hell of a mother? Would she be able to keep things out of her orifices long enough to nurse a child? Or are you merely poking fun at an unfortunate and ignorant girl?

C. Anthony Cox
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Fun is the one thing we wouldn't poke at Linda. And, for the record, we don't think marriage is synonymous with parenthood.

SIDE SHOW

When I came upon Fred Powledge's *The Big Top Wants You!* (PLAYBOY, April), I thought, Oh, God! Another of those screwed-up circus articles by some first-of-May who knows absolutely nothing about circuses. Was I in for a pleasant surprise! By the time I'd finished the first page, I realized that Powledge hadn't written any sawdust-and-spangles garbage. He wrote a real, genuine, down-to-earth, dog-and-pony, horse-and-lion article about the real troupers of a mud show. What a trip, reading of ole Dime Wilson again, conjuring up visions of Echo Yoshida, the foot juggler, and of Texas Ted Lewis, who worked his wild West concert with the likes of Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix. Powledge took me back to the days when performers didn't need mechanical belts and when clown alley wasn't mostly a fruit stand full of dirty-necks. Believe me, those were the days.

Vern W. Coriell
Kansas City, Missouri

Coriell is master of the original high-wire head slide, whatever that is.

Everything Powledge says in his article is true. I am speaking from practical experience of over a quarter of a century. I know Junior, the wild-animal trainer mentioned in the article, very well. I worked with him in the Clyde Beatty Circus when he was a cage boy. He is the only black wild-animal trainer in the circus world today, and a great showman. Incidentally, the people working with wild animals refer to themselves as *trainers*, not tamers. There is no such thing as a tamed wild animal. You can train them, but you can't tame them.

Count Nicholas
Sarasota, Florida

Count Nicholas was longtime ringmaster for the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey circus.

Congratulations to Powledge on an important article. His ability to get inside Hoxie Tucker's empire made for a most enjoyable piece of reading.

P. E. Pepke
North Warren, Pennsylvania

With all respect to Powledge and his pontificating about the circus representing real life, I must say that he failed to get the *real* story behind the circus. I spent several weeks last year with the Hoxie outfit, working as a roustabout and prop man. The things I saw—extreme cruelty to men and animals and the worst living conditions I have ever experienced—made me conclude that Powledge's romantic vision of circus life belongs on the ground, under the elephant shit.

Ken Walker
Athens, Ohio

WILSONOPHILIA

When are you guys going to publish a book of Gahan Wilson's cartoons?

Harold Demeter
New York, New York

As a loyal fan of Gahan Wilson's—who, as far as I'm concerned, is the best cartoonist in the world—I'm writing to ask two questions. One: Have you ever published a collection of Wilson's cartoons? Two: When did Wilson's first PLAYBOY cartoon appear? I want to get a copy of it and frame it.

Tony Rubio
San Diego, California

"PLAYBOY's Gahan Wilson," a magazine-sized paperbound book of Wilson's most macabre PLAYBOY cartoons—almost 300 of them—is now available from Playboy Press, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The price is

"The idea is to start a little satellite program of our own. . . ."

$2.50 per book, plus a handling charge of 50 cents per order. Wilson's first PLAYBOY cartoon, reproduced here, appeared in our December 1957 magazine. Good luck on finding a copy.

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

Craig Vetter's April investigation of the Psychological Stress Evaluator, *The Lie Machine*, is great. It brought back memories of a polygraph test I was required to take when applying for a job. The examiner said I lied during the test, and I failed to get the job. But I didn't lie; he did.

Frank R. Baner
Alcova, Wyoming

I read Vetter's article just prior to participating in an orientation course at the factory that manufactures the PSE-1, one of the lie detectors featured in the article. I must report, however, that, unlike Vetter, I did not find the place to be a den of spies but, rather, a laboratory of scientific research.

Richard M. Eberst
College Park, Maryland

HIT OR MISS

I have nothing but praise for writer Dave Fisher and "Joey," the anonymous trigger man, for their April article, *Killer*. This powerful report on a hit man revealed that, if nothing else, the man behind the gun is human, too.

Derek Benedict
Lackland AFB, Texas

Killer is one fine piece of journalism, which, for me, had the same impact as Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. I don't like what "Joey" does and damn sure don't condone it, but his philosophy is the most honest I've heard in a long time.

Mike Anson
Los Angeles, California

"Joey's" life has been pretty good. He's made about $4,000,000 over the past 25-odd years. And—just think—all it cost him was the woman he loved and the child he might have had.

Tom Stanbrook
Utica, New York

Fisher's slick cosmeticized profile of a contract killer is an unnecessary addition to the recent nose job that organized crime has been getting in all our media. I wish to God that America would get off her death fascination with organized violence and start looking at life. A man like "Joey," who doesn't care whether he lives or dies, is not courageous. He's a coward.

Thomas Dodge
Tulsa, Oklahoma

"Joey" has taken you in. I am an ex-cop, former teamster and gunsmith. I can tell you, Joey's story stinks. Joey claims he's worked for the Mob, yet writer Fisher calls him a free-lancer. The Syndicate never uses outsiders for hit work. If a new face is needed for a job, the man is brought in from an out-of-town family. Why? Because independents like Joey blab. He also writes that Jack Dragna, a Southern California mobster, hired Joey for a hit. Dragna never hired outsiders for jobs.

Joseph K. Brainard
Columbus, Ohio

Thanks to *Killer*, Americans can stop worrying about murder. Now we know that the fellow pulling the trigger is only doing his job. Maybe Fisher and "Joey"

Only The Ritz is The Ritz. Only V.O. is V.O.

"There is only one Ritz..." Ernest Hemingway once remarked, "And that is the Paris Ritz." And so indeed, the Paris Ritz has reigned, since 1898, as the Queen Mother of all the world's great hotels.

Through its entrance on the magnificent Place Vendôme, have passed Kings and Queens, courtiers and diplomats, artists and movie stars—they have all come, again and again, seeking the same simple elixirs. Serenity. Privacy. Ambiance. And a standard of service unequalled anywhere on earth.

Beginning with Escoffier, the Ritz has employed only five chefs de cuisine in more than seventy years. Its chief sommelier has watched over his wine cellars for three generations. Waiters, trained in the art of table watching, appear magically to refill wine glasses or light cigars with foot-long matches.

And through the years, only The Ritz is The Ritz. A quiet, timeless island of Old World grace and civility. A one-of-a-kind creation.

Like The Ritz, Seagram's V.O. Canadian is also a one-of-a-kind creation; another quiet reminder of Old World grace and civility. 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 The Ritz is The Ritz. Only V.O. is V.O. All the others come after.

Seagram's V.O.
The First Canadian.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

can collaborate on an informative column that would advise readers how to do away with bosses, bitchy wives, public officials and magazine editors.

Henry J. Waleczko
San Francisco, California

Thank you for your excellent report on "Joey." Ever since PLAYBOY rejected an article I submitted, I've felt unmanly. Now I have a .38 revolver and I'm in the process of setting up several of your editors. Before reading about Joey, I had no idea how to get away with murder. Now, thanks to you, I have the advice of an expert. I am awaiting the book version of Joey's reflections for more helpful hints. Once I have established that I can kill Hugh Hefner with impunity, I hope to charge ten times Joey's price. Thanks again for showing me that there *is* a career that offers pride in individual achievement, an awesome sense of power and all the money I could ever want. It's unfortunate that you must be my first victims, but this is nothing personal. Business is business. I promise you won't know what hit you.

"Harry"
Los Angeles, California

TAX WRITE-UPS

I very much enjoyed *Who's Doing What with Your Money* (PLAYBOY, April), your feature on some of the strange ways the Feds blow our hard-earned dollars. Aside from its humorous value, I believe the article did much to help open readers' eyes.

Stanley Grant Hatfield
Huntington, West Virginia

As a social worker, I particularly liked your tax feature, especially since I now know that my $2500 paid for only one day of Nixon's hot line—or for seven yards of House of Representatives carpet. On the other hand, that same $2500 can support a foster child in California for four and a half years. It's too bad that none of us has any choice in where our taxes go.

Robert Gardner
LaQuinta, California

Who's Doing What with Your Money told of a Navy experiment concerned with the use of Frisbees to carry flares over battlefields at a cost of $375,000 to taxpayers. Perhaps the genius behind the program is also responsible for the "Be Special—Fly Navy" Frisbees I spotted recently in a Navy recruiting office.

Mrs. Lauralee Smith
Millington, Tennessee

According to *Who's Doing What with Your Money*, "the typical PLAYBOY reader pays very close to $2500 each year in Federal income taxes." I find it difficult to reconcile this information with your monthly "What Sort of Man Reads PLAYBOY?" ad. The typical single taxpayer who pays an annual $2500 in Federal income taxes earns less than $12,000 per year in taxable income and, thus, is hardly the type to live in the manner described in your ads—unless, of course, he avoids taxes by resorting to tax shelters.

Harry C. Antel
Cleveland, Ohio

Our figures were based on a median income of $13,000 a year, which is what the average PLAYBOY *reader earns. After ordinary deductions, this produces a Federal tax bite of about $2500. State and Social Security taxes add more, but these weren't included, since the Government doesn't have the power to spend them frivolously.*

SKIN SHOW

Skin's Art, the April short story by Michael Rogers, was pure art itself. The tale had even greater meaning for me because I could envision Elliott Gould and Goldie Hawn in the lead roles.

William G. Kelley
Morgantown, West Virginia

MATCHLESS *MATCH*

Congratulations to Marshall Brickman for his excellent humor piece on chess, *The Celebrated Ponce-Kmitch Match and Other Chess Classics* (PLAYBOY, April). To write so cleverly about a serious subject speaks for Brickman's ability.

Richard Kenny, President
Utah Chess Association
Salt Lake City, Utah

Many thanks for your excellent chess spoof, and for bringing me up to date on the activities of the multitalented Marshall Brickman. Your *Playbill* failed to mention that before launching his successful career as TV writer-producer, Brickman was a top-notch five-string-banjo player. To say he's better with a banjo than a pen takes nothing away from his writing—he's that good!

Michael H. Auerbach
Longmeadow, Massachusetts

Brickman still plucks around occasionally. In fact, his banjo work showed up most recently on Warner Bros.' pop hit "Dueling Banjos," from the sound track of the film "Deliverance."

The Celebrated Ponce-Kmitch Match is certainly a creditable effort to bring to light the abilities of such giants of the chess world. But while Ponce was given the credit long due him, I feel Brickman failed to recognize Agon Kmitch as the great master he was. Kmitch was the originator of the move 4 . . . K-KO, removing the king from the playing board and successfully preventing his capture. Kmitch was also well known for his participation in the shortest game of all time. While playing a youngster in the 1953 Omsk Invitational Tournament, Kmitch, playing black, countered white's daring 1 . . . P-K3 with his own brilliant but risky 1 . . . P-K3. White immediately offered a draw and Kmitch readily accepted, realizing he couldn't possibly defend such a poor position.

Raymond S. Thompson
South Bound Brook, New Jersey

In one of the diagrams accompanying *The Celebrated Ponce-Kmitch Match*, the king and queen are reversed on their squares and the board is upside down. I wonder if the depicted arrangement is a result of poor research or if someone was just trying to be funny.

Gordon W. Gribble
Hanover, New Hampshire

Chuckle intended, Gribble. Check.

VIEWS OF TENNESSEE

I was very deeply touched by your April interview with Tennessee Williams. It's sad that his genius appears overshadowed only by his self-doubt.

Sandra J. Tobin
Ottawa, Ontario

Your interview with Williams points explicitly to what seems to be his personal dilemma. He can be taken neither seriously nor seriously enough. Norman Mailer wrote recently that were he to be given mangrove and moss, he, too, might write like Williams. Not without the swamp, he wouldn't. And only Tennessee knows its terrain.

Jan Wolyniak
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Your interview was disgusting. To find out that Williams is a faggot was enough to make me go into the bathroom and puke.

Tim Eckstein
Wamego, Kansas

After reading your interview, I'd be pressed to say which is more dramatic, Williams' plays or Williams' life. Saint Augustine wrote, "The heart of a child resembles soft wax receiving every impression." And it's clear that the playwright's childhood heart was deeply etched—with pain and disappointment.

Marie T. Carney
Key West, Florida

I feel honored to live as a contemporary of Williams', and your interview whetted my appetite for more of his writing.

Ed Herring
Long Beach, California

Look for a new Williams short story in an upcoming issue of PLAYBOY.

Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

Start walking.

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

25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

Columbia's Greatest Offer Ever!

Any 15 records

for only $1.97

OR

Any 11 tapes

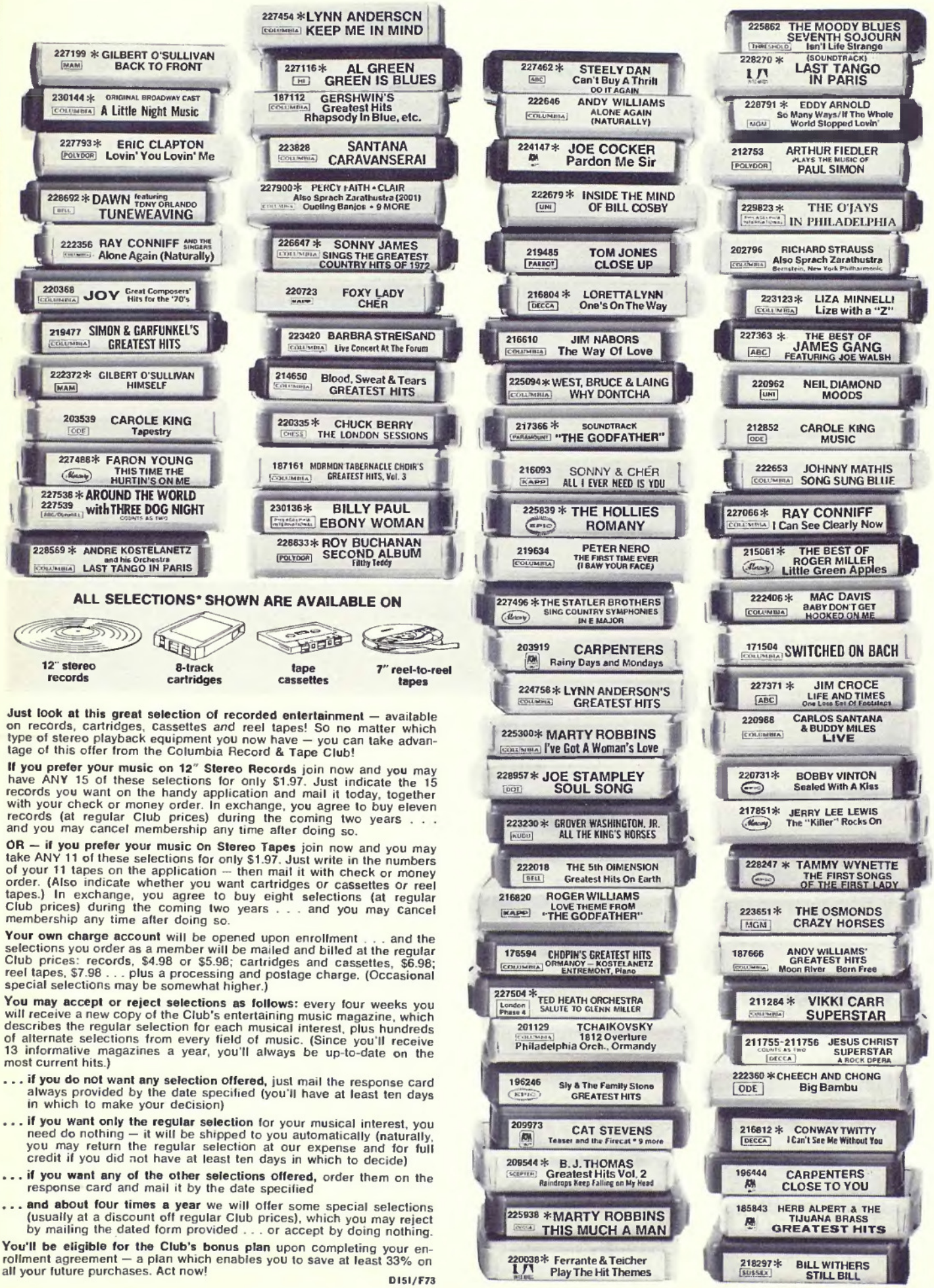
for only $1.97

if you join the Columbia Record & Tape Club under the terms outlined here . . .

226431 CARLY SIMON — NO SECRETS (You're So Vain) (ELEKTRA)
228577 THE 5TH DIMENSION — LIVING TOGETHER, GROWING TOGETHER (BELL)
225334* BREAD — THE GUITAR MAN (ELEKTRA)
223834 CAROLE KING — RHYMES & REASONS (ODE)
222919 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK — IN TIME (PARROT)
224659 DON McLEAN — FEATURING THE HIT—DREIDEL (UA)
227074 (SOUNDTRACK) LOST HORIZON — MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY Burt Bacharach (BELL)
226746* The Partridge Family — Notebook (BELL)
228700* SOUNDTRACK — JAMES BROWN — BLACK CAESAR (POLYDOR)
228163 JUDY COLLINS — True Stories And Other Dreams (ELEKTRA)
229401* RAY PRICE — She's Got To Be A Saint (COLUMBIA)
226288* THE BUDDY MILES BAND — CHAPTER VII — L.A. Resurrection (COLUMBIA)
227025* JOHNNY CASH — Any Old Wind That Blows (COLUMBIA)
229211* DONNY OSMOND — ALONE TOGETHER (MGM)
223222* CAT STEVENS — CATCH BULL AT FOUR (A&M)
228585* SOUNDTRACK — GODSPELL (BELL)
225631* MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA — BIRDS OF FIRE (COLUMBIA)
221424 CHICAGO V — Saturday in the Park — State of the Union (COLUMBIA)
221432 PERCY FAITH — Day By Day (COLUMBIA)
225102* JOHNNY NASH — I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW — STIR IT UP (EPIC)
223115* SUPER FLY Sound Track — MUSIC BY CURTIS MAYFIELD (CURTOM)
227322* JOHNNY MATHIS — ME AND MRS. JONES (COLUMBIA)
225508* 360 DEGREES OF BILLY PAUL — Me and Mrs. Jones (PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL)
225367 ARTHUR FIEDLER and THE BOSTON POPS — Gotta Travel On (POLYDOR)
222190* O'JAYS — BACK STABBERS (PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL)
222125 ROD STEWART — Never A Dull Moment (Mercury)
221176 ELTON JOHN — HONKY CHATEAU (UNI)
225316* KRIS KRISTOFFERSON — JESUS WAS A CAPRICORN (MONUMENT)
207019* BILLY PAUL — GOING EAST (PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL)
218479 CARPENTERS — A SONG FOR YOU (A&M)
173674 BEETHOVEN'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)
226639* RAMSEY LEWIS — FUNKY SERENITY (COLUMBIA)
221887* LAURA NYRO — THE FIRST SONGS (COLUMBIA)
225284* FOUR TOPS — KEEPER OF THE CASTLE (ABC)
227348* GEORGE JONES & TAMMY WYNETTE — Let's Build A World Together (EPIC)
222976 ZUBIN MEHTA — HITS AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL (LONDON)
223107* BERT KAEMPFERT — Greatest Hits—Vol. 2 (DECCA)
226759* DONNA FARGO — My Second Album — SUPERMAN (DOT)
224295* LOGGINS AND MESSINA — Your Mama Don't Dance (COLUMBIA)
226155 ELTON JOHN — DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER (MCA)
223669* PORTRAIT OF SAMMY DAVIS, Jr. — Mr. Bojangles (MGM)
227207* EUMIR DEODATO — PRELUDE (CTI)
226449* ROY CLARK — LIVE! Alabama Jubilee (DOT)
226332-226333 NEIL DIAMOND — HOT AUGUST NIGHT — COUNTS AS TWO (MCA)

* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808



Just look at this great selection of recorded entertainment — available on records, cartridges, cassettes and reel tapes! So no matter which type of stereo playback equipment you now have — you can take advantage of this offer from the Columbia Record & Tape Club!

If you prefer your music on 12" Stereo Records join now and you may have ANY 15 of these selections for only $1.97. Just indicate the 15 records you want on the handy application and mail it today, together with your check or money order. In exchange, you agree to buy eleven records (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

OR — if you prefer your music on Stereo Tapes join now and you may take ANY 11 of these selections for only $1.97. Just write in the numbers of your 11 tapes on the application — then mail it with check or money order. (Also indicate whether you want cartridges or cassettes or reel tapes.) In exchange, you agree to buy eight selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: records, $4.98 or $5.98; cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98 . . . plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

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

- . . . **if you do not want any selection offered,** just mail the response card always provided by the date specified (you'll have at least ten days in which to make your decision)
- . . . **if you want only the regular selection** for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically (naturally, you may return the regular selection at our expense and for full credit if you did not have at least ten days in which to decide)
- . . . **if you want any of the other selections offered,** order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified
- . . . **and about four times a year** we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices), which you may reject by mailing the dated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for the Club's bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now!

D151/F73

"I'll trade my wife, my family, and my dog with you, but...

I won't give up the ship!"

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

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

The little old ladies on the Arkansas Apiary Board couldn't understand why one of their publicity gadgets—a pin-on lapel button with a picture of a smiling bumblebee—was in such demand at the State Beekeepers' Society convention. Besides the bumblebee, the button bears this syrupy invitation: ENJOY HEALTH—EAT YOUR HONEY.

•

The latest in hard-sell techniques, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, has been put into use by the All Steel Pipe & Tube Company of St. Louis. It sends prospects an attaché case. When the case is opened, an 18-inch robot stands up inside and delivers a seven-minute sales pitch.

•

You've come a long way, baby: Questioned about America's unwillingness to send women into space, astronaut James A. Lovell, Jr. (quoted in the *San Francisco Chronicle*), was unusually candid in reply. "We've never sent any women into space," he said, "because we haven't had a good reason to. We fully envision, however, that in the near future we will fly women into space and use them the same way we use them on earth—for the same purpose."

•

Burglars stole 120,000 Belgian francs (worth $3000) from the Brussels office of the Caterpillar Tractor Company. They didn't take the $10,000 in U. S. currency that was also in the office because—as they revealed after being apprehended—"We had heard over the radio that dollars aren't worth much anymore."

•

Tell it like it is: More than the ordinary number of viewers probably tuned in to KTLA-TV to watch Ray Milland and Charles Laughton in a 1948 movie whose title, according to the TV-listings section of the Long Beach, California, *Independent, Press-Telegram*, was *Big Cock*.

•

Those who are concerned about Attorney General Elliot Richardson's supervisory role in the Watergate investigation will be reassured by a memo he issued to his Defense Department staff, detailing how he wanted his letters prepared for signature: "Use the complimentary close 'Sincerely' on all letters except those addressed to the President. In the latter case, use 'Faithfully yours.'"

•

We have always admired Teutonic technology, but this one we've got to see to believe. As the headline in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* put it: "GERMAN FIRM TO MAKE DICK DUPLICATORS."

•

"INMATE'S CHARGE WILL BE PROBED," read the headline of the local-news section of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, and readers of the opening paragraph knew why. "An investigation was ordered Friday, after an 18-year-old who is charged with first-degree murder testified in circuit court that he had been eaten by a deputy sheriff in the county jail."

•

In an article praising a newly inaugurated Pap-smear clinic in Belfast, Maine, the local *Republican Journal* described the novel laboratory procedure in fine detail. "The test is quick (five minutes) and painless, and it makes it possible to detect uterine cancer with satin, styled with high crown neckline trimmed with Venice lace, circular skirt with detachable train trimmed with lace and lace-capped fitted bishop sleeves."

•

The International Joint Commission, a U. S.-Canadian group that's broadly empowered to straighten out disputes along what used to be called the world's longest unpatrolled border, recently surveyed air pollution in eastern Michigan and adjacent Ontario. The commission's diplomatic conclusion was that the bad smells noticeable in Michigan come from Canada, while those in Canada come from Michigan.

•

The forces of law and order took a giant step forward when a Texas legislator introduced a bill that would require criminals to give their intended victims 24 hours' notice, either in writing or orally, telling the time, place and nature of the crime to be committed. No word yet from the crime lobby.

•

An article in the Salem, Oregon, *Capital Journal*, debating the pros and cons of legalizing condom-vending machines in the state, was headlined: "ARE THEY THE COMING THING FOR OREGON?"

•

There'll always be an England: In a letter to the editor in the London *Observer*, a housewife expressed her satisfaction that British censors had cut the sodomy scene from *Last Tango in Paris*. "With butter the price it is today," she wrote, "I think it is disgusting that it should be put to such use. Why could not the so-called 'permissive' director have used margarine? If us housewives can't tell the difference, I'm sure that Maria Schneider can't, either!" Right on, sister.

•

Local self-government triumphs again: The town fathers in West Bloomfield, New York, decided the time had come to open two old safes at the town hall. Nobody had the combinations, so a locksmith was called in. The first safe was found to contain nothing but ancient town records. The second safe yielded only a tin box, which contained the combination to the first safe.

•

The most unbelievable headline of this or any month comes to us from the West Chester, Pennsylvania, *Daily Local News*: "HUMAN SEXUALITY SET TO CONCLUDE THURSDAY." We breathed a sigh of relief when we read the accompanying story, announcing the last of a series of lectures.

•

Because it's precisely the antithesis of our own, one of our favorite publications has always been *Grit*, a weekly tabloid for rural old people. We thought, for an instant, that *Grit* might be changing its image when we spied a headline reading "CLUB TOPS IN BALLING." But, true to form, the accompanying item told the story of a

small-town boys' club in Colorado whose members had constructed a 12-foot popcorn ball, the world's largest. For the record, it weighed 1335 pounds.

•

In Batavia, New York, the new urologist is Dr. Wee.

•

Calling the Lackland Air Force Base honor guard to order recently was 19-year-old Airman Nancy Morrison. According to a write-up in *The Waco News-Tribune*, Nancy earned the job "by being a crack member of the elite seven-man squad."

•

Our truth-in-business trophy goes to the firm that inserted the following advertisement in the classified section of *World* magazine: "If you bought our course, 'How to Fly Solo in Six Easy Lessons,' we apologize for any inconvenience caused by our failure to include the last chapter, titled 'How to Land Your Plane Safely.' Send us your name and address and we will send you the last chapter posthaste. Requests by estates also honored."

•

We're sure that every red-blooded man in Bradford, Vermont, turned out for what was advertised in the Montpelier *Times-Argus* as "Dick Shearer's beaver supper—for men only!—all beaver eaters welcome."

•

Stanislaw Sodo of Cleveland is suing the local Polish Army Veterans post for $50,000. According to *The Cleveland Press*, Sodo's complaint charges that while he was attending a social function at the post, the manager accidentally shot him —four times.

•

For opera lovers and opera haters alike, we reprint herewith the "English" synopsis of *Carmen*, as it appeared in the program for a recent performance in Genoa, Italy. Doubters should leave the auditorium; we have seen it with our own eyes.

"Act 1. Carmen is a cigar-makeress from a tabago factory who loves with Don Jose of the mounting guard. Carmen takes a flower from her corsets and lances it to Don Jose (Duet: 'Talk me of my mother'). There is a noise inside the tabago factory and the revolting cigar-makeresses burst into the stage. Carmen is arrested and Don Jose is ordered to mounting guard her but Carmen subduces him and he lets her escape.

"Act 2. The Tavern. Carmen, Frasquito, Mercedes, Zuniga, Morales. Carmen's aria ('The sistrums are tinkling'). Enter Escamillio, a balls-fighter. Enter two smugglers (Duet: 'We have in mind a business') but Carmen refuses to penetrate because Don Jose has liberated her from prison. He just now arrives (Aria: 'Slop, here who comes!') but hear are the bugles singing his retreat. Don Jose will leave and draws his sword. Called by Carmen shrieks the two smugglers interfere with her but Don Jose is bound to dessert, he will follow into them (final chorus: 'Opening sky wandering life').

"Act 3. A roky landscape, the smugglers shelter. Carmen sees her death in cards and Don Jose makes a date with Carmen for the next balls fight.

"Act 4. A place in Seville. Procession of balls-fighters, the roaring of the balls is heard in the arena. Escamillio enters (Aria and chorus: 'Toreador, toreador, All hail the balls of a Toreador'). Enter Don Jose (Aria: 'I do not threaten, I besooch you') but Carmen repels him wants to join with Escamillio now chaired by the crowd. Don Jose stabbs her (Aria: 'Oh rupture, rupture, you may arrest me, I did kill her') he sings 'Oh my beautiful Carmen, my subductive Carmen.' "

ART

The International Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco was supposed to open officially for the first time at five P.M. one day a few months ago, but, like many others interested in erotic behavior, PLAYBOY's correspondent arrived early to watch the Drs. Kronhausen, Phyllis and Eberhard, "directly from Sweden and Denmark," get ready for the mass of sexual supplicants directly from Sausalito and North Beach. Housed in a distinguished downtown building at Powell and Bush, the I.M. of E.A. is the outcropping of shopping bags and suitcases in which the Kronhausens lugged their collection of 1500 all-time erotic masterpieces across frontiers, past customs, beneath the smiling Irish eyes of shore police. That's a lot of shopping bags.

Trini Lopez and Sol Hurok were booked for the *vernissage* and Shirley MacLaine was billed as the official hostess. There was the usual art-opening bubbly, but the cookies were made in the shape of what the Drs. Kronhausen colorfully termed "tits and cocks." Many a baker, searching his heart for the proper flours, was approached in vain before they found one with the necessary talents. Even then, the good offices of the Genesis Church and Ecumenical Center, the National Sex Forum and various international writers, scholars and collectors—a veritable conglomerate of erotomanes—succeeded only in producing rather crumbly brown cookies.

About 6000 people received invitations to the private preview. As of presstime, the police, stunned by the impressive auspices, and by all the marvels from China, India, Japan and Sweden—ancient positions, medieval acrobatics, contemporary surrealism—had not yet made the requisite test bust. "Hey, Drs. Kronhausen!" shrilled one lady. "Who's guarding this stuff?"

"It iss zafe," said someone amid the crowd.

"Remember the Vatican!" the lady warned. "You only need one nut, ha-ha-ha."

"Vee hoff TV camera," mournfully intoned a closed-circuit Dr. Kronhausen.

There are four floors of art—including executive, religious and tax-exempt offices and a men's room—and nothing is for sale. All is for education and ecumenism. Well, *some* reproductions may be sold, and there will be lectures and such, maybe a film or two, but all will be guided by the purpose of the Genesis Church.

The crowd at the opening was even more awed than the police by the display. It included sculpture (example: a baby carriage with a giant phallus to keep the baby, presumably a girl, from falling out), scrolls (your quaint ancient educational sexplay), photographs (enlarged and distorted, as in somebody's notion of a dream), paintings by artists ranging from Picasso to Warhol. A guitarist played his lute, a lutanist played his guitar, Japanese koto players made koto sounds to go with the many calm exaggerations of Japanese erotic art on display, and a rock group with sitar, calling itself One, made music to go with the miscellaneous Arab, Israeli, Swiss, English and Slavic sexy masterpieces; in the crush at the opening, it was hard to hear if they were really there. But a large number of invited bubble-gum freaks chewed vigorously, making little exploding noises, no doubt to accompany the examples of pop art.

Shirley MacLaine, a personal friend of the Doctors K., finally did appear: excellent legs, dazzling smile, crinkly eyes, good-natured expression. She stood next to the *sashimi* bar and discussed erotic art from the East. Miss MacLaine was last active in the McGovern-for-President campaign: this time she was backing a winner.

BOOKS

This is a bad time for writing about Vietnam. We have the appearance of peace in Indochina, though that Grail may prove more elusive than even the pessimists could have believed. And last year there were two big studies of the war: Frances FitzGerald's *Fire in the Lake*, which won a National Book Award, and *The Best and the Brightest*, by David Halberstam, a number-one best seller for several weeks. But there will probably always be something left unsaid about Vietnam; an understanding as imperfect as ours was of that war can always profit from another book. And both FitzGerald and Halberstam talked about the big issues and the big men; but for all they explain, reading their books won't tell you what it was like to be *there*.

Free Fire Zone will. It's a collection of short stories by Viet vets published by First Casualty Press, the organization

7UP® BICYCLE POLE 'N PENNANT OFFER

See the Light for your own bicycle pennant with sectional pole

Pennant is 9″ x 14″ triangle mounted on fiber glass pole that collapses into two equal sections. Pennant is made with Day-Glo™ Signal Green background, with night reflective white Scotchlite™ bike rider symbol. Flies 7′ in the air when attached to bicycle. To get your pole, pennant, and mounting bracket, complete this coupon and send together with $3.00 and one 7UP bottle-cap liner or cash register tape with your 7UP purchase price circled. (DO NOT MAIL METAL CAPS)

To:
POLE 'N PENNANT OFFER
P.O. BOX 12422
St. Louis, Mo. 63132

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1973)

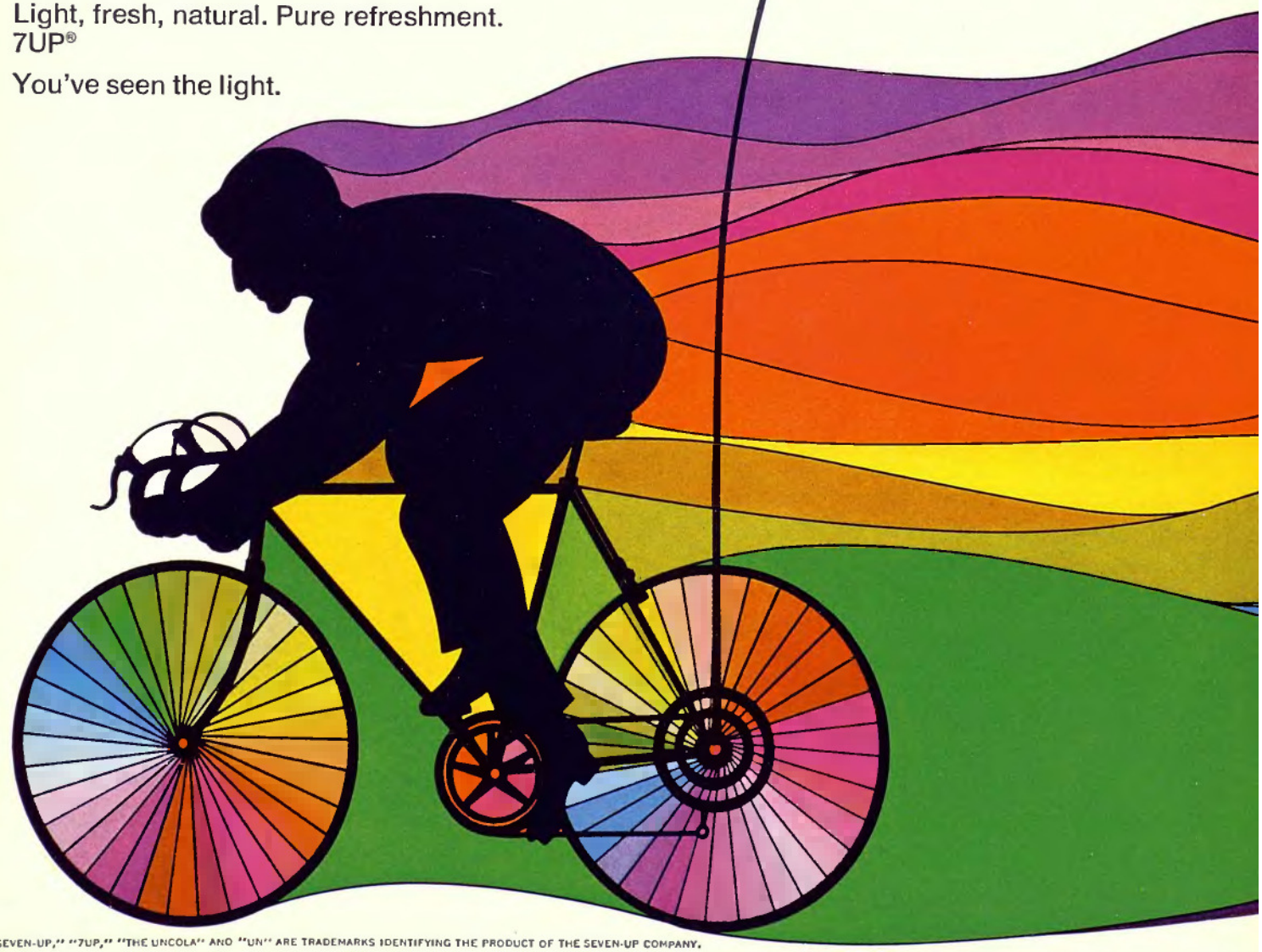
P-7

SEE THE LIGHT

Away from the buildings, the traffic, the crowds.
Bicycle away . . . and suddenly there's a clean breeze on your face, a fresh wind in your hair.

Stop to listen, see, feel.
Drink it all in.
Light, fresh, natural. Pure refreshment.
7UP®

You've seen the light.



behind *Winning Hearts and Minds*, another collection—this one of poems by Viet vets. Not all the stories in *Free Fire Zone* are polished specimens of the form; not even a majority are. But that doesn't seem to matter. In fact, it enhances the book. To read it is to know, if not completely, who it was we sent to war and what it did to them.

Easy Victories (Houghton Mifflin) is a slender novel about the dirty-tricks department in Vietnam—the intelligence agency with its unlimited funds, its swashbuckling cynics and its misguided programs. It is written by a former counterintelligence officer (using the pseudonym James Trowbridge) who knows and tells: about corruption, torture and the arrogance that had us fighting to save a people we never understood and destroying them in the process.

If I Die in a Combat Zone (Delacorte), by Tim O'Brien, is one infantryman's story. O'Brien spent his time in Vietnam walking the Batangan Peninsula, site of both the My Lai massacre and the first American combat operation of the war. He was there after they had both become history—walking the same trails, being ambushed, seeing friends blown away. (*Step Lightly*, the chapter on the horror of mines, first appeared in PLAYBOY, in July 1970.) But the book is more than a finely tuned, almost laconic account of soldiers at work—though that would be enough. O'Brien takes us back to his middle-American childhood in the Midwest, through his early misgivings about the war as a college student, his induction, his quiet rebellion against the Army during basic training and his near desertion before being shipped to Vietnam. He does it without self-pity or moral superiority, and finally he goes, because that is what he was brought up to do. An admirable book by an admirable man.

Our last recommendation is ***West Point*** (Simon & Schuster), by K. Bruce Galloway and Robert Bowie Johnson, Jr., who conducted the *Playboy Interview* with Colonel Anthony Herbert (July 1972). Not precisely a Vietnam book, it nevertheless deals directly with that institution wherein the military mentality is shaped and succored. It is West Point that gave the war its military leadership and, consequently, its tactics: free-fire zones, search-and-destroy missions, B-52 strikes. Westmoreland had been superintendent of the academy. And before Major General Samuel Koster was discredited for what members of his division did at My Lai, he held the post. Galloway and Johnson set out to establish that this was not by accident, that all of West Point's history made it inevitable. Their scholarship and research are impressive and the writing carries along nicely what could have been a difficult history.

God knows, there will be more Vietnam books. Some better than these, no doubt; certainly many worse. The stream of print may one day seem as unending and as unbearable as the war itself.

•

The Black Prince (Viking), Iris Murdoch's 15th novel, is her undoubted masterpiece. It combines headlong, dramatic, often excruciating emotion with brilliant characterization and a profound grasp of what makes contemporary lives so difficult to live. As in her previous books, the scene is half-shabby, half-elegant London: The main characters are all from the middle class, with cultural pretensions—artists, writers, psychiatrists, outright nuts and their assorted lovers, wives, ex-wives and hangers-on. The story is a "love story" strung along a series of absurd mishaps, misunderstandings and malign cross-purposes. Yet what in her other books was often diffuse and ornamental, close to the artifices of genteel fiction, here becomes electric and shocking. Bradley Pearson, an uptight, unfulfilled writer who is just about to hole up in the country to write the book he has nurtured so carefully for close to 30 years, falls in love with the very young daughter of his closest friend and artistic rival, Arnold Baffin, a best-selling novelist who finds it easy to do what Pearson hesitates to do out of "artistic integrity." Thus begins a fable for our times that has cutting observations to make about everything from art to sex and emotional disaster. The black prince of the title is a combination of Hamlet—that mysterious testimony to a great writer's erotic ego—and Eros himself, the dark god who rules and, so frequently, mismanages our lives in ways that rational thought can never predict, much less avoid. Murdoch gives us encounters and confrontations that evoke those astounding scenes in Dostoievsky where all the chief characters suddenly swarm onto the stage, nerves bursting, senses jangling, at hysteria pitch, and yet somehow manage to express all that the impossible situation demands of them. Murdoch, or her alter ego, Pearson, who tells the story, knows that although love, truth and felicity exist somewhere, they appear in our difficult, battered lives as seldom more than a reflection, a passing gleam, which often shows itself in a satiric, mocking light. Visions fade, but the intolerable comedy of everyday life is always there to irritate, confuse and sadden us. A funny, tragic, magnificent book.

•

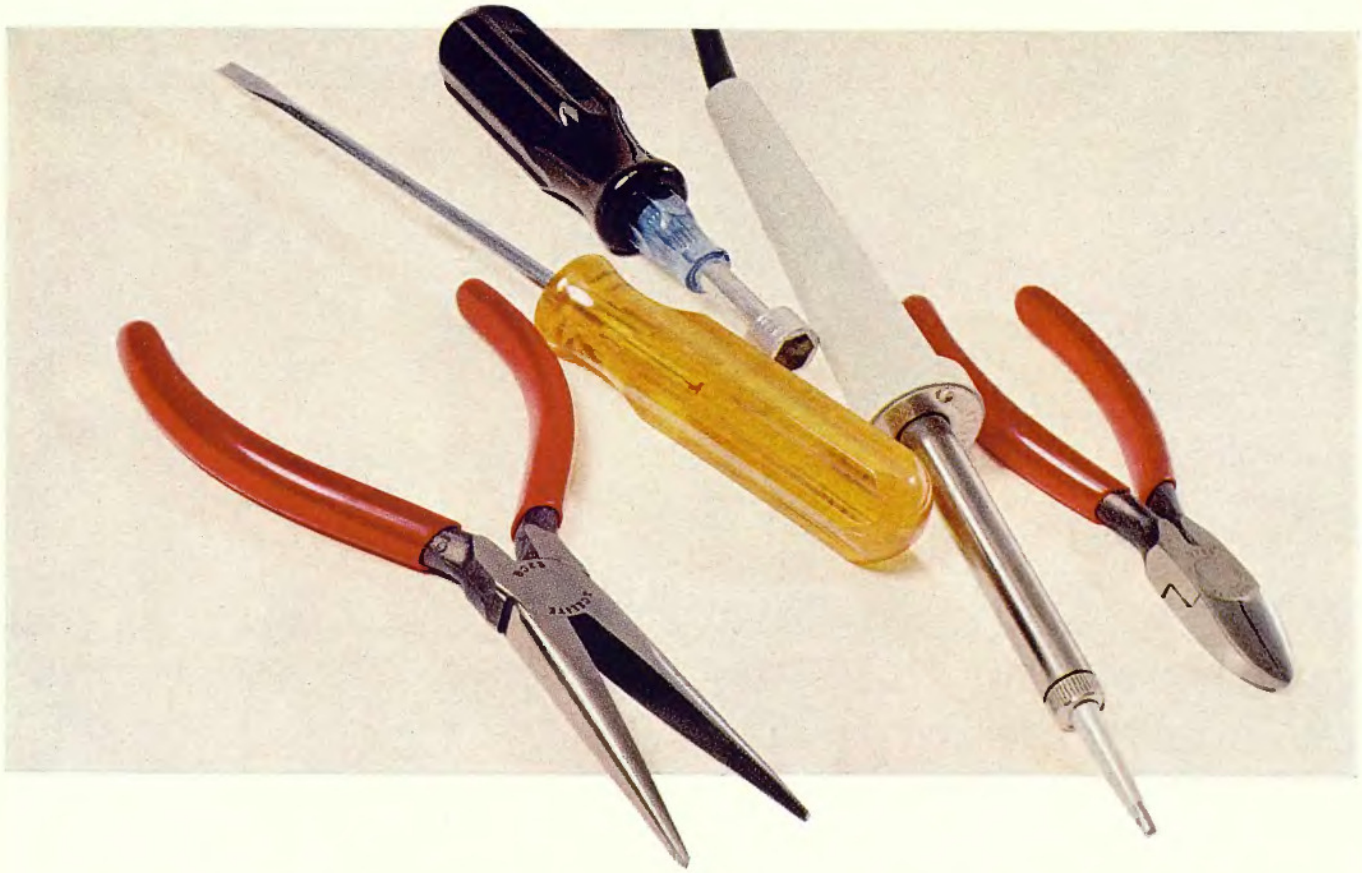
It's high noon on Sex Street and out comes Albert Ellis—hell-bent on gunning down such best-seller hot-shots as Dr. David Reuben, Robert Chartham, "J" (Joan Garrity) and "M" (Joan Garrity's brother John). In ***The Sensuous Person*** (Lyle Stuart), Ellis blazes away at the authors of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, The Sensuous Couple, The Sensuous Woman* and *The Sensuous Man*—and he's a damn good marksman. He pumps more holes in Reuben than in the others. After showing how illogically the doctor handles oral sex, Ellis writes, "Either Reuben is using false evidence to 'prove' a biased theory—namely, that penile-vaginal intercourse is far better, really, than any other form of sex relations. Or he is very confused and conflicted. Or he hardly knows what the fuck sex is all about." Ellis is gentler with "J," charging her only with "deifying love." He attacks "M" for using—and misinterpreting—the work of other writers without credit. And he rips into Chartham for failing to take individual differences sufficiently into account, in effect establishing a right and a wrong way to have sex. Unfortunately, Ellis, though a knowledgeable sexologist, happens to have little literary taste or talent; he's the kind of writer who believes "Horseshit!" is a good way to express angry indignation. (Addressing himself to a woman who can't "train" her lover to prolong intercourse, he writes: "But if he doesn't, he doesn't! He still has ten flexible [and rigid!] fingers, two luscious lips, a moist and pliable tongue and a wicked left elbow and big right toe!") Many readers will be bored by Ellis' repetitiveness, repelled by his crudeness and made skeptical by his proselytizing. This is regrettable, because men or women seeking clarification of their sexual nature could do worse than read *The Sensuous Person*. Saddest of all is the fact that the book will never reach the millions who could use it most—those who uncritically accept everything they read in the best sellers.

•

Sleeping Beauty (Knopf) is the 19th entry in Ross Macdonald's justly acclaimed Lew Archer mystery series, which began in 1949 with *The Moving Target*. It is, as people have been saying with the appearance of each new Archer work, "one of the best yet." Not quite *the* best: That is still *The Chill*, vintage 1964. But every bit as good as *The Underground Man* of two years ago; and a good bit better than 1969's *The Goodbye Look*, which won front-page treatment in *The New York Times Book Review*, apparently more on the grounds that Macdonald's time had come than that this particular Archer ranked above the others. Macdonald seems to be going through his natural-catastrophe period. *The Underground Man* was built around the Los Angeles forest fires of a few years back. Now, living as Macdonald does in Santa Barbara, it's natural for the social historian of contemporary California to use an offshore oil spill as the framing event of his story. The Sleeping Beauty is Laurel Lennox Russo, troubled daughter of the


© Lorillard 1973
Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.
KENT
WITH
THE FAMOUS MICRONITE FILTER
DELUXE LENGTH
KENT
America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

IF YOU CAN USE ANY OF THESE TOOLS...



...you could build a whole new future...

and build yourself a Bell & Howell solid state color TV while you're at it!

If you're already handy with a set of tools, here's a way to pick up a pretty thorough knowledge of electronics: build yourself a solid state color TV as part of a complete learn-at-home program from Bell & Howell Schools.

This important project gives you valuable "hands on" experience with solid state circuitry—the kind of *practical* experience you'll need to build a successful career. It's a vital part of your total electronics education.

Once you've completed your program, you could be ready to build a new career—or start a business of your own—in home entertainment electronics.

Fix stereo systems . . . FM-AM radios . . . phonographs . . . tape recorders

With your new skills, you can build and service stereo-hi-fi systems—including FM-AM radios . . . phonographs . . . open reel tape recorders and cassette or cartridge player/recorders. You could even build yourself a complete "home entertainment communications center"—complete with the new gadgetry of cartridge television when it comes out. The skills you build up by following this brand-new program are more than enough to service almost *any* type of home entertainment electronic device.

A complete at-home learning program in home entertainment electronics

Don't confuse this program with an ordinary hobby kit. It's much more than that. It's a complete at-home learning program prepared by skilled instructors at Bell & Howell Schools.

It doesn't matter if you've never had any training in electronics before. Nobody's going to start throwing "diodes" and "capacitors" at you right off. You start with the basics. You take it one step at a time. You walk before you run. And you'll be amazed at how quickly you start to feel comfortable with things that seemed complicated at the beginning.

Attend special "help sessions" if you like

In case you should run into a sticky problem or two—one that you can't handle on your own—come in and see us. We've scheduled help sessions every few Saturdays at the Bell & Howell Schools and in many other cities throughout the U.S. and Canada. Drop by. Meet an expert instructor in person. Talk over any rough spots with him—and with other students. You'll enjoy the chance to "talk shop."

Master the most up-to-date solid state circuitry

Solid state is here to stay. Not just color TV but almost every type of electronic device will eventually move farther and farther in the direction of *total* solid state circuitry. Get to know the most advanced "trouble-shooting" techniques for these sophisticated circuits. You'll find an almost irresistible demand for your skills.

Why you *should* know electronics

No matter where you look, the amazing technology of electronics is becoming a bigger and bigger part of the picture. More and more automotive parts and diagnostic instruments are electronic. Many large manufacturing plants use sophisticated electronic systems—controlled by a few skilled electronics technicians. The increasing use of two-way radio . . . the huge promise of cable television . . . the astonishing growth of electronic data processing all open doors to exciting new career opportunities for the man with thorough training in electronics. In fact, the day may come when the man who does *not* have electronic skills will be severely handicapped in many industries.

Why you should get your training from Bell & Howell Schools

Skilled instructors at Bell & Howell Schools—carefully selected for their knowledge, experience and teaching ability—plan each program with the utmost care and attention. Each year, they spend about $200,000.00 improving programs and materials and keeping them in step with new developments in electronics. Thousands of people have used their Bell & Howell Schools training as the foundation for new careers and businesses of their own in electronics.

You build and keep the exclusive Bell & Howell Schools Electro-Lab® —a complete laboratory-in-the-home

To make sure you get practical experience with instruments used daily by professionals, you build and keep a Design Console, an Oscilloscope and a Transistorized Meter (see details at right). These are the three instruments you'll work with constantly—both during your program and thereafter.

CONSIDER THESE ADVANTAGES:

Help Sessions We've scheduled "help sessions" every few Saturdays at the Bell & Howell Schools and in many other cities throughout the U.S. and Canada. Top instructors give you expert guidance and you meet other students, too.

Resident Study After you complete your program, you can transfer to any of the resident schools for more advanced study, if you wish.

Lifetime National Placement Assistance When you complete your course, we help you locate a position in the field of Electronics that fits your background and interests. This unique service is available at *any* time after you graduate.

Veterans' Benefits We are approved by the state approval agency for Veterans' Benefits. Check the box for details.

Student Financial Aid We are an eligible institution under the Federally Insured Student Loan Program. Check the box for details.

Detach postage-paid reply card and mail today for free information

25-inch picture (measured diagonally)

■ **Bell & Howell Solid State Color TV.** Ultra-rectangular tube . . . 25-inch picture measured diagonally . . . full 315 sq. inch viewing area. Solid state modular circuitry . . . 4 advanced IC's . . . 100 transistors . . . 72 diodes . . . individual plug-in circuit boards. Special UHF/VHF tuning features . . . built-in self-service components.

■ **Design Console** Use this to rapidly "breadboard" circuits without soldering. Equipped with built-in power supply . . . test light . . . speaker . . . patented plug-in modular connectors.

■ **Oscilloscope** Portable 5-inch wideband oscilloscope offers bright, sharp screen images . . . calibrated for peak-to-peak voltage and time measurements . . . 3-way jacks for leads, plugs, wires.

■ **Transistorized Meter** Combines most desired features of vacuum-tube voltmeter and quality multimeter. Registers current, voltage and resistance measurements on a large, easily-read dial. Features sensitive, 4-inch, jewel-bearing d'Arsonval meter movement.

For Free Information, Mail Card Today!

If card has been removed, write:

An Electronics Home Study School
DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ONE OF THE
BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS
4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

348R

Lennox family, which owns the offshore oil company responsible for the spill. Laurel, who for most of her 30 years has been "sleeping" under a heavy sheet of emotional disturbance, takes personally the death of an oil-covered sea bird—and disappears. Then there is a phone call and a man's voice demanding $100,000 ransom for her. The Lennox family thinks, or at any rate says, that some ecology nut has taken her. Laurel's estranged husband, Tom Russo, who has been sleeping his own childhood nightmare long past childhood, knows only that he wants Laurel back and hires Archer to find her. In unraveling the case, Archer resonates with his usual empathy (no unfeeling brawny operative he) and picks his way through a thorny thicket of identity searches; in Archer's world, the present is determined by and echoes the distant past. The writing offers many of the by-now-expected terse, tough-tender word pictures and metaphors—"Her eyes appeared to be watching me out of the darkness like the ghost of a woman who had already died. Or the ghost of a bird." When we asked not long ago whether the next Archer would deal with the San Andreas Fault, Macdonald replied, "No, one *primal* fault." A dead-on accurate comment about his own work, for, no matter what the externals, Macdonald's main subject is always *human* catastrophes: No other mystery writer probes so deeply into the convoluted sources of violence.

•

The current college generation is off junk and on booze; off trashing and into studying; off sit-ins, sit-downs, marches and speeches and into career planning, job hunting and hustling for grad school. Apathy has replaced antipathy toward the big, bad system. Even campus barbershops are doing a better business. For today's student family, Kirkpatrick Sale's exhaustive history of the Students for a Democratic Society—***SDS*** (Random House)—may seem as distant as a chronicle of the Punic Wars. And a war it was, from the organization's high-minded beginning in 1960 to its degeneration ten years later into roving bands of urban guerrilla gangsters. Sale has got it all down—interviews, office memos, position papers, research documents, speeches, letters and footnotes by the yard—in meticulous but engrossing detail. Dividing the period into four phases (Reorganization, Reform, Resistance, Revolution) that total more than 700 pages, he traces SDS from its democratic Marxist/Socialist origins, through its ghetto projects and its rivalry with the old-line Marxists of Progressive Labor and its efforts to accommodate the Black Panthers, all the way to its final lunatic surrender to the Weatherman bomb throwers. Now and then, there is pause for laughter. The 1968 SDS convention featured a workshop on sabotage, designed to lure FBI and Red-squad agents into easy identification; the strategy worked. At a later convention, a *macho* Panther discomfited his SDS hosts by extolling "pussy power," explaining, "Superman was a punk because he never even tried to fuck Lois Lane." Sale makes no effort to disguise his ideological bias: He believes that liberalism is "sham and shabbiness," that SDS at its best was noble, courageous and uncommonly brilliant, that Progressive Labor was laughably Stalinist when it wasn't absurdly Maoist and that the Weathermen were both futile and vicious. Many readers, especially liberals (whose remarkable gift for political survival ought to be instructive to Sale but isn't), will reject his sympathies for confrontation politics and "violence against property . . . connected with a hated or complicit institution." Putting the slant aside, the rest is history—and exceptionally good history, at that.

•

David Wise, whose previous contributions to the American public's understanding of what is secretly done in its name have included *The Invisible Government* and *The Espionage Establishment*, has now provided the most useful single guide, so far, to ***The Politics of Lying: Government Deception, Secrecy and Power*** (Random House). Focusing mainly on Presidential Administrations from Kennedy's to Nixon's, this carefully researched book gets to the root of a fundamental American crisis—the people's justified mistrust of their Government. Among the many examples of Government chicanery are various CIA operations (including the channeling of taxpayers' funds by the CIA through I. T. T. and other companies in an attempt to defeat Allende's 1970 bid for the presidency of Chile). Also included are behind-the-scenes revelations concerning the persistent pattern of deception by all American Administrations with regard to our involvement in Vietnam. Wise tears apart the "secrecy" classification system and examines the myriad pressures that all Administrations —Nixon's being the most egregious— have put on the press; in particular, the ongoing war against CBS reporters. In many ways, Wise's book dovetails with Daniel Ellsberg's accounts of how secret Government power operates, except that Wise ranges farther than Ellsberg. No matter who is President, he shows, the country's foreign policy is run in large part by an elitist cadre that has "long enjoyed special access to classified information in Government files, a privilege unavailable to the press or other citizens." A valuable report on a critical subject.

•

"They were all gamblers in a game with no rules, placing their bets debonairly or in the sweat of fear." So runs the prolog to Irwin Shaw's ***Evening in Byzantium*** (Delacorte), opus 19, novel seven in his literary corpus. "They" are the movie people who flock to the Cannes festival, making their deals or spinning their wheels, choosing and changing partners—personal and/or professional—in their annual May mating dance, the Cannes-Can. We open with a close-up of Jesse Craig, mildly hung over, who remains oncamera throughout. At 48, he's a has-been. Since he "took a bath" with his last two flicks, he is no longer "bankable." It's through his knowing eyes that we see the menagerie of showbiz types who people the screening rooms and banquet rooms, the casinos and cabanas, and generally litter the Riviera littoral. We discover Craig's life partly through his encounters (in and out of bed) with Gail McKinnon, a young, sure, sexy journalist, but mostly through subjective flashbacks, cannily intercut with the day-to-day, night-to-night doings. These concern his simultaneous efforts to make a deal on a screenplay he's written (anonymously) and to sort out his hugely complex personal life, now further complicated by his hots for Gail and the sudden arrival of his college-dropout daughter. Via the former, we see the inner workings of today's film industry, wherein the promoter-packager has replaced the mighty mogul and the latest hot director has more clout than any star. Via the latter, we get a 3-D picture of a sensitive, talented, decent man struggling to retain his integrity and almost going under. In lesser hands, all this could have been just a cheap *Son of the Last Tycoon*, but Shaw, whose mastery of his craft is no secret to PLAYBOY readers, gives it an accent of actuality and a moving feel for the inhuman condition of most of the people in this Byzantine business.

•

Harvest Home (Knopf), Thomas Tryon's new novel, is a worthy successor to his best-selling *The Other*. Relying for its considerable suspense on a plot that skillfully blends eeriness with mounting horror, the novel reads like a gothic dramatization of a chapter from Frazer's *Golden Bough*. Jaded with New York and in search of the "stable values" of country life, Ned Constantine, a painter, takes his wife and small daughter to settle in Cornwall Coombe, an out-of-the-way New England village where the close-knit villagers —who confess their Cornish ancestry in names like Worthy Pettinger and Tamar Penrose and who include a garrulous peddler, a prophesying idiot child and other quaint souls—mold their lives to the season's rhythms. Portentous hints of evil, climaxed by a screaming skull, spur Ned to a foolhardy investigation of some mysterious local deaths. He discovers that the villagers are more down to earth than he'd bargained for; they not only celebrate the corn but worship it, and their folksy festivals are but the outward shows of a full-blown fertility cult in whose service frenzied matrons perform unspeakable rites. Though the characterization


©THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. OF BALTO., MD. AT BALTO., MD. ALSO PHOENIX•MIAMI•DETROIT
Colt 45
MALT LIQUOR
BY NATIONAL
If unique
is what you seek

and writing are rather thin, *Harvest Home* is rich in ghoulish fun and is not easily put down before an ending that proves neat, surprising and satisfactorily horripilating.

•

Allan H. Mankoff, who spent five years researching and writing ***Mankoff's Lusty Europe*** (Viking), claims to have cased 3128 randy neighborhoods and establishments in 17 European countries and 51 cities. We're not about to doubt it. Between the covers of *Lusty Europe* you'll find a Pandora's box of what must surely be every kinky pastime available on the Continent. No stone—no matter how slimy—is left unturned. ("There is a woman who walks Les Halles with a dachshund in a bag. Honest. She offers exhibitions. About 50F.") And where possible, no name, address or phone number is left unrecorded. Bordellos, gay bars, lovers' hotels, SM emporiums and playhouses, sex clubs, nudie shows, animal acts, swap scenes, massage parlors, orgies, drugs, naked skiing, offbeat museums, sex machines, feelthy pictures. . . . You name it, Mankoff's found it. There's even a paragraph on the last-known whereabouts of Napoleon's penis. (Answer: Christie's Auction House in London recently offered it for sale and then mysteriously withdrew the inch-long object, despite the fact that some weirdo collector had already bid a whopping $33,250.)

•

Also noteworthy: ***The Adventures of Charlie Bates*** (Capra Press, Santa Barbara), by James Houston, is a strange and funny collection of vehicular stories about the motorized age. One of them appeared first in PLAYBOY and another in *Oui*.

DINING-DRINKING

Funk fanciers, rejoice! If you've been longing for a New York restaurant where the walls are paneled with packing-case lumber and the ceiling is decorated with fish nets, and where the bar has a canopy of Honda-motorcycle crates, a collection of electrified beer signs and a pristine row of still-spinnable red-vinyl-and-chrome bar stools, then the ***Inca*** (399 West 12th Street) is your place. But don't go just for the funk; go for the food, too, because it's terrific. Just a whiff away from the Mounted Police stable in western Greenwich Village and almost under the West Side Highway, the Inca is a former waterfront bar that has survived the closing of the piers by becoming one of Manhattan's "in"-est restaurants. "We get a real mixed salad here," says owner Bill Gottlieb, "from rich uptown kids to show-biz types to motorcycle gangs sitting right next to tables filled with elderly Jewish ladies. Even John and Yoko came in the other evening, but they left right away because we were too crowded." The Inca's chef is a young Thai named Tu, whose mother sends him the East Indian curry powder he uses in the pork and chicken dishes on the restaurant's international menu. The star of the limited appetizer list is *seviche*—a Peruvian-style raw flounder fillet marinated and garnished with chopped tomatoes, parsley, chili peppers, onion and pimientos. *Hommos*—a Middle Eastern delicacy of chick-peas ground into a paste with garlic, lemon juice and parsley, then eaten with bread sticks—is also highly recommended. Entree specialties include Chicken Divan (asparagus covered with boned white-meat chicken and baked with cheese in a casserole) and a delicious *Daube Provençale de Mme. Molière* that consists of cubes of beef cooked in a red wine and a seasoning of garlic, onion and—surprise!—orange peel. With each entree comes a fresh salad of romaine lettuce, Chinese cabbage, escarole and spinach. The house dressing presents a delicious mystery until Gottlieb explains that it's "four fingers of lemon juice in an empty rosé bottle, three espresso spoons of Lawry salt, two espresso spoons of monosodium glutamate, two ounces of dry sherry, nine shakes of Angostura and some good corn oil." Desserts at the Inca are fairly limited, but the Interesting Ice Creams listed include cinnamon chocolate and Dutch apple. The ingredients of Inca's Four-Layer Cake change daily, but most often consist of orange cake with a chocolate-fudge icing. The house wine list is short but includes plenty of three- to four-dollar reds, whites and rosés. One red, the Spanish Marques de Riscal, is a particularly good buy; it's as robust and earthy as the Inca's atmosphere. *Sangria* and beer are also available. Gottlieb believes in neither reservations ("Just come and wait in line with John and Yoko") nor credit cards. Worry not, however, for the wait, if there is one, is usually short and the prices are stupefyingly cheap. (The most expensive entree, Gaucho Steak, is $4.95.) The Inca's hours are from 6 P.M. to 1 A.M., seven days a week.

•

As the name might suggest, there's an old-fashioned "Hello, Central" phone at each table in ***Ma Bell's***, the first restaurant ever in Shubert Alley, the famous theatrical thoroughfare off West 45th Street in Manhattan. Every phone works; call your broker or mistress and there's no charge—provided he or she can be reached within the 212 area code. Even during the day, a Broadway atmosphere clings to the Alley, and at night, intermission crowds fleeing the tepid orange drinks served in nearby theaters can belly up to the restaurant's 80-foot bar. And there are little, semiprivate, stained-glass dining rooms—similar to the ones called *chambres separées* in naughty *Belle Epoque* establishments—where Wall Street plungers and cads can entertain the soubrettes of the present day. (Waiters are summoned by a green light above each door.) The only flaws in this otherwise delightful turn-of-the-century atmosphere are huge framed photos showing famous persons on the phone; the captions under each are best described as Ad-Agency-Clever. (Nixon's reads, "Hello, Information? Where the hell is everybody?") As for the food at Ma Bell's, it's surprisingly varied. For appetizers, try either the onion soup spiked with calvados or a moist and flaky quiche Lorraine garnished with parsley. The main courses include a seafood pie with shrimp, scallops and a goodly portion of crab meat, first sautéed in sherry and then baked in Newburg sauce. Steaks of assorted sizes are also featured and accompanied by a piquant sauce that's supposed to be a secret. (Discriminating tongues might discern the presence of Worcestershire sauce, Colman's dry mustard and butter.) The scampi are flambéed in the ubiquitous sherry, this time in consort with fresh garlic and lemon juice. Ma Bell's menu also highlights a daily special, which could be fillet of sole in lemon butter and capers, chicken *cordon bleu*, brochette of beef marinated in wine, oil, garlic and oregano, or seafood crepes. The star of the small dessert menu is a chocolate freak's dream come true—"chocolate-chocolate cake," a devil's-food layer cake with mousse filling. Ma Bell's wines are limited to California burgundies and Chablis served *en flacon*. Somehow they seem to fit the easygoing ambience of the place. Credit cards: "You name it, we take it," says Horst Semper, the genial Austrian manager of Ma Bell's who, years ago, just missed being a Vienna Boys' Choir soprano by a schnitzel. Ma Bell's is open from 11:30 A.M. to "after theater," which, considering the miserable state of the art in New York, could be next Thursday. Closed Sundays.

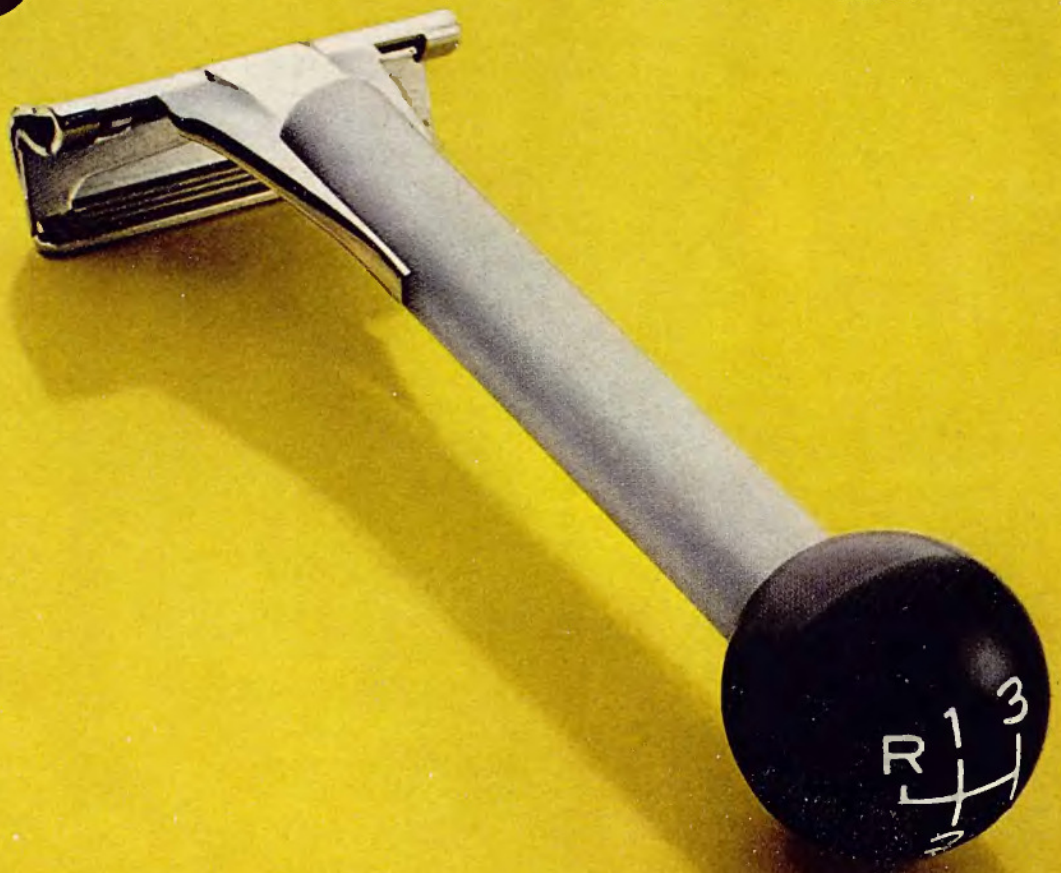
MOVIES

It looks as if Italy's spaghetti Westerns may soon be ridden out of town by the hottest thing in filmdom since the invention of the fistfight: action-packed Kung Fu movies from Hong Kong. Recently, one of these *lo mein* Easterns, featuring plenty of Chinese-style martial mayhem, proved to be Rome's sleeper hit of the year. The same thing has been happening throughout Europe and the Middle East, and now it appears the U. S. is about to succumb to the golden box-office hordes.

Actually, these films—produced for Chinese communities around the world—have been playing for years in the Sun Sing, the Pagoda, the Fu Kuo and other theaters in such cities as San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and Boston. But lately, in addition to the Chinese families

free Stick Schick injector razor

when you buy specially marked packs of Schick Super Chromium blades.



Buy a pack of 4 Schick® Super Chromium® Injector blades, and get a new Stick Schick™ Injector razor free.

It's got that famous Schick Injector® maneuverability and control.

So it's easy to handle on those tricky curves around your chin. Easy to get into those tight spots under your nose.

And it's balanced with a racy gearshift handle you can really get a grip on.

Get a free Stick Schick Injector razor. And shift up to a better shave.

munching happily on the airy pastries sold alongside the popcorn machine, their audiences have been dotted with the faces of blacks drawn by the excitement of the hand-to-hand combat and long-haired whites hooked on Orientalia.

Kung Fu plots seldom vary. There's always a good guy who's called upon to defend the safety and honor of his family or clan against treacherous legions of bad guys. The interest lies in just how he goes about it: in long-drawn-out, often beautifully choreographed fights. The typical story builds to a climactic confrontation in which dozens of combatants on both sides are dispatched with style and grace in a seemingly endless variety of ways. And the good guy is often a good girl; almost half of these films feature heroines every bit as expert with their fists as their male counterparts.

These successors to the old grade-B thrillers prove that Hollywood is alive and well—and living in Hong Kong. That city by the bay is now the second most active production center in the world (India, astoundingly, is first). With hundreds of contract players and thousands of staff technicians, a Hong Kong studio such as the Shaw Brothers' is the Oriental reincarnation of the Warner Bros. lot of the Thirties. In fact, Jack Warner in his heyday had nothing on movie mogul Run Run Shaw, with his fancy mansions and his three Rolls-Royces.

There's a touch of irony in the fact that Warners, now a shadow of its former self, was the company that introduced Oriental boxing to American audiences with *Kung Fu*, its offbeat Western TV series. Though the show's star, David Carradine, has only a novice's command of the martial arts, he does manage to whet viewers' appetites for the real thing. Warner Bros. was also the first major studio to give Shaw's Kung Fu films national distribution in this country. The first entry, *Five Fingers of Death*, has been one of Shaw's biggest-grossing productions everywhere it's played. Its superb cinematography and classic fight scenes add up to a winning combination, but the laughable dubbing job only draws attention to the film's weak acting—traditionally the Kung Fu flicks' Achilles' heel.

Surprisingly good acting saves *Fists of Fury*, another current contender, from being a mediocre production. The Orient's top star, Bruce Lee (who played Kato in the short-lived *Green Hornet* TV series), deftly mixes broad comedy with deadly serious fisticuffs. One glimpse of his stylish acting and it's easy to see how his salary has risen in less than a year from $10,000 a picture to the quarter of a million per assignment he reportedly commands these days.

If you're hungry for more half an hour after viewing one of these adventures, take heart. Ever anxious to milk a trend for all it's worth, Warner Bros. is waiting in the wings with its own first Kung Fu feature, *Enter the Dragon*, produced in Hong Kong and starring the indomitable Mr. Lee. Not to be outdone, the Italians are also getting into the act with their first Chinese coproduction, *Karate Devils*. With all these fists flying, it's only a matter of time until we face those inevitable hybrid spin-offs: a surf-sand-and-sadism picture, *Digit Goes Hawaiian*; a pink-belt extravaganza for the rough trade, *Wrists of Fury*; and perhaps even a black-exploitation Kung Fu porn epic, *Shaft Gets the Finger*.

•

"From the man who gave you *Throat*" —to quote the advertising blurbs—along comes **The Devil in Miss Jones,** abrim with evidence that *Deep Throat*'s writer-director, Gerard Damiano, must be slightly more than just a hard-core film maker who hit the jackpot. Obviously out to capture a rather different audience from the one-armed voyeurs who hold raincoats in their laps, Damiano succeeds on many counts. His leading lady, a former Broadway dancer billed as Georgina Spelvin, turns in a performance likely to win her a reputation as the Sarah Bernhardt of sex flicks. Granted that Georgina performs in a field not exactly crowded with genuine actors, Oscars have been won for scenes no better than the poignant, unnerving opening of *Miss Jones*, in which a tired, virginal spinster—not very young and painfully plain—quietly prepares a bath before cutting her wrists. Thereafter she goes straight to hell, or purgatory, where the bureaucrat in charge allows her to come back for a time to enjoy at least one of the seven deadly sins. She needs only a moment to decide: "If I had my life to live over, I would live a life engulfed . . . *consumed* . . . by lust." The lady more than fulfills her promise in a tour de force of erotic indulgence that omits nothing —from the standard fuck-and-suck sequences to Lesbianism, anal intercourse and a series of masturbatory interludes with bananas, grapes and a live snake. The uniqueness of Miss Spelvin's sexual frenzy is that she really *acts*, with considerable verbalizing of her needs moment by moment, plus a curious emotional intensity rooted in situation and character. Damiano's movie may devote more footage than strictly necessary to those phallic rituals that are par for the course, yet it still ranks as the blue-ribbon best of a somewhat disadvantaged breed. *The Devil in Miss Jones* is unique, surprising, provocative, exceptionally well filmed and acted—as well as lustily performed. It takes a big step toward bridging the gap between serious film making and mere sexploitation.

•

The stranger rides into town, kills three men and rapes a woman (Mariana Hill) within ten minutes or so, after which the citizens of Lago invite him to stick around and confront three vengeful desperadoes who are about to descend on them. "I don't know if I like this town that much," says whisperin' Clint Eastwood. Doubling as star and director of **High Plains Drifter,** from a scenario by Ernest Tidyman (who wrote *The French Connection*), Eastwood does his usual thing with such dry, deadpan seriousness he often seems bent on self-parody. As Miss Hill puts it, Lago sorely needs "an honest-to-God man with a full set of balls." Ballwise, Clint more than fills the bill. He appoints a midget as mayor, seduces the hotelkeeper's wife (Verna Bloom), organizes a local militia, renames the town Hell and literally paints it red. Psyching out the bad guys is the name of the game, and Eastwood plays with a vengeance, so attentive to his own image as man and myth that he has himself riding off, at the climax, through a simmering desert mirage—like the ghostly rider in *Lawrence of Arabia*. Crisply photographed by Bruce Surtees at a lake site in the shadow of the Sierras, *Drifter* is unbelievable from beginning to end, yet entertaining in the corny style of a wax museum's tribute to Frontier Town.

•

Written and directed by Philip H. Dossick with more conviction than polish, **The P. O. W.** is ironically titled, since its hero (effectively played by Howard Jahre, a young Manhattan attorney who doesn't intend to pursue a movie career) is no former prisoner but a middle-class New York Jew named Howie Kaufman, home from the war and a year in a veterans' hospital with his spinal cord permanently damaged. Imprisoned in a wheelchair, Howie tries to find a job and begins to face the prospect of a life without sex or marriage or old friends who can relate to him only as the carefree salesman he used to be. Seen strictly as a movie, there's a lot wrong with *The P. O. W.* Dossick shot it as a film within a film and admits to fleshing out the footage with some rather fuzzy continuity about a documentary film maker midway through a movie about Howie's readjustment to civilian status. Though intended as a comment on exploitation by eager young film makers, the gimmick is an inadequate cover for some sloppy camerawork, microphones hanging into the picture and all the other telltale signs of amateurism. Nevertheless, *The P. O. W.* remains cogent and moving for its insights into the mind of Howie as he endures an interview with "a fucking asshole" about a telephone sales job, calls a girl he used to know or tries to relax with friends at picnics or parties where his presence tends to embarrass people. At least he thinks it does. Howie's case history provokes a gut

Scotch and the single girl.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

reaction precisely because he's so average. Whether or not theater owners will rush to show *The P. O. W.*, this movie deserves to be seen.

•

A band of raggle-taggle Jesus freaks singing their hearts out all over New York's parks, skyscrapers and neon signs makes ***Godspell*** a giddy delight, at least during the first hour of the movie version of John-Michael Tebelak's hit musical. Co-scenarist and director David Greene uses members of the original cast to fine advantage at the outset, showing them as ordinary bustling New Yorkers who chuck away their wigs, neckties, taxicabs, ballet lessons and platform heels to spread the word of the Lord. Composer Stephen Schwartz's score has plenty of youth and exuberance—and the same might be said of the company as a whole. They zip through their illustrated Bible stories—everything from the good Samaritan to the Crucifixion—with incredible energy. And the cityscapes are pretty, the choreography charmingly inventive in a clap-hands-and-shout sort of way. But even the blithest spirits tend to flag after a while, and *Godspell* wears down its audience while the cast is still going strong. Nearly two hours is far too long for an enterprise so frail and essentially formless. This showbiz improvisation occupies a patch of terra incognita somewhere between *Sesame Street* and the Gospel According to *Laugh-In*.

•

A London-based American executive who goes tomcatting only when his wife is out of town strikes up an acquaintance with a crisp, quick-witted English divorcee whose grasp of the ground rules is instantaneous. "Look," she tells him as he nudges her toward the nearest bed, "I could do with some good healthy uninvolved sex with someone who isn't going to be a pain in the ass." He nods: "This is your lucky day." That much agreed, they spend a week-long holiday in Málaga, where virtually everything goes wrong—their rented car has a faulty clutch, their room with a view looks out on a sea of laundry and they soon develop symptoms of galloping incompatibility. The conflict deepens in bed and grows steadily worse until the illicit couple starts trading insults and throwing lamps. Which adds up to love, of course, and ***A Touch of Class*** describes how a pair of reasonably civilized young moderns cope with it. If *Class* sounds like the kind of semisophisticated romantic comedy that used to be a Hollywood staple, give due credit to co-author and producer-director Melvin Frank (whose string of hits dates back to the Hope and Crosby *Road* pictures) for updating the old formula with brittle humor, exuberance, freshness and a finely measured fillip of New Morality. Frank's casting is a coup in itself, with George Segal on the ball every minute as the errant husband opposite Glenda Jackson, an established dramatic heavyweight turned flip and fighting trim and showing her mettle as a screen comedienne in the grand tradition. *Touch of Class* is a rueful, spirited tale that ranks as one of the snappier surprises of the movie year.

•

A minor scandal erupted in Washington, D. C., this spring when ***State of Siege***, a film by Costa-Gavras, was scratched as the premiere attraction at the Kennedy Center's new American Film Institute theater by A. F. I. director George Stevens, Jr., who deemed it an "inappropriate" choice. For a Government-funded organization to launch its program with *State of Siege* would be incredibly naïve in the first place. The film treats, in a somewhat fanciful, fictionalized way, the kidnaping of diplomats in South America. Yves Montand plays an American A.I.D. (Agency for International Development) civilian representative in Uruguay; and though the names are changed, the circumstances of his kidnaping and murder by Tupamaro guerrillas correspond closely to the case of A.I.D. official Daniel Mitrione, killed in Uruguay in 1970. In a simplistic political thriller cut to the pattern of *Z* and *The Confession*, it's easy to exploit anti-American feeling, but it's regrettable that Costa-Gavras couldn't treat the subject of secret American intervention in foreign politics without spinning irresponsible fairy tales about revolutionary terrorism. There is no surprise in *Siege*'s revelation that U. S. diplomats and civilian economic advisors have long been surreptitiously giving support to rightist regimes in such places as Greece, Brazil and Spain. It may even be true that the fascist pigs from local police forces are trained and equipped in Washington with electronic torture devices, then shipped home to suppress their people. But nothing in the complex, treacherous international power game can be quite so simple as Costa-Gavras likes to pretend. Except for Montand, he presents the face of officialdom as brutal and inhuman, while virtually all the actors cast as revolutionary terrorists look as young and pure and beautiful as flower people straight from Woodstock. He shows us fascist thugs applying electric needles to a man's scrotum and nipples—in a class for torture where supercops use live human specimens to teach the lessons they've learned at a police academy in the States—but he doesn't let us see the guerrillas actually killing the American they've caught, questioned and convicted of heinous crimes. Their prisoner is condemned, we are left to infer, by fair democratic processes—a majority vote of the guerrilla membership when their demand for the release of Uruguayan political prisoners isn't met. In short, *State of Siege* is a con job colored by the fuzziest kind of leftist romanticism. It amounts to an endorsement of political hijacking, of the assassination of U. S. diplomats in the Sudan, of the kidnaping of a political leader by French nationalists in Canada and of the slaughter of the Israeli athletes in Munich. All OK, as long as the guerrillas are sure their cause is just. Or as long as Costa-Gavras is sure. Liberals flocking to his defense might think twice about the work of Costa-Gavras, who keeps using Montand's star power to repeat the successful formula he hit upon in *Z*. Basically, he has a cast of good guys and bad guys (read left to right) as fixed and immutable as those in any John Wayne epic, and appears to be shopping the globe for trouble spots where his sociopolitical preconceptions can be jiggered into a semblance of documentary truth. He brings impressive skills as a film maker to the job; but while you're hating the pigs, beware of the dogma.

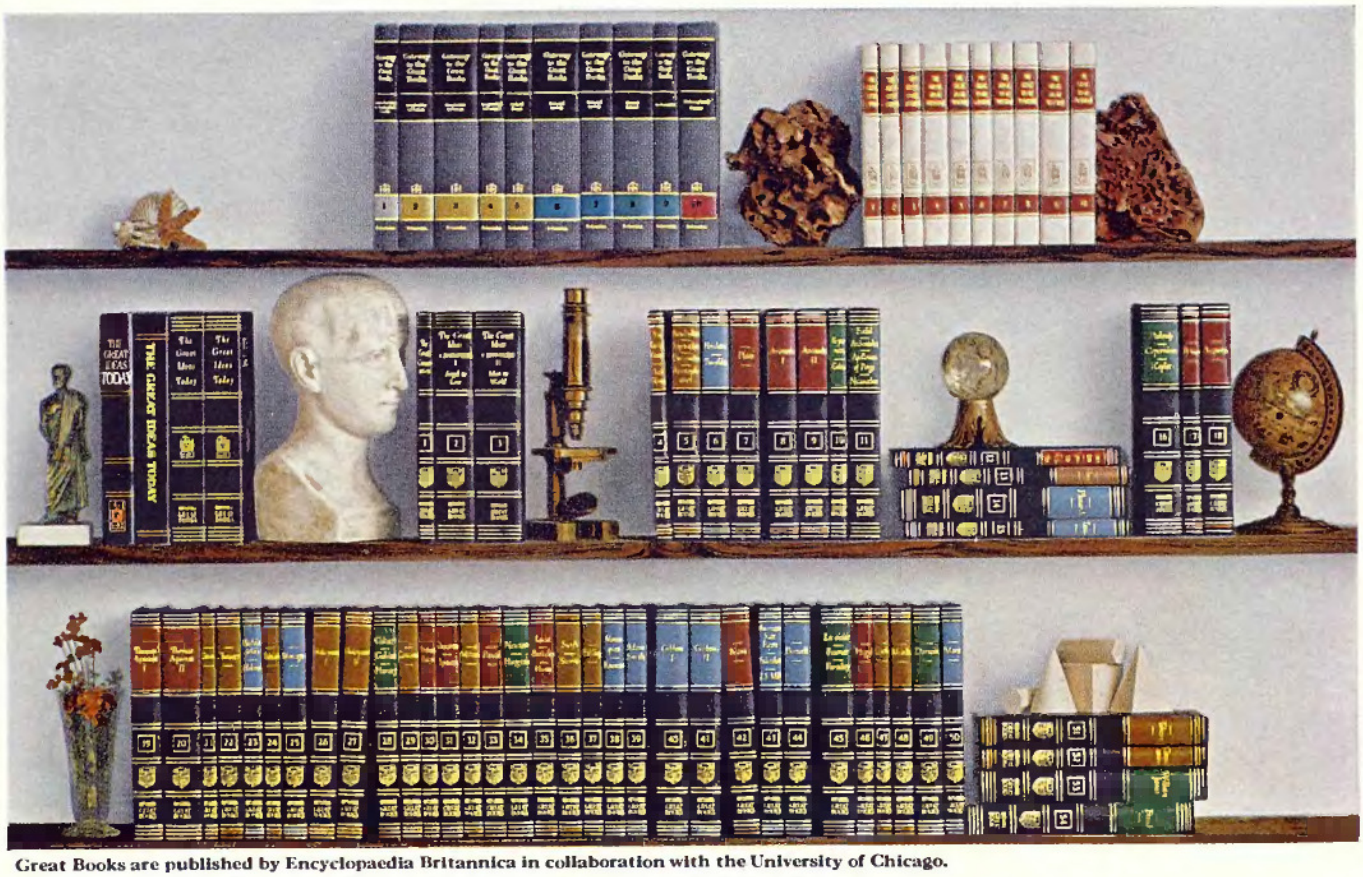
•

There's more camp than cant in the politics of ***Money, Money, Money***, an entirely frivolous French comedy from writer-director Claude Lelouch, still best remembered for *A Man and a Woman*. All about a band of archcriminals who exploit political corruption on a grand scale, motivated only by their faith in fun and profit, *Money* describes how the miscreants agree to kidnap a Swiss diplomat at the request of a Latin-American rebel chieftain who resembles Castro but calls himself Juarez. "Are you Marxists?" they are asked. "Yes—Groucho Marxists" is the logical answer, and also a key to everything that follows. When Juarez fails to pay off, the gang kidnaps *him* and collects ransom simultaneously from the CIA and several other interested parties. Caught and tortured by the rebels, they place side bets against one another, guessing which of them will be first to crack and reveal the number of his secret Swiss bank account. At the very end, they have kidnaped the Pope and are compiling a list of future victims that appears to include Nixon and Mao. As movies go, *Money* is a mess, but a mess littered here and there with bits of zany improvisation that melt resistance to Lelouch's strained topical gags. A cast headed by Lino Ventura, singer-composer Jacques Brel, Charles Denner and French pop/rock star Johnny Hallyday (playing himself, as a kidnaped celebrity) is bound to do something right—and succeeds in a hilarious sequence at the beach, where one strutting, crotch-clutching con man tries to teach his colleagues how to pick up a chick, Italian style.

•

New York in the year 2022 A.D. is the setting for ***Soylent Green***, which carries the ecology crisis to a macabre conclusion. Food and water are so scarce that people starve in the street—or wait for their allotment of Soylent Green, a minimal diet made from plankton, the ocean-bred microscopic organisms usually eaten by whales. The police quell hungry rioters by

For people who are not ashamed of having brains.



Great Books are published by Encyclopaedia Britannica in collaboration with the University of Chicago.

Here is the most superb home library ever assembled—Great Books

It may not be popular to admit it, but all people *aren't* created equal. And the longer they live (and learn), the less equal they get.

You were probably born with a bigger share of intelligence than most of your fellow men . . . and taught how to use it. And you appreciate the difference. You aren't ashamed of having brains. You enjoy using them.

That's why Great Books belong in your home. These are the writings of Plato, Homer, Cervantes, Tolstoy, Freud, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and many more. They contain just about every important thought of Western Man for the past 3,000 years! A set of 54 beautifully bound volumes containing 443 masterpieces by 74 of history's greatest geniuses.

The $1,000,000 Syntopicon

Included with Great Books (and available only with Great Books) is a unique reference work called the Syntopicon. An amazing index that required 8 years and cost more than $1,000,000 just to write.

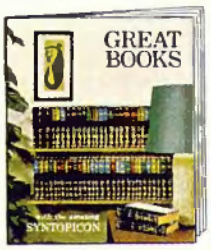
Unlike a dictionary that indexes words, or an encyclopaedia which indexes facts, the Syntopicon indexes ideas—every one of the thousands of topics and subtopics within the Great Books.

In minutes, the Syntopicon enables you to look up any idea in the Great Books and find what each of the great thinkers thought about it.

Also available with Great Books are the handsome 20-volume *Annals of America*, or you may select a remarkable 10-volume set of *Gateway to the Great Books*.

Certainly, the Great Books belong in the home of every thinking person. May we suggest that you send for more facts today?

Send for this FREE Booklet

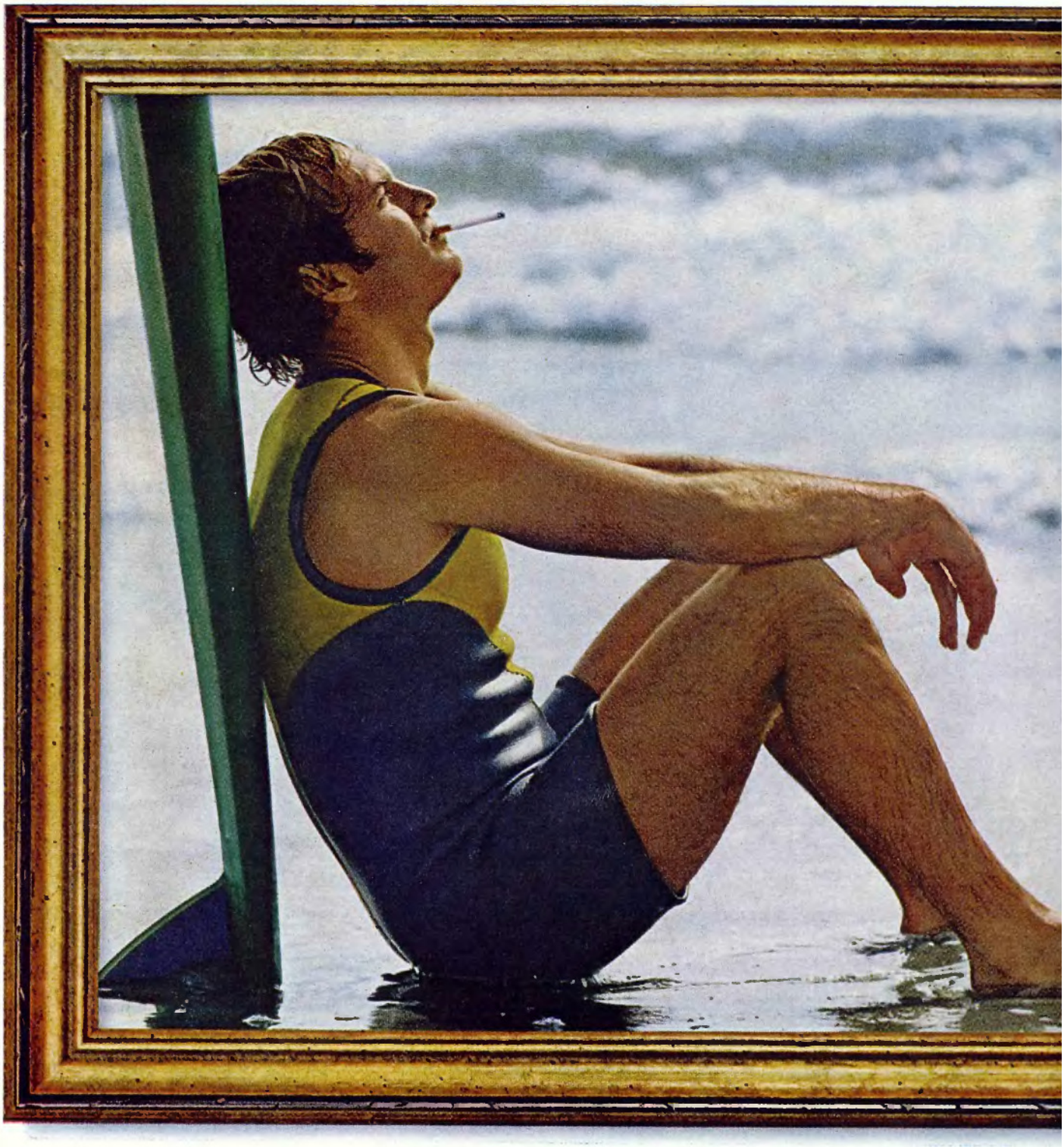


To learn more, just fill out and mail the attached card. If card is missing, write to Great Books, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 100-T, Chicago, Illinois 60611. You will receive a full-color, 16-page booklet describing Great Books in detail.

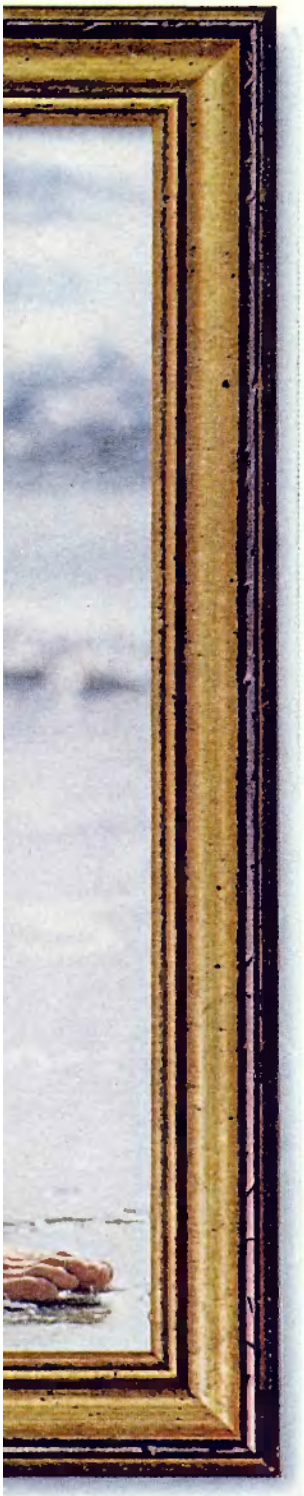
There is no cost or obligation.

GREAT BOOKS

"King of the Surf"



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



How good it is

Winston tastes good, when a cigarette should.

PACK OR BOX

BOX: 20 mg."tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, PACK: 20 mg."tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

shoveling them off the street with scoop trucks. In this science-fiction horror story, directed by Richard Fleischer, the best-looking girls are inventoried as part of the furniture in luxury high-rise flats for the privileged few. Among the beauties for rent is Leigh Taylor-Young, whose upholstery appears in mint condition. The mechanical patness of a routine melodrama mars *Soylent Green*, an arresting idea that might have been improved by a more imaginative vision of the future, something closer to Stanley Kramer's *On the Beach* and a little less like market day in Calcutta. Director Fleischer doesn't seem quite up to the challenge, despite good square-jawed heroics from Charlton Heston—as a worn city detective who would like to know what Soylent Green is *really* made of—and passable supporting performances by Paula Kelly, Joseph Cotten and Chuck Connors. *Green*'s oddly touching high point is a scene between Heston and the late Edward G. Robinson, the veteran actor in his last screen role as an old philosopher experiencing the American way of death in 2022: He is wheeled into a "departure room" and allowed to see on film a vanished world of fields, streams, wild animals, flocks of birds, surging shores and sunsets. And then he dies.

•

A clue to the sensibility of producer-director Peter Bogdanovich sticks out like a hitchhiker's thumb in one sequence of ***Paper Moon,*** when Ryan O'Neal and Tatum O'Neal (Ryan's nine-year-old daughter and co-star) face each other over a lunchroom table in a small Midwestern town. Clearly visible through the window, across the street, the marquee of the Dream Theater advertises Will Rogers in *Steamboat 'Round the Bend*. It's appropriate that Rogers *in absentia* more or less upstages the actors in *Paper Moon*, since this seems to be what Bogdanovich's new movie is all about—old movies, open roadsters and radios with selections by the Paul Whiteman orchestra or Enric Madriguera, or Dick Powell crooning *Flirtation Walk*. Remembrances of things past are Bogdanovich's stock in trade—whether growing up in the Fifties, as in *The Last Picture Show*, or recalling the sophisticated screwball comedies of Howard Hawks in *What's Up, Doc?* With *Paper Moon*, he returns to the Thirties to tell a story reminiscent of *The Kid* with Jackie Coogan. The setting is Kansas during the Depression, with O'Neal playing a happy-go-lucky confidence man who is supposed to deliver an orphan to her aunt in St. Jo, Missouri. The child may or may not be his own illegitimate issue. "I have your jaw," she keeps telling him. She also has his eye for the fast buck, along with an uncanny aptitude for lying, cheating, smoking, arranging a jailbreak or getting rid of an unemployed cooch dancer (played broadly but brightly by Madeline Kahn)

by enlisting the floozy's black maid to frame her in a boudoir tryst with a seedy hotel clerk. (P. J. Johnson as the maid is a droll caricature, uncomfortably close in spirit to Stepin Fetchit.) If an amoral, totally unprincipled child can be called charming, young Tatum O'Neal makes the grade with a deadpan performance that never lapses into mere cuteness. Her father plays straight man pretty well in his loosest comedy performance to date. The basic problem here is Bogdanovich. Filming in black and white again with ace cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs, he has worked out a clever exercise in nostalgia against a background of jerkwater towns, country carnivals and prairie highways. More and more, though, a Bogdanovich film creates the impression of being an ego trip for a consummate movie buff who knows everyone else's thing forward and backward but has yet to discover his own.

•

Encounter-group sessions at the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California, have inspired jokes, criticism, ridicule, guesswork and at least one movie (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*), but the definitive film on the subject may be ***Here Comes Every Body***. With discreetly concealed cameras and crew—some of them nude when occasion warranted—Britisher John Whitmore recorded a week-long Esalen session under the control of Dr. William Schutz, resident of Esalen and author of the book from which the movie takes its title. Among the group's 14 participants (who agreed to the filming) are a WASPish, uptight couple who seem afraid of each other and of themselves, a sassy fat lady who wishes she had been liberated before reaching middle age, a homosexual who would like to be a father without giving up guys and one glib joiner who appears to be making an avocation of therapy. Whitmore claims a commitment to film as experience rather than to film art, and *Every Body* meets his claim. Shedding tears or pounding a pillow or taking their clothes off, the people here reveal themselves in depth and make their secret anger and frustration important in a way that skilled actors might envy. It's the next best thing to Esalen itself for anyone who has ever felt qualms mingled with curiosity about how encounter groups actually function.

RECORDINGS

Now that she's won an Oscar, we can look for more and more movie ventures for Liza Minnelli. We just hope she doesn't stray too far from the musical fold. ***Liza Minnelli / The Singer*** (Columbia) offers unalterable proof that Miss M. is now at the top of her vocal game. She has superb confidence in what she can do, the ability to do it and material with which she can work beautifully; the Al

Capps charts are just right for her. If you think Carly Simon did big things with *You're So Vain*, wait till you hear what Liza has whipped up. She also does a couple of Mac Davis numbers—*I Believe in Music* and *Baby Don't Get Hooked on Me*—that are supersmash. A sensational album.

•

A decadent crew from Long Island, Blue Oyster Cult, seems out to get Black Sabbath and the Zep and beat them at their own game. ***Tyranny and Mutation*** (Columbia) offers, in fact, more polished hysteria than its first highly touted album. Producers Sandy Pearlman and Murray Krugman tuned the Cult's high-energy madness to a fine pitch because they were "tired of all these limpoids on the air, fagoid and fungoid, all these junkie folk tunes." Well, we all get that feeling from time to time. The Cult's brand of teenage creep rock is probably the best antidote around.

•

Although there's really no need to confirm it, a couple of albums on hand reiterate, in the strongest possible terms, the genius of the late Johnny Hodges—the ultimate alto man. ***Duke Ellington / Johnny Hodges / Blues Summit*** (Verve) is a two-LP reprise of material recorded nearly 15 years ago, with the Rabbit leading the troops into the musical fray. Ellington may get top billing on the cover, but he divides the piano chores with his alter ego, the late Billy Strayhorn, in a small-group context. The atmosphere is very bluesy, which is perfect for Hodges. His confreres include such luminaries as Ben Webster, Lawrence Brown, Roy Eldridge and "Sweets" Edison, who teams up with Hodges on a rendition of *St. Louis Blues* that wipes out every other version. ***Cue for Saxophone*** (MJR), recorded about the same time, has "Billy Strayhorn & His Orchestra" headlined. It's no orchestra but a tight little Ellington unit, for the most part (Hodges, Russell Procope, Quentin Jackson, "Shorty" Baker), with drummer Oliver Jackson and bassist Al Hall brought in from the outside. Again, it is Hodges' limpid horn cutting through a decade and a half to say—on the likes of *Cue's Blue Now*, *Gone with the Wind*, et al.—that, despite the Johnny-come-latelies, there was only one Johnny Hodges. The MJR recording is available for $5.50 from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.

•

Todd Rundgren's new one contains 11 cuts and 53 minutes of music on one disc. ***A Wizard / A True Star*** (Bearsville) is the usual maddening Rundgren smorgasbord of campy, cutesy-poo rock, pop harmonies, sweet shrillness, Alice Cooper visuals, tape tricks and farts. It's, maybe, the Todd Rundgren philosophy, as in *Just One Victory* and, to an extent, in the hard-rock *Is It My Name?* and in the repetitive strangeness of *Sometimes I Don't Know What to Feel*, all of which are from the flip side. The first side is even more weird, incoherent, funny and, somehow, brilliant. Todd is surely not, as one of his titles would have it, *Just Another Onionhead*.

•

Alone Together (Milestone), by the Jim Hall–Ron Carter Duo, is what intimate, tasteful jazz is all about. Recorded "live" at a Jazz Adventures concert in the New York Playboy Club, guitarist Hall and bassist Carter put their heads and hearts together to produce superb sounds on such evergreens as the title tune, *I'll Remember April*, *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*, *Prelude to a Kiss* and *Autumn Leaves*; but their best shot is on Sonny Rollins' soon-to-be-a-standard *St. Thomas*. Carter-Hall—put that in your pipe and smoke it.

•

Dr. John, aka Mac Rebennack, turns out to be one of music's great originals, a point he proved most adequately in last year's *Gumbo* and now re-establishes in more of a pop format with ***In the Right Place*** (Atco). Produced, arranged and in part played by Allen Toussaint, and featuring the Meters, a nifty backup band, the album demonstrates John's ability to use a guttural, monochrome vocal style to every advantage. Be it a grand, hollering vamp tune such as *Qualified*, with great boogie piano intro by John, or the careful, sizzling control of *Peace Brother Peace*—with its interplay of bouncing bass figure, horns, sax, John's and the background girls' singing—this music shows once again that there ain't no substitute for skill. Or the New Orleans pop tradition, for that matter.

•

When you think about it, we've really needed salt-water and shrimp-boat rock for a long time now. Since Zimmerman came out of the woods and changed his name to Dylan, we've been balladed about every other nuance of American life. Sometimes to tedium. Well, now we have Jimmy Buffett of Key West, Florida, and a really fine album called ***A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean*** (Dunhill). A void has been filled. Not that Buffett sings only about barnacles and tide flats (although he does call the backup musicians he assembled from Memphis and Nashville The Coral Reefers). There are songs about shoplifting, gas-station jobs and war-wounded poets. And *Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw*, which is *the* song that should have been on roadhouse jukeboxes all these years. Listen closely to *They Don't Dance Like Carmen No More* and *Cuban Crime of Passion* for some of the best lyrics around. As Tom McGuane, the novelist, says in his liner notes, "What Jimmy Buffett knows is that our personal musical history lies at the curious hinterland where Hank Williams and Xavier Cugat meet with somewhat less animosity than the theoreticians would have us believe."

•

Anita O'Day Recorded Live at the Berlin Jazz Festival (BASF/MPS) continues the ageless Miss O'Day's successful sojourn into the Seventies. Backed by a trio, she sets the Berliners back on their heels as she makes them privy to what has marked her as a class jazz singer all these years. There are *Let's Fall in Love*, a marvelous *Soon It's Gonna Rain*, *I Can't Get Started* and a medley of *Yesterday* and *Yesterdays*, among others. The lady knows her way up, down and around a melody—*ja wohl!*

•

Promotion, thy name is music. For months now, we've been hearing about the reunion of the original Byrds—Gene Clark, Chris Hillman, David Crosby, Roger McGuinn and Michael Clarke—who did make some exemplary mid-Sixties music. After all kinds of delays due to mixing problems and the fact that these boys are perfectionists, wanting to sample test pressings from different record plants for uniformity, we now have ***Byrds*** (Asylum). According to Jean Charles Costa, whose hype poster copy is part of the reviewer's package, "Maintaining the basic Byrds' contextual framework, but subtly showcasing the individual development of each member in a positive sense, puts [the album] eons above the standard 'remember those days' fare." This is merely amiable bullshit, because if you didn't know who was playing, you undoubtedly would find the album pleasant but dull. And if you didn't know it was such a "monster"—that is, selling so well—you would hardly rush out to buy it. One reviewer put it in quite another "contextual framework": that "*Byrds* mirrors rock's coming of age." On the contrary, we hope it doesn't mirror its senescence.

•

Paul Williams is one fine songwriter, yet it was not always thus. He started out as an actor, then became a comedy writer, then did a TV commercial for a bank, whence derived the Carpenters' hit *We've Only Just Begun*; then there were more songs, for Three Dog Night and others, and now his second album for A&M, ***Life Goes On***, which is beautiful. Paul sings—in a unique voice and style—with excellent backing from the likes of Craig Doerge, Leland Sklar, David Spinozza and Russ Kunkel, and has written or collaborated on all the tunes but one (*That Lucky Old Sun*). There are gentle pop ballads (*I Won't Last a Day Without You*), great upbeat, happy production numbers such as the title tune, and

sophisticated country stuff. We hope Paul makes it big with this one: It beats writing for Mort Sahl.

THEATER

In a score of finely wrought plays, produced on and off Broadway and in regional theaters, Lanford Wilson has written in a modern idiom about timeless material. The main character in his new play, ***THE HOT L BALTIMORE,*** is a vivacious young prostitute who forgoes tricks while longing for the time when trains ran on time (she can identify them by their whistle). The play itself is about a lost era, when people could fulfill dreams and when hotels had all the letters on their marquee. (The E in this title has plunged along with the Hotel Baltimore itself.) The characters who inhabit the lobby of the now-seedy Baltimore are rejects and misfits—three whores of diverse persuasions, a butch health-food nut (Mari Gorman, giving the most memorable in a gallery of memorable performances), an old lady who remembers ghosts, a young man in futile search of his grandfather. This is a wise, funny and wistful play, one that disarms you with its modesty and honesty. It's lovingly staged by Marshall W. Mason and acted by a large ensemble, most of whom were unknown before the play opened. At Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

•

The River Niger, Joseph A. Walker's long and multilayered drama about the tribulations and torments in three generations of a Harlem family, is a deeply felt, forcefully presented, overpowering work. Walker's hero, Johnny Williams, is a house painter and part-time poet (his masterwork in progress is called *The River Niger*) who has spent his life in slavish devotion to his family and now witnesses the collapse of the dream he has imposed on his son. The son declares that he isn't going to be anyone's supernigger. The play isn't about superanybody, but about real people. It concerns not only a son who rebels against his father but also the divergent paths of childhood friends, a wife who is both demanding and noble, a mother whose put-ons cannot conceal a contempt for change and a love for whiskey. In scene after scene—many of them seething with emotion and humor—Walker's people confront one another as they seek individual battlefields on which to fight for their lives. In a cast of great potency, the most moving performance is given in the quietest role—Roxie Roker as the wife. There are also strong portrayals by Graham Brown as a cynical black doctor, Frances Foster as the sardonic old lady, Les Roberts as the confident son and Douglas Turner Ward (who also directs) as the proud father of this spirited family. At the Brooks Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street.

6 Stereo LPs or 5 Tapes Cartridge or Cassette For 99¢ Worth Up to $40.88

See Why 4,000,000 Record and Tape Buyers Paid a Lifetime Membership Fee to Join Record Club of America when Other Clubs Would Have Accepted Them FREE!

Compare and see!	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA	Club A	Club B	Club C	Club D
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS?	**YES!** Choose recordings on any label. No exceptions. Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.	NO	NO	NO	NO
CAN YOU PICK LPs AND TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	**YES!** Pick LPs OR 8-track tape cartridges OR tape cassettes. No restrictions. No additional membership fee or separate "division" to join!	NO	NO	NO	NO
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF LPs OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	**NONE!** No obligations. No yearly quota. Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide.	11 LPs/ 8 Tapes	12 LPs/ 12 Tapes	12 LPs/ 10 Tapes	12 LPs
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	**ZERO DOLLARS!** You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!	$54.61 to $85.10	$69.95 to $105.95	$70.03 to $94.03	$56.25 to $74.25
CAN YOU BUY ANY LP OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	**ALWAYS!** Guaranteed discounts up to 81% on LPs and tapes of ALL LABELS!	NO	NO	NO	NO
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED LPs OR TAPES?	**NEVER!** There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent — and only when you ask us to send them.	YES	YES	YES	YES
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	**NO LONG WAITS!** No shipping on cycle. Your order computer processed for express service delivery.	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
World's Largest Record & Tape Club

DIANA ROSS Lady Sings The Blues 0678 Motown 2 LPs & 2 tapes
TEMPTATIONS Masterpiece 6612 Gordy
NEIL DIAMOND Hot August Night 0566 MCA 2 LPs & 2 tapes
GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS Neither One Of Us 5625 Soul
HELEN REDDY I Am Woman 4685 Capitol
DONNY OSMOND Alone Together 9243 MGM
AL GREEN I'm Still In Love With You 5629 Hi
JERRY LEE LEWIS The Session 0212 Mercury 2 LPs & 2 tapes
FIFTH DIMENSION Living Together, Growing Together 7880 Bell
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON Jesus Was A Capricorn 5800 Monument
STEVIE WONDER Talking Book 5599 Tamla
MAHLER 8th Symphony Solti *0794 London 2 LPs
MANDRILL Composite Truth 5305 Polydor
WATTSTAX 0621 Stax 2 LPs & 2 tapes
EDWARD BEAR 4698 Capitol
DAWN Tuneweaving 7893 Bell
CURTIS MAYFIELD Superfly 5956 Curtom
MOODY BLUES Days Of Future Passed 5520 Deram

JAMES BROWN Black Caesar Soundtrack 5319 Polydor
BEST OF THE JAMES GANG 1023 ABC
AL GREEN Call Me 5633 Hi
MARVIN GAYE Trouble Man Soundtrack 6707 Tamla
SIEGEL-SCHWALL BAND & SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCH Pieces For Blues Band & Orch *5335 DGG
LOST HORIZON Soundtrack 7901 Bell
ROY BUCHANAN Second Album 5349 Polydor
FOUR TOPS Keeper Of The Castle 1122 ABC Dunhill
ISAAC HAYES Live At The Sahara Tahoe 0651 Enterprise 2 LPs & 2 tapes
TEMPTATIONS All Directions 6686 Gordy
HURRICANE SMITH 4706 Capitol
GILBERT O'SULLIVAN Back To Front 5646 MAM
HOLST The Planets — MEHTA *5659 London
GODSPELL Movie Soundtrack 7915 Bell
SHA NA NA Golden Age Of Rock And Roll 0720 Kama Sutra 2 LPs & 2 tapes
JACKSON FIVE Skywriter 6711 Motown
LOBO Of A Simple Man 7928 Big Tree
DON MCLEAN 4017 United Artists

NO OBLIGATION *To Buy Anything Ever!*

OHIO PLAYERS — Pleasure — 6810 — Westbound

ERIC CLAPTON — 5352 — Polydor

CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN DECADE Volume 2 — 0703 — Chess 2 LPs & 2 tapes

STEVE & EYDIE — Feelin' — 9256 — MGM

THREE DOG NIGHT — Seven Separate Fools — 1402 — ABC Dunhill

YES — Close To The Edge — 5124 — Atlantic

STRAUSS — Also Sprach Zarathustra — Mehta — *5663 — London

URIAH HEEP — The Magician's Birthday — 2016 — Mercury

THE POWER OF JOE SIMON — 5366 — Spring

JIM CROCE — Life & Times — 1149 — ABC

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES — Songs Of The Auvergne — *4723 — Angel

SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES 1957-1972 — 0717 — Tamla 2 LPs & 2 tapes

DAVID BOWIE — Images — 0781 — London 2 LPs & 2 tapes

CHUCK BERRY — The London Sessions — 6884 — Chess

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD — Phoenix — 4607 — Capitol

STEPPENWOLF — 16 Greatest Hits — 1218 — ABC Dunhill

THE SYLVERS — 9260 — Pride

ROD STEWART — Never A Dull Moment — 2158 — Mercury

INTRODUCTION TO DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN — Solti — *0777 — London 3 LP's

MAN OF LA MANCHA — Original Soundtrack — 4020 — United Artists

STEVE MILLER BAND Anthology — 0113 — Capitol 2 LPs & 2 tapes

TONY BENNETT — Listen Easy — 9273 — MGM Verve

RICHARD HARRIS — His Greatest Performances — 1221 — ABC Dunhill

NEW SEEKERS — Pinball Wizard — 9287 — MGM Verve

ERIC CLAPTON — At His Best — 0901 — Polydor 2 LPs & 2 tapes

RASPBERRIES — Fresh — 4710 — Capitol

JOHN MAYALL — Down The Line — 0833 — 2 LPs & 2 tapes London

LARRY CORYELL — Offering — 3011 — Vanguard

VERDI — Rigoletto — London Symphony — *0846 — London 3 LPs

ARTHUR FIEDLER & THE BOSTON POPS — Bacharach-David Songbook — 5379 — Polydor

KENNY ROGERS & THE FIRST EDITION — Backroads — 9290 — Jolly Rogers

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN — Himself — MAM — 5594

THE BAND — Rock Of Ages — 0109 — Capitol 2 LPs & 2 tapes

United Artists — LAST TANGO IN PARIS — Soundtrack — 4116

THE OSMONDS — Crazy Horses — 9127 — MGM

B.J. THOMAS — Country — 2610 — Scepter

HEAVY CREAM — 0915 — Polydor 2 LPs & 2 tapes

5TH DIMENSION — Greatest Hits On Earth — 7829 — Bell

PIPPIN — Original Cast — 6724 — Motown

MAMAS & PAPAS — 20 Golden Hits — 1317 — ABC Dunhill

STEREO TEST RECORD — *7074 — Yorkshire

CASHMAN & WEST — A Song Or Two — 1320 — ABC Dunhill

DONIZETTI — Lucia Di Lammermoor — Sutherland — *0876 — London 3 LPs

JOAN BAEZ — Ballad Book — 0385 — Vanguard 2 LPs & 2 tapes

GREAT WALTZ — Original Soundtrack — MGM Verve — 9308

PARTRIDGE FAMILY — At Home With Their Greatest Hits — Bell — 7720

DIONNE WARWICKE STORY — A Decade Of Gold — Scepter — 0255 — 2 LPs & 2 tapes

CAT STEVENS — Matthew & Son — New Masters — 0880 — Deram 2 LPs & 2 tapes

* These Selections Only Not Available In Tape

AT LAST A RECORD & TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS

Yes, now you can take your choice of these great Top-Hits for just 99c! Pick any 6 Stereo LPs or any 5 Stereo Tape Cartridges or Cassettes — worth up to $40.88 — with absolutely NO OBLIGATION to buy anything ever. And this is just an introduction to the kind of SOLID CONSUMER SAVINGS Club members enjoy everyday on records and tapes of ALL LABELS. You can cash in on these same Giant Savings too — guaranteed discounts up to 81% — the instant you join. How can we make this incredible NO OBLIGATION offer? Simple! Record Club of America is the only record club NOT owned... NOT CONTROLLED... NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere.

Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from just a few labels. They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year. And if you don't return their monthly IBM cards, they send you an item you don't want and a bill for up to $8.38! At Record Club of America we've BANISHED AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS FOREVER! You NEVER receive an unordered recording. NEVER have to return any cards. You get only what you want... when you want it.

GET LPs ON ALL LABELS FOR $1.69 OR LESS... TAPES $1.99

We're the World's Largest ALL LABEL Record and Tape Club, so we can give you the World's Lowest Prices on all records and tapes made. Guaranteed discounts up to 81%! IMAGINE PAYING $1.69 AVERAGE FOR TOP HIT $5.98 STEREO LPS... including the very latest New Releases! $1.99 for $6.98 Stereo Tape Cartridges and Cassettes. Yet that's exactly the Sale Offer mailing now to members even as you read this! And YOU can cash in on these Giant Savings now — the instant you join — not after fulfilling some annoying "obligation" like other clubs.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Join Record Club of America today and you get any 6 LPs or any 5 Tapes shown here for 99c. Just mail coupon with check or money order for low $5 Lifetime Membership Fee, plus 99c for your recordings (a small mailing and handling fee for your LPs or Tapes will be sent later). Receive by return mail your recordings PLUS incredible "Buy 1, Get 2 FREE" offer on 100's of top hit LPs and Tapes. New super-discount FREE or Dividend offer every 21 days! Remember, you receive LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP (never pay another Club fee for the rest of your life) with absolutely NO OBLIGATION to buy anything ever!

ACT NOW AND GET FREE

FREE All-Label Lifetime Discount Membership Card — guarantees you brand new LPs and Tapes at discounts up to 81%.

FREE Giant Master Discount Catalog — World's largest master discount catalog of all readily available records and tapes (cartridge and cassette). All labels, all manufacturers (including foreign). Biggest discounts anywhere.

FREE Disc & Tape Guide — The Club's own magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.

FREE Subscription to the MARKHOUSE colorful catalog of hip products, plus more FREE LPs and Tapes.

MONEYBACK GUARANTEE... EXPRESS SERVICE

No long waits! Your order computer processed for express service delivery. Moneyback guarantee if items are returned within 10 days.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON — Me And Bobby McGee — 5831 — Monument

THE SOUNDS OF LOVE — A To Zzzz — 7272 — Yorkshire

GLEN TRAVIS CAMPBELL — 4654 — Capitol

METROPOLITAN OPERA GALA — Honoring Sir Rudolph Bing — *5404 — DGG

NEW SEEKERS — Come Softly To Me — 931? — MGM Verve

BEST OF JOHN COLTRANE — 0747 — Impulse 2 LPs & 2 tapes

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA

CLUB HEADQUARTERS / YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 V088M

YES—Rush me my Lifetime Membership Discount Card, Giant All-Label Master Discount Catalog, plus subscriptions to Disc & Tape Guide Magazine and the MARKHOUSE Catalog. Also send me the 6 LPs or 5 tapes of my choice indicated below (multiple LP or Tape sets count as number of recordings in each set) with a bill for the Club's standard mailing and handling fee. I enclose a total of $5.99 to cover my $5.00 Lifetime Membership Fee plus 99c for my recordings. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes ever—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted, I may return above items within 10 days for a complete refund.

ENTER LP OR TAPE NUMBERS BELOW

IMPORTANT! YOU MUST CHECK ONE: ☐ LP or ☐ 8 TRACK or ☐ CASSETTE

Mr. Mrs. Miss

RT/BR/RD/SR — Box or P.O. Box

Street — Apt.

City — State — Zip

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. #

TELL US THE KIND OF MUSIC YOU PREFER BY CHECKING ONE OF THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES:
1 ☐ Rock Folk 2 ☐ Easy Listening, Broadway Shows, Movie Soundtracks 3 ☐ Blues-Jazz 4 ☐ Country-Western 5 ☐ Classical 6 ☐ Children's 7 ☐ I like all the above 8 ☐ I have no particular preference.

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

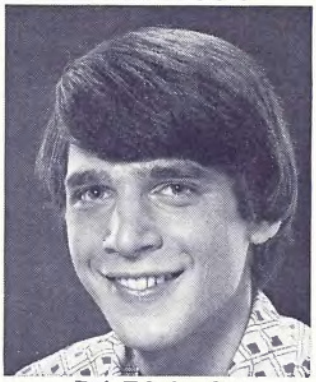
RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
World's Lowest Priced Record & Tape Club

Same man. Same haircut. Some difference.

Bill Lund
WETHEAD

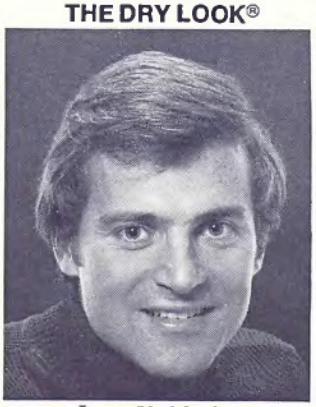
Bill Lund after
THE DRY LOOK®

Bob Edwin
WETHEAD



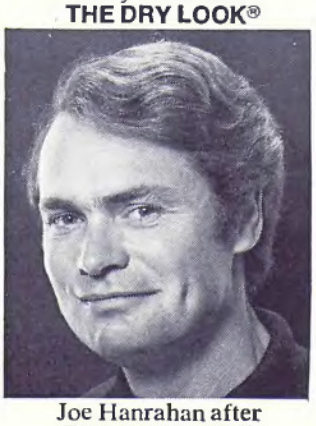
Bob Edwin after
THE DRY LOOK®

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.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A girl who lives upstairs in my dormitory used to brush off every boy who tried to make a pass at her. I resolved to greet her with absolute indifference and was glad to observe that this produced an uneasiness in her. That is, I was glad until I realized that I loved her. What can I do? I cannot face the consequences of an unsuccessful approach.—L. M., New Haven, Connecticut.

Nathaniel Bynner, a little-known writer, described the similar tactics of a friend: "It was his habit to seek out suspecting young girls upon whom he could force his inattention. Frequently he was hoist with his own disregard." Drop the iceberg act and you may salvage the relationship, if you can call what you have a relationship. It sounds to us like fear at first sight.

The first victims of a dollar crisis seem to be American tourists abroad. A fistful of dollars will do you no good when currencies go up or down or around, currency exchanges close for days and banks and American Express refuse your money. I'm about to leave for Europe. How do I protect myself from a pinch?—B. S., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Pay now, fly later: Buy foreign-currency traveler's checks before you leave. American Express offers checks in British pounds, Swiss francs and German marks; the European-American Bank and Trust Company offers them in French francs. Also, a major credit card can be a lifesaver in a flood of floating currencies—restaurants and hotels receive payment in local coin. They will honor individual credit when economists question the credit of nations.

For some reason, I have never been able to buy a perfect brie. I usually have to settle for a cheese that is underripe or, worse, one that is too runny and bitterly over the hill. How does one select a perfect brie?—M. A., Riverside, Illinois.

Saint-Amant, a 17th Century bard of good living, celebrated brie as the "gentle jam of Bacchus." Another has called it the "queen of cheeses." Selecting a ripe brie requires royal tact. A wedge of brie should bulge but not run and it should have a uniform, creamy texture. You must acquire a feel for this texture if you buy brie by the wheel, in which, of course, you cannot see the bulge. Our resident brie freak insists that the right touch is a divine gift, but mortals can obtain satisfactory results with practice.

What is the proper way to introduce the woman with whom I spend my time? We are not married, though we live together when circumstances permit, and we do our separate things in education, career and identity. I would like to avoid terms like my friend, my lover, my partner or my roommate, all of which suggest that possessiveness is nine tenths of a relationship. Our bond is better than that, but I am at a loss for words. Has the sexual revolution liberated language?—J. E., West Orange, New Jersey.

Language resists social change; in Phase Two fashion it fixes the price of love and controls the wages of sin. But why bother with words? Good manners and common sense require only that you introduce a person; you do not have to supply a credit report, produce a political philosophy nor describe sleeping arrangements. Introduce her by name and let your relationship describe itself.

Variety is more than the spice of life; it is an essential ingredient. My wife and I have explored with pleasure and exhausted the geometrical positions of lovemaking—now we would like to experiment with other forms of lovemaking. Specifically, those that fulfill fantasy needs as well as physical needs. We would like to try bondage, but there are few, if any, intelligent guides to the subject. I browsed through some catalogs at an adult bookstore—they seemed to be a cross between Mickey Mouse and the Marquis de Sade. What do you suggest?—T. G. H., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Alex Comfort's "Joy of Sex" has a remarkable chapter on bondage; it should be read by anyone who contemplates an erotic caper with a captive audience. However, if you want to strengthen the nuptial knots before you buy the book, consider the following: Bondage is based on the theory that orgasm is a release from tension; the greater the tension, the greater the release. Old-time moviemakers used bondage as a vehicle for suspense: Witness the heroine tied to the tracks helplessly awaiting rescue from an oncoming train. Most bedrooms won't accommodate Amtrak, so you'll have to create an equivalent. If you are successful, the results can be spectacular—one woman reported that when she was tied to a bed, her orgasm hit her with the force of the aforementioned train and left her forever confused as to what it was she wanted to be rescued from. You won't need the accessories shown in the catalogs; most homes contain all that is required. Use soft materials—bathrobe cords, stockings, leather shoelaces, pieces of clothesline, old school ties. Tie your knots well—your partner should be able to struggle without escaping—but do not cut off circulation. (The "Scout Handbook" is still the best manual on knot tying, and it does add a dimension.) For starters, spread-eagle your partner across a pile of pillows. If

you do not have a brass bed or a four-poster (favorites among bondage aficionados), run cords under the bed. Secure her ankles and wrists, but don't overlook other sites. A well-placed cord can be as exciting as an extra pair of hands. Criss-cross two cords over her breasts or throw a half hitch around each thigh. (Comfort suggests, as an alternative, binding your partner thumb and toe in addition to hand and foot.) Remember that suspense and helplessness are the keys; proceed slowly and savor your handiwork: Tease your partner, stroke and kiss her breasts and genitals, then withdraw. Slow genital manipulation can be sublime. Arouse her to several orgasms before penetration. Some words of warning—agree beforehand on a distress signal (to indicate discomfort or pain) and untie her as soon as you are done. And then it's your turn: In a somewhat different context, Abraham Lincoln said, "Familiarize yourself with the chains of bondage and you prepare your own limbs to wear them."

I have always left the plastic covers on the outside of my record albums, but now a friend tells me that these covers will ruin my records. I have asked at a stereo shop in the area, but no one can give me a definite answer. Can you?—F. R., Kokomo, Indiana.

The plastic wrapper should be removed and discarded or placed over the head of the clerk in the stereo shop—he ought to know better. Research has shown that the plastic can shrink, bend the cardboard jacket and warp the record.

As a bachelor, I do my own cooking and I frequently entertain guests for dinner. I would like to make my own wine to serve during these affairs, but I have heard that it is against the law for bachelors to produce alcoholic beverages. Can this be true?—A. C., Cicero, Illinois.

Federal law states that the head of a household may produce for "food value and medicinal purposes" up to 200 gallons of wine a year without paying taxes on it. He must file Form 1541 with the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms to get this exemption. Most bachelors do not qualify as heads of households. Unless you have a legal dependent living with you, you may not make wine tax-free. The law is archaic, discriminatory and the best excuse for marriage that we've ever encountered.

My boyfriend has coarse hair all over his body. His pubic hair has the texture of a scrub brush. When our intercourse is prolonged or frequent, it is extremely irritating to my sensitive skin. We tried cutting the hair, but that doesn't cure it. Can you help us soften the situation?—Miss A. G., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Grandmother's method of softening a brush was to boil it for five minutes, but never mind. Hair usually is softer after it has been washed. He should try soaking in a tub of warm water before or during intercourse. Shampooing followed by a creme rinse or conditioner might also help. If these remedies are not practical, you might use a soothing lotion or foam.

Why do we use the term best man to describe the male friend who stands up for the groom in a marriage ceremony?—A. S., Toledo, Ohio.

In ancient Scotland, a marriage ceremony was like the plot of a "Mission Impossible" episode; a prospective groom simply kidnaped the woman of his choice. The venture required courage and manpower; therefore, the groom selected the bravest of his friends to accompany him. The closest and most valiant of the bridegroom's accomplices became known as the best man.

My wife and I have found that mutual masturbation bordering on orgasm is a good way to dispel the tension of long hours in the car. Our caresses do not seem to interfere with driving and they make getting there half the fun. On our last trip, my wife suggested that we try fellatio, but I was worried that it might be dangerous. What do you say?—M. H., Bakersfield, California.

Don't. Fellatio may be the original movable feast, but in most states it would be a moving violation; more important, it's dangerous. Offhand you'd think it would be safer than mutual masturbation; at least one of you could keep both hands on the wheel. But a person in the midst of orgasm is not exactly the world's safest driver, besides which sudden stops could prove painful, if not lethal. Unless you practice karezza, *the erotic discipline in which the male postpones orgasm for hours, we suggest that you don't divert yourself while you drive.*

For the past eight months, I have been unable to find employment. A friend at one company asked the personnel manager about my application and learned that a credit bureau had a derogatory report from a former employer on file. I went to the credit-bureau chief and demanded to see my file. The man reluctantly agreed when he learned that my employment difficulties had been due to a report from his credit bureau. The paper he read to me (I never saw or held it myself) concerned auto insurance that I bought last year. There was no mention of my former job nor, for that matter, of the credit cards or loan accounts that I have maintained for years. How can I find out what is going on and what can I do to correct the situation?—J. C., Nashville, Tennessee.

You are protected by the Federal Fair Credit Reporting Act. Ask for the name and address of any agency that prepares a report used as the basis for denying you credit, insurance or employment. The agency must tell you the nature and substance of the information contained in its file and, in the case of accounts from businesses, the sources. It does not have to show you an actual copy of the file and it does not have to reveal the names of the individuals it contacted to obtain information. You can demand that the agency reinvestigate if the information it gathered is incomplete or incorrect; if it cannot verify its data, it must remove it from your file and notify the businesses you name that the information in previous reports was inaccurate and has been deleted. In any dispute, you can add your version of the incident to the file and have it included in subsequent reports. Finally, you can have most adverse information dropped from a file after seven years. Contact the regional office of the Federal Trade Commission to get more-detailed information or to cite a violation of the Fair Credit Reporting Act.

At a party not long ago, a drunken friend remarked that he felt like the last man in a daisy chain. He then tried to describe a daisy chain, but as he had lost command of the English language somewhere around his fourth martini, his explanation made little sense. What is a daisy chain and why should the last man feel anything apart from what his companions feel?—M. B., Portland, Oregon.

A daisy chain is a group sexual activity in which each participant simultaneously does to someone else more or less what someone else is doing to him or her. This concatenation of erotic contact usually is oral and almost always is circular. Technically, there should not be a last man in a daisy chain, which is endless, so to speak, but your friend may have been suffering from an inability to make ends meet. There is another possible explanation of his remark. A daisy chain with an even number of participants (e.g., 696969) can be completely heterosexual, while a daisy chain with an odd number of participants (69696) must be at least partially homosexual. In such cases, the togetherness of the chain must depend on the inclinations of the extra person. (A daisy chain is only as strong as its weakest link.) Consequently, your friend may have meant that he was the only unattached person at the party.

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

We Deliver. . .

. . . entertainment made to order for today's urbane man.
Riotous humor . . . intoxicating females . . . explosive fact, fiction, interviews
. . . *plus* much more! For delivered-to-your-door convenience and savings, too
. . . subscribe to PLAYBOY today!

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

Please enter my subscription for
- ☐ 1 year $10 (save $3.00 off $13 single-copy price)
- ☐ 2 years $18 (save $8.00 off $26 single-copy price)
- ☐ 3 years $24 (save $15.00 off $39 single-copy price)

☐ payment enclosed ☐ new subscription
☐ bill me later ☐ renewal

7291

name_____ (please print)

address_____

city_____ state_____ zip_____

Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.
Credit extended in U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO only.

*"The Thing" VW 181 suggested retail price P.O.E. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. **Special top and paint not available at Volkswagen dealers.

VOLKSWAGEN PRESENTS "THE THING." IT CAN BE ANYTHING!!!

At last, there's one car that's good for more than one thing.

On the beach you can take the doors off, lower the top, and it's a cool no-door no top.

Want to see a movie? In the snow, "The Thing" is a warm 4 door soft top.

Why not. Flip down the front windshield and you won't miss a thing.

How about that big load on your mind? The same back seat that's good for sitting flips down to make it good for loading.

How about it. But even though "The Thing" is tough and has an air-cooled rear mounted engine to match, it's not tough to drive. So it's good for the city, and good for the country.

In fact, it's good for whatever you want to make of it: dune buggy, surrey topped courtesy car**—anything you like.

"But will I like the price?" $2,750.00* is the least Volkswagen could do. To help make a good thing even better.

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

"With 18 feet of sail as my wings—I, a rather jittery Jeff Jobe from Seattle—was ready to conquer the sky. Altitude: 8000 feet on New Zealand's Glacier Dome. Michele helped me into my kite harness. And soon I was racing toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet in a perfect glide, when an icy blast rocked the kite. And suddenly, I was fighting for my life with a deadly downdraft.

"With some wild maneuvering and miraculous luck, I escaped into smooth air. As I circled, I grimly remembered the first rule of kiting: never fly higher than you'd like to fall.

"That evening, at The Hermitage Hotel, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1972.

Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

GRAVE OFFENSE

The May *Playboy Forum* mentions two instances of people being fined for fornication. This may seem a laughable practice to you big-city sophisticates, but sometimes there's more to these cases than meets the eye. For example, I know one man who was fined for fornication, but his real offense was not so much getting laid as it was doing it in the town cemetery. People's sensibilities were understandably offended. The mortician is the only one allowed to bury a stiff at the local graveyard.

(Name withheld by request)
Bangor, Maine

THE DROLL COMPOSITOR

The *New York Post* published an article revealing, in the shocked tones newspapers always use to discuss such matters, that a massage parlor in one of New York's most posh hotels is offering "more than just massage." Getting down to the nitty-gritty, the reporter finally spells out what is really offered: "These [extras] range from masturbation to fellatio and intercourse."

The charming thing about this ho-hum story is a detail contributed by the compositor at the end of the second column: "continued on page 69." The *Post* certainly has a flair for numerology.

James O'Malley
Brooklyn, New York

KNOTTY PROBLEM

I had dated a woman for eight months when she started asking me to tie her up before our lovemaking sessions. I tolerated the idea at first, but she began insisting that instead of going out we stay at her home and play bondage games. She would always be the slave or prisoner and I would do my best to tie her up and apply mild forms of torture. A few hours of this would repay me amply; she'd be a real wildcat in the bedroom.

Eventually, I got sick of doing this, and I stopped seeing her. She made sadism into an essential condition of our lovemaking and I couldn't take it anymore. I don't condemn her turn-on, but there's no reason why anyone should have to participate in sex play he doesn't like.

(Name withheld by request)
Allentown, Pennsylvania

LOW-DOWN SEX

One evening I was talking to some women in a bar and the subject of foot fetishes came up. One woman said she had gone to bed with a man, but had no sexual contact with him. She fell asleep, only to be awakened later to find him lying on top of her and kissing her feet. When he realized she was awake, he stopped, and both of them pretended nothing had happened. I wonder how common this is.

(Name withheld by request)
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Putting a foot in one's mouth is quite common and often results in embarrassment. However, we can't say how common it is as a sexual practice because so many people are inhibited about frankly discussing their sexual inclinations.

THE SWEDISH PARADISE

I'm an 18-year-old Swedish guy spending the school year in the U.S. I've noticed that quite a few Americans consider Sweden a sexual paradise. It is my duty as a Swede to tell the truth. There is no doubt that we have very beautiful and charming girls in Sweden, but they are not willing to go to bed with strangers, as a lot of foreign tourists think. The typical Swedish girl doesn't waste her time hanging around sex clubs, which is where the tourists expect to find her. Sweden is also thought to be a sexual paradise because of these clubs and the public's liberal attitude toward pornography. But the fact is that people are getting tired of the sex clubs and porno magazines and they're dying out. Sweden has a new problem on the labor market—unemployed striptease girls.

Thomas Hult
Central Square, New York

BREAST FANTASIES

To the woman who wrote that silicone implants improved her sex life (*The Playboy Forum*, February): I was married to a lovely cook with lovely breasts. But you can't eat and suck all your life. Now I go with a beautiful small-breasted woman who is a sharp person and a great lover.

(Name withheld by request)
Williams Lake, British Columbia

SEXUAL DOUBLE LIFE

When I got married, six years ago, I harbored Lesbian tendencies but had never been to bed with another woman. Just over a year ago, I admitted my feelings to my husband, who is an intelligent, sophisticated man. We went together to a psychiatrist who advised that I should act

upon my desires, since I had been repressing them for years. My husband accepted this. He tolerates my Lesbian activities. Besides, they give him an excuse to pursue his own hobby, which is going on long hunting trips.

Now I carry on with my present lover whenever my husband is out of town. I do not neglect my family. Meals are on the table, the house is kept in order, laundry is done, our cars are cared for and all his trophy heads are dusted daily. I do not neglect my husband's sexual needs, either. Whenever he's home and wants sex, he gets it.

I do suspect that slowly he's losing his marbles. He has every right to have sex with any other woman who wants him. But all he talks about is his lifelong ambition to get a polar bear.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

THE SWINGING SET

The gentleman from Philadelphia who demeaned swinging and swingers in the February *Playboy Forum* obviously encountered the wrong people. My wife and I have been swinging for eight months and have met many swinging couples who, like us, are intelligent, articulate and have varied interests. Some of them have become our good friends. We see one another on nonswinging social occasions, sometimes with straight friends and relatives, and our children play together. Because of our having truly known them, we feel a special warmth for these people that even exceeds our affection for friends of long standing.

(Name withheld by request)
Larchmont, New York

THE INCONSTANT MALE

Over a year ago, I met a man who really turned me on and we dated frequently. He told me he was married and had children, but that didn't bother me. After I gave him a key to my apartment, he visited me often and we indulged in sexual activities of all sorts. He wasn't the first guy I'd gone to bed with; there were lots of others, and even when I was seeing him regularly I was still balling other guys. Anyhow, I guess my diaphragm let me down, because I got pregnant. Since I'd been to bed with my married friend more often than with any of the others, I told him about the pregnancy.

I demanded that he help me out and I got my way. He left his wife, came to live with me and helped me to arrange for an abortion in New York. He borrowed money from a friend of his to pay for everything. After the abortion, he stayed to make sure I was all right. He kept telling me I was "good people" and that if things were different he would do a lot more for me. After I recovered from the abortion, we resumed sexual relations.

Then he started seeing his wife again. We had several talks about this; he told

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

FEMALE RAPISTS . . .

Two teenage girls, one in New York and the other in Atlanta, are apparently the first women in U.S. history to be convicted of rape. Both were charged with aiding men in the forcible rape of other women. In New York, the 19-year-old defendant received a six-year prison sentence for "acting with the mental culpability required for the commission of rape" when she lured two 20-year-old women into a Greenwich Village apartment, where they were tortured and forced to engage in sexual acts; her 29-year-old boyfriend and accomplice was sentenced to from eight to 25 years. The Atlanta woman, 17, and her two brothers—who raped two women while she held them at gunpoint—face sentences of up to 81 years for rape, robbery and possession of illegal weapons.

. . . AND MALE PROSTITUTES

MINNEAPOLIS—*Five men who propositioned a policewoman posing as a hooker have found themselves charged with prostitution under a new city ordinance that makes it equally unlawful for either a man or a woman "to offer or submit his or her body indiscriminately for sexual intercourse." The ordinance was rewritten after a municipal court judge ruled the original prostitution law, referring only to women, to be sexually discriminatory. The new law also specifies that an offer of payment is not necessary for arrest. This led the same judge to remark, "A man can now be arrested in a downtown bar for trying to hustle a woman."*

THE WISDOM OF BILLY GRAHAM

During a two-week crusade in South Africa, evangelist Billy Graham told newsmen he thought the U.S. should revive the death penalty and that "When a person is found guilty of rape, he should be castrated—that would stop him pretty quick." His castration proposal caused an uproar in the U.S. and he quickly retracted it: "My comment on rape was an offhand, hasty, spontaneous remark . . . that I regretted almost as soon as I said it. . . . I unfortunately used a word which, in our sex-oriented culture, was emotionally charged and did not really clarify my true thoughts. . . . It is interesting that the thought of castration for some people stirs a far more violent reaction than the idea of rape itself. Perhaps this is a part of our permissive society's sickness."

Several weeks earlier, Graham, addressing himself to a feminist interviewer's question on the unequal male and female roles in Christian history, said, "I don't think there is any sex in heaven. If people only want to go to heaven for sex, they'd better have their heaven on earth."

SEX-LAW REFORMS

Ohio and North Dakota have revised their state criminal codes and legalized all sexual acts engaged in privately by consenting adults. The new laws go into effect on January 1, 1974, and July 1, 1975, respectively. Other states with consenting-adult laws are Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Hawaii, Illinois and Oregon. Pennsylvania similarly revised its code, but retained criminal penalties for "deviate sexual intercourse" between unmarried persons. State representative Martin Mullen had opposed legalizing adultery and fornication on the grounds that "everyone will be going around doing what they want" and later tried to amend the law to prohibit all premarital and extramarital sex. "I'm carrying the banner of God and I represent the people," said Mullen. "Any of you who believe in the Ten Commandments should support my amendment." Said Governor Milton Shapp, "I would suggest the legislators be given a lie-detector test and only those who pass the test be allowed to vote on the bill." It was returned to committee for burial.

Elsewhere:

• The Florida legislature has been considering the repeal of that state's law against "unnatural and lascivious" acts. Supporting the repeal, a deputy attorney general acknowledged that "My wife and I violate the law constantly." The Miami Beach police chief said that in his community, where the average age is 65, "crimes of the bedroom" were not high on his department's list of law-enforcement priorities.

• In Trenton, New Jersey, the state supreme court upheld the state's sodomy law but ruled that it does not apply to married couples.

• A superior court judge in San Diego found the state's sodomy law unconstitutional and commented, "It doesn't seem to add anything to public safety or welfare."

X-RATED RADIO

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Federal Communications Commission has opened an inquiry into "topless" radio talk shows and warned the broadcasting industry to get "smut hustlers" off the air or risk Government action. The programs, during which listeners call in to discuss their sexual attitudes and activities, started on the West Coast and have been spreading throughout the country, generating a*

flood of protests to the FCC and the local stations that carry them. At a Congressional hearing, FCC chairman Dean Burch explained that the present legal tests for obscenity make it difficult to regulate program content without exercising what would probably be unconstitutional censorship, but he added that the commission might refuse to renew some radio station's license in order to create a test case. The FCC has backed up its threat by fining the owners of a Chicago suburban radio station, WGLD-FM, $2000 for airing a talk show the FCC called "patently offensive to community standards for broadcast matter." (See letter titled "Topless-Radio Bust" on page 52.)

NIXON'S WAR ON SMUT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*President Nixon has asked Congress to accept a new and strict definition of obscenity as part of the Administration's proposed revision of the U. S. criminal code. Obscenity would come under Federal jurisdiction and would be defined as "explicit representation, or detailed written or verbal description, of an act of sexual intercourse," "violence indicating a sado-masochistic sexual relationship" and "an explicit, close-up representation of a human genital organ" —unless the material was a minor and necessary part of the whole product and not intended to "stimulate prurient interest." A number of lawyers, writers and film makers have expressed fears that the Nixon obscenity formula would cover far more than hard-core pornography. New York columnist Pete Hamill wrote, "If it becomes law, the First Amendment will become a mockery, and this nation's artists, particularly those working in film, might as well leave the country." He said the proposed definition would ban such movies as "Last Tango in Paris," "Deliverance" and "Midnight Cowboy," as well as the writings of Norman Mailer, John Updike, John O'Hara, James Baldwin and probably hundreds of others.*

KLEVELAND KOPS

CLEVELAND, OHIO—*Mayor Ralph J. Perk has commanded city police not to wear swastikas on their uniforms while on duty and to remove racial insults written on police-station walls. Perk said the order was based on citizen complaints that some officers were wearing swastika T-shirts, belt buckles and tie clips.*

FREE SPEECH FOR STUDENTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*A sharply divided Supreme Court has ruled that state university officials cannot prevent the dissemination of offensive ideas nor expel a student who circulates them in print. By a six to three vote, the Court ordered the University of Missouri to reinstate a 32-year-old journalism graduate student who had distributed on campus an underground newspaper containing a political cartoon of a policeman raping the Statue of Liberty. The caption was "Mother fucker acquitted." The Court held that the cartoon not only was constitutionally protected speech but that the First Amendment "leaves no room for the operation of a dual standard in the academic community with respect to the content of speech."*

POT-POURRI

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—*City police have been ordered to give "lowest priority" to the enforcement of marijuana laws and to obtain permission from the city council before making any pot busts. The new policy is the result of a popular vote on an initiative proposal, which passed 28,116 to 18,032. Supporters of the initiative raised campaign funds partly by raffling off "one kilo" at a dollar a ticket. Raffle posters did not specify that the reward was a kilogram of marijuana, but a spokesman for the Berkeley Marijuana Initiative organization assured reporters that they had correctly guessed the nature of the prize, and elaborate security measures were taken to ensure that the holder of the winning ticket could collect his kilo secretly and anonymously.*

Elsewhere:

- *In Ann Arbor, Michigan, some 3000 students and other youths celebrated the Second Annual Ann Arbor Hash Festival by congregating on the University of Michigan campus to smoke marijuana and hashish openly. Only two police officers attended and no arrests were made. Said one of the law enforcers, "There isn't a heck of a lot we can do about it."*
- *In Washington, D. C., a 40-man commission appointed by Mayor Walter E. Washington has recommended that the possession and use of marijuana be legalized, and that its growth, manufacture and supply be regulated by the Federal Government.*
- *The California Medical Association declined to take a position on marijuana legalization, but criticized "current penalties for the possession of marijuana for personal use [that] have imposed criminal status on many persons who otherwise have evidenced no criminal or antisocial behavior."*
- *A research team at Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College has warned that marijuana smoke has the same cancer-producing potential as tobacco smoke, and that the risk may be magnified by the fact that pot users tend to hold the smoke in their lungs for as long as possible.*
- *The Alabama supreme court, upholding the conviction of a man who sold pot to an undercover agent, has ruled that marijuana is a "hard narcotic" under the state's drug law.*

me he didn't love me and wanted out. He left me when his wife was ready to take him back, and we parted friends.

A woman can't rely on a married man's claim that his wife is cold to him. That is just a pitch to get a girl into bed. Once the fun and novelty of the girlfriend have worn away, the wife begins to look good again. He thinks of all the time and emotion he invested in the marriage and back he goes.

I'm still single at 26 and I have a single boyfriend who is 24. But this time I'm playing it a lot cooler.

(Name withheld by request)
Fall River, Massachusetts

MYTH OF THE ONE-MAN WOMAN

Women are not biologically monogamous, nor is monogamy congruent with woman's physical capacity for sexual response. Biologically woman's sex drive is probably equal to or greater than the male's (nobody knows for sure). Certainly, as Masters and Johnson have reported, women have more sexual stamina; they don't need a recovery period after orgasm and one orgasm doesn't usually make them feel like turning over and going to sleep. Furthermore, women are capable of being multiorgasmic. They may not get to exercise that capacity, but it exists. Finally, few husbands make love to their wives more than twice a week, and rarely does the time of penetration exceed five minutes. A possible assumption from all this: Few women are getting as much sexual activity as they are capable of enjoying. It might be more reasonable to have several lovers than to expect one man to satisfy all of one's needs.

Why are women afraid to have several partners or to engage in extensive sexual experimentation? A few points: (1) The double standard is still with us. An unmarried woman may be able to have more than one partner, but she still isn't allowed 30. After marriage, her affairs are considered more serious offenses than those of her husband. (2) Women do not gain the sort of prestige from sexual experience that our culture affords to men. Most women, getting no appreciation for having had sexual experience, believe it is inappropriate for them. (3) Women in supposedly liberated situations allowing multiple sexual relationships often learn that male partners really can't accept a woman's sexual freedom. Despite liberal-male rhetoric, women find that their value as a partner declines. (4) Most women have no position to argue from. Men traditionally demand monogamous partners and defend their own promiscuous behavior on the theory that the male is naturally polygamous whereas the female doesn't want that much sex. Women don't have a strong model of female sexuality that entitles them to as much freedom as men.

Well, what is culturally induced can be

changed as the culture changes. And women are demanding that the change be in the direction of reassessing old notions of what is appropriately male or female. So it is inevitable that some women will find nonmonogamous sexual styles more in keeping with their desires.

Pepper Schwartz
Assistant Professor of Sociology
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

According to an article in *The Providence Journal*, the Pawtucket, Rhode Island, school board refused to grant maternity leaves to unmarried teachers because someone might think the board approves of nonmarital sex. One member of the board declared, "Today's society is just a little too permissive and I'd hate like hell to see people in whose hands we put our children to go this way." He added that some kinds of behavior "shock the conscience," and pointed out that "fornication is still a crime in this state."

Gordon Carr
North Providence, Rhode Island

That last fact is really a shock to the conscience.

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

A member of the Alabama governor's mansion advisory board has suggested that the governor's mansion be relocated. According to Hugh Adams, the present neighborhood is deteriorating. He said, "It's possible we'll be sitting in a commercial area and, pardon me, the Negroes are moving in."

Neighborhoods may change, but some people's attitudes sure don't.

Gaylon Horton
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

WOUNDED ACADEMY

Many people resentfully demand to know how Marlon Brando's turning down an Academy Award relates to the plight of the American Indian. The answer is that decades of movies have glorified the conquest of North America by the white man and have portrayed the Indian as an expendable savage. The politics in Brando's gesture were at least conscious and intelligent. The movie racism was unconscious and stupid.

P. Kennedy
Washington, D.C.

TOPLESS-RADIO BUST

According to *The New York Times*, Dean Burch, Nixon's man at the Federal Communications Commission, has threatened to crack down on so-called topless radio—i.e., talk shows featuring calls from women who discuss sex on the air. Burch admitted that it's not the FCC's job to become involved in censorship and he acknowledged that commercial broadcasting works best when the Government keeps its nose out; but then he added that "a few broadcasters today are in the process of forcing public definition of the fragile distinction between freedom and license."

The *Times*'s story continued with Burch's condemnation of some broadcasters for "the prurient trash that is the stock in trade of the sex-oriented radio talk show, complete with suggestive, coaxing, pear-shaped tones of the smut-hustling host" (prose like that might make Spiro Agnew envious). He concluded with the ominous prediction that "the boundaries of the First Amendment may next be tested in the context of the right to broadcast garbage—and don't kid yourselves, it will be tested."

The First Amendment says that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. . . ." Apparently the test that Burch threatens would be a Government attempt to see how far it can push the idiotic contention that no law actually means some law. If there's any public definition of the difference between freedom and license, or between entertainment and trash, to be made, then the public should make it, and not some bureaucratic lackey trying to win points with his boss. Though Nixon-Agnew-Burch totalitarians might wish it otherwise, we don't yet live in an Orwellian situation where you can't turn the radio off. Each of us can still act as his own censor by merely turning the dial or flipping the switch that comes as part of the standard equipment on every radio sold.

William Kyle
Detroit, Michigan

PRESIDENT VS. PRESS

Your April editorial *Mr. Nixon and the Media* was excellent. We need more people who are willing to tell the Administration to back off and re-examine the Constitution.

Here in Washington, the state legislature recently killed a shield law for reporters, even though a lengthy hearing provided overwhelming evidence that such a law is necessary. All of us who are media professionals were deeply discouraged at the lack of foresight and courage shown by several legislators who attacked the proposed law because they have seen their own names in print from time to time.

I never cease to be amazed at the rantings of some politicians, and especially of the Nixon Administration when it comes to their relationships with the news media. It is high time the President recognized the fact that the responsibility of the press is not to the Administration nor to the Government in general but to the people.

Dave Workman, Editor
Snoqualmie Valley Record
Snoqualmie, Washington

It may be that a majority of Americans think a reporter need not reveal the name of his source, as claimed in the April special *Playboy Forum* report, *Mr. Nixon and the Media*. However, if the source of a story is not willing to allow his name to be used in connection with it, how does the reader know the story is true? Saying "My source is confidential" is about as meaningful as saying "It came to me in a dream."

William H. Wingo
Memphis, Tennessee

Perhaps it is easy to overlook or forget the scandals of the Nixon Administration —Watergate, I. T. T., suppression of the Pentagon papers, Kent State, political tinkering with the Public Broadcasting System, the generally secretive attitude toward the public—when they're taken one at a time. But to consider the accumulation is to become enraged.

George D. Shipley
Omaha, Nebraska

I am very upset and disappointed with *Mr. Nixon and the Media*. Cut it out! If you are going to turn your magazine into an anti-Nixon political-propaganda sheet, it's going to get kicked around just like *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. Let's stick to pretty girls and party jokes.

Emmett Shaw
Tacoma, Washington

The quotation from Lenin in *Mr. Nixon and the Media* demonstrates that there's little difference between Nixon's and Agnew's attitude toward the press and that of the Communist dictator. It underlines the fact that heads of state have more in common with one another than with the people they rule.

Louis Solomon
New York, New York

REPORTERS FIGHT BACK

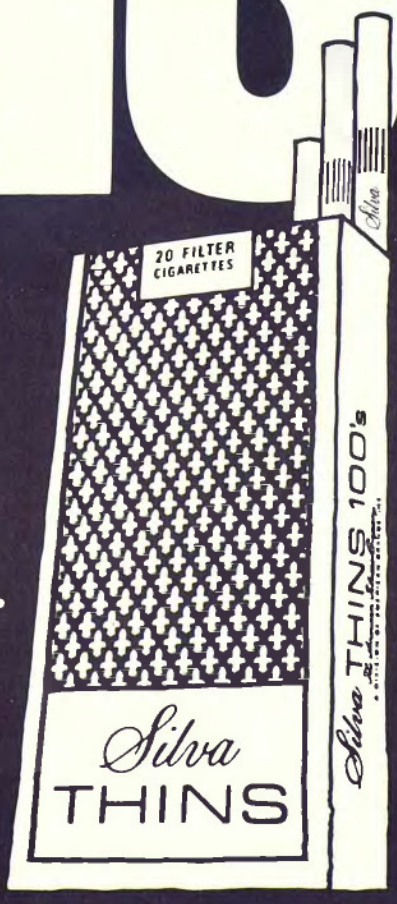
On behalf of The Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press and of members of the working press, we thank the Playboy Foundation for its contribution of funds. The committee is the only legal research-and-defense organization in the country that is exclusively devoted to protecting the First Amendment and the freedom-of-information interests of the working press.

Among other projects, the committee has filed friend-of-the-court briefs in cases in which newsmen's rights were threatened, conducted surveys on issues relevant to freedom of the press, financed appeals, and circulated and presented petitions. It maintains a censorship-information center, publishes a censorship newsletter and supplies emergency advice and legal representation to reporters. We are anxious that our projects demonstrate the highest quality of legal analysis and constitutional scholarship. We welcome complaints about serious infringements on the legal rights of the working press and inquiries

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.

about the committee's activities; write to Box 897, Benjamin Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Jack C. Landau, Trustee
The Reporters Committee for
Freedom of the Press
Washington, D.C.

PART OF THE PROBLEM

With his usual gift for strident cliché, Richard Nixon has declared "all-out global war on the drug menace." His latest plan is to create a Drug Enforcement Administration as part of the Department of Justice, which will consolidate several Federal agencies that are now involved in enforcing drug laws. The amount of money spent on Federal efforts to enforce narcotics laws has increased sevenfold in the past five years, but drug traffic continues to flourish. What Nixon and his underlings refuse to admit is that by making drugs harder to get, the Government does not reduce the number of addicts; it simply causes a rise in the price of drugs, which makes the traffic still more profitable. The props could be knocked out from under this whole sorry state of affairs by simply enacting legislation to make narcotics available to addicts through medical channels. But then, of course, Nixon's Administration would have one less fake problem to distract people from its failure to solve real ones.

Robert Little
Washington, D.C.

NORML ANSWERS NIXON

By insisting on maintaining criminal penalties for use, possession or sale of marijuana, President Nixon has ignored the findings of every major study and official inquiry, including the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse that he appointed. We can only conclude that the President, like many Americans, stubbornly clings to myths about the "killer weed" and will not permit abundant contrary evidence to alter his personal convictions, regardless of the high cost to society, and to individuals, of continued criminal prohibition.

We agree with the President on one point: Drug abuse in the United States today has reached frightening proportions and we must develop effective programs to combat it. But we firmly disagree with the President's continued reliance on the crime-and-punishment approach. Decriminalizing private possession and use of marijuana is a sensible and logical first step in attacking the real problem of drug abuse.

Acquiring respect and credibility in the area of drug education must be the Government's first objective if it expects to reach the nation's youth. Harmful drugs are readily available, and researchers and clandestine experimenters will no doubt develop many more in the years to come. Since the Thirties, the dangers of marijuana have been grossly exaggerated, a fact that young people have discovered from firsthand experience. As a result, legitimate warnings about heroin, amphetamines, methaqualone and barbiturates have been widely ignored as equally groundless. Removing the criminal penalties for the personal use of marijuana would suggest a willingness by our Government to finally deal realistically with marijuana, hence with other drugs as well.

Enforcement of marijuana laws is diverting law-enforcement resources away from areas where they are critically needed. The American Bar Association has estimated that there were 226,000 marijuana-related arrests in this country last year. While officials often tell us they now concentrate on the commercial trafficker, and not on the user, the marijuana commission found otherwise. Only seven percent of the state arrests were for selling, while 93 percent were for possession and use. Two thirds of those arrested were charged with possession of less than one ounce. The cost of enforcing the marijuana laws in the state of California alone has been estimated to exceed $100,000,000 annually. Our society can ill afford to burden its police forces with the impossible task of trying to pursue and arrest the 26,000,000 people in the United States who have now used marijuana. Law enforcement must concentrate on serious crimes against persons and property.

Prohibition is, and always has been, the opposite of regulation: it means there are no controls. The 13-year-old can buy marijuana as easily as the 30-year-old, and with no assurance that it is not adulterated with harmful drugs or other psychoactive substances.

Unfortunately, the President has chosen to apply the discredited domino theory to drugs, and is naïvely asking, "If we change the laws on marijuana, where do we draw the line?" This argument is inappropriate and illogical.

It has been estimated that 50,000 individuals used marijuana in 1937 when the first Federal marijuana law was passed. A study prepared for the Justice Department's Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs estimates that by 1976 the number of persons who have smoked marijuana will reach 45,000,000 to 50,000,000, nearly double what it is today. It is clear that marijuana smoking is a firm fact of life and that no conceivable law-enforcement program can eradicate it. And it should be clear from long legal experience that an unenforceable law is usually worse than no law at all—especially when it aggravates other real and related problems.

Our drug laws should be based on the most accurate information available on the actual dangers of a particular drug and not on prejudice, fear, emotionalism or moral fervor. Thomas Jefferson insisted that "Laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind." Since we now know that marijuana is a relatively harmless drug, and apparently is less harmful than alcohol, tobacco and many other drugs that we permit in our overprescribed society, we should change our laws to reflect that fact. We support a policy of discouraging recreational use of all drugs, but we should no longer continue to make criminals out of those who choose to ignore our advice.

Howard S. Becker, Ph.D.
Walter D. Dennis, M.A., S.T.B.
John Finlator
Joel Fort, M.D.
Erich Goode, Ph.D.
Lester Grinspoon, M.D.
Aryeh Neier
David E. Smith, M.D.
R. Keith Stroup
Dorothy V. Whipple, M.D.
Norman E. Zinberg, M.D.
Members, Advisory Board
National Organization
for the Reform of
Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

LONE-STAR LUNACY

At the age of 20, Robert Alejandro had plans for a July wedding and was one year away from his college degree. Robert's record with the Fort Worth police department was clean, but apparently he was under surveillance as a suspected marijuana user. One Friday evening while he was entertaining eight friends in his home, the police broke down his door, searched the house and found about five ounces of pot.

Robert was the only *chicano* there that night. All charges were dropped against his guests, who were Anglo-Americans. At his trial, Robert's defense was to plead guilty to possession of marijuana and to beg the jury for forgiveness. He emphasized that this was his first and only offense. After Robert's emotional appeal to the jury, they convened to decide their verdict. In a few minutes, the jury found Robert Alejandro guilty and sentenced him to 25 years in the state penitentiary.

Jim Bigbee, State Coordinator
Texas NORML
Dallas, Texas

LAW ABUSE

As a lawyer with firsthand knowledge of the absurdity of our current drug laws, I feel that it is highly unfair that Texas is so often singled out for using a legal rationale to obtain irrational results. Montana has been working diligently in this area of law abuse since January 1968, when the Missoula city council passed an ordinance prohibiting the possession of glue for "unlawful purposes." Although it is most difficult for an officer to determine if a person intends to use glue to build an airplane or commit a prohibited act, this did not deter the council from creating a crime to solve a problem.

Also, there are two Montana criminal cases in the courts here that rival anything that ever came out of Texas. The first involves a middle-aged man who killed horses and had intercourse with the carcasses. Instead of psychiatric treatment, this unfortunate man got 40 years in prison.

The other case involves a young man who is now serving two years in prison for the "attempted possession of marijuana." Next we'll be jailing people for daydreaming about smoking marijuana.

Robert J. Campbell, Chairman
Missoula Chapter of the American
Civil Liberties Union
Missoula, Montana

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

The Long Island newspaper *Newsday* reports that a man who accepted $5000 from a Federal narcotics agent and took a vacation with it has been arrested for embezzlement. He told a *Newsday* reporter that Government agents, believing he was a heroin dealer, pressured him. "I didn't know anything about junk and told them I couldn't help them. Then this agent . . . kept pestering me, so I finally said, 'Get me $5000 and I can get you a taste.'" He took the money and went to Puerto Rico. Said he: "It was the best vacation I ever had."

David A. Santogrossi
Selden, New York

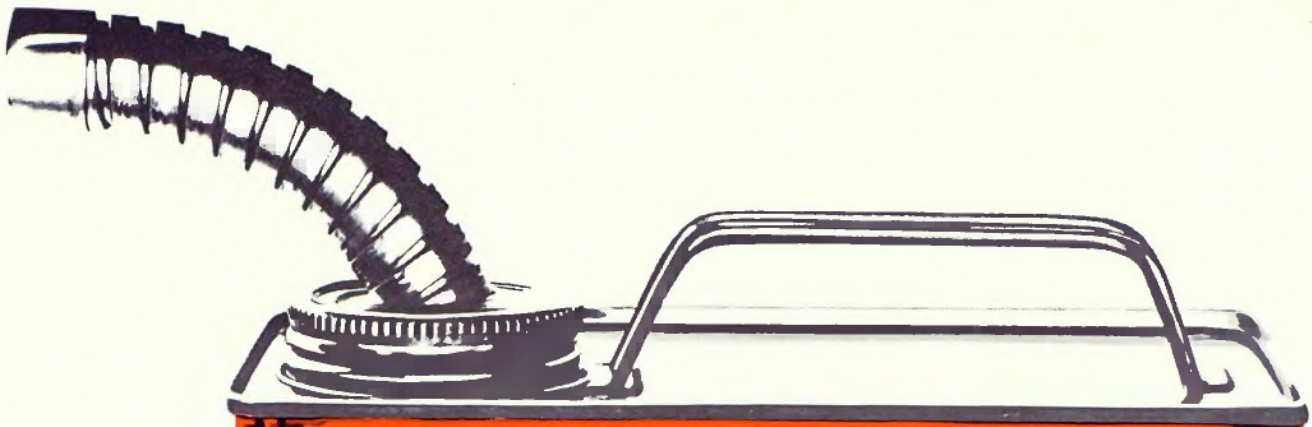
THE P. O. W. MYTH

As Vietnam veterans and journalists, we are outraged by the press and TV coverage of the release of American prisoners of war. We are especially angered by CBS's cancellation of *Sticks and Bones*—a play about a returning veteran who opposes what the war has done—in fear that viewing the play might upset Americans whose "lives or attention are at the moment emotionally dominated by the returning P. O. W.s."

This focus on emotionalism and censorship of negative reaction has served to perpetuate the Nixon Administration's myth that all the P. O. W.s are clean-cut, all-American heroes. In fact, the majority of them are career professionals who voluntarily bombed schools and hospitals along with their military targets. Nor were they held, as Nixon claimed, under conditions that were "the most barbaric . . . in history." Their treatment appears to have been practically luxurious compared with that afforded the military and political prisoners of the U. S. Army and the Saigon government. Their living conditions were certainly no worse than the conditions that their bombs imposed on the people of Indochina.

There are many men who no longer fit into this society because they have seen what it is capable of doing to another culture. If this truth is "abrasive to the feelings of millions of Americans" (as CBS

(continued on page 210)



DATSUN SAVES

About a gallon of gasoline a day.

With the demand for fuel rising faster than the supply, here's one way to help ease our energy crisis. According to the latest U.S. Bureau of Highways figures, the national average for gas mileage is about 13.5 miles per gallon. The new Datsun 1200 gets around 30 miles per gallon or over *twice* the national average. The average car in the U.S. is driven just over 10,000 miles a year, so you can save about a gallon of gas every day by driving a 1200. With gasoline prices going up, it's a considerable saving of another important resource: your money. Drive a Datsun . . . then decide.

DATSUN
FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

a candid conversation with the ironic fantasist whose novels—"cat's cradle," "slaughterhouse-five," "breakfast of champions"—have made him a campus cult hero

By 1962, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., had been writing novels for ten years; three had been published—"Player Piano," "The Sirens of Titan" and "Mother Night"—and nobody had ever heard of him. He didn't count. "Player Piano" had been haphazardly reviewed when it was published in 1952, because it was a first novel; and had been as haphazardly dismissed when the reviewers found out that it looked a lot like science fiction—which is to say, trash. In 1959, "The Sirens of Titan" came out as a paperback original, with a screaming space-opera cover—and didn't get a single review. Ditto "Mother Night," in 1962, which carried a cover blurb implying that it was part of the "Kiss My Whip" school of writing.

In the 11 years since, he's written four more novels—"Cat's Cradle," "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater," "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Breakfast of Champions," just published. His books are now reviewed in the lead slot of the Sunday Times *book section; "Slaughterhouse-Five" rode the best-seller lists for more than three months and was nominated for a National Book Award; "Breakfast of Champions" was grabbed by three book clubs long before it came out; those early novels that the critics wouldn't touch with a stick are now being taught in colleges all over the place; a book of original essays about him called "The Vonnegut Statement" just appeared; the number of Ph.D. dissertations considering his work is up to six so far, and you can practically hear the typewriters clacking in graduate schools everywhere: "The Ambivalent Relationship of Zen and Bokononism in 'Cat's Cradle': An Approach." And so on.*

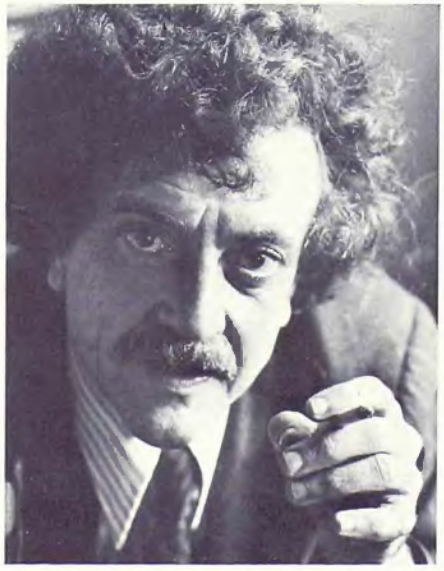
Vonnegut counts now. But it's been a long time coming, and the way it happened was a series of accidents. The first accident was his birth date: Armistice Day, a day set aside for the celebration of peace. He was born in Indianapolis in 1922, into a German family with a long rationalist tradition; they were pacifists and atheists who loved America. His grandfather had been the first licensed architect to practice in Indiana and his father was an architect, too—which probably has something to do with how much Vonnegut has thought about the importance of homes. He had a sister, who died of cancer 15 years ago, and has an older brother, a well-respected scientist who is listed directly above his kid brother in "Who's Who."

Vonnegut planned to be a scientist, too, but started writing in high school for the Shortridge Echo, *one of the country's few daily high school papers. He went on to Cornell to study biochemistry—and ended up writing a column for* The Cornell Daily Sun. *This was the spring of 1941 and most of his fellow freshmen were hungry to get into the war and kill Germans. Vonnegut, who was both a pacifist and a German-American, wrote anti-war columns that made almost everybody nervous.*

But Pearl Harbor and the dreary drift of the war changed his mind enough that he enlisted in a student officer-training corps in 1943, and he was sent to Carnegie Tech to become a mechanical engineer. But that didn't work, and not long afterward he was in the Infantry, in Germany, fighting Germans. It was the Battle of the Bulge. When the Germans blasted his squad to pieces—leaving Vonnegut to stumble and wander for 11 days, alone, lost, looking for the war—Billy Pilgrim, the gentle, time-warped optometrist who lives through it all in "Slaughterhouse-Five," was born.

If war had before seemed preposterous to Vonnegut, it just got worse: He was captured and eventually shipped off to Dresden, which he has since described as the first truly beautiful city he had ever seen. It was supposedly a safe place; there was nothing in it to bomb but people and extraordinary cathedrals. He was down in a slaughterhouse when it happened; when he came out, the city had melted to the ground. And the good guys had done it

"I have the canary-bird-in-the-coal-mine theory of the arts. The artists certainly did that in the case of Vietnam. They chirped and keeled over. But it made no difference whatsoever."



"Thinking doesn't seem to help very much. The human brain is too high-powered to have many practical uses in this particular universe. I'd like to live with alligators, think like an alligator."

JILL KREMENTZ

"It strikes me as gruesome and comical that in our culture we have an expectation that a man can always solve his problems. This is so untrue that it makes me want to cry—or laugh."

—and then kept quiet about it. He started thinking about that.

After the war, Vonnegut bounced through several schools and finally landed at the University of Chicago, studying anthropology. He didn't get his degree—the faculty committee turned down his thesis, "Fluctuations Between Good and Evil in Simple Tales"—but he learned some things at school about watching how people behave that still show, sometimes hilariously, in his writing. In a lot of ways, he's still an anthropologist, whether the University of Chicago says so or not.

He married Jane Cox, whom he'd met in kindergarten, when he went to Chicago, and was moonlighting as a reporter for the City News Bureau to keep them both alive. But after the faculty committee said his ideas weren't right, he left school and wound up as a public-relations man for General Electric in Schenectady, New York. He was a good one, for three years, from 1947 to 1950, but it meant hanging around scientists all the time, listening to their bright plans for improving the future. He left in 1950 because his reaction to their cheery talk was turning into a book: "Player Piano." It seemed to him that scientists in those days wanted to mechanize everything and take care of everybody, and he showed them a terrible, funny future in which just that had happened: a technological "Brave New World" where virtually all work was done by machines and everybody but the scientists who ran them walked around feeling empty and useless.

By the time "Player Piano" came out, Vonnegut had moved to Cape Cod and taken up free-lancing full time. For the next few years, he lived mainly by writing short stories for such magazines as Collier's, Saturday Evening Post *and* Cosmopolitan. *His family was getting bigger—he had three children and became legal guardian of his sister's three children when she and her husband died within a day of each other—so he spent most of his time writing stories that would feed everybody, and didn't get around to another novel until "The Sirens of Titan." Vonnegut claims it's the only book he enjoyed writing, and it is a fantastic whoop, with characters pinballed to Mercury, Mars and Titan, an "extremely pleasant moon of Saturn." In it, the entire course of human history has had a single purpose: to deliver a replacement part to an alien spaceship on Titan. But at least it's a purpose.*

Like the rest of his early books, "Mother Night" lived only in hiding on the paperback racks. The next one, "Cat's Cradle," in 1963, began with a typical lack of fanfare. But it leaked onto college campuses—where the hot discussion at the time was what Piggy symbolized in "Lord of the Flies"—and spread like a bizarre and happy rumor: a romp about the end of the world, with a new religion created by a bum and based on agreeable lies, and full of useful new terms like karass *and* grandfalloon. *Two years later, the rumor had spread so well that Vonnegut had become a campus cult hero; both the term and the status still make him a little jumpy.*

After 1965, when "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater" came out, grownups began paying attention, too. One by one, the critics heard the kids and found a new novelist to play with; and while they were figuring out how to react to him, Vonnegut accepted an invitation to teach at Iowa's Writers' Workshop. Then came a Guggenheim, which he used to return to Dresden and to work on what became "Slaughterhouse-Five."

His family is grown and scattered now, and Vonnegut has given up the Cape Cod farmhouse for a New York duplex in the East 50s. He says that "Breakfast of Champions," which was published in May, will be "the last of the selfish books." It's supposedly about a confused and then crazed Midwesterner who believes he's the only human being in a world of robots, but it's really about looking for, and finding, reasons to stay alive on a planet that's certainly crazy and frequently shitty, too—which, finally, is what all his books have been about.

Vonnegut is 50 now, and for a lot of people that's a year full of changes, checking out old paths and directions, snooping around for new ones. To find out if that's been the case for him, and to see how the world looks from where he's watching, we sent Staff Writer David Standish to talk to him in New York. Standish reports:

"I was one of the people who made Kurt Vonnegut rich and famous. It was in 1962, and I was a junior at a university in Ohio, on my way back from a wonderful wrecked weekend in Chicago. It was just about dawn, and I was waiting for the Indianapolis bus in the Greyhound station, tired and happy and hung over and in no mood for sleep. Joe, as we used to say, College.

"So I was cruising to kill time, and wound up staring through the haze at the paperback rack, blinking my eyes into focus, and saw:

MOTHER NIGHT
By
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
The Confessions of
Howard W. Campbell, Jr.

"It sounded weird enough. And it was. I spent the next three hours riding toward Vonnegut's home town, getting to know his remarkable zoo of odd, quirky characters—senile, unreconstructed Nazis, artistic failed spies and fanatic evangelists who hate for God. The book was funny and serious and sometimes incredibly smart; in it somewhere he develops the image of the crazed totalitarian mind as a gear with a few teeth missing: It ticks along perfectly most of the time, then skips, jumps and lurches—and ticks along perfectly again. I was knocked out. And went back to Ohio and spread the word: 'I don't know who this fucker Vonnegut is, but he's a gas. Pass it on.'

"Eleven years later, I was ringing the bell of his apartment. At first I thought I had the wrong building, it was so plain and unassuming on the outside; but that, of course, was right: Vonnegut himself is a little like that. He let me in, smiling, and led me through a tiny kitchen into a high-ceilinged living room. The walls were covered with paintings, one or two huge and dreamily abstract, and one full of happy people done in fourth-grade primitive style that he said came from Haiti. The black Danish-modern chair he sits in to write was pulled up to a low coffee table, facing his portable typewriter. Envelopes and papers and letters were piled in nearly neat stacks on several tables. The rear wall was glass and faced an enclosed patio that was being used at the moment to store a rug rolled up and flopped there. It looked like he'd moved in a few months before and was just finishing up. I asked him how long he'd lived there. He grinned. 'Two years.'

"We started the interview right away. He chain-smoked Pall Malls and laughed and wheezed and pondered, running his hands through his WASPro and sometimes looking at the ceiling to find words. In his V-neck sweater, slacks and old sneakers, he didn't look much like a proper hero for hip college students—more like their father. And he looked like he'd be a good one. I had always loved his books, because they always made me laugh and often made me think, but as we talked, I realized that in a strange way—beyond the characters and planets that turn up again and again, like an askew intergalactic Yoknapatawpha County—all his books really fit together. That there is a Plan. I began by asking him what he's trying to say in his books."

PLAYBOY: Beyond the fact that it's become a profitable way to make a living, why do you write?

VONNEGUT: My motives are political. I agree with Stalin and Hitler and Mussolini that the writer should serve his society. I differ with dictators as to *how* writers should serve. Mainly, I think they should be—and biologically *have* to be—agents of change. For the better, we hope.

PLAYBOY: Biologically?

VONNEGUT: Writers are specialized cells in the social organism. They are evolutionary cells. Mankind is trying to become something else; it's experimenting with new ideas all the time. And writers are a means of introducing new ideas into the society, and also a means of responding symbolically to life. I don't think we're in control of what we do.

PLAYBOY: What *is* in control?

We sell success.

Some straight talk to the executive who reads Playboy.

Harsh and tough-sounding as it may seem, success can be bought. Or at least the guidance that brings personal executive success.

That's where The Executive Program® comes in, with all the important new books you need to keep your skills sharp and current. Books realistic in approach to today's business problems and opportunities . . . lean, expedient, trenchant . . . not an ounce of fat. New books about all the new ways of improving business and your position within it . . . successfully. Books about getting people to work harder *for* you and to make *your* job more rewarding. All at substantial discounts. *Sound like your book club?*

34221. THE APRIL GAME: Secrets of an Internal Revenue Agent. *'Diogenes'.* A veteran internal revenue agent takes you behind-the-scenes at the IRS and reveals all. Tax inequities, who's audited, how to be audited safely — every taxpayer will want to study this one. **$7.95**

48590. A FINANCIAL GUIDE FOR THE SELF-EMPLOYED. *John Ellis.* Enormously useful if you're in the professions or owner of a small business. **$7.50**

60261. MANAGERIAL FINANCE FOR THE SEVENTIES. *Thomas C. Committe.* The financing techniques for handling just about every financial tool and problem that confront contemporary management. **$10.95**

60210. MANAGING FOR RESULTS/THE EFFECTIVE EXECUTIVE. Two classics of business literature by Peter Drucker. *The two books count as one.* **$12.45**

50710. THE GREAT EXECUTIVE DREAM. *Robert Heller.* Open-eyed view on such items as the Harvard Business School, consultants, the computer-craze and the "future-gazers." **$7.95**

34470. THE ART OF INVESTING. *Philipp H. Lohman.* Comprehensive, sensible guide to the many ways to make money through investing. **$8.95**

74810. ROUTES TO THE EXECUTIVE SUITE. *Eugene Jennings.* The "get-to-the-top" strategies of the '70s — where skill augurs more than effort; where working smart, not hard, pays; where eyeing the organization chart distorts reality. Compelling guide for the new "mobile" executive. **$8.95**

36210. THE BIG BUCK AND THE NEW BUSINESS BREED. *E. A. Butler.* How business failure, particularly in large organizations, can be traced to one fundamental flaw, and the ways and means, the attitudes that can turn it around. **$5.95**

53850. HOW TO GET MORE DONE IN LESS TIME. *Joseph D. Cooper.* You can stay cool and productive when everyone around you is breaking down, with these savvy tactics for *commanding time.* **$7.95**

60390. MANAGING THE DYNAMIC SMALL FIRM. *Edited by Lawrence A. Klatt.* A treasure of insights and immediately useful ideas. **$10.00**

53890. HOW TO GET A BETTER JOB QUICKER/THE CORPORATE PRINCE. How to isolate the key accomplishments of your career and net a position paying up to 25% more than your previous one. *Plus* the tactics smart executives use to gain their way or block adversaries. *The two books count as one.* **$12.90**

85120. UNACCOUNTABLE ACCOUNTING. *Abraham J. Briloff.* Today's weird accounting practices, how to understand them and protect yourself. **$9.50**

73640. REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT STRATEGY. *Maury Seldin and Richard H. Swesnik.* The textbook on making big money in building and land. **$10.75**

69562. PO: A Device for Successful Thinking/SAY WHAT YOU MEAN. Basic primer for a new organic way of thinking, highly successful in creative problem solving . . . *Plus* the sensible way to write business communications clearly and effectively. *The two books count as one.* **$11.90**

46710. THE EXECUTIVE'S ACCOUNTING PRIMER. *Robert L. Dixon.* Bottom-line answers for anyone who depends too heavily on accounting "experts." **$9.95**

39810. THE COMPLETE UPMANSHIP. *Stephen Potter.* Four comic gems in a definitive single volume. A delectable, quintessential handbook of gamesmanship ploys for staying ahead of the game. **$8.95**

HOW THE PROGRAM OPERATES

- The Executive Program News, describing the coming Main Selection and Alternate Selections, will be sent to you 15 times a year at three to four week intervals.
- If you wish to purchase the Main Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you prefer one of the Alternates, or no book at all, simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the News and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- The News is mailed in time to allow you at least 10 days to decide if you want the coming Main Selection. If, because of late mail delivery of the News, you should ever receive a Main Selection without having had the 10-day consideration period, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
- After completing your trial membership, you will be entitled to take advantage of our fabulous bonus plan which offers savings up to 70% and more.

(Offer good in Continental United States and Canada only. Prices slightly higher in Canada).

Take any 3 books
(values to $37.85)
all for $1 each
as a member of
The Executive Program®

if you join now and agree to accept only 3 more books at member discount prices during the next 12 months.

(retail prices shown)

34440. THE ART OF GETTING YOUR OWN SWEET WAY. *Philip B. Crosby.* How to develop a *repeatable* method of resolving any business difficulty. **$7.95**

82771. TEN CENTS ON THE DOLLAR Or The Bankruptcy Game. *Sidney Ruthberg.* The sassy columnist for *Women's Wear Daily* tells how the whole business works via inside stories of people involved: lawyers, accounting, collectors, and auctioneers. **$6.95**

53811. HOW TO KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE Or What Your Broker Never Told You. *Charles Neal.* Is your broker making money for you—or for his brokerage house? Here's all the inside dope (from an ex-broker) on just how brokers operate — and how to deal with them effectively. **$7.95**

84920. TURNAROUND MANAGEMENT: A Manual for Profit Improvement and Growth. *Joseph Eisenberg.* Need to dramatically improve a department or shore up a sagging corporation — in only six to twelve months? Here's tough, bottom-line advice from twelve experts on how to make near-term gains *fast.* **$12.50**

The Executive Program® 3-58X
Riverside, New Jersey 08075

Please accept my application for membership and send me the three volumes indicated, billing me only $1 each. I agree to purchase at least three additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, at special members' prices. Savings range up to 30% and occasionally even more. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these three books. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.

Send no money. Members are billed when books arrive.

Indicate by number the 3 books you want.

☐ ☐ ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____

WS
1

Some people say Doc Snyder's grass is a little greener on the brewery side of the hill.

In the 24 years Doc's been working at the brewery he's become pretty much of an expert on our gardens.

And folks who visit us here in Tumwater, Washington, keep asking why our flowers bloom like they do, and why our grass grows so rich and green. Now to hear Doc tell it, it has a lot to do with the pure natural artesian water he uses. The same water we use to brew our fine Olympia Beer.

We always knew our artesian water was something special. We just never figured it to be that special.

But then, last time we checked, the grass really did seem a little greener on the brewery side of the hill.

It's the water. And a lot more.

Olympia Brewing Company, Tumwater, Washington. "Oly"

VONNEGUT: Mankind's wish to improve itself.

PLAYBOY: In a Darwinian sense?

VONNEGUT: I'm not very grateful for Darwin, although I suspect he was right. His ideas make people crueler. Darwinism says to them that people who get sick deserve to be sick, that people who are in trouble must deserve to be in trouble. When anybody dies, cruel Darwinists imagine we're obviously improving ourselves in some way. And any man who's on top is there because he's a superior animal. That's the social Darwinism of the last century, and it continues to boom. But forget Darwin. Writers are specialized cells doing whatever we do, and we're expressions of the entire society —just as the sensory cells on the surface of your body are in the service of your body as a whole. And when a society is in great danger, we're likely to sound the alarms. I have the canary-bird-in-the-coal-mine theory of the arts. You know, coal miners used to take birds down into the mines with them to detect gas before men got sick. The artists certainly did that in the case of Vietnam. They chirped and keeled over. But it made no difference whatsoever. Nobody important cared. But I continue to think that artists—all artists—should be treasured as alarm systems.

PLAYBOY: And social planners?

VONNEGUT: I have many ideas as to how Americans could be happier and better cared for than they are.

PLAYBOY: In some of your books—especially *The Sirens of Titan* and *Slaughterhouse-Five*—there's a serious notion that all moments in time exist simultaneously, which implies that the future can't be changed by an act of will in the present. How does a desire to improve things fit with that?

VONNEGUT: You understand, of course, that everything I say is horseshit.

PLAYBOY: Of course.

VONNEGUT: Well, we do live our lives simultaneously. That's a *fact*. You *are* here as a child and as an old man. I recently visited a woman who has Hodgkin's disease. She has somewhere between a few months and a couple of years to live, and she told me that she was living her life simultaneously now, living *all* the moments of it.

PLAYBOY: It still seems paradoxical.

VONNEGUT: That's because what I've just said to you is horseshit. But it's a useful, comforting sort of horseshit, you see? That's what I object to about preachers. They don't say anything to make anybody any happier, when there are all these neat lies you can tell. And everything is a lie, because our brains are two-bit computers, and we can't get very high-grade truths out of them. But as far as improving the human condition goes, our minds are certainly up to that. That's what they were designed to do. And we do have the freedom to make up comforting lies. But we don't do enough of it. One of my favorite ministers was a guy named Bob Nicholson. He looked like Joseph Cotten, and he was a bachelor Episcopalian priest up on Cape Cod. Every time one of his parishioners died, he went all to pieces. He was outraged by death. So it was up to his congregation and the relatives of the deceased to patch him up, get him pumped up on Christianity sufficiently to get through the funeral service. I liked that very much: Nothing he was going to say in the standard Episcopalian funeral oration was going to satisfy *him*. He needed better lies.

PLAYBOY: Did you come up with any?

VONNEGUT: I tried. Everybody did. It was a very creative situation, with a minister of God falling apart like that.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the lies you like?

VONNEGUT: "Thou shalt not kill." That's a good lie. Whether God said it or not, it's still a perfectly good lie. And if it gives it more force to say that God said it, well, fine.

PLAYBOY: What's your religious background?

VONNEGUT: My ancestors, who came to the United States a little before the Civil War, were atheists. So I'm not rebelling against organized religion. I never had any. I learned my outrageous opinions about sacred matters at my mother's knee. My family has always had those. They came here absolutely crazy about the United States Constitution and about the possibility of prosperity and the brotherhood of man here. They were willing to work very hard, and they were atheists.

PLAYBOY: Do you think organized religion can make anybody happier?

VONNEGUT: Oh, of course. Lots of comforting lies are told in church—not enough, but some. I wish preachers would lie more convincingly about how honest and brotherly we should be. I've never heard a sermon on the subject of gentleness or restraint; I've never heard a minister say it was wrong to kill. No preacher ever speaks out against cheating in business. There are 52 Sundays in a year, and somehow none of these subjects comes up.

PLAYBOY: Is there any religion you consider superior to any other?

VONNEGUT: Alcoholics Anonymous. Alcoholics Anonymous gives you an extended family that's very close to a blood brotherhood, because everybody has endured the same catastrophe. And one of the enchanting aspects of Alcoholics Anonymous is that many people join who *aren't* drunks, who pretend to be drunks because the social and spiritual benefits are so large. But they talk about real troubles, which aren't spoken about in church, as a rule. The halfway houses for people out of prisons, or for people recovering from drug habits, have the same problems: people hanging around who just want the companionship, the brotherhood or the sisterhood, who want the extended family.

PLAYBOY: Why?

VONNEGUT: It's a longing for community. This is a lonesome society that's been fragmented by the factory system. People have to move from here to there as jobs move, as prosperity leaves one area and appears somewhere else. People don't live in communities permanently anymore. But they should: Communities are very comforting to human beings. I was talking to a United Mine Workers lawyer in a bar down in the Village the other day, and he was telling me how some miners in Pennsylvania damn well will not leave, even though the jobs are going, because of the church-centered communities there, and particularly because of the music. They have choirs that are 100 years old, some of them, extraordinary choirs, and they're not going to leave that and go to San Diego, and build ships or airplanes. They're going to stay in Pennsylvania, because that's home. And that's intelligent. People should have homes. My father and grandfather were both architects—my grandfather was the first licensed architect in Indiana—and he built a home with the idea that it would be inhabited by several generations. Of course, the house is an undertaking parlor or a ukulele institute now. But during his lifetime, my father built two dream homes with the idea that further generations would live there. I would like there to be ancestral homes for all Americans somewhere.

PLAYBOY: But you're living in a New York apartment now.

VONNEGUT: Well, I'm used to the rootlessness that goes with my profession. But I would like people to be able to stay in one community for a lifetime, to travel away from it to see the world, but always to come home again. This is comforting. Whenever I go to Indianapolis now, a childish question nags at me, and I finally have to say it out loud: "Where is my bed?" I grew up there, and nearly 1,000,000 people live there now, but there is no place in that city where a bed is mine. So I ask, "Where is my bed?"—and then wind up in a Holiday Inn. You can't go home again.

Until recent times, you know, human beings usually had a permanent community of relatives. They had dozens of homes to go to. So when a married couple had a fight, one or the other could go to a house three doors down and stay with a close relative until he was feeling tender again. Or if a kid got so fed up with his parents that he couldn't stand it, he could march over to his uncle's for a while. And this is no longer possible. Each family is locked into its little box. The neighbors aren't relatives. There aren't other houses where people can go and be cared for. When Nixon is pondering what's happening to America—"Where have the old values

gone?" and all that—the answer is perfectly simple. We're lonesome. We don't have enough friends or relatives anymore. And we would if we lived in real communities.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about those who are making attempts at alternate social structures—such as communes?

VONNEGUT: They want to go back to the way human beings have lived for 1,000,000 years, which is intelligent. Unfortunately, these communities usually don't hold together very long, and finally they fail because their members aren't really relatives, don't have enough in common. For a community really to work, you shouldn't have to wonder what the person next to you is thinking. That is a primitive society. In the communities of strangers that are being hammered together now, as young people take over farms and try to live communally, the founders are sure to have hellish differences. But their children, if the communes hold together long enough to raise children, will be more comfortable together, will have more attitudes and experiences in common, will be more like genuine relatives.

PLAYBOY: Have you done any research on this?

VONNEGUT: No. I'm afraid to. I might find out it wasn't true. It's a sunny little dream I have of a happier mankind. I couldn't survive my own pessimism if I didn't have some kind of sunny little dream. That's mine, and don't tell me I'm wrong: Human beings *will* be happier—not when they cure cancer or get to Mars or eliminate racial prejudice or flush Lake Erie but when they find ways to inhabit primitive communities again. That's my utopia. That's what I want for me.

PLAYBOY: You don't have a community?

VONNEGUT: Oh, there are a lot of people who'll talk to me on the telephone. And I always receive nice welcomes at Holiday Inns, Quality Motor Courts, Ramada Inns.

PLAYBOY: But you have no relatives?

VONNEGUT: Shoals of them, but scattered to hell and gone, and thinking all kinds of crazy different ways.

PLAYBOY: You want to be with people who live nearby and think exactly as you do?

VONNEGUT: No. That isn't primitive enough. I want to be with people who don't think at all, so I won't have to think, either. I'm very tired of thinking. It doesn't seem to help very much. The human brain is too high-powered to have many practical uses in this particular universe, in my opinion. I'd like to live with alligators, think like an alligator.

PLAYBOY: Could this feeling come from the fatigue of having just finished a book?

VONNEGUT: No.

PLAYBOY: Even though you'd rather be an alligator, could we talk about people some more?

VONNEGUT: People are too good for this world.

PLAYBOY: You must have seen or heard of human communities that you'd like to join.

VONNEGUT: Artists of different kinds constitute a sort of extended family. I'm already in that, I guess. Artists usually understand one another fairly well, without anybody's having to explain much. There's one commune I admire here in New York, but I wouldn't want to join it. It was founded by a woman I know. It's based on everybody's screwing everybody else. This is intelligent, because it makes sort of a blood tie. It's actually a jism tie, but anything of a magical nature like that really does tend to make a person more of a relative. It's taken her a long time to construct this, because there are a lot of people who can never relate that way, who can't get through the barriers. But it's like the brotherhood ceremony in *Tom Sawyer*, when Tom and Huck sign oaths in their own blood. Vital substances are involved. I saw a thing on television recently about the exploration of the upper Nile: the British expedition was stopped by one of the tribal chiefs, and the chief wouldn't let them go on until they mingled their blood with the chief's blood. Another New York woman I know has a commune based on eating big bowls of chili or spaghetti or rice every night. Those are also vital substances.

PLAYBOY: This longing for community may explain, at least in part, the Jesus-freak movement among young people. But why do you think they're attracted to fundamentalist Christianity?

VONNEGUT: Well, the choice of a core for an artificial extended family is fairly arbitrary. I've already mentioned the arts and jism and blood and spaghetti. Christianity is equally commonplace and harmless, and therefore good. Do you know what nucleation is? I don't, but I'll pretend I do. It has to do with how big something has to be in order to grow rather than die out. The standard example is starting a fire in a coal furnace. If the fire you start is below a certain size, it will go out. If it's larger than that, it will spread until all the fuel is on fire. Clumps of cancer cells are probably forming in us all the time and petering out—because the clumps are below a certain size. In America, it's easy to form a large clump of people who know something about Christianity, since there has always been so much talk about Christianity around. It wouldn't be easy to get a large clump of Zoroastrians, for instance. But there are very big clumps of Christianity. There are very big clumps of race hatred. It's easy to make either one of them grow, especially in a society as lonesome as this one is. All kinds of clumps.

PLAYBOY: So you don't admire Christianity any more or less than, say, a communal bowl of spaghetti every evening? Or anything else that might hold an extended family together?

VONNEGUT: I admire Christianity more than anything—Christianity as symbolized by gentle people sharing a common bowl.

PLAYBOY: You speak of gentle people, but somehow all this talk of Jesus freaks and extended families brings Charles Manson to mind.

VONNEGUT: Yes, it does. His, of course, was an extended family. He recruited all these dim-witted girls, homeless girls, usually —girls who felt homeless, at any rate —and the family meant so much to them that they would do anything for it. They were simple and they were awfully young.

PLAYBOY: What do you think Manson's appeal was to them?

VONNEGUT: His willingness to be father. It's one of the weaknesses of our society that so few people are willing to be father, to be responsible, to be the organizer, to say what's to be done next. Very few people are up to this. So if somebody is willing to take charge, he is very likely to get followers—more than he knows what to do with. The standard behavior pattern in our society now is for the father to deny he's father as soon as he possibly can, when the kid is 16 or so. I assume that Charles Manson projected not only a willingness to become father but to remain father and become grandfather and then great-grandfather. There was a permanence there that people haven't been able to get from their own parents.

PLAYBOY: And if father happens to be evil, you just take your chances.

VONNEGUT: Sure. What the hell? You just got born and you're going to leave before you know it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any suggestions on how to put together healthier extended families than Manson's?

VONNEGUT: Sure. Put Christianity or spaghetti instead of murder at their core. I recommend this for countries, too.

PLAYBOY: Is there some way our country could encourage the growth of extended families?

VONNEGUT: By law. I'm writing a Kilgore Trout story about that right now.

PLAYBOY: Kilgore Trout is the fictitious science-fiction writer you've used in some of your novels.

VONNEGUT: That's true. And he's writing a story now about a time when our Government understands that it isn't taking care of the people because it's too clumsy and slow. It wants to help people, but it can't get anywhere in time. So the President happens to visit Nigeria, where extended families have been the style since the beginning of time. He is impressed, and properly so. Huge families take care of their own sick and old, of any relative in trouble. They do it right away and at no cost to the government. So the President of the United States comes home and he announces that the trouble with the country is that nobody has enough relatives

WHICH SPEAKER WOULD YOU CHOOSE LAST?

Sure, Sylvania isn't the name that pops right into your head when you think of audio speakers. But choosing us last for that reason could be your first mistake.

Your second mistake would be not listening to us before you buy one of those other speakers. After all, the Sylvania AS125 speakers received rave reviews in a top stereo magazine.

And when you hear the new Sylvania AS225, as shown below, you'll really wonder why you didn't think of us sooner.

There are four speakers inside the AS225 walnut-veneer cabinet. The 12-inch woofer has a powerful 20 oz. Alnico magnet, a 2½-inch voice coil for greater cone control, and a massive woofer cone for greater rigidity. The result is outstanding transient response.

Our low mid-range cone contains a 10 oz. barium ferrite magnet structure. Mechanical decoupling at the 2000Hz crossover point cuts down on distortion and power waste.

KLH
JBL
ADVENT
BOSE
MARANTZ
FISHER
SYLVANIA

Hemispherical design provides our 1½-inch dome mid-range with exceptional dispersion.

And the extra-thin mylar construction of the 1-inch dome tweeter means a low moving mass and a high frequency response a full octave above the normal limits of human hearing.

Sound good on paper? It'll sound even better when you go to your Sylvania dealer and hear it.

And you'll like the sound of the price, too.

Which just goes to show that while Sylvania might not be your first choice, it might be your best choice.

Sylvania Entertainment Products Group, Batavia, N.Y.

GTE SYLVANIA

within shouting distance. Nobody can just yell for help. Everybody has to fill out forms. So the President is going to have the computers of the Social Security Administration assign everybody thousands of relatives.

PLAYBOY: At random?

VONNEGUT: Higgledy-piggledy. You have to throw out whatever middle name you have and substitute whatever name the computers give you—names of Greek gods, colors, chemical elements, flowers, animals. The story begins with a political refugee coming to America, and he not only has to swear allegiance to the country and all that, he also has to accept a new middle name from the computers. They give him the middle name Daffodil. His name becomes Laszlo Daffodil Blintz. He has 20,000 relatives all over the country with the same Government Issue middle name. He gets a Daffodil family directory, a subscription to the Daffodil family's monthly magazine. There would be lots of ads in there for jobs, things to buy, things to sell.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't his GI relatives take advantage of him?

VONNEGUT: If they asked for too much, he could tell them to go screw, just the way he would a blood relative. And there would be ads and articles in the family monthly about crooks or deadbeats in the family. The joy of it would be that nobody would feel alone and anybody who needed seven dollars until next Tuesday or a baby sitter for an hour or a trip to the hospital could get it. Whenever I'm alone in a motel in a big city, I look up Vonneguts and Liebers in the telephone book, and there never are any. Lieber was my mother's maiden name. But if I were a Daffodil or a Chipmunk or a Chromium, there would be plenty of numbers to call.

PLAYBOY: What if they didn't want to hear from you?

VONNEGUT: That's a fairly standard experience with relatives. It's also fairly standard for relatives to be *glad* to hear from you, to help if they can.

PLAYBOY: They wouldn't be compelled by law to give you what you wanted?

VONNEGUT: Hell, no. It would be like regular relatives, only there would be slews of them. If some guy came ringing my doorbell and he said, "Hey, you're a Chipmunk and I'm a Chipmunk; I need a hundred dollars," I would listen to his story, if I felt like it, and give him what I could spare, what I thought he deserved. It could be zero. And it wouldn't turn the country into a sappy, mawkish society, either. There would be more people telling each other to go screw than there are right now. A panhandler could come up to you and say, "Hey, buddy, can you help a fella out?" And you could ask him his middle name, and he might say, "Chromium," and you could say, "Screw you. I'm a Chipmunk. Go ask a Chromium for help."

Eventually, of course, the Chromiums would start thinking they were just a little bit better than the Daffodils and "I don't know what it is about those Chipmunks," and so on, but there would also be people of all backgrounds meeting as relatives. "Are you an Emerald? Shit, I'm an Emerald, too! Where are you from?" I know that as far as Vonneguts go, I've got some claim on those people. I got a postcard on my 50th birthday signed by a lot of people named Vonnegut—a Catholic branch around Oakland, California. I don't know how they found out it was my birthday, but I got this marvelous card and I'd never met them.

One time a few years ago, I was speaking at the University of Hawaii and somebody came up to me and said, "Who's Fred Vonnegut?" I said I didn't know and he told me that Fred Vonnegut's name was in the newspaper all the time. So I picked up a Honolulu paper and in it there was this big used-car ad with a picture of Fred and a headline like "COME IN AND ASK FRED VONNEGUT FOR A GOOD DEAL." So I looked him up and we had supper together. Turned out that he grew up in Samoa and his mother was a Finn. But the meeting, the connection, was exciting to both of us.

PLAYBOY: Aren't links by name, though, what you call a false *karass* in *Cat's Cradle*—a group that finds its identity in an irrelevant or artificial shared experience?

VONNEGUT: I don't know, but if it works, it doesn't matter. It's like the drug thing among young people. The fact that they use drugs gives them a community. If you become a user of any drug, you can pick up a set of friends you'll see day after day, because of the urgency of getting drugs all the time. And you'll get a community where you might not ordinarily have one. Built around the marijuana thing was a community, and the same is true about the long-hair thing: You're able to greet and trust strangers because they look like you, because they use marijuana, and so forth. These are all magical amulets by which they recognize one another—and so you've got a community. The drug thing is interesting, too, because it shows that, damn it, people are wonderfully resourceful.

PLAYBOY: How so?

VONNEGUT: Well, thousands of people in our society found out they were too stupid or too unattractive or too ignorant to rise. They realized they couldn't get a nice car or a nice house or a good job. Not everybody can do that, you know. You must be very pleasant. You must be good-looking. You must be well connected. And they realized that if you lose, if you don't rise in our society, you're going to live in the midst of great ugliness, that the police are going to try to drive you back there every time you try to leave. And so people trapped like that have really considered all the possibilities. Should I paint my room? If I get a lot of rat poison, will the rats go away? Well, no. The rats will still be there, and even if you paint it, the room will still be ugly. You still won't have enough money to go to a movie theater; you still won't be able to make friends you like or can trust.

So what can you do? You can change your *mind*. You can change your insides. The drug thing was a perfectly marvelous, resourceful, brave experiment. No government would have dared perform this experiment. It's the sort of thing a Nazi doctor might have tried in a concentration camp. Loading everybody in block C up with amphetamines. In block D, giving them all heroin. Keeping everyone in block E high on marijuana—and just seeing what happened to them. But this experiment was and continues to be performed by volunteers, and so we know an awful lot now about how we can be changed internally. It may be that the population will become so dense that *everybody*'s going to live in ugliness, and that the intelligent human solution—the only possible solution—will be to change our insides.

PLAYBOY: Have drugs been a solution for you?

VONNEGUT: No—although I did get into the prescribed-amphetamines thing because I was sleeping a lot. I've always been able to sleep well, but after eight hours of sleep, I'd find myself taking a nap in the afternoon. I found I could sleep from one to five if I wanted to, spend the afternoon seeing wonderful color movies. It's a common response to depression. I was taking these enormous naps and I decided it was a waste of time. So I talked to a doctor about it and she prescribed Ritalin. It worked. It really impressed me. I wasn't taking a whole lot of it, but it puzzled me so much that I could be depressed and just by taking this damn little thing about the size of a pinhead, I would feel much better. I used to think that I was responding to Attica or to the mining of the harbor of Haiphong. But I wasn't. I was obviously responding to internal chemistry. All I had to do was take one of those little pills. I've stopped, but I was so interested that my mood could be changed by a pill.

PLAYBOY: Do you experience manic periods as well as depressive ones?

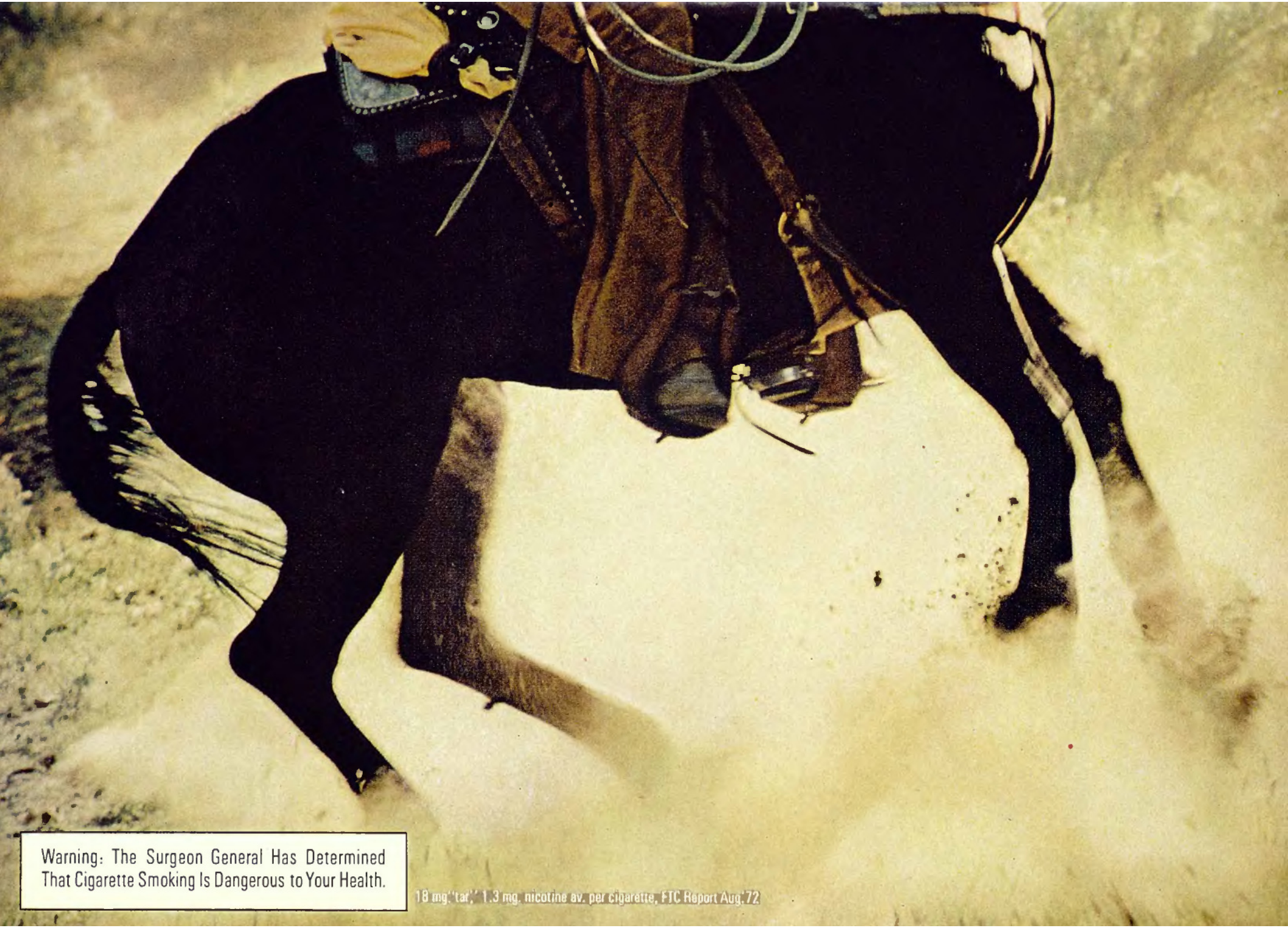
VONNEGUT: Until recently, about every 20 days, I blew my cork. I thought for a long time that I had perfectly good reasons for these periodic blowups; I thought people around me had it coming to them. But only recently have I realized that this has been happening regularly since I've been six years old. There wasn't much the people around me could do about it. They could probably throw me off a day or so, but it was really a pretty steady schedule.

PLAYBOY: You say *was*.

VONNEGUT: Well, I've been taking lessons

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF • IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK


FINE TOBACCOS
FILTER CIGARETTES
PM INC
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Marlboro



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

18 mg."tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'72

in how to deal with it. I've been going to a doctor once a week. It isn't psychoanalysis: It's a more superficial sort of thing. I'm talking to her about depression, trying to understand its nature. And an awful lot of it is physiological. In this book I've just finished, *Breakfast of Champions*, the motives of all the characters are explained in terms of body chemistry. You know, we don't give a shit about the characters' childhoods or about what happened yesterday—we just want to know what the state of their blood streams is. They're up when their blood streams are up and they're down when their blood streams are down. But for me, this year is a much better one than last year was. Depressions really had me, and they don't this year. I'm managing much better. I was really very down the last couple of years, and by working at it, I've gotten myself up again. I'm getting help from intelligent people who aren't Freudians.

PLAYBOY: Early on in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, you mention getting a little drunk at night and calling old friends long distance. Do you still do that?

VONNEGUT: Not anymore. But it's wonderful. You can find anybody you want in the whole country. I love to muck around in the past, as long as there are real people and not ghosts to muck around with. I knew an obstetrician who was very poor when he was young. He went to California and he became rich and famous. He was an obstetrician for movie stars. When he retired, he went back to the Midwest and looked up all the women he'd taken out when he was nobody. He wanted them to see he was somebody now. "Good for you," I said. I thought it was a charming thing to do. I like people who never forget.

I did a crazy thing like that myself. At Shortridge High School, when I went there, we had a senior dance at which comical prizes were given to different people in the class. And the football coach—he was a hell of a good coach, we had a dynamite football team—was giving out the presents. Other people had rigged them, but he was passing them out, announcing what the present was for each person. At that time, I was a real skinny, narrow-shouldered boy.

PLAYBOY: Like Billy Pilgrim in *Slaughterhouse*?

VONNEGUT: Right. I was a preposterous kind of flamingo. And the present the coach gave me was a Charles Atlas course. And it made me sick. I considered going out and slashing the coach's tires. I thought it was such an irresponsible thing for an adult to do to a kid. But I just walked out of the dance and went home. The humiliation was something I never forgot. And one night last year, I got on the phone and called Indianapolis information and asked for the number of the coach. I got him on the phone and told him who I was. And then I reminded him about the present and said, "I want you to know that my body turned out all right." It was a *neat* unburdening. It certainly beats psychiatry.

PLAYBOY: In your books, a real sadness darkens all the fun. Despite your apparently successful self-therapy, do you consider yourself basically sad?

VONNEGUT: Well, there are sad things from my childhood, which I assume have something to do with my sadness. But any sadness I feel now grows out of frustration, because I think there is so much we can do—things that are cheap—that we're not doing. It has to do with ideas. I'm an atheist, as I said, and not into funerals—I don't like the idea of them very much—but I finally decided to go visit the graves of my parents. And so I did. There are two stones out there in Indianapolis, and I looked at those two stones side by side and I just wished—I could hear it in my head, I knew so much what I wished—that they had been happier than they were. It would have been so goddamned easy for them to be happier than they were. So that makes me sad. I'm grateful that I learned from them that organized religion is anti-Christian and that racial prejudices are stupid and cruel. I'm grateful, too, that they were good at making jokes. But I also learned a bone-deep sadness from them. Kids will learn anything, you know. Their heads are empty when they're born. Grownups can put anything in there.

PLAYBOY: Why were your parents so sad?

VONNEGUT: I can guess. I can guess that the planet they loved and thought they understood was destroyed in the First World War. Something I said earlier, that human beings were too good for this planet: that was probably the sadness in their bones. That's hogwash, of course. They wrecked their lives thinking the wrong things. And, damn it, it wouldn't have taken much effort to get them to think about the right things.

PLAYBOY: Are you like your character Eliot Rosewater in the sense of feeling very tender about all the sadness in the world?

VONNEGUT: It's sort of self-congratulatory to be the person who walks around pitying other people. I don't do that very much. I just know that there are plenty of people who are in terrible trouble and can't get out. And so I'm impatient with those who think that it's easy for people to get out of trouble. I think there are some people who really need a lot of help. I worry about stupid people, dumb people. Somebody has to take care of them, because they can't hack it. One thing I tried to get going at one time was a nonprofit organization called Life Engineering. If you didn't know what to do next and you came to us, we'd *tell* you. Our only requirement would be that you had to do what we told you. You'd have to absolutely promise to do whatever we'd say, and then we'd give you the best possible answer we could. But it turned out that nobody ever kept his promise and we had no way of enforcing it. We couldn't bring in a couple of hit men from Detroit.

PLAYBOY: Another way of dealing with sadness, of coming to terms with problems you can't solve, is through humor. Is that your way?

VONNEGUT: Well, I try. But laughter is a response to frustration, just as tears are, and it solves nothing, just as tears solve nothing. Laughing or crying is what a human being does when there's nothing else he can do. Freud has written very soundly on humor—which is interesting, because he was essentially such a humorless man. The example he gives is of the dog who can't get through a gate to bite a person or fight another dog. So he digs dirt. It doesn't solve anything, but he has to do *something*. Crying or laughing is what a human being does instead. I used to make speeches a lot, because I needed the money. Sometimes I was funny. And my peak funniness came when I was at Notre Dame, at a literary festival there. It was in a huge auditorium and the audience was so tightly tuned that everything I said was funny. All I had to do was cough or clear my throat and the whole place would break up. This is a really horrible story I'm telling. People were laughing because they were in agony, full of pain they couldn't do anything about. They were sick and helpless because Martin Luther King had been shot two days before. The festival had been called off on the Thursday he was shot, and then it was resumed the next day. But it was a day of grieving, of people trying to pull themselves together. And then, on Saturday, it was my turn to speak. I've got mildly comical stuff I do, but it was in the presence of grief that the laughter was the greatest. There was an enormous need to either laugh or cry as the only possible adjustment. There was nothing you could do to bring King back. So the biggest laughs are based on the biggest disappointments and the biggest fears.

PLAYBOY: Is that what's called black humor? Or is *all* humor black?

VONNEGUT: In a sense, it probably is. Certainly, the people Bruce Jay Friedman named as black humorists weren't really very much like one another. I'm not a whole lot like J. P. Donleavy, say, but Friedman saw some similarity there and said we were both black humorists. So critics picked up the term because it was handy. All they had to do was say black humorists and they'd be naming 20 writers. It was a form of shorthand. But Freud had already written about gallows humor, which is middle-European humor. It's people laughing in the middle of political helplessness. Gallows humor had to do with people in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. There were Jews, Serbs, Croats—all these small groups jammed together

Vitalis® Dry Control. Come on guys, let's share it.

This is the year for sharing. That means you guys can share Vitalis Dry Control with us girls.

True, Vitalis Dry Control is a man's hair spray but girls like it, too.

Because it doesn't leave your hair looking brittle or lacquered.

It was made to leave you with that full, thick natural look.

Vitalis Dry Control also comes in an Extra Control formula for hard-to-hold hair.

A lot of hair sprays say control.

Make sure the one you pick up is Vitalis Dry Control.

Vitalis Dry Control.

Come on guys.

Let's share it.

"Hey Pete Rose your hair looks nice. Now work on that gut."

into a very unlikely sort of empire. And dreadful things happened to them. They were powerless, helpless people, and so they made jokes. It was all they could do in the face of frustration. The gallows humor that Freud identifies is what we regard as Jewish humor here: It's humor about weak, intelligent people in hopeless situations. And I have customarily written about powerless people who felt there wasn't much they could do about their situations.

One of my favorite cartoons—I think it was by Shel Silverstein—shows a couple of guys chained to an 18-foot cell wall, hung by their wrists, and their ankles are chained, too. Above them is a tiny barred window that a mouse couldn't crawl through. And one of the guys is saying to the other, "Now here's my plan. . . ." It goes against the American storytelling grain to have someone in a situation he can't get out of, but I think this is very usual in life. There are people, particularly dumb people, who are in terrible trouble and never get out of it, because they're not intelligent enough. And it strikes me as gruesome and comical that in our culture we have an expectation that a man can always solve his problems. There is that implication that if you just have a little more energy, a little more fight, the problem can always be solved. This is so untrue that it makes me want to cry—or laugh. Culturally, American men aren't supposed to cry. So I don't cry much—but I do laugh a lot. When I think about a stupid, uneducated black junkie in this city, and then I run into some optimist who feels that any man can lift himself above his origins if he's any good—that's something to cry about or laugh about. A sort of braying, donkey-like laugh. But every laugh counts, because every laugh *feels* like a laugh.

PLAYBOY: What sort of things strike you as genuinely funny?

VONNEGUT: Nothing really breaks me up. I'm in the business of making jokes; it's a minor art form. I've had some natural talent for it. It's like building a mousetrap. You build the trap, you cock it, you trip it, and then bang! My books are essentially mosaics made up of a whole bunch of tiny little chips; and each chip is a joke. They may be five lines long or eleven lines long. If I were writing tragically, I could have great sea changes there, a great serious steady flow. Instead, I've gotten into the joke business. One reason I write so slowly is that I try to make each joke work. You really have to or the books are lost. But joking is so much a part of my life adjustment that I would begin to work on a story on any subject and I'd find funny things in it or I would stop.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to begin writing?

VONNEGUT: The high school I went to had a daily paper, and has had since about 1900. They had a printing course for the people who weren't going on to college, and they realized, "My goodness, we've got the linotypes—we could easily get out a paper." So they started getting out a paper every day, called the *Shortridge Echo*. It was so old my parents had worked on it. And so, rather than writing for a teacher, which is what most people do, writing for an audience of one—for Miss Green or Mr. Watson—I started out writing for a large audience. And if I did a lousy job, I caught a lot of shit in 24 hours. It just turned out that I could write better than a lot of other people. Each person has something he can do easily and can't imagine why everybody else is having so much trouble doing it. In my case, it was writing. In my brother's case, it was mathematics and physics. In my sister's case, it was drawing and sculpting.

PLAYBOY: Were you already into science fiction by then?

VONNEGUT: Most of it was in the pulps, you know. I would read science-fiction pulps now and then, the same way I'd read sex pulps or airplane pulps or murder pulps. The majority of my contemporaries who are science-fiction writers now went absolutely bananas over science-fiction pulps when they were kids, spending all their money on them, collecting them, trading them, gloating over them, cheering on authors the straight world thought were hacks. I never did that, and I'm sorry. I'm shy around other science-fiction writers, because they want to talk about thousands of stories I never read. I didn't think the pulps were beneath me; I was just pissing away my life in other ways.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

VONNEGUT: I dunno. I used to say I wasted eight years building model airplanes and jerking off, but it was a little more complicated than that. I read science fiction, but it was conservative stuff—H. G. Wells and Robert Louis Stevenson, who's easily forgotten, but he wrote *Jekyll and Hyde*. And I read George Bernard Shaw, who does an awful lot of extrapolating, particularly in his introductions. *Back to Methuselah* was science fiction enough for me.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of it as a form? The standard critical appraisal is that it's low rent.

VONNEGUT: Well, the rate of payment has always been very low compared with that for other forms of writing. And the people who set the tone for it were the pulp writers. There's an interesting thing: When IBM brought out an electric typewriter, they didn't know if they had a product or not. They really couldn't imagine that anybody was *that* discontented with the typewriter already. You know, the mechanical typewriter was a wonderful thing; I never heard of anybody's hands getting tired using one. So IBM was worried when they brought out electric typewriters, because they didn't know whether anybody would have any use for them. But the first sales were made to pulp writers, writers who wanted to go faster because they got paid so much a word. But they were going so fast that characterization didn't matter and dialog was wooden and all that—because it was always first draft. That's what you sold, because you couldn't afford to take the time to sharpen up the scenes. And so that persisted, and young people deciding to become science-fiction writers would use as models what was already being written. The quality was usually terrible, but in a way it was liberating, because you were able to put an awful lot of keen ideas into circulation fast.

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to using the form yourself?

VONNEGUT: I was working for General Electric at the time, right after World War Two, and I saw a milling machine for cutting the rotors on jet engines, gas turbines. This was a very expensive thing for a machinist to do, to cut what is essentially one of those Brancusi forms. So they had a computer-operated milling machine built to cut the blades, and I was fascinated by that. This was in 1949 and the guys who were working on it were foreseeing all sorts of machines being run by little boxes and punched cards. *Player Piano* was my response to the implications of having everything run by little boxes. The idea of doing that, you know, made sense, perfect sense. To have a little clicking box make all the decisions wasn't a vicious thing to do. But it was too bad for the human beings who got their dignity from their jobs.

PLAYBOY: So science fiction seemed like the best way to write about your thoughts on the subject?

VONNEGUT: There was no avoiding it, since the General Electric Company *was* science fiction. I cheerfully ripped off the plot of *Brave New World*, whose plot had been cheerfully ripped off from Eugene Zamiatin's *We*.

PLAYBOY: *Slaughterhouse-Five* is mainly about the Dresden fire bombing, which you went through during World War Two. What made you decide to write it in a science-fiction mode?

VONNEGUT: These things are intuitive. There's never any strategy meeting about what you're going to do; you just come to work every day. And the science-fiction passages in *Slaughterhouse-Five* are just like the clowns in Shakespeare. When Shakespeare figured the audience had had enough of the heavy stuff, he'd let up a little, bring on a clown or a foolish innkeeper or something like that, before he'd become serious again. And trips to other planets, science fiction of an obviously kidding sort, is equivalent to bringing on the clowns every so often to lighten things up.

PLAYBOY: While you were writing *Slaughterhouse-Five*, did you try at all to deal

Taste CROW LIGHT.

So smooth, it's the fastest-growing Light Whiskey in America.

CROW LIGHT is a clean break with the past. A totally different *kind* of whiskey made by processes all its own. It's not a Bourbon. And it's actually lighter than Scotch, *smoother* than Canadian. Try it tonight. Discover for yourself why CROW LIGHT is far and away the fastest-growing Light Whiskey from coast to coast!

Ask for Crow Light

LIGHT WHISKEY • EIGHTY PROOF • CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

with the subject on a purely realistic level?

VONNEGUT: I couldn't, because the book was largely a found object. It was what was in my head, and I was able to get it out, but one of the characteristics about this object was that there was a complete blank where the bombing of Dresden took place, because I don't remember. And I looked up several of my war buddies and they didn't remember, either. They didn't want to talk about it. There was a complete forgetting of what it was like. There were all kinds of information surrounding the event, but as far as my memory bank was concerned, the center had been pulled right out of the story. There was nothing up there to be recovered—or in the heads of my friends, either.

PLAYBOY: Even if you don't remember it, did the experience of being interned—and bombed—in Dresden change you in any way?

VONNEGUT: No. I suppose you'd think so, because that's the cliché. The importance of Dresden in my life has been considerably exaggerated because my book about it became a best seller. If the book hadn't been a best seller, it would seem like a very minor experience in my life. And I don't think people's lives are changed by short-term events like that. Dresden was astonishing, but experiences can be astonishing without changing you. It did make me feel sort of like I'd paid my dues—being as hungry as I was for as long as I was in prison camp. Hunger is a normal experience for a human being, but not for a middle-class American human being. I was phenomenally hungry for about six months. There wasn't nearly enough to eat—and this is sensational from my point of view, because I would never have had this experience otherwise. Other people get hit by taxicabs or have a lung collapse or something like that, and it's impressive. But only being hungry for a while—my weight was 175 when I went into the Army and 134 when I got out of the P. O. W. camp, so we really were hungry—just leads to smugness now. I stood it. But one of my kids, at about the same age I was, got tuberculosis in the Peace Corps and had to lie still in a hospital ward for a year. And the only people who get tuberculosis in our society now are old people, skid-row people. So he had to lie there as a young man for a year, motionless, surrounded by old alcoholics—and this *did* change him. It gave him something to meditate about.

PLAYBOY: What did your experience in Dresden give *you* to meditate about?

VONNEGUT: My closest friend is Bernard V. O'Hare. He's a lawyer in Pennsylvania, and he's in the book. I asked him what the experience of Dresden meant to him and he said he no longer believed what his Government said. Our generation did believe what its Government said—because we weren't lied to very much. One reason we weren't lied to was that there wasn't a war going on in our childhood, and so essentially we were told the truth. There was no reason for our Government to lie very elaborately to us. But a government at war does become a lying government for many reasons. One reason is to confuse the enemy. When we went into the war, we felt our Government was a respecter of life, careful about not injuring civilians and that sort of thing. Well, Dresden had no tactical value; it was a city of civilians. Yet the Allies bombed it until it burned and melted. And then they lied about it. All that was startling to us. But it doesn't startle anybody now. What startled everybody about the carpet bombing of Hanoi wasn't the bombing; it was that it took place at Christmas. That's what everybody was outraged about.

PLAYBOY: As an ex–prisoner of war, how do you feel about the P. O.W.s returning from Vietnam?

VONNEGUT: Well, they were obviously primed to speak as they did by our own Government. But that shouldn't surprise us. In any case, these men have blatantly vested interests: They were highly paid technicians in this war. Our 45,000 white crosses in Vietnam were the children of lower-class families. The casualties have been hideous in the coal fields of Pennsylvania and in the ghettos. These people didn't make a lot of money out of the war, don't have lifetime careers. War was hell for them, and these highly paid executives are coming back saying, "Yes, it's a wonderful business." They get paid as much, some of them, as the managing editor of a big magazine gets paid. They're professional warriors who'll go anywhere and fight any time.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem particularly sympathetic about their internment.

VONNEGUT: I'm pigheaded about certain things. I'm pigheaded about the difference between the Air Force and the Infantry. I like the Infantry. If there were another war, and if I were young enough, and if it were a just war, I'd be in the Infantry again. I wouldn't want to be in anything else. Before the Calley thing, I thought that infantrymen were fundamentally honorable—and there was that feeling among infantrymen of other countries at war, too. That much about war was respectable and the rest was questionable—even the artillery, you know, hiding in the woods and lobbing shells. That's foolish, but I still feel it. Also, I hate officers.

PLAYBOY: Why?

VONNEGUT: They're all shits. Every officer I ever knew was a shit. I spoke at West Point on this subject and they found it very funny. But all my life I've hated officers, because they speak so badly to the ground troops. The way they speak to lower-ranking persons is utterly unnecessary. A friend of mine was here the other day and he had bought a new overcoat he was very proud of. But I didn't like it, because it had epaulets—and I think he's going to take them off.

PLAYBOY: Judging from *Player Piano*, which is a strong indictment of scientists and the scientific way of looking at the world, you don't overly love *them*, either. In the 21 years since the book was published, has your attitude toward them changed?

VONNEGUT: Well, *scientists* have changed considerably. It turns out that people will follow stereotypes because it makes things easier for everybody else. It used to be that professors really *were* absent-minded; it was expected of them and they could get away with it. So they would cultivate it until it became a habit—missing appointments, forgetting important anniversaries—but they don't do that anymore. And it used to be that scientists were often like Irving Langmuir. He was a Nobel Prize winner, and my brother, who is a fine scientist, worked with him—that's how I knew him. And he was childlike in social relationships and claimed that he was simply unearthing truth, that the truth could never hurt human beings and that he wasn't interested in the applications of whatever he turned up. Many scientists were that way—and I've known a hell of a lot of them, because at General Electric, I was a PR man largely for the research laboratory there. They had hundreds of first-class scientists. So I got to know them—low-temperature guys and crystallographers and electron microscopists and all those guys. I was there every day, sticking my nose in here and there and talking to them. And back then, around 1949, they were all innocent, all simply dealing with truth and not worried about what might be done with their discoveries.

PLAYBOY: The A-bomb had had no impact on their minds at that point?

VONNEGUT: No. But then they all woke up. They decided, "Goddamn it, we're going to start paying attention." So they *did*, and the Langmuir type of innocent no longer exists. It was a stereotype at one time and it was useful to the politicians and the industrialists that scientists wouldn't worry about the implications of their discoveries. But they've learned that anything they turn up will be applied if it can be. It's a law of life that if you turn up something that *can* be used violently, it *will* be used violently. I've been proud of my brother because of the actual innocence of his work—like cloud seeding with dry ice and silver iodide. He discovered that silver iodide would make it snow and rain under certain conditions. And I watched his shock about a year ago when it came out that we had been seeding the hell out of Indochina for years. He had known nothing about it. It's something anybody can do. You and I, for instance, could start seeding right here in my back yard—all we'd need is some crummy smoke generator that would send up silver-iodide smoke. But my brother

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.™

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.

Get this Heuer Racing Stopwatch, a $19.95 value, only $9.95 (plus 55¢ postage and handling). Send check or m.o. and "Simoniz" traced from a package of Simoniz Pre-Soft or Liquid to: Simoniz Racing Offer, Box 225, Birmingham, Mich. 48012.

has always tried to be alert to the violent uses of what he might turn up, and it saddened him to find out that silver iodide had been used in warfare. So scientists *have* become concerned about the morality of what they're doing. It's been happening for some time. Several years ago, Norbert Wiener, the MIT mathematician, wrote in *Atlantic* that he wasn't going to give any more information to industry or the Government, because they weren't gentle people, because they don't have humane uses for things.

PLAYBOY: What about scientists such as Wernher Von Braun?

VONNEGUT: Well, he's an engineer, of course, not a scientist. But what do I think of him? I don't know him, but it seems to me that he has a heartless sort of innocence, the sort of innocence that would allow a man to invent and build an electric chair—as an act of good citizenship. He has been an inventor of weapons systems in the past. Inventors of weapons systems, and Leonardo da Vinci was among them, are not friends of the common man.

PLAYBOY: So far, at least, the space program has been a nonviolent application of science and technology. What are your feelings about it?

VONNEGUT: I went to the last moonshot; I had never seen one before. I've been against the space program, just because it was so expensive and because we were in such a terrible hurry to do it. We've had the technology for a while to do it, but it seems to me that there is certainly no rush about getting to the moon and spending so much money doing it. We might plan in the next 500 years to explore the moon. After all, we knew there were no resources we could economically bring back from there, and we knew there was no atmosphere. Even if the whole thing were paved with diamonds, that wouldn't help us much. So it seems like a vaudeville stunt. A lot of scientists felt it was money that might be spent in other areas of research. What it was was money spent on engineering. It might as well have been an enormous skyscraper or a huge bridge or something like that. It was publicity and show business, not science. John F. Kennedy was largely responsible for it. He was competitive. He was a tough, joyful athlete and he loved to win. And it wasn't a bad guess, really, that this might cheer Americans up and make us more energetic. It didn't quite work out that way, but Kennedy, in his enthusiasm for this thing, was really wishing the best for the American people. He thought it might excite us tremendously.

PLAYBOY: When, in fact, most people got bored with it very quickly. Why do you think that happened?

VONNEGUT: It seemed childish. It seemed childish even to children. My children simply weren't interested. There was nothing they wanted on the moon. A third grader knows there's no atmosphere there. There's nothing to eat or drink, nobody to talk to. They already know that. There's more that they want in the Sahara or on the polar icecap.

PLAYBOY: The science-fiction versions of how it would happen were certainly more flamboyant than the actuality.

VONNEGUT: Well, they picked colorless men to make the trip, because colorless men were the only sort who could *stand* to make it. In science-fiction stories, people on spaceships are arguing all the time. Well, people who are going to argue shouldn't go on spaceships in the first place.

PLAYBOY: What was it like to be at the last shot?

VONNEGUT: It was a thunderingly beautiful experience—voluptuous, sexual, dangerous and expensive as hell. Martha Raye was there. Don Rickles was there. Death was there.

PLAYBOY: Somebody died?

VONNEGUT: *Life* magazine died. They were down there with cameras that looked like siege howitzers. We hung around with them. We were down there on credentials from *Harper's*. When they got home with their pictures, they found out *Life* had died. How's that for a symbol? Our planet became *Life*less while our astronauts were on their way to the moon. We went down there because a Swedish journalist at a cocktail party in New York told us he cried at every launch. Also, my brother had told me, "When you see one go up, you almost think it's worth it."

PLAYBOY: You said it was sexual.

VONNEGUT: It's a tremendous space fuck, and there's some kind of conspiracy to suppress that fact. That's why all the stories about launches are so low-key. They never give a hint of what a visceral experience it is to watch a launch. How would the taxpayers feel if they found out they were buying orgasms for a few thousand freaks within a mile of the launch pad? And it's an extremely *satisfactory* orgasm. I mean, you *are* shaking and you *do* take leave of your senses. And there's something about the sound that comes shuddering across the water. I understand that there are certain frequencies with which you can make a person involuntarily *shit* with sound. So it does get you in the guts.

PLAYBOY: How long does that last?

VONNEGUT: Maybe a full minute. It was a night flight, so we were able to keep the thing in sight in a way that wouldn't have been possible in the daytime. So the sound seemed longer. But who knows? It's like describing an automobile accident; you can't trust your memory. The light was tremendous and left afterimages in your eyes; we probably shouldn't have looked at it.

PLAYBOY: How did the people around you react?

VONNEGUT: They were gaga. They were scrogging the universe. And they were sheepish and sort of smug afterward. You could see a message in their eyes, too: Nobody was to tell the outside world that NASA was running the goddamnedest massage parlor in history. When I got back to New York, I was talking to a cabdriver on the way in from the airport. He was talking about what I've always felt—that the money should be spent on space when we can *afford* it. He wanted better hospitals; he wanted better schools; he wanted a house for himself. He was a very decent guy; he was no fool at all. He was working 24 hours a day—at the post office from two in the morning until three in the afternoon, and then he started driving his cab. And, believe me, he knew there was nothing on the moon. If NASA were to give him a trip to Cape Kennedy and a pass to the VIP section or the press section for the next launch, he'd find out where the real goodies are.

PLAYBOY: The Vietnam war has cost us even more than the space program. What do you think it's done to us?

VONNEGUT: It's broken our hearts. It prolonged something we started to do to ourselves at Hiroshima; it's simply a continuation of that: an awareness of how ruthless we are. And it's taken away the illusion that we have some control over our Government. I think we *have* lost control of our Government. Vietnam made it clear that the ordinary citizen had no way to approach his Government, not even by civil disobedience or by mass demonstration. The Government wasn't going to respond, no matter what the citizen did. That was a withering lesson. A while ago, I met Hans Morgenthau at a symposium at the United Nations and I was telling him that when I taught at Iowa and Harvard, the students could write beautifully but they had nothing to write about. Part of this is because we've learned over the past eight years that the Government will not respond to what we think and what we say. It simply is not interested. Quite possibly, the Government has *never* been interested, but it has never made it so clear before that our opinions don't matter. And Morgenthau was saying that he was about to start another book, but he was really wondering whether it was worth the trouble. If nobody's paying attention, why bother? It's a hell of a lot more fun to write a book that influences affairs in some way, that influences people's thinking. But the President has made it perfectly clear that he's insulated from such influences.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of Nixon?

VONNEGUT: Well, I don't think he's evil. But I think he dislikes the American people, and this depresses us. The President, particularly because of television, is in the position to be an extraordinarily effective teacher. I don't know exactly how much Executive responsibility a President has, or how much the Government runs itself, but I do know that he

No woman ever says no to Winchester.

Take a puff. Blow in her ear. And she'll follow you anywhere. Because one whiff of Winchester's sexy aroma tells her everything she ever wanted to know about you. But was afraid to ask. It tells her you're a man, but a man of taste. A taste for mildness. Lightness. She takes a puff. Winchester's filtered smoothness tells her it's not a cigarette. Not just another little cigar. It's a whole 'nother smoke. And she knows that you know: where there's smoke, there's fire.

Winchester. It's a whole 'nother smoke.

can influence our behavior for good and ill tremendously. If he teaches us something tonight, we will behave according to that tomorrow. All he has to do is say it on television. If he tells us about our neighbors in trouble, if he tells us to treat them better tomorrow, why, we'll all try. But the lessons Nixon has taught us have been so mean. He's taught us to resent the poor for not solving their own problems. He's taught us to like prosperous people better than unprosperous people. He could make us so humane and optimistic with a single television appearance. He could teach us Confucianism.

PLAYBOY: Confucianism?

VONNEGUT: How to be polite to one another—no matter how angry or disappointed we may be—how to respect the old.

PLAYBOY: Humanity and optimism was the message that George McGovern was trying to get across. How do you account for his spectacular failure?

VONNEGUT: He failed as an actor. He couldn't create oncamera a character we could love or hate. So America voted to have his show taken off the air. The American audience doesn't care about an actor's private life, doesn't want his show continued simply because he's honorable and truthful and has the best interests of the nation at heart in private life. Only one thing matters: Can he jazz us up oncamera? This is a national tragedy, of course—that we've changed from a society to an audience. And poor McGovern did what any actor would have done with a failing show. He blamed the scripts, junked a lot of his old material, which was actually beautiful, called for new material, which was actually old material that other performers had had some luck with. He probably couldn't have won, though, even if he had been Clark Gable. His opponent had too powerful an issue: the terror and guilt and hatred white people feel for the descendants of victims of an unbelievable crime we committed not long ago—human slavery. How's that for science fiction? There was this modern country with a wonderful Constitution, and it kidnaped human beings and used them as machines. It stopped it after a while, but by then it had millions of descendants of those kidnaped people all over the country. What if they turned out to be so human that they wanted revenge of some kind? McGovern's opinion was that they should be treated like anybody else. It was the opinion of the white electorate that this was a dangerous thing to do.

PLAYBOY: If you had been the Democratic nominee, how would you have campaigned against Nixon?

VONNEGUT: I would have set the poor against the rich. I would have made the poor admit that they're poor. Archie Bunker has no sense of being poor, but he obviously is a frightened, poor man. I would convince Archie Bunker that he was poor and getting poorer, that the ruling class was robbing him and lying to him. I was invited to submit ideas to the McGovern campaign. Nothing was done with my suggestions. I wanted Sarge Shriver to say, "You're not happy, are you? Nobody in this country is happy but the rich people. Something is wrong. I'll tell you what's wrong: We're lonesome! We're being kept apart from our neighbors. Why? Because the rich people can go on taking our money away if we don't hang together. They can go on taking our power away. They *want* us lonesome; they want us huddled in our houses with just our wives and kids, watching television, because they can manipulate us then. They can make us buy anything, they can make us vote any way they want. How did Americans beat the Great Depression? We banded together. In those days, members of unions called each other 'brother' and 'sister,' and they meant it. We're going to bring that spirit back. Brother and sister! We're going to vote in George McGovern, and then we're going to get this country on the road again. We are going to band together with our neighbors to clean up our neighborhoods, to get the crooks out of the unions, to get the prices down in the meat markets. Here's a war cry for the American people: 'Lonesome no more!' " That's the kind of demagoguery I approve of.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a radical in any sense?

VONNEGUT: No, because everything I believe I was taught in junior civics during the Great Depression—at School 43 in Indianapolis, with full approval of the school board. School 43 wasn't a radical school. America was an idealistic, pacifistic nation at that time. I was taught in the sixth grade to be proud that we had a standing Army of just over a hundred thousand men and that the generals had nothing to say about what was done in Washington. I was taught to be proud of that and to pity Europe for having more than a million men under arms and spending all their money on airplanes and tanks. I simply never unlearned junior civics. I still believe in it. I got a very good grade.

PLAYBOY: A lot of young people share those values with you. Do you think that's the reason your books are so popular with them?

VONNEGUT: It could be something like that, but I truly don't know. I certainly didn't go after the youth market or anything like that. I didn't have my fingers on any pulse; I was simply writing. Maybe it's because I deal with sophomoric questions that full adults regard as settled. I talk about what is God like, what could He want, is there a heaven, and, if there is, what would it be like? This is what college sophomores are into; these are the questions they enjoy having discussed. And more mature people find these subjects very tiresome, as though they're settled.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that using "mature" ironically?

VONNEGUT: Not if you define mature as the way old people act, and immature as the way young people act.

PLAYBOY: But these questions remain important to you.

VONNEGUT: They're still entertaining to me. I'm not a vested interest, particularly. I don't want to find out what God wants so I can serve Him more efficiently. I don't want to find out what heaven is like so I can get ready for it. Thinking about those things makes me laugh after a while. I enjoy laughing, so I think about them and I laugh. I'm not sure why.

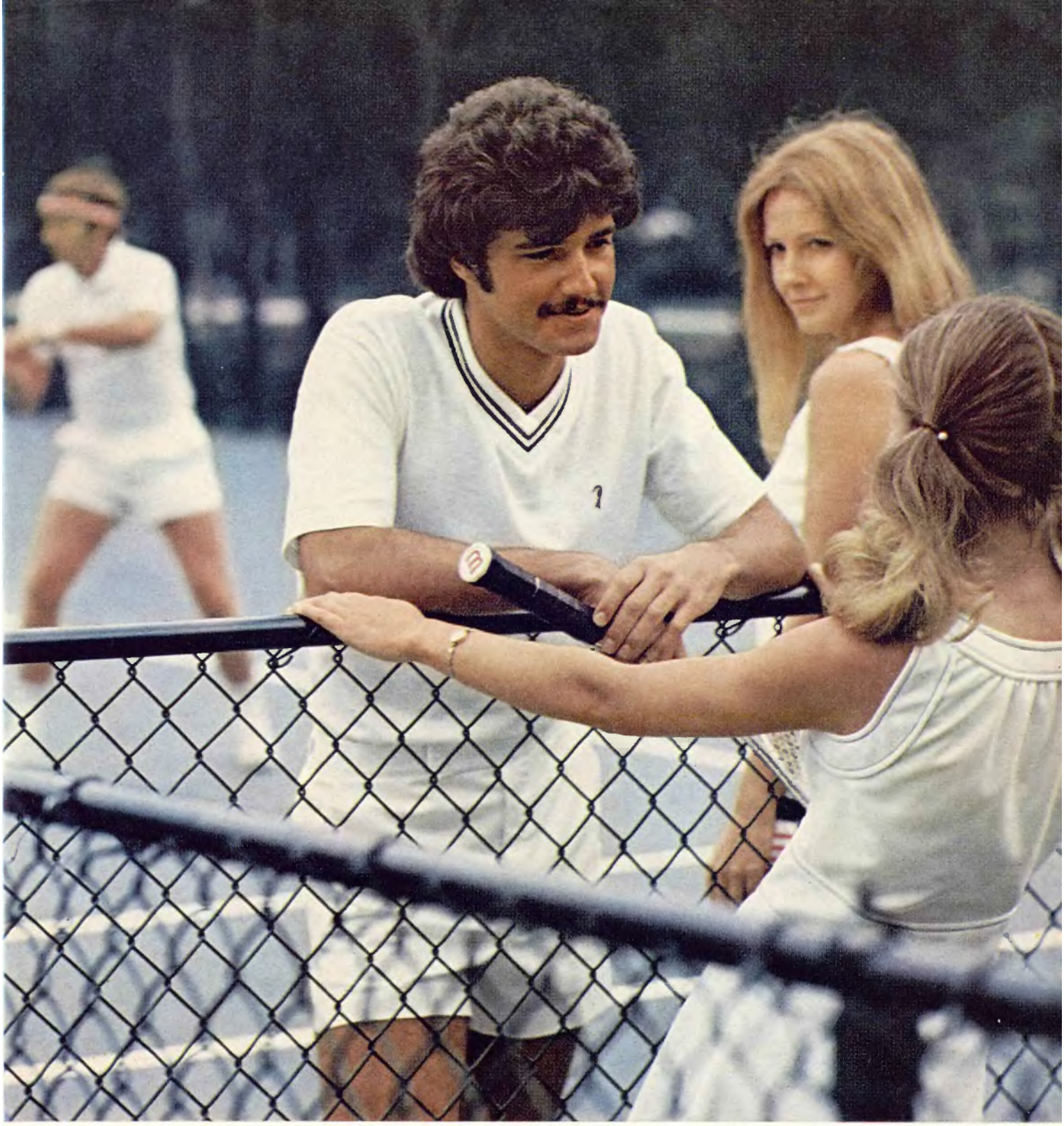
PLAYBOY: When did you start laughing about all this?

VONNEGUT: When I was just a little kid, I think. I'd wonder what life was all about, and I'd hear what grownups had to say about it, and I'd laugh. I've often thought there ought to be a manual to hand to little kids, telling them what kind of planet they're on, why they don't fall off it, how much time they've probably got here, how to avoid poison ivy, and so on. I tried to write one once. It was called *Welcome to Earth*. But I got stuck on explaining why we don't fall off the planet. Gravity is just a word. It doesn't explain anything. If I could get past gravity, I'd tell them how we reproduce, how long we've been here, apparently, and a little bit about evolution. And one thing I would really like to tell them about is cultural relativity. I didn't learn until I was in college about all the other cultures, and I should have learned that in the first grade. A first grader should understand that his culture isn't a rational invention: that there are thousands of other cultures and they all work pretty well; that all cultures function on faith rather than truth; that there are lots of alternatives to our own society. I didn't find that out for sure until I was in the graduate school of the University of Chicago. It was terribly exciting. Of course, now cultural relativity is fashionable—and that probably has something to do with my popularity among young people. But it's more than fashionable—it's defensible, attractive. It's also a source of hope. It means we don't have to continue this way if we don't like it.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the reasons for your popularity, you've become genuinely famous in the past couple of years. Has that changed your life much?

VONNEGUT: The big problem is mail. I suppose I get about as much mail as Eddie Fisher does—about six letters a day. I get plenty of really thoughtful, charming letters. I keep meaning to answer them, but then I realize I'll never have a chance. So the stacks pile up—and they're all letters I mean to do something about. I had a secretary for a while; I thought I could use her to handle this enormous

(continued on page 214)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A man with a special talent for making winning decisions. Whether he's choosing a pretty tennis partner or selecting a magazine, his standards are the highest. That's why he's willing to pay full price for the one publication he prefers above all others. Fact: 7,000,000 copies of PLAYBOY are purchased for $1 per copy or $10 per year by readers who obviously pay full attention. Want a great return on your ad dollar? Play PLAYBOY—where the men are. (Source: A.B.C., December 31, 1972.)

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London • Tokyo

fiction By TOM McHALE

A SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

there on the gangster's yacht—after a few murders, a suicide and a burial of rocks—father martin finally lost his innocence

RUSHING OUT of Philadelphia in the sleek, gray Lincoln, Monsignor Martin de Porres Fisher crested the high point of the Ben Franklin Bridge and drove into the blinding rays of first dawn. In a moment, his welling spirit escaped the car, was airborne. To an undertone of the *Magnificat*, it fled the long distance over land and sea to his favorite all-black beach in Jamaica, where he'd often lain naked and at peace, his relentless vigilance against the white world temporarily put aside. Then, almost instantly, he had to slow down and pull up at the toll booths on the Camden side of the river. The fugue through the air, the flash of tropical-beach serenity vanished in banal, banal considerations.

He fumbled awkwardly through the slit of his skintight, specially tailored cassock, groping in his pants pocket for change, until the toll collector, obviously an Irishman, his brows knit in the consternation of needing to choose between the blackness of Martin de Porres Fisher and the splendid robes and hat of a monsignor, apparently opted for the latter and gave him the familiar wink. Martin passed through, smiling humbly, untaxed. At the traffic signals immediately beyond the booths, two Camden cops slid up beside him, stopped for a light and doffed their hats in unison after a moment of surveillance. Again Martin merely smiled his humble smile, nodded his head, then took off like a shot out of hell when the light changed, leaving the two hapless cops—fearing death abnormally as he knew

cops always must—to suspect that he bore viaticum to the dying.

He cruised at 90 all the way through the ugly Jersey Pine Barrens toward Beach Haven and the sparkling ocean, considering at one point along the way that it was thoughtful of Arthur Farragan to have waited until early October to kill himself. But Arthur, despite inherent weaknesses, had been a somewhat humane, perceptive man, a point Martin might eulogize if a eulogy were called for that morning before they dumped his weighted body into the Atlantic. Arthur had understood the seasonal ritual of a city's Catholics and struck himself down only when the moment was right: after the return of Philadelphians from the shore, so that the summer sojourn of his wife and daughters would not be ruined, so that there would not be an embarrassing dearth of mourners in a baking summer cathedral, so that his burial would fall upon a day when everyone's hordes of children would be blessedly in school and his widow not responsible for a whopping caterer's bill because of the necessity of feeding all those greedy, undignified little mouths that would tag along with their sorrowing parents. Yes, in some ways Arthur had been an exceptional man. Very humane. Very Christian.

At Beach Haven, less than an hour from his apartment, an island virtually empty now in the face of impending winter, Martin drove to the bayside dock where Emilio Serafina's enormous yacht, the Stella Maris, was tied up and waiting to bear its burden out to sea. Martin, drawing near the gorgeous shimmering white-and-teakwood vessel, felt the first pangs of apprehension for that day. Serafina, rich from construction, the rackets and Lord knew what else, was, after a fashion understood but never defined, Martin de Porres Fisher's godfather. The beautiful Lincoln that Martin so loved belonged to Serafina, was merely on loan. His apartment, lavishly appointed, made to look like a cardinal's chambers, had been furnished by the Serafinas. His cassocks and vestments came from Italy via that family. When he chanced to say Mass in the cathedral, splendid as a peacock, his tall, thin, light-colored extraordinary handsomeness (as he knew) decked out in the gold-threaded finery conceived and executed thousands of miles away by little old Italian ladies, the Serafinas were often present. To see what they had wrought: They were proud of their *monsignore nero*.

But lately Martin had come to suspect that perhaps the car would be recalled for a long, punitive overhaul. For the monsignor had, in early September, failed his godfather, refusing to officiate at the christening of Serafina's granddaughter, an event that took place only four months after the monsignor had married Serafina's daughter to a terrified young man who had been made to understand only at the very last exactly whose offspring he had been screwing. It was not that Martin was overcome by moral scruple, though he made Serafina think it was so, the better to control the mogul: The Lord knew young people made mistakes, and at least they had not taken it to an abortionist. No, it was simply that after a hot and tiring summer, during which he was overworked at the chancery, and growing alarmed at his burgeoning fondness for cooking gin and tonic, he felt he could not once again face the prospect of all those thousands of sweaty Italians gathered for a bacchanalia on the lawn of Serafina's great estate in Pleasantville, dancing, singing, eating and drinking, pressing forward their look-alike children for the *monsignore nero*'s blessing, then easing sly, unsolicited envelopes of gratitude into his pockets. (He had cleared over $5000 at the wedding, most of which he sent to his Baptist mother in Georgia, trying to buy, as it were, her forgiveness for the travesty of his conversion to Roman Catholicism. But an old woman, stern and full of black prejudices, she refused to see what a good thing he had lucked into.) And he knew the christening would be the wedding again, twice over: For Serafina, a man of undeniable purpose, meant to simply obliterate any sniggering over the moral lassitude of his daughter, burying it beneath the awesome magnificence of the day. But as the event drew near, Martin thought of it, graphic in detail, until it produced cold sweats. On the morning he awoke whimpering from the nightmare that he had been blinded by the fire of the sun itself, trapped in the burnished slab sides of acres upon carefully parked acres of the guests' Cadillacs and Imperials, he had opted for Jamaica, his quiet beach, his secret nakedness.

Now he exited the car, gazing fondly at it for an instant as if it were meant to be his last trip, before he dared look up at Serafina. His godfather stood on the deck, peering steadfastly down at him, enormous and stern in his Italian admiral's uniform, framed by his three burly crew members, Sicilians from Palermo with names like Tico, Rico and Chico, whom Martin de Porres Fisher could never tell apart and to whom he had given, for his own purposes of identification, the names Niña, Pinta and Santa María. But, like their admiral, they now stared fiercely down at him, and Martin knew he was in the doghouse for sure. Desperate to save the Lincoln, he thought he saw the way. He paused for a long moment before the yacht's bow, staring fixedly at the five-foot figurehead of the Virgin. He bent his head, praying deeply, then gave the boat a faultless benediction. When he looked up, Serafina, uncertain now, had removed his braid-covered hat and stood crossing himself. Niña, Pinta and Santa María followed suit. Serafina, more susceptible to flattery than anyone Martin had ever met, was also more terrified of dying. He would not dare forgo the blessing of his yacht: He loved the sea, gloried in his gilded possession that glided so majestically over its surface, but had never learned to swim. Martin de Porres Fisher moved slowly toward the gangplank, hoping the yacht would not plummet to the bottom because of his sacrilege. At the top, Serafina stood waiting for him.

"*Ammiraglio* . . ." Martin crooned humbly, imploring forgiveness.

"*Monsignore* . . ." Serafina chided softly, his arms flying open. They exchanged the kiss of peace (the whole universe seemed to sigh in relief) with the nameless fondness that Martin had long ago decided perhaps only a gangster and his priest can have for each other.

"Come, *Monsignore*, to the rear deck. We'll have a little breakfast before the others arrive. *Café et croissants*," he called to the cook who shoved his head through the galley opening. "Also catfish steaks and marmalade."

• • •

Binky Applebaum, the Beach Haven lifeguard captain—whom Martin dutifully presumed he would be marrying in combination with a rabbi to dead Arthur Farragan's widow after a discreet time of mourning—was next to arrive. He pulled up beside the gray Lincoln in his Toyota, carefully locking the car, whisking specks of dust, imagined or real, from its roof. He waved toward the admiral and the monsignor, then started aboard.

"A little wedding, *Monsignore*, do you think, for our friend Binky?" Serafina chanced.

"I have heard it said many times, *Ammiraglio*, that our friend Binky is an impotent. He could not, apparently, consummate a marriage."

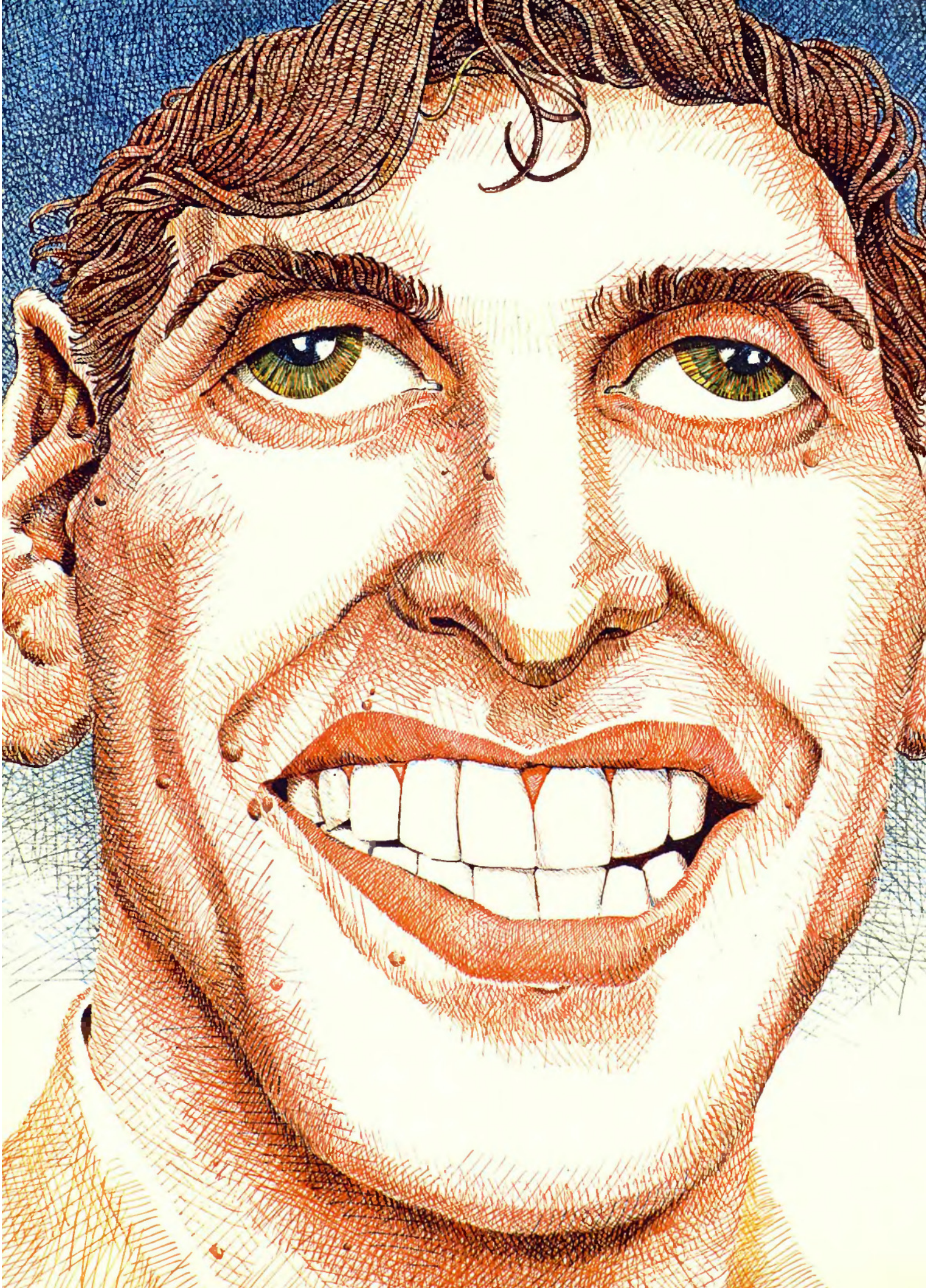
"Oh-ho-ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" Serafina howled out his pleasure. His laughter ripped off the morning stillness, sent sea gulls flapping off the pier pilings. Martin looked at him questioningly, naïveté, a practiced art, written all over his face.

"And who was it that said it all those times, *Monsignore*? It was Binky himself! And always in front of the husbands on the weekends!" Serafina was in hysterics now, tears rolling down his face, slapping his palms on his knees. He loved a good cuckolding as long as it came nowhere near Serafina. "Oh, that Binky!"

"Oh . . . I see . . ." Martin said in a soft voice, feigning shock, so that Serafina, uncertain again, stopped laughing abruptly. On the instant, Martin

(continued on page 100)

"You'll love this restaurant. It features the very best in authentic Oriental cuisine."



THE DAY BOBBY BLEW IT

personality **By BRAD DARRACH** *trying to get the nervous mr. fischer onto that plane to iceland was like a keystone comedy with a script by kafka*

BOBBY FISCHER heard a knock at the door. It was sometime after ten A.M., Thursday, June 29, 1972. Three days before the first game of his match with Boris Spassky for the world chess championship. Eleven hours before the plane left for Iceland. Five nights in a row, he had been booked on a northbound plane and five nights in a row he had not shown. Now time was running out. He had to take this flight. He couldn't fly tomorrow night, because the Sabbath began at sundown on Friday and for religious reasons he couldn't fly on the Sabbath. That left Saturday night; yet if he flew up on Saturday night, he would arrive on Sunday morning dog-tired from the trip just a few hours before the game began. So it was tonight or never. But he didn't want to think about that right now. He wanted to rest up. He had slept 20 hours since arriving in New York about 36 hours before; but even so, he kept slipping deeper into exhaustion.

The knock was repeated. It couldn't be the chambermaid. He had hung a DO NOT DISTURB sign on his doorknob. Who else? Only his lawyer and a few friends knew he was staying at the Yale Club.

"Package for Mr. Fischer," a male voice called.

Looking vague and unready, Bobby opened the door and peered out, expecting to see a Yale Club employee. Instead, he saw a short, heavy-set, middle-aged man in street clothes. Startled, Bobby started to close the door. The man blocked it with his foot.

"Excuse me, Mr. Fischer," he began smartly. A younger man moved in behind him. Bobby's eyes went wide.

"Who are you?" he asked in alarm. "What do you want?"

Keeping his foot firmly in the door, the first intruder said he was a British journalist and wanted an interview. A journalist! The match hadn't even begun and already the press was hounding him! Bobby angrily ordered them to leave. The man with his foot in the door smiled and kept trying to wheedle an interview. Suddenly the stalemate was broken. A husky young fellow named Jackie Beers, who was visiting Bobby, strode to the door and with one strong shove sent the reporter reeling. Bobby slammed the door. Minutes later he was on the phone to one of his lawyers, Andrew Davis. "Don't leave the room," Davis told him firmly. "Someone will come to you as quickly as possible." Later Davis told me: "Bobby was scared. You could hear it in his voice. At a moment when he couldn't stand the slightest shock, he got a bad one. I guess the shock triggered it." What the shock triggered was the wildest day in the world of chess since a Danish earl outplayed King Canute and was hacked to hamburger by His Majesty's bullyboys.

• • •

I was 2600 miles northeast of the Yale Club when the crisis broke. I was in Reykjavík, Iceland, waiting for Bobby to fly up for the match. Spassky was waiting, too—he had arrived eight days before—and so were 140–150 newspaper, magazine and television reporters from at least 32 countries. They were getting damn tired of waiting, in fact, and the stories out of Reykjavík were reflecting their irritation.

Why was Bobby dragging his heels? Without ever talking to him, most reporters assumed that since money was the main thing he was demanding of the Icelandic Chess

ILLUSTRATION BY SHAWN E. SHEA

Federation, money was the main thing on his mind. "Greedy little punk" and "spoiled brat" began to be muttered over typewriters and the public bought what it was told. "Is it really possible," a British correspondent asked me indignantly at breakfast Thursday morning, "that this yahoo is going to stand us all up? Either he's the smartest little bugger that ever came out of Brooklyn or he's some sort of nut. He devotes his whole life to chess and then turns up his nose at the world chess championship. He grows up in a slum and then walks away from millions. Does he want money or doesn't he want money? I just can't *believe* what's happening!"

Nobody could. And nobody could believe that the most recondite of games, an intellectual sport about as popular as differential calculus, was making front-page headlines day after day; that half the world was waiting breathlessly for two young men to sit down on a solitary butt of lava in the North Atlantic and push little wooden soldiers across a miniature make-believe battlefield. The pundits explained that there was more to the match than chess. It was a war in effigy between two superpowers, the U.S. and the U. S. S. R. It was a chance to watch Russia lose the championship for the first time in 24 years and a chance to watch America win it for the first time in history. But what more than anything else had gripped us all was the downright weird personality and approximately superhuman achievements of Bobby Fischer.

In chess circles, Bobby had been a celebrity for 15 years, ever since he won the U. S. chess championship at the incredible age of 14, but only in the past 14 months had the larger public become aware of him. In May 1971 he defeated Grand Master Mark Taimanov of the Soviet Union, 6–0, the first shutout in more than half a century of recorded grandmaster play. He repeated the shutout against a much more dangerous opponent, Grand Master Bent Larsen of Denmark. Then in Buenos Aires in October 1971, he gave a 6½–2½ thrashing to Russia's Tigran Petrosian, a former world champion and, while he was at it, extended his winning streak to 21 games—the longest in chess history and one more than chess officials gave him credit for. The media decided they had better take a good close look at what they had here.

What the press had, or decided to say it had, was something known for more than a decade to his jealous rivals as "the monster": Bobby was often discussed as a sort of paranoid monomaniac who was terrified of girls and Russian spies but worshiped money and Spiro Agnew, as a high school dropout with a genetic kink who combined the general culture of a hard-rock deejay with a genius for spatial thinking that had made him quite possibly the greatest chess player of all time. The monster was at best a caricature of Bobby, but he sure made terrific copy.

Obligingly, he made terrific copy all through the spring of 1972. First he refused to play Spassky where the Fédération Internationale des Echecs (F.I.D.E.) told him he had to play—half the match in Yugoslavia, half in Iceland. Ultimatums crackled across the Atlantic. Finally Yugoslavia withdrew, blaming Bobby's unreliability, and the whole match was ceded to Iceland. But at that point Bobby boggled at "burying" the contest in such a tiny and "primitive" country and he complained about the financial terms, too—even though the $125,000 prize money was already ten times as high as any prize ever put up for a chess match. When the Icelanders, after a public outcry against the "arrogant Fischer," swallowed their pride and met his demands, Bobby made new demands. When the Icelanders rejected his new demands, Bobby suddenly disappeared. Ten days before the match was scheduled to begin, nobody east of Los Angeles, not even his own lawyer, knew where he was.

• • •

On Monday, June 26, the day after he was supposed to arrive in Iceland, I called Bobby in California, hoping to cut through the contradictions and get my own impression of what he was thinking. I got a number of surprises.

"Hi, Brad! How ya doin'?" I had expected what I usually heard when Bobby picked up the phone: a faint, suspicious "Uuuuh?" that might mean hello or might be just electric clutter on the line. But this voice was startlingly rich and full and confident.

Like a kid calling home and wishing he were there, he wanted to know everything about Reykjavik. Did I like the playing hall? Was it quiet? What was the chess table like? How about the weather? "Sixty degrees! Wow! That's *coooold*!" But the air was great, huh? "How about that *skyr* they got? Better'n yoghurt, huh?"

Then he wanted to know how Spassky looked. "Nervous," I told him, and he guffawed. "And Geller——" I began, intending to say something about Yefim Geller, Spassky's second.

Bobby cut in fast. "Geller," he said disgustedly, "is *stupid*!"

Then it happened. "Geller," we both heard a woman's voice say, in what was obviously an Icelandic attempt to mimic Bobby's Brooklyn accent, "is *stupid*!"

I heard Bobby gasp. Suddenly he went ape. "They're listening in on my calls!" he yelled. "I knew it! They got spies on the line! Did you hear that? They got spies on the line!" His voice, so warm and vital a second before, kicked up one register and jangled like an alarm clock. Then anger came into it as the fright wore off. "That rotten little country! Call the manager, Brad! Call the head of the telephone company! I want that person *found and fired*! . . . Imagine that! Listening in on *my* phone calls! It could be the Russians, y'know? They got Communists in the government up there. They'll do anything to find out what I'm thinking!" The idea amused him and he slowly relaxed.

As I put down the receiver, I thought something like this: "I've just been talking to two Bobbys. The happy, healthy, California Bobby has decided to play. But the other Bobby, the Bobby who thinks Iceland is eavesdropping on his phone calls, could still take over and in a moment of fury destroy the match. Which Bobby are we going to get?"

• • •

Dr. Anthony Saidy is one of the more gifted and appealing members of Bobby's coterie. He looks like a mad scientist in a comic book. His head is large, wide at the temples, curiously dished in at the back and covered with mounds of blue-black hair. His nose is an angry hook and his eyes, the color of black coffee, bulge and glitter. His credentials are impressive. He is an M.D. and a strong chess player (he once won the American Open Championship) and the author of a first-rate book on chess strategy. Yet the minute he begins to talk, he reveals himself as a diffident man, with an anxious need to please. But there is something determined and even daring about Saidy, too. In the summer of '72, at the age of 35, he made the gutsy decision to stop practicing medicine and establish himself as a chessmaster and free-lance writer.

Like many of Bobby's friends, Saidy can't quite manage to be himself in Bobby's company. He has hitched his wagon to a star and sometimes he seems afraid he might miss the ride. He seems to feel that in order to keep Bobby's friendship he must agree with almost everything Bobby says. At times, in his anxiety to maintain the relationship, he actually encourages Bobby in his aberrations. I don't think he means to. He is honest and loyal and his aim is always to bring his friend back to good sense and his own best interests.

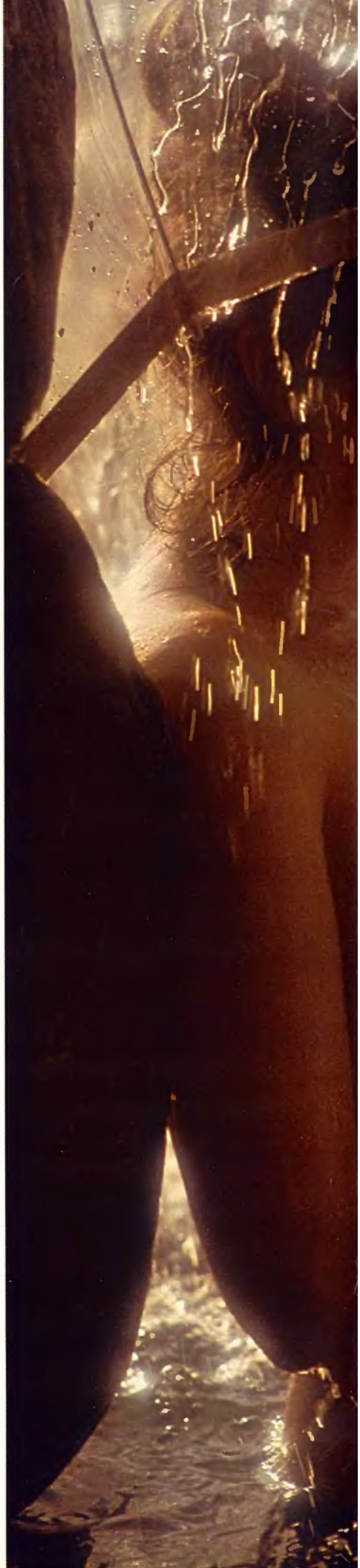
Saidy is a New Yorker, but he was working for the Los Angeles Health Department when Bobby showed up in Santa Monica to stay with some friends. Saidy began visiting him every couple of days. Like most of Bobby's California friends, he was appalled to see no moves being made in the direction of Iceland as the date of the match drew near. So on Sunday, June 25, Saidy called and said casually that he would be flying East on Tuesday to see his father, who was ill, and wouldn't Bobby maybe like to come along? "Yeah, might as well," Bobby said vaguely. "Be nice to have company on the plane." Saidy said he had "a strange

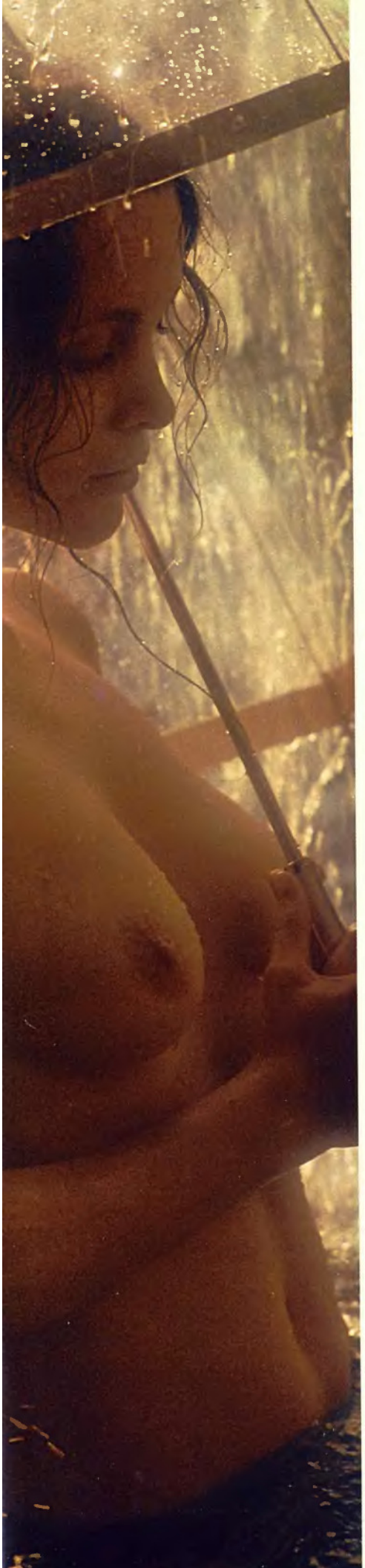
(continued on page 150)

TISA

last of the farrows

IF WE HAD to sum up the beauty of Tisa Farrow in a word, there'd be one that applied more than all others. The dictionary defines wistful as "full of unfulfilled longing or desire," and if the images of Tisa on these pages communicate anything about the lady, it's that there's still an uncertain and intangible something eluding her. "Of course," says Tisa, "people are always comparing me with my sister Mia. But she's far more ambitious—and successful—than I. Honestly, I can't convince myself that I'm particularly beautiful or talented. I'm not even sure what I really want out of life." Nevertheless, it was precisely these qualities that attracted producer-director James B. Harris to cast Tisa as the principal love interest in his newest film, *Some Call It Loving*, an allegory about a young man's fantasy world and the sleeping beauty who awakens to alter it forever.





"I've learned to live with the accusation that I get movie parts only because I'm Mia Farrow's sister. But those who say that don't know what they're talking about. A producer doesn't hire an actress unless he feels he has something to gain by her presence and, especially since all my roles have been leads, I believe that if I perform badly, no name on earth is going to save me—or my producer. Besides, people aren't going to jam box offices to see Mia's sister. I would hope they'd come to see me."

As *Some Call It Loving* opens, Tisa, as Jennifer, is a sleeping beauty at a carnival. The owner-barker invites the young men of the village to try to kiss her awake (top right)—for a nominal charge. One night, a rich young man (Zalman King) enters the carnival tent and decides to buy the beauty away. After he takes her home, he discovers Jennifer has been drugged and helps her regain consciousness (center). Later, King's mistress (right) entices the girl into an erotic tango as King looks on.

"There are lots of people who keep telling me I could have a career as an actress if I wanted it. The trouble is, I haven't found a need in myself that could be fulfilled by acting. Not yet, anyway."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI


J.C.

JESUS CHRIST SUPER-HAM

strange doings in bibleland—the lord delivers hip parables, his apostles cry up a storm while judas pouts in sullen silence—is there no balm in gilead?

article
BY NIK COHN

THIRTY MILES OUTSIDE JERUSALEM I was taken into a labyrinth of underground caves, where the apostles and their women were performing a dance routine. The atmosphere inside was rank and airless, the heat was murderous. After half an hour, half-choked by dust, I came stumbling out into the sunlight and fell asleep beneath an olive tree, dreaming of Gadarene swine. When I awoke I saw a figure perched motionless on a rock above me, a small man in a coarse white robe, with a cassette recorder pressed against his ear. For some moments he gazed blankly at the horizon, lost in the music, and then he came down slowly toward me, to crouch beside me in the dirt. His beard was silky, his eyes full of light. "You must be Jesus," I said.

"Sure am," he replied, and I shook his hand. We ate shriveled olives and he nodded his head in time with the songs, sandals tapping. When the Stones became suggestive in their lyrics, however, he turned the volume down.

"What does it feel like?" I asked him. "I mean, to be the Son of God?"

The small man considered carefully. Lizards scurried by his feet and he stared into infinity. "Outasight," he said at last. "It's really a far-out trip."

• • •

When John Lennon said in 1966 that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus Christ, one could hardly have conceived how soon and how directly he'd be given the lie. Yet *Jesus Christ Superstar*, in three years, has grossed somewhere between $50,000,000 and $80,000,000 and is currently hotter than the Beatles, The Rolling Stones and any half dozen other rock groups put together. *Variety* calls it "the biggest all-media parlay in show-business history"; *Time* simply calls it "Gold Rush to Golgotha."

A movie—*a major motion picture*—was inevitable. Yet, Hollywood's enthusiasm has been tempered by considerable caution. Film executives still look on rock (and on youth) with deepest distrust. Occasionally, it has made their fortune; much more often, it has showered them with offal. So these days they tend to hover desperately on the fringes, like so many dirty raincoats lurking outside a clip joint. They know, of course, that they're bound to get sucked in sooner or later, yet they can't stop wheedling for discounts and guarantees, in case the bar girls turn sour on them.

Universal Pictures, having bought the rights to *Superstar*, promptly began to do the crab walk. It restricted the budget to $3,000,000, which for a Hollywood musical is peanuts, and it stocked the cast with virtual unknowns. Originally, Mick Jagger had been proposed as a possible Jesus. So had Lennon, Elvis Presley and, unimaginably, David Cassidy. But the part went to Teddy Neeley from Ranger, Texas, "for an undisclosed fee," as one apostle put it, "rumored to run into three figures."

The producer and director was Norman Jewison, whose last picture had been *Fiddler on the Roof*. That probably made him the most reliable profit maker in Hollywood. He had made *In the Heat of the Night*, *The Cincinnati Kid*, *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming*.

His interest in *Superstar* went back almost to its inception. Long before it became successful, someone had sent him the original album. Straightaway, he was hooked: "Without doubt a unique statement for our age," he said, with reflex overkill. "Possibly not a masterpiece. At certain moments pretentious, at others naïve and superficial. Nevertheless, a major breakthrough, an original and unforgettable vision."

Reverence ran deep. No true child of Hollywood can ever resist the lure of the *religioso*. So Jewison filled his script with symbolism, spoke with awe of *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and, inevitably, chose to film in Israel—or rather, as he never failed to call it, the Holy Land.

"Piety," Orson Welles once said, "is a showbiz term of unknown origin, meaning money." In Jewison's case, however, the common rule came unstuck. He meant to make enormous profits, of course, and was prepared to be ruthless in pursuit of them. But there was no mistaking the missionary glint in his eye. He clearly had his sights set on Art: "A total experience," he said. "Truth, meaning and beauty."

Most of the cast were *Superstar* veterans, selected from various American stage versions. Judas was a big black stud named Carl Anderson from Washington; Mary Magdalene, played by Yvonne Elliman, was a surfer's dream from Hawaii; Herod was Joshua Mostel, Zero's son. As for the others—apostles, Romans, whores—one half looked like refugees from *Hair* and the rest like dropouts from *The Boys in the Band*.

On the whole, they were not respectful. *Superstar* was an experience that they'd already been through and, frankly, they were bored. Sated with solemnity, they wanted to get back to good hard rock and goof off again, get stoned onstage, boogie. So they went into the film for the exposure and the bread, but they groused behind their hands: "The vehicle," said the incarnation of Saint James the Elder, "is bullshit."

Israel changed that. On the road in America they had merely been performers. But the moment they arrived in the actual setting, they began to mesh with their roles. Bypassing the opera, they went directly back to the source, to the original Gospels. *Superstar* became irrelevant. Now it was Christ himself who concerned them.

Thus, a couple of days before filming began, Saint Bartholomew and Saint James walked out together into the desert and sat down on a rock. All afternoon they squatted cross-legged and did not move or speak. For hour after hour they watched the shepherds tending their flocks, the olive trees, the scrub, the ageless stone. Nothing had changed here for 2000 years; possibly nothing ever would. Time was meaningless:

DESIGNED BY FRED NELSDN / PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA

Afternoon moved slowly into twilight and on into night, heat faded into cool, and still they didn't stir.

When at last they returned to themselves, they found their faces wet with tears.

• • •

Jewison is a stocky, sun-browned Canadian in his middle 40s. He has been making films, first for TV and then for Hollywood, for 20 years and therefore is rarely to be seen without a fat cigar, which he smokes in the style of Ed Begley, all puff and no drag.

On the set he invariably wore shorts and a battered old bush hat, so that he looked like a reject from a B-feature thriller, set in the Australian outback, who had wandered into *Superstar* by accident. A grizzled, nuggety gold prospector, perhaps, or a cranky mule driver. A character role, at any rate, with plenty of scope for excess: "I'm a ham," he said. "I can't help it—audiences are my lifeblood."

He can sniff out a journalist or a prospective Boswell at 50 yards and immediately, in the very instant of recognition, is overwhelmed by rhetoric. Ask him a question and his eye becomes a beacon, his cigar begins to belch forth smoke like a factory chimney and out gush anecdotes in a torrent. Reminiscences, parables, apocryphal fables of vintage Hollywood, all as dazzling and as dubious as the sequins on a Bluebell girl.

Even more than yarn spinning, however, he is addicted to profundity. Touch on any of the great flowerpots at random —art, religion, love, life or death—and you are immediately engulfed in proverb and portent. Thus, when Barry Dennen, alias Pontius Pilate, came to Jewison between takes and asked his advice on some small point of interpretation, he did not reply at once but creased his face like an accordion, puffed three mighty puffs on his cigar and, finally, raised a solemn forefinger. "Just remember this," he said. "Whatever you do, however you play it: Unto thine own self be true."

• • •

Now Jewison stood framed in left profile. Silhouetted against the first glow of sunset, he crinkled his eyes and flung his arm out across the valley below. "There are kids down there in tears," he said. "Why? There are grown men breaking down and bawling, there are cameramen and grips and hard-boiled pros who've been in this business for twenty years and don't give a fuck for anyone or anything and all of them are crying. Why? Jesus is crying, Judas is crying, all the apostles are just wiped out. Why? They didn't cry in London. They didn't cry in New York or Los Angeles; they didn't cry in Hoboken. So tell me, why are they crying now? Why?"

Everyone looked blank. The assistant director, the production supervisor and the unit publicist crowded in close, like Los Angeles Rams in a huddle, waiting to be instructed, but Jewison took his time. "Why?" he asked again and, noticing that his cigar had gone out, paused until the assistant director relit it. Fat Israelis were swilling out latrines in the background. Extras straggled past, holding hands and snuffling. The valley turned purple. "Because we're here," said Jewison suddenly. "That's why."

"Because we're here," echoed the production supervisor, and he looked profound. Clearly, he was troubled. So were the others.

But Jewison was triumphant. "Right," he roared. "Because we're here. Because it's the Holy Land. Because we're all in this simple valley, just us and the olive trees, the mules, the mountains above. Because it's real."

His cohorts began to catch the drift. "Because it's real," intoned the assistant director and he beamed at the unit publicist, who beamed right back and said, "Because we're here."

Soon the mood became frankly celebratory. "Reality," declared Jewison. "No studios, no faking, no bullshit. Only the rock and the sand and the sky. Only the truth."

Inspired, he half-turned and looked directly down into the valley at a small patch of vivid green grass, especially flown in from England, because there isn't much green grass in this part of Israel. Saint Peter sat cross-legged beneath a tree, reading *The Autobiography of a Yogi*; Saint John was writing home to his mother; Saint Bartholomew was busily goosing Saint Thaddeus with an olive branch. "Reality," said Jewison one last time and, clambering into his Jaguar, he was driven off into the sunset.

• • •

The crying, once launched, did not easily let up. The apostles and most of the cast cried when Jesus got the shits and had to rush for the sanctuary of the honey wagon; they cried when Judas turned nasty and raised his voice to them; most of all, they cried when they saw themselves on the rushes. "Very emotional boyos, these," said the Irish chief caterer. "Thank the Lord I've got plenty of spare buckets." Several times, at the end of a take, Jesus and Judas capsized sobbing in each other's arms. Then Jewison joined them for a choked embrace. Within seconds, the set was awash. Gradually, even the technicians and the extras were snared. By the end of the third week, the unit nurse was so deeply moved by the sight of a young Arab boy picking flowers that she fell over a small stone wall and sprained her wrist.

Along with the general gushing, meanwhile, a macabre little charade began to unfold. The apostles had apparently identified themselves so utterly with their roles that they began to look on Teddy Neeley as though he were, indeed, the Messiah. They followed him everywhere, took him food and drink, massaged his neck when he was weary, carried his burdens when he felt depressed and, of course, bathed him with their tears whenever the script made him suffer.

Undoubtedly, he was a gentle and sympathetic spirit, a very nice man. Still, to the outsider, such worship was startling. No matter, worship him they did: "Would I give up my life for him?" asked Saint James rhetorically. "Who can know such things? But I would fight for him, I'd even put up with loss and abuse for him. Why? Because he is warm and tender and good. Because, if Christ were alive today, he would be someone like Teddy Neeley."

Teddy, it must be said, neither encouraged nor discouraged all this. He was altogether too polite ever to propose himself as the Godhead. On the other hand, the journey from Ranger to Calvary *had* taken him 15 scuffling years and he wasn't about to blow his ticket. He had spent three years playing Saturday-night dances in Palo Pinto County, six more on the road to Los Angeles and whole eternities in Vegas, or in warm-up bands for Opry tours, or singing suppertime schlurp at the Cocoanut Grove. He had cracked up in Hollywood, broken down in Hawaii and his first gig in *Superstar*, on Broadway, had been as an understudy. Now he was Jesus Christ: "the big cheese himself," as Jewison put it, and who could blame him if he wore his robes in the shower or made a few ambiguous passes with his finger tips? "I *know* what I am," he said. "Others can see what they choose."

Big black Judas, inevitably, caught the backlash. Jesus liked him fine, but the apostles ran away every time he approached. "Rough, tough and bad," said Saint Bartholomew. "Just looking at him is enough to make you cream. Now you tell me, honey, who wants to cream at a time like this?"

Judas was not unduly distressed—isolation suited him. Intensely competitive, implausibly handsome, he had brisk contempt for mass opinion and locked himself up every night in his hotel bedroom. "People are a pain in the ass," he said, "and nice, well-meaning people are the biggest pain of all."

Nonetheless, like Jewison, he was a compulsive performer and, while on the set, he played at Captain Superspade, all soul handshakes and funky little finger pops, eye rollings, mouth gapings and splutters of dirty laughter. He had enormous presence and, undoubtedly, was going to be a star. Kids adored him, so did the Israelis and so, of course, did women. Soon he built up a following all his own, a group of antidisciples, who idolized him as much as the apostles idolized Jesus.

(continued on page 200)

A Crossing on the France

travel By JOSEPH WECHSBERG The late Somerset Maugham, a master traveler, once told me that he felt completely relaxed only aboard ship. There is the blessed moment when the slight tremor of the engines under your feet indicates you are off. Then the coast recedes into a bluish haze and, with it, the burden of conventions and responsibilities. Ahead of you there is the unknown. "No matter how often you sail it's always an experience," the Very Old Party said wistfully. I thought of Maugham recently as I watched the tip of Manhattan fall away from the

the style, the service and the food—ah, the food!—of the last great luxury liner

observation deck of the S.S. France. The panorama has been spoiled by the two obscene supertowers of the World Trade Center, but I didn't mind. I've been happy aboard ships ever since a summer day in the Twenties when I sailed from Bordeaux to New York as the impecunious fiddler in the three-man ship's orchestra on the tiny La Bourdonnais—a poor French Line relation of which the France would be ashamed today. The France is the flagship, the world's longest liner—1035 feet—and most luxurious. Her crew of 1100 includes 19 musicians, each playing several instruments. Times have changed.

Nowadays I travel as a (nonworking) passenger, but it's still an adventure and the only civilized way of going. Airplanes and railroads are often useful but rarely pleasant. You don't expect something wonderful to happen as you board them; on planes you worry whether you'll get there. But aboard ship you can be surrounded by people in the *discothèque* or meditating blissfully in your stateroom. For a few days, you feel out of this world, living the life you always wanted to live: The dream has come true. Peace and privacy—today's great luxuries—and maybe a little caviar at night. Unlimited freedom or splendid isolation.

On a spiritual level, something strange and confusing happens to many people as the rhythm of the big boat catches up with them. The pace slackens. The first day out you are still a prisoner of the past. The ship-to-shore phone or the radio operator may catch up with you. It was better in the old days, when no one would try to reach me while I fiddled in the Red Sea on our way to Indochina. No union, no fixed working hours, no uniform. I worried a little whether my violin would survive the heat; there was no air conditioning. (One night I forgot to put it away in the refrigeration chamber, and in the morning I found a few pieces of lacquered wood in my violin case. The glue had melted and the fiddle had come apart. I bought one in Djibouti that was nailed together, and sounded that way.)

Around the third day of the crossing, the past is discarded with the garbage that they throw out to the sea gulls. Resistance ceases: Subconsciously, one surrenders to the unreality of life aboard ship, happily suspended in a seeming vacuum of euphoria as the gravitational pulls from both continents cancel each other out. One no longer thinks of what was and not yet of what will be. Decisions and duties are mercifully postponed. A new pattern of pseudo life emerges. One gets interested in the vagaries of wind and weather (will the rough sea spoil dinner tonight?), the ping-pong tournament, how to work up an appetite between meals, what to eat without gaining weight, the temperature of the water in the swimming pool. Some males are beginning to look at the apparently unescorted blonde. I am pleased to notice that two definitely unescorted brunettes give me that maybe look, even though (and perhaps because) my hair is what they call silvery at the temples.

We've passed the point of no return. We are in the middle of the ocean, spiritually weightless, unconcerned about the realities on either end. Temporarily, I've lost my identity; I haven't felt so contented in a long time. Some people don't read even the news in the ship's paper, *L'Atlantique*. Cold-blooded speculators ignore the stock-market reports on the bulletin board. Other things have become more important. Should one have a bloody mary or a bullshot before lunch, or maybe a Fernet-Branca with a drop of crème de menthe? The best thing against the *mal de mer* is alcohol, straight. But then, according to Henri Delaude, the barman, the *mal de mer* doesn't exist. The Texas billionaire won the ship's pool, naturally, and he is happy about the $90 he made. Lunch was wonderful. The pleasure of choosing from the enormous, unpriced menu. No check—no bills, no boss, no dentist, no income tax. Everything free: life and love and the view from the sun deck.

You no longer wonder why so many passengers prefer to watch the documentary *The France in the Atlantic* in the 664-seat movie theater to going out on deck and watching the France in the Atlantic. Which of the two is the real France, anyway? (Incidentally, the boat is *le* France, while the country remains *la* France.) The Californian plays from the aft end of the ping-pong table, watching the heavy seas ahead that will finish his opponent if he doesn't: the Bobby Fischer Method. According to *Events du Jour*, Rotarians, Lions and Kiwanians aboard meet at the Verandah Deck Lounge in the afternoon, and tomorrow their picture will be in the paper. After lunch they show *City Lights* with Charlie Chaplin, and tomorrow an old Jeanette MacDonald film; they must please Frenchmen and Americans, priests and atheists, anarchists and conservatives. All these strange things you accept as a matter of course, which is the strangest thing of all. The woman from Detroit who travels in "Normandie," the *grand-luxe* suite, all by herself, almost $4000 for the five-day crossing, complains bitterly because she was not asked to sit at the commandant's table.

• • •

Few fine ships are left in the jumbo-jet age. The finest of all is the France, the only luxury liner with an indefinable mood of its own, a sublime blend of tradition and taste, style and *esprit* that is almost a state of mind. Old French Line hands call it *l'atmosphère Transat*, which refers to Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. On the old De Grasse, the unforgotten Ile de France, the Normandie, I took this ambience for granted. Then I discovered, during a meeting in the office of Robert Bellet, the chief purser of the Liberté, years ago, that the atmosphere was not a spontaneous Gallic phenomenon but the result of imagination and strategy as carefully put together as a Swiss watch. *L'atmosphère Transat* even managed to transform the former German Europa into the Liberté, as French as Gauloises cigarettes.

Bellet had been a purser's apprentice when I was second fiddler on the Ile de France around 1930. We became friends. Two of his duties were to try to make us musicians keep regular working hours—somebody was always somewhere else with a *jolie femme*—and to prevent us from stealing bottles of wine from the passengers' tables. (We kept them under our beds and later disposed of them on the thirsty American mainland for nondevalued dollars.)

That memorable meeting was held on the morning of the Liberté's first day out of New York. At nine o'clock, Bellet already knew who had spent the night where he wasn't supposed to be, and about a holiday couple who were just married and already fighting and of an argument among the tourist-class waiters. He knew all the secrets aboard; *(continued on page 98)*

"Not in heavy traffic, Sluggo!"

PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES
ILLUSTRATED BY GUY FERY

attire

BY ROBERT L. GREEN

foot fetishists—have we got news for you!

The dude was cool, sitting there—threaded like a prince, rapping just right. The faxes had him in their sights. Until he got up and—oh, wow!—was he slipshod. He evaporated in a hail of heehaws. But a week later he was back, left, in a pair of lace-ups with white piping, quilted-stitch trim and leather-covered platform soles and heels, from Verde, $40. No problem now. And the next time he showed, he brought his *amigos*. One, above right, had a set of multicolor windowpane-plaid fabric jabbies with contrast piping, gum sales and three-inch heels, by Fantosia, $35. Number three, just to keep up, had a suede set—with wooden soles and heels, crepe bottoms and brass-stud trim, by Verde, $20. When the smoke had cleared, they all agreed an one thing: "These shoes sure help you get next to people."

GETTING OFF ON THE RIGHT SHOE

This stud definitely slipped into something good—leather clogs with hand-painted trim and foil reflector inserts, by Harbor Imports, $40.

Though our man's no voyeur, he put on spectator shoes—in patent leather with heels—to keep the lody on her toes, by San Remo, $52.

Crossing on the France *(continued from page 92)*

his subordinates—bellboys, barmen, waiters, stewards, night watchmen—formed a well-integrated intelligence network. Nearly all French Line employees start their training early; the bellboys attend special schools at the age of 16, later become stewards and perhaps maîtres d'hôtel and retire at 55. Many are second- or third-generation Transat men, fiercely loyal to the company. No other line can make that claim.

This time I again attended the purser's morning meeting on the France. M. Guy Samzun and his staff made up the lists of the passengers who might sit at the commandant's table at captain's dinner, two nights before arrival, provided Commandant Christian Pettré agreed. They designed the strategy for the get-together gala, the second night out, the invitations for special cocktail parties and other social affairs. They tried to match unescorted women and single men, blended nationalities, using VIP lists from their agencies and their own card files with the names of all regular French Line passengers, listing their likes and idiosyncrasies, parties attended, invitations refused. They worked hard, knowing they must not make a mistake; time was short. (They let me see my own card, with the dates of my private luncheons with Commandant Pettré in his personal dining room behind the bridge and some other cryptic data.) They made plans for a masked ball in tourist class. Louis Pellegrin, the maître de, reported about the problems involved in assigning people their seats in the dining room, a tricky business. Some want to be alone, some like company, some want to be seen and some like to hide. Many people won't say so, and M. Pellegrin must guess. Everybody agreed that the favorite lady passenger had been Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*, traveling to America in 1963 in M-079, protected by built-in batteries to guarantee a steady temperature, and by special guards in the adjoining staterooms. No dining-room-seat problem.

Somebody reported that one passenger had bought up all available small-scale models of the France and sold them at a good profit. Everybody laughed. Last night a member of the clergy had got happily intoxicated. Again everybody laughed. Apparently *l'atmosphère Transat* was already working, since it affected even a servant of the Lord. But one woman, sitting with three men, had brusquely got up in the middle of dinner, "and she was not sick." Well, they would investigate.

At ten o'clock I attended the meeting in the office of Commandant Pettré, who looks the part, with his Flying Dutchman beard, witty eyes and a sardonic sense of Gallic humor. Only the top-ranking officers were present. Policies were discussed and Pettré made the important decisions. During the France's round-the-world cruise in 1972—91 days, minimum $5065, maximum $99,440 in the luxurious Ile de France suite—the ambience virtuosos had worked hard, but it took two months to bring the French- and English-speaking people together and to bridge the barriers among 22 nationalities.

"I attended over two hundred official affairs and I shook hands at least three times with every passenger," Pettré said, with a shrug. "Still some complained. One man wanted to call the president, I don't know which president, because he missed sweet rolls for breakfast." The various nationalities formed groups, and within the groups there were factions and cliques, since some came for fun and others for status, and some wanted only instruction. There were the blasé rich, and others who had spent their life savings on the trip and naturally wanted all they could get for their money. There were many minority complexes, but only one fight, between two friends who had got drunk. One threw a plate of spaghetti across the table and the other emptied a bottle of red wine over his friend's white suit. "Reminded me of a Marx Brothers picture," said Commandant Pettré, who will take the France on another round-the-world cruise next year.

• • •

Poets, novelists and psychologists have ascribed the erotic atmosphere aboard ship to the influence of the aphrodisiac sea air and the temporary freedom from earth-bound inhibitions, but the new freedom between the sexes has changed the basic patterns. There is a new clientele: tired businessmen trying to get a few days of rest between meetings and career women who travel alone and do as they please. They enjoy a sense of anonymity among people they have never met and may not meet again. They are relaxed, sitting alone at the bar—which they wouldn't do in their home towns—and they're having fun.

"The atmosphere creates a common bond," says Miss Claude Haynes, from Pasadena, the ship's hostess. "After a couple of days everybody feels as if they're at a large, successful house party. No one is scared. The women don't worry about getting home safe at night. No one cares whether the couple from S-015 is married. They are happy. Good for them. I remember an Englishman who met a nice American woman here months ago. Now she often flies to London for a long weekend." People even fall in love. Some old-fashioned ones want to get married and are disappointed when the captain, *maître après Dieu*, tells them he is not authorized to perform a marriage ceremony. (One captain did the next best thing, giving the couple connecting staterooms.)

The older barmen and maîtres de who have worked aboard French Line ships for over 30 years remember the small girls who not so long ago traveled with their parents and are now traveling with *their* small girls. "They come to greet me, though I should go and greet them," says Roger Regoudy, the *chef de réception*. The staff members have forgotten more about love and other affairs than most gossip columnists ever learn about them. If they could only write, they say: Almost every crossing is a novel.

Not long ago an immensely rich oil sheik was aboard with a retinue of 14 men. One asked Miss Haynes, "Are you the one who handles the women aboard?" She told him, tactfully but firmly, that women are not "handled" on a French Line ship; there are parties and other social occasions. In the end some of the sheik's men wound up with some pretty Jewish girls in tourist class.

Almost all problems are approached with diplomacy, tact and Gallic finesse, and it's a rare staff member who is even momentarily stumped. One was the old night watchman on the Ile de France, who was approached by an irate woman at two in the morning. Her husband had disappeared into the stateroom of another woman; couldn't one do something about it? The night watchman asked for the number of the stateroom. "That's the problem," the woman said desperately. "He was involved with two or three. Couldn't we call him on the public-address system? That would at least spoil their fun."

• • •

Noel Coward once told an interviewer that he always sailed with the French, "where there's none of that nonsense about women and children first," but he later apologized for his crack. Actually, the French have done well with women, children *and* men, as the survivors of the Andrea Doria remember who were picked up by the Ile de France. Today people take the France for other reasons. Many come attracted by the ship's epicurean reputation. "Here we don't have dinner, we *dine*," a woman says. Some want to see, at least for a few days, a style of life that won't last long—at best, another ten years—"so we'll have an idea what it was." Quite a few are young people in search of nostalgia, having heard from parents and older friends how beautiful it was.

"There will never be another luxury liner as large and elegant as the France," says M. Edmond Lanier, the dynamic president of the French Line. Even gold-rich governments cannot afford such an extravaganza. There will be medium-sized ships, fast, air-conditioned, self-service, with cafeterias, computerized—but who

(continued on page 203)

DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER / PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL ARSENAULT

IN SEARCH OF THE SAVAGE BIJOONA

ONE AFTERNOON in November of 1972, when I happened to be sojourning in Charlotte, taking the waters of North Carolina, I directed my native driver to take me to the telegraph office. There I dispatched the following wireless to the director-general at the Society's international headquarters in Woodville, Virginia: "HAVE SIGHTED BIJOONA. LETTER FOLLOWS."

This is within the accepted form. Some members incline toward "REPORT FOLLOWS," but there is something ominous in "report," rather out of character, or so it has seemed to me, for those of us devoted to the discovery and eradication of bijoonas, wherever they may be found. At one time, prior to the 1939 Revision of Forms and Procedures, it was customary to telegraph, "HAVE SPOTTED BIJOONA," but the Committee felt the phrase subject to a certain ambiguity that wisely should be avoided. In any event, I dispatched the customary message, and a bit later, as the November twilight gathered over this pleasant Southern city, I sat alone in my motel room, overlooking the parking lot, remembering other times, other bijoonas. Good years, these. The Presidential-election years are best, of course, if only because one is traveling

(continued on page 198)

the scourge of bathrooms everywhere, it preys upon the human male when he least expects it

humor **BY JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK**

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS *(continued from page 78)*

decided to really stick it to the godfather: He would not eat any of the catfish steaks, make him feel guilty of double offense. Perhaps, by nightfall, he might wheedle another credit card out of Serafina. . . .

"You see, *Monsignore,* it's just that me, a man of the world, I see things different from the way you do. . . ."

"Yes. Well, of Binky, of course . . . a quiet person, I hadn't known. . . ."

But Binky was already there.

"Hello, Monsignor. Hello, Emilio."

"Good morning, Binky," Martin de Porres Fisher greeted him. "A truly sad day, *n'est-ce pas?*" Serafina still wiped tears from his face. He stared pointedly at the bulge in Binky's crotch and almost convulsed himself out of his chair.

"Extremely, Martin. Arthur was such a fine man. It's too bad he had to go like that."

Binky took a seat and Martin saw that he was dressed the same as ever. The screaming Sixties had done nothing to him on the exterior. A Korean War vet, he had become unrelentingly locked in the casual golden styles of an Arnold Palmer or Jack Kennedy, and always, even on this day of burial at sea, had the special look of being on his way to play golf. In another moment, Serafina regained control and called out to the galley: "Bring smoked salmon also. And those Jewish onion rolls from the delicatessen."

In minutes more, Muriel Farragan arrived, driving her own car, following Vecchio in the mortician's hearse that bore the body of her husband. Vecchio backed the hearse up to the gangplank and opened the rear door as Muriel parked her convertible. Serafina, Martin de Porres Fisher and Binky Applebaum went to the railing to greet her, and Serafina snapped his fingers at Niña, Pinta and Santa María to help Vecchio carry the body, sewn into a weighted canvas sack, on board. Vecchio looked carefully about—for police, perhaps, since Arthur was already supposed to be underground—then urged the crew members to their task. The four lifted the sack, laid out on a metal stretcher, out of the hearse and strained up the gangplank toward the deck. Muriel, dressed all in black, and throwing the lace of her mourning mantilla over her face, followed behind. At the top, once Arthur had been placed on the deck, Serafina welcomed her aboard. He took her in his open arms, swallowing her petiteness: "Muriel, dearest Muriel, such a tragic day."

"Oh, Emilio, you've been so kind to help out," she spoke, crushed into the brace of medals on his chest. "A poor widow can simply not have enough friends."

"There, there, Muriel," the admiral comforted. "Nothing is too good for you."

"And you, Martin . . . how can one thank you . . . for your understanding?"

"Holy Mother the Church is not without compassion, dear Muriel," Martin de Porres Fisher assured her. They kissed, brushing each other's cheeks as they always did when they met, Martin feeling the wetness of her tears beneath the veil, imbibing the subtle odor of her perfume, her woman's delicious smell that always set him to wishing he were not a priest at all, no matter how good he had it.

"And you, Binky . . . thank you so much for being here today." Binky did not embrace her. He would get his later. All afternoon and into the evening, probably. Now they merely shook hands in deference to the nearness of the sack on the deck, and Binky offered his simple condolence:

"I think it's truly tragic about Mr. Farragan, Muriel."

"Yes, a great sadness for me, as you can imagine."

"Yes, truly tragic," Serafina added.

"Most unfortunate," Martin said.

"Yes," Binky agreed.

In the paling of condolences (everything having been said the day before at the cemetery when they buried the rocks), Serafina remembered the envelope for Vecchio, who departed the madness immediately down the gangplank, not looking back. Then the admiral gave orders to Niña, Pinta and Santa María to cast off. The mighty engines started with a roar and Serafina encouraged them to breakfast. Martin de Porres Fisher proffered his arm and Muriel took it, walking slowly toward the rear deck with him: "The Time of the Troubles is ended, Martin, don't you feel it? The country has returned to normalcy, the President seems firmly in command. Vietnam will just become an awful memory."

"One hopes for that, dear Muriel. There has been enough of anguish and violence already."

The Stella Maris eased out into the bay as they took their places. Serafina called out to the galley: "*Cuisinier*: two two-minute eggs for Mrs. Farragan, and lots of bacon, very crisp."

• • •

They moved into the open ocean that was calm and shimmering, then headed north toward Asbury Park, where Arthur Farragan was to be dumped overboard. Martin, disdaining his catfish steaks, reflected instead on the "Time of the Troubles," as Muriel called them, the same that in the past she had narrated for him blow by blow in the confessional. For her, the troubles had erupted in the summer of 1968, sometime around the violent days of the Democrats' convention, when he had known her slightly more than a year. She had telephoned him one afternoon, asking if she might come by his apartment, saying simply: "Martin, I would confess to you and only you."

Her language—a formalese that she always spoke to priests—delighted him and he had come to think of her, dark-eyed and lovely, as a woman of Verona, the duke's wife. He readily invited her by.

When she arrived, dressed in mourning black, he had had time enough to prepare. Incense circled the rooms and he sat hidden behind a silk screen Serafina had sent him from Portugal, depicting the flaying of Saint Bartholomew. She knelt on the other side and confessed to having planted a bomb beneath her horrid sister-in-law, Anna Farragan.

"And do you repent of your sin, Muriel, so that I may give you absolution?"

"I cannot, Martin," she spoke sadly. It mattered little. Though he smelled no alcohol through the screen, he thought she was drunk. No such crime could have been perpetrated. What did trucking tycoons' wives know of explosives?

"And you, Martin, would you break the seal of the confessional and accuse me to the police?"

"I cannot, Muriel."

"I was sure." She crossed herself, her rosary wrapped about her hands clacking with the motions, then slowly withdrew. Martin de Porres Fisher, clucking to himself over her delusion, got up and mixed himself a gin and tonic, then switched on the early-evening news. The newscaster confirmed that Anna, nee Farragan, Bigalow Furgueson Mailey had, indeed, been blown to bits by a bomb. Martin collapsed before the television set in a dead faint.

A month or so afterward, Jim Farragan, Arthur's brother, went straight through the roof of his Cadillac at the trucking-company terminal, spattering many of his employees. Martin heard of it on his car radio, drove straight home, piled covers onto his bed and dived underneath them, the better to contain the cold sweat into which he had erupted. He thought of calling her, warning her to stay away from him, but in the end he did not. The next morning he went to his office in the chancery, haggard and gray-looking after the manner of blacks, and dictated letter upon letter to his secretary, not wanting to be alone. She phoned about 11 A.M.

"Martin, I would confess."

"I am indisposed, Muriel." His voice quivered whole octaves in answering; his secretary discreetly left the office.

"I will come to your apartment at five o'clock, Martin." She hung up abruptly. He left his office at four, steadied himself

(continued on page 218)

THE ODD COUPLERS

humor

BY JOHN DEMPSEY

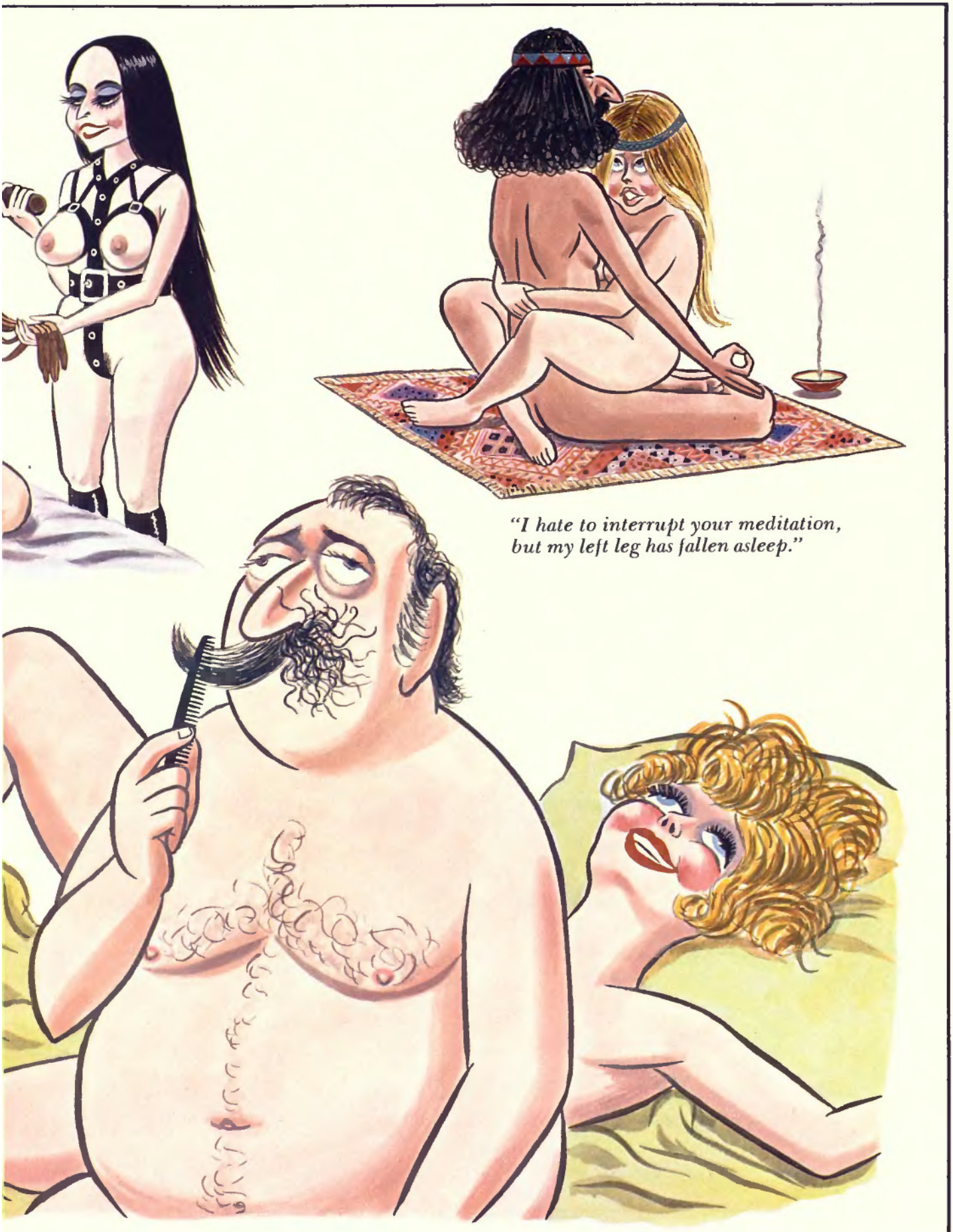
an undressed parade of libidinarians
in feverish pursuit of bedded bliss

"Sa-ay—you want to get us busted?"

"Two minutes and four seconds. You're getting much better, my darling."

"It's made from a new synthetic. I'm sure you'll love it."

"Can I help it if I'm terribly sexy?"



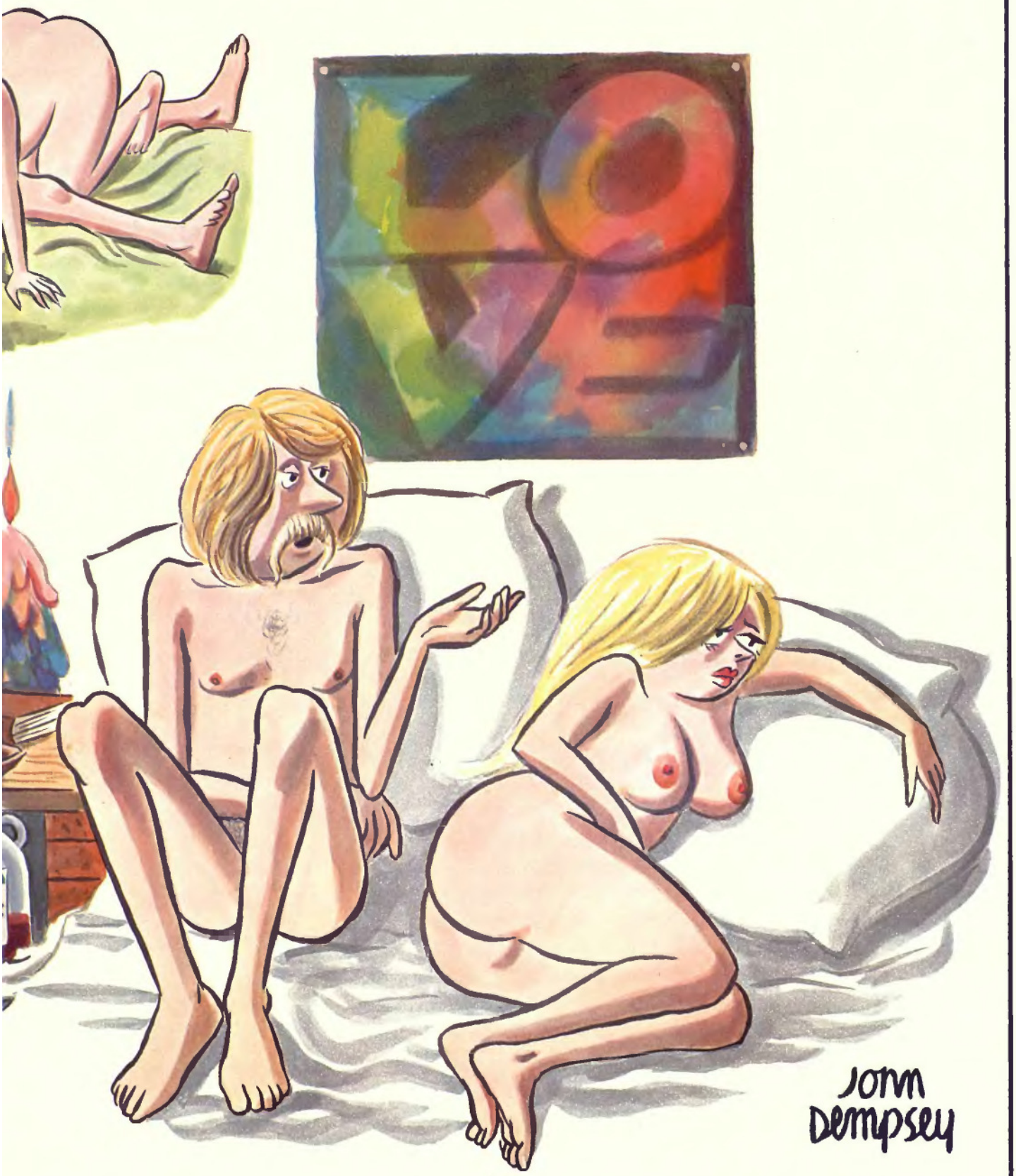
"I hate to interrupt your meditation, but my left leg has fallen asleep."

"You're one in a million, Barney."

"No-calorie whipping cream. Charley, you're always so thoughtful."

"Don't think I don't appreciate your giving it the old try, sweetheart."

"Remember when our group-therapy encounters consisted entirely of touching faces and looking intently into each other's eyes?"



"But how can I enjoy it when I know you're not fully enjoying it, because you're concentrating so much on doing what you think I enjoy?"

martha's modeling career was easy; fulfilling her moviemaking dream may not be

PECKINPAH, BERGMAN, HITCHCOCK— AND SMITH?

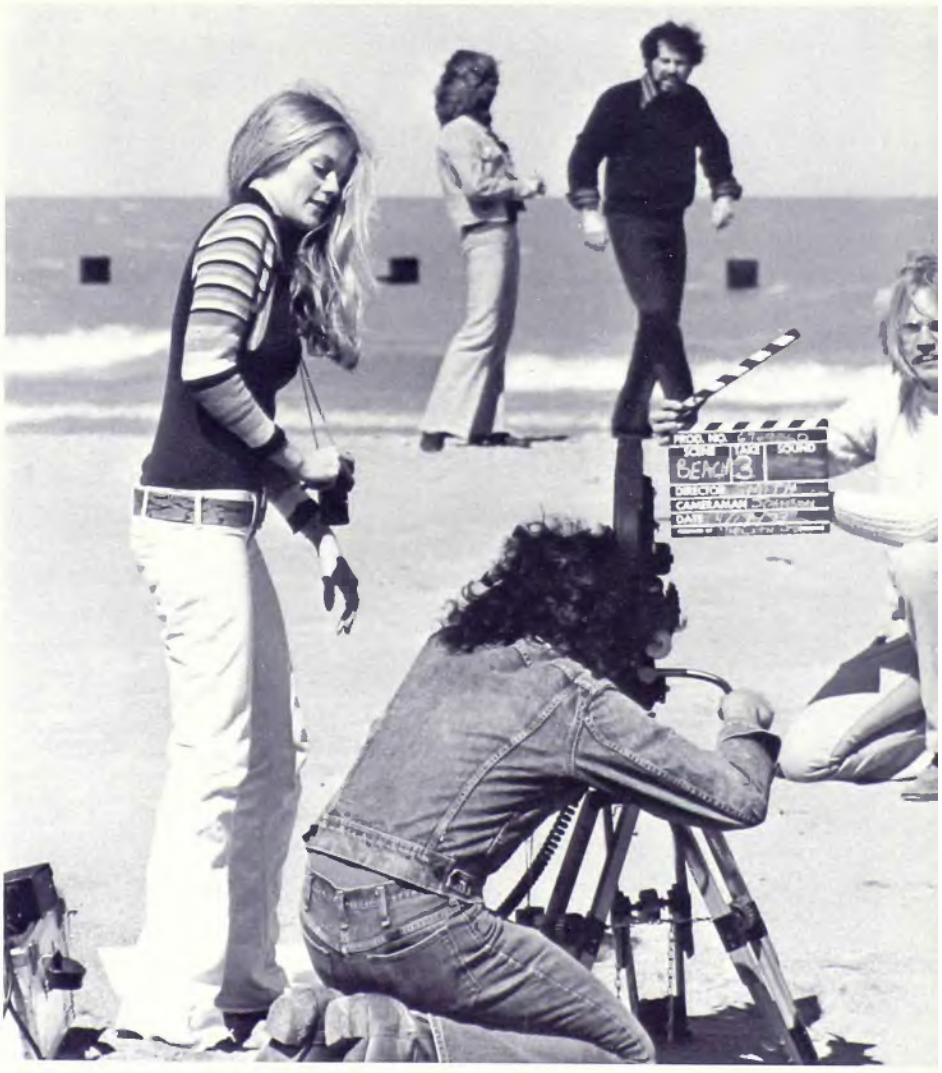
MARTHA SMITH is trying to sort things out: Should she go to school and take classes in film? Should she simply show up in California and try to get a sense of the best way to begin? Would it be better to stay in Detroit and look for a job in the media department of some advertising agency or to show a documentary director the 16mm stuff she's already shot? Though she hasn't yet imposed any order on her ambition, Martha knows she wants to be a film maker and figures that, at the age of 20, there's still time to consider the many ways to go about it. "I've talked to a lot of people, and they all give me different advice. My dream is to do it all, write the script, direct, be totally involved with the production of a film. That's a very large dream, I know, but I want to do it anyway. For now, I'm writing script outlines and, with a few friends, shooting some small productions around Detroit." The rest of Martha's schedule is devoted to modeling; from her parents' home in suburban Farmington, it's only a half hour's drive to her jobs in the city, where she most often promotes the newest cars at auto shows and in commercials. Her modeling career was really unplanned—the suggestion of a college friend who asked her to join him on a summer-long tour of Mexico and help show a line of clothing. The trip sounded fine, but Martha first had to register herself with a modeling agency, so

Above right: Martha rises for a morning of modeling appointments. "Detroit, for all its negative publicity, isn't that bad a place, especially if you're a model, since the car companies do so much advertising. But there's not much night life," she concedes.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Right: Martha visits the home of Detroit photographer Jack Whitehead to go over the results of a shooting. "I like to see all the shots from a modeling session, the rejects as well as the chosen ones, because it helps me understand the elements of composition that are vital to cinematography. When you place the bad shots alongside the good ones, you can see the difference immediately."

Above: Martha on assignment, posing with her most frequent modeling partner—a new car.
Right: On a recent visit with friends in Chicago, she takes advantage of the Lake Michigan backdrop to shoot some film.




MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

she called the agency where her older sister was employed, and that's how she fell into what's become a busy career. Naturally, some of her jobs are more memorable than others, but she recalls one vividly. "My agency told me to put on a bikini and go to Olympia Stadium, where I was to assist in a car presentation. I didn't know until I arrived that I was supposed to hop out of the car onto an ice-hockey rink between periods of a Red Wings game. When I jumped out of the car, the people started whistling and screaming at the top of their lungs. The announcer was talking about all the car's features and I was supposed to be pointing them out as he spoke, but the crowd noise was so loud I couldn't hear a word he was saying and I was pointing at a tire while he was describing the windshield. At the same time, I was slipping all over the ice, because I was wearing hard-soled sandals and couldn't keep my balance." Eventually, Martha wants to turn all modeling jobs into a memory, but she's making no hasty decisions; she'd like to begin her *next* career on as sure a footing as possible.

After she and her moviemaking friends finish shooting for the day, astrology freak Martha finds a little shop on State Street called the Occult Book Store. Below: Martha and the store's manager, Richard Collet, check out her chart.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A teenager confided to her mother that she had broken her engagement when her fiancé admitted that he had had affairs with two other girls.

"But a girl can't always expect to be the first, dear," comforted her mother. "Some men deliberately seek experience before marriage for the sake of their brides-to-be."

"I know," sobbed the young thing, "but I made Joe tell me the others' names, and everything they know about sex, they learned from *me*!"

And, of course, you've heard about the hurricane that recently struck Fire Island—Hurricane Bruce.

The insecticide salesman wanted the order so badly that he made the farmer a special proposition. The salesman would strip completely, spray himself with his company's product and then spend the night lashed to a chair in the pasture. If he remained unbitten, he would obtain the order; if not, he would pay a cash forfeit. The farmer accepted, and when he untied the salesman the following morning, the latter showed no bite marks but was otherwise in a state of near exhaustion. When he had been revived to some degree by coffee, the farmer asked what had happened. "Well, the insects caused me no trouble at all," muttered the salesman, "but doesn't that damn calf have a mother?"

We place no stock in a rumor that the Pope's next pronouncement on birth control is to be titled *Paul's Epistle to the Fallopians.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *booby hatch* as a training bra.

Baby," boasted the well-oiled conventioneer, "I'm gonna make love to you like you've never had it before!" Half an hour later, his bed companion pulled a feather out of the pillow and began to tap him on the forehead with it.

"Hey," mumbled the man, "what's that all about?"

"Well, comparatively speaking, lover boy," yawned the girl, "I'm beating your brains out."

We seem to be having some difficulty in obtaining straight answers from you, Mr. Congressman," chided one of the TV-panel newsmen. "Perhaps if you gave us just one, it would set a precedent. Tell me, then: What is your favorite color?"

"Plaid," said the politician.

The man was approached by the artificial-insemination division of a family-planning group to contribute to a public sperm bank.

"No," he said, "I'm sorry, but I give the United way."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *TV censor* as a Bleeping Tom.

The will of a lecher named Gore
Revealed a cremation in store:
Bedeviled by lust, he
Had named a tart trustee
To haul his old ashes once more.

This jury of thy peers," intoned the judge, "hath recommended that I cause thee to wear a scarlet A upon thy bosom for all to see. And let it be recorded," continued the austere magistrate to the shapely young defendant, "that I deem this a most questionable recommendation. The jury hath not done thee, Mistress Prynne, true justice."

"But, Your Honor," interjected the jury foreman, "A was the highest mark we could suggest for her!"

All you guys have your brains between your legs!" snapped the liberated young woman in response to her date's overture.

"Yes!" he admitted. "And that gives me a mind-blowing idea!"

The worried wife explained to the psychiatrist that her husband had developed a craving for dog food and was raiding their Doberman's supply, and she showed him a can of it. After checking the label, he told the woman that the preparation seemed harmless enough and that her husband would probably get over his fondness for it with time, and suggested that, meanwhile, she simply buy enough for both her spouse and the dog.

Some weeks later, the woman telephoned to say that her spouse was dead. "My God!" exclaimed the psychiatrist. "It wasn't the dog food, was it?"

"No, doctor," she replied sadly. "Poor George was out in the driveway licking his prick and I accidentally backed over him."

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.*

"Our marriage counselor was right, Leonard! We were placing too much emphasis on the bedroom!"

HOW TO BEAT THE STOCK MARKET BY WATCHING GIRLS, COUNTING ASPIRIN, CHECKING SUNSPOTS AND WONDERING WHERE THE YELLOW WENT

article By MAX GUNTHER

usually infallible formulas to help you almost make money at least part of the time—if used properly

JESSE LIVERMORE, a big-time speculator from an earlier era, once remarked that the stock market is crazy and that to beat it you have to be crazy yourself. Livermore was right. Unfortunately, he wasn't crazy *enough*. He made four colossal fortunes but lost all four and died in virtual poverty, a suicide.

Still, the truth of his epigram survives in his absence. Witness the following eight formulas to predict how stock prices will move. They have little or no basis in common sense. All that can be said about them is that they seem to work.

THE HEMLINE INDICATOR

In 1967, Ralph Rotnem, then research chief at the brokerage firm of Harris Upham & Company, discovered a profound truth. He drew a graph of the Dow-Jones Industrial Average over a 70-year period and superimposed on it another graph showing the ups and downs of women's skirts. The correlation was astoundingly close. When hemlines rose —notably, in the early Twenties, the mid-Thirties and the Sixties—so did the Dow. When hemlines sank floorward—as happened in the late Twenties and late Forties, for example—the Dow either collapsed or entered a period of stagnation.

Rotnem grew nervous in the late Sixties. Hemlines had reached a point where they literally could go no higher. So, by extension, had the Dow. Pants suits and longer skirts were beginning to show up in the fashion magazines. "This worried me," Rotnem recalled. "I hoped maybe the pants suit and the floor-length skirt were passing fads that wouldn't catch on with most women. But when I began to see knees disappearing on the streets, I thought, *Oh-oh*. . . ."

Somebody asked Rotnem in 1969 whether he and his brokerage house took the Hemline Indicator seriously. He replied, "No, but we should. It's the only forecasting tool that's right one hundred percent of the time." It was right again in the late Sixties. The 30-inch plunge from miniskirt to pants suit was followed by a 250-point plunge in the Dow. Today, the Hemline Indicator fails to point out a clear trend for the future of the stock

market. Nearly all hemline lengths are in vogue. The index seems to be saying that the market, like the eyes of leg men the nation over, will wander up and down indecisively—at least for a while.

THE HEEL HYPOTHESIS

Though the Hemline Indicator went slightly awry in the Fifties (skirts dropped sharply, but the Dow just stagnated), a companion indicator held up well. This device forecasts the market's moves by measuring current fashion in the heel heights of women's shoes. Heels were high in the booming Twenties, lower in the gloomy Thirties. During and after World War Two, they rose to preposterous heights (platform soles were then in vogue) and the Dow more than doubled. When platform soles went out and heels fell accordingly, the market went nowhere. There was no further significant drop in heel heights for the next decade and a half, and the market got over its early-Fifties doldrums and soared dramatically until the late Sixties. Then low heels came back in and stocks sank sympathetically.

The originator of this peculiar forecasting technique is a Wall Street banker who believes that his employer, a rather solemn institution, would not appreciate the brilliance of his insight. "Don't identify me," he says. "Just call me the, um, Sole Proprietor of the Heel Hypothesis." The Sole Proprietor observes that heels are rising again and platform soles are returning after a 20-year absence. If pants suits and maxiskirts fade into limbo (which some fashion authorities think likely), the Hemline Indicator will also turn up and the middle Seventies will be a grand time to own stocks.

Indexes such as these may be a little less farfetched than they seem. According to a Florida psychiatry professor, "People enjoy sex more and want it more when they're feeling happy. In generally buoyant, optimistic times, women tend to dress in more revealing or exaggerated styles to catch the male eye. In gloomier times, they may dress in a more utilitarian manner. So these indexes of women's clothing styles might not be utter nonsense. Many

women are highly sensitive to the emotional ambience around them. If their changing dress styles show they are feeling more buoyant, that may be a clue to emotional factors that will affect the stock market."

THE DRINKING-COUPLE COUNT

If market forecasts can be made from observations of women's behavior, there should be a complementary theory about men, and there is. It is preserved for posterity by David Canfield, an executive in the brokerage house of Fahnestock & Co. Canfield, an enthusiastic chronicler of Wall Street oddballs, has a client who times his market play by observing evening crowds at cocktail lounges. The theory goes like this: In times of general discontent, men tend to drink alone or with other men. When optimism is rising, they grow sexier, partly because women are inviting such conduct. You can spot the re-emergence of optimism after a depressed period, Canfield's client says, by counting drinking couples after hours at your favorite water hole. When the average number per evening rises by about 20 percent and stays high for a few months, the stock market is about to rise. Conversely, a significant long-term drop in the number of couples presages a decline.

Canfield's client recently perceived a steady increase in drinking couples. "I must admit he has shown good timing in the past," says Canfield. "But so have a lot of other guys. I have another client who can be timed by the phases of the moon...."

THE SUNSPOT THEORY

David Williams is a retired executive living in Florida. According to his own account, he has increased his money by an average 25 percent a year since he ventured into the market in 1958. He says he has made 279 purchases to date, of which 275 produced gains totaling $169,953 and four produced losses totaling $312.

Williams does it partly by counting sunspots. His theory starts with the premise that the human brain and nervous system work by means of minuscule electrical impulses. If this is so, Williams figures, changes in the sun's radiation ought to change the way people think and feel. Certain types of radiation might interfere with our synapses, with the result that in some periods we tend to be abnormally jumpy and irritable, making more than our usual quota of judgment errors. This would interfere with commerce and make everybody glum, with the end result being a stock-market slump.

If all this is true, Williams proposes, the way to predict the market's course in any future period is to predict what the sun will be doing, via sunspots, those huge, hurricanelike storms on the solar surface that are visible evidence of periodic changes in the sun. As it happens, the number and distribution of sunspots, Williams says, vary in a cyclical, predictable way. His formula for predicting these changes is stunningly complex—there are cycles within cycles overlapping other cycles—but Williams claims he has worked everything out with enough clarity for his own purposes, and, given his past success, who can argue with him? His prediction for 1973: third quarter down, last quarter up a notch. For the first half of 1974: a thundering bull market—perhaps.

THE ASPIRIN FORMULA

This theory, of unknown origin, begins with the reasonable proposition that people get a lot of headaches when their business affairs, love affairs and other affairs are turning sour. Such a period of failure and sore synapses would expectably be followed by a market collapse. Therefore, says the theory, you can see the market's future by watching the ups and downs of the aspirin business. The forecasting technique is capable of looking one year ahead: When aspirin sales and production rise in a given year, the market will drop the following year.

Here follows the record since the mid-Sixties. In the left-hand column are the yearly changes in acetylsalicylic-acid output, as reported by the U. S. Tariff Commission. The right-hand column shows what happened on Wall Street a year later, as measured by Standard & Poor's broad-based composite stock index:

ASPIRIN	S. & P. INDEX
1964 down	1965 up
1965 up	1966 down
1966 up	1967 up
1967 down	1968 up
1968 up	1969 down
1969 up	1970 down
1970 down	1971 up
1971 down	1972 up
1972 up	1973 ?

The theory failed once: The market perversely and unaccountably went the wrong way in 1967. Maybe hemlines were so high that year that nothing else mattered.

On the basis of incomplete figures for 1972, the trade journal *Chemical Marketing Reporter* estimates aspirin production for the year at 34,500,000 pounds, up from 31,700,000 in 1971. Figures also show that sales of Alka-Seltzer, down for the previous two years, rose again in 1972. All those 1972 headaches bode ill for 1973, but final returns aren't in yet.

THE YELLOWNESS RULE

A Wall Streeter once approached New York color consultant Faber Birren and excitedly described a forecasting technique based on the color yellow. The Streeter had noticed that there was always a lot of yellow around—on living-room walls, cars, men's shirts, women's dresses—just before the market began a major rise. Conversely, the disappearance of yellow seemed to signal a slump.

Birren replied, "Well, ah...." But after a while he grudgingly allowed that the theory might have something to it—"not much, but something." Yellow is an odd color, he says. In color-preference tests, though people associate it with sunshine and optimism, relatively few call it beautiful or rank it as a clear favorite. However, Birren says in his book *Your Color and Your Self*, yellow is often favored by people in mental institutions. Psychiatrists associate it "not with melancholy . . . but rather with violent, raving lunacy." Thus, in the manic-depressive cycle of economics, the appearance of yellow on the scene might signal the beginning of a manic episode, a time of wild speculation.

"Farfetched," mutters Birren. But his records of paint and dye sales do show that yellow fell in popularity during the late Sixties—which would have been a sell signal to any stock trader using this technique. Yellow is now rising rapidly again—in fact, has become the third most popular color, after off-white and gold. This obviously means the market will soon go up—provided it doesn't go down.

THE GREAT LAKE WATCH

This theory, at least 25 years old, holds that you can predict economic booms and busts by watching long-term changes in the water levels of the Great Lakes. The rationale is that rising lake levels show there has been a lot of rainfall, which means farmers' harvests have been good, which means—well, you can take it from there. Supposedly, there's about a four-year lag between the surges of the lakes and those of the stock market. It takes that long, the theory postulates, for sad or happy agricultural times to spread to industry and reflect themselves in stock prices. Thus, the Great Lakes reached unusually low levels in 1925, 1935 and 1964, which would have warned lake watchers that the market was due for trouble in 1929, 1939 and 1969. Needless to say, the troubles occurred on schedule.

The U. S. Commerce Department's Lake Survey Center, which has been monitoring lake levels since 1860, agrees that the levels reflect significant long-term variations in rainfall and snowfall. The lakes drain enormous areas of this country and Canada. They hold enough water, in fact, to cover the entire continental U. S. to a depth of nine feet. But the center's director, Captain Kenneth MacDonald, doesn't use his soundings as a basis for playing the stock market. Says he: "We hear these theories from time to time. But as far as we're concerned, when the lake levels are high, all it means is that there's a lot of water around."

The levels have been high since 1970. At the end of 1972, the several lakes were

(concluded on page 170)

IF YOU'VE NEVER PICTURED New Jersey as the setting for a mountain-country resort, you have a surprise coming on your first visit to the state's biggest and most lavish new hostelry, the Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge in northwest Jersey's Sussex County, just over 50 miles from New York City. It's a total recreation-and-relaxation complex located in a district of smogless skies and great natural beauty —green, rolling woodlands, clear-water lakes, unusual rock formations—offering a multitude of indoor and outdoor activities that includes, in winter, access to some of the best skiing on the Eastern Seaboard.

Nine flags, emblematic of Playboy and some of the states and countries in which it has established outposts, flutter over the entrance to the 567-acre property, off State Highway 94. As you drive in, you stop at the gatehouse to present your Playboy Key-Card; only keyholders and their guests are admitted to the resort, although special packages often include a Key-Card *(text continued on page 124)*

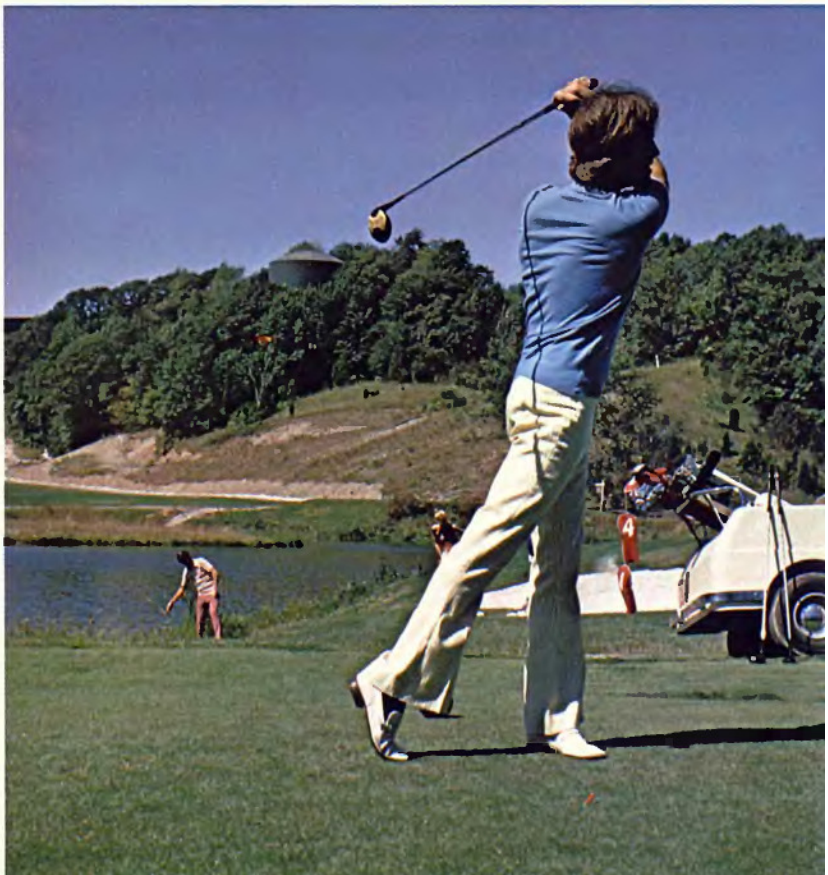
Just over on hour's drive from downtown Manhattan, the $30,000,000, 700-room Playboy Club-Hotel ot Great Gorge is a cosmopolitan hostelry set down in an unspoiled rural setting.

GREAT GORGE!

playboy's latest resort—in the new jersey mountains—is a year-round pleasure palace

First thing one sees ot Great Gorge is this impressive five-story-high lobby, with its massive redwood light fixtures ond bonks of greenery spilling over rough stone surfaces (below). A favored year-round attraction is the outdoor swimming pool (right), where guests con sun-bothe, sip and dip in summer or take a turn at ice skating in winter.

One of the amenities provided by 24-hour room service: being able to hove a champagne breakfast in bed—no matter what the hour (below). At right, the challenging 27-hole golf layout designed by architect George Fazio with pro Doug Sanders as consultant. The same duo is masterminding the future oddition of another nine holes.



Fun in and out of the sun: Western trail rides, punctuated by a picnic lunch (top); tennis on well-appointed outdoor courts (above) or, in inclement weather, indoors; and the lavish Italian Fiesta Buffet, which is served against the backdrop of a LeRoy Neiman mural in the Living Room (below).

With winter sports becoming increasingly popular, guests gravitate to the adjacent Great Gorge Ski Area (that's one of eight chair lifts at right). At top, an alfresco lunch at the ski chalet; above, snowmobiling; below, a catered fondue party by the fireplace in the Club-Hotel lobby.

After a busy day outdoors, there's plenty to do inside the Club-Hotel. Above, guests play table soccer, one of many pastimes from pool to pinball provided in the Game Room, which is open 24 hours a day. Men's and women's health clubs offer complete facilities, including exercise equipment, massage and saunas (at right). Follow the sauna with a splash in the indoor pool (below)—or in the jumbo Jacuzzi, big enough for 20. Other possibilities are table tennis, bridge, free movies, dancing in the psychedelic Bunny Hutch *discothèque*, visits to beauty and barber shops or boutiques offering everything from bikinis to antiques. There are also supervised programs for children, even weekly investment lectures (by stockbrokers) and karate exhibitions (by Bunny experts).

as part of the price. At the main building —which you actually enter on the third-floor level, the structure being nestled into a hillside—you're met by a bellman who takes your luggage and an attendant who parks your car. Pause inside the lobby for a bit of gaping; everybody does. From the ceiling, five stories above you, hang massive, redwood-boxed light fixtures. Greenery spills over roughhewn terraces; and dominating one side of the imposing foyer is a huge burnished-brass-and-bronze fireplace. If you've been to the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, the setting will be familiar—in mirror image and macrocosm. Great Gorge is twice as big and what's on your left in Lake Geneva is on your right here.

Check into one of the Club-Hotel's 700 rooms; all the accommodations are on the outside and each boasts a private balcony. Then sit down and relax. A standard double room has two oversized beds, a huge closet, color television, game table, marble bath, thick-pile carpeting that runs up one wall and, in some of the two-bedroom suites, refrigerator

Good food, tall drinks and varied entertainment are hallmarks of Playboy's New Jersey resort, whether the occasion is a special banquet in the Duke of York ballroom, which accommodates 1300 guests (above), or a hearty steak-and-potatoes supper in the Playmate Bar (below), where after-dinner fare includes dancing to the beat of an onstage group (right).

Top showbiz personalities highlight the bill in the Penthouse, the 700-seat supper club–showroom at Great Gorge. Crowd pleasers in recent months have been Bill Cosby (above left) and Ann-Margret (above right), as well as Trini Lopez, Pat Boone, Ed McMahon, Count Basie, Doc Severinsen and many more. At right, leisurely meals enhanced by a wide variety of vintage wines are served in the candlelight-and-silver ambience of the VIP Room.

bars. Everything first-class. You're beginning to see why the place cost nearly $30,000,000.

Probable first step, after freshening up, is a quick reconnaissance of the main building itself. Your room will be in a wing of the eight-story building, which sprawls in a kind of elongated S shape from north to south. The principal wining, dining and recreational facilities are in the five-story-high central core: health clubs for men and women, meeting rooms, beauty and barber shops and indoor-pool entrance on the first floor; lobby, Bunny Hutch *discothèque*, Sidewalk Café, Oyster Bar, Man at Leisure Bar, Game Room, Living Room, shopping arcade, Playmate Bar and 24-hour delicatessen on the third floor; VIP Room, Penthouse showroom, Duke of York ballroom and additional meeting rooms on the fifth floor. Ceilings in all these areas are so high that there isn't room for second or fourth floors. Across the drive from the main entrance is the Convention Center, a separate building reachable by underground tunnel; it's used not only for large exhibits such as golf shows or auto-sales conferences but also as the site of three indoor tennis courts.

Outside, you're surrounded by a 27-hole golf layout—with another nine holes now in the planning stages. There are also practice greens, open-air tennis courts, horse and pony stables, an outdoor swimming pool with 700 lounge chairs on the terrace, where poolside Bunnies stand ready to take your refreshment orders. And just across a narrow valley to the east is the Great Gorge Ski Area, under separate management but linked to the Club-Hotel by shuttle bus and close cooperation. During the season, down its 24 runs—all lighted and reached by eight double chair lifts and two rope tows—overnight and weekend fugitives from Manhattan enjoy what *Skiing* magazine has called "an unqualified Good Thing." It's summer now and, of course, the ski area is quiet; for conventions and other big meetings, however, the Playboy Activities Director can arrange 30-minute scenic rides to the summit on the chair lifts, running at half speed. On a clear day, you can see—if not forever—at least to the Catskills, 90 miles away.

Foremost among one's expectations for a Playboy operation are good food, hearty drinks—and Bunnies. All these are available in superabundance at Great Gorge, where the Bunny contingent, at full strength of 120, is the largest in the Playboy empire. Bunny Mother Sandra Schiffer is virtually besieged, in fact, with applicants for cottontail jobs: "I only interview about once a month, and each time from 70 to 100 girls call to ask for an appointment. We don't advertise or anything; the girls just hear, by word of mouth, that it's a good place to work." Sandy has picked an outstanding crop, too; Great Gorge Bunny of the Year Waren Smith, for example, is working on her master's degree in mass communications at Montclair State College, teaching full time in a public school—and Bunny hopping on weekends. Bunnies Saundra Tkacs and Bea Edelstein already have master's degrees, and several girls are juggling undergraduate studies with Club-Hotel working schedules.

The one eating spot in the Hotel where you won't find Bunnies is the Deli, where some fourscore caricatures of noteworthy personalities from Redd Foxx to Henry Kissinger cover the walls. It's open 24 hours a day, serving everything from the Outdoor Sportsman Breakfast (ham steak and eggs, glazed banana, pineapple slice and hashbrowns) through luncheon (eggs, appetizers, hot and cold sandwiches, desserts), dinner (chicken in a pot, English steak) and middle-of-the-night noshes (bagels, lox and cream cheese). Whenever hunger pangs strike, the Deli can provide. (So can room service, which also operates around the clock.)

Adjacent to the Deli is the Playmate Bar, open for lunch, dinner and after-show snacks, as well as cocktails. Luncheon here features sandwiches, salads and a chef's special, Turkey Leonardi in casserole; dinner might be fried chicken with corn on the cob or *filet mignon* with Béarnaise sauce. (Available any time: high-rise cheesecake.) Farther along the main corridor is the Living Room, scene of the lavish Italian Fiesta Buffet, which has to be seen to be believed: antipasto, pasta, main courses—veal parmigiana, shrimp alla marinara, chicken cacciatore—cheeses, breads, fruits, desserts and open casks of wine. "Overwhelming" was the verdict of visitor Russel Cozic of Garfield, New Jersey, as he viewed the spread. Carrying out the Italian theme, one entire 104-foot wall is covered with what artist LeRoy Neiman considers one of his more important works—a mural, *Harlequin's Entry into Venice*, based on a classic tapestry depicting the principal characters of the *commedia dell'arte*: Harlequin, Punchinello, Pierrot and Columbine. Neiman's paintings and sketches, in fact, appear throughout the Club-Hotel, but his most unusual assignment unquestionably came just before its December 1971 opening, when a state liquor inspector raised his eyebrows and lowered his thumb at the illuminated transparencies of centerfold nudes in the Playmate Bar. Bare skin and strong spirits don't mix in the New Jersey legal code, the official informed the management. So Neiman, a guest for the inaugural festivities, was hastily pressed into service—painting bikinis on the gatefold girls. (Since that time, the original photos have been replaced with more discreetly posed Playmates.)

Farther along is the Sidewalk Café, which manages a genuinely outdoorsy mood with its three-story waterfall, goldfish ponds and 34-foot-high hickory tree soaring toward upper-floor balconies. The fare is casual—hot dogs, hamburgers, chili, draft beer. Within this area are the newly opened Oyster Bar (fresh seafood, chilled wines) and the cocktails-only Man at Leisure Bar.

Upstairs, on the fifth floor, is the VIP Room, specializing in fine wines and Continental cuisine (*escargots*, Dover sole, lobster Newburg, rack of lamb *persille*, *baba au rhum*). Here everything is in blue and silver; the flicker of candles and soft strains from the piano heighten the mood of quiet luxury. Down the hall is the Penthouse, which draws the biggest names in show business to entertain capacity houses of 700. Sight lines are excellent; there literally is not a bad seat in the house. "I was really impressed," said guest Stella Corbells of coastal Barnegat, New Jersey. "Most night-club showrooms at big resorts are drafty and barnlike, but despite its size, the Penthouse is still intimate. We could almost reach out and shake hands with Frank Gorshin onstage." Dining in the Penthouse? Choose from brook trout, prime rib of beef or *filet mignon*.

Besides the headliners in the main showroom, the indoor entertainment includes a pop group at the Playmate Bar, *disco* dancing to a light show in the Bunny Hutch, movies for adults and children, a battery of electronic and other amusement devices in the never-closed Game Room, swimming, table tennis, lectures. And for restorative purposes, visit the men's or women's health club, with complete exercise facilities, saunas, a steam room and the first 20-person whirlpool bath ever built by Jacuzzi.

Outdoor types find golf the name of the game for three seasons of the year. The course at Great Gorge, designed by architect George Fazio with Doug Sanders consulting, can be just as exacting as the player cares to make it; multiple tees allow for gradations of difficulty. Ruler of the greens is affable pro Pat Schwab, three times state golfing champion and president of the New Jersey section of the Professional Golf Association. Schwab is unabashedly proud of his course and is planning to expand it. "We can handle around 360 golfers a day now, with 27 holes," he explained, "but with nine more holes we'll be in a much more comfortable situation." What's the best feature of the present setup? "We have a course here that gives you a chance to use just about every club in your bag," Schwab says. "It's got varied terrain, 28 acres of water hazards, some spectacular scenery. Three holes were actually carved through an old limestone quarry."

(continued on page 170)

THE WAGER

for the first time in his life, the world's slickest smuggler had a job to do with the odds stacked against him

fiction BY ROBERT L. FISH I suppose if I were watching television coverage of the return of a lunar mission and Kek Huuygens climbed out of the command module after splashdown, I shouldn't be greatly surprised. I'd be even less surprised to see Kek hustled aboard the aircraft carrier and given a thorough search by a suspicious Customs official. Kek, you see, is one of those men who turn up at very odd times in unexpected places. Also, he is rated by the customs services of nearly every nation in the world as the most talented smuggler alive. Polish by birth, Dutch by adopted name, the holder of a valid U. S. passport, multilingual, a born sleight-of-hand artist, Kek is an elusive target for the stolid bureaucrat who thinks in terms of hollow shoe heels and suitcases with false bottoms. Now and then over the years, *(continued on page 130)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO CRAFT

Satin-aluminum-with-black-trim low-voltage pin spot, by Halo, about $48. (Prices do not include cost of track or bulb.)

Polished-chrome 150/250-watt Lytesphere with concealed swivel and matte-black shield, by Lightolier, $51.

Lytespot features a deeply recessed 75-watt bulb that provides a dramatic punch of light, by Lightolier, $35.

Aluminum spot with extruded ribs that provide optimum heat dissipation and cooler lamp operation, by Gotham, $20.

Minispot that takes 30/50-watt bulb is the smallest track-lighting unit available, by Progress, $13.

Universal Lytespot features an adjustable socket designed to conceal the neck of the lamp, by Lightolier, $25.

Brushed-aluminum unit is equipped with unique connector for one-hand operation, by Halo, about $27.

Chrome high-intensity lamp with reflector takes a 40-watt bulb; can be easily mounted, by Progress, $22.

Coilex-Cylinder of brushed aluminum allows bulb to "float" in housing for cooler operation, by Halo, about $27.

Model 7540 150-watt unit has matte-black internal grooves designed to minimize housing glare, by Lightolier, $43.

upward-mobile track lighting to help brighten your nights

doing it with lights

THE WAGER

(continued from page 127)

Kek has allowed me to publish a little of his lore in my column. When I came across him last, however, he was doing something very ordinary in a commonplace setting. Under the critical eye of a waiter, he was nursing a beer at a table in that little sunken-garden affair in Rockefeller Center.

Before I got to his table, I tried to read the clues. Kek had a good tan and he looked healthy. But his suit had a shine that came from wear rather than from silk thread. A neat scissors trim didn't quite conceal the fact that his cuffs were frayed. He was not wearing his usual boutonniere.

"I owe you three cognacs from last time—Vaduz, wasn't it?—and I'm buying," I said as I sat down.

"You are a man of honor," he said and called to the waiter, naming a most expensive cognac. Then he gave me his wide, friendly smile. "Yes, you have read the signs and they are true—but not for any reasons you might imagine. Sitting before you, you can observe the impoverishment that comes from total success. Failure can be managed, but success can be a most difficult thing to control. . . ."

Hidden inside every Kek Huuygens aphorism there is a story somewhere. But if you want it produced, you must pretend complete indifference. "Ah, yes," I said, "failure is something you know in your heart. Success is something that lies in the eye of the beholder. I think——"

"Do you want to hear the story or don't you?" Kek said. "You can't use it in your column, though, I warn you."

"Perhaps in time?"

"Perhaps in time, all barbarous customs regulations will be repealed," he said. "Perhaps the angels will come down to rule the earth. Until then, you and I alone will share this story." That was Kek's way of saying "Wait until things have cooled off."

• • •

It all began in Las Vegas (Huuygens said) and was primarily caused by two unfortunate factors: one, that I spoke the word banco aloud and, two, that it was heard. I am still not convinced that the player against me wasn't the world's best card manipulator, but at any rate, I found myself looking at a jack and a nine, while the best I could manage for myself was a six. So I watched my money disappear, got up politely to allow the next standee to take my place and started for the exit. I had enough money in the hotel safe to pay my bill and buy me a ticket back to New York—a simple precaution I recommend to all who never learn to keep quiet in a baccarat game—and a few dollars in my pocket, but my financial position was not one any sensible banker would have lent money against. I was sure something would turn up, as it usually did, and in this case it turned up even faster than usual, because I hadn't even reached the door before I was stopped.

The man who put his hand on my arm did so in a completely friendly manner, and I recalled him as being one of the group standing around the table during the play. There was something faintly familiar about him, but even quite famous faces are disregarded at a baccarat table; one is not there to collect autographs. The man holding my arm was short, heavy, swarthy and of a type to cause instant distaste on the part of any discerning observer. What caught and held my attention was that he addressed me by name—and in French. "M'sieu Huuygens?" he said. To my absolute amazement, he pronounced it correctly. I acknowledged that I was, indeed, M'sieu Kek Huuygens. "I should like to talk with you a moment and to buy you a drink," he said.

"I could use one," I admitted, and I allowed him to lead me into the bar. As we went, I noticed two men who had been standing to one side studying their fingernails; they now moved with us and took up new positions to each side, still studying their nails. One would think that fingernails were a subject that could quickly bore, but apparently not to those two. As I sat down beside my chubby host, I looked at him once more, and suddenly recognition came.

He saw the light come on in the little circle over my head and smiled, showing a dazzling collection of white teeth, a tribute to the art of the dental laboratory.

"Yes," he said, "I am Antoine Duvivier," and waved over a waiter. We ordered and I returned my attention to him. Duvivier, as you must know—even newspapermen listen to the radio, I assume—was the president of the island of St. Michel in the Caribbean, or had been until his loyal subjects decided that presidents should be elected, after which he departed in the middle of the night, taking with him most of his country's treasury. He could see the wheels turning in my head as I tried to see how I could use this information to my advantage, and I must say he waited politely enough while I was forced to give up on the problem. Then he said, "I have watched you play at baccarat."

We received our drinks and I sipped, waiting for him to go on.

"You are quite a gambler, M'sieu Huuygens," he said, "but, of course, you would have to be, in your line of work." He saw my eyebrows go up and added quite coolly, "Yes, M'sieu Huuygens, I have had you investigated, and thoroughly. But please permit me to explain that it was not done from idle curiosity. I am interested in making you a proposition."

I find, in situations like this, the less said the better, so I said nothing.

"Yes," he went on, "I should like to offer you——" He paused, as if reconsidering his words, actually looking embarrassed, as if he were guilty of a *gaffe*. "Let me rephrase that," he said and searched for a better approach. At last he found it. "What I meant was, I should like to make a *wager* with you, a wager I am sure should be most interesting to a gambler such as yourself."

This time, of course, I had to answer, so I said, "Oh?"

"Yes," he said, pleased at my instant understanding. "I should like to wager twenty thousand dollars of my money, against two dollars of yours, that you will *not* bring a certain object from the Caribbean through United States Customs and deliver it to me in New York City."

I must admit I admire bluntness, even though the approach was not particularly unique. "The odds are reasonable," I admitted. "One might even say generous. What type of object are we speaking of?"

He lowered his voice. "It is a carving," he said. "A Tien Tse Huwai, dating back to eight centuries before Christ. It is of ivory and is not particularly large; I imagine it could fit into your coat pocket, although, admittedly, it would be bulky. It depicts a village scene—but you, I understand, are an art connoisseur; you may have heard of it. In translation, its name is *The Village Dance*." Normally, I can control my features, but my surprise must have shown, for Duvivier went on in the same soft voice. "Yes, I have it. The carving behind that glass case in the St. Michel National Gallery is a copy—a plastic casting, excellently done, but a copy. The original is at the home of a friend in Barbados. I could get it that far, but I was afraid to attempt bringing it the rest of the way; to have lost it would have been tragic. Since then, I have been looking for a man clever enough to get it into the States without being stopped by Customs." He suddenly grinned, those white blocks of teeth almost blinding me. "I am offering ten-thousand-to-one odds that that clever man is *not* you."

It was a cute ploy, but that was not what interested me at the moment.

"M'sieu," I said simply, "permit me a question: I am familiar with the Tien *Village Dance*. I have never seen it, but it received quite a bit of publicity when your National Gallery purchased it, since it was felt—if you will pardon me—that the money could have been used better elsewhere. However, my surprise a moment ago was not that you have the carving; it was at your offer. The Tien, many years in the future, may, indeed, command a large price, but the figure your

(continued on page 207)

fiction

By ROBERT F. YOUNG

he knew his brilliance would be rewarded—even if it wasn't in this world

THE TIME MACHINE

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: At long last, my time machine has become a reality! Late-afternoon sunlight filters through its translucent panels, lies like a golden carpet upon the floor of my lodgings. Traffic noises from far below, muted by its photon field, faintly reach my ears as I recline upon the satin pillows of my sumptuous studio couch, gazing fondly at the concretion of my lifelong dream. Soon—tonight, perhaps, no later than tomorrow—I shall take that giant step

forward so long envisioned by my erstwhile colleagues and myself. And I shall never return.

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: The time machine is the dirty window of his lodgings seen through thick subjective lenses. His lodgings consist of a sordid fourth-story room that contains a bed, a chair, a bureau and a lavatory. In one corner of the room there is a pile of empty wine bottles. In another corner there is a pile of dusty notebooks. Scraps of paper covered with erratic jottings litter the floor. He is lying on the bed, wearing the same clothes he wore yesterday and the day before, that he has slept in for two nights running. The toilet is down the hall.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: The machine incorporates the photon-diffusion principle I described in the paper that I published in the *Scientific Ledger*—the same paper, incidentally, that estranged my colleagues and led ultimately to my expulsion from the project. The warp principle, on which the original grant for the project was obtained, has become in their eyes a sort of sacred cow, and in advancing a much more practicable solution to the problem of time travel I inadvertently desecrated the cow and brought down their collective wrath upon my head. Thus, instead of heaping upon my paper the encomiums it deserved, they contemned it and relegated it to the project's dusty files.

However, I should not judge them too harshly. Hutchinson, Hull, Stasser, Bodin—they are all fine and honorable men, dedicated to the attainment of the noble goal for which the project was created, in their hearts as eager as I to find the doorway to tomorrow. The paper was a mistake—I see that now. I never should have published it. It served only to antagonize them, to turn them against me.

No, I should not judge them too harshly——

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: He could not judge them harshly enough. Hull is a middle-class snob, Stasser prizes his little brain as though it were a gold nugget, Bodin loves himself scarcely less than he loves his neighbor's wife. As for Hutchinson, the position he was born to fill is that of postmaster in some small, smug American town.

It is true that they are dedicated men. But they are bureaucrats first and scientists second, and it is to the perpetuation of the project per se that they are dedicated, not to the attainment of its goal. Grieze's diametrically different approach to the problem of breaching the time barrier impugned the validity of the warp principle and jeopardized future grants. For them to have endorsed it would have been unthinkable.

Nevertheless, it was not Grieze's paper that occasioned his dismissal. It was Grieze himself. Grieze is a drunk. It is said that drunks are born. In Grieze's case, this is not quite true. He became a drunk at the age of seven when his second-grade schoolteacher slapped his face, repeatedly and resoundingly, for committing the heinous crime of whispering to the girl who sat behind him. The years that elapsed between that moment and the moment he took his first drink are irrelevant.

But to say that Grieze is a drunk only serves to give credence to the official—not the real—reason he was fired. There is an old verse:

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well:
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Grieze is endowed with what must be called, for lack of a better term, anticharisma. No one likes him. No one ever has. He turns everybody off. Men, women, children.

His wife, Mildred, loved him for a little while, but she never liked him.

Even dogs do not like him.

It is highly probable that his second-grade schoolteacher hated him.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: If ever an occasion called for a celebration, this one does. I go over to my liquor cabinet, select a bottle of my favorite brandy and pour myself three generous fingers. Returning to the couch, I take a measured sip and resume my position on the comfortable pillows——

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: He steps over to the battered bureau, uncaps the pint of Old Friar muscatel he brought home with him after spending the afternoon in the Poker Chip Café, carries the bottle back to the bed, takes a long pull and flops back down onto the filthy sheets.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: I resume my contemplation of the time machine. The longer I gaze at it, the more fascinated I become, the more compelled to set sail at once for Tomorrow. There is no longer any need for me to tarry. I have been to see Mildred and have said goodbye to her. I went there this morning. It is true that I said goodbye mutely and from a distance. It would have been cruel to have acted otherwise. Moreover, I do not believe I could have borne the pain and the distress that would have leaped into her eyes had I told her point-blank that I am going away, never to return. It is better this way—better that she be apprised gradually by my continued absence that the life we shared has officially come to an end and that she must continue without me.

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: He stood on the wind-blown corner, shivering in the wind, and watched her come out the door by which both had once gone in; watched her descend the porch steps and walk down the walk to the gleaming Olds 88 in which her latest lover waited behind the wheel; stood there, seeing neither car nor driver, only her walking—walking down the walk, lithe and graceful, lovely still, despite the years, and the remembered face still thin, thinner, perhaps, yet soft, soft, soft, the memories serving as a gauzy veil to hide the hardness he had always known was there and pretended wasn't, the way he pretended then, standing on the wind-blown corner shivering in the wind of time.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: But tonight is not a suitable occasion to brood over sad farewells—tonight is an occasion to make merry, to go forth and show the world by one's very demeanor, by the jauntiness of one's step, that time's seemingly rigid prison bars can be bent and that its seemingly impervious prison walls can be breached.

I finish my brandy, rise from my sumptuous couch and replace the glass on the liquor cabinet. Leaving my lodgings, I descend the apartment manor's helical stairway to the avenue——

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: He kills the rest of the pint, gets up from the rumpled bed, tosses the bottle into

"Not so much noise, girl—you'll get your reward in heaven!"

the corner, leaves the wretched little room and lurches down four flights of noisome stairs to the street.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: In the last light of day I walk north to Center, where the posh Poker Chip stands upon the corner, its windows glowing warmly in the dusk. Entering the elegantly furnished interior, I stride over to the leather-upholstered bar along whose length a number of neatly dressed businessmen are sitting, their attention focused on the television screen, where an American historical drama is in progress. At length Dave, the bartender, perceives my presence and, smiling warmly, comes over to where I am standing and asks me what I would like. It happens that my favorite brandy is freshly out of stock. Since my sensitive palate will not tolerate inferior brands, I turn my back on the bar and stride from the room——

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: He goes into the shabby little gin mill where he spent the afternoon and a hundred other afternoons, edges between two winos who are watching *Gunsmoke* and orders a glass of muscatel. When the bartender refuses to serve him, he returns unsteadily to the street.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: I visit three similar establishments and in each I am told the same sorry tale. It is too much. Worse, the sudden dearth of my favorite brandy serves to point up a truth of which I have long been aware but up to now have avoided facing: The present no longer takes cognizance of my whims and wants —in effect, it has forgotten my existence. I am stranded on a lofty peak, washed there by the ebb and flow of the cruel human tide—a lonely pinnacle from which there is no descending——

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: It is a pinnacle of his own making. It is constructed of empty muscatel and white-port bottles mortared by Grieze's middle-class devotion to a never-quite-realized *poshlust* life style and by his inability to see either himself or the world with more than an iota of objectivity.

How long ago did he lower the filmy curtain through which he gazes with muscatel-muddied eyes? Through which cheap wine takes on the texture of expensive brandy and the telangiectasis afflicting his face passes for the rose-red bloom of youth? Was it when he realized that the project to which he had devoted ten years of his life was but another bureaucratic hoax? Was it when he discovered that his colleagues thought no more of him because of his mind than the rest of the world did because of his personality? Did it date back to the moment he first knew, without quite knowing how he knew, that his wife shared someone's bed besides his own?

Or did he lower it on that distant, consciously forgotten day when his second-grade schoolteacher slapped his face?

Such curtains are not easily come by. Sometimes they require half a lifetime to create. Thus, while Grieze probably lowered his when he was seven, it only gradually acquired the consummate distortion effect that characterizes it today.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: After stopping at a discreet little liquor establishment and purchasing two bottles of the brandy so inexplicably lacking in the better bars, I return to my apartment manor and ascend the helical stairway—somewhat wearily, I must admit—to my lodgings.

I do not switch on the lights. I do not feel like brightness. Besides, the time machine provides illumination enough. As I stand there toasting it, I am captivated by its simple lines, awed by the unlimited freedom it represents. Its photon field pulses with a red raw energy reminiscent of a powerful neon light. The redness washes over me and the walls and ceiling of my lodgings seem bathed with blood.

As I stand there, unmindful of the onward rushing river of the night, deaf to the cacophony of the city, blind to all else save my machine, I am gradually overwhelmed by the conviction that my moment of departure is at hand. The machine's controls are preset, its portal will open of its own accord. The photon field will transmit me the instant I leap into it.

The muscles of my calves and thighs tense in anticipation of my command. But the command does not come. Something draws me back into the room. I find that I am sweating, that my entire body is trembling. A terrible exhaustion washes over me and I collapse upon the couch. There, I fall into a deep, dreamless sleep——

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: Dreamless to him, because he will not remember the dream.

It is a recurrent dream. In it, he is making his way through the gray aisles of a rain-canopy forest. The aisles are anfractuous and not a single ray of sunlight reaches them through the thick foliage above. Around him in the gloom, the leaves of the trees are whispering. He does not want them to whisper and he begs them to be still—not to betray his whereabouts to his pursuer. There is a native settlement not far away, and if he can reach it before he is overtaken, he will be safe.

But it becomes increasingly evident that the leaves do not want him to reach the settlement, for they keep whispering louder and louder, unerringly pointing out his position with their tiny sonic fingers. *He is here! He is here! He is here!* Up ahead, there is a faint stirring of the underbrush. The crack of a snapped twig reaches his ears. He halts in a sudden silence. Around him, the world stands still.

He wants to turn and flee, but he cannot. He is certain that his pursuer, guided by the whispering of the treacherous leaves, has detoured around him and waits for him to pass. Then the underbrush parts, revealing, to his consternation and delight, the face of a rosy-cheeked girl.

Smiling at him reassuringly, she steps out of the underbrush. She is tall, lithe and lovely. Her clothing consists of a miniskirt woven of leaves and kick boots made of bark. From each of her nipples is suspended a silver pendant shaped like a U-235 atom. Her black hair drifts down to her shoulders, emitting sporadic sparks of pulsing light.

She points at a right angle to the direction he has been traveling, beckons him to follow her and plunges out of sight among the trees. Certain that she knows a short cut to the settlement, he plunges after her. Only she can save him now. Already he can hear his pursuer's padded footsteps behind him, the sound of heavy breathing, the susurrus of tawny flanks brushing against tangled vines. And above these sounds, the tattletale whispering of the leaves.

Up ahead, the nymph has halted. Now she turns and beckons furiously to him to hurry. Leg muscles straining, his heart a clenched fist in his chest, he tries to obey. Subtly the ground beneath his feet acquires a strange softness. It seems to be caving in. It *is* caving in! Grass, twigs, dead leaves, earth are all falling, falling, falling, and he is falling, too. Down, down, down. Above him, the dryad laughs; below him, he can see four waiting serpents, each bearing the face of a man. He recognizes Hutchinson, Stasser, Hull and Bodin. All of them are smiling broadly and presently they interweave their ophidian bodies to form a fireman's net to break his fall. He is saved!

The net proves to be as resilient as a trampoline, and after he lands on it, he finds himself rebounding from the pit; it is all a great joke, he sees that now; the dryad is still laughing and she has been joined by the gaunt lioness from whom he has been fleeing, and the two of them, the lioness and the dryad, are sitting on the edge of the pit, laughing uproariously, the lioness displaying two great tiers of gleaming Pepsodent-polished teeth. As he passes, she makes a playful swipe at him with her right forepaw, catching him on the side of the head and tearing away half of his face. The force of the blow sends him cartwheeling back through the forest aisles to the dawn of a new day.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: My lodgings are cobwebbed with the remnants of night as I arise to greet the morning. Dawn has painted the panels of the time machine a pale pink.

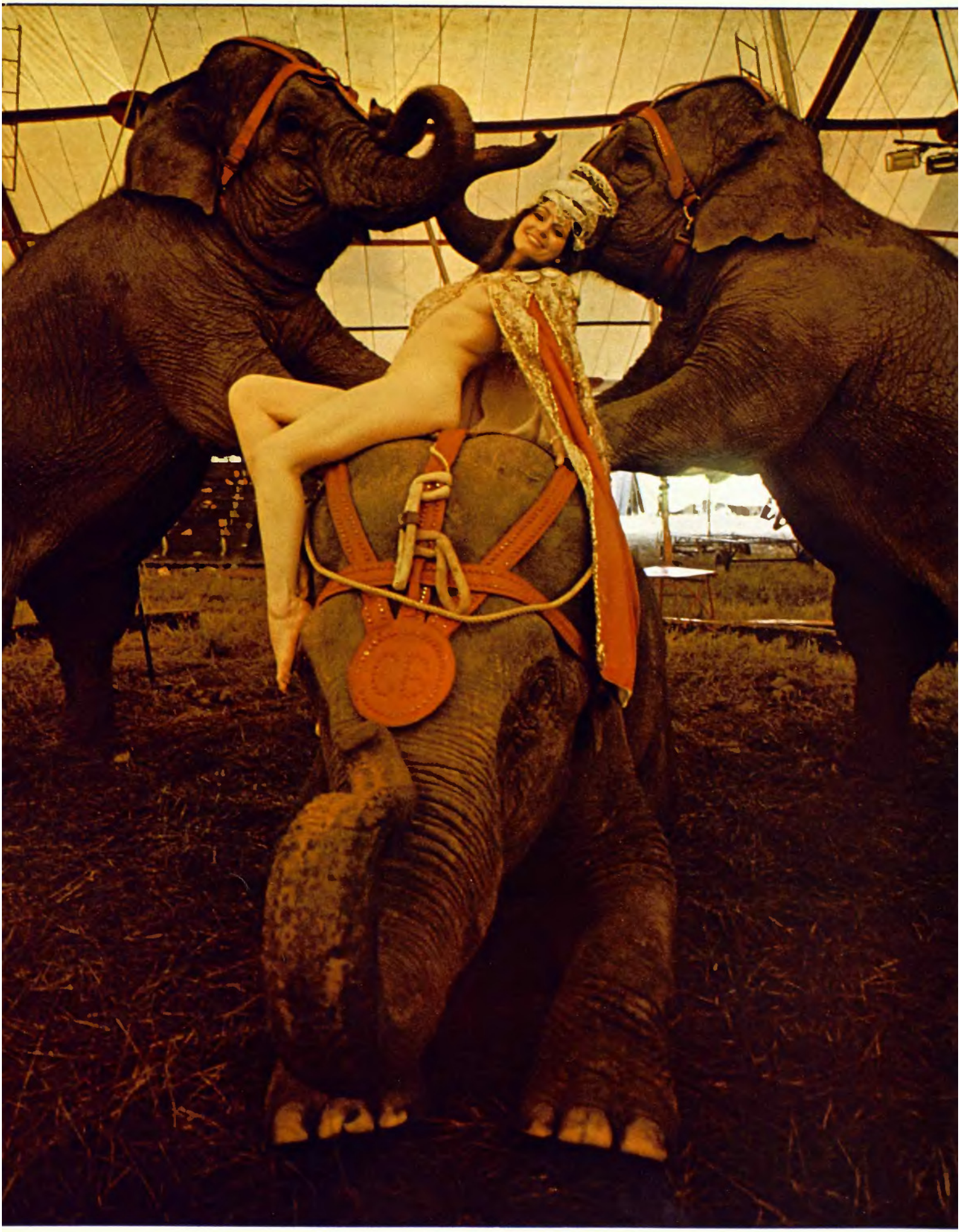
I step into my ultramodern bathroom, with its chrome fixtures and gleaming

(continued on page 194)

TINA OF THE TANBARK

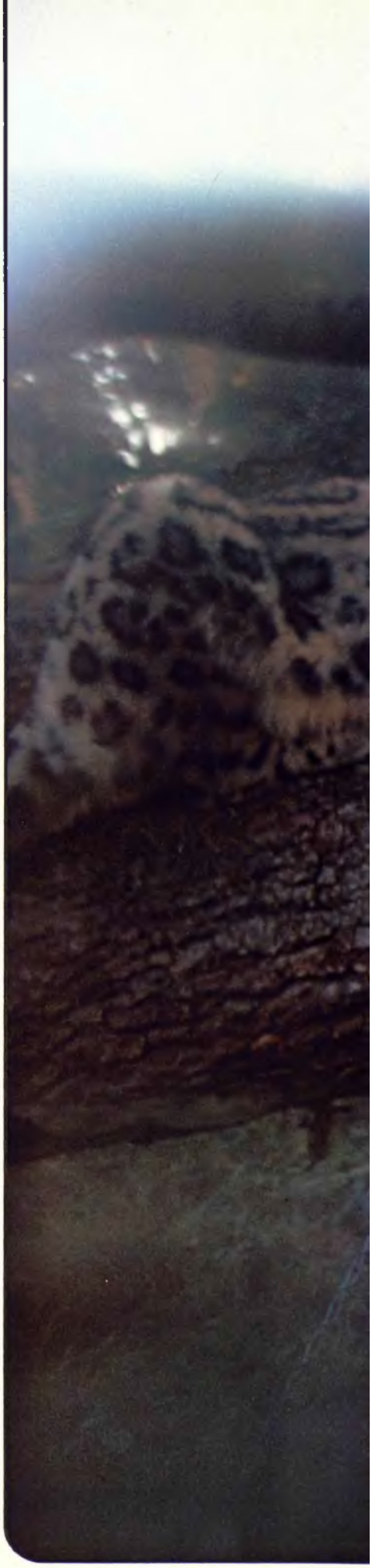
although she bears a revered circus name, this cristiani has opted for acting

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



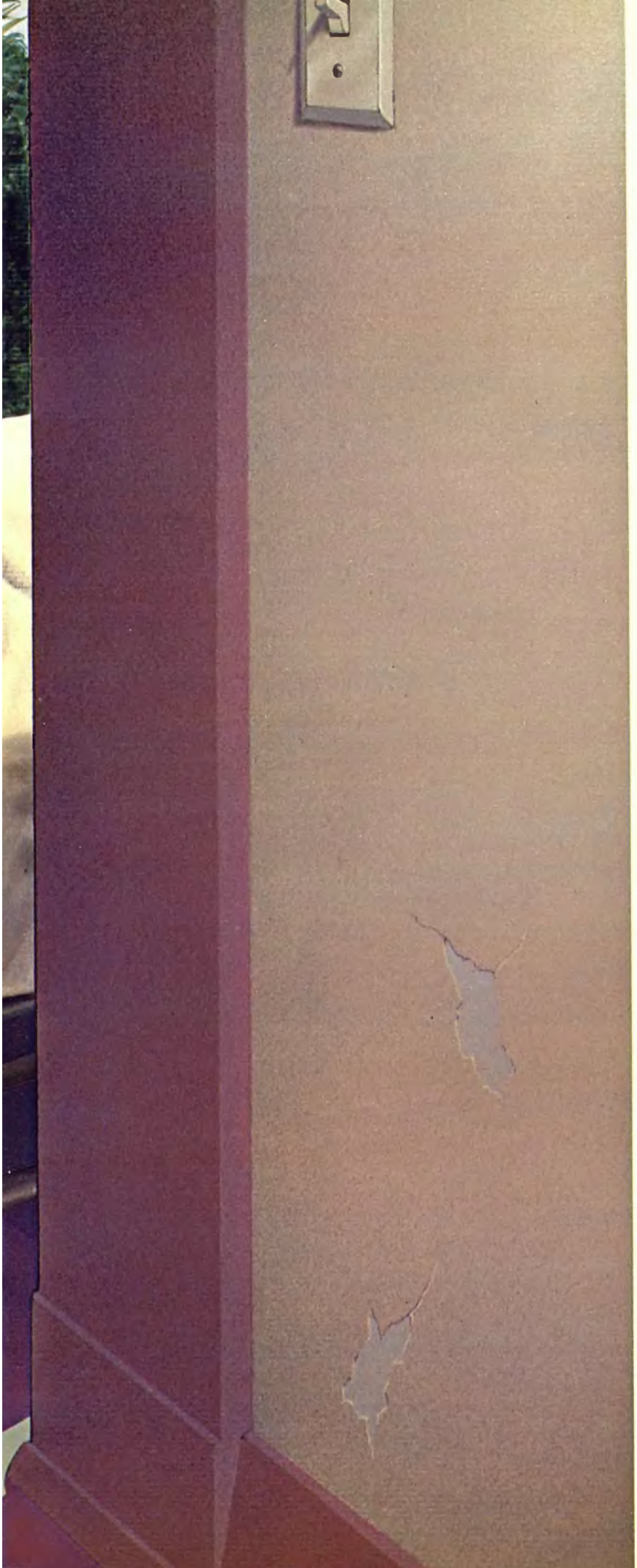
Wizards of bareback riding, tumbling, juggling, the high trapeze and perch, the Cristianis are the Royal Family of Circusdom," wrote John and Alice Durant in their *Pictorial History of the American Circus*. Tina was part of it from the age of five, putting the elephants through their paces, balancing on aerial ladders—till the day she took a close look at one of her aunts and saw how she'd been prematurely aged by her years of nerve-racking activity. So Tina left the big top and went to New York to study acting. Seasoned by stage plays and TV commercials, she makes her film debut in the imminent Paramount release *Badge 373*.

Tina's always had a special fondness for clowns: "The cliché about the sad story behind the clown's face is really true. Many of them have had unhappy lives. And you can tell a lot about a clown by his make-up—there's always a sad element, no matter how big the smile is. They get to people because they take their most vulnerable points and dramatize them." Right: A skilled equestrienne, Tina has been riding since she was three.



Between tours, Tina lived a more-or-less "normal" life in Sarasota, Florida. But on the road, it was different: "The circus has its own codes and mores—there's a lot of rivalry, combined with stick-togetherness. It was like growing up in a fantasy, and I had to make a lot of adjustments when I went out into the real world. But my circus background enabled me to plunge into the theater and learn all aspects of my work." Which is how to make it in *any* business.


Welcome to
MIAMI



working on the rescue squad is a big responsibility; your face is the last one a lot of people will ever see

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

article BY DONN PEARCE

SOUTH BEACH is where the town started. The years went by, the wars, the inventions. Progress marched away to the north. Hotels became bigger and more lavish. Mansions were constructed. Islands were dredged out of Biscayne Bay. Causeways. Throughways. Motels. Traffic. The Fontainebleau. Eden Roc. Gradually, South Beach became old-fashioned, then marginal, and finally a slum.

Below Lincoln Road it is all stucco and tile roofs and Mediterranean styles. Or it is flat roofs and cubistic balconies in the style that couldn't possibly be called anything but "moderne." It is all lime green and sun-bleached pink and turquoise and washed-out blue, the apartment houses with names like Aloha, Parkedge, Elaine, Jem Arms, Avon House and Esplanade.

An old woman is in a wheelchair being pushed up the sidewalk by a young black girl. She holds a cigarette in her upraised fingers as though shushing for silence, her head turned at an angle, smiling and listening very carefully. But is it the wind rustling through the palms? Or is she listening to the blare of radios, the jets overhead, the neighbors sitting on the front porches fenced in by slats of jalousie windows? Or are they still other voices, inflected with hard accents, softened by the humid air and the shadows, by time and *(continued on page 146)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ


"Is forecourt anything like foreplay, darling?"
Vargas

LO LATJUT was an old man who proclaimed that since all women were tricky as cats, he would never take one to wife. Since his name means Unlucky Dog, perhaps this wariness was justified. But all his sour resolves vanished when he saw the beautiful Yaya. Surely, he thought, this innocent maiden could conceive no thought but fidelity to a lusty, though elderly, husband such as I!

Accordingly, he married her. At first thereafter, it seemed that if Yaya had anything of a catlike nature, it was only in her liking to be stroked—so much so that Lo Latjut found the effort positively exhausting. As time went on, his evil speculations returned. "You smiled at Bon Thugh as you went to market!" he shouted. And "You lay down with Poleng in the rice paddy! It is not up to you to make the rice shoots fertile!" And he beat her about the shoulders with his knobby stick.

"But I only went to the well for water!" cried Yaya truthfully.

"No lies!" he cried, stroke! stroke! "I know very well that Poleng has a long linga. And Bon Thugh is said to be as tireless as a water buffalo! But your duty is to me! Now, confess!"

When she would not, he decided to frighten her into better ways and asked the *dukun*, his magician friend, for a potion that would ensure her submission.

"The problem is simple," said the *dukun*, raking his gray beard with his long fingernails, which he had painted black, as one must when one practices black magic. "Though expensive," he added, eying the distressed husband's money pouch. "Since you say women are like cats, I will turn your wife into one. Forced to catch rats for her daily meal, she will speedily become chastened and return to your arms as a devoted and loyal wife."

Accordingly, Yaya found herself in the dark hut of the ugly magician, where, before her husband's eyes, she was turned into a small gray cat. "Leave her with me for instruction," said the *dukun*, and the husband reluctantly departed.

For a few hours, the magician permitted her to suffer the terrors of being chased by his savage dogs. "Now, my sweet one," he murmured, "now you will see—this punishment will be no punishment at all! For each night, when I stroke you three times, you will regain your proper shape! Then you can share my bed, and I promise, by all the gods of Lombok, I have more energy and skill for giving you pleasure than your doddering old husband!"

But at these words the ungrateful girl gave a horrified yowl, raked her claws along his scrawny arms, leaped through the window and fled down the muddy street. Yet she did not forget the words of her husband: "Poleng has a long linga." And so she ducked through the

doorway where Poleng lived alone.

"How soft you are!" he said. He stroked the cat once and her sinuous body rippled under his hand. He stroked her again and she seemed to melt and grow, whiskers and tail shrinking, six tiny breasts joining to form two round globes. He stroked her a third time—and he held a beautiful naked woman in his arms. To ease her trembling, he continued to stroke her. In certain ways she responded as a cat might, until finally, as he laid her on the bed, he drew from her sounds that listeners outside might have interpreted as piercing mews.

Alas, when Poleng awoke in the morning, there was only a gray cat in his bed. "Oh, woe!" he cried. Where were the round breasts that came to points under his hand, the lovely thighs that opened to welcome him?

Now Yaya thought of the second man her husband had unwittingly recommended, so she wandered down the street and slipped into Bon Thugh's hut to observe how he looked before he wrapped the sarong around his tree-trunk thighs.

That night Bon Thugh was surprised to find a cat wriggling on his lap, and even more surprised when a woman amazingly appeared and responded to him with lusty tricks of love.

In the morning, before he went to the rice paddy, Bon Thugh pulled on a shirt to hide the scratches that, though seemingly made in a dream, crisscrossed his back.

Three days later, Bon Thugh's new pet slipped out of his hut, for she was convinced that the gods had granted her a special opportunity to learn all the varieties of men and their different ways of making love. Her studies continued thus until she had visited all eight bachelors of the village, and if ever woman received an education calculated to make her a satisfactory wife, that woman was Yaya.

Meanwhile, Lo Latjut and the *dukun* searched for her throughout the village. Strangely, whenever they pounced on a gray cat, one of the sturdy bachelors of the village would grab for her at the same time, so that they suffered many blows, as well as scratches, in the ensuing tug of war. Yet none they caught seemed to hold the spirit of the beautiful Yaya.

"You must *find* her!" moaned the battered husband. "Surely her punishment has gone on long enough!"

"Indeed it has!" said the magician, gritting his teeth.

"Then restore her to me," cried Unlucky Dog, "or you will have no fee!"

But Yaya, hearing these words from behind a wall, fled till she reached the king's house. That night, and every night thereafter, the king proved to her that he had as long a linga as Poleng, as much skill in using it as Bon Thugh and as many other virtues as all eight bachelors combined. True, he was not a bachelor, having been married as a child to the homely daughter of a neighboring king, whom it was important not to offend. But his wife retired to her own chamber at night and was pleased to pamper the small cat that she saw only by day.

"It's very odd, and I am sorry for you," the queen murmured to Yaya, "but the king has banished all tomcats from the palace. Now, why would he do that?"

But Yaya had no complaints.

At last her husband and the magician carried their search even into the palace. There Lo Latjut found what he sought. He pointed a trembling finger at Yaya and cried: "That gray cat is my wife!"

But the king only smiled. "Then find another cat, old man," he said, "for, as you know—*at night all cats are gray!*"

—Retold by Kenneth Marcuse

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

(continued from page 143)

memory, still explaining how hard it all is, how crooked it all is, how impossible to make sense, to make justice, to make a dollar?

Another woman is carrying a shopping bag emblazoned with the word—and with a map of—FLORIDA. She is wearing a leopardskin-fabric jacket. She has a leopard-pattern scarf. Her feet shuffle on the sidewalk. She wears sunglasses. She has no hips at all and her stockings hang shapelessly on her thin, straight calves. As she passes a large hibiscus bush, a cat jumps out. She stops and turns and begins talking to it.

• • •

Between runs, you stood by at the station. Television sets were going. Telephones rang. Metal lockers opened and banged. Showers hissed. Industrious things were going on in the kitchen. Guys were coming upstairs from the volleyball court. The regular firemen were dressed in gray. Next to beds, lockers, desks or polished-brass poles were their boots with their empty bunker pants carefully rolled down over the tops. Standing guard, those boots were ready. All the men had to do was shove their feet inside, reach down, yank up their pants and run.

But the others were wearing sky-blue jump suits with short black-leather boots. On their backs it said FIRE RESCUE.

And it was between runs when I heard about the gory ones, the weird ones, those cases that went beyond the ordinary stroke and heart attack and pulmonary pneumonia and traffic injuries. Like the old man who had been hit by a car while crossing the street. He had been wiped over the asphalt, leaving a painted streak of gore and blood that ended in a tangled heap of scattered brain and smashed arms and legs. The car didn't even stop. Or the guy who went off the roof of a condominium and landed in a soft flower bed, half-burying himself in the ground. Or the old lady who had carefully climbed a ladder into a tree. It was late at night. Methodically, she broke away the twigs and small branches that got in her way. Then, very carefully, she hung herself. The caretaker found her in the morning, wearing pajamas and a full-length mink coat, her eyes open, her tongue swollen and protruding and coated with a swarm of flies. At first he thought it was a scarecrow of some kind.

The tanned, athletic young guy was slumped in a chair, his legs straight out, his eyes flickering back to the television set and away again as he told me about the man who did a dive off the roof of a two-story building to land square on his head on the sidewalk. It split open like a rotten fruit, splattering its juices. I asked whose job it was to clean up the mess. The question had never come up. His partner wandered in, picking his teeth. He didn't know, either. The sanitation department, maybe. The fire department gets called out to hose down the street after a bad car accident to wash away the gas and oil. But not blood. Anyway. He shrugged. The ants would clean it up fast enough.

The doctor told me about one bizarre run they had recently made. They found an 85-year-old man dead on arrival. He had been married four months. His wife was 75. But a friend had made the call to Rescue and had cleaned things up by the time they got there. He told them what had happened. The old man was giving it to his wife with a vibrator. But the excitement was too much and his heart failed. He died with the dildo clutched in his hand, still turned on.

A very young, good-looking fireman didn't ride rescue anymore. He had become very depressed by the thousands of ailing, crippled, impoverished people who live in Zone One, the South Beach area where the average age is over 65. He had been shocked at the incidence of theft from the ill, the injured and the dead. As they would carry them off on stretchers, eager volunteers would always hobble up to "take care of" their rings and watches. But during one run, the good-looking kid discovered their $900 two-way radio was missing. Evidently thinking it was a portable transistor, an 80-year-old woman was running with it through the yard and into an alley. He chased her around the building, into and out of her apartment and through the hallway. The radio was still giving coded emergency messages as the wiry, stringy old lady tenaciously scurried away. By the time he caught up with her and pried the radio out of her fingers, he was cursing and screaming. After a year of it, he had to quit and go back to regular duty.

There was an old registered nurse who habitually called the emergency medical service and then demanded they take her blood pressure. Another regular with chronic pains in her chest finally admitted she liked to hear the sirens. They cured her by arriving silently when they next responded to her calls. One woman was so fat she had to use a walker to move around. Her daughter weighed about 200. She called the firemen to pick her mother up to put her on the toilet. When one of them made a remark about losing weight, she wrote a nasty letter to city hall. A woman fainted in front of McDonald's hamburger stand. Her pulse was 130. She was 74. The rescue men revived her and told her to go to a hospital right away. She refused. An hour later they made another run. It was the same woman. She was dead when they arrived. They call it a signal 45.

Another woman told the arriving rescue team that she needed an enema. But she had the wrong guy. His nickname was the Animal, a Neanderthal red-neck whose constant urge is to paint a Star of David on the side of the van every time they pick up a dead Jew. The Animal growled at her:

"The only way you'll get an enema out of me, lady, is if my toe squirts water when I kick you in the ass."

• • •

Eleventh Street and Jefferson. Station One. The team had already made 11 runs in the eight hours it had been on duty. I looked over the reports.

"Subject complained of being unable to move her bowels." She was 72. "Subject complained of being nauseated. Age 80." "Subject was sleeping. Roommate said she complained of colon trouble. Age 93." "Subject was lying on floor. Small cut on foot from broken glass tabletop. Belts tied together. Apparent suicide attempt. Moaning and screaming. Had apparently slipped out of noose. Age 74." "Blood pressure 210/100. Abdominal pain. Age 81." "Subject complained of pain in her chest. Age 78." "Subject took sleeping pill and didn't know it. Couldn't stay awake. Had thimble still on her finger as sleeping."

Dr. Gasteazoro was from Honduras. He was intelligent and charming and liked to talk. He had a private practice in Miami Beach but was trying to cut down his number of patients. He wasn't getting enough sleep. Frank was a former lifeguard, tall and muscular, his hair long, his mustache in the same fierce, medieval style as his northern Italian ancestors. Ray was quiet and unflappable. He was 6'5", his hair and mustache both conservative. He was also a commercial fisherman and scuba diver. He and Frank went diving for crayfish together on their days off. As we stood around in the dayroom, the doctor smoked a small cigar and described a woman patient he once had who was worried about her ailment's interfering with her sex life. It turned out she had sex every day. She was 75. She wouldn't tell the doctor what her outlets were but insisted she got what she needed. Most women that age are incapable of sex. The vagina atrophies. The lubrication glands dry up. The reproductive organs shrivel and die.

7:01 P.M. Buzzer and bell. Voice on the P. A. "350 Ocean Drive. Lord Balfour Hotel. Possible heart attack." Frank muttered as we went outside to the van:

"That's the second time today. Same address."

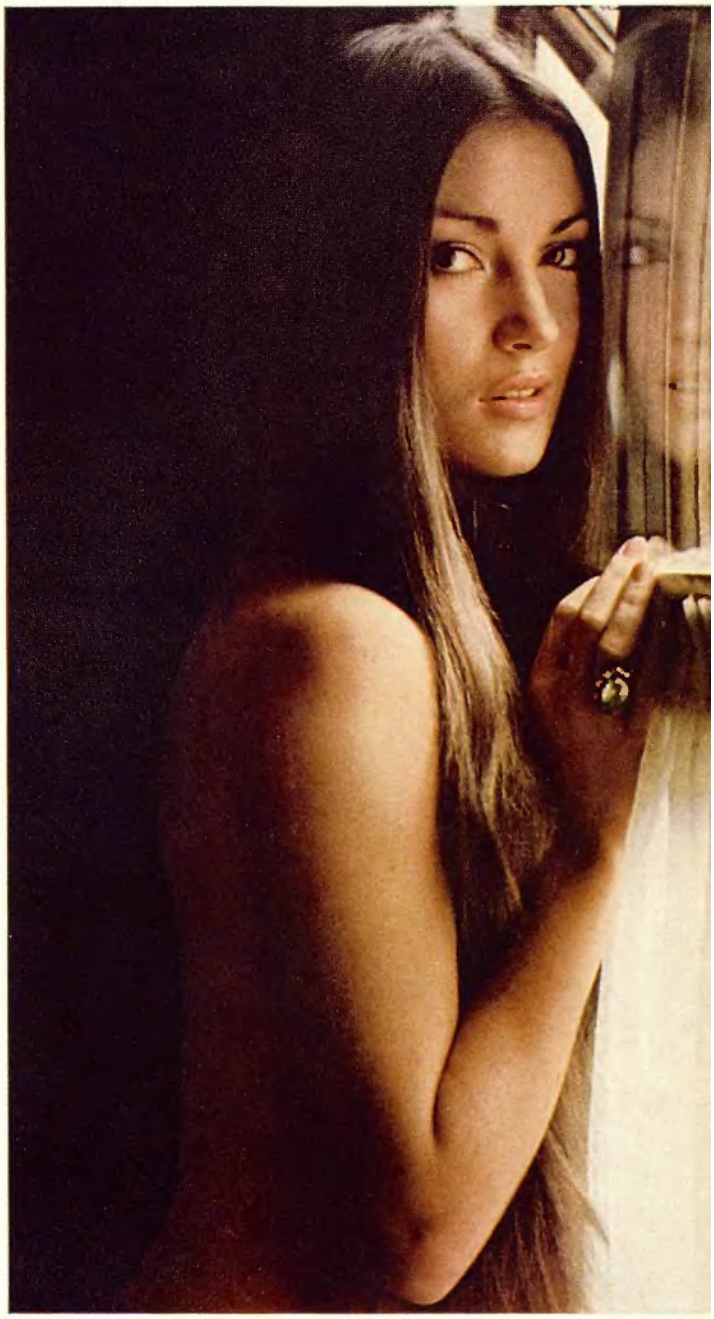
We arrived in a little over one minute. A small, thin Jewish man sat on a sofa in the lobby, a single crutch by his side. He was in pain, his breathing shallow. He was 72. Frank got the stretcher as Ray took his blood pressure. 120/70. Very good. But his neck veins were engorged. It still looked like a cardiac. The man moaned. He didn't want to go to the hospital.

(continued on page 158)

The face is different, but the game's the same: Roger Moore disports in typical 007 fashion with lovelies Jane Seymour (left) and Gloria Hendry (right), Bond's latest bed buddies.

SAINTED BOND

roger moore takes over as 007 and continues the superagent tradition of scourging the baddies and servicing the ladies



Moore's co-stars are Gloria Hendry (left), Playboy Bunny, as the ill-fated Rosie Carver and Jane Seymour (above) as a seer and enchantress named Solitaire. Initially indentured to Kananga, Bond's archnemesis, both finally switch allegiance.

Baron Somedi (Geoffrey Holder), one of Kononga's voodoo votories, prepores the coup de grâce for a writhing ocolyte.

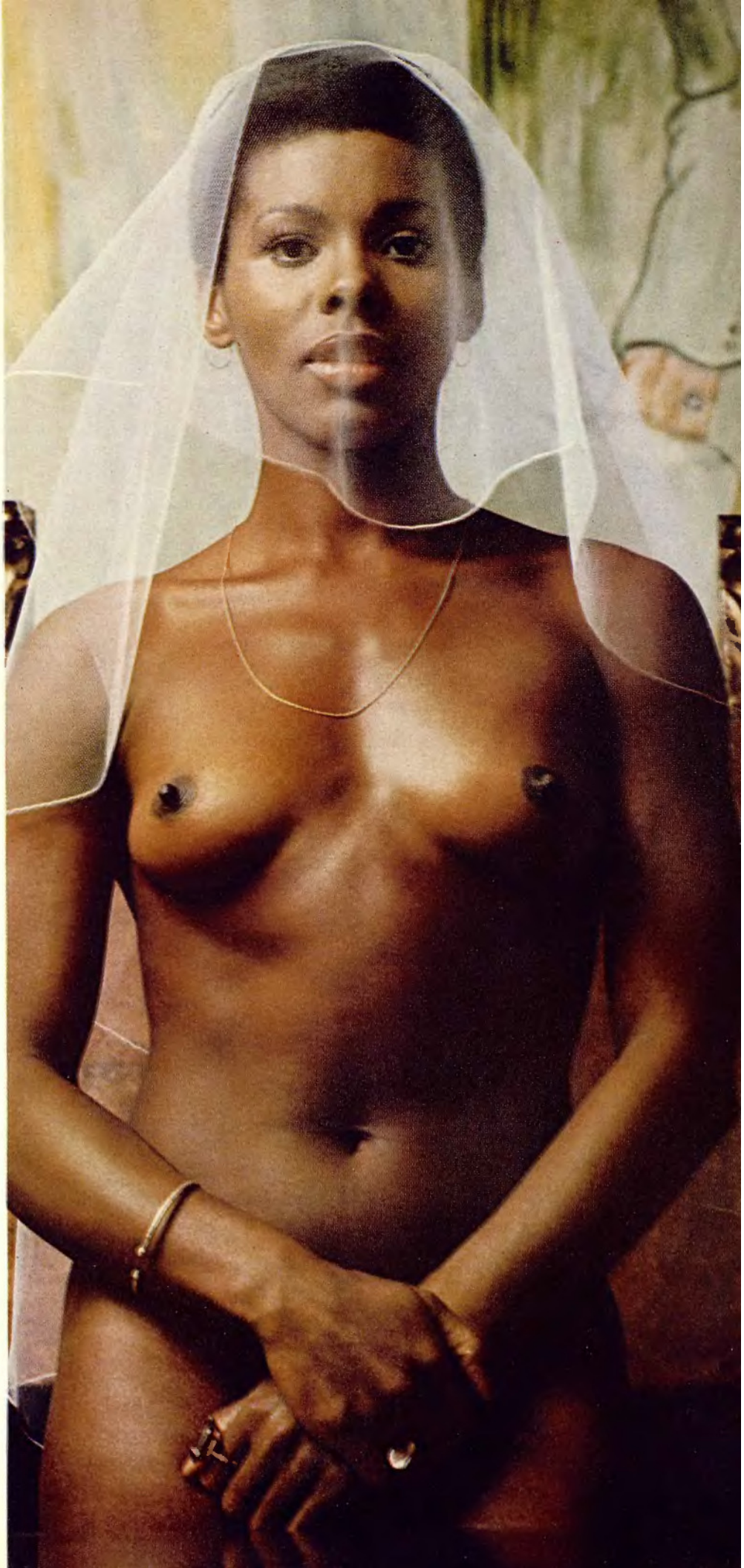
Bond in o life-or-death struggle with Kananga (Yaphet Kotto).

THE SUN NEVER SETS on Her Majesty's Secret Service or, at least, on that redoubtable agent 007. Sean Connery has apparently dispatched his last villain as Ian Fleming's hero, and Roger Moore—best remembered for his TV role as "The Saint"—has replaced him. The latest Bond epic, *Live and Let Die*, is set in New Orleans and New York—with interludes in a romantic Jamaican bower and a macabre voodoo cemetery. Perennial Bond producers Albert R. Broccoli and Harry Saltzman (of United Artists) send the supersleuth on the trail of a Caribbean connection that pits him against the diabolical Dr. Kananga, prime minister of an island republic, site of a huge

Jone Seymour (left and below), who temporarily deserted the set of a BBC-TV series to play Solitoire, follows o group of leading lodies—Ursula Andress, Diona Rigg and Jill St. John, omong others—who hove shored Bond's bed.

poppy-to-powder heroin operation. Kananga divines his machinations with the aid of a tarot deck dealt by the beautiful sorceress, Solitaire; needless to say, it's in the cards for Bond and Solitaire (Jane Seymour) to cross paths in the boudoir. Fate has also dealt 007 his first black inamorata, Rosie Carver (Gloria Hendry). Bond's fortunes are again fraught with an array of far-out gadgets—a Rolex watch with a magnetic field to deflect bullets and a prosthetic arm designed like a lobster claw; and with the usual chase scenes—crack-ups impacting cars into accordions and motorboats hurdling bayou sand bars. Whether on board or in bed, Connery or Moore, Bond is obviously still Bond.

Gloria Hendry (above and right) becomes 007's first black bed partner. After a hotel tryst, she and Moore dally in a tropic dell—a fitting swan song before her untimely end.



THE DAY BOBBY BLEW IT

(continued from page 82)

feeling that if I hadn't called, Bobby would still be there."

• • •

The tanned and vigorous young man who boarded the plane at Los Angeles would stand out as one of the handsome males at any gathering. Bobby is tall and broad-shouldered and his face is clean-cut, masculine, attractive. But on second glance the impression dislocates into a number of rather odd parts.

The head, for instance. That amazing brain is lodged in a smallish oval skull that doesn't actually reach very far above the ears. The forehead is low and makes the jaw look large, at certain angles almost Neanderthal. The look on his face is primitive, too, the alert but unthinking look of an animal. A big wild animal that hunts for a living. There is a sense of danger about Bobby; in some ways I am as careful with him as I would be with a tiger. His eyes are like a tiger's. They hold the same yellow-green serenity and frightening emptiness. And when he laughs, his wide, full-lipped mouth opens into a huge happy cave filled with bright white teeth. Most of his expressions are rudimentary: direct expressions of fear, hunger, anger, pleasure, pain, suspicion, interest—all the emotions a man or even an animal can have without being involved with any other man or animal. I have rarely seen his face register the social emotions of sympathy, invitation, acknowledgment, humor, tenderness, love.

There is also something primitive in Bobby's body and the way it moves. He wears a business suit about as naturally as a python wears a necktie. Standing about 6'1", he weighs close to 190, and a padded jacket makes his shoulders look so wide his head seems even smaller than it is. "Like a pea sitting on a ruler," somebody said. His movements are direct, vigorous, sometimes comically awkward. He walks literally twice as fast as the average good hiker, but he walks the way a hen runs —and this hen fills a doorway. He comes on head forward, feet wide apart and toes turned in, shoulders lurching from side to side, elbows stuck out like wing joints and fingers flipping like feathers. Fastening his eyes on a point about four miles distant and slightly above everybody's head, he charges unswervably toward that point through the densest crowds, a man in motion with an end in view.

As this systematic awkwardness suggests, there are wild gaps and erratic stammers in the flow of Bobby's life. More than almost anyone I can remember, he functions like Frankenstein's creature, like a man made of fragments connected by wires and animated by a monstrous will. When the will collapses or the wires cross, Bobby sometimes cannot execute the simplest physical acts. When he loses interest in a line of thought or action he has pursued for as little as three minutes, his legs may simply give out, as if he had just hiked 20 miles, and he will shuffle off to bed like an old man. And once, when I asked him a question while he was eating, his control circuits got so befuddled from trying to carry two messages at once that he jabbed his fork into his cheek.

Bobby has the same kind of trouble talking. He is the most single-minded man I have ever known. He seems to keep only one thought in his mind at once, and a simple thought at that. He talks as he thinks, in simple sentences that lead him where he is going like steppingstones, and his voice is the voice of a joke robot programmed to sound like a street voice from Brooklyn: flat, monotonous, the color of asphalt.

I sometimes think it is the voice of a man pretending to be an object, so that people won't notice he is soft and alive and then do things to hurt him. But Bobby is too vital to play dead successfully. Energy again and again short-circuits the robot. Energy like a tiger prowls and glares inside him. Now and then it escapes in a binge of anger. Every night, all night, it escapes into chess. When he sits at the board, a big dangerous cat slips into his skin. His chest swells, his green eyes glow, his sallowness fills with warm blood. All the life in his fragmented body flows and he looks wild and beautiful. When I see Bobby in my mind, I see him sprawled with lazy power at a chessboard, eyes half closed, listening to the imaginary rustle of moving pieces as a tiger lies and listens to the murmur of the moving reeds.

• • •

New York always has a bad effect on Bobby. He goes back to it with dread and fascination, like a Jonah slipping back into his whale. Andrew Davis knew that this time he might easily get lost inside the whale and never make it to the plane. So he had prepared the kind of script they used to write for *Mission: Impossible*. The plan was to abduct a man for his own good and do it so sneakily that the victim wouldn't know what was happening to him. It was a job for a genie, but Davis didn't happen to have one in his address book. So he asked Tony Saidy to take Bobby on a shopping trip and rounded up two friends and a professional chauffeur to help him. The friends knew Bobby but had not met Saidy. The chauffeur had never even heard of Bobby. And none of the five had ever abducted anything trickier than a cookie.

Herb Hochstetter and Morris Dubinsky, who turned up at the Yale Club at 9:30 Wednesday morning, were the first members of Davis' crew to stand watch. Hochstetter is a stocky, energetic man of 55 with a hard business mouth and pale amused eyes almost concealed by folds of rough skin that hang down from his eyebrows like worn portieres. A man who has lived a little too hard but isn't a damn bit sorry and would like to shoot off a few more cannon crackers before he buys a condominium in St. Petersburg. He is a well-known marketing consultant and an old friend and client of Andrew Davis', who introduced him to Bobby about 12 years ago.

Morris Dubinsky is an ex-butcher from the Bronx and as independent as a rubber chicken. When the supermarkets took over the meat business, he closed his shop and bought a taxi. Two years later, he traded it in for a $10,500 Cadillac limousine. Not long ago, he bought six limousines, all shiny new, and had enough money in the bank to pay cash—about $81,000, plus tax. "I don't owe nobody," Dubinsky told me. "I pay cash or I don't get it. Payin' cash is my biggest thrill in life. That way nobody's gonna lean on Morris." Dubinsky is the last man anybody would lean on. At 54, he is built (as he is the first to admit) "like an ox." He stands 5'10", weighs 183 pounds and has muscles in his hair. He also has muscles in his lip. When Dubinsky doesn't like something, Dubinsky lets you hear about it—and you don't need an ear trumpet.

By one P.M., Hochstetter and Dubinsky were getting antsy. They had called Davis several times. Davis had called Bobby and heard him mumble with a tongue like a sash weight that it was still too early. So he had urged them to sit shibah till the body resurrected. A little after one o'clock Saidy arrived and by two P.M. he had dug Bobby out. But after that, almost nothing happened. Bobby lolled millionairily on Cadillac upholstery, called friends on the radiophone, picked up some traveler's checks, had breakfast at the Stage Delicatessen, ran a couple of minor errands, and then headed back to the Yale Club for a meeting with Davis. In theory, he was getting ready to go to Iceland; in fact, he wasn't. In everything that concerned the match, his energy was so viscous that he moved like a man struggling up out of deep sleep and knowing he wasn't going to like what he saw when he opened his eyes.

Who could blame him? In the past 18 months, Bobby had played one long tournament and three long matches, all of them jackhammering assaults on his nervous system. Now he was facing the longest and most difficult match of his career, a contest that might run to 24 games and last up to 75 days. But Bobby had never quailed at challenges before. Something more than the challenge seemed to be troubling him now.

• • •

Andrew Davis is a slim man of middle height with quick dark eyes behind professorial specs, a small head penciled with careful hair and a big unexpected crashing Teddy Roosevelt smile. He is 43 and

(continued on page 172)

THE WORST AND THE GRAYEST

opinion

BY DAVID HALBERSTAM

on the gang that couldn't govern straight

WHO KNOWS THEIR NAMES, who knows their faces? Grayness is crucial, anonymity is prized. Herb Klein, who has been with him longer than most, is memorable for never having done or said anything memorable. They seem men designed to function rather than to live. Who could, in happier, pre-Watergate times, tell Haldeman from Ehrlichman? One was John and one was Bob, but which was which? Efficiency is valued. They seem mechanistic more than anything else, more at ease with the mechanics of politics than with the humanity of it. Pleasure and joy make them wary. Pleasure may be sinful and it may be a sign of frailty; it may weaken the fiber. He is against weakening the fiber. There are speeches to prove it.

They are not prized for their individualism. Individualism is dangerous; there is only one individual, only one voice, only one ego. Were there moments of individualism in Hickel, Romney, Peterson, et al.? Did they make the mistake of believing that being a Cabinet official was real, that a Cabinet officer was his own man? Out. And no matter how much Pat Moynihan admired Nixon, he could never last long in that White House, because Moynihan, no matter what his politics, was simply too gay, too gregarious, too much a lover of friends and talk and human intercourse. Social intercourse and social contact are dangerous, because they can be revealing, and Nixon above all does not like to be revealed.

He himself is the most secretive and isolated of our leaders, the most leakproof. Lyndon Johnson hated leaks as much as Nixon, maybe more, but he was constitutionally unable to stop them, because he was so terribly human. He was always talking, arguing, rampaging, always hopelessly involved and engaged with other human beings. So the FBI, when directed by Johnson to check a particular security leak, would inevitably find that the source of the leak was Johnson himself. An excess of humanity has never been a problem for Nixon: he is the most private, secluded of men, the most deliberately hidden. To the degree that other men know him or want to know him, and are willing to talk about him, they tend to disappear from his life. He has been in the national spotlight for some 25 years and yet his thought processes are still a considerable mystery. (He has, however, developed the art of making others *feel* they are part of his processes, that their opinions are being weighed, when of course they are not.) His career is notable for the absence of lasting friendships in a profession where common struggle and human byplay normally produce strong and lasting relationships. To the degree that he had two old political friends, they were Bill Rogers and Bob Finch. No two men have been more publicly humiliated and emasculated in the Nixon years—not by the Senate, and not by the press, but by, of course, the White House.

So the new palace guard is modern functional, in his image, or the image that he would want to have. They have succeeded in part because they are colorless, they will not (with the notable exception of Kissinger) detract from the President, share his spotlight, create a constituency of their own, have an identity of their own. Poor Lyndon Johnson again, complaining that when Bill Moyers was press secretary, Moyers' image improved while his own crumbled. There will be no such problem in today's White House. They are a special new breed come to the political fore in this century, men with great and driving ambition and an extraordinary capacity to subjugate it for the good of The Man, which of course is the good of their own careers.

They are men fascinated by the means of controlling processes and techniques. They may not know (or care) whether the elevators work in the summer in the high-rise tenements in Harlem or whether in fact the very richest members of the society pay any income tax. (If the very richest in the society do not pay very much tax, then they are vulnerable to the state, afraid of the state, curiously powerless in the state, which is more important than paying their real dues to the society.) But they are experts at going into a foreign city and stringing the electronic gear necessary to get The Man on television, to get the right camera *(concluded on page 167)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

Summer of '72

by LeRoy Neiman

gatsby lives! a sketchbook of the moneyed class at play in the hamptons

IT'S CHANGED SO MUCH it's all the same. (Do you hear us, Jay Gatsby?) Summer in the Hamptons: It's all so different you'd know it in a minute. . . . Big money clinging to the center (ordering the party lemons in on Saturday afternoon, then laughing over sour drinks, watching the rinds go out as garbage Sunday morning). Small change around the edges; young, pretty (looking in). . . . And, yes, the popular journals still send artists with their sketch pads to catch the tattletale moments: a Senator's brother at play (things you've seen a thousand times), a parasol shadow creeping across polka dots onto a wicker pram. Quick sketches done with a

Social lions. Col. Serge Obolensky nobly lights cigarette of Cordelia Biddle Duke Robertson.

croquet match on the grounds of the Fuller estate in Southampton.

stiletto. . . . Still true: You can't hear a Rolls-Royce coming. You feel it. The sound of money here is the silence it buys. Behind topiary hedges, on greens as trim as billiard tables, for serious croquet, private tennis. . . . The cranky sea tried to wash the Beach Club away in 1938 (remember?), but the Beach Club wasn't ready to go. It may take more than acts of God to finally wash this terrace down. Mother and son are at their table again (still) talking about his last marriage, hers, other disasters they have survived together. And they are eavesdropping over "the sound of tinkling waiters" on the kind of clever conversation they invented 40 years ago. "Love, darling boy, is a dream . . . and I

am beginning to think they will never change this luncheon menu." A sturdy terrace, indeed. . . . City people on the sandy fringe make crowds of themselves even when they don't have to, because two weeks at the beach can't cure the New York feeling that we are all in this together. Secretaries, brokers, salespeople, copy writers, wild hairy children a stone's throw, a putting green away from the hush of money. Listening to the difference, wondering: Could the artist possibly be painting them into the picture? . . . Some of the proud ponies are left and some have turned to minibikes, but they still call it polo. Some of the

Mother and son lunching at the Beach Club

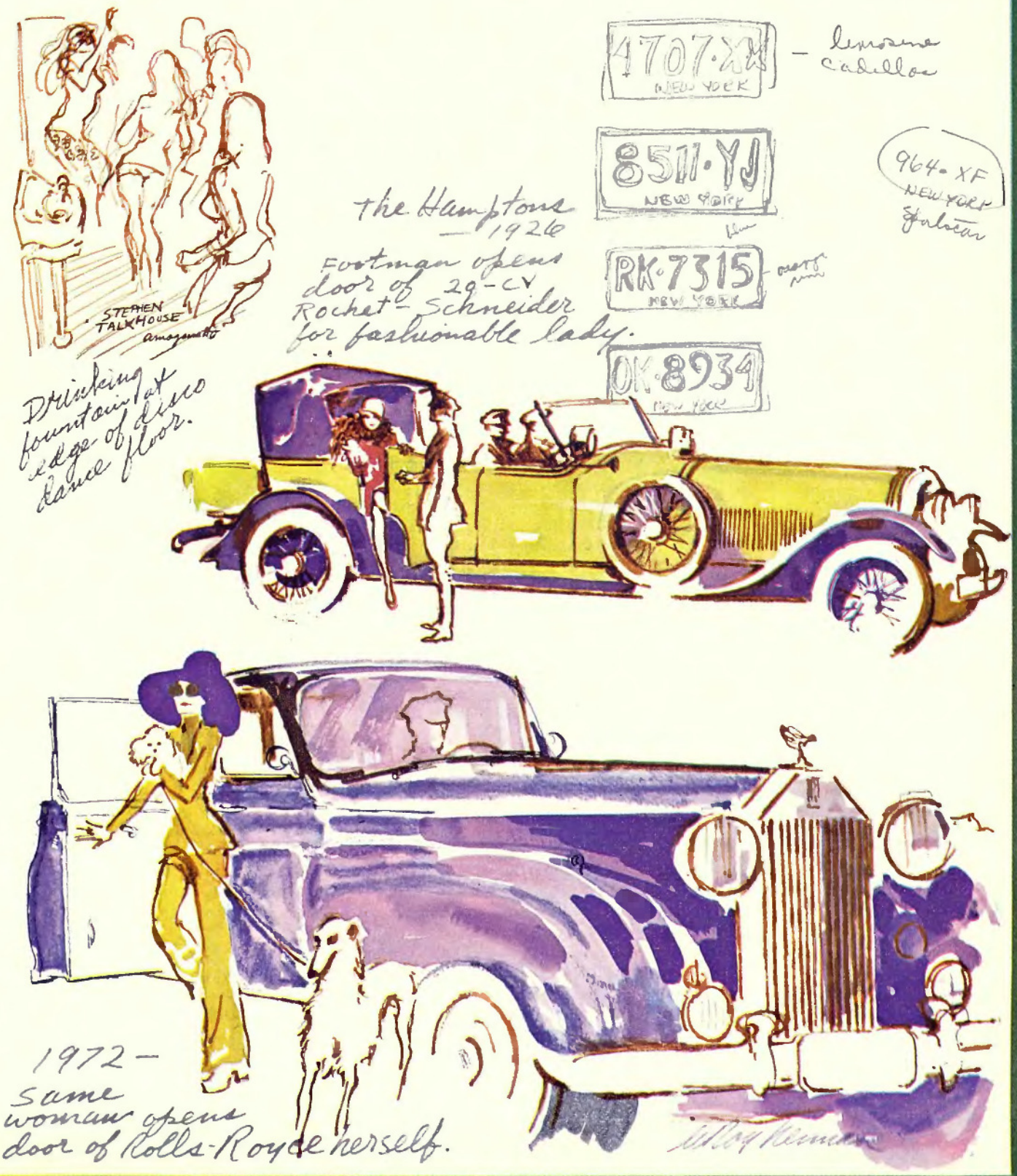
Bicycle polo — Southampton. Women play between men's chukkers.

Eric Javits looks for tennis ball in his yard.
Gin Road,
Southampton

From photo in Meadow Club 1916 - Introduction of backhand stroke.
Sleeve rolled to elbow only on playing arm.

July 1 '72
Private party "The Moon" East Hampton

power has turned to giggles, some of the danger to scraped knees, and most of Sunday's fine sporting togs have turned to flesh. And then at night, in small spaces, these athletes dance off whatever is left of the day to a roaring music and drink whiskey that is legal and take pills that are not. (Prohibition is as much fun now as it was then.) Most of the fine old cars are gone now (time and the salt air), but some of the riders have hung on all this time. And (can you believe this, Gatsby?) the artist swears by his fancy mustache and his quick brush that although the cars shown here are different, and the dogs—although the footmen are missing—this is the same woman: the flower of the Twenties (Daisy?) 50 years later. The floppy hat and sunglasses cover the scars of a recent face lift and daily shots of vitamin B_{12} have kept her sense of drama and style up to the occasion. Today, lunch at the Beach Club with her granddaughter. The artist says the old lady had the look of someone passing secrets. Over lobster tails and romaine: the same secrets, rich enough for another summer.



WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

(continued from page 146)

"I just came back from there."

Very quietly, the doctor spoke to him:

"If you don't go to the hospital, you're going to die. I can't tell you any plainer than that."

It took the help of another old man to finish the persuasion. With great reluctance, he got onto the stretcher and allowed himself to be strapped in with his crutch and covered with a blanket. With lights and siren, we went to the South Shore Hospital, arriving nine minutes after getting the call. The man moaned and gasped, struggling when the doctor tried to give him an injection.

As he was wheeled into the emergency room, he complained of sweating, although he wasn't. He was terrified and started to vomit, moaning as an I. V. needle was inserted, "You're breaking my *arm*." His clothes were removed. They prepared him for an E. K. G., took a blood sample and gave him five milligrams of morphine. He grew pale and suddenly calm, accepting the ministrations of the intern, a Cuban nurse and a Chinese doctor. His heartbeat was shown on the monitor. You could see the P. V. C.s, the premature ventricular contractions. If these misfires should happen to fall on top of a T wave, it could cause a fibrillation. This is a major backfiring of the heart. It becomes confused and disorganized. Instead of beating, it lies dormant, quivering. Unless it can be set in motion again, the patient dies.

Dr. Gasteazoro was still smoking his cigar, neat, dapper, one hand in the pocket of his long white coat. He told me that 70 percent of heart deaths occur in the first hour.

At 7:30, Rescue One left the E. R. They went upstairs to the intensive-care unit to visit a man they had picked up on their last shift, three days before. But he was sleeping under heavy sedation, wearing an oxygen mask. He was 75 and looked terrible. But Frank was very proud of him. When they got the call, he was already "dead" from a cardiac arrest and they had nearly given him up. They had even broken three ribs while giving him heart massage. At 7:35 we were 0-9, back in service.

But instead of returning to quarters, Rescue One stopped off at the Causeway Marina to visit with some old fishing buddies who sat at a table on the dock by the bay, drinking booze and telling stories. At 8:13, an amiable drunk was telling us about his World War Two flying days and the incident of the frozen parachute. The radio crackled. "Woman down." We arrived in a few minutes. A woman had stumbled on the sidewalk, had fallen into a hedge and couldn't get up. She had been there a half hour. People were watching from windows, from the patios of rooming houses and residential hotels. Finally, someone called. The victim had heard a woman on the sidewalk saying:

"Morris. Leave her alone. Don't get involved."

There was no apparent problem. She was a little confused. She probably suffered from a vascular insufficiency, the general debility and senility of old age. She wouldn't say how old she was but surely was well into her 70s. Rescue One gave her a lift. As soon as she sat in the van, she wiggled her hips, squirming against the doctor.

"Ohhhh. You like to play. I like to play, too. All these handsome men. They could give me just what I need."

It was an unusually quiet night. Melvyn Douglas was starring in *Ghost Story* on TV. He was a warlock who contrived the death of an old family domestic. The firemen, the doctor and the paramedics were all engrossed. Over the radio in the next room, you could hear a message to another unit, "Man passed out——" the rest of the words overwhelmed by the eerie, dramatic theme music. At ten o'clock we watched *Banyon*, a private eye in 1937 who attended a dance marathon with a girlfriend who was suddenly stricken with amazement. In the crowd she saw a friend who had died the year before.

At 10:30 we made a run to 1535 Jefferson. A 77-year-old man had a "pain in the stomach." We arrived in two minutes. The man was unable to get his own doctor, the telephone service not answering. The pain was in the gall-bladder area. He had had previous heart attacks and had already taken two nitroglycerins. Frank radioed for an ambulance on a three as Ray took the man's blood pressure. The doctor was irritated. It was difficult to determine whether or not the man had ever had gall-bladder trouble before. There was a collection of pills on the table. When Frank asked for his next of kin, he got a wise-guy answer and then "None." Then he tried to change it, but Frank refused to make a change. They began to exchange gentle threats and insults interrupted by Ray and Frank's admiration of a left-handed fishing reel on the kitchen table.

"You like it? Keep it."

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah. Sure."

The ambulance arrived. Very cheerfully, the man got onto the stretcher. They wheeled him out. At 10:45 we were watching the rest of *Banyon* and then the news.

It was quiet for nearly two hours. I talked with the fire lieutenant, a tough, scarred old-timer who was very proud of his engines and ladder, which included a beautiful 1943 Pirsch as well as newer pieces, such as a big, gleaming American La France. It was hot outside, with the mugginess of the tail end of the hurricane season. Station One was directly under the take-off pattern of the Miami airport, the jets thundering upward to pass over our heads and out to sea to make their turns and set their courses north. The streets were quiet. Nothing moved.

12:51. "Royal Hotel. 758 Washington Avenue. Woman with a broken arm." Rescue One was asleep. Within seconds, the men were out of their bunks, into their boots and in the van. In the lobby of the hotel, a drunken woman was sitting on the floor amid the scattered debris of an ashtray. One arm was in an Ace bandage, a loose, dirty sling dangling around her neck. She was crying in a slurred, maudlin manner:

"I'm a tough GI."

Another woman puffed nervously on a cigarette, her breath smelling of alcohol. She kept insisting the drunk's shoulder was "broken in two places." Helped to her feet, the subject refused to sit in a chair and submit to an examination. She staggered in a small, helpless circle, complaining that her arm hurt. Persuaded to sit down, she got up again, insisting on going upstairs. Ray and Frank took her up in the tiny elevator. The doctor remained in the lobby. Ray was quiet and patient. Frank argued and taunted her.

"I was in the Third Air Force and I'm pretty rough."

"Yeah. Sure. What are you? Irish?"

"I'm French and German. And I'm a nurse, too."

She staggered around in the hall, refusing to go into her room. Ray finally persuaded her. As she unlocked the door, she turned coy.

"Please excuse me. My room is a mess."

Ray got her to lie down as Frank stayed out in the hall and laughed at her. They closed the door and left. Down in the lobby, the other woman had been joined by a third. They smoked rapidly, muttering, "She won't stay." Frank growled on the way out:

"Next time, don't call us. Call the cops."

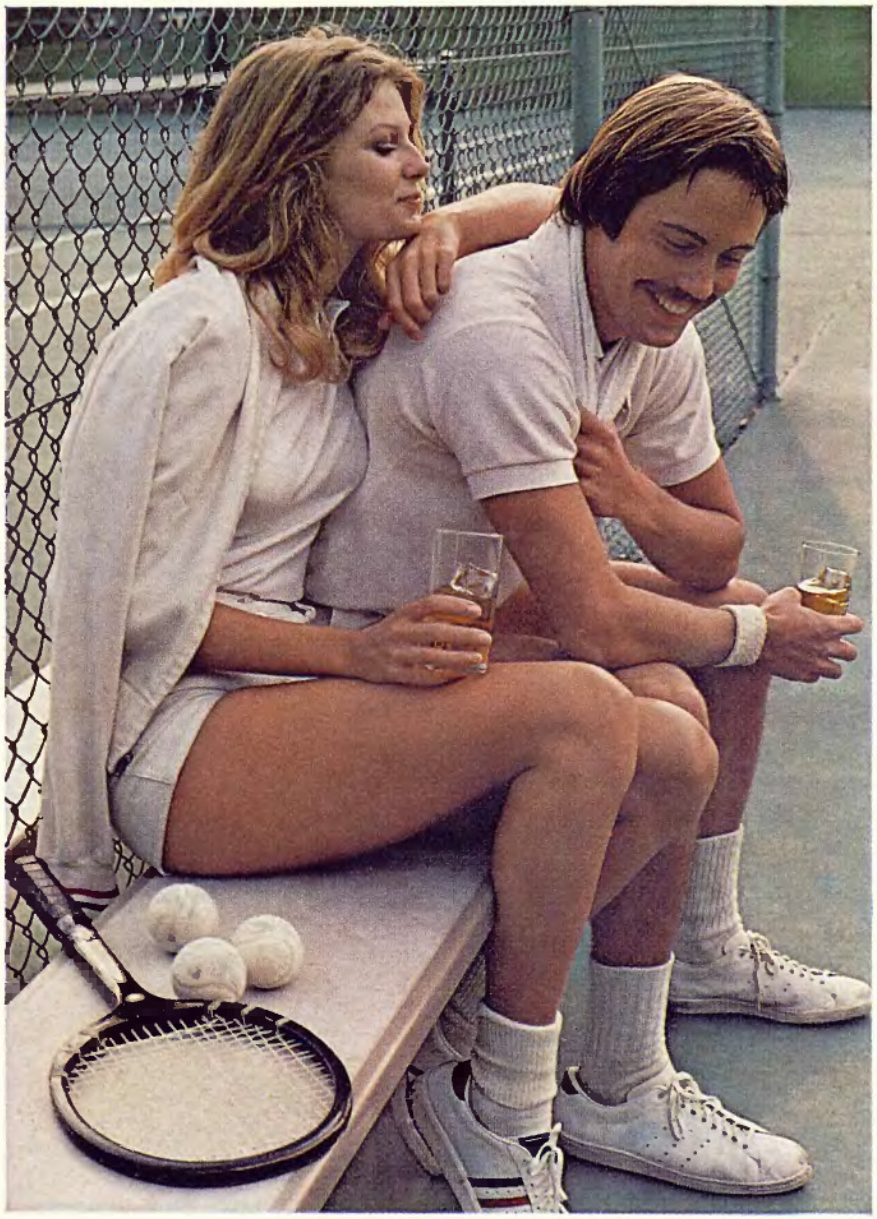
There were no more runs that night, but I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking of the passengers in those jets flying overhead and of how Ray and Frank once responded to a call "Car in the water." They had donned their scuba gear and gone into the water instantly, going down, finding no one inside, searching the nearby bottom. Then they found out the car had already been reported and checked earlier that morning.

• • •

The next team was quiet and talked very little. The doctor's name was Bencomo. But one of the rescue men was a licensed practical nurse who worked at Mt. Sinai Hospital on his days off. He was always referred to as the Doctor.

My first run with them was at 3:26, "Woman limp and unresponsive." But it

Seven & Seven.



When you know you've gotten the most out of yourself, that's when you feel your best. Right?

And that's when you deserve the one drink that's always at its best.

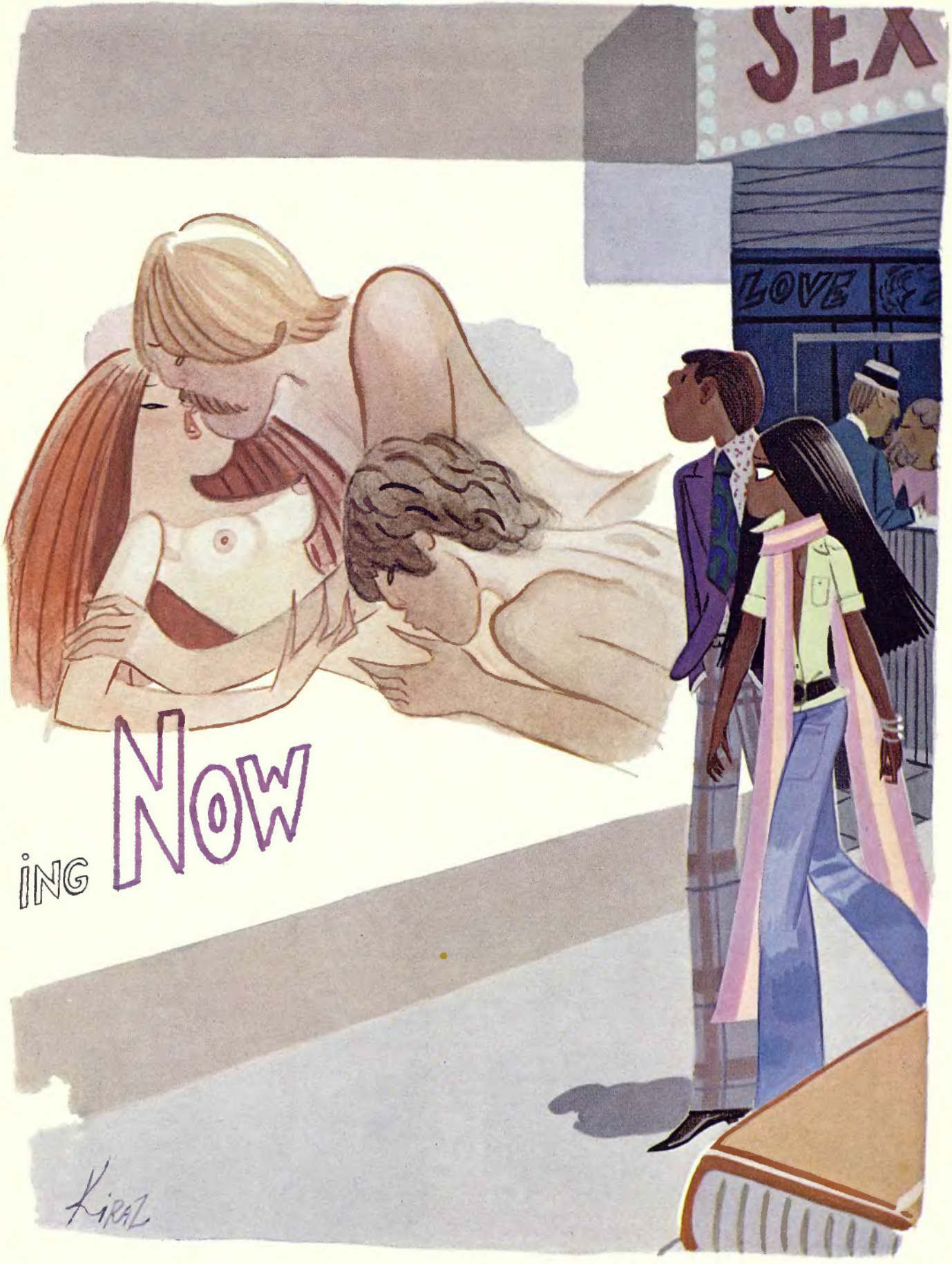
Seagram's 7 Crown and 7 Up.

Get it nice and tall over plenty of ice. Then settle into it.

Seven & Seven.

It belongs to moments like this.

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. American Whiskey—A Blend. 86 Proof.
"Seven-Up" and "7 Up" are registered trademarks identifying the product of the Seven-Up Company.



"I prefer pictures that let me escape from everyday life."

was really a signal 35. She was drunk. At 4:20 we went to 950 Pennsylvania Avenue, "Woman down on floor, people can't get in." As we parked, two old ladies walked by on the sidewalk. One of them was saying:

"She's gone with the wind. She's dead as a doornail. How they gonna get in?"

Inside the building, an old woman was crying. They hadn't seen her all day. We would have to break down the door. But the doors were double and although both were flimsy, there were no tools. A city policeman stood by. The maintenance man came up with a cheap screwdriver. He tried to pry open the outer door, but the screwdriver bent in the middle. With his pliers, he removed the pin from the top hinge but couldn't get the bottom one out. Several men took turns kicking at the doors. The locks finally gave.

The woman was in the kitchen, slumped down in a corner. She was still breathing. When they dragged her out into the middle of the floor, she moved, ever so slightly. The doctor said: "Stroke." They gave her oxygen and called an ambulance on a three. She breathed more deeply. Her face became bright red. She began to quiver, her left leg and foot shaking. The driver showed Dr. Bencomo a can of dietetic salmon. Perhaps she was a diabetic. Her blood pressure was 130/70. Pulse 76. She was breathing well, her life signs good. The driver found two pill bottles. They were for high blood pressure.

Someone went to find the manager to be a witness to the door damage. The old woman who had been crying then discovered she had a spare key to the room. She was upset she hadn't thought about it. The ambulance arrived with the same attendants who had made the last run. Rescue One went to a municipal garage and tanked up with gas. Dr. Bencomo said the woman might or might not recover. There was no way to predict when she would regain consciousness—if ever. And there was no way of predicting the extent of the permanent brain damage.

Back in quarters. The whole run took a half hour. I started reading a book in the dayroom. It was about the positive and negative impulses of the heart, about P waves and R waves and T waves, about Q. R. S. cycles, arrhythmia and atrial fibrillation.

"1051 Collins—a sick man." One of the beach-front hotels. Arrive in two minutes. Up the stairs. A mezuzah fastened to the door with electrician's tape. You could smell the Jewish cooking. The man was dizzy. He had seen a doctor that very day who had given him some pills. He had not eaten. But he had vomited. His wife was crying. He was fat and he was 90 years old. On a bureau was a recent photograph of a beautiful boy and girl. There were other pictures of children and grandchildren. The Doctor radioed for an ambulance on a four. Dr. Bencomo asked for all his pills and medications and then canceled the ambulance. Rescue One would transport the patient. His blood pressure was very low.

There were plastic flowers standing in vases on a bureau and on the window sill. There were some cornball reproductions of paintings on the wall, a Jewish calendar and a photo of a very young man with a handlebar mustache standing in an ancient uniform. It was the subject as an officer in the Romanian army ten years or so before World War One.

At 5:27 a woman lay on her couch with chest pains. Her husband had broken a leg a few weeks before. He had a cast and a cane. He was a little nervous but not much, saying nothing at all to his wife. Two women neighbors came in, awed and very worried. The subject was 70. She was given oxygen and an injection. She moaned that she felt much better. There were amateur paintings on the walls, plastic flowers, a TV set, gewgaws, pictures of young children, old photographs of the husband and wife. Again, the same ambulance team showed up. Rescue One disconnected its oxygen and packed up. The Doctor said:

"Momma. Next time you shouldn't wait so long."

Back to the station, the dayroom, the book. I read about wandering pacemakers, extra beats and skips, rates, infarctions, bradycardia, P. V. C.s, sinus arrest (The radio was saying: "Rescue Three —behind hotel—man in the water calling for help"), atrial flutter, Wenckebach phenomenon——

5:49. The phone rang. We were cleared for a 12. We went to the Turf Pub for dinner. Everyone was depressed and quiet. There was no conversation. The radio stood between a soup bowl, a bread basket and a butter dish, hoarsely prattling something about Engine Three and about a boat in distress. We returned to the station and watched *Zulu* on TV.

7:36. "900 West Avenue. Apartment 833. Man having a heart attack." On the way over, the motor stalled. It took several tries to get it started again. High-rise apartment. Elevator. Man on sofa, mouth open, sweating, felt cold, age 74, white hair, listless, very dizzy, no longer had original pains in chest, had fallen down several times last week. Blood pressure 110/70. The furniture was Sears/fancy. The subject was given oxygen.

"I don't want to go to the hospital."

"Sam—why take a chance? I don't think I could take it again, Sam. Please."

"I don't wanna go. I'm tired. I wanna go to bed."

"But that's what's wrong with you."

An ambulance was called. An E. K. G. was taken in an effort to convince the patient of the emergency. Outside in the bay, a large sight-seeing boat was going by. Group singing could be heard approaching over the water, the toot of a whistle, the ring of a bell, a cheerful tour-guide voice over a P. A. system, "Hello, *dere*!" Applause. Whistles. Cheers. A crowd of elderly people stood on the patio by the pool, laughing and yelling back at the boat. The Miami skyline was visible through the apartment window as Rescue One fastened the straps over the dabs of paste. The subject's wife called the answering service and asked to speak to their doctor. The E. K. G. was normal. But this could still be a case of serious insufficiency.

"Oh, gee. They never do anything at night. I've been there—so many times."

The subject moaned, tired, frustrated, hopeless. But when the ambulance men arrived, he agreed to go.

Back at the station, the British soldiers were still firing at the Zulu warriors.

8:08. False alarm. Headquarters pushed the wrong button. Rescue Three was wanted. A bus driver had been beaten up and robbed.

8:20. "825 Washington Avenue. Apartment 218. Clinton Hotel. Man fell down and couldn't get up." A crowd of old people were gathered around the TV in the lobby watching *All in the Family*. Archie Bunker was sounding off as we squeezed into the elevator. It was a cramped, ratty apartment. There were two narrow beds. The man was lying on his back on the bathroom floor. The woman was small, old, weak and nervous. The rescue men picked up the patient and put him back in bed. He was 82. He used a walker, but sometimes he could stand up by himself. He was completely bald, his voice very weak and hoarse. His wife didn't understand the question when the Doctor asked for the name until he said:

"Vas iz de Namen?"

8:32. The Zulus were making their final charge on the fort. Fire swept through the barracks. There were spears, rifles, war chants, death. The dayroom was crowded with watching firemen.

10:27. A Cuban woman called the police to report a burglary. When the detective arrived, he found her passed out and called Fire Rescue. Dr. Bencomo talked to her in Spanish. He patted her face. They took her blood pressure. A younger sister said she had a history of heart trouble. There was little response and then a moan. She woke up, crying and gasping, very short of breath and unable to talk. The detective began to dust various objects for fingerprints, using a very fine brush and powder, working with methodical, slow concentration. There was a Catholic icon on the wall, a statuette of the Madonna, the red/white flasher reflecting on its features through the open door.

The woman gasped and choked and then suddenly rolled over in another dead faint. An ambulance was called on a three. Her brother came home from work, his face, hands and arms streaked

with grime. He was cool. Earlier in the evening, he had seen three suspicious guys in front of the house and followed them up to 20th Street. He had their tag number and gave it to the cops. He had been suspicious because their apartment had been robbed three weeks earlier.

The woman recovered consciousness and began crying. The ambulance arrived. Rescue One went back to the station to watch the late news. Three black extremists had hijacked a jet and demanded $10,000,000 ransom for the return of their hostages. The FBI had shot out the plane's tires as it took off from Orlando. The plane was then circling Key Biscayne, just a few miles away from Miami Beach. The hijackers demanded to speak to President Nixon over the radio. He refused.

• • •

Monday. Ray and Frank and Dr. Gasteazoro were back on duty. They got a call for a "woman sick." But her doctor had told her relative to get an ambulance and send her to Mt. Sinai. The relative thought you first had to call Fire Rescue to get an ambulance.

Back at Station One, I talked to the Philosopher, a well-read, thoughtful fireman who had ridden rescue in 1966 when it started. He told the story of the great showboat act he had once put on when he found a dead man on a bus right in front of city hall. He was good and dead. But the Philosopher went through the whole number, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, heart massage, blood pressure, pulse. A doctor arrived from somewhere, took one look, gave the Philosopher a certain smile and joined the act. There was a large crowd. Rescue was a new concept then and everyone was conscious of the public image. It was true street theater. The doctor gave an I. M. injection, I. V. solutions and listened with his stethoscope. But there was nothing to hear except the moans and mutters of the sidewalk audience.

The Philosopher also told several stories of finding bodies in locked apartments; they had been dead for days. You could always recognize that smell even as you were going up the stairs. Once they had a new man. They had just finished a big spaghetti dinner. Catching that familiar odor, they talked him into going up to check out the problem, laughing hysterically when he threw up all over the hall.

Rescue One got restless and went for a ride. We went to the beach at the jetty and checked out the girls and then down to the chamber of commerce fishing docks. Ray carried the radio in the back pocket of his coveralls.

There was a call to treat an epileptic at the city jail. We went in through the back door, but no guards were around. Everyone was confused. It seemed the prisoner was a habitual drunk, one of those revolving-door cases. They only wanted an ambulance, but everybody thought it was necessary to call Rescue first. Ray and Frank went to the front desk to get the matter settled once and for all. But there was a hassle, a buck-passing contest, and finally we went to lunch at a sandwich shop.

At 4:58 there was a possible stroke. The man was 86, his mouth was quivering, he was unable to talk, there was a wet cloth on his forehead, his right facial muscles were twitching. It was motor aphasia. The man wanted to talk but couldn't. He had paresis of the right side. His wife was quite deaf. She fumbled through a pack of doctors' business cards. A neighbor was running the show, yelling at her, giving instructions, two other neighbors joining the chorus, trying to make the woman understand about getting his Medicare number. The radio was saying something about Engine One and a stuck elevator. There were porcelain gewgaws everywhere, cheap furniture, doilies on the arms and back of the sofa, plastic flowers and two very large framed portraits of the man and the woman in dignified poses, rendered in oils in 1929.

At 5:50 we were at the Causeway Marina. There was wine, jokes, laughter, fishing stories, handshakes. A call came in. "Lincoln Road and Pennsylvania. Man down." We found him lying in a flower bed on the mall. A police car was there, a crowd of young Cubans. The man was hemorrhaging at the mouth. Witnesses said he had a cramp in his leg, sat down and started quivering. He wore a hearing aid. His mouth kept moving, but he was unconscious. Rescue One put him on a stretcher, gave him oxygen and transported him to South Shore Hospital. At the E. R. he was hooked up to the E. K. G. monitor, which showed some P. V. C.s and some arrhythmia. His pressure was good. His tongue had been bitten. This meant possible convulsions, perhaps epilepsy. The subject was catheterized. An I. V. was started. He was given several shots. Two doctors at once listened with stethoscopes. Nobody knew his name and they went through his wallet looking for I. D. The man started to struggle. He had to be held down to get a needle into his vein.

In the next bed, a man was calmly eating from a tray. Frank recognized him. They had made several runs for him in the past. He suffered from emphysema.

Two ambulance drivers came in and started joking around with Ray and Frank. We left at 6:10 and went back to the Causeway Marina.

6:25. 1000 West Avenue. It was a very fancy apartment house, the lobby floors of white marble, bas-reliefs on the walls. Inside the apartment, a woman was sitting on the sofa. There was a moment of confusion. The older woman at the door just looked at us.

"I didn't think there would be so many of you."

"Where's the patient? What's the trouble?"

"She's sick. You know what I mean?"

And then the woman on the sofa started screaming:

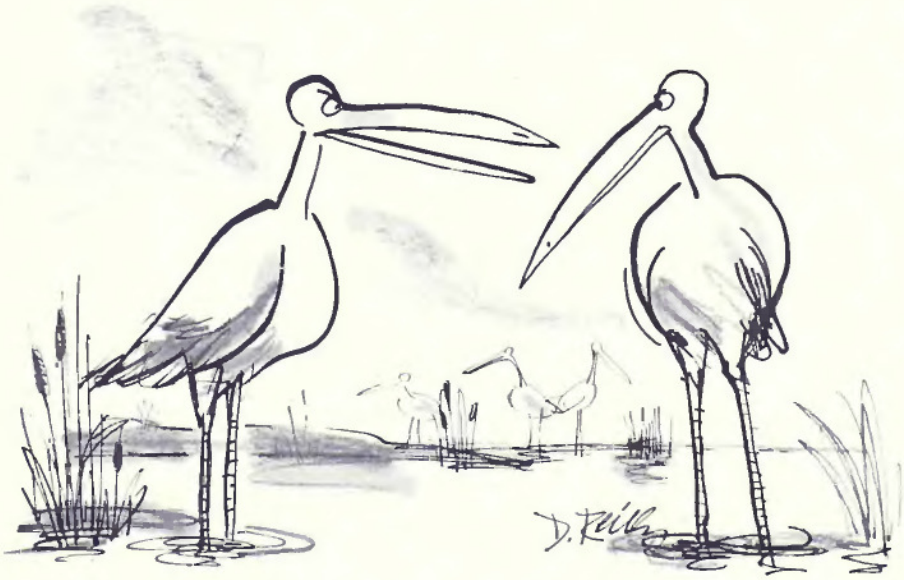
"No! No!"

"I called her doctor and he said to get an ambulance. Why are there so many? Four men? There used to be two. I know. My brother-in-law lives upstairs and he's a regular customer. Is this the usual thing to have so many? This will upset her. Oh, doctor. What do you think I should do?"

"Madam. I am not a psychiatrist. I can only suggest you do as her doctor ordered."

"Oh. What can I do? I'm all alone. There's nobody to tell me what to do."

The mother paced very rapidly and



"Furthermore, all the storks I know are against liberalized abortion laws."

Smoking.
What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments.

And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be frank. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy. But it may well be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you will enjoy smoking.

Vantage. It's the only cigarette that gives you so much taste with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

We suggest you try a pack.

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.

very nervously, her fingers at her mouth twitching, folding and unfolding. Her daughter was 38, her face in a grimace of frustration and anxiety. She watched her mother. Curious but cringing, she looked at the four of us, three with mustaches and tans, hair and muscle, all six feet and over, the fourth one wearing a long white coat.

"No! No! Noooooooo!"

"Oh. I'm all alone. Look. Supper all ready. And she didn't eat a morsel."

"No!"

The mother clutched at her daughter's shoulder, yelling into her face:

"What's *wrong* with you? How do you *feel*?"

The daughter ran into the other room. Dr. Gasteazoro stayed, smoking his cigar. Ray radioed for an ambulance. Frank pleaded with them to let him handle it. He knew he was good at this. He had experience. He had the feel for it. We waited. Frank's voice was murmuring quietly in the other room, rapidly, comforting, soothing. The woman's mother kept trying to interfere. Ray kept trying to convince her to stay out.

"What's he doing to her? That's all I want to know. Is he giving her medicine or what? An injection? She was all right until so many of you came in. She's afraid of crowds. There used to be only two. Wasn't there only two? Oh. What shall I *do*? I'm all alone."

The ambulance men arrived with a stretcher. Frank brought the woman out, murmuring to her softly, his arm loosely and gently around her shoulders. She was sobbing and shaking, frightened of the six men who now surrounded her, one of them holding a black, secret radio, another writing things down on a big clipboard.

As Rescue One walked out of the lobby, an old woman approached, smiling with the assurance that it was obviously not her number that was up.

"What? You're leaving with no patient? That's good, huh?"

Just as we pulled away, we got another call. 1498 Jefferson, a cheaper but brand-new building. The man was 54. He was half-bald, quite fat, with no muscles of any kind. He suffered from chronic emphysema, but this was his worst attack. He was clammy and cold and had already used his own oxygen twice that day. But then his foot turned blue and he got a pain around his heart. The television was on as he and his wife gave the doctor his medical history. The room was immaculate, thoroughly air conditioned, the furniture cheap/new and all neutral tans and whites. The wife noticed the TV and turned it off.

The elevator was too small for a stretcher. The patient sat on a chair with his arms crossed over his chest, trembling and weak and very frightened. Frank grabbed the legs and Ray held the back, carrying the man out. Outside the apartment, a woman of about 90 passed in the hall.

"What's going on in there?"

Dr. Gasteazoro replied:

"Lady, that's none of your business."

"Oh. So you're a nasty son of a bitch, huh?"

It was difficult getting everyone inside the elevator. And then the patient's face turned blue. The oxygen carrying case had to be opened, the mask pulled out and applied, the valve turned on. The elevator was stopped at another floor, the door opening, an old woman very upset at the scene inside. Getting out was even more complicated, the door opening and closing and banging against shoulders and legs. The stretcher was taken out of the van, the patient shifted, the chair returned. As the van pulled away with its light flashing and the siren yelping, a terrified cat ran in front of it and was almost killed.

At the emergency room, the man from the flower bed was stabilized and comfortable. He could talk, complaining of being cold even though he was under a thick blanket. The emphysema patient was given shots and oxygen and I. V.s. A needle was stuck into his groin to draw blood from the femoral vein to test for gas content.

Rescue One left at 7:05. In 20 minutes we made another run to 1500 Bay Road, the Morton Towers. There were trickling garden pools, a huge lobby, a milling crowd of people gawking and clucking. The apartment was quite large. Six elderly, well-dressed people had been spending the evening watching TV after dinner when suddenly one of them started to stare blankly. He was fully conscious but didn't talk or respond or move. He was 83. Blood pressure 190/105. The doctor picked up the man's left arm and let it go. It fell slowly. The right arm fell hard. Occasionally, the man stopped breathing. In a moment, he resumed. It was the Cheyne-Stokes syndrome. The doctor muttered: "Right paresis."

"You don't have to raise your arm, too! I already can tell that you're friendly!"

Playboy Products, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611
Please send me:

Quantity	Item Code No.	Cost	Total

Please add 50¢ per item for shipping and handling. _____
No C.O.D. orders, please. TOTAL _____

- ☐ Send item(s) to me.
- ☐ Send gift(s) and gift card(s) in my name. (Attach recipients' names and addresses.)
- ☐ Payment enclosed. (Make checks payable to Playboy Products.)
- ☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐ CP012

Name _____ (please print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Boxed Puzzles

Four designs in full color. Finished size, approximately 12″ x 18″
$3.00 each

"Quilt" Magazine Cover Design
AP 172

"Anniversary Issue" Magazine Cover Design
AP 173

Annie Fanny Design
AP 174

Vargas Cartoon Design
AP 175

Life-size Puzzles

Each finished full-color puzzle measures 28″ wide by 5′6″ tall. There are 150 pieces, each approximately 12 square inches.
$10.00 each, boxed.

Marilyn Cole (Jan. 1972)
1000 AP 192

Cathy Rowland (Aug. 1971)
1000 AP 193

Puzzlers from PLAYBOY

Playmate of the Year Puzzles

Four Playmates of the Year in full-color centerfold reproductions. Each puzzle has over 500 pieces and comes packed in a canister.
$5.00 each, in canister.

Claudia Jennings (Nov. 1969)
500 AP 152

Liv Lindeland (Jan. 1971)
500 AP 153

Sharon Clark (Aug. 1970)
500 AP 154

Angela Dorian (Sept. 1967)
500 AP 155

FOR INSTANT ROOM RESERVATIONS— WE'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER.

(800) 621-1116

...YOUR **TOLL-FREE** NUMBER FOR ROOM RESERVATIONS ONLY AT ALL PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTELS AND HOTELS. **IN ILLINOIS, 312-943-2000.**

PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL
Ocho Rios, Jamaica

PLAYBOY PLAZA
Miami Beach, Florida

PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL
at Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey

PLAYBOY TOWERS
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Outside of the United States, call your local Travel Agent.

Three more elderly people came in, cautious, quiet, in awe. The man's wife was dead. His sister was his next of kin. The ambulance crew arrived, the same ones who had just returned from Jackson Memorial Hospital, where they had taken the psychotic woman. There were many jokes and wisecracks. Leisurely, they moved the stroke victim to the stretcher, pausing to talk with the rescue men, laughing about that kookie mother who had given them a bad time all the way to Miami. Besides. That girl didn't need a psychiatrist. All she needed was a hot beef injection.

At 8:57 we were eating dinner, a very special dinner, a *paella* made of chicken and rice that Rescue One had bought that afternoon at Publix, but also of clams and fish and lobsters that Ray and Frank had caught themselves while on a diving trip. We were eating it up, gingerly, waiting for it to cool, shooting the bull with a fire captain and a lieutenant and the Philosopher about the Russian bottled-gas deal and about Wankel rotary engines and about some of the famous rescue runs of the past. And then came the buzzer, the bell and the P. A. system. "1423 Collins. Woman fell out of bed. Fainted. Husband and manager put back in bed. Bleeding." We ran through the kitchen and down the hall, following each other down the brass sliding pole.

We arrived. The lobby was full of old people, all watching the same TV program. The elevator was tiny. The woman upstairs was in bed, moaning with small animal sounds of distress. Her face was a bright blue and she was given forced oxygen immediately. Her husband was a small man, very nervous, sweating, frightened. He kept asking if he should close the window until Dr. Gasteazoro said yes, sure. Go ahead and close the window. They would have to carry her down on a chair. Thrashing and yet limp, they laid her on the floor and then got a hard chair under her, keeping the oxygen on her face. But the elevator was so small everyone wouldn't fit in. The husband, the doctor and I ran down the stairs, carrying the oxygen. The woman was moaning: "Momma—Momma—Momma—Momma," as she was carried through the lobby, the old, wrinkled faces with the white hair and the suntans turning away from the TV set to stare with stunned expressions.

Rescue One moved very fast. She was strapped to the stretcher, lifted in and locked in place. Her husband got in the back with her. Ordinarily, relatives ride in front so they can't see what is happening and won't interfere. The red/white flashed. The siren yelped and wailed. The husband was very agitated, almost sobbing, trying to touch her arm, to stroke her face: "Rose. Rose. I'm here." He repeated the story of his wife's fall and nosebleed and the scratch on her leg. She was 68. Or 65. He wasn't sure. They had just come down from New York.

"Well, if it won't do for a plowshare, what are the chances of shaping it back into a sword?"

South Shore Hospital. Push through the double doors and roll down the corridor and into the E. R. The husband was told to stay outside. The woman moaned for her mother. Again she turned cyanotic blue. She was put in bed, her nightgown cut away with scissors. She was given oxygen. She had no pulse. The P. A. system called for the respiratory therapist. But he wasn't available. Neither were the emergency-room doctors. There were two cardiac arrests at the same time occurring somewhere upstairs. Dr. Gasteazoro lent a hand during the emergency.

In the next bed, the old man with the stroke, our previous run, was looking around, conscious but not moving, a neurologist poking his hand with a pair of scissors. He felt nothing. There was no reaction at all. But his eyes were busily watching the activity around the bed next to him.

The woman's heart stopped and then started. There was a frantic scurry of movement, the doctor, the nurse and an intern speaking rapidly, giving injections, heart massage, adjusting machines. The doctor tried to get an endotracheal tube down her throat, but the woman was fighting him and there was some sort of obstruction. He couldn't get it in. There was a desperate struggle. Dr. Gasteazoro bent down and blew on the end of the tube by mouth. There was a loud gurgle in her stomach. No good. He pulled the tube out and tried it again, stopping to put the oxygen mask over her face, although this wasn't really getting any air to her lungs. The E. K. G. monitor was showing one premature ventricular contraction after another. Her heart was misfiring badly. Another tube, another try, pry up the jaw, turn her head back, shove it into her mouth and down her throat. But again the air went into her stomach.

I stood at the end of the bed. Her toes were very deformed. She had horrible bunions and wore pink polish on her toenails. Staring down at her nude body, her fat stomach was very distended now by air, I wondered just how many dreary, hard and plodding miles those feet had traveled. The nurse, the paramedics and I exchanged looks. She was going. The doctor got the tube in and hooked up the oxygen breathing machine. But he wasn't sure if it was going into the stomach or the lungs. He put his stethoscope on her belly and listened. He disconnected the breathing machine and pulled the tube out. The woman vomited.

The intern gave it a try with another tube. The ambulance drivers came in, kidding around with giggles and jokes and fag routines. "Say. This reporter is kind of cute. What's he doing all that scribbling for?" The monitor was going crazy, the electronic ball bouncing every which way. But the rate itself was slowing. They were still struggling with the endotracheal tube. And then. Finally. Into the lung. Quickly, they connected the breathing machine. The doctor gave her heart massage—one-two-three. The rate on the monitor began to increase. But then it slowed. There were more P. V. C.s. Frank took over the heart massage. One-two-three. There was a gasp from the oxygen machine. One-two-three. Gasp. Everyone looked at the monitor and watched the patterns. Only then did the nurse pull the curtain part-way across to partially shield the view of the stroke victim, whose only response was with his

"There! You've been read to from the Holy Book, so you're not pagans anymore. You're heathens now."

eyes and with his good left hand, nervously fidgeting with the top of the sheet.

The woman's face was blue and purple. Her eyes were half open. Tubes were in her mouth and in her nose, her expression grotesque. There was some heart movement on the monitor. Someone said, "Hell. She might make it." Everyone smiled. It was a joke. Frank did it again. One-two-three. Gasp. A P. V. C. Another P. V. C. Pause and another P. V. C. Dr. Gasteazoro checked her pupils. Gasp. He pushed down on her stomach, which caused a tremendous burp. There were giggles, snickers and smiles around the room. A few people came into the E. R., technicians or interns. There was a total of 11 people around the bed. But she had no pulse. The nurse felt around the femoral vein and said she thought she felt something. One of the ambulance boys said:

"What you feel in there is a worm eating her from the inside."

"There's nothing. No cerebral. I guess we'll have to let her go."

The doctor pulled the tube away from the oxygen. He listened to her heart with a stethoscope.

"No pulse. But there's still a heart sound."

He put the oxygen back. Someone mentioned the husband outside. They said he was nervous and about to collapse. There were jokes about putting him in the next bed. They gave the woman a shot of sodium bicarbonate. Frank pumped on her chest—one-two-three. And then the doctor called out:

"Ventricular fibrillation. Get out the zapper."

Everyone stood back. The cream, the paddles—zap! They gave her one shot. And then they quit. Everything was turned off. She had gone over six minutes with no air. Three minutes is the maximum in order not to have brain damage. Even if she were saved now, she would be a vegetable. The air was stopped. The doctor listened with his stethoscope. Everyone watched the monitor. The rate decreased. The P. V. C.s were very slow.

There was something very shiny on the woman's left knee, something sparkling against the blue of her skin. It looked like a diamond. An ambulance guy reached down and picked at it. It was a sequin. Somehow it had come off a dress or a slipper or a purse. She must have knelt on it and it had become embedded in her skin, perhaps during her first fall in the hotel room.

"Listen. Did she breathe just then? This is ridiculous."

Snickers. Snorts. Quickly, the doctor hooked the air back on. Frank gave her more heart massage. One-two-three. Everyone gazed in silence at the electronic signal. And then again, they gave up.

There were jokes about orange juice and cheesecake. One ambulance guy goosed the other.

"Say, honey. Puh-leeze."

In semi–mock desperation, the Cuban nurse told me:

"You don't know what it means to be with these men here, twenty-four hours a day."

People left the E. R. Others stayed, watching the monitor. The pattern changed, slower and slower. The stroke victim's eyes were trying to see what was going on. No one noticed him. The electronic signal wobbled, wavered, jerked, forming a shapeless, spasmodic pattern. The woman was already dead, but the exact moment of legal death was very arbitrary. Her brain had gone a long time before. But her heart could possibly keep on beating for another hour, quivering, spastic, making meaningless motions. At 10:08 Rescue One left the E. R. as I turned for one last look at the monitor. The woman's husband was still outside in the corridor, pale, forlorn, pacing nervously back and forth, alone, waiting, still hoping—no one said anything to him. We put the stretcher back in the van and returned to quarters. On the way back, the doctor was quiet and thoughtful. The woman would have lived if he could have gotten that tube down her throat. Perhaps it was a congenital deformity. Perhaps a swollen larynx.

Both of the cardiac arrests upstairs also had stenosis problems. Both patients had also died.

The *paella* was ruined. It was stale and overcooked and sticky. We picked at it, then threw it away, washing the dishes.

10:50. Another run. 405 Espanola Way. "A sick man." It was a ratty hotel, an alcoholics' dive, everything brown, faded, stained. The manager led us upstairs to room 205, saying the maid could not get in that morning. We found the man naked, lying on his back, sprawled in an easy position. He had been dead at least five hours, perhaps 12. The doctor pointed to the discoloration on the underside of his limbs and body. He also pointed to the swelling in the man's groin about the size of a baseball.

"Not only is he dead. He also has a hernia."

There was an empty fifth on the floor, lying on its side. There was an empty pint of Old Taylor. There was another fifth, not quite empty. There was vomit in the bottom of the wastebasket. The man wasn't very old. He was lean and wore a neat mustache. We sat in wicker chairs on the sidewalk and waited until a policeman came. An old man came hobbling up to us and started to gossip. He said the dead man had worked at Wolfie's on Lincoln Road. The cop arrived at 11:05.

Rescue One drove to a Cuban restaurant, where Dr. Gasteazoro bought himself a cigar. He smoked it with little satisfaction, preoccupied and subdued, pondering, unsettled. As we passed Dipper Dan's, Ray stopped the van. The door was locked, but the guy inside opened it for us. We all ordered ice-cream cones. I had a double chocolate.

Back at the station, we watched football on TV. A jet plane flew overhead.

THE WORST AND THE GRAYEST *(continued from page 151)*

angles, laying down the television dollies just so. They seem more linked to the men like them in other countries than to their own society. One thinks of them and senses the new breed coming to power in eastern Europe, the apparatchik as manager: function and career over belief, what can we get the state to do for us: they are all interchangeable parts with those in other governments.

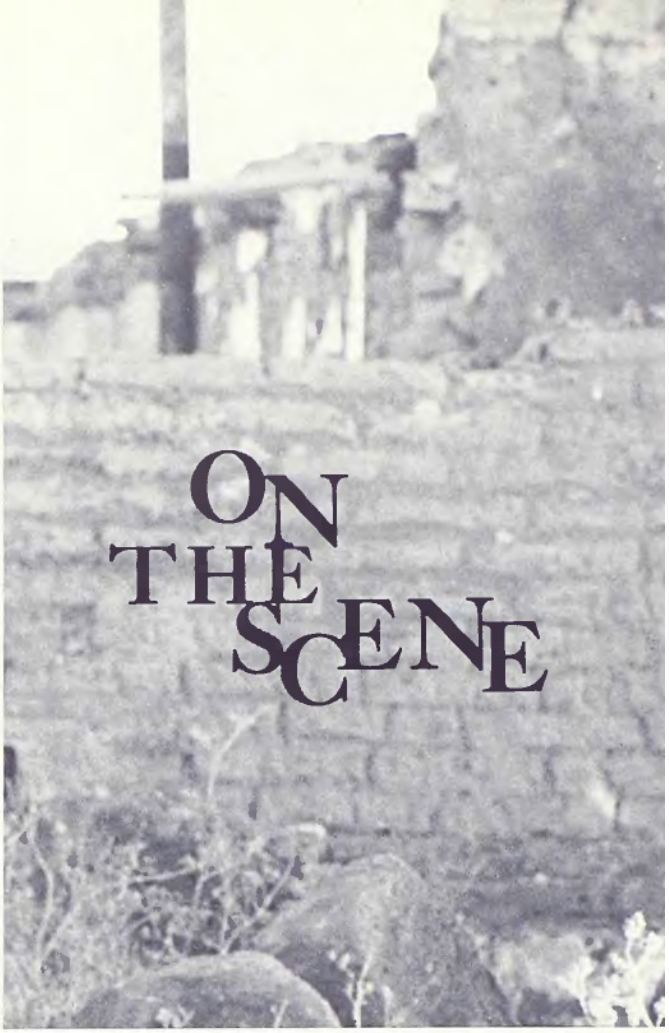
They know their man and their job, and the uses of modern Executive power. They are modest, of course, but their role is not. They know which branch of the Government has an unlimited budget and jet airplanes for travel. They know that if a Senator or Supreme Court Justice goes to Peking or Moscow, hundreds of reporters and television teams do not follow, but that when the Executive branch travels the trips can be vast television spectaculars, with the most powerful executives in the television industry scrambling to go along as sound men. (Nothing was followed so carefully in Peking as the daily playback of what was being seen and said on U. S. television about the trip.) So they have learned that they can run for office against crime in the streets and decay in the cities and runaway inflation, and then once elected disappear from view, only to be televised at length in foreign lands. And they can, upon returning home, issue decrees saying that crime in the streets has been defeated, the cities saved, inflation curbed. They will not, after all, make the mistake of having him televised visiting a ghetto and saying there that crime in the streets has been curbed or visiting a meat market and talking there about how they ended inflation. They are modern men, truly Orwellian: reality is not life, reality is saying something on television.

Yet they are moralists. Pieties abound. They are here to save American society from the evils that lurk, to set a new national moral tone: We have their own speeches to prove it. Now, as we get to know them, we have a better sense of what their morality is: that it is better to be rich and strong than poor and weak; strength strengthens, weakness weakens; it is the obligation of the poor to become rich and of the weak to become strong. The President himself is a moralist on this; above all, he cares about the fiber of the nation. Having ended the war (with terms deemed to be peace with honor—honor simply because he says it is honor), he now wants to work on America's character. A favorite theme, with—surprise—his very own career as an Algerlike example: In his mind, myth has become fact. Hardship and suffering strengthened him, thus it can strengthen others. His interviews are filled with this theme: stories of the Nixons when he was a boy, a son sick with tuberculosis, the family poor, unable to pay the medical bills, but deciding that to ask for help was morally wrong. Thus, a son was lost. God's will. The right decision. So the President knows of hardship and suffering and how it makes a man of you. Welfare offends. But not rich man's welfare, the welfare to Penn Central or Lockheed—there is no outrage there, just outrage against the Office of Economic Opportunity for offering the most pathetic of our society decent legal help. Nor does the President's own moral vision account for his slush fund as a young Congressman, nor for the enormous fees paid for him as an embryonic lawyer in New York after his Vice-Presidential years. Again the lesson of this Administration: It is all right for the rich to be caught in the act of being rich, but it is immoral for the poor to be caught in the act of being poor. So the pieties continue, the exhortations to return to good old-fashioned morality, the harsh talk about bringing back capital punishment, and all the while the Watergate evidence mounts, linked conclusively to the White House. Should we be surprised, then, that when Watergate finally broke, and the stain reached everywhere, Henry Kissinger in a New York speech movingly asked for compassion for the men involved? What better definition of this Administration—compassion and mercy extend only to themselves.

And what of it? What of the fact that in terms of the democratic society and political liberty, Watergate is the most chilling episode in recent memory, the most appalling of moral and ethical acts? Watergate is, finally, complicated, difficult and intricate, and perhaps only a small percentage of the country knows how truly frightening it is; so by the codes of the Administration, if the public does not understand the true immorality of Watergate, then it is not immoral. Morality is what you can get away with. Only at the end, when the lesser men cracked and the trail led to the very heart of the White House, did Nixon act, not in defense of liberty but in defense of Nixon. Which brings me back finally to a lovely graffito I saw recently in New York:

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
THAT RICHARD NIXON
WOULD TURN OUT TO BE RICHARD NIXON?

"My wife thinks I'm at an orgy."

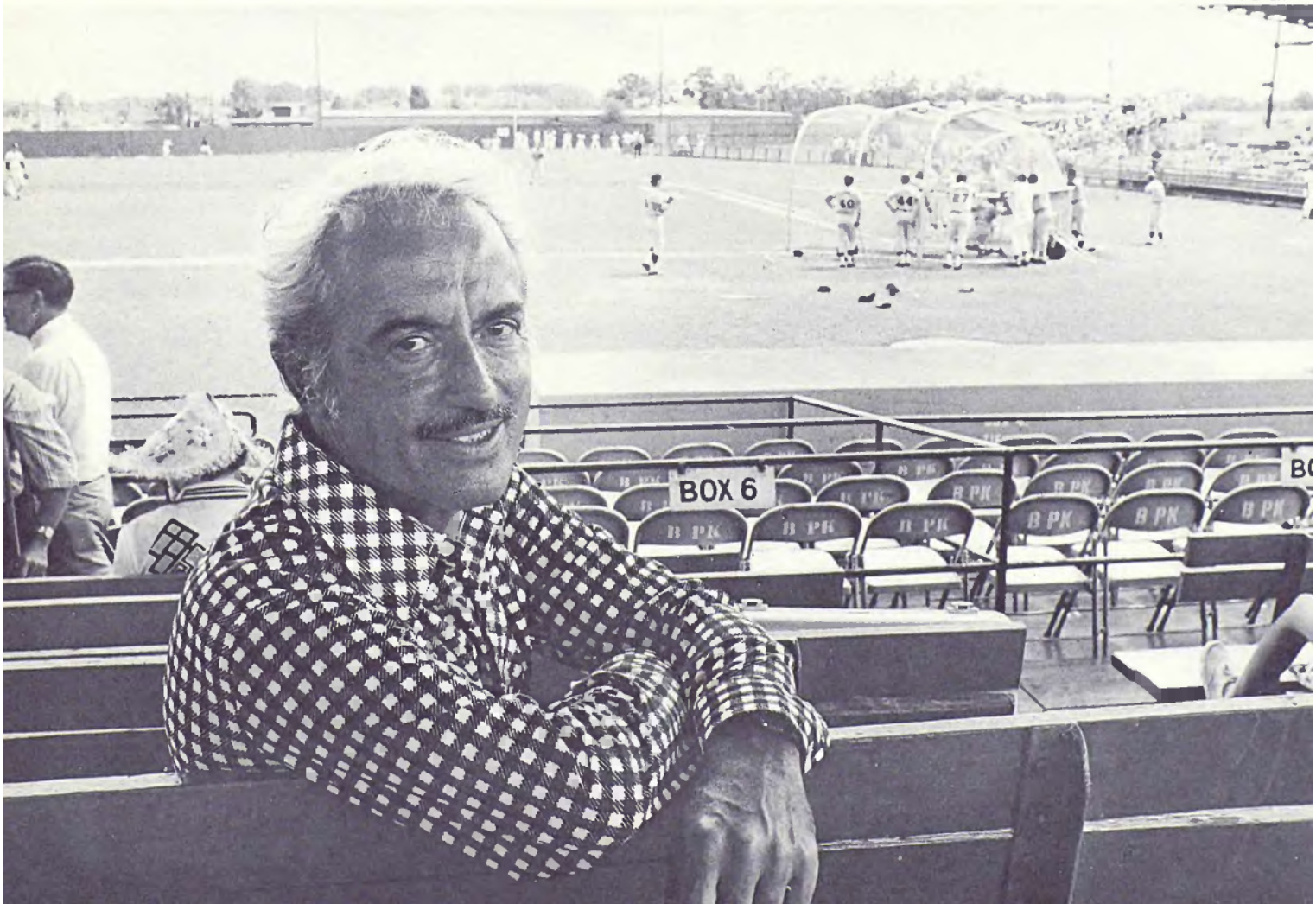


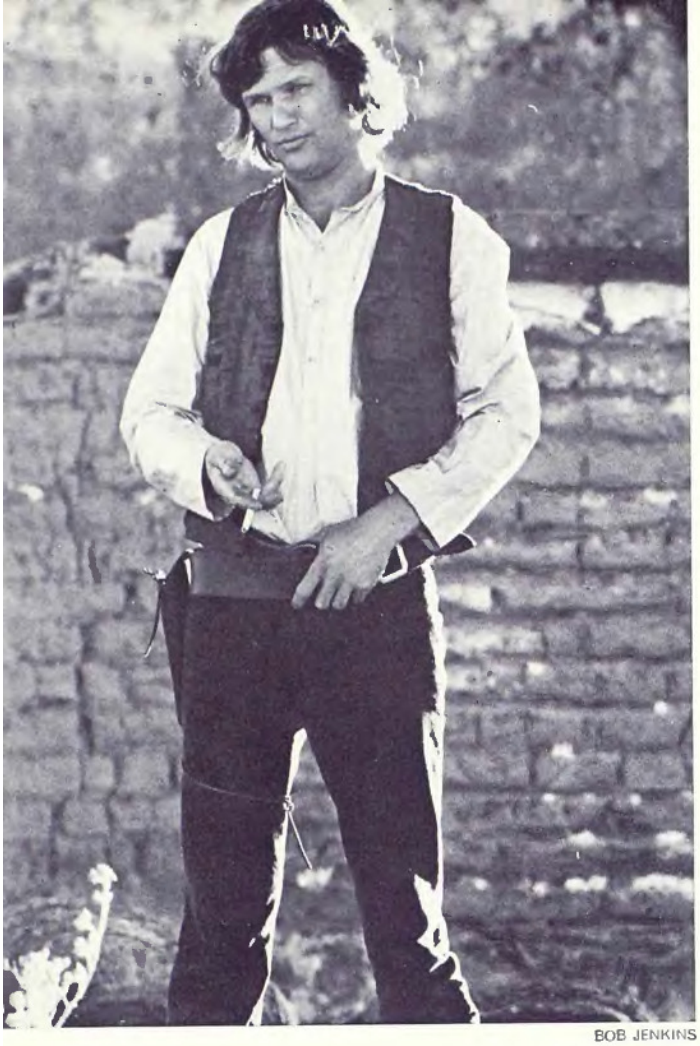
ON THE SCENE

MARVIN MILLER *heavy hitter*

ALTHOUGH Marvin Miller grew up in Brooklyn almost in the shadow of Ebbets Field, home of the old Dodgers, the executive director of the Baseball Players Association is not a man nostalgic for the old order. Like other areas deserted by their franchises, Brooklyn lost the Dodgers. After all, says Miller, "The owners are in baseball to make a profit." But indifference to fan loyalty, as Miller sees it, is only one symptom of the malaise that afflicts baseball. "The players of today are young, bright, modern, with it," says the 55-year-old former negotiator for the steelworkers' union. "They're different from the players of 20 or 30 years ago. Now look at some of these management characters. They're not only the same type but often the very same people who were there 20 or 30 years ago." In Miller's opinion, crusty Houston manager Leo Durocher epitomizes this generation gap. During a spring-training flap, Durocher and Astro general manager Spec Richardson reneged on the new hard-won contract between the association and the owners by denying Miller enough time to disseminate its provisions to their team. "Leo doesn't understand young people. That's been the reaction of players everywhere he's gone. It's the reason he can't put his teams over the top." The contract provides impartial arbitration of salary disputes, a first step in dismantling the "reserve clause," a shorthand phrase for the maze of rules that binds each player to his club. "Up till now, the club has always held the hammer. You either took its offer or found a new way to make a living," says Miller. That's a hard choice for a big-league ballplayer whose playing life averages about five years, often after a long apprenticeship in the minors. But Miller is still swinging. During his tenure, owner contribution to the association's player pension fund has tripled, minimum salary has risen from $6000 to $15,000 and average salary has jumped to $35,000. It seems that Brooklyn has some heavy hitters who never played in Ebbets Field.

RAY FISHER





BOB JENKINS

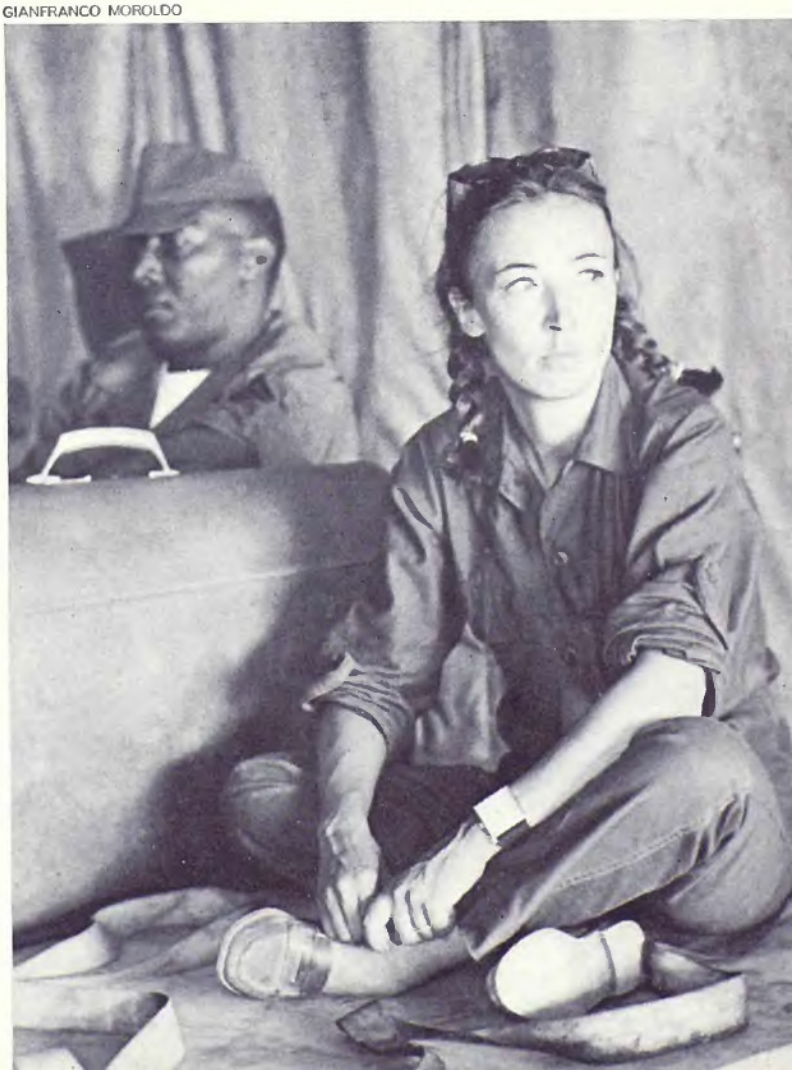
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON *new gig*

"ACTIN' AND SINGIN' are about the same," says Kris Kristofferson —that low, echoing hoarseness, like he's just on the recovery side of a cold, permanently in his voice. "I don't feel real comfortable doin' either one. They're both performin'." But he wants to make a success of his new acting career, and the way things are going, it'll be easy compared with the long struggle before his "meteoric" rise as a country-rock singer and composer. "I enjoyed my two latest films," he says (*Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, playing Billy, and a comedy, *Blume in Love*, playing one of the three key roles), "a lot more than I did *Cisco Pike*, my first one. I just played myself in that one, wore my own clothes." Still, the only work that feels natural to him is writing songs, which he wanted to do so badly that he quit the life of a West Point literature instructor and family man and went to Nashville to be discovered. But after one quick success, with *Vietnam Blues*, he went through four bleak years, and the closest he got to a recording studio was carrying equipment for Columbia at $58 a week; but finally people like Johnny Cash and Roger Miller noticed his songs ("autobiographical crap about growing up in Texas, being down and out in Nashville," says Kristofferson), people began hearing *Me and Bobby McGee, Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down, For the Good Times*, and the composer was on his way. He's still busy writing and recording, thinks his newest album with girlfriend Rita Coolidge "is better than anything I've done . . . feels like it, anyway," and is learning all he can about film "to someday get on the other side of the camera." He watched Sam Peckinpah direct *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* and was intrigued by the way "he worked off conflict." It figures that since he'd rather write songs than sing them, he'd prefer to direct movies than star in them. And, chances are his films will possess the same deep clarity that characterizes his music. Because whatever he creates, says Kristofferson, his goal is "to try and get it as honest as I can."

ORIANA FALLACI *looking for answers*

"Q.: DR. KISSINGER, *if I put a pistol to your head and enjoined you to choose between a dinner with [South Vietnamese president Nguyen Van] Thieu and a dinner with [North Vietnamese negotiator] Le Duc Tho . . . which would you choose?* A.: That's a question I can't answer. *Q.: What if I were to answer it saying that I like to think you would prefer to dine with Le Duc Tho?* A.: I can't, I can't . . . I don't want to answer that question." The above is an excerpt from an interview conducted by Oriana Fallaci, staff writer for the Italian magazine *L'Europeo* and many people's choice as the world's foremost—or at least toughest—interviewer. Vexing international figures such as Kissinger is nothing new for Fallaci; the 43-year-old Florentine has been doing that for most of her journalistic career. She landed her first assignment as a reporter in 1946, when she joined a local daily to support herself while attending medical school. She never became a doctor, but from her days as a free-lancer to her current magazine work, Fallaci has evolved an interview style that's as sharp as a scalpel. "I have no secret formula," she says, "for getting my material. I am, however, unpredictable, and that often catches powerful people off guard." Fallaci followed the Kissinger interview with an exclusive session with Thieu, adding the South Vietnamese chief to a list of subjects that includes Bangla Desh prime minister Mujibur Rahman, North Vietnamese defense minister Vo Nguyen Giap and writer Norman Mailer. Although she describes her journalism as "personal, but not partisan," she denies identification with the new journalists. "I don't believe in objectivity," she says, "but my feelings are secondary in my work." Those feelings, nevertheless, form the basis for *Nothing, and So Be It*, her well-received diary of war in Vietnam and riot in Mexico City. For the present, though, she is avoiding battle. "I don't intend to become an old-lady war correspondent. But I will continue to write," she vows. "It is my duty."

GIANFRANCO MOROLDO



BEAT THE STOCK MARKET

(continued from page 118)

anywhere from six inches to two feet above their long-term average depths. Both Lake Erie and Lake Michigan were at record highs. This would suggest a grand bull market starting sometime between 1974 and 1976. To Captain MacDonald, that spoilsport, the high 1972 levels are a reflection of the ravages of Hurricane Agnes.

THE BAD-GUESS THEOREM

Investors Intelligence, an advisory service in Larchmont, New York, has a peculiarly unkind view of market forecasts. It holds that no matter what forecasting techniques people use, most of them are wrong most of the time. It believes an excellent way to elucidate the future is to poll leading advisors and reverse their consensus: Whatever they think will happen, won't.

This uncharitable poll has been conducted regularly since 1963 and its record as a forecasting tool is embarrassingly good, though not perfect. Let's look at a few samples. In the left-hand column are the proportions of bulls and bears on various dates. The right-hand column shows what the Dow actually did in the 12 months following each poll.

CONSENSUS	DOW
May 1965: Bullish 6 to 1	Down 70
Sept. 1967: Bullish 2 to 1	Down 40
Dec. 1968: Bullish 2 to 1	Down 180
May 1970: Bearish 2 to 1	Up 270
Nov. 1971: Bulls and bears even	Up 150

The proportion of bears to bulls in this poll increased steadily through most of 1972, from one against three in January to four against five as the year progressed —a fact indicating to followers of this index that the smart money ought to be increasingly bullish.

• • •

And so, fellow students, we can now peer into the future. The Bad-Guess Theorem, the Heel Hypothesis, the Sunspot Theory and the Drinking-Couple Count say the market will go up. The Hemline Indicator, the Great Lake Watch and the Yellowness Rule seem to agree, but they make no promise that the rise will begin in 1973. The Aspirin Formula says it definitely won't. Investors Intelligence would assume that most of these forecasts, perhaps including its own, are wrong. However, since Investors Intelligence is itself a forecaster and therefore may also be wrong, we can conclude—well, we can conclude that the stock market, just as Jesse Livermore said, is crazy.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I ask you, is this the face of an embezzler?"

GREAT GORGE!

(continued from page 126)

With expansion of the layout, Schwab is looking forward to booking major golf events. One is already scheduled for this August: the Garden State Pro-Am Celebrity Arts Center Fund Tournament, in which the state's top professionals will pair off with amateurs for the benefit of free cultural programs given throughout the year. Duffers or more seasoned golfers interested in improving their technique may sign up for private or group lessons with Schwab and his staff. The ultimate refinement: a closed-circuit video tape of your lesson (at a $25 additional charge).

Golf is but one of several sports in which tutoring is available at Great Gorge. If you're so inclined, you can learn about riding, swimming, diving, ice skating, skiing, karate and tennis, the last-named from resident pro Bob Kurlander, who has been seeded among the top 30 players in the Professional Lawn Tennis Association. One Pennsylvania keyholder, in fact, flies in every two weeks in his private plane to brush up on his strokes with the pro. Kurlander takes a back seat to no one in his enthusiasm for the sport—and for the setup on which to play it at Great Gorge.

"We have four fine outdoor courts and the best indoor facility of any hotel in the United States," he says. "Tennis is becoming more and more popular all the time; it's an easy game to get into—doesn't require a lot of investment, country-club membership or anything like that—and now that so many tournaments are being televised, the players are becoming celebrities." Kurlander visualizes televised competition in the near future at Great Gorge: "We could put up bleachers right here, around the indoor courts, and accommodate as many as 4000 spectators for a major tournament."

The indoor courts make tennis, of course, a year-round sport for guests at the resort. During the colder months, however, winter pastimes take over —headed by skiing at Great Gorge North and South, on Hamburg Mountain, just across Vernon Valley from the Club-Hotel. Jack Kurlander (brother of Bob) and his associates pioneered the development of this area, starting in 1965, and have plowed the resultant profits back into expanded ski trails, lifts, topflight instruction (the Great Gorge Ski School staff of 25 is headed by Austrian expert Luis Schafflinger) and one of the world's largest snow-making systems, powered by a Curtiss-Wright J-65 jet engine.

Other winter activities at the Playboy resort include cross-country skiing, snowmobiling, tobogganing, sleigh riding and ice skating—on the nation's first outdoor swimming pool to be successfully

converted into an ice rink. It utilizes a device called Icemat, which floats refrigerant tubes across the surface of the water, freezing it to a depth of 14 inches. Instructor Jack McDonough, a professional skater for 25 years (both in hockey and with the *Holiday on Ice* show), came to Playboy intrigued by the challenge of freezing the first outdoor pool and stayed to teach and to supervise the rink. (One as yet unachieved ambition: to coach a Bunny hockey team.)

Most large hotels these days cater to the convention and sales-meeting trade, and Playboy's Great Gorge operation is no exception. The Club-Hotel houses 19 meeting areas flexible enough to accommodate groups of 25 to 2500 persons; a 9½′ x 22′ freight elevator transports large-sized exhibits. Projection equipment and built-in sound systems are installed in several areas, and the Convention Center building has a capacity of 180 booths and 2500 persons. And full-time catering and activities personnel are on duty to arrange special events: banquets, picnics, cocktail parties, hay rides, fondue feasts, poolside luaus and—for visiting wives of conventioneers—a Bunny Beauty Workshop staffed by a cottontail cosmetologist; jazz, modern-dance and rock lessons; side trips to such nearby attractions as Warner Bros.' Jungle Habitat; and, most popular of all, a lecture by the Bunny Mother on the life of her charges.

The place to have a party is the $200-a-night Hugh M. Hefner Suite, available only by special arrangement with the Hotel management. It boasts two bedrooms, a living room, three baths, a black-marble Jacuzzi bath, a fireplace, a fully stocked bar and a panoramic view of the countryside from the Club-Hotel's topmost floor.

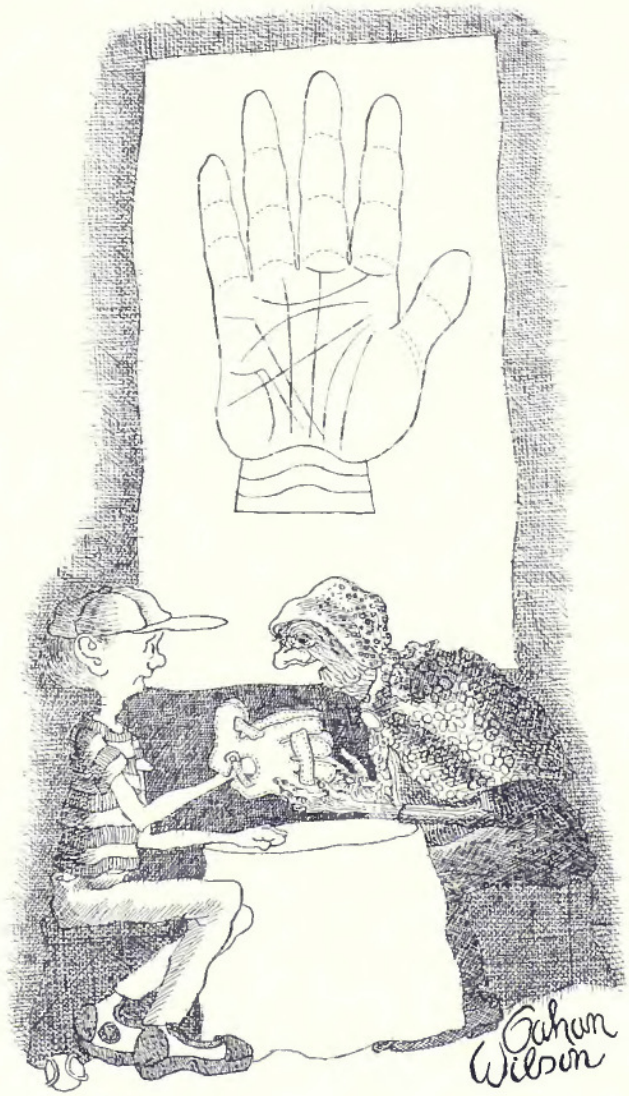
The countryside, Playboy executives have realized from the beginning, is the foremost reason people escape the city to Great Gorge. So they're doing everything they can to preserve it. The financial boost to the surrounding area has been tremendous; with the building of the Club-Hotel and other developments, such as the ski slopes, property values have gone from $200 an acre to a reported $5000. Playboy's payroll of 800 is of considerable significance in a township where the population used to hover around 200. With all of this, the Club-Hotel is working to assure a positive ecological as well as economic impact. Playboy has constructed a completely self-contained community, with its own extensive water- and air-purification systems and sewage-treatment plant to reclaim used water for golf-course irrigation. Resorts like Playboy's, Jules W. Marron, Sr.—director of Sussex County's Department of Planning, Conservation and Economic Development—told a *New York Times* correspondent, are "helping to keep the homeowners' tax burden down. They're industry without smokestacks."

Recognizing this, the New Jersey Manufacturers' Association presented the Club-Hotel with one of its nine New Good Neighbor Awards in 1972, in honor of the beauty of the buildings and grounds, the complex' economic contribution to the area and its outstanding community relations.

Monty Beers and his wife, Tommie, from nearby Warwick, see the Club-Hotel's arrival on a personal level: "Playboy's coming to Great Gorge is the best thing that ever happened to us. We don't have to run into Manhattan now for big-time nights."

Summing up the establishment from a visitor's viewpoint, it's not surprising that travel writer Horace Sutton, after a stay at Great Gorge in 1972, included it in his list of best places of the year—describing it as being located "in the New Jersey Alps, 52 miles from New York, 126 miles from Philadelphia, 243 from Boston, and an ace away from sybarite's heaven." Nor that John Jerome, writing in *Skiing*'s February 1973 issue, said: "The Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge is a full-service hotel in every sense of the term. . . . If you can think of a luxury service (at least one that is legal) that they aren't offering at the Great Gorge Playboy, you've got a career ahead of you in hotel management."

The Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge, which is open only to Playboy Club keyholders, their families and their guests, is now accepting reservations for summer, fall and winter. For information or reservations, write to the Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge, P. O. Box 637, McAfee, New Jersey 07428. Organizations may inquire about convention and group facilities from Director of Sales John Faherty at the same address.



"You have a strong interest in sports."

THE DAY BOBBY BLEW IT

(continued from page 150)

has the crinkles to prove it, but he also has a squirrely schoolboy brightness and a balloon-popping sense of fun. Davis likes to think of himself, I suspect, as something between an English master at Choate, a hard-haggling jobber in the Garment District and a dwindled Disraeli. He reads voraciously in almost all directions, but the intellectual side subordinates without overmuch regret to the zestful practical man.

At the law Davis is shrewd, precise and so ethical that friends call him Saint Andrew. He doesn't altogether enjoy the tricks of his trade, and there are things he will not do in order to win. He shares with his father a solid unspectacular practice that provides a comfortable living but will never make him rich. He certainly won't get rich off Bobby. People close to Bobby tell me that in 12 years as his lawyer he has never charged him a dime. Why not? "Traditional Jewish awe of intellect," a friend of Davis' said. "Andy sees Bobby as a sort of holy idiot, a frail vessel into which the pure logos has been poured. He will never abandon him."

For weeks now, grating his teeth, Davis had been wishing he could. Bobby took time and energy that other clients needed. But he had hung in there because there was nobody to take his place and because he felt in his bones that Bobby was riding recklessly for a fall that might be fatal. Davis saw black if Bobby backed out of the match. The media, already annoyed and mocking, would gut him; the public, denied a spectacle it was lusting after, would remember him with disgust diminishing slowly to contempt; the chess world would write him off as a second Paul Morphy, a genius too morbid to realize his talent. Chess organizers would hesitate to sign for a major match a man who might not even show up to play.

But what worried Davis most was the potential effect of such mass rejection on Bobby himself. "Being the best chess player in the world is Bobby's only way of relating himself to the world," he once told me. "If he can't function as that, he can't function. So if he doesn't play this match and the consequences are as bad as I'm afraid they'll be, we could see a serious breakdown there." Then he looked me straight in the eye and said: "Maybe suicide."

With such risks in mind, Davis proceeded delicately when he met Bobby at the Yale Club. Bobby greeted him with a big smile, but behind the smile Davis felt wariness and resistance. So he didn't press. When Bobby asked how negotiations with the Icelanders were going, Davis almost casually mentioned the deadlock over his demand that the players get 30 percent of the gate apiece, but he laid the blame tactfully on the Icelandic Chess Federation's New York lawyer and suggested that a direct approach to Gudmundur Thorarinsson, the head of the I.C.F., would produce a better result. His idea was to keep Bobby pliable, to head off a hard statement of principle that Bobby would later feel obliged to stick to.

Davis respected many of Bobby's reasons for not wanting to play in Iceland. Way back in March, Bobby had told me that Iceland was "a stupid place for the match." He said it was too small, too isolated, too primitive. He said the hall was inadequate and he was sure that the problem of lighting a championship chess match was beyond the skills of the local technicians. As for hotels, he said there was only one on the island fit to live in, and he was convinced he would have to share it with the Russians and the press. "All the time I'd be watched. No privacy. And another thing—there's no way for me to relax in Iceland, nothing to do between games. The TV is dull, the movies are all three years old, there's no good restaurants hardly. Not one tennis court on the whole island, not even a bowling alley. Things like that might hurt my playing."

Bobby was also sure that gate receipts would be disastrous because there just weren't enough Icelanders to fill the seats—and who could afford to travel all the way to Iceland and stay there for two months to watch a chess match? But what bothered him most was the problem of coverage. A few reporters might fly in for the start and finish of the match, but the games could not be telecast to North America and Europe—no Intelsat equipment. "And this match ought to be televised. If it is, I predict that chess will become a major sport in the United States practically overnight."

Bobby also had some financial objections. He considered himself a superstar, the strongest chess player in the world, and when it came to money, he wanted what superstars like Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali are offered. The I.C.F. had already met two of his three conditions: a guarantee of $78,125 to the winner and $46,875 to the loser and a thick slice of the film and television profits—30 percent to Boris, 30 percent to Bobby. But when Bobby demanded 30 percent of the gate, the I.C.F. had stonewalled. "If we give Bobby 30 percent, we must give Boris 30 percent," said Thorarinsson. "But if we do that, how will we raise the prize money? No, the prize money is Bobby's share of the gate."

At that point, Bobby had stonewalled, too. "If I don't get the gate," he told Davis grimly, "I don't go."

Even before discussions with Thorarinsson began, Bobby had been flirting with the idea of abandoning the match. Right from the start, he had been suspicious of Iceland because it was Spassky's first choice as a site for the match. Brooding alone in his room at Grossinger's Hotel in the Catskills, where he had set up his "training camp," he found enemies everywhere. He described Dr. Max Euwe, the president of F.I.D.E., as "a tool of the Russians." He said Ed Edmondson of the U. S. Chess Federation, the man who had spent two years of his life and about $75,000 of the U. S. C. F.'s money to nurse Bobby through the challenge rounds, had "made a deal" and "betrayed" him to the Russians. By the time he left for California, he had decided that the U. S. Government was against him, too. Edmondson and Euwe, he figured, had been persuaded by Washington to sidetrack the match to Reykjavik, where a Fischer victory would be so effectively entombed that it would not disturb the developing *détente* between the U. S. and the Soviet Union.

By the time Bobby returned to New York from California, these speculations had overgrown his mind like vines and may have obscured his view of the real situation around him. He was gripped by the idea that Thorarinsson and Euwe and the I.C.F. and F.I.D.E. must be "punished" for their "arrogance." He told Davis to make sure that the deal they made would prevent the Icelanders from earning a króna on the match and, if possible, would leave them with a loss. Even on those terms, he wasn't sure he would go. He shrugged off the money he would be giving up and seemed unconcerned that the title would relapse by default to his lifelong enemies, the Russians. As for his career, he had no fears. "Everybody knows I'm the best," he said carelessly, "so why bother to play?"

After a few minutes with Bobby, it was clear to Davis that these ideas still had the run of his client's head. It was also clear that reasonable discourse would hardly drive them out in a day. Only a Gordian stroke could unwind his mind, and a little after six P.M., Davis delivered it.

He took Bobby to the Yale Club bar for a meeting with Chester Fox and Richard Stein. Fox was the almost-unknown director the I.C.F. had signed to make a documentary movie of the match, a 37-year-old cherub with an acute case of freckles and a halo of fuzzy orange hair. Stein was his backer, a stocky, capable wheeler-dealer who had made millions in athletic apparel and then started a second career in the law. His eyes twinkled like money and he came from a business where a man was judged by the reputation of his brand name and the size of his cigar. From what he'd heard of Bobby, he was in for some

(continued on page 176)

General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC. 80 proof.

Ronrico. The rum with the bright taste.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

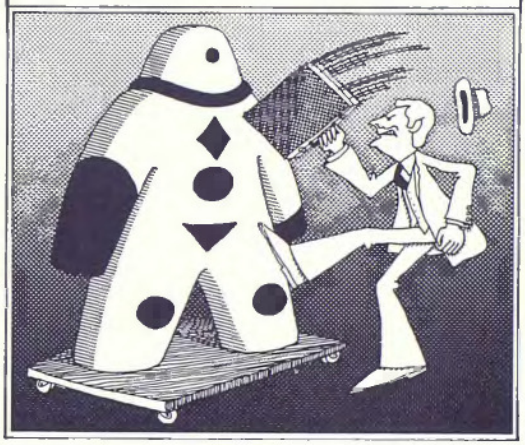
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

HINDSIGHT

Bicycle riders and cycle freaks can now have the next best thing to eyes in the back of their head with two gadgets currently on the market. Look closely and you'll see that the bespectacled gentleman above left has affixed to his eyeglasses two tiny rearview mirrors that give him mighty sneaky peripheral vision. They're available in a variety of shapes from Ultra Light Touring Shop, Box 308, Brinkhaven, Ohio, for $3 postpaid. His helmeted compatriot isn't missing a shapely trick, either, as he's snapped on a Vizor-Vu plastic visor that also features two built-in rearview mirrors. (It's available from many cycle shops or from Helmet House, 2037 Pontius Avenue, Los Angeles, for $7.95 postpaid.) Although both products are sold as a boon to bike safety, they're obviously the biggest advance in girl-watching equipage since mirrored sunglasses.

TAKE THAT, YOU DUMMY!

It's been one of those days: Sales are down, the boss is on a rampage, and then some clown lifts your wallet. Instead of taking it out on the little woman, pick on Numb John, a supertough, 6′2″, 150-pound police-training dummy of vinyl and steel. At $599 F.O.B. G-J Custom, 12639 Whittier Boulevard, Whittier, California, Numb John isn't cheap, but he's a lot more fun than an ulcer.

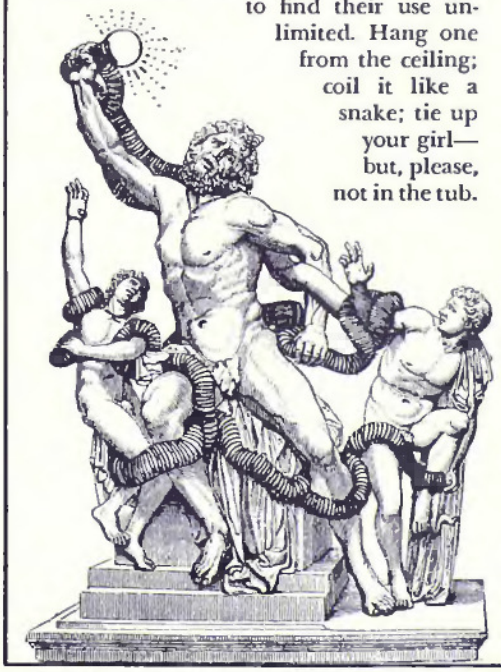


PUCK IT!

If you've ever wondered what it feels like to be a hockey goalie standing alone in the net while the opposing team is zeroing in for a high-speed slap shot, then pick a fellow rink freak and try Brunswick's latest table game, Air Hockey. But lest you think it's child's play, be forewarned that the puck floats on a cushion of forced air that enables it to careen about the 3′ x 6′ table at speeds upwards of 100 mph—unless you can stop it with your hand-held goalie. Air Hockey game tables are now selling for $299 at billiard dealers, department stores and other outlets across the country. And some neighborhood bars are even installing them as money-making devices. Happy hat trick.

WATTKNOT

Of course, you've always wanted a 50-foot-long flexible cylinder with a giant 60-watt bulb at one end. Well, designer Philip Lief sells both black and white Knotalamps for $150 each (72 Barrow Street, New York City) and you're bound to find their use unlimited. Hang one from the ceiling; coil it like a snake; tie up your girl—but, please, not in the tub.



VINTAGE PORN

Everybody's heard about feelthy French postcards, but did you ever really *see* one? Now you can, if you so choose, right from Gay Paree's turn-of-the-century hard-core porn parlors. Gimp Enterprises (P. O. Box 69, San Geronimo, California) is offering ten classic postcards, reprinted in sepia and blown up to poster size. Complete with gold trim, they cost $3.50 per or $25 the set (all including postage) and show very graphically what *fin-de-siècle femmes* were up to. (Nothing's changed.) *Mon Dieu*, Claudine! Isn't that Grandmamma Sofie on our antique chaise longue?

COMIC RELIEF

Anyone who still considers comic-book collecting kid stuff should drop by Manhattan's Commodore Hotel July 4–8 and dig the Sixth Annual Comic Art Convention that will be in progress. Hundreds of collectors will be there to swap and sell their wares, along with guest speakers C. C. Beck, creator of *Captain Marvel*, *Batman*'s Bob Kane, *Tarzan* illustrator Burne Hogarth and *Broom-Hilda*'s originator, Russell Myers, plus films, seminars, parties, lectures, art exhibits and MUCH, MUCH MORE! POW!

YULETIDE CHEER

It comes but once a year, they say—but it's always yuletide at Christmas Place, on 43rd Street, just off New York's Sixth Avenue. Fake snow is flung about, a tree twinkles in one corner, carols on the jukebox are sung by the clientele under the baton of the bartending Saint Nick—and the tables are strewn with walnuts, candy canes and windup toys. Owner Tony Kaarborg, a psych student at Columbia, has a real special set for December 25th—a Fourth-of-July celebration. Humbug!

HAVE CAKE, WILL TRAVEL

No, that's not Betty Crocker jumping out of her latest creation, it's Brandy the Cake Lady—and for her minimum of $50 a pop (plus travel expenses), she'll liven your birthday or stag party by leaping *avec* or sans clothes from her specially built two-tiered papier-mâché hiding place. To book the Cake Lady, whose background includes tap, ballet and belly dancing, write: Brandy, P. O. Box 1435, Los Gatos, California. And if you've any prudish guests present who don't like what they see—let 'em eat bread!

DON'T PET THE DRAGONS, FOLKS

Lindblad Travel in Manhattan, that purveyor of expensive offbeat junkets to such far-flung places as the Sahara, Antarctica and the Galápagos Islands, has done it again. This time it's come up with a 24-day, $3000 cruise among the islands Columbus never reached, the Indonesian archipelago. On the itinerary are such exotic ports of call as Ambon, Aroe, Nila, Dili, Flores (for the horse races, of course), Sumba and that ultimate destination of all would-be Saint Georges—Komodo, where the 11-foot-long dragon lizards live. These babies, in case you've forgotten, can run as fast as a man and swallow large objects whole. Take your track shoes.

THE DAY BOBBY BLEW IT

(continued from page 172)

heavy haggling, and that suited him just fine.

They had come, Stein announced, to offer Bobby a deal. Bobby's contract with the I.C.F. guaranteed him 30 percent of all profits from the films of the match. In addition to that, Stein offered him a percentage (Fox later said that it was 12½ percent) of the profits of Chester Fox, Inc. According to Stein, all Bobby had to do in return was go to Iceland and play chess—and maybe read some comments accompanying the film Fox intended to make of the match.

Stein and Davis watched Bobby closely. For different reasons they had both hoped the offer would impress him. Instead, it seemed to confuse him and stir up his suspicions. As Stein gave a rundown on residuals, syndications, costs above and below the line, Bobby sat anxiously twisting and tearing and crushing a paper cup until he had mashed it down to the size of a lima bean. Suddenly, eyes narrow with suspicion, he broke in.

"Yeah, but how much am I gonna make?"

Stein blinked. "I realized then," he told me later, "that deals to Bobby were like chess to me. He hadn't understood a word I'd said."

Patiently, Stein explained that the profits of a complicated venture are hard to predict. "But I wouldn't be involved if I didn't think it would make money. And whatever it makes, you get a share of that."

Bobby's eyes narrowed again. "Are you gonna make more money than me?" he demanded.

Stein looked helplessly at Davis. "What could I do?" he asked his wife afterward. "I was pissing in the wind. About business the guy was a *shlub*."

Stein then explained to Bobby that in the American way of doing business, the people who risk the money are entitled to most of the profit. Bobby knew that, but he wasn't sure that the principle applied when *he* was involved.

"Well," Stein asked finally, "have we got a deal or haven't we?"

Bobby wouldn't say yes, but then, he didn't say no. "You better hurry up," he told Fox earnestly, "or you'll miss that plane to Iceland."

Davis almost cracked up. Bobby telling Fox to get on a plane to Iceland without a nailed-down deal was like Gaston at the guillotine saying, "After you, Alphonse." But if Bobby wanted Fox in Iceland, did that mean he expected to be there, too? Had Stein's offer made the match seem more desirable? Not for long. Ten minutes after they left, Bobby was badmouthing the Icelanders again. The Gordian stroke had missed its mark. Some other way would have to be found to get Bobby to the chessboard on time.

• • •

Robert Haydock Hallowell III is a big, warm, vital man who goes bounding through life like a Saint Bernard through a blizzard. One look and people know he's loaded with the kind of hearty spirits that keep out the cold. His eyes are bright, his voice is clear, his grin is large and welcoming. He stands 6'2", weighs 250 pounds and at 34 has the same barging energy that made him a hard-hitting third-string tackle on the worst Harvard team since World War Two. There is nothing third-string about his mind. He is a successful executive—"director of new ventures" for a producer of limited editions of medals, plates and fine-art prints called the Franklin Mint—with an education in the classics and a fine salty turn of phrase.

Hallowell met Bobby in 1966, when he supervised production for the Xerox Corporation of a book called *Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess*. He met Davis at the same time and became his friend and client. "I like Bobby because he fights for his beliefs," Hallowell told me. "I go down the line for him."

When Hallowell showed up at the Yale Club on Thursday morning, he ran head on into a crisis. The story of The Tussle in the Doorway between Bobby and the British reporters was on the wires by 11 A.M. and in a few hours half the newsmen in New York would be camping in the Yale Club's lobby. Bobby had to be yanked out of there fast. But that aggressive reporter and photographer were patrolling the lobby like a couple of jumpy coon dogs with a panther up a tree. Hallowell and Saidy and Hochstetter worked up a scheme to smuggle Bobby through the enemy lines.

Still indignant about the attempt to break into his room, Bobby was delighted at the idea of escape. He promised to get up soon, but three visits and almost two hours later, Hallowell and Saidy found him still stumbling around in his Jockey shorts. While Bobby washed and shaved and dressed and packed, Hallowell, Saidy and Beers sat around in the tiny room, feeling like 16 clowns in a phone booth, making small talk and helpful gestures and wondering how in Christ's name they could ever get Bobby to the plane by 9:30 that night if this was to be the pace of progress. At last, about two P.M., the plan of escape was run off.

Saidy took the front elevator to the lobby. The reporter had left, but the photographer was still there. Principally for his benefit, Saidy informed Hochstetter and Dubinsky in a loud voice: "He's not going out. Let's take off." And off they went in the limousine. But the photographer, smelling a rat, ran to check the freight entrance. He arrived just in time to see the back door swing open and Bobby, Hallowell and Beers walk out.

When Hallowell told the photographer to buzz off, he said OK and headed east on 44th Street. Bobby headed west. Suddenly reversing direction, the photographer ran ahead of Bobby and began snapping shots.

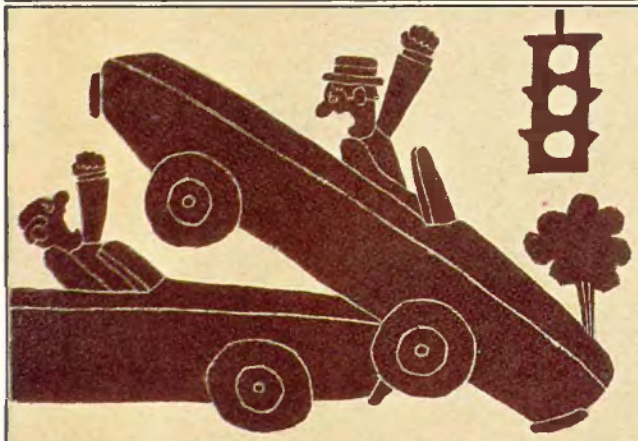
With that, Hallowell recalls, "Bobby

"You think you have mother-in-law troubles? He got his pregnant!"

Will everyone who thinks auto insurance costs too much please stand up?

America needs action on No-Fault

Now's your chance to be heard. State legislatures are convening and they're the ones who decide the kind of auto insurance you live with. Many have already scheduled discussions of No-Fault laws.



What's No-Fault? Simple. Accident settlements are based on *loss* instead of *blame*. Your insurance company pays your actual medical costs, lost wages, other economic loss. The other driver's company pays his. It's fast and fair. Lawsuits to decide fault are eliminated. So money is saved.

It works, too. For example, a No-Fault law became effective in Massachusetts in 1971. The first year alone saved car owners more than $61,000,000 on the cost of their auto insurance.

You'd expect an idea this good would spread fast, but only a few states have done anything about it. Where the law is strong and eliminates most lawsuits, insurance costs have come down. When the law doesn't reduce lawsuits, little is saved. Most states have not acted at all.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

So now's the time to ask for action in your state. You can urge a strong law that reduces insurance costs and returns more of your premium dollar in benefits to you. And when that kind of law is proposed, you'll find Ætna supporting it every way we can.

You get *action* with Ætna

"Harriet—how could you?"

wheeled around and took off in the opposite direction like a big-assed bird." He turned at the corner and ran south for two blocks at top speed, dodging cars, startling pedestrians, making heads spin like turnstiles at the height of the lunchtime crush in midtown Manhattan. And after him, knees high and eyes bulging, came Hallowell and Beers. When they reached 42nd Street, they all wound down to a stop. Hallowell and Beers were gasping. Bobby had plenty of wind left. They looked back. No photographer. A big grin spread across Bobby's face. "Really showed *him*, huh? Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Hallowell laughed with him. Why not? He had no way of knowing that in the incident a theme had emerged, a theme of flight that would follow their enterprise all day long like a little cold wind and before the night was over would send him racing after Bobby through rain and darkness under circumstances far more frenzied and bizarre.

• • •

The next problem to appear was Dubinsky. After one afternoon in Bobby's company, he had decided that his chief passenger had "a hernia in his head." He was also appalled by the behavior of Bobby's friends. "They didn't treat him like a person. They treated him like some idiot king. I'm telling you, it was disgusting to see the way these educated people crept up his behind."

And then came the incident at Unbelievable Syms. Dubinsky had recommended the store as a great place to buy a suit cheap ("Two hundred dollars is ninety dollars there"), but after about ten minutes, Bobby walked out. Dubinsky was suspicious. On the way to Barney's, a clothing store on the Lower West Side, he sizzled Hallowell for dropping a cigarette ash on his precious carpet. Then he called the salesman at Syms and somehow satisfied himself that Bobby had walked out because he thought Dubinsky was getting a kickback. "And that," as Hochstetter put it, "really started the pissing match."

Bobby bought three expensive ready-made suits at Barney's and then asked to be driven farther uptown to buy a Sony TV set and a digital clock. Smoldering, Dubinsky complied. Meanwhile, Bobby's mood had also been steadily souring. On the way downtown to Unbelievable Syms, he had called Davis and warned him he still hadn't decided to go to Iceland. Then he began telling Saidy he definitely didn't want to go—the deals weren't right and, besides, there was too much to do first.

Saidy's reaction was to make understanding noises that sounded dangerously like agreement. "Saidy figured it was better to ride along with Bobby on the downswings," Hallowell told me, "and then try to carry him over the top on the upswings. But he often came off sounding mealymouthed." Hallowell and Hochstetter reacted more aggressively. Practiced and confident persuaders, they hit Bobby with pep talks about Iceland every chance they got. Bobby in reply did little more than say "Mm."

Everyone in the car felt a sense of rising emergency. Hochstetter cut out on a brief errand and while he was in the clear, put through a call to his brother, the film lobby's man in Washington, and asked him to persuade Vice-President Agnew, Bobby's favorite politician, to send a telegram wishing Bobby Godspeed. His brother tried, Hochstetter said, but Agnew couldn't be reached.

A little while later, Hallowell got out and went to the Yale Club to pick up Bobby's baggage and check him out. Bobby lives out of two enormous plastic suitcases that look like toasted piano crates. He had one of them in 1003, and hefting it around gave Hallowell his second unexpected workout of the day. Hochstetter joined him at the Yale Club and they both repaired by taxi to Bill's Gay Nineties bar on East 54th Street, the point of rendezvous. At that stage, neither one had a clue if the arrow on Bobby's compass was pointing to Iceland or to California. On the evidence available, it was possible to say only that a man who was running around town getting ready to go to Iceland was probably still considering the trip.

Davis turned up briefly at the Gay Nineties and carried Hallowell off to some legal meetings. A little later the limousine arrived. Bobby had his TV set but no digital clock, and after an hour without pep talks, his mood had become darker. Tuning out the conversation, he buried his head in his chess wallet.

Looking no sweeter, Dubinsky drove Bobby, Saidy and Hochstetter to a house on the Upper West Side where Bobby had left some clothes with a friend. Bobby came out carrying a suitcase with a handle that wouldn't stay on. "And now," said Hochstetter, "the Mack Sennett stuff started."

Basically a sociable man, Dubinsky saw his chance to make up.

"I'll fix it," he said, coming forward helpfully.

"You can't fix it," Bobby told him irritably.

Dubinsky drew himself up. "I can fix anything!" he answered—and proceeded to. When the handle was reattached, he stood back and gestured confidently at his handiwork.

Bobby picked the suitcase up. The handle came off. "See?" Bobby said. Twin jets of steam, Hochstetter assures me, shot out of Dubinsky's ears, and that was the last time that day he had kind words for anybody.

Shortly after 6:30 P.M., while Davis was reading over the agreement with Stein and persuading him to sign it even though Bobby might refuse, he got an anguished phone call from someone in Bobby's party. According to Davis, the caller said: "We need you. Get here as fast as you can. Things look bad. We don't know how long we can hold him."

"Take him to my place right away," Davis answered calmly. "I'll meet you there."

Bobby arrived at the Davis apartment looking like a grenade about to go off. "The atmosphere was so tense it was unreal," Hallowell told me later, and Davis agreed: "It was a touchy moment. You couldn't make eye contact with him. He was obviously at the point of refusing to take the plane. I felt like a psychiatrist trying to cool out a patient hanging on the edge."

Instinctively, Davis played the occasion as a casual evening with old friends. His apartment is a pleasant old-fashioned straggle of fairly large rooms in a good unswanky building in the West 70s. Hallowell and Saidy and Hochstetter sank wearily into some solid nondescript chairs and a fat sofa grouped around a glass-topped coffee table. Davis' wife, Jessie, a gentle, dark-haired woman who has made her own career as a pediatrician, brought them drinks. The three Davis children—Jennie, 14, Margot, 11, and David, 9—were in and out of the room and the conversation. Bobby took a chair in the darkest corner and sat there looking stony. But he brightened a little when he saw one of the Davis cats, a big, soft fur ball that looked consoling. Jessie brought the cat over and Bobby began to stroke it firmly and rapidly. "That cat usually likes to be petted," Hallowell told me. "But for some reason, whenever Bobby touched it, the cat would wriggle free and run away. Jessie brought it back several times, but it still wouldn't settle down. Finally Bobby gave up and just sat there looking peeved." He perked up again when Jessie brought him a big roast-beef sandwich and a glass of milk, but when the others tried to include him in the conversation, he just mumbled and looked away.

Davis was in his bedroom most of the time, packing and dressing for the trip to Reykjavik, but now and again he came wandering into the living room to follow the conversation and sneak a look at Bobby. Bobby didn't seem any happier as time went by, and time went by too fast for comfort. Take-off was scheduled for 9:30 P.M. and Kennedy Airport was about an hour away. There was a second flight scheduled to leave at 9:30 that usually took off a little later and a final flight scheduled for 10:30, but Davis wanted to keep them as emergency reserves. Eight

o'clock, he figured, was about as late as they could sensibly leave.

Davis checked his watch: 7:20. There was still time to call Thorarinsson and wrangle some more about the gate. As a negotiator, he knew it was the perfect moment to call. He had Thorarinsson over a barrel. With perfect sincerity he could say: No gate, no match. But as the man who had to deliver Bobby to the airport, he didn't want to risk a refusal from Thorarinsson unless he had to. If he was reading Bobby's mood correctly, anything less than a complete capitulation by Thorarinsson might kill the last hope of putting Bobby on the plane. So he dawdled over his packing and put off the phone call. Then promptly at 7:30, he slipped into a baggy tweed jacket, strolled into the living room and, looking at Bobby brightly, inquired: "Well, shall we go?"

It was a cool stroke and, under the circumstances, it had about as good a chance as any of succeeding, but it didn't. The others rolled out of the chairs and moved toward the door, but Bobby looked startled and began to sputter. "Huh? What? I haven't agreed to go! What's the deal? What's the deal? What about those open points?"

"Why don't you guys go on down and wait in the car?" Davis continued calmly. "Bobby and I have some business to do." Then he turned to Bobby. "OK, why don't I call Thorarinsson and see what I can work out? I'll call from the bedroom —want to come in?"

"No," Bobby said quickly. "No, I'll stay out here. You handle it."

"Fine," said Davis. But he knew the situation was anything but fine. Bobby was less interested in making a deal than in keeping his escape routes clear. As long as he stayed in the living room and let Davis handle it, he was free to repudiate any deal that Davis might make. The suicidal impulse was so obvious it was scary —scarier yet because Bobby didn't seem to be aware of it. In order to defeat Thorarinsson, he seemed entirely willing to destroy himself.

The phone call was a disaster. "I am sorry," Thorarinsson said coldly, "but we have gone as far as we can. . . . We have made concession after concession. We have done everything in our power to satisfy Mr. Fischer. But we have begun to wonder if it is *possible* to satisfy Mr. Fischer. We Icelanders are a generous people, Mr. Davis, but we are also a proud people. We will be freely generous, but we will not be forced to be generous."

Davis understood Thorarinsson's position. He was a rising young politician who at 32 was a member of Reykjavik's city council, and his constituents were already hollering that he had given Bobby too much. Certainly he had, if by making concessions he had expected to shut Bobby up. "Even if they turned over the Bank of Iceland to Bobby," Davis once told me, "there would still be something he wanted." But now it wasn't really a question of concessions. Somehow Davis had to make Thorarinsson realize, without actually telling him, that their interests at the moment almost exactly coincided, that he was just trying to find a face-saving compromise and rescue the match.

It was 7:55. Whatever he did, it had to be done in the next 95 minutes. Davis needed time to think, but the only time left was the time it took to get to the airport.

Davis walked into the living room briskly, like a man who had just accomplished something. He told Bobby curtly what had happened and suggested that Thorarinsson might take a different stand if he could be sure that this was Bobby's last demand. "Look," Davis concluded, "I think I can make a deal, come to some betterment based on costs. So why don't we go to the airport now? We've got the limousine right here. On the way, we can talk the deal over. I can call Thorarinsson from the airport. We can keep the limousine. If we have to come back, we'll come back. We'll keep all our options open. OK?"

Bobby very hesitantly said OK. Davis asked Jessie to call Loftleidir (Icelandic Airlines) and tell them to hold the 9:30 plane. Jessie and the children wished Bobby good luck and then shyly kissed him goodbye. Embarrassed but pleased, Bobby hurried out to the elevator.

Outside, a light rain was falling—along with some debris from Dubinsky's latest explosion. It seems that while waiting in the car, Hallowell and Hochstetter had realized they were hungry and had run over to Gitlitz' Deli at 70th and Broadway. They came back with three corned-beef sandwiches—one for Saidy, too—and opened the back door of the Cadillac, figuring to get in out of the rain, where they could eat in comfort. Not a chance.

"Just one minute, gentlemen," Dubinsky announced in the triumphant tone of a policeman who has spotted two shady-looking characters sneaking gelignite into a bank. "Not in *my* car you don't eat sandwiches."

"But Morris, it's raining out here and we don't have raincoats. We'll——"

"I don't care if it's a blizzard out there. I been through all this before. Ketchup smears on the upholstery, coffee puddles on the rug. I'm sorry, gentlemen. A car is not a restaurant. No eating in this car."

Hochstetter, Hallowell and Saidy looked at one another, shrugged, crossed the street, sat on somebody's steps and ate in the rain.

Damp but still game, they hurried back to the limousine when Bobby and Davis came down. Dubinsky opened the door of the limousine and waited for Bobby to get in. But he didn't get in. He just stood there, head down and glaring, like a steer at the gate of the butcher's van. Davis' heart fell into his shoe. Bobby whirled at him resentfully. "I mean, what's the deal? I still don't know what the deal is! Why go to the airport now? There's another plane, right? Why should I go if I don't have a deal?"

"All right," Davis said calmly. "Let's walk around the block and talk about the deal." Bobby had no raincoat on and he was carrying his chess magazines, but Davis was afraid that if they went back to the apartment to talk, he would never get Bobby out of there again. So they started off, Bobby tagging along suspiciously.

"What I have in mind," Davis began, flashing his wickedest paw-in-the-cookie-jar grin, "is to structure a deal that gives the players *everything* and doesn't give the Icelanders *anything*."

Putting it like that was an inspiration. Bobby's eyes lit up. Davis went on talking, winging it, flinging it, grabbing ideas out of the air and watching Bobby's face as he built up a dream castle of a deal that made Bobby feel like a king and shut Thorarinsson in a financial dungeon that sounded truly dreadful but in fact had no walls at all. At one stroke Davis robbed Bobby of his main apparent motive for not going to Iceland and gave him an extra inducement to play.

"Well," Davis wound up firmly, "shall I try it on him?" Startled, pleased, suspecting a trick but unable to see it, fighting for a delay any way he could get it, Bobby said ye-e-es. Davis got him back upstairs before he had time to change his mind. When Jessie saw Bobby walk in, her smile was something less than sincere and the cat hid.

• • •

The proposal Davis made was simple but subtle: "The players will take *all* the gate above $250,000." The beauty of it was that it seemed to give Bobby plenty but actually gave him nothing. If 1500 people paid five dollars apiece to attend 20 games, the gate would amount to only $150,000—and Thorarinsson privately figured it would be less. So if he agreed to the proposal, he would merely *seem* to make another concession to Bobby. Thorarinsson was tempted, but he felt that the people of Iceland were so angry with Bobby that even a hollow concession might turn them against the man who made it. He also feared that Moscow might not go along. So he refused.

• • •

Davis must have done some tall talking to get Bobby out of that apartment and down to the limousine a second time. Thorarinsson had given him worse than nothing to work with, but somehow he persuaded Bobby that there was a solid

chance of getting the deal he wanted before the plane took off.

The limousine pulled away from the apartment house where Davis lives no earlier than 8:45—that left about 45 minutes before take-off time. Traffic being normal, they would be about 15 minutes late. For that long, Davis was pretty sure, Loftleidir would delay the plane.

But traffic was not normal. Three minutes from home, they were caught in a jam. Dubinsky made a dog-leg and broke free—into another jam. Everywhere he turned, the East Side was a mess. It was raining harder now, too, and that didn't help. Dubinsky's eyes gleamed like red lights in the rearview mirror and he began to mutter.

Bobby was in a foul mood, too. The minute he sat down in the back seat and felt all those big shoulders hemming him in, he began to shallow breathe and dart his eyes around like a setup being taken for a ride. Saidy sensed the problem and force-fed him reassurance. "Man, think of the fantastic deals you've got! The prize money alone is ten times anything there's ever been in chess."

"Yeah," Bobby said, "if I get it."

"You'll get it," Saidy insisted. "It's in trust for you. In trust means it's *there* for you. And on top of that, there's your cut of the film and television sales, the fee you're getting from TelePrompTer for letting them use your name, not to mention the house, the car, a staff of three. And when you're champion, they'll be beating a path to your door with endorsements and TV and film offers. You'll be able to write your own ticket!"

Saidy meant well, but when you're dealing with Bobby, casting bread upon the waters often brings up a crocodile.

"Yeah, that reminds me," Bobby said, turning to Davis, "what about that hundred and twenty-five thousand Paul Marshall said he'd get me from Chester Fox?"

Davis was startled. "What hundred and twenty-five thousand? I don't know anything about it."

Horror filled Bobby's face. "You mean you OK'd the deal with Fox and it didn't include that?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"Oh!" he groaned, looking almost ill with disappointment and a fury that only his respect for Davis restrained. "*Ohhhhh!* How could you *do* that?"

Another crisis. Davis began to feel like the captain of a pea pod in a hurricane. But he held steady.

"OK," he said calmly, picking up the radiophone. "Let's call Marshall and get the facts." Paul Marshall is David Frost's New York attorney, a brilliant negotiator and a specialist in international copyright law who had worked with Bobby until mid-spring, when Bobby repudiated a general agreement that Marshall had patiently teased out of the Icelanders. At that point, Marshall had resigned, but he was still friendly to Bobby's interests in a distant, wary way.

As the phone rang, Davis noted with silent irony that the limousine was still on the Manhattan side of the 59th Street Bridge. At the present rate of progress, there was almost an hour to go before they reached Kennedy, an hour in which Bobby could dream up all sorts of mind-pretzeling problems.

Marshall sounded depressingly relaxed and unconcerned. "I thought you were already up there," he said vaguely. "Well, what can I do for you?" Davis told him and Marshall quickly laid out the terms of an agreement he had worked out some weeks before with Fox. As it turned out, the terms were similar to the ones Davis and Stein had arrived at a few hours earlier. Marshall's agreement was a little better for Bobby, but there was no problem, Marshall and Davis agreed. The text could be altered and Fox could sign it in Reykjavík.

"No! No! I'm not going!" Bobby announced when he heard that. "Not under those conditions!"

Davis handed him the phone.

"Look," Marshall said, "Fox is nothing without you. He's got to go along. What

are you worried about? I make deals all day long. I know a deal when I see it. You've got a beautiful deal. What can I tell you? Not even Ali gets that kind of contract with a percentage guarantee."

Bobby muttered some more, but the fire had gone out of his complaints. As often happened when Marshall began to speak, the tightness and suspicion in Bobby's face relaxed. He let the matter drop —for the time being.

Dubinsky knew Queens like a cat knows a trash barrel, and once across the 59th Street Bridge, he struck out through back streets that hadn't seen a Cadillac since the asphalt went down. As the car picked up speed, everybody relaxed a little and Saidy got Bobby involved in a conversation about digital clocks. Bobby said he wanted to take one to Reykjavík, and in this and other remarks, Hallowell sensed an assumption that he was going to Reykjavik that night. The mood in the limousine improved steeply. Davis began explaining his plan to elude the media people when they arrived at Loftleidir. Bobby listened eagerly—like all chess players, he dearly loves a plot. As the limousine skimmed past the first airport buildings, Davis found himself thinking that with a little luck they might just make it.

It was 9:50 P.M. when the limousine entered the traffic bay that led past the Loftleidir passenger terminal. There was a crowd in front of the terminal—passengers or press? As the limousine drifted past, Bobby sat well back in his seat. "Press up the ass," Hallowell told me. "Looked like thirty, maybe forty newspaper and television people waiting on the sidewalk or just inside the glass doors, obviously there for Bobby." Every third newsman wore a necklace of Nikons. Here and there, somebody had a TV camera harnessed to his shoulder. They were all jabbering and looking sharp at the cars that pulled up.

According to plan, the limousine eased to a stop about 30 yards beyond Loftleidir. Davis left the car and walked back toward the crowd. Dubinsky parked about 20 yards farther along and Hallowell doubled back to Loftleidir to let Davis know where the limousine was parked. Davis meanwhile slipped anonymously through the crowd of reporters and cameramen and was soon in close conversation with two young men.

Both were slim, alert, bright-eyed, blond. Tedd Hope stood about 6'1" and looked like Tab Hunter did ten years ago. But behind his almost-too-handsome face, there was a cool, swift executive mind. At 30, he was the manager of Loftleidir's Kennedy operation. Hans Indridason, the other young man, was about an inch shorter and had a bright ice ax of a face. But inside the forceful image, there was a subtle diplomat. At 29, he was head of the reservations department and a trouble shooter for the president of the U. S. branch of the company. Good friends on the job and off, both of these young men were witty, honest, likable and disinclined to swallow anybody's exhaust. Both had the punishing energy that gets things done under pressure. Indridason had been vigorously informed by his superiors that getting Bobby to Iceland was a matter of national concern, and the Loftleidir staff stood ready to move Bobby north by any means short of a viking raid on Dubinsky's limousine.

Davis gave a quick fill-in on the situation in the limousine ("Very touchy. We've got to play along."). Hope listed the remaining flights. The first of the 9:30 flights was already closed, he said, but the second was still open and there was the 10:30 flight, too.

One down, two to go.

Then the three of them put together a simple plan to elude the media and ease Bobby on board the 9:30 plane in the next ten minutes. But there were problems aside from Bobby and the press. The crowds, for one thing. It was June 29, the height of the summer rush to Europe. Cars and buses and stretch limousines, honking and gunning their engines, came whizzing into the traffic bay in front of the terminal and piled up two-deep along the curb. Then they popped open like huge parcels and out fell brightly colored passengers and luggage. People everywhere were kissing and laughing and running around with blank airport faces. A large sour-faced cop kept blowing one of those whistles that go through your head like a bright steel nail. And on top of everything, it was now raining cantaloupes.

The plan was to keep Bobby hidden in the limousine until he could be slipped into a Loftleidir station wagon and driven to the plane. "OK," said Davis, "let's do it." Hope hurried off through the back of the building to get the wagon and drive it to where Bobby was. Davis, Indridason and Hallowell walked slowly back to the limousine. A few minutes later, after a rough passage through the holiday traffic, Hope arrived in a white

"Actually, we had something a little less structured in mind."

station wagon, which he double-parked beside Dubinsky's Cadillac. The cop promptly banged on his fender. "Move along, mister," he said. Hope explained the baggage transfer. "Make it quick," the officer ruled. "You see the conditions."

Hope ran to his tailgate and opened it. Doing his duty but not liking it, Dubinsky emerged into the rain and opened his trunk. Then Hope, Hallowell, Dubinsky and a Loftleidir supervisor named Einar Asgeirsson, prodded by a cop who looked night sticks at them every few seconds, hustled Bobby's luggage into the back of the station wagon. Davis checked the bags to make sure they were all there.

"OK," Hope said, "it's ten-fifteen. This plane is already forty-five minutes late. If you want to make it, we have to move now."

"OK," Davis said, "let's see if we can get Bobby to go out with the baggage."

Hallowell opened the back door of the limousine on the curb side and stuck his head in. "Bobby," he began—and stopped. The limousine was empty.

Hallowell spun around. "Where is he?"

"I don't know," Hochstetter answered. "He left while you were in the airline terminal. He said he wanted to go get a digital clock, but Tony said no, he'd get it, but before he got very far, Bobby jumped out and went after him. That's the last I saw of either of them."

Davis turned white. "Can you hold it ten minutes?" he asked Indridason, who nodded. "All right, goddamn it, let's find him!"

Davis, Hallowell and Indridason headed off at a dead run toward the main lobby. Hochstetter waited briefly at the limousine, then decided to join the hunt.

Hope jumped into the station wagon and, in line with Davis' instructions, drove the baggage out to the plane.

Dubinsky stared in disbelief at all this panic over one man's momentary disappearance. Then he flung his arms in the air. "What *is* all this horseshit?" he inquired of nobody in particular.

• • •

Davis, Hallowell and Indridason skidded through the duty-free shops like shoplifters on roller skates. All day long, disaster had been hanging over their enterprise like a five-ton chandelier with a maniac sawing at its cable. What a rotten shame, they were thinking, to get this far and then have the roof fall in. Please, God, Davis was praying, don't let the press find him now. The press didn't, but another kind of trouble did. While Davis and his friends were keeping a sharp lookout for the obvious danger, they got blind-sided.

It happened like this: About two minutes after the others had left, Bobby and

Saidy spotted the limousine just as Dubinsky, hard pressed by the traffic cop, was drifting it through the traffic bay to the east arcade, an area that includes a taxi stand and a secluded courtyard.

When they arrived at the limousine, Bobby asked Dubinsky to open the trunk so he could stow the clock he had just bought in one of his suitcases. Dubinsky got out of the car and explained that the suitcases were no longer in the trunk. "We moved them into an airline station wagon," he said.

"What!" Bobby gasped, turning pale. "You moved my baggage without my permission? That's not right!" He turned to Saidy. "That's not right!"

Nervously, Saidy agreed—at the moment, it was difficult to do anything else. But that was all the support Bobby needed. "He was beginning to feel his power," Davis said later. "For two days, we had all been catering to him, and now he had the airline people holding up the plane and running around doing his bidding." All this primed his courage, and suddenly the frustration, anxiety, depression, loneliness and panic of the day came surging up and spewed out as bitter bile.

"How dare you!" Bobby burst out, whirling on Dubinsky. "How dare you take my baggage without my permission!"

Dubinsky flushed, but at first he tried to explain the situation calmly. Bobby could not listen. In a surging fury, he began to chew Dubinsky out, demanding to know by what right he had so much as touched the bags, and so on. But Dubinsky is not a man who can be chewed out.

Stocky, muscular, half a head shorter than Bobby but probably half again as strong, he came on like a wrestler, with his arms swinging dangerously and his chin thrust forward. "Listen, mister," he announced in a voice warm with promises of strangulation, "you better keep your mouth shut. If you don't, I'll shut it for you, and if you don't think I can do it, keep talking!"

Bobby went pale, but he stood toe to toe. Saidy was in a panic—if Dubinsky hit Bobby, he might knock him all the way back to California. "And I'll tell you something else," Dubinsky went on. "You may be a genius at chess, but in everything else you're a big jerk!"

Bobby's fury began to collapse. He had pictured himself as the boss raising hell with an employee, but suddenly the boot was on the other foot. "Aaaaaa!" he said, pulling in his horns and edging toward the safety of the Cadillac.

"Me," Dubinsky yelled after him triumphantly, "I'm a genius at *everything* and when I do something, I do it right. What I did with your baggage I did right, and I did it on the instructions of the man who is paying me, which you are not!"

Dubinsky was still letting him have it when Bobby ducked back into the Cadillac, looking badly scared. "That man's dangerous!" he told Saidy, rolling his eyes in alarm. "He's violent. He ought to be put away. Who is he? He looks like some kind of foreigner."

Saidy, who looks approximately like Abdul Abulbul Amir, replied soothingly: "Yeah, we don't need any foreigners around here."

• • •

Just as the fracas was ending, Davis, Hallowell and Indridason came hurrying back to the limousine from their wild-goose chase after Bobby. At the spot where the limousine had been parked, they stopped short and looked both ways along the curb. "Christ!" Davis said. Now the limousine was gone, too. Why? Where? Davis hurried over to the sour-faced cop. "Officer, if you were a smart limousine driver, where would you hide?" The cop directed them to the courtyard.

When Davis, Hallowell and Indridason arrived at the limousine, they found Bobby and Saidy sitting very quietly in the back seat and Dubinsky standing grim-faced under a canopy nearby.

"What happened?" Bobby asked in a guarded tone.

Davis said they'd all been looking for him everywhere, because the plane was already an hour late.

"Oh," Bobby said coldly, "is there a decision from Iceland?"

Davis said no.

"So why go?" Bobby asked with a hostile stare. Davis sensed that in the past ten minutes, something had definitely gone wrong.

"Bobby," he began carefully in the soothing, old-friend-of-the-family tone he uses so effectively with Bobby, "I think——"

"I mean," Bobby cut him off sharply, "stop trying to hustle me, right?"

It was time to back off. Bobby's eyes were hard again. Suddenly he came to the point.

"And how about my baggage? Where's my baggage?"

Davis looked blank, thinking vaguely of the station wagon. . . . It was gone! Had Hope gone ahead with the plan? Was the baggage——

Seeing Davis hesitate, Indridason leaned forward and said simply, "It's in the plane."

Bobby was staggered. "What? In the *plane*? Whaddya mean? I never said I'd go. What's going on? I want my baggage! I'm sitting right here—I'm not getting out of this car until my baggage is returned! Do you understand? *I want my baggage!*"

His voice was high, his hands were trembling, his eyes were wide. It was the first time Indridason had seen him and he had the impression of "a man in a very strange state of mind."

Davis hesitated, still hoping to turn the moment around, but Saidy jumped in to support Bobby in his headlong overreaction. "That's terrible, that's terrible!" Saidy said in a shocked voice, tears for some reason welling in his eyes. "You shouldn't have done that. Putting a man's baggage on a plane without his permission! That's really terrible!"

That was all Bobby needed. He had found an all-purpose excuse for delay. With Saidy's support, he rapidly propagated an awkward moment into a nightmare of shadowy motives and sinister potentials.

"That's right!" Bobby rushed on. "How could you *do* that? I never said I'd go. What are you trying to do, shanghai me? Wow! They're stealing my things! Wow! How could you *do* that?"

Davis and Hallowell explained that the bags had been moved with the best intentions. "In fact, we thought you were sitting in the car and watching us move them." But Bobby refused to listen. Turning to Indridason, Davis said in tight-lipped desperation: "All right, bring the fucking bags back! Believe me," he went on, "I know what this is doing to you. But you see what the situation is. I need time. He's exhausted, terribly overstrained. I want to take him upstairs to a restaurant, get some food into him, try to put him in a better mood. I think I can do it. But I can't do anything until you bring the fucking bags back."

It was Mack Sennett time again. Indridason said he would have to have Tedd Hope's approval. So a call was put through to the gate where the plane was being loaded. Hope boggled it further, delaying a flight already an hour late, but Indridason insisted they had to "play along with this character."

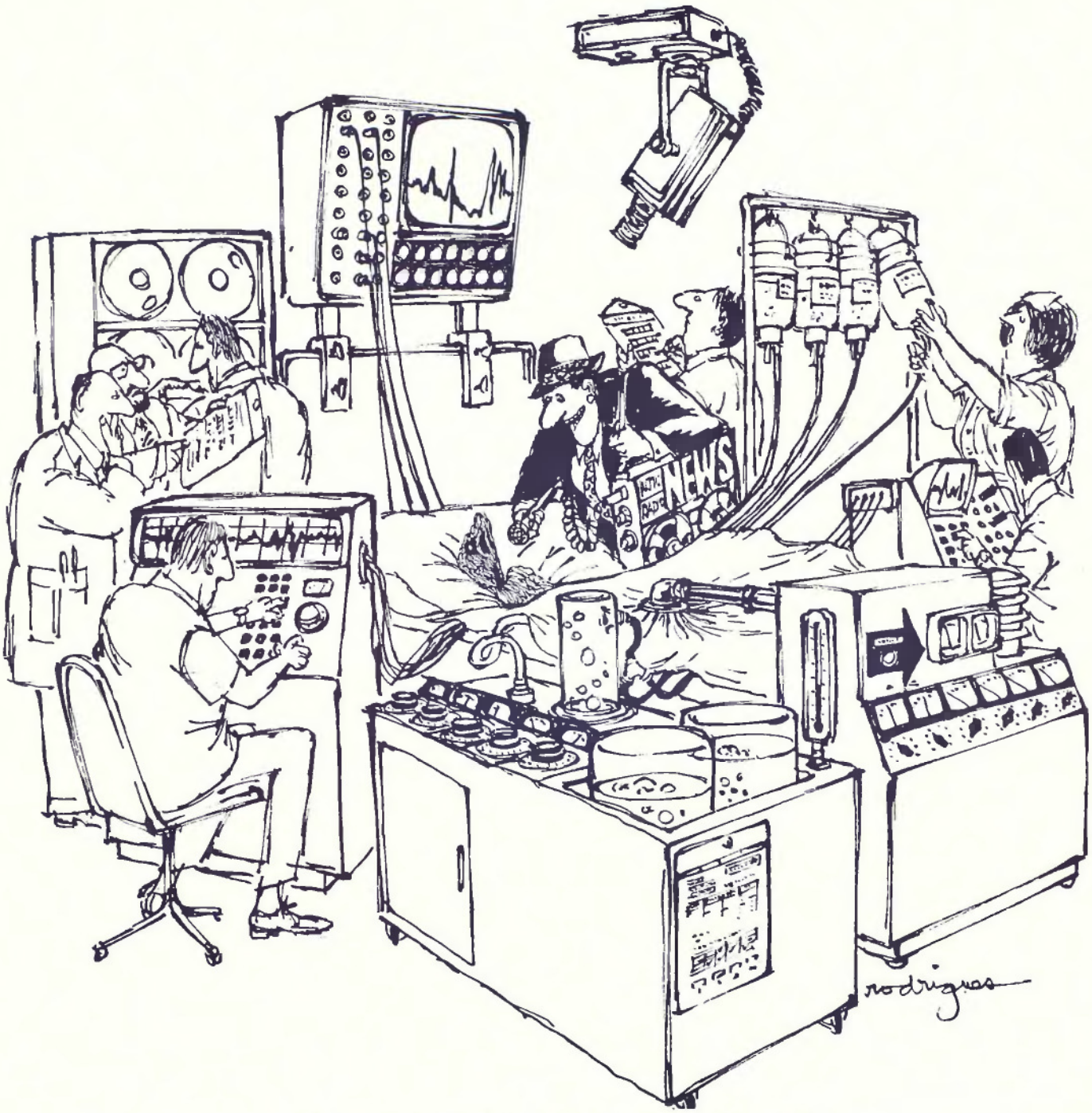
Hope had a thought. "Look, let's save time. We'll drive Bobby straight to the plane in his limousine. I'll pick up a Port Authority escort and meet you at the east gate. Bobby can inspect his baggage there. Then the limousine can follow the escort across the field to the plane."

In a few minutes the report came back that Bobby had agreed to the scheme. After complex maneuvers that used up about ten minutes, Hope, Indridason and two airport cops in a Port Authority station wagon showed up at the east gate. Where they all waited for the Cadillac. Which did not come.

Why not? Indridason was driven all the way back to the terminal, a distance of about half a mile, so he could ask if Mr. Fischer would care to drive over and inspect his bags.

"No," Bobby said grimly. "They have to bring them to me here."

In the Cadillac, anxious silence followed this remark. Bobby seemed to



"And to what do you attribute your remarkable long life of a hundred and twenty-one years, Mr. Thilby?"

blame Davis for the baggage incident and had almost stopped speaking to him. When he had anything to say, he said it to Saidy or Hallowell. Something had to be done to soften his mood. Saidy did it. He was hungry, he said. How about Bobby? Why didn't they go upstairs to the coffee shop and get something to eat?

Davis knew the restaurant was a risk. Reporters and photographers were on the prowl everywhere. But just letting Bobby sit there in the Cadillac and stew seemed a much greater risk. Food was to Bobby what air was to a tire, and it was clear he needed some reinflation. Besides, Saidy was gung-ho to talk to Bobby alone and —who could tell? A firm hand hadn't worked. Maybe a soft voice would. "Good idea," Davis said.

• • •

Soaked to the skin and mad as wet hens after hand-carrying Bobby's baggage about 30 yards through an all-out deluge, Hope and Indridason arrived in the coffee shop, where Bobby and Saidy were sitting with Davis, who had just joined them in a booth near the entrance. Determined to be polite to his difficult guests, Indridason explained courteously that the bags—actually, four or five suitcases and packages—were now stacked in a corner of the main lobby of the International Arrivals Building, about 200 steps from the coffee shop, and that Bobby could inspect them any time he liked. Hope, who had more water in his pockets and more at risk in the enterprise, went straight to the heart of the matter as far as he was concerned. "The

plane is now almost two hours late," he told Davis briskly. "You or somebody will have to make up his mind right now if he is going on this plane or not."

"Give me a couple of minutes," Davis answered. "I just want to talk to Bobby."

"We've been giving you a couple of minutes all night," Hope said icily and left.

Five minutes later, Davis came down to look the baggage over. "Hey, it's wet," he said. "He's not going to like that."

Somebody ran off to get paper towels, but Bobby arrived before the baggage could be dried off. He went straight to the first bag he saw and picked it up. The handle came off. Davis gulped. "I'll—uh——" he said and snatched the handle away from Bobby.

Then Bobby noticed the carton containing his new Sony television set. "It's wet!" he gasped.

"What do you expect," Hope answered tartly, "coming in out of the rain?"

Bobby was appalled. "You mean this has been standing in the rain? *My TV set!* Oh, no! What kind of a place *is* this? *I want this baggage dried right now!*"

Davis felt it all slipping away. For the first time that night, he looked in his mind for an answer and drew a blank. He found himself feebly wiping the Sony carton with the suitcase handle.

The paper towels arrived and everybody began frantically drying luggage.

Hope asked again if anybody wanted to make this plane. Bobby said coldly, "No, I gotta talk about it some more with Tony." Hope left, glowering, and ordered the 9:30 plane to take off. It left the ramp at 11:29 P.M.

Two gone, one to go.

"OK," Bobby announced when the bags were as dry as five hard-working high-income executives could make them. "From now on, *nobody* touches my bags, understand? I want this baggage in lockers. And *I* want the keys."

Nobody looked at anybody. The nearest lockers were about 90 feet away. Bobby insisted on carrying most of the bags across the lobby himself. Saidy was allowed to carry a few. Then Bobby and Saidy stowed the bags in lockers. Bobby couldn't get the keys out of the locks, but Hallowell showed him how. Finally, with a private smile that seemed to go with feelings of power and possession, Bobby pocketed all the keys. "By that time," Hallowell told me, "Bobby was dead-white, obviously exhausted, suitcases under his eyes." Turning to Saidy, Bobby invited him back up to the restaurant. The others he instructed to wait. Then he marched off, stone-faced, and left Davis standing there like an untipped porter.

• • •

A bleak little group gathered around Davis. The desperate extremity of the situation was clear to everyone. In chess terms, Bobby was on the verge of suimate. In the next half hour Bobby faced a decision that must crown or crush the hopes of a lifetime, and he was clearly in no mood to make such a decision rationally. To make matters worse, Davis now looked beat. He felt as if he had whipped into a hairpin turn at 90 and all at once found himself clutching a steering wheel that had simply come off in his hands. What now?

Davis and the others went up to the bar next to the coffee shop and knocked back a belt or two. Then Davis squared off, lawyer style, for another look at the problem.

The problem wasn't money, wasn't Thorarinsson, wasn't even pride or principle. Davis suspected that it was fear. Bobby at best was one of the most easily frightened people Davis knew, but he had never seen him as frightened as he was today. Frightened of what? Of losing? Of winning? Of the press and the crowds? Of being jailed by the Icelanders or assassinated by the Russians? He may have been afraid of all these things, but there was something else. Some old terror was slithering around in the bottom of Bobby's mind. What was it? Davis had no idea and there was no time to puzzle it out now. It was midnight. The 10:30 flight, the last plane to Reykjavík, was already 90 minutes late. There was no time for tact; he had to barge in there and see Bobby right this minute.

Unfortunately, somebody else had seen him first.

It was a miracle that somebody hadn't seen him long before. By 11 P.M., shortly after the Port Authority police drove Bobby's bags to the east gate, most of the media people had phoned in a hard report that Bobby was somewhere at Kennedy. Then they scattered to find him. For a full hour dozens of story-starved reporters, photographers and TV cameramen ran a fine-meshed dragnet through that airport. Oblivious to all this, seized by his own problem, Bobby sat in the coffee shop stuffing himself with eggs and toast and talking earnestly with Saidy

"The way I heard it, if you don't masturbate, you'll go crazy."

only a few feet off the corridor but somehow too obvious to be seen.

The conversation was going well, Saidy said later. He felt he had finally persuaded Bobby to swallow his pride and take the plane.

And then the chutney hit the propeller.

It was a 12-year-old boy who spotted Bobby. "There was this little blond kid," Hochstetter said. "He'd been hanging around with the newspaper photographers and the TV news crews. You could tell this was the big moment of his life."

Worried at seeing so many press people passing so close to Bobby, Hochstetter "stayed in the hallway between the bar and the coffee shop, where I could keep track of things. This kid came along and I saw him duck into the restaurant where Bobby was eating. A minute later, he came running out and went tearing down the corridor to where most of the press was waiting.

"So I dashed into the restaurant. Bobby and Saidy took off just like that. 'Go into the bar!' I told them. 'Way at the back! They'll never suspect!' So they did. Well, the whole megillah came thundering up, at least twenty of them. Nikons, TV cameras, strobes. They charged into the restaurant, and then out again. And I'm standing there. 'You looking for Bobby Fischer?' I said. 'He went down there!' And I pointed to the stairway that goes down to the lobby on the ground floor. So they all ran down there and I figured that's the end of that."

About two minutes later, they all came charging back up again. "And then that damn kid fooled me," Hochstetter continued. "He went snooping around in the bar and spotted Bobby again and came running out, hollering, 'He's in there! He's in there!' So then they all rushed into the bar."

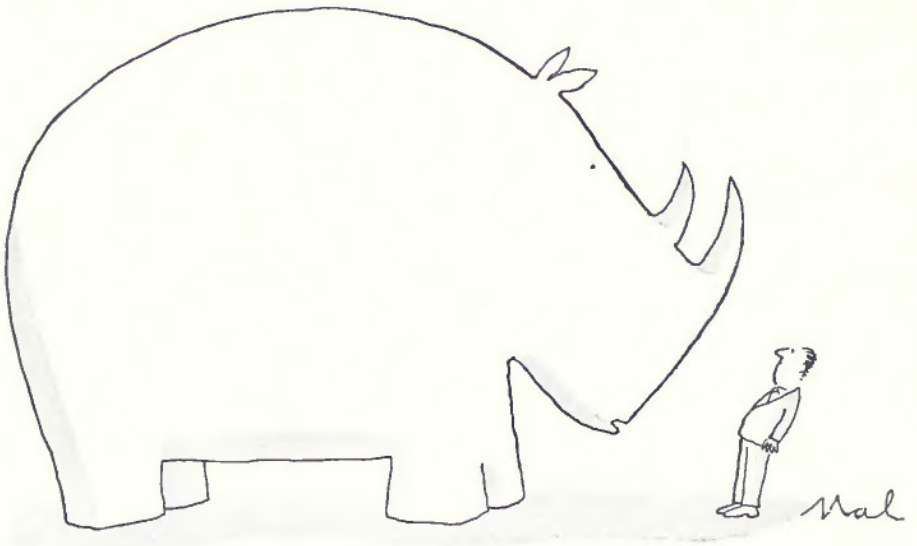
Hallowell was ready for them. When they hit the end of the bar, they ran into a 34-year-old 250-pound former third-string tackle on the worst Harvard team since World War Two and he threw the greatest block of his career. For about 30 seconds, Hallowell had 20 men piled up in front of him. "I'm sorry, gentlemen," he announced suavely, making like the manager, "but the bar is closed."

"I'm from NBC!" a reporter informed him importantly.

"No shit," Hallowell answered calmly.

Suddenly they all broke through Hallowell, but as they went charging toward Bobby, they met Bobby charging out. Face closed and shoulders twisting, he pushed quickly through the startled pack. There were shouts, flashes, shoving, clutching, cries of "Bobby! Bobby!"

It was a scary moment, and not only to Bobby. "Those guys had been waiting for Bobby in that airport all week," Davis explained. "They looked wild. I had a feeling they'd do violence to get their story. My heart started pounding. But it was worse for Bobby. There's something about strobes, flashbulbs, strong sudden bursts of light. Maybe his eyes are more sensitive. Anyway, it seems to hurt him physically. He'll do anything to get away from it."



"I don't want to be just another pretty face."

Just ahead lay the corridor. As Bobby hit it, he turned left. Hallowell was not far behind him and right behind Hallowell was a TV cameraman, an assistant carrying a battery pack and a rack of lights and the 12-year-old boy who had started it all. The lights were blazing, the camera was whining and the boy was squealing, "Mr. Fischer! Mr. Fischer!" as they all turned left, too.

At that moment, a large male hand covered the TV camera's lens. It belonged to Hochstetter, who had been waiting in the corridor for just such an opportunity. "It was like putting pepper in a Turkish wrestler's jockstrap," Hochstetter told me happily. "The cameraman let out a scream. The lighting man screamed, too. Finally they pushed me out of the way, but as the cameraman went past, I gave him a good swift kick—right in the crack. He gave a yell and turned around and started after me. I backed off. I mean, I'm a devout coward. I didn't want to fight. All I wanted was to give Bobby a chance to take off."

Bobby got it. He ran down the stairs three and four at a time, Hallowell about 20 feet behind him. Indridason, who happened to be standing not far from the bottom of the steps, said Bobby's eyes were wide and blank. After him, yelping with alarm, came the pack of newshounds.

Thanks to Hochstetter's holding action, Davis and Saidy reached the stairs ahead of the press and raced for the bottom, where they turned to make a stand. For about five seconds they body-checked the roaring horde. Somebody threw a punch at Saidy. Davis gave way slowly and as the TV cameraman rushed past him, he stepped accidentally, he insists, on the cord that connected the camera to the battery pack. The camera went dead. The cameraman stared in disbelief. First some son of a bitch had grabbed his lens and kicked him in the slats. Now *this* son of a bitch had unplugged his camera. It was too much. Screeching incoherently, he snatched off his glasses and with his camera still harnessed to his shoulder, pushed a floppy little punch at Davis' head.

By the time the press broke out of the stair well, Bobby and Hallowell were out of sight.

Yelling and cursing, the newsmen closed in on Davis, Saidy and Hochstetter. A Port Authority policeman hurried over.

"What's going on here?" the officer demanded.

"We're here to photograph Bobby Fischer," the offended cameraman began. "and——"

"Who's he?" the officer wanted to know.

Everybody explained at once and then the cameraman indignantly described the first assault on his person. Another cop grabbed Hochstetter by the arm. He indignantly denied the charge. The cameraman then accused Davis of punching *him*. Davis drew himself up and declared with lofty forensic disdain: "You, sir, are a liar and a worm."

The cops knew a lawyer when they heard one. "All right, all right," one of them said. "Break it up. Move along."

• • •

Davis, Saidy and Hochstetter stood staring at what was left of one another. Hochstetter had been up since eight that morning and had eaten almost nothing all day. The blue blotches under his eyes

were the size of mussel shells. Saidy was pale with shock. For three days running, he had put out a total effort of emotional diplomacy—and now this! Davis looked battered, but there was still plenty of fight in him.

"*Shee-it!*" he said savagely. Then he straightened out his eyes and went on briskly: "OK. Anybody see which way he went?"

Nobody had.

Davis bit his lip. The situation, as Hochstetter described it, was "a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree fuck-up."

Davis turned to Indridason. "How long can you hold the plane?"

"We'll hold it."

For the second time that night, Davis organized a search. First, Saidy broadcast a message to Bobby over the airport's loud-speaker system. No reply. Then Davis, Saidy and Hochstetter ransacked every coffee shop, bar, lounge and men's room in the main terminal building—a vast sprawling structure that covers about 40 acres and runs two thirds of a mile from end to end.

Their ace in the hole was Hallowell. If he was still with Bobby (and if he wasn't, why wasn't he there with the rest of them?), then sooner or later he would get to a phone and tell them where Bobby was. In the meantime, they had to do what they could—and hope they got lucky. They didn't.

Unstoppable, Davis proposed plan B. "Let's call every hotel and motel in the airport area." One by one the hotels answered. Bobby was registered at none of them. It was one A.M. A full hour had passed since Bobby bolted. The last plane to Reykjavik was now two and a half hours late. Hope was going out of his mind. There was no word from Hallowell. It looked as if the jig was up.

• • •

Bobby ran down the stairs three and four at a time. Behind him he heard shouts and racing feet. Someone was closing on him, a big man, landing hard and breathing heavily as he ran. At the bottom of the stairs, the main lobby of the International Arrivals Building spread away on both sides. Straight ahead he saw a row of glass doors and beyond the doors a traffic bay. He ran for the nearest door, hitting it with both palms just as the photoelectric cell popped it open automatically. He was on the sidewalk. Which way now?

A wall of rain lay ahead. He turned left and began to sprint. The big man hit the door and came pounding after him. Bobby jerked a glance over his shoulder. It was Hallowell! "Are they still behind us?" he hollered as he ran. "Are they still behind us?" Hallowell glanced back. No pursuit in sight. Relief showed in Bobby's face. They were in the clear! He picked up his knees and really poured it on.

Hallowell raced after him. He was in no shape for this. For the past five years that big body of his had pushed nothing heavier than his chair away from his desk. Now for the second time that day, he was up on his hind legs and moving out after Bobby as he hadn't moved after anything since he turned in his crimson sweat suit.

Remembering his morning workout in mid-Manhattan, he wondered uneasily how long he could keep it up. He was sagging after 14 hours of incessant and increasing nervous tension, but as he watched Bobby blast off in front of him, he had a sinking sensation that he was chasing a man so charged up he might run for an hour before he ran down. He set his will hard. No matter how long and how fast Bobby ran, he'd just have to run right along with him. Losing him now would mean losing everything they had been fighting for. As long as he held on, there was a chance he could talk Bobby back to the plane.

The sidewalk in front of the terminal was about 18 feet wide and Bobby ran straight down the center of it. He was obviously running in a blind burst of emotion—all kinds of emotion. His feet hit the pavement like blows struck in anger and his legs leaped and exulted as if shackles had just been struck off. He was a prisoner breaking for freedom and in his first wild dash, he had no idea where his legs were taking him. Hallowell saw in horror that he was running straight toward the Loftleidir terminal, where the media people had been headquartered all night. The sidewalk was empty now—could they zip by without being seen? They made it halfway. Then Hallowell heard a scurry of running feet.

"Bobby! Bobby!" a newsman shouted. "Wait! Wait! *Please!* I've been here all week!"

It was one of those cries of despair, like the yowls of a cartoon cat when the mouse escapes, that are rightly answered with a raspberry. But this time, inexplicably, the victim apologized for escaping.

"I'm sorry!" Bobby yelled contritely —but kept on running.

Like a scatback heading for the side lines, he veered into the traffic bay. At the farther curb he hesitated an instant, checking the traffic, then darted across the airport's two-lane circular highway. Puffing hard, Hallowell raced after him. Rain engulfed them. Both were coatless and before they hit the other side of the highway, their jackets and thighs were soaked. Together they plunged into the enormous parking lot that covers the airport's infield.

At the third or fourth step, Hallowell landed splat in a huge puddle. Water gushed up through a hole in one shoe. Water spewed up his trouser legs and drenched his knees. Water ran down inside his socks.

"Bobby!" he pleaded. "Slow down!"

Throwing a frightened look over his shoulder, Bobby asked in a high voice, "Is anybody still there?"

"Nobody's there," Hallowell assured him. "We've lost them."

Bobby kept on running. "Stick with me!" he shouted. "I know what I'm doing. Believe me, I know what I'm doing!"

After that, Bobby slowed down a little, but he showed no sign of stopping as he galloped across a black lake inhabited by swimming snakes of light and bouldered with silent empty automobiles. Behind them, the roar of the traffic died to a murmur. Now there was only the noise of their own heavy breathing and the ruckus made by their feet as they pounded blacktop and splashed through puddles.

Bobby ran on for two minutes, three minutes. Hallowell's chest was collapsing, his legs were unliftable. Nothing but will kept him going.

"Hey, Bobby!" he gasped. "Let's go . . . American Airlines . . . VIP Lounge. . . . I'm a member. . . . No press people can . . . find us there."

Bobby fiercely refused. "No. I want to get out of this airport, y'understand? I want to get *out of this airport*! I want to take a cab. I want to take a cab and get out of here!" Then he remembered a restaurant several miles from the airport. "I'm hungry. I want something to eat. We'll get a cab and go there. Nobody'll find me there."

"Anywhere you say, Bobby." But let's get there fast, Hallowell was thinking. If he didn't get to a telephone and call Davis pretty damn quick, they could kiss that plane goodbye and probably the match.

When they hit the circular highway again, Hallowell hailed a passing cab. Bobby told the driver where to go and they drove for seven or eight minutes. Bobby was still jumpy, still teetering on the brink. Hallowell made small talk, giving him time to wind down.

Suddenly the driver remembered that the restaurant wasn't there anymore. It had been wiped out by a cloverleaf. Hallowell groaned—more time wasted.

"Where shall we go?" Bobby asked helplessly. "I don't want to go anywhere those press people can find me."

Hallowell suggested a Howard Johnson's motel and restaurant they had passed on the way. They were on Southern State Parkway now, about four miles from Kennedy, and the next turnaround was a couple of miles ahead, but the driver jumped the island in the middle of the highway and drove them back to Howard Johnson's.

Bobby looked around suspiciously. "We far enough away from the airport? I don't want to be anywhere near that airport." Hallowell reassured him.

There was $6.60 on the meter. Bobby

"After your quarrel, Lord Henry, your wife seemed very hurt. I felt it my duty to follow her into the bush and finish her off."

If you enjoy Playboy, you be

906 I MANAGED GOOD, BUT BOY DID THEY PLAY BAD
Jim Bouton, Ed., with Neil Offen
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Best writing about baseball managers—80 unusual photos

903 KILLER
Autobiography of a Hit Man for the Mafia
(Pub. Price $8.95)
From "muscle work" to murder! Chilling, true story of crime network

809 PLAYBOY'S HOST & BAR BOOK
Thomas Mario
(Pub. Price $12.95)
For the Superhost—Illustrated
(Counts as two books)

859 THE WHALE
Jacques-Yves Cousteau & Philippe Diolé
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Close-up living with giants of the seas—Magnificently illustrated

881 THE GREAT RACING CARS & DRIVERS
Charles Fox
(Pub. Price $17.95)
The top thrills from 1914 to today—with 240 action photos
(Counts as two books)

890 "JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE"
O'Donnell, Powers, & McCarthy
(Pub. Price $8.95)
Intimate memories of JFK—Bestseller

731 SCARNE'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO GAMBLING
(Pub. Price $10.00)
Games classic

904 MY SECRET GARDEN
Women's Sexual Fantasies
Nancy Friday
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Personal, candid, erotic interviews

907 EVENING IN BYZANTIUM
Irwin Shaw
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Drama-packed novel of film producer by master storyteller

905 BRANDO
An Unauthorized Biography
Joe Morella and Edward Z. Epstein
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Uncut, uncensored—Profusely illustrated

908 MANKOFF'S LUSTY EUROPE
Allan H. Mankoff
(Pub. Price $10.00)
All-purpose guide to sex, love, romance

840 THE COMPLETE IMMORTALIA
Harold H. Hart
(Pub. Price $12.50)
Bawdy belly-laughs: jokes, verse, songs
(Counts as two books)

909 THE TRUE SOUND OF MUSIC
Hans Fantel
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Superb guide to sound equipment for the home

887 THE GENTLEMAN'S ALPHABET BOOK
Harvey Kornberg
Limericks by Donald Hall
(Pub. Price $5.95)
X-rated lexicon with 26 bawdy drawings

900 THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
Walter Lord
(Pub. Price $8.50)
Exciting, gripping story of War of 1812

849 SCORING
Dan Greenburg
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Frank and funny sexual memoir

853 COSMOPOLITAN'S LOVE BOOK
(Pub. Price $5.95)
A guide to ecstasy in bed

771 BLUE MERIDIAN
Peter Matthiessen
(Pub. Price $8.95)
White shark hunt

888 HOW I MADE A MILLION DOLLARS WITH IDEAS
Georga J. Abrams
(Pub. Price $6.95)
He tells you how to do the same

822 THE AMERICAN HERITAGE HISTORY OF THE PRESIDENCY
(Pub. Price $16.50)
Magnificent classic—Illustrated
(Counts as two books)

827 THE WAY THINGS WORK
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Illustrated encyclopedia—International bestseller

910 THE LONGEST COCKTAIL PARTY
Richard DiLello
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Insider's diary of life with The Beatles—32 pages of photos

810 THE DEFENSE NEVER RESTS
F. Lee Bailey with Harvey Aronson
(Pub. Price $7.95)
His famous murder cases—Bestseller

784 THE SEX BOOK
Goldstein, Haaberla & 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)

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

896 RABBIT REDUX
John Updike
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Searing, explosive novel—Bestseller

882 A SURGEON'S WORLD
William A. Nolan, M.D.
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Frank, fascinating, eye-opening account

894 THE SUPERCOPS
L. H. Whittemore
(Pub. Price $7.95)
True story of the two toughest cops in the U.S.

875 I'M OK—YOU'RE OK
Thomas A. Harris, M.D.
(Pub. Price $5.95)
The No. 1 bestseller

901 TOTAL ORGASM
Jack Lee Rosenberg
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Illustrated guide to sexual fulfillment

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)

889 THE BOYS OF SUMMER
Roger Kahn
(Pub. Price $8.95)
The fabulous Brooklyn Dodger stars—Illustrated

742 MIRROR OF VENUS
Paina, Sagan & Fallini
(Pub. Price $22.50)
Women explored—Magnificent photograph
(Counts as two books)

737 THE MOVIES
Richard Griffith & Arthur Mayer
(Pub. Price $19.95)
Movie history—1300 photos (Counts as two books)

ong in the Playboy Book Club.

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

9 FIELD & STREAM ITERNATIONAL SHING GUIDE
. J. McClane
ub. Price $8.95)
r jet-age anglers—
er 350 photos;
maps

3 THE ART OF ENSUAL MASSAGE
keles, Todris & othorap
ub. Price $7.95)
plicit photographic ide

8 SEMI-TOUGH
n Jenkins
ub. Price $7.95)
uper-novel about e Super Bowl—estseller

2 AN AMERICAN EATH
erold Frank
Pub. Price $10.00)
he killing and killer of Martin Luther King, Jr. Shocking, true

4 CAPTAIN BLIGH MR. CHRISTIAN
lichard Hough
Pub. Price $10.00)
he men and the utiny—Illustrated

2 PLAYBDY'S DMPLETE BDOK F PARTY JOKES
Pub. Price $8.95)
omic encyclopedia

Double Bonus: PLAYBOY'S GIFT PACK of three provocative paperbacks (a $2.85 value) and THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY—NUMBER SIX (a $2.50 value) yours FREE for prompt action.

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.

*Deluxe volumes count as two selections. Publishers' prices quoted are U.S. prices; Canadian prices may be slightly higher.

paid, thanked the driver and threw in a quarter tip. Inside, they were told that the restaurant was closed, but the bar was still open. Bobby said he wanted food, so they ran about 100 yards through the rain to the Hilton Motel next door. At the Hilton, both the bar and the restaurant were closed. So they ran back to Howard Johnson's. When they finally got settled in a dark corner of the cocktail lounge, it was close to one A.M.

They ordered drinks—as Hallowell recalls, Bobby asked for a whiskey sour—and Bobby started talking about the press with concentrated hatred. Not a word about Iceland or catching the plane. Hallowell's foot was tapping furiously. He *had* to get to a phone, but he knew Bobby didn't want anybody to know where they were. If he rushed right off, Bobby would suspect what he was doing and when he came back, Bobby might not be there. But he had to chance it. Excusing himself, Hallowell eased away to the men's room.

From a pay phone he called information. The phone rang interminably. Then he asked the operator for Loftleidir's number at Kennedy Airport. In a little while, she said there was no number at Kennedy, there was only the main number in Manhattan. Hallowell called it. The phone rang interminably. Hallowell rolled his eyes. "Come *on*! Come *on*!" he muttered. Any minute now, Bobby might come looking for him. Then a young woman answered. Hallowell described his problem as quickly and as urgently as he could and asked her to put him through on the tie line to the Loftleidir terminal at Kennedy.

"I'm sorry, sir," the young woman said, "we have no tie line."

Hallowell almost jumped into the mouthpiece. "I *knew* there was a tie line," he told me later. "There *had* to be a tie line. So at that point, I said some extremely forceful things." Shaken up, the girl agreed to call Kennedy and tell somebody there to call Hallowell.

Three minutes later, Hallowell's phone rang. Three minutes after that, Davis was on the line.

"Andy! I'm with Bobby."

"Is he all right?"

"Yes."

"Thank God! Where are you?"

Hallowell explained.

"We'll be right over. And for Christ's sake, don't let him out of your sight!"

• • •

Five minutes later, a Loftleidir station wagon roared up to Howard Johnson's. Davis and Saidy jumped out and hurried in. Hope and Indridason followed them. Moments later, Hochstetter arrived in the Cadillac with Dubinsky, who at long last had resolved his two-day conflict between hate and duty.

"Look," Dubinsky told Hochstetter, "when I say I'll do a job, I do a job. But this is ridiculous. I'm going home. I find this Fischer a very depressing person and I no longer wish to have him in my car. I am sure you will have no trouble getting home. I will send you a bill on the first of the month. Good night." Exit Dubinsky.

As Hochstetter walked through the street door into the lobby, he saw Davis, Hallowell, Indridason and Hope walking in from the lounge. "Tony's talking to him," Davis explained. A few minutes later, Saidy came out and beckoned to Davis. While the others stood in the lobby and watched from about 50 feet away, Bobby, Saidy and Davis paced back and forth at one end of the lobby, under a sign that said RUM KEG ROOM. "For the first time that night," Hope told me, "Bobby was really opening up. He was waving his arms and talking. We thought, OK. Somebody finally got through to him. Now we're getting somewhere. Now he'll go."

In fact, Bobby was telling Davis emphatically that he would not go to Iceland. He would not go, he said, until the deal was right. He wanted Davis to go instead and see if he could make it right. "Here are my demands," he said in a cold voice. "Either I get them or I don't go. One: I want a nonplaying referee. Lothar Schmid has to go. Two: I want a better TV deal signed by Chester Fox. Three: I want the loser's share of the prize money *in my hand* when I get off the plane in Iceland. Four: I want thirty percent of the gate. When I've got those demands, I'll *think* about going."

So they were back to the original position—and then some. All of Bobby's unmet demands were in that list, and the one about the loser's share was a grumble that had suddenly matured into a must. Davis looked at Bobby's eyes. They were hard and opaque and they didn't look back. Four people pushing for two full days with all their might had failed to budge Bobby an inch. And now they had run out of time. There was nothing to do but admit defeat—and see what could be salvaged from that defeat. Davis reached down into his bag of lawyer's tricks. After all, there was still the Saturday-night plane. . . .

"OK, Bobby," Davis said firmly. "Suppose I go. Suppose I get a reasonable betterment of the deal. Will you come? I want to know. Will you come? I don't want to go up there on a wild-goose chase."

Bobby looked guarded. "I'll think about it."

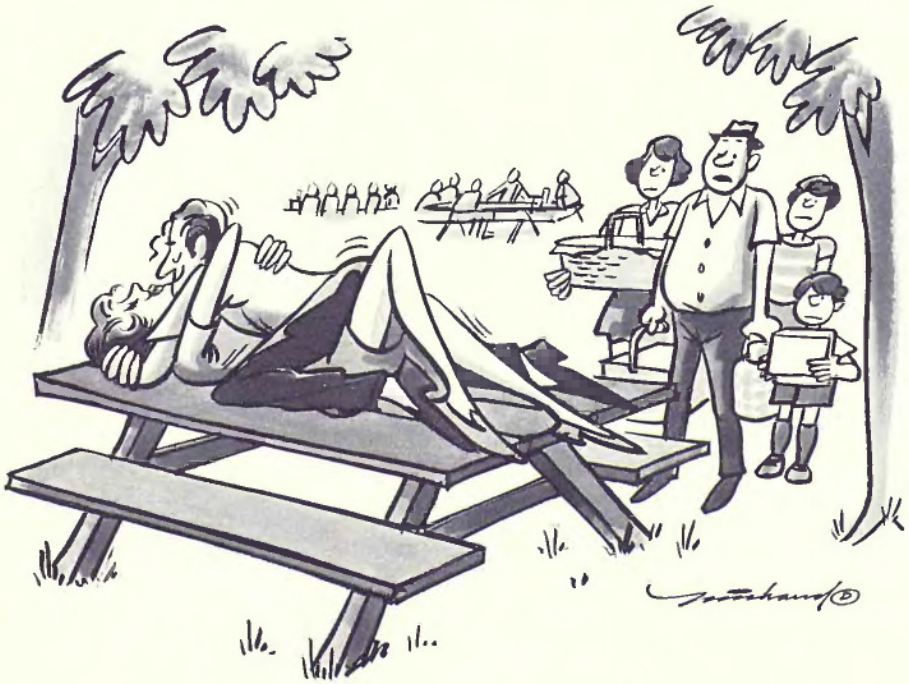
Davis looked angry. "Come on, this is no joke for me, Bobby!"

Bobby caved a little. "All right, I'll go, but"—the hard covering fell off his eyes and the scaredness showed through—"but I want Tony to be there, too."

Davis looked at Saidy. Saidy nodded. Then Davis nodded gravely and held out his hand. "On that basis," he said, "I'll go."

And he went.

As the Loftleidir station wagon pulled away, a little grin began at the corners of Bobby's mouth. After that his mood improved rapidly. Saidy could hardly move or even speak, he was so exhausted and depressed by what had happened, and Hallowell and Hochstetter were not much better off. They figured they had just watched Bobby destroy his career.



"We'll grab it as soon as they're through."

But Bobby spoke firmly and moved confidently, like a man who had just had a major success.

Wearily, Hallowell called for two limousines—one for himself, one for Bobby and the others. When his Cadillac came, Bobby jumped in eagerly. He was going to stay at Saidy's father's house in Douglaston and he liked Saidy's mother's Lebanese cooking. Saidy and Hochstetter eased in after him and slumped in the softly molded, back-supporting seats. In Douglaston, before he got out of the limousine, Bobby shook Hochstetter's hand and said respectfully, "Thank you very much, Mr. Hochstetter."

Bobby and Saidy raided the refrigerator, which was loaded with leftover Lebanese goodies. Bobby put away several pounds of food and then Saidy took him to the third floor. There were three bedrooms there and a bathroom, too. "Nobody else up here," Saidy told him. "You've got it all to yourself." Bobby nodded happily and seemed impatient to be alone. Saidy had the impression he wanted to play chess.

• • •

And that is the beginning of the story of how Bobby Fischer caught a plane to Reykjavik. It took four more days and the combined efforts of several hundred people and two governments, as well as a landslide of good luck, to get him actually aboard. For the next two days, Davis put Thorarinsson through the wringer and the Saidys treated Bobby like a sacred rhino, but he accepted their efforts as his due and calmly missed the plane on Saturday night. The match was wrecked.

But Bobby's luck held. On Sunday, Spassky saved everybody's neck with an act of rare courage. Risking the certain disapproval of high officials in Moscow, he allowed the opening of the event to be postponed until Tuesday. Marshall now re-entered the situation, and in a behind-closed-doors harangue that began at midnight and lasted until four o'clock Monday morning, he pierced the perimeter of Bobby's defenses.

Then came a purely incredible piece of luck. On Monday morning, a London banker and chess buff named James Slater offered to double the $125,000 prize if Bobby would play. "Chicken," he said in a message worded for him by Marshall, "come on out!"

Bobby was tempted, but five hours after the offer reached him he was still holding out. Then Marshall threatened to quit again. At that, Bobby gave in and agreed to go. Just for insurance, Marshall arranged to have Henry Kissinger call and ask Bobby to play the match for the sake of his country. Set up by his talk with Kissinger, Bobby announced to the press that he would fly to Reykjavik that night. He did, and after another week of sometimes Byzantine, sometimes ludicrous maneuvering, the Chess Match of the Century began.

Before it was over, the world had discovered another Bobby. Right to the end he came on from time to time as the bad hat from Brooklyn; but as the games began to claim his attention, the fears and suspicions seeped away like goblins fading with the moon, and the force that had scattered in tantrums moved in behind his will and his talent. He proved to be a grim but dignified loser, a ferocious but courteous winner, a warrior-artist who lives by a discipline as severe as a samurai's.

Victory followed victory and the world eagerly forgave the winner for tearing up the pea patch back in June. Bobby later insisted that when he refused to take the plane, he was fighting for a principle. But wasn't it lucky that fighting for a principle happened to make great publicity for the match? One day in Reykjavik he stood in a needle-point shower and, grinning through the water that ran down his face, asked with the sheepish glee of a small boy smeared with illicit chocolate: "Do you think the match would have got as much attention without all the—you know—fuss?" When I grinned back at him, he began to laugh. The day Bobby blew it wasn't really such a bad day for Bobby after all.

THE TIME MACHINE *(continued from page 134)*

porcelain tiles, and perform my morning ablutions——

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: He goes over to the lavatory and splashes cold water onto his face, forgetting that he urinated in the bowl the night before.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: Refreshed, I return to my study. Upon the floor beside the studio couch are two bottles whose labels bear the name of my favorite brandy. Both, inexplicably, are empty. A thorough investigation of my liquor cabinet reveals it to be empty, too. I am horrified at my own thoughtlessness. Suppose some visitor arrives—what can I possibly offer him to drink? In this day and age of frequent callers, it is downright indecent to have nothing in the way of liquid refreshment on one's premises. I must remedy the oversight at once.

I start for the door, only to be drawn up short by the dawnlight, which by this time has crept into the room. No vendor will open his establishment to me at this hour, even were I able to rouse him. It will be an eternity before I can set aright the hospitality of my house.

Any moment, some visitor may arrive. In God's name, what am I to do?

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: He has not had a visitor since the landlord dunned him for the rent three weeks ago. Other than that, the only person ever to come to his door during the ten-odd months he has inhabited the room is the hooker who lives down the hall. She knocked one evening when business was dull and offered him a cut-rate lay. He told her he wasn't interested.

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: In my anguish, I begin pacing the floor. Presently, I discover that I already have visitors—three beldams, who apparently entered when my back was turned. They are wearing Salvation Army uniforms and carrying tambourines. They follow me about, shaking the tambourines, but I have no change to give them. Their faces seem to be made of bread dough, which they keep kneading with their free hand into different shapes, each more gruesome than its predecessor.

I try to avoid bumping into them, but this is difficult and becomes more so by the second, for the floor is swarming with vermin and I have to watch every step I take in order not to crush one of the horrifying little creatures beneath my feet. I make a mental note to report this deplorable state of affairs to the landlord next time I see him. If he again refuses to call in an exterminator, I shall go directly to city hall and ask to see the building inspector.

In the meantime, I must be careful. More and more vermin are emerging from the mopboards and climbing up through the register; the air is filled with their minuscule squealings and squeakings; their baleful BBs of eyes gleam and glisten in the pink light that now fills the room. They appear to be organizing themselves, to be forming into ranks. It is as though they are preparing to attack. Too late, I realize that they have drawn themselves up into a Lilliputian army between me and the door.

Oh, they are clever, these loathsome little beasties—but not quite as clever as they think. They have effectually blocked me off from the door, yes—but not from the time machine.

However, I must act quickly before they discover that I have a second avenue of escape and surround me. But not too quickly, lest I precipitate their charge and bring them swarming over me in a noisome unspeakable mass. My three visitors, I note out of the corner of my eye, have departed. Good. Slyly, I turn toward the machine. I am not quite close enough. I take a slow step toward it. Another. Now——

I stand there, frowning. Why am I hesitating? Certainly not because I am afraid. There is nothing to be afraid of. My transition will be virtually instantaneous; the future age I will emerge in can be no less kind than the one I am about to leave. And it is possible that news of my coming will have preceded me, in which case I shall be welcomed with open arms.

Why, then?

A loud whispering comes from behind me. I feel something soft touch my feet. Someone begins screaming into my ear—someone I know very well but whose voice I cannot quite place. I hesitate no longer. My legs bend, straighten: I hurl myself into the machine. Brightness breaks all around me as I penetrate the photon field; the time barrier dissolves into a trillion tinkling sounds, then I am falling—twisting, turning, plunging through the continuum, the wind of time whistling past my face. Suddenly, the temporal stresses multiply, come crashing against my body in a great red wave. I blank out——

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: In due course, the time machine receives him to its breast. Although it is already loaded with time travelers, the addition of one more has no effect upon its speed or equilibrium.

Ineluctably, it forges onward into the future, constantly taking more time travelers on board. All of them except Grieze,

"Have you got a woman in there?"

The Bacardi Screwdriver.
The Bacardi Monkey Wrench.
Fix 'em up.

Here's a basic home tool kit. It's designed especially for do-it-yourself jobs on your taste buds.

What you see is all you need. A bottle of Bacardi light rum and orange juice for the Screwdriver. Or grapefruit juice for the Monkey Wrench.

One sip of either will tell you that Bacardi has a subtle flavor that doesn't get lost in juice.

So get to work and enjoy yourself.

BACARDI® rum. The mixable one.

"Raquel Welch, in full, living color, jumping rope in the nude, is what I'd like to watch. . . . Now, what's on?"

who is scheduled for a brief stopover, are bound for the same destination. But this is a misstatement, for at the termination of his stopover, Grieze will reboard the time machine and help it keep its rendezvous with Nowhen.

CAMERA NUMBER THREE: It is raining over Megalopolis 16 and the horizontal vista windows of the R & R Center reception room are adorned with water diamonds. The windows overlook a medley of glass-brick laboratories and pyramidal computer complexes crisscrossed with Astroturf malls. In the background, a range of sky-rise apartment towers pierces the low-hanging clouds.

The man from TimeLab has the room all to himself. He has been waiting there since early morning. He rises quickly to his feet as the inner-office door opens and the director of R & R appears.

"He's on his way," the director says, advancing into the room. "By the time he gets here he'll know who he is—or, rather, who he was."

"Why did it take so long? I was given to understand that R & R has been perfected to the point where it can be accomplished in less than an hour."

"You forget that this is the first time we've gone higher than a chimp. It's true that the more material we have to extrapolate from, the faster we can get the job done, and that in this case we had the entire endoskeleton. But this is our first *man*."

"I want him intact," the man from TimeLab says.

"What I can't understand is why you want him at all."

"We need him. We need him desperately. We see him as a sort of savior. Quite by accident, we discovered a paper he published on photon diffusion, and we are convinced from what he wrote that he may have the answer to our problem tucked away in the back of his mind."

"How do you know he won't jump out another fourth-story window?"

"We'll have him rehabilitated, of course. But equally important, he'll be working with people who will accord him the love and respect his own age denied him—dedicated people who sincerely believe he can help them find a practicable means of time travel."

The director of R & R laughs. "Whether he can or not, at least he'll have the distinction of being the first human time traveler. Do you realize," the director continues in a more sober tone of voice, "that in all the years the services of R & R have been available to the public, yours is the only request we've ever had to resurrect and reconstruct a *man*? That up to now, practically all our work has been in the field of extinct animal species?"

"Naturally. There's no red tape involved in resurrecting a rhesus monkey or a bald eagle."

"You can blame it on red tape if you want to. Or on legal complications or on the papal encyclical condemning the resurrecting of mortals or on food rationing or on the latest census report. But I think there's a much more applicable reason. I think Omar was right. Perhaps you're familiar with the lines:

"And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
As, buried once, Men want dug up again."

"I am familiar enough with them to know that in quoting them out of context you're trying to justify your own cynicism," the man from TimeLab says icily. "It is my firm belief that basically all men love one another and that, appearances to the contrary, all human beings are completely noble and utterly unselfish creatures."

The director sighs. "I'm afraid the blue whale wouldn't agree with you." A buzzer sounds. "Here's our time traveler now."

CAMERA NUMBER ONE: The stresses are no more. The red wave has gone its way. Awareness is mine once again and I am standing in a crystal-paneled corridor before an imposing golden door. A blue-smocked young man—clearly my escort—releases my arm, steps forward and opens the door and nods for me to enter the room beyond.

I comply, noticing as I do so that I am clad in a white suitlike ensemble. Standing in the room are two tall distinguished-looking men wearing similar apparel. As I enter, one of them advances toward me, arms outstretched and with a warm smile of greeting on his lips. "Welcome, Professor Grieze," he cries. "Welcome to the fu——"

CAMERA NUMBER THREE: The warm smile of greeting on the lips of the man from TimeLab wavers. His outstretched arms sag slowly to his sides. He realizes with a mild shock that he does not like Professor Grieze.

CAMERA NUMBER TWO: No one likes Professor Grieze. No one ever has. No one ever will.

Nevertheless, the people of TimeLab will put up with him. They will have to. First, they will turn him over to the people of PsychLab, who will dig his second-grade schoolteacher out of his brain, impale her with a Neo-Freudian stake and make whatever other adjustments are necessary for him to live a sane, sober, relatively happy life. Then the people of TimeLab will take him into their fold and he will join them in their search for a practicable time machine; and none of them, not even the time traveler himself (who by this time, of course, will have been apprised of the true nature of his time trip), will realize that there is only one such machine, and that all the while they are looking for it, they are standing on it.

The Memorex Cassette just got better.

NEW

MRX_2 OXIDE

Superior fidelity to any low noise or high energy cassette designed for all equipment.

New Memorex is the best ferric oxide cassette you can buy.

The reason? MRX_2 Oxide.

MRX_2 particles are smoother and more uniform than low noise or "energized" particles. So more of them can be packed on our tape surface.

That's why new Memorex picks up and plays back more sound than the competition.

And that's the way we plan to keep it.

MEMOREX Recording Tape

THE SAVAGE BIJOONA *(continued from page 99)*

more. This past year proved especially fine: five before the election, and then, unexpectedly, in this new hostelry in Charlotte, a sixth! No record, of course—Tarver sighted nine in 1948 and Stone of Scripps-Howard reported eight in 1952, including a Blue Double—but not bad, not bad.

It had not occurred to me, until I fell into casual conversation with a lady in Milwaukee in March, that there may be persons not familiar with the humanitarian work of the Society. But I recall her husky whisper, and the dark sweep of her languorous eyes, as she lifted her lovely head from the pillow to ask, "Darling, what *is* a bijoona?" It was then that I determined to prepare this small monograph, whenever time and appropriate opportunity might combine, not in the interests of publicizing the Society, which seeks no publicity, but in the hope of expanding the good work now being done.

In order quickly to comprehend the elementary but diabolical nature of the bijoona, it is necessary only to call to mind the ordinary, or conventional, toilet seat. This object commonly is found in the double-leafed version, though singles are not at all uncommon in public facilities and in lesser hotels. In repose, as it were, both the lid and the seat are in a horizontal position (H. P.). But when this familiar receptacle is put to its intended use by the male of the species, the components are raised to the vertical position (V. P.). Now, it sometimes happens that one, and occasionally both, of the components, instead of remaining obediently in the V. P., perversely will fall to the H. P. This phenomenon is at best an inconvenience. It can become a disaster. The phenomenon is known as a bijoona.

The etymology of the noun is obscure. An absurd story gained currency some 40 years ago that it derived from Bijou, from the theater of the same name. It was supposed that some theatergoer, having sought relief between *Paramount News* and *Coming Attractions*, encountered the phenomenon that is the subject of this paper and rushed headlong into the lobby, crying, "Bijoona! Bijoona!" In volume one of *The American Language*, H. L. Mencken dismissed this wild surmise, and I know of no serious student who embraces it today.

It was Mencken's conclusion that the origins of bijoona are simply onomatopoeic, in the fashion of many other nouns. If one imagines the descending component, as it whooshes from the V. P. to the H. P., catching the startled standee unaware, bijoona seems entirely appropriate. *Bijoona!* What else could one say?

So there we have it. The spelling has been fixed by the Society since 1939, though one encounters bijuna in parts of Alabama and Louisiana, and bijouna is common in the 23rd Congressional District of Pennsylvania. In France it is *le bijouner*, in Germany *das Lidgetroppendammit*. One finds *djoona* in the Punjab. British spelling follows our own.

The International Society of Bijoona Sighters was founded in 1935, largely through the inspirational efforts of Commodore Llewellyn N. Plunkitt, a Connecticut-born navigator and mathematician of Welsh extraction. His definitive paper, "The Bijoonas of New England," remains the finest work of its kind, though Professor Tarver's monumental *Classifications* has proved indispensable to the systematic study our subject deserves. Plunkitt, now retired from the Navy, in which he served with such distinction, continues to function without compensation, save in honor and acclaim, as director-general of the Society. It was to Commodore Plunkitt that my November wireless was dispatched.

You will understand more of the Society, perhaps, if I now insert in the record the letter I sent following my message. It read as follows:

> My Dear Plunkitt:
>
> Following my wireless of this date, I regret to advise you that at 4:58 o'clock this afternoon, in room 615 of the Downtowner East Motel in Charlotte, North Carolina, I have encountered a bijoona. This is a single, white seat by Olsonite, attached to fixture by Case Manufacturing Company, Robinson, Illinois. No exceptional features were observed.
>
> I should very much appreciate your sending the Society's usual Letter of Remonstrance and Plea for Abatement to the management of the motel aforesaid.
>
> With every good wish, and with warmest personal regards to your colleagues, believe me, sir,
>
> Your obdt. svt., etc.

On receipt of this communication, under the rules, Commodore Plunkitt took two actions. He sent me, by return post, the usual Certificate of Appreciation, which now hangs with other trophies in my dressing room. This recites the time and place of the discovery. I should add that each such certificate counts as one red point toward a bijoona life-mastership, awarded when the number reaches 50.

Commodore Plunkitt also dispatched a formal Letter of Remonstrance to the Downtowner East Motel, to which was attached the usual Plea for Abatement. I feel certain, such is my confidence in the management, that the situation was at once put to rights. But so that you may understand the procedures, I should say that the Society retains a number of regional inspectors, properly accredited, each of them holding a life-mastership, whose duty is to determine if proper abatement has been made. An adamant or indifferent manager may expect to find his establishment posted in the Society's yearbook, *Bijoonas of North America*. The 1972 edition, covering bijoonas uncorrected through the fiscal year ending June 30, thus identified 84 hostelries in the States, 11 in Canada and four in Mexico. The number was eight percent under that of the preceding year.

As you will have noted, the bijoona in room 615 was of the ordinary variety. It was nothing, truly, to provoke special attention. Under Tarver's *Classifications*, it was a single; that is to say, only the lower of the two components, and not both components, descended from the V. P. to the H. P. upon elevation. Had the specimen warranted full description, it might have been identified further as a single F. F., or Fast Fall. Much more interesting are the S.T.s, or Sneaky Topples. These are the bijoonas, deceptive little devils, that remain suspended in the V. P. for two or three seconds, just long enough for a gentleman to commence upon the act that brought him to the ambush in the first place. Then, *wham!*

These encounters demand speed, agility and poise. Tarver's ambidexterity some years ago in Oklahoma City, when he faced an S.T. in the old Huckins Hotel, remains a legend within the Society. He had just entered his room, rather in haste, and had neglected to put down an umbrella and a large bouquet of roses he was carrying in his right hand. It was his mother's birthday. How Tarver preserved dignity, umbrella and roses, all in a lightning stroke, is the stuff of which epics are made.

You may ask, as the lady in Milwaukee asked, what *causes* a bijoona? The most common cause (it is invariably the cause of a double F. F.) is the seat cover, frequently encountered in the chambers of maiden ladies. Such an adornment produces the Shaggy Bijoona, a species so quickly recognized as seldom to cause difficulty. The gentleman who approaches a john thus caparisoned is put on notice at once that a bijoona may be lying in wait. He is forewarned, and thus forearmed. He takes appropriate defensive action by holding the components firmly in the V. P. with his right hand or, as the case may be, with his left.

Other bijoonas result from a swelling or a cracking of the plaster in the wall behind the tank. This has the effect of

"I wanted a little apartment in the city, but no . . .
you had to live near the giant!"

moving the tank just enough out of alignment so that the seat and lid components, instead of resting at the peak of a 94-degree arc (the arc is 97 degrees in the Rocky Mountain states, of course, because of the altitude), now stand at a precarious 88 or 89. The slightest movement may send them crashing to the H. P. If one has had occasion in the past to trust a particular facility—if one has had no reason to suspect the burgeoning or late-blooming bijoona—its perfidy can be unnerving. Is nothing stable in a restless world? Such are the reflections that pass through a man's mind in the moment that an old john lid falls.

Most bijoonas, as the one in room 615, result simply from inattention on the part of the installer. He has his mind on other things. He fails to make the customary tests and checks. *Zap!* He bolts the seat in place. *Wham!* He slams it down. And so to the next assignment, leaving behind a contraption, innocent in appearance, waiting patiently to trap the unwary.

Correcting a bijoona is no easy task. In some cases, the problem will yield to a whittling down of the little rubber bumpers that separate lid from seat. In other instances, a powerful screwdriver may be employed as a lever in the hinge. This approach demands caution. Too much pressure may, indeed, correct the angle of inclination, arresting the trajectory from V. P. to H. P., but it may also result in an unpleasant realignment of the seat as a whole, which, when put to sedentary use, produces thereafter a rocking motion. This tends to divert a man's concentration and may cause giddiness in the young. Better by far simply to scrap the thing altogether. A vetted bijoona, even though it may appear harmless, never can be wholly trusted again.

These few paragraphs by no means exhaust the subject. It is tempting to reminisce upon famous bijoonas one has known—the Monumental Oaken Bijoona of the Grove Park Inn at Asheville, North Carolina, discovered by this author in 1952, remains a cherished event. There have been interesting bijoonas in Wilkes-Barre, Portland, Sioux Falls, and an absolutely splendid S.T. in the Jayhawk Hotel in Topeka. The venerable Hilary Du Beau, a founder of the Society, some years ago recorded a Double Shaggy Purple S.T. in the boudoir of a lady in Butte. The committee approved five bonus points for the sighting, a superfluous award, to be sure, to a connoisseur who was even then a life master.

Membership in the Society demands only a modest fealty to the pursuit, together with an elementary grasp of Tarver's *Classifications*. The nonprofit Society, chartered under the laws of Virginia, imposes no dues. It survives—indeed, it flourishes—on the gratitude of the countless travelers it has served around the world.

"In the future, Miss Scott, don't book two nymphomaniacs on the same day!"

JESUS CHRIST SUPERHAM

(continued from page 90)

Every day, in the luncheon tent, the two factions would mumble in corners and watch, waiting for a showdown. Their leaders, however, let them down completely. Obstinate, not to say unsporting, they insisted on remaining good friends and swapped cassettes, shared salads, embraced in the sunshine: "Rip-off!" squealed Saint Thaddeus. "It wasn't like that in the script."

Still, away from the set, Judas started showing signs of strain. There was a series of explosions—blazing rows with hotel managers, semibrawls by swimming pools, tales of unpaid bills and overturned tables. In between outbursts, he withdrew entirely, immersing himself in solitude and silence. Having sent for his girlfriend from Los Angeles, he found he couldn't even speak to her and had to parcel her off forthwith. All human contact, all sentiment irked him unbearably. "Judas means distance and coldness," he said. Then he suddenly laughed. "Loneliness, bad vibes, being mean," he chortled, "and man, I really dig it. A few times I think I'd really like to be close to someone, but then, as soon as I am, I start feeling trapped and have to run away. Anyone I care about, I destroy them, try to drive them off. I hate responsibility, dependence, need, any kind of closeness. Deep down, I just don't give a fuck."

Jesus, when told of this, was saddened but not shocked. Spreading his robe serenely about his feet, he squatted in the shade and heaved a deep sigh. "Whether you're Judas or Jesus or even Mary Magdalene," he said, "this gig can be a killer."

• • •

What was all the fuss about *Superstar* in the first place? Certainly it was amiable and energetic, full of bounce and good intentions, all the things that musicals are meant to have. Then, of course, the Messiah has always been box-office boffo and the notion of rocking the Gospels was predictably good for a storm of controversy. In its field, it was a thoroughly skilled and entertaining night out and one could easily see why it was a hit. But the biggest all-media parlay in showbiz history? Even allowing for the hyperbole, that was a dream coat of quite another color.

Larry Marshall as Saint Simon the Zealot, a marvelous skin-and-bone streak of a New York speedoo, alone among the apostles, had failed to weep. He explained the bonanza in terms of the perfect compromise. "All the trappings of rock, none of the reality," he said. "Color, noise, brashness, a little outrageousness—people feel groovy and adventurous because they go to see it and yet, at the same time, it keeps them safe as milk."

It was true that *Superstar*'s public was essentially halfway house—middle aged, middle class, middle-brow, demihep—and that, even when it reached the young, it missed the hard-core rock fan. What it marked, in fact, was the final integration of pop into the mainstream of Western culture. Here at last was a kids' show for all the family. Electric guitars no longer meant orgy, anarchy, imminent holocaust—in *Superstar*, din was mere high spirits, anger only a gesture. "Sit back and enjoy it," Saint Simon said, "and remember it's only a story."

As such, it became a rallying point. There were millions, after all, who had grown weary of Herb Alpert but couldn't yet stretch to Frank Zappa; who liked to smoke three joints a month, taken after dinner, but went cold at the very thought of needles; who deplored the Vietnam war and were civil to all ethnics on principle without remotely wishing for revolution. A massed liberal *bourgeoisie*, oozing with cash and changed aspirations.

Somehow, before *Superstar*, they had been overlooked. No one had quite perceived their growing friskiness, their enormous willingness to flirt. Even *Superstar* had originally been aimed at the kids—Jesus freaks, lapsed hippies, just plain fans. Thus, the initial combustion, as with all the greatest successes, was largely unexpected.

As soon as it had happened, however, and the smoke had cleared, it was obvious that the pickings, both short- and long-term, were stupendous. A whole new market, almost a whole new class, turned *Superstar* into a celebration.

The same valley, a different sunset: "We could have been vulgar," said Jewison. "We could have played this for cheap. Nothing simpler. Guaranteed socko at the box office. We could have been really filthy. But we weren't."

Right on cue, the chorus took up the refrain.

"We could have been," said the assistant director.

"But we weren't," said the unit publicist.

"For instance," Jewison continued, "we could have had Mary going down on Jesus, right there on the cross. Can you imagine that? And half the apostles are gay, right, and what about Jesus and Judas? I mean, would you just look at those guys? A big wet smackeroo, right on the lips? How about that? Oh, yeah," and here he went hushed, "we could have been vulgar, all right. We could have milked it for every grab in the book."

"Sensationalism," said the unit publicist.

"Cheap thrills," said the production supervisor.

"But we didn't," said Jewison firmly. "Instead, we decided to make it beautiful. We came here to the Holy Land and we

played it straight, we gave it faith. We made it into a spiritual experience and it's beautiful, and Jesus is beautiful, the kids are beautiful, it's going to be a beautiful film. People are going to see it in drive-ins and neighborhood nowhere theaters and they're going to be moved by it. People who were never moved by this story before. People who always thought that Jesus Christ was some kind of schmuck. They're going to see something beautiful and they're going to cry. They won't be able to help themselves."

There was an awe-struck silence. The last of the sunlight disappeared behind the mountaintops. Everyone gazed into the darkening valley. "When you really come to think of it," said Jewison, in a sudden flash of self-mockery, "we're doing him a favor."

• • •

Possibly he did not fully understand this. At any rate, halfway through the filming of the Crucifixion, quite without warning, there came an apocalyptic thunderstorm. Jesus bled and twisted in his agony, lightning flashed, the rain beat down torrentially, the music swelled, the very heavens trembled. And then, inevitably, everyone began to cry. Jewison and the apostles, of course; then the secretaries, the stand-ins, the caterers, the latrine attendants, the money men and the Arab peasants watching from afar. Only Jesus himself was stoic and serene, as the elements smashed and exploded about his head. Afterward, some of the spectators said they had felt his soul ascending.

When the shooting was over, as soon as Jesus was brought down from the cross and had gone home to tea, the storm suddenly died down and everything was calm again. The unit hairdresser called it a miracle.

• • •

That was the climax. The anticlimax came one hot morning, while they were setting up the Last Supper. Growing bored, I began to climb up a goat track, rocky and precipitous, and headed for a tiny Arab village on a mountaintop.

My hands were scraped and torn. I sweated like a hog and once I was almost swept away by a minor avalanche. Still I persevered and, at the end of an hour, I stood at the summit.

In the village street, there were perhaps a dozen bronze tables, set in open doorways, and around them sat the elders, complete with robes and headdresses, puffing peaceably on their hash pipes. They didn't look at me and they did not speak. Every now and then, one of them would slowly keel over and topple into the dust. After a pause he would be picked up and dusted off.

I got a contact high from the fumes alone and sat down in the shade to steady myself. Forty or fifty children clustered around me, laughing and pointing, and fat ripe figs hung thickly above my head. So I ate myself sick and played with the kids and soon I grew sentimental.

Gazing out across the valley, in great stoned solemnity, I thought about timelessness and balance. Then I turned my head and was confronted by a face in a doorway, surmounted by a baseball cap. "I'm from Orlando, Florida," said the face. "How about you?"

I was taken indoors. A young girl brought me olives and iced Coca-Cola. There was a TV in the corner and the man from Orlando couldn't stop laughing. Ten years before, he said, he'd won a trip to Florida in a competition. Once there, he got a job in plastics, bought a home, started a family, changed his name. Now he was home on a three-week vacation.

He was very inquisitive. He asked me if I were married, and did I like the Miami Dolphins, and who was the greatest man in the world? Where had I bought my shirt? What did I think of Raquel Welch's thighs? What, above all, were all those people doing down below, milling about in the valley and shouting?

I answered as best I could, curled up with my Coke, and the young girl took out her dentures, to show me how they worked. The man from Orlando, for the most part, seemed satisfied by my responses and we got along just fine. But in the last analysis, one point still troubled him: What, who and why was a superstar?

Not easy to convey. A superstar, I attempted to explain, was a star who transcended performance. When you felt his full impact, he took you over, possessed you absolutely; became, for the moment, godlike. "Hence," I said, "Jesus Christ, Superstar."

For a moment he still looked uncertain. Then his face cleared, light flooded his soul. Jubilant, he jumped to his feet and, handing me a second Coke, he gave me the sweetest, most radiant smile. "Like Perry Como," he said.

"Well, there ain't no fish around here . . . so blow."

Crossing on the France (continued from page 98)

wants to sail on a computerized ship?

A nice English couple, around 30, said they'd saved a long time for their round trip, and loved every minute of it. "No one forgets the first crossing," the wife said. They had only 36 hours in New York, just enough time for a walk on Fifth Avenue, in Central Park, to the Metropolitan and the Guggenheim, the Oyster Bar in Grand Central Station and dinner at the Rainbow Room, "to get a touch of New York. But the best thing was the two American couples who shared our dining-room table, on the way to New York. They took us for lunch there, invited us into their homes and bought presents for our kids in England. I almost cried."

A successful transatlantic crossing aboard the France is already a study in nostalgia. The goodbye parties in New York sometimes draw as many as 2000 visitors, each paying half a dollar for the Seamen's Fund. There are the sports and innocent parlor games of the *belle époque*—shuffleboard, clay-pigeon shooting, horse races, French lessons, bridge games—but also up-to-date lectures on high finance on the high seas, by a Wall Street broker. Always, of course, the most popular pastime is watching the other people; aboard ship everybody becomes a voyeur. The women watch each other's evening gowns and jewelry. The men watch other men: Some are quite dress-conscious, bringing along three dinner jackets for the three formal nights in first class. And everybody watches what goes on between men and women.

Tourist-class people travel for different reasons. Some want to get a touch of French life before getting to France. Parents with small children feel more relaxed below. So do quite a few people who could easily afford first class but "don't like to dress." But they have their little social problems, too. The tourist-class purser has his own VIP list and some people expect to be invited by him. There are always a few hippies, resting from, or for, the rigors of hippie life in Europe. Westbound, there are often emigrants —French, Germans, Swiss—who take the boat because they have much baggage and want a little extra time to get ready for the Big Adventure.

I think it's a waste of money to go first-class on a plane. There is no value for the extra fare, and who wants to be surrounded mostly by expense-account aristocrats? But on a big liner it's worth it to travel first-class for the action and the luxury and, in this case, the full benefits of the traditional French Line service. The best stewards, waiters, barmen and many other employees are promoted from tourist to first, where the tips are larger.

If you are lucky with your first-class-cabin steward, he will anticipate your wishes before they are uttered. He may not be as formal as the English butlers they used to have on the Queen Mary (Where Is She Now?) nor as amusing as the part-time tenors on the Italian liners, but he's always around, though often invisible. You forgot to tell him to have your pants pressed. When you come back to the stateroom, they are hanging there, pressed. Some fancy people, reluctant to mix with the *misera plebs* in the dining room, have nearly all meals in their stateroom.

Ships are basically undemocratic. The class system is a relic of the feudal past. The 500 first-class passengers on the France have proportionately more floor and deck space than the 1500 tourist-class people. The first-class Chambord dining room seats 450. On most cruises, when the France becomes a first-class-only ship, to be seated in the Chambord becomes a coveted status symbol, depending on the price of the stateroom. The minimum fare for the 1974 round-the-world cruise is $5770, but it costs almost twice as much to be seated in the Chambord. Yet the expensive staterooms are always sold out first. Apparently no one wants to be

banished to the Versailles dining room, though the food is the same, the lights more flattering and there is more space. Yet many consider it a sort of Siberia; they seem allergic to the second-class atmosphere hanging in the air, though on cruises the commandant goes there for the gala dinner.

On regular crossings, tourist-class food is almost as good as in first—less choice, to be sure, with some difference in prime beef and poultry, but the menu still surpasses those of many famous restaurants in France. *However*: Only in first class can you order anything any time, at no extra cost, which remains a great shipboard attraction. (You pay only for drinks and special wines.) Many French Line regulars who couldn't care less about status go first-class for that reason. I know some people who make up the difference in price by subsisting entirely on caviar and vodka. It's a nice fantasy for a few days. If you get bored with the blasé rich people in first, you can always join the swinging crowd in the tourist-class *discothèque*, sometimes until five in the morning. They call it Left Bank, not tourist class. *Vive la différence!*

• • •

Eating is the second most important physical activity aboard the France, perhaps the only important one for some people. Gastronomic experts have written ecstatic reports on the ship's cuisine, calling the France "one of the world's greatest restaurants." At its best that may be true, but Henri Le Huédé, the modest, soft-spoken *chef de cuisine*, feels his restaurant should not be compared to the great temples of French gastronomy. Madame Point's magnificent Pyramide in Vienne rarely serves more than 60 people. At the Tour d'Argent in Paris they may serve 150. On the France they often feed 2000 passengers three times a day, as well as 1100 crew members. Everything is out of proportion. M. Le Huédé rules over a kitchen empire of 5000 square feet, and 180 *sous-chefs*, *potagiers*, *poissoniers*, *grilladiers*, *sauciers*, *pâtissiers*, *tournants* (floaters), and others—including the *plongeurs* (dishwashers), whom he respects, deservedly so.

His problem is to produce quality in spite of quantity, and occasionally great cooking. He makes it a point of culinary honor never to serve the same dish twice, even on a 91-day world cruise. Once in a while, M. Le Huédé tries to do what no other chef has done before. On our recent trip, he put *cailles* (quails) Souvaroff, a very complicated *grande cuisine* dish, on the menu.

"Escoffier would have done it, for thirty or forty people," he said. "I took a chance. We served almost five hundred. But I don't think we'll do it again. It was a tour de force, too risky."

Well-known French chefs have been completely lost on the France, unable to cope with the problems of maritime gastronomy. How can you turn out 3000 lamb chops in less than an hour? When steak *au poivre* is on the menu, the *grilladiers* may receive 800 orders within 40 minutes, ranging from *saignant* to very well done. M. Le Huédé invented a code system, using water cress and *pommes frites*, that helps the waiters distinguish among medium, *à point* and medium rare, so that everybody gets the steak exactly as he ordered it.

To complicate matters, M. Le Huédé must have French Nantes duck and Long Island duckling; both American beef, juicier but less tasty, and French steak, with more flavor but closer grained. "Americans don't like to chew hard," a grill cook says. "They would like everything mashed, even their steak." The French at least try everything once. They justly love calf's liver, kidneys and sweetbreads, all of which most Americans dislike. They like to have their big meal at lunchtime. The Americans like theirs at dinner, possibly after three cocktails, which dulls their palate and demands more seasoning. M. Le Huédé has other problems the late Fernand Point never dreamed about. He cannot send out to the market for more oysters or partridges when he hasn't enough. A sudden storm may wreck his carefully made plans. He orders his cooks to prepare several hundred *fonds d'artichauts farcis* when he puts them on the day's menu—his first command is, "The menu must be honored"—and may find himself stuck with hundreds of artichokes and other highly perishable things. He never knows how many people he'll serve for lunch or dinner. He must always be ready, but in *la grande cuisine* nothing must be finished in advance and every dish should have that very special taste of having been made to order. Every morning he designs four different menus (first-class, tourist, officers, crew), and there are special menus for children and even for dogs, I'm sorry to report. His job is mostly logistics, strategy and intuition, though he always makes the rounds of all the stations in the kitchen shortly before the service, tasting the soups, sauces, vegetables, everything, while there is still time to correct mistakes.

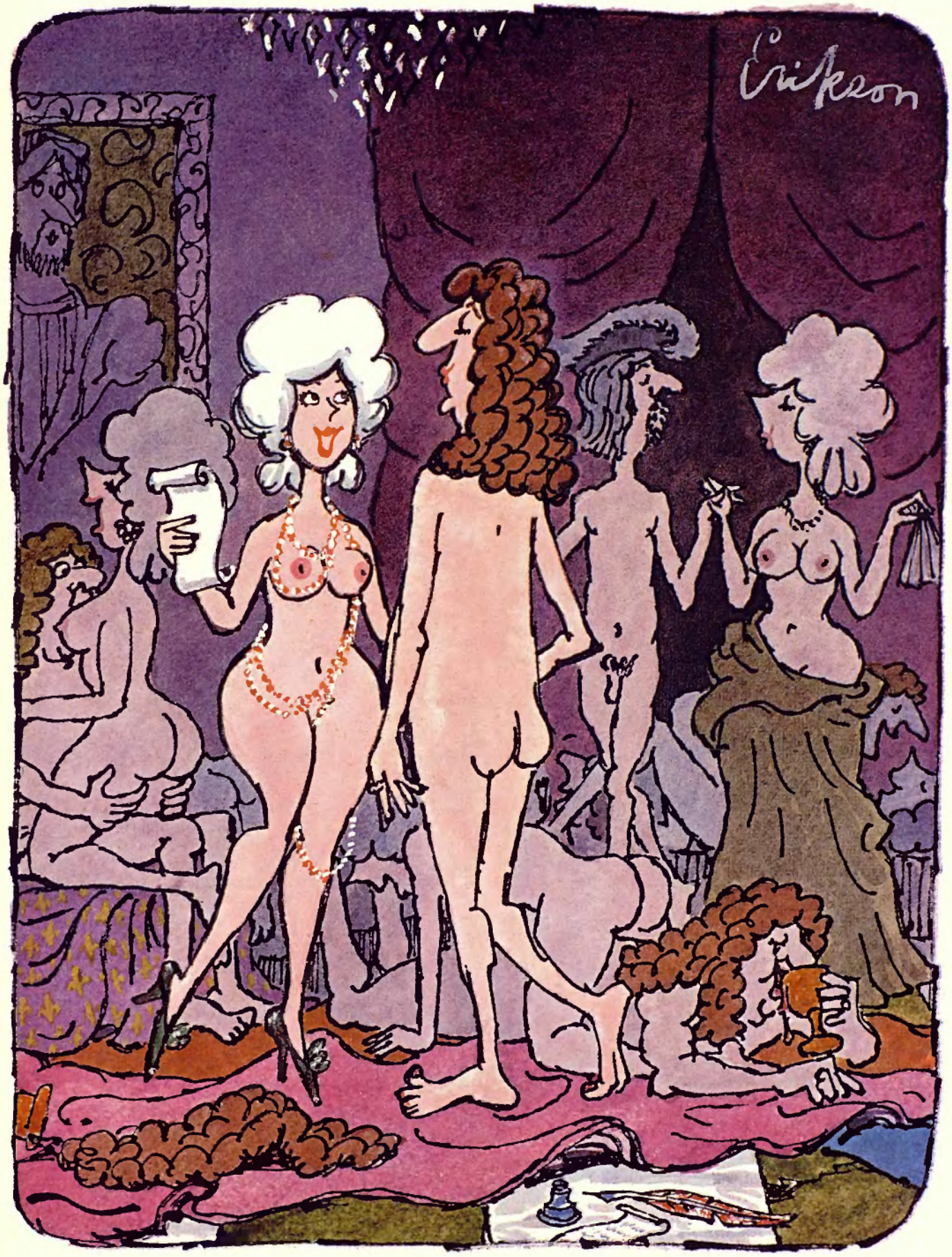
The only other operation I can think of in this respect was the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps in World War Two. On a cold December afternoon in 1944, they sent me my Christmas turkey dinner, with all the trimmings. White meat only, as I had requested, though I was only a tech/sgt, momentarily stuck in an icy foxhole near Luxembourg, just 100 yards away from the Germans over there in the Siegfried Line. My turkey was still warm on delivery and the stuffing was fine.

On a somewhat different scale, M. Le Huédé also provides miracles once in a while. The *boeuf bourguignon*, the "regional" dish on the menu, tasted more Burgundian than any I'd had in Burgundy. The *blanquette de veau à l'ancienne*, an old-fashioned veal fricassee like Mom used to make it, was "just like home," though we were a long way from home. Once they made one of M. Le Huédé's great specialties for us, *gourmandines de veau au gratin*—thin veal scallops, very quickly sautéed, stuffed with minced mushrooms, rolled in thin crepes, covered with a light sauce Mornay, sprinkled with gruyère, finished under the salamander. It took the clockwork cooperation of four *sous-chefs*. One cooks the veal scallops, the second makes the crepes, the third the stuffing and the sauce and the fourth puts it all together—all this in the middle of the service while some 500 other first-class passengers are waiting for *their* orders. All things considered, I would agree that the France is a very great restaurant.

Provided you're going to cooperate. Ordering well from the enormous menu is a lot of fun but also hard work. What's the sense of shelling out $150 a day and having steak and French fries, as back home? The right order can make the difference between good restaurant food and a gastronomic experience. Ask your captain what is fine and fresh. Oysters, clams and wild strawberries must be served within two days. Leaving New York, order fresh American sea bass and not a Dover sole that has been sleeping on ice for a week. After leaving Le Havre or Southampton, order sole or turbot, preferably grilled or poached, that hasn't seen the inside of a cold chamber.

The staff will respect you for ordering complicated creations if they know that you know what you want. On a recent trip they did not respect a self-appointed gourmet from New York who ordered *La Toque du President Adolphe Clerc*, about which he'd read somewhere. It is one of the three most famous *pâtés* of *la grande cuisine*, listed in Lucien Tendret's classic *La Table au Pays de Brillat-Savarin*. I had it once in my life, at Alexandre Dumaine's in Saulieu, the greatest chef after the death of his friend M. Point. The incredible recipe calls for a whole hare, woodcock, partridge, lots of black truffles and other incredible things. It took Dumaine four days to make it, yet the "gourmet" sent word to M. Le Huédé that it was "really quite simple." From then on, he was ignored.

There are fortunate people who never gain weight, no matter what they eat. For them the France must be the earthly version of paradise: breakfast, bouillon at 11 on deck, lunch, tea at four, dinner and an early-morning supper at the Cabaret de l'Atlantique, with smoked salmon, *foie gras*, onion soup, Welsh rarebit and *le hot dog*. Most other people, though, have to ration their pleasures if they want to be able to eat after the third day. Breakfast alone is a major temptation, with 16 egg dishes and omelets, grilled ham, a small steak—and, and, and. Best are the delicious *petits pains*, 5000 of them freshly



"My card seems to be filled, Your Majesty—but maybe just a quickie."

"Ever since I put up the sign, I've had lots of women's lib business."

baked three times a day; the incision on top of each is made with a razor, by hand. For the gala, the cold-buffet men make ice castles for the caviar. The *pâtissiers* create beautiful *pièces montées* out of colored sugar bands, edible sculptural masterpieces. I asked one of them why they spend hours on them though they know that many passengers believe they are made of plastics.

"It's a tradition," he said. "They made them exactly like that sixty years ago." Tradition is wonderful—if you can afford it.

Tradition makes the dining-room service at the Chambord the best in the world, even according to people who are not always completely happy with the cuisine. The maîtres de, captains and waiters love their métier; they don't want to be vice-presidents but the very best maîtres de, captains and waiters. They *care*; they want to make each meal a memorable experience. Our captain was Pierre Naffrechoux, whose father, the great Olivier Naffrechoux, is remembered by generations of French Line fans as the maritime César Ritz. A formidable man of elegant hauteur whom they called "Monseigneur" (he now lives in retirement near Bordeaux), Naffrechoux even intimidated his bosses, the captains and pursers. He knew that Providence was on his side; he had a ship go down under him in each of the two world wars. On the Ile de France and Normandie he would even make the hated first sitting attractive when he ran out of tables for the second sitting by telling the passengers that Marshal Foch or Marshal Joffre always insisted on the first sitting. "I hope the marshals will forgive me when I meet them in heaven," he once told me in a moment of humility. An hour prior to the captain's dinner he would put on his gala uniform and make a tour of the ship so that even the most informal-minded passengers got the message and went down to dress for the occasion. Then Monseigneur went to have his favorite supper: a little caviar, a baked potato, a glass of champagne. Monseigneur had class.

Now there was fine cooperation between Pierre Naffrechoux and our two waiters. André, the *commis*, would bring the dishes from the kitchen, often waiting near the range for something that had to be served immediately. Albert, the *garçon*, would serve in great style. Even the late Henri Soulé, master of impeccable service, would have liked it. The wine waiters, too, knew their business. They are not responsible for the small wine glasses that no one likes. With the fine Château Cheval-Blanc 1967 our sommelier brought the proper glasses. The wine list was well composed. The ship's motion occasionally makes the delicate Margaux seasick and madeirizes the sauternes. The most expensive red Bordeaux were $18, while the champagnes—67 different vintners—ran from $9 for a Lepitre Crémant Blanc de Blancs to $13 for a Dom Pérignon. You don't have to spend money on extra wines, though. The complimentary red and white table wines are good and honest.

• • •

The France is now 11 years old, reaching middle age as luxury liners go. She is the third ship bearing the illustrious name. The earliest France, a clipper-rigged four-master with a speed of 13 knots, was launched in 1865 by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, founded ten years before. The second France, vintage 1912, was a lovely four-funnel liner, with a 17th Century wood-paneled smoking room, a Regency dining room, a Louis XIV lounge and beautiful tapestries. I tried to join the orchestra but never made it. Her speed was already 25 knots, six days from Le Havre to New York, much too fast for many happily intoxicated people aboard.

No one claims that the present France, with a service speed of 30 knots, is outstanding for her interior decorations, which remind some people of Very Late Hilton. There are some interesting paintings, by Segonzac and Chapelain-Midy, and modern tapestries by Picart Le Doux, Hilaire, Idoux and Coutaud. The France has an elegant silhouette and "maneuvers as easily as a Ferrari," according to a former commandant, but when they decorated the interiors, they were told to think of safety first. Some great French Line ships burned down: the Paris, the Normandie, the Antilles. On the France, all materials, curtains and carpets are noninflammable. So much for the oxidized aluminum panels that you may or may not like.

The France can be chartered for about $80,000 a day, which includes the crew, cruise directors, night-club entertainers, all the caviar you can eat and *l'atmosphère Transat*. The Michelin people twice held their sales conventions on cruises to the West Indies. While the men had their meetings, the wives were entertained at fashion shows, make-up and cooking lessons. Everybody was said to be happy.

• • •

Almost everybody seemed happy at the Riviera Bar the last night before arriving in Europe. The faces were more relaxed and the voices louder than at any time before. A man at the bar said, "It's a shame it's all over now that the party is going so well," and a woman said, "Yes, it should last longer. Five days is not enough. Goodness, I feel we just met." Clearly, they'd done it again: *L'atmosphère Transat* was in the air. Only a few people seemed pensive, almost absent-minded. Perhaps they were already thinking of tomorrow—the duties, the schedules, the responsibilities.

At the Fontainbleau lounge, people were dancing. I stood near the orchestra and watched the musicians. They smiled at me and began playing *I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby*, which we'd loved to play in the gay Twenties. I thanked them and walked out on the protected deck. A thin, salty spray was coming through an open window. The ocean, dark and magnificent and eternal, was the same as ever. The fantasy was almost over. It was nice while it lasted.

museum paid when you bought it was, as I recall, not much more than the twenty thousand dollars you are willing to—ah—wager to get it into this country. And that value could only be realized at a legitimate sale, which would be difficult, it seems to me, under the circumstances."

Duvivier's smile had been slowly disappearing as I spoke. Now he was looking at me in disappointment.

"You do not understand, M'sieu," he said, and there was a genuine touch of sadness in his voice at my incogitancy. "To you, especially after your losses tonight, I am sure the sum of twenty thousand dollars seems a fortune, but, in all honesty, to me it is not. I am not interested in the monetary value of the carving; I have no intention of selling it. I simply wish to own it." He looked at me with an expression I have seen many times before—the look of a fanatic, a zealot. A Collector, with a capital C. "You cannot possibly comprehend," he repeated, shaking his head. "It is such an incredibly lovely thing. . . ."

Well, of course, he was quite wrong about my understanding, or lack of it; I understood perfectly. For a moment, I almost found myself liking the man; but only for a moment. And a wager is a wager, and I had to admit I had never been offered such attractive odds before in my life. As for the means of getting the carving into the United States, especially from Barbados, I had a thought on that, too. I was examining my idea in greater detail when his voice broke in on me.

"Well?" he asked, a bit impatiently.

"You have just made yourself a bet," I said. "But it will require a little time."

"How much time?" Now that I was committed, the false friendliness was gone from both voice and visage; for all practical purposes, I was now merely an employee.

I thought a moment. "It's hard to say. It depends," I said at last. "Less than two months but probably more than one."

He frowned. "Why so long?" I merely shrugged and reached for my glass. "All right," he said grudgingly. "And how do you plan on getting it through Customs?" My response to this was to smile at him gently, so he gave up. "I shall give you a card to my friend in Barbados, which will release the carving into your care. After that"—he smiled again, but this time it was a bit wolfish for my liking—"our wager will be in effect. We will meet at my apartment in New York."

He gave me his address, together with his telephone number, and then handed me a second card with a scrawl on it to a name in Barbados, and that was that. We drank up, shook hands and I left the bar, pleased to be working again and equally pleased to be quitted of Duvivier, if only for a while.

• • •

Huuygens paused and looked at me with his satanic eyebrows tilted sharply. I recognized the expression and made a circular gesture over our glasses, which was instantly interpreted by our waiter. Kek waited until we were served, thanked me gravely and drank. I settled back to listen, sipping. When next Huuygens spoke, however, I thought at first he was changing the subject, but I soon learned this was not the case.

• • •

Anyone who says the day of travel by ship has passed (Huuygens went on) has never made an examination of the brochures for Caribbean cruises that fill and overflow the racks of travel agencies. It appears that between sailings from New York and sailings from Port Everglades—not to mention Miami, Baltimore, Norfolk and others—almost everything afloat must be pressed into service to transport those Americans with credit cards and a little free time to the balmy breezes and shimmering sands of the islands. They have trips for all seasons, as well as for every taste and pocketbook. There are bridge cruises to St. Lucia, canasta cruises to Trinidad, golf cruises to St. Croix. There are seven-day cruises to the Bahamas, eight-day cruises to Jamaica, 13-day cruises to Martinique; there are even—I was not surprised to see—three-day cruises to nowhere. And it struck me that even though it was approaching summer, a cruise would be an ideal way to travel: it had been one of my principal reasons for requiring so much time to consummate the deal.

So I went to the travel agency in the hotel lobby and was instantly inundated with schedules and pamphlets. I managed to get the reams of propaganda to my room without a bellboy, sat down on the bed and carefully made my selection. When I had my trip laid out to my satisfaction, I descended once again to the hotel lobby and presented my program to the travel agent there. He must have

thought I was insane, but I explained I suffered from Widget Syndrome and required a lot of salt air, after which he shrugged and picked up the phone to confirm my reservations through New York. They readily accepted my credit card for the bill—which I sincerely hoped to be able to honor by the time it was presented—and two days later, I found myself in Miami, boarding the M. V. Andropolis for a joyous 16-day cruise. It was longer than I might have chosen, but it was the only one that fit my schedule and I felt that I had—or would, shortly—earn the rest.

I might as well tell you right now that it was a delightful trip. I should have preferred to have taken along my own feminine companionship, but my finances would not permit it; there are, after all, such hard-cash outlays as bar bills and tips. However, there was no lack of unattached women aboard, some even presentable, and the days—as they say—fairly flew. We had the required rum punch in Ocho Rios, fought off the beggars in Port-au-Prince, visited Bluebeard's Castle in Charlotte Amalie and eventually made it to Barbados.

Barbados is a lovely island, with narrow winding roads that skirt the ocean and cross between the Caribbean and Atlantic shores through high stands of sugar cane that quite efficiently hide any view of approaching traffic; but my rented car and I managed to get to the address I had been given without brushing death more than three or four times. The man to whom I presented the ex-president's card was not in the least perturbed to be giving up the carving; if anything, he seemed relieved to be rid of its responsibility. It was neatly packaged in straw, wrapped in brown paper and tied with twine, and I left it exactly that way as I drove back to the dock through the friendly islanders, all of whom demonstrated their happy, carefree insouciance by walking in the middle of the road.

There was no problem about carrying the package aboard. Other passengers from the M. V. Andropolis were forming a constant line, like ants, to and from the ship, leaving empty-handed to return burdened with Wedgwood, Hummel figures, camera lenses and weirdly woven straw hats that did not fit. I gave up my boarding pass at the gangplank, climbed to my proper deck and locked myself in my stateroom, interested in seeing this carving upon which M'sieu Antoine Duvivier was willing to wager the princely sum of 20,000 United States dollars.

The paper came away easily enough. I eased the delicate carving from its bed of straw and took it to the light of my desk lamp. At first I was so interested in studying the piece for its authenticity that the true beauty of the carving didn't strike me; but when I finally came to concede that I was, indeed, holding a genuine Tien Tse Huwai in my hands and got down to looking at the piece itself, I had to admit that M'sieu Duvivier, whatever his other failings, was a man of excellent taste. I relished the delicate nuances with which Tien had managed his intricate subject, the warmth he had been able to impart to his cold medium, the humor he had been genius enough to instill in the ivory scene. Each figure in the relaxed yet ritualistic village dance had his own posture, and although there were easily 40 or 50 men and women involved, carved with infinite detail on a plaque no larger than six by eight inches and possibly three inches in thickness, there was no sense of crowding. One could allow himself to be drawn into the carving, to almost imagine movement or hear the flutes. I enjoyed the study of the masterpiece for another few minutes and then carefully rewrapped it and tucked it into the air-conditioning duct of my stateroom, pleased that the first portion of my assignment had been completed with such ease. I replaced the grillwork and went upstairs to the bar, prepared to enjoy the remaining three or four days of balmy breezes—if not shimmering sands, since Barbados had been our final port.

The trip back to Miami was enjoyable but uneventful. I lost in the shuffleboard tournament, largely due to a nearsighted partner, but in compensation I picked up a record number of spoons from the bottom of the swimming pool and received in reward, at the captain's party, a crystal ashtray engraved with a design of Triton either coming up or going down for the third time. What I am trying to say is that, all in all, I enjoyed myself completely and the trip was almost compensation for the thorough—and humiliating—search I had to suffer when I finally went through Customs in Miami. As usual, they did everything but disintegrate my luggage, and they handled my person in a manner I normally accept only from young ladies. But at last I was free of Customs—to their obvious chagrin—and I found myself in the street in one piece. So I took myself and my luggage to a hotel for the night.

And the next morning I reboarded the M. V. Andropolis for its next trip—in the same cabin—a restful three-day cruise to nowhere. . . .

• • •

Huuygens smiled at me gently. My expression must have caused the waiter concern—he probably thought I had left my wallet at home—for he hurried over. To save myself embarrassment, I ordered another round and then went back to staring at Huuygens.

• • •

I see (Kek went on, his eyes twinkling) that intelligence has finally forced its presence upon you. I should have thought it was rather obvious. These Caribbean cruise ships vary their schedules, mixing trips to the islands with these short cruises to nowhere, where they merely wander aimlessly upon the sea and eventually find their way back—some say with considerable luck—to their home port. Since they touch no foreign shore, and since even the ships' shops are closed during these cruises, one is not faced with the delay or embarrassment of facing a Customs agent upon one's return. Therefore, if one were to take a cruise *preceding* a cruise to nowhere and were to be so careless as to inadvertently leave a small object—in the air-conditioning duct of his stateroom, for example—during the turnaround, he could easily retrieve it on the second cruise and walk off the ship with it in his pocket, with no fear of discovery.

Which, of course, is what I did. . . .

The flight to New York was slightly anticlimactic, and I called M'sieu Duvivier as soon as I landed at Kennedy. He was most pleasantly surprised, since less than a month had actually elapsed, and said he would expect me as fast as I could get there by cab.

The ex-president of St. Michel lived in a lovely apartment on Central Park South, and as I rode up in the elevator, I thought of how pleasant it must be to have endless amounts of money at one's disposal; but before I had a chance to dwell on that thought too much, we had arrived and I found myself pushing what I still think was a lapis-lazuli doorbell set in a solid-gold frame. It made one want to weep. At any rate, Duvivier himself answered the door, as anxious as any man I have ever seen. He didn't even wait to ask me in or inquire as to my taste in aperitifs.

"You have it?" he asked, staring at my coat pocket.

"Before we go any further," I said, "I should like you to repeat the exact terms of our wager. The *exact* terms, if you please."

He looked at me in irritation, as if I were being needlessly obstructive.

"All right," he said shortly. "I wagered you twenty thousand dollars of my money against two dollars of yours that you would *not* bring me a small carving from Barbados through United States Customs and deliver it to me in New York. Is that correct?"

I sighed. "Perfectly correct," I said and reached into my pocket. "You are a lucky man. You won." And I handed him his two dollars. . . .

• • •

I stared across the table at Huuygens. I'm afraid my jaw had gone slack. He shook his head at me, a bit sad at my lack of comprehension.

"You can't possibly understand," he said, almost petulantly. "It is so incredibly lovely. . . ."

How the English keep dry.

Gordon's Gin. Largest seller in England, America, the world.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 55)*

claimed), then so be it. The media are in a position to censor the truth, and by so doing represent those who would prefer that the truth remain hidden. But while we live here, we will do all in our power to prevent such censorship.

Wayne Karlin
Basil Paquet
Larry Rottmann
1st Casualty Press
Coventry, Connecticut

A review of "Free Fire Zone," published by 1st Casualty Press, appears on page 20.

GANG BUSTERS

Chicago's world-famous police department includes a tactical unit, described by the department as devoted to fighting serious crime. How do these intrepid gang busters go about protecting the citizenry? They caught a woman driving through the business district in a car with a peace decal on the back—one of those popular designs seen all over the country—showing the trident peace symbol on a field of stars and stripes. They immediately placed her under arrest; she says that their leader was "red-faced with anger." She was charged with flag desecration, brought to trial before Judge Maurice W. Lee, found guilty and fined $100.

Columnist Mike Royko commented on the decal, "If it is desecration, it isn't as extreme a case as, say, when Dean Martin's go-go dancers come out in skimpy stars-and-stripes costumes. Or when the Republican delegates wore stars and stripes straw hats or lapel buttons showing an elephant with stars and stripes on its trunk."

I spend a lot of time worrying about the increase in armed robberies and senseless killings in Chicago of late. A few cynics say that the police are actually afraid to tangle with some of the criminal types running loose in our streets, but this is perhaps a harsh view. The Chicago cops can't catch up with the local murderers, thugs and rapists because they're too busy protecting us against ladies with peace symbols on their cars.

Janet Hermosa
Chicago, Illinois

CONJUGAL-RIGHTS SUIT

I'm presently engaged in litigation in Wisconsin to establish my legal right to have sexual intercourse with my wife, my imprisonment notwithstanding. The basis of the suit arises from the fact that my wife, Judy, a co-plaintiff, is being denied her sexual rights when she has done nothing wrong other than to marry a person who ended up in prison. We contend that married couples have equal sexual rights, and that by denying Judy the right to have sexual relations with me, they are denying her the right to have sex relations at all—since in Wisconsin, adultery, fornication and homosexual acts are all illegal. We're filing under the civil rights acts and are using *Griswold vs. Connecticut*, the birth-control case, as a precedent establishing that marital relations are a fundamental right that prison officials may not infringe upon without the state showing a compelling reason. Since conjugal visitation has been demonstrated as practical in Mississippi, California and 28 foreign countries, we doubt that Wisconsin can show any reason why it can't be permitted here.

Donald Lee Nusberger
Waupun, Wisconsin

CARELESS PARENTS

I've undergone a "wholesale corruption of morals," as the Maryland organization called Parents Who Care described sex education (*Forum Newsfront*, February). This anti–sex-education group fails to realize that young people are fully aware that sexuality exists. Perhaps sex education will cause some young people to try sex prematurely; however, many do anyway. To be responsible, they should fully understand what they are doing. To deprive children of this knowledge is not to care for them; it is to do them a terrible injustice.

James E. Olson
Seattle, Washington

AIR JOBS

Can oral sex performed on a woman kill the woman? Dr. James Dunne, director of maternal health services of the Virginia State Department of Health, apparently thinks so. In an Associated Press story, Dunne said that a Northern Virginia woman died from an air embolism, a bubble in her circulatory system. The story continues:

> The air apparently was introduced into the woman's vagina, Dunne said, during a form of "loveplay" known as cunnilingus, or oral sex performed by a man on a woman.
>
> "This is a serious matter," said Dunne. "My understanding is that this is becoming a widespread practice among young people."
>
> Dunne said death from air embolisms will increase if the practice continues to grow. A woman can be alive and well, "then bingo—the patient is dead or dying." . . . An investigation into past air-embolism deaths indicated that "several" women in Virginia, perhaps as many as 14, may have died as a result of the practice during the past few years, he said.

My wife and I have enjoyed oral sex without incident, and neither of us was aware of any connection between the female sex organs and circulatory system. So, is Dr. Dunne right, or is the whole story an attempt to scare people into giving up a practice that some still consider perverted?

(Name withheld by request)
Miami, Florida

We don't know if the Virginia health department is morally opposed to oral-genital loveplay; we do know that air embolisms of this kind can occur only if air is actually blown into the vagina under certain circumstances (for example, pregnancy—placental tissue can transmit air into the blood stream). While the practice isn't safe (a woman may be unknowingly pregnant), it also is not what's commonly known as cunnilingus.

CONTRACEPTIVE COMIC BOOK

The birth rate is going down in every age group except in America's teen population. One study indicates that 2,400,000 unwed girls between the ages of 15 and 19 are currently having sexual relations, and a great number of them use no birth control. Teenage mothers bear many more deformed and mentally retarded children than do older mothers and they also have more babies who die suddenly during their first year of life.

To help prevent the problems posed by these situations, the Institute for Family Research and Education has developed an offbeat educational comic book, directed at teenagers, called *Protect Yourself from Becoming an Unwanted Parent*. Illustrated by Roger Conant, the book contains 20 pages of forthright information about pregnancy and birth control, as well as some outrageous gags. The basic reason for the comic-book approach is that kids enjoy reading comic books. If we are truly interested in helping youth and believe we have some valid things to say, then we must approach them in a way that they will find interesting. Giving youngsters information on birth control is not the same as giving them permission to have sex. But simply saying "Don't" doesn't stop teenagers.

Anyone interested in obtaining *Protect Yourself from Becoming an Unwanted Parent* should send 25 cents for each copy to the Institute for Family Research and Education, 760 Ostrom Avenue, Syracuse, New York 13210.

Sol Gordon, Ph.D.
Syracuse University
Syracuse, New York

MANUAL MANIA

Americans can't do anything without a manual. This is especially true of sexual activity. We keep side-stepping our feelings and turning everything into a subject for study and analysis.

America has always had an unhealthy view of sex. Once it was dirty and degenerate, now it's hip and prestigious. Today, the bedroom is a battlefield where one must meet all challenges to his

"Janie, could I ring you back a little later?"

or her honor. If I fail in bed, I'm likely to fail in everything else (the domino theory of sex), so I read the how-to books carefully and I learn the correct way to be sensuous. It would be so nice if people could simply be guided by their feelings and not rely on technical manuals. Why should a man or woman have to read a book to be good in bed, and why should people want to be good in bed as opposed to just being happy?

J. Edwards
Atlantic City, New Jersey

THE GIRLS FROM SYRACUSE

In his widely publicized book *The Female Orgasm*, Dr. Seymour Fisher claims that "the nature of a woman's transactions with her father as she is growing up will probably affect her orgasm capacity. . . . They could even be *the prime determinant* of orgasmic potential." In a survey of 300 women, Fisher found that those who rarely reach orgasm had fathers who were casual, permissive or vague in their values. Highly orgasmic women reported that they were reared by fathers who were closely involved with them, showed concern and demanded that they meet high moral standards.

Does PLAYBOY think a woman's capacity for having regular and frequent orgasms could be related to her father's being nonpermissive?

Robert Holmes
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A woman's relationship with her father is certainly one of many factors that could influence her ability to experience orgasm but we deeply distrust the word determinant. Statistics show correlations, not causes. For example, the finding that a high percentage of heroin addicts once used marijuana does not mean that marijuana smoking leads to heroin addiction; an even higher percentage of marijuana smokers have not gone on to heroin. No cause-and-effect relationship is established by these figures. Fisher's claim seems to spring from the same kind of fallacy. He found that a significant percentage of the women he studied who had low orgasm consistency tended to describe their fathers as casual. But this result doesn't work in reverse; there's no evidence that a significant percentage of casual fathers produces daughters with low frequency of orgasm. Further, there obviously are more than two kinds of fathers, and there is slight chance that a relationship can be described adequately by a single term such as casual.

We're also wary of Fisher's source of data—a sample consisting entirely of middle-class, married, white women living in Syracuse, New York. Sex is not simple; for instance, Kinsey found that differences in sexual responses related to education and social class. If there is a single psychological determinant of orgasm capacity, it isn't likely to be found by studying women who are all essentially from the same background. We refuse to believe that as Syracuse comes, so comes the nation.

MORAL QUICKSAND

Discussing the morality of married people having intercourse outside of marriage, an editorial answer to a letter in the January *Playboy Forum* stated: "Our basic ethical precept is that people should feel free to follow whatever moral code they prefer, as long as they don't harm others and don't try to force their views on the unwilling." I'd like to know on what you base the qualifying clause: Is it God's will, scientific principle or just personal preference? If my moral code allows me to harm others and to force my views on the unwilling, why wouldn't PLAYBOY accept that? What is the basis for your morality?

It seems to me impossible to resist wrongdoing unless one has some definite ground of his own to stand on. You have not made your grounds clear, and I think that your whole ethical outlook is built on quicksand.

George Foster
Kansas City, Missouri

Not coercing or injuring others is, we believe, essential to a free society. Beyond that minimum, we view morality as an individual matter, a highly personal belief in what is right or wrong. We would no more quibble with a person whose personal moral code allowed him to harm others than we would quibble with a venomous snake or a man-eating tiger. We would, however, try to defend ourselves and would enlist the help of others who felt similarly threatened.

"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.

"You go on without me tonight. I must have gotten hold of some tired blood!"

A love story for guys
who cheat on their wives.

Blume in Love

A Paul Mazursky Production

Starring GEORGE SEGAL SUSAN ANSPACH KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
and SHELLEY WINTERS in "BLUME IN LOVE"

TECHNICOLOR® Written and Directed by Paul Mazursky R

Celebrating Warner Bros. 50th Anniversary A Warner Communications Company

Watch for it this summer at a theatre near you.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 74)

correspondence. But it turned out that it was taking half a day, every day, to dictate letters. Also, every time I answered a letter, I got a pen pal. So my mail increased geometrically.

PLAYBOY: Has popularity changed your life in any other way?

VONNEGUT: No. I'm just sorry it didn't happen sooner, because I was really very broke for a long time, when I had a lot of children. I could have bought neat vacations and wonderful playthings, and so forth. I mean, my children certainly had shoes, and some even had private educations, but I'm sorry the money wasn't spread out more evenly over the years. Now that they're all grown, the money has a slightly mocking quality. That's one of the things that's ridiculous about the economy as far as writers go. They get either $50 for something or $500,000—and there doesn't seem to be much in between.

PLAYBOY: Does your surge of popularity make you uncomfortable in any way?

VONNEGUT: No, it's all right, because it's the books that are popular. And I don't read them or think about them: they're just out in the world on their own. They aren't me. Neither is my reputation. I've pretty much stopped making public appearances, because I'm so unlike my books or my reputation. Strangers speak to me on the street in New York about three times a week. That cheers me up. I'm not crashingly famous and the small fame I have came gradually. I admire Norman Mailer very much—particularly his mental health—because he absorbed the most terrific shock a mind can absorb: to become famous at 25. He held up very well under the impact.

What's happened to me, though, is such a standard American business story. As I said, my family's always been in the arts, so the arts to me are business. I started out with a pushcart and now I've got several supermarkets at important intersections. My career grew just the way a well-managed business is supposed to grow. After 20 years at a greasy grind, I find that all my books are in print and selling steadily. They will go on selling for a little while. Computers and printing presses are in charge. That's the American way: If the machines can find a way to use you, you will become a successful businessman. I don't care much now whether the business grows or shrinks. My kids are grown. I have no fancy uses for money. It isn't a love symbol to me.

PLAYBOY: What *is* a love symbol for you?

VONNEGUT: Fudge is one. An invitation to a cottage by a lake is one.

PLAYBOY: Are you wealthy now?

VONNEGUT: I know a girl who is always asking people that. I nearly drop my teeth every time she does it. My mother told me that was practically the rudest question a person could ask. The girl always gets an answer, incidentally. The people give her a fairly clear idea of their net worth. Then she asks where the money came from and they tell her that, too. It sounds to me like they're talking hard-core pornography. Anyway, my wealth is mainly in the form of copyrights, which are very valuable as long as the computers and the printing presses think I'm their man. As for cash and real estate and securities and all that, I'm nowhere near being a millionaire, for instance. It doesn't now appear that I will ever be one. The only way to get to be one is through capital gains. I have nothing big coming up in the way of capital gains. I'm a straight-income man. And the hell with it. As I said, my children are all grown now and it would wreck their heads if I started rigging things so they could all be millionaires.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have been doing for years what must have seemed to you like good work and only now getting really noticed?

VONNEGUT: I don't feel cheated. I always had readers, even when not much money was coming in. I was in paperbacks, you see, and from the first. I was getting friendly notes from strangers who had found me in PXs and drugstores and bus stations. *Mother Night* and *Canary in a Cathouse* and *The Sirens of Titan* were all paperback originals, and *Cat's Cradle* was written with that market in mind. Holt decided to bring out a hardcover edition of *Cat's Cradle* after the paperback rights had been sold. The thing was, I could get $3000 immediately for a paperback original, and I always needed money right away, and no hardcover publisher would let me have it.

But I was also noticing the big money and the heavy praise some of my contemporaries were getting for their books, and I would think, "Well, shit, I'm going to have to study writing harder, because I think what I'm doing is pretty good, too." I wasn't even getting reviewed. *Esquire* published a list of the American literary world back then and it guaranteed that every living author of the slightest merit was on there somewhere. I wasn't on there. Rust Hills put the thing together, and I got to know him later and I told him that the list had literally made me sick, that it had made me feel subhuman. He said it wasn't supposed to be taken seriously. "It was a joke," he said. And then he and his wife got out a huge anthology of high-quality American writing since World War Two and I wasn't in that, either.

Oh, well, what the hell. I was building a power base anyway, with sleazo paperbacks. This society is based on extortion, and you can have anything you want if you have a power base. The computers of my paperback publishers began to notice that some of my sleazo books were being reordered, were staying in print. So management decided to see what was in them. Hardcover publishers sniffed an opportunity. The rest is history—a Guggenheim, professorships, Elaine's, Allen Ginsberg and I both got elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters this year and *Newsweek* asked me how I felt about two such freaks getting into such an august organization. I said, "If we aren't the establishment, I don't know who is."

PLAYBOY: Was *Slaughterhouse-Five* the first to sell well in hardcover?

VONNEGUT: Yes; it was an alternate selection for Literary Guild. And *Breakfast of Champions* is a primary selection for Literary Guild, Saturday Review Book Club and Book Find Club. But I'm sort of like Ted Williams now—I shuffle up to the plate. . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you think your writing will change much from now on?

VONNEGUT: Well, I felt after I finished *Slaughterhouse-Five* that I didn't have to write at all anymore if I didn't want to. It was the end of some sort of career. I don't know why, exactly. I suppose that flowers, when they're through blooming, have some sort of awareness of some purpose having been served. Flowers didn't ask to be flowers and I didn't ask to be me. At the end of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, I had the feeling that I had produced this blossom. So I had a shutting-off feeling, you know, hat I had done what I was supposed to do and everything was OK. And that was the end of it. I could figure out my missions for myself after that.

PLAYBOY: Since *Breakfast of Champions* has just been published, you apparently decided to continue writing after *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

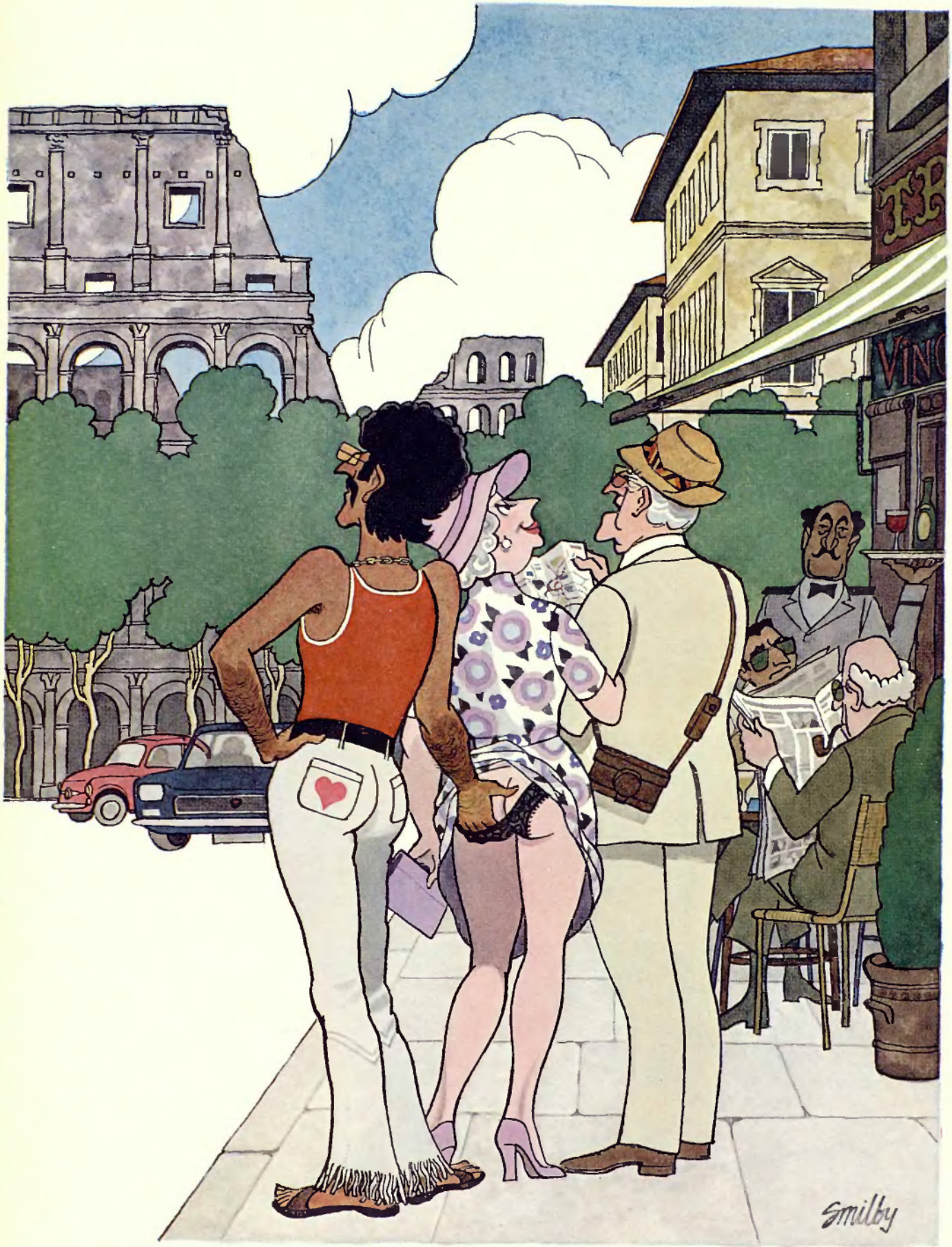
VONNEGUT: Well, *Slaughterhouse* and *Breakfast* used to be one book. But they just separated completely. It was like a pousse-café, like oil and water—they simply were not mixable. So I was able to decant *Slaughterhouse-Five*, and what was left was *Breakfast of Champions*.

PLAYBOY: What are you trying to say in *Breakfast*?

VONNEGUT: As I get older, I get more didactic. I say what I really think. I don't hide ideas like Easter eggs for people to find. Now, if I have an idea, when something becomes clear to me, I don't embed it in a novel; I simply write it in an essay as clearly as I can. What I say didactically in the introduction to *Breakfast of Champions* is that I can't live without a culture anymore, that I realize I don't have one. What passes for a culture in my head is really a bunch of commercials, and this is intolerable. It may be impossible to live without a culture.

PLAYBOY: Most of the people in *Breakfast* seem jangled and desperate—in situations they can't get out of—and a number of them consider suicide.

VONNEGUT: Yes, suicide is at the heart of



"Stay close to me, Louise, and if you have any trouble with fanny pinchers, just let me know."

the book. It's also the punctuation mark at the end of many artistic careers. I pick up that punctuation mark and play with it in the book, come to understand it better, put it back on the shelf again but leave it in view. My fascination with it, the fascination of many people with it, may be a legacy from the Great Depression. That Depression has more to do with the American character than any war. People felt so useless for so long. The machines fired everybody. It was as though they had no interest in human beings anymore. So when I was a little kid, getting my empty head filled up with this and that, I saw and listened to thousands of people who couldn't follow their trades anymore, who couldn't feed their families. A hell of a lot of them didn't want to go on much longer. They wanted to die because they were so embarrassed. I think young people detect that dislike for life my generation often learned from our parents during the Great Depression. It gives them the creeps. Young people sense our envy, too—another thing we learned to do during the Thirties: to hunger for material junk, to envy people who had it. The big secret of our generation is that we don't like life much.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the younger generation likes it better than the previous two or three?

VONNEGUT: No, the younger generation probably doesn't like it, either. And some of the anger between the generations is the guilt and embarrassment of the parents at having passed this on. But the American experience has been an unhappy experience, generally, and part of it, as I say, is living without a culture. When you came over here on a boat or whatever, you abandoned your culture.

PLAYBOY: How has all this affected you personally?

VONNEGUT: All my books are my effort to answer that question and to make myself like life better than I do. I'm trying to throw out all the trashy merchandise adults put in my head when I was a little kid. I want to put a culture up there. People will believe anything, which means *I* will believe anything. I learned that in anthropology. I want to start believing in things that have shapeliness and harmony. *Breakfast of Champions* isn't a threat to commit suicide, incidentally. It's my promise that I'm beyond that now. Which is something for me. I used to think of it as a perfectly reasonable way to avoid delivering a lecture, to avoid a deadline, to not pay a bill, to not go to a cocktail party.

PLAYBOY: So your books have been therapy for yourself.

VONNEGUT: Sure. That's well known. Writers get a nice break in one way, at least: They can treat their mental illnesses every day. If I'm lucky, the books have amounted to more than that. I'd like to be a useful citizen, a specialized cell in the body politic. I have a feeling that *Breakfast* will be the last of the therapeutic books, which is probably too bad. Craziness makes for some beautiful accidents in art. At the end of *Breakfast*, I give characters I've used over and over again their freedom. I tell them I won't be needing them anymore. They can pursue their own destinies. I guess that means I'm free to pursue my destiny, too. I don't have to take care of them anymore.

PLAYBOY: Does that feel good?

VONNEGUT: It feels different. I'm always glad to feel something different. I've changed. Somebody told me the other day that that was the alchemists' secret: They weren't really trying to transmute metals. They only pretended to do that so they could have rich patrons. What they really hoped to do was to change *themselves*.

PLAYBOY: What sort of things do you plan to write from now on?

VONNEGUT: I can guess. It isn't really up to me. I come to work every morning and I see what words come out of the typewriter. I feel like a copyboy whose job is to tear off stories from the teletype machine and deliver them to an editor. My guesses about what I'll write next are based on what has happened to other human beings as they've aged. My intuition will pooh out—my creative craziness; there will be fewer pretty accidents in my writing. I'll become more of an explainer and less of a shower. In order to have enough things to talk about, I may finally have to become more of an educated man. My career astonishes me. How could anybody have come this far with so little information, with such garbled ideas of what other writers have said? I've written enough. I won't stop writing, but it would be OK if I did.

One thing writing *Breakfast* did for me was to bring right to the surface my anger with my parents for not being happier than they were, as I mentioned earlier. I'm damned if I'll pass their useless sadness on to my children if I can possibly help it. In spite of chain-smoking Pall Malls since I was 14, I think my wind is still good enough for me to go chasing after happiness, something I've never really tried. I get more respect for Truman Capote as the years go by, probably because he's becoming genuinely wiser all the time. I saw him on television the other night, and he said most good artists were stupid about almost everything but their arts. Kevin McCarthy said nearly the same thing to me one time when I congratulated him for moving well in a play. He said, "Most actors are very clumsy offstage." I want to stop being stupid in real life. I want to stop being clumsy offstage.

Part of the trick for people my age, I'm certain, is to crawl out of the envying, life-hating mood of the Great Depression at last. Richard M. Nixon, who has also been unintelligent and unimaginative about happiness, is a child of the Great Depression, too. Maybe we can both crawl out of it in the next four years. I know this much: After I'm gone, I don't want my children to have to say about me what I have to say about my father: "He made wonderful jokes, but he was such an unhappy man."

"Playful rascals, aren't they?!"

Playboy's summer... It's too good to miss

Summer's the season with something for everyone at Playboy.

As a keyholder, you'll discover that golf's a whole new game on a challenging 27-hole layout at the Great Gorge Club-Hotel, McAfee, New Jersey, and on two championship courses at the Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Club-Hotel. Play a little tennis, swim or ride horseback for a change of pace. Do some shopping. Or unwind in the health club. Then fill your evening with great food and star-studded entertainment.

Or follow the lure of the tropics to the Playboy Club-Hotel in Jamaica, where white sand beaches and a clear sea, balmy days and romantic nights are the featured attractions.

Savor the unhurried pace that's Miami Beach in the summer at the Playboy Plaza. Or get right into the middle of big-city action at Chicago's Playboy Towers. At either hotel, you're assured charge privileges as a Playboy Club credit keyholder.

Wherever you are, or wherever you're headed this summer, there's probably a Playboy Club nearby. There are two exciting new Clubs in Montreal and Los Angeles, both designed for spacious comfort in an atmosphere of contemporary luxury. Montreal's new address is 2015 Mountain St. And you'll find the new Los Angeles Playboy Club in the ABC Entertainment Center at fabulous Century City. At any Club, you'll find the same super-size drinks and superb food, headliner entertainment and the famed Playboy Bunnies. And as a keyholder, you're a most welcome guest everywhere.

Summer at Playboy is a season that's just too good to miss. Why not complete and mail the coupon today! We'll send you an application for a Playboy Club Key in the return mail. All it costs for a year is $25. And you'll have an opportunity to renew your Key for a second year at $10.

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.

AB3GB

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

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

(continued from page 100)

with a batch of hastily consumed martinis and was seated behind the Saint Bartholomew screen when she entered.

"Martin, I have sinned."

"I know. It's in all the newspapers, Muriel."

"He deserved to die. He was an odious man. I hated him."

"It is given only to God to determine who deserves to die, Muriel. You have an accomplice, I take it?"

"Of course, Martin," she giggled at his naïveté. "What would a poor woman like myself know about explosives?"

"Who is he?"

"Binky Applebaum, the lifeguard captain."

"Who?"

"You know, the good-looking Jewish one from Beach Haven who always goes to Emilio's cocktail parties."

"Oh, him . . . hmmm." At last there was a motive for this madness. It had to be the Farragan money. Binky, while not indigent, was at best seasonal. Lifeguard during the summer, ski instructor in the winter. Then he remembered something, a joke overheard between two weekend husbands at the shore: "But Muriel, it is said of him that he is impotent."

She sniggered behind the screen: Bloom's wife. The lewdness of Irishwomen that he learned no amount of veneer could disguise when they got tipsy. He grew angry, supposing that everyone thought him an inefficient Uncle Tom of a cleric.

"And do you repent of your sin, Muriel, so that I may give you absolution?" he demanded harshly. "Will you go to the police and tell all?"

"I cannot, Martin," she sighed mournfully.

"And you, Martin, would you break the seal of the confessional and accuse me to the police?"

"I cannot, Muriel."

"I was sure. Now I'm sure, Martin, that you're sure." He stared wide-eyed with fright as the barrel of the gun edged about the end of the screen and waggled a few times at him, then withdrew. In another moment, she was gone.

But he was not sure. He suffered at night from chills and frequently vomited in the morning like a woman. He researched the Farragan family endlessly, an easy task at almost any gathering these days, since everyone in the city seemed to do nothing but speculate where the mad bomber would strike next. Only Arthur, her husband, stood between Muriel and the lover, Binky, and more than 1300 units of rolling stock, as nearly as he could determine. There was one other brother, Edmund, a monk, but he had long ago been drummed out of the will, so that in the event of a three-member calamity, the Farragan board of directors would not be replaced by a party of button-lipped, note-passing Trappists. Of the next generation, only Simon, the son of Muriel and Arthur, had been a contender for inheritance, but his name had been scratched, too, when, over the Vietnam war, he had fled to Canada. Now, it was whispered, he was on his way to becoming a naturalized Canadian citizen and had no more interest in the Farragans or America.

So Arthur was next. Martin de Porres Fisher was convinced of it. In the mornings, leaving his apartment to walk the two blocks to the chancery, where his archbishop awaited him, he felt himself struggling against a powerful magnet that might pull him backward, drawing him irresistibly an identical distance in the opposite direction toward the city's center, where his friend Rizzo, the police commissioner, had his office. He would be welcome there, take breakfast coffee and Danish with the cop, and somehow, without exactly breaking the rule of the confessional, would let the other know what he, Martin, knew, would suggest the profit motive, would speculate pointedly on the next target. But in the end, by 9:30 each workday morning, confronted by the red-robed sternness of his boss, he knew there was no compromise. Either he told Rizzo about Muriel and Binky or he kept quiet. Muriel had him by the jugular: He revered the sanctity of his priesthood, would not violate it; Muriel needed only to confess her sins; she cared not a whit about his absolution.

He lost weight constantly and fainted dead out when she struck next. Incredibly, it was at Edmund, the monk, whom Binky zapped right between the eyes, firing with a high-powered rifle from the forest while Edmund innocently tended his tomato plants in the monastery fields up in the Pennsylvania Poconos. Martin de Porres Fisher's motive theory was zapped, also, and he took two days off, relentlessly pacing the carpets of his apartment, glad he had not gone to Rizzo, waiting for her to call, pondering the why of it all, yet not having a clue. His moral indignation had fled: He was a dumb character, stomping on the inside of some Ellery Queen of a mystery thriller, anxious as the reader on the outside to know the reason. On the second day, after the early-evening news, she phoned.

"Martin, I would confess."

"Yes, yes, hurry over, Muriel."

He dispensed with the Saint Bartholomew screen this time. When she entered, he sat at his desk and bade her sit before him. She hustled her rosary from her purse and crossed herself before beginning.

"Martin, I have sinned."

"That's elementary, Muriel. Quite

"And this is my wife, Verna, class of 1971. . . ."

elementary. The question is why? He was an innocent. A fat cherub of a monk tending his tomatoes. He had no claim on the Farragan money."

"Is that how you see it, Martin? For the money? I don't give a damn about the Farragan money. My own people, the O'Haras, have piles of it."

"Then why?"

"This summer, when we are said to have had our national nervous breakdown, and my son, Simon, left for Canada, the Farragans took out a contract on his life. Your fat cherub included. Simon lacked proper patriotism, apparently."

"A contract? Who? Serafina?"

"Serafina's not like that, Martin. He's like you and me and Binky. The friends. No, the hit man was to be Arthur, my own husband, Simon's own father."

"Muriel, you're crazy! No one would do a thing like that!"

"They were crazy, Martin. Not I. And you are good, but very naïve."

She stood up and went to his kitchen, took the ice bucket from his refrigerator freezer, returned to the room and made a pitcher of martinis. She placed two glasses on the desktop, then expertly filled them. Martin de Porres Fisher drained his in a single gulp and felt his hands cease trembling. She filled his glass again.

"And of Arthur . . . ?" he chanced.

"I will not, Martin."

That news astounded him. He had meant to tell her, "You'd better not," threaten her with Rizzo, gangs of Black Panthers, excommunication, anything to make her slow down.

"How, then, Muriel?"

"Arthur will find the means to his own expiation, never fear, Martin. And Simon will live." She drained her martini, poured two more, wiping her lips after each sip she took with the tiny pink towel of her tongue.

"Martin," she said after a long silence, broken only by the ticking of his clock, "may I have my absolution now?"

He gave it to her, perfunctorily, not really caring after three stiff ones if it took root or not.

• • •

It took until October of 1972 for Arthur to find the means to his expiation. In the interim, the seasons turned: Serafina grew richer; Rizzo became mayor of Philadelphia; there were constant whispers about the chancery of a bishopric for Martin de Porres Fisher, probably in some Northeastern, sort of liberal state (Massachusetts was often mentioned), where the anticipated grumbling would be minimal; Muriel and Binky were lovers for sure; Simon Farragan was into his fourth year of Canadian naturalization.

Arthur Farragan just wasted away, once a fine front of a man, before the lamprey eel of guilt suckled itself to him, draining him, as Muriel had intended. He went almost everywhere the gang went, since they traveled more or less the same social routes, but seemed always alone, frightened-looking, unable to speak of his son, Simon. He drank too much, and soon the knowing looks—that Muriel traded with Martin de Porres Fisher and Martin with Emilio Serafina and Emilio with Binky Applebaum and Binky back to Emilio and thence to Martin, and so on, about the mirrored walls of their grouping—conspired to make of Arthur a kind of pariah whose condition grew gradually more recognizable to a larger circle of friends and acquaintances. The last year was particularly hard for him. In the winter, he shook visibly from the cold, like a very old man, and hardly ever went outdoors; Muriel went skiing in Aspen, where Binky worked. In the spring, he seemed better, but tending his roses even for a brief time exhausted him; Muriel played tennis with Binky. In the summer, when others sweated profusely from the heat, Arthur's sweats were clammy and cold; Muriel spent the entire three months at Beach Haven, where Binky was lifeguard captain. In the fall, when Arthur dispatched himself, the few who knew it to be a suicide were not particularly surprised. It was conveyed to the rest of the world—with a few spurious details—as an accident.

Martin de Porres Fisher read Arthur's funeral Mass at the cathedral before visibly relieved throngs that did not include Emilio Serafina and Binky Applebaum. After the graveside ceremony, he led a nearly prostrate Muriel to the Lincoln, preparing to take her home. Inside, once beyond the cemetery gates, she revived herself measurably.

"You just buried a pile of rock, Martin."

"And Arthur . . . ?" Nothing startled him now: He asked the question with a level curiosity.

"Tomorrow morning from Beach Haven on Emilio's yacht. Burial at sea, off Asbury Park."

"But why, Muriel?"

"You couldn't expect me to bury him with that awful family of his, could you, Martin? I mean, he *was* my husband."

"No, I mean why Asbury Park?"

"Oh, well, he'd been going down to the shore for summers since he was about ten, and he'd always wanted to go to Asbury Park but had never quite gotten around to it. Better late than never, I always say."

"Yes, quite right, Muriel." He had taken her home, gone back to his apartment, changed into his oldest and shabbiest cassock and passed what was left of the day at a movie matinee, eating loads and loads of buttered popcorn and wiping his greasy fingers on the cassock.

• • •

Two hours after leaving Beach Haven, they dropped anchor off the

just-visible hulk of the Convention Hall at Asbury Park. Martin de Porres Fisher was certain they had the makings of an anticlimax on their hands. The prayers were short, he intended no eulogy, and neither Muriel, Binky nor Emilio was vengeful enough to attempt one either. He called for a minute of silence that was punctuated with heavy sighing. Then Serafina checked for observers in all directions with his binoculars and pronounced the coast clear. Niña, Pinta and Santa María upended the metal stretcher that bore the canvas sack over the yacht's brass railing, and Arthur Farragan, with a minimal splash, joined the fishes in the deep. Serafina saluted his departure. They stood for a long moment peering over the railing, watching him descend until he became a very small white pin point, then was gone altogether.

"He's gone," Muriel said finally.

"Yes." There was a general garbled agreement about that, then silence. Martin de Porres Fisher could think of absolutely nothing to say.

"There's good blues runnin' today, Binky," Serafina spoke, when they all began restlessly shifting. "Want to try a little casting? That is, if it's OK with you, Muriel . . . ?"

"Of course, Emilio. It's such a lovely day. A poor widow has nothing to go back to, anyhow, but a big cold house full of memories." She stripped for action, kicking off her shoes, pulling the hairpins that held her mantilla in place.

"How about you, Martin?"

"I arranged to be gone the entire day, Emilio."

"Good. It's settled, then. Get the poles," he barked to the crew. "Set them up in the stern."

They fished for hours, the Stella Maris trolling slowly up toward Sandy Hook, the friends sipping wine or beer from cans as they always did when they went out together, even though it was morning. While they waited, they regaled one another with stories of their times together, Serafina carrying off the trophy by recounting how (hitherto unknown to Martin and Muriel) Binky had first crashed one of his cocktail parties at Beach Haven by telling the guards at the gate he was Charlton Heston, then ended up being carried home that night clad in only his Jockey shorts. By noon, only Emilio had a hit, reeling it in with an elaborate fakery, splitting the shoulder seam of his Italian admiral's uniform, convulsing the other friends and the crew with mirth as he expectantly screamed *"Baccalà! Baccalà!* Codfish!" at the placid water. It turned out to be only a sea robin. Serafina chose to have it mounted anyhow. He would give it to Muriel in memoriam.

Around one, Binky and Muriel complained of tiredness and went below. Serafina engaged Martin de Porres Fisher in planning a late-lunch menu. Almost predictably, they decided on lobster. With a green salad and as much Soave as they might hold. Then they reversed course and went looking for the lobsters they would eat.

The greatest achievement of his sacred ministry as far as Martin was concerned was convincing Serafina to pay for the lobsters he raided from other people's traps. Formerly, he stole them, raising the pots, sometimes in view of their hapless owners, who dared not shoot at Serafina because Serafina would shoot back. These days, converted, he estimated by weighing the fair market price of what he took, slipped that amount into a plastic envelope and taped it to the marker buoy before releasing the pots to the water again. Also, when Martin was along, they rebaited the traps from the pungent supply of chicken guts and redfish that Serafina kept handy in an auxiliary food locker, though Martin sadly supposed Emilio did not bother when he was not along.

In little more than an hour, cruising in front of the mansions off Deal, they took eight lobsters—all chicks or mediums—from six pots, then sent them to the galley to be broiled. When they were prepared, Serafina buzzed Binky and Muriel in their cabin. They appeared almost immediately, yawning, yet looking refreshed by their sleep. The friends sat down to eat and drink and Serafina ordered the Stella Maris out into the shipping lanes, where for a time they chased after a rust-covered banana freighter heading north toward Ambrose Lighthouse, bucking and plunging into its wake and laughing at the froth of spray that occasionally came over the railing to wet them. Then Serafina, getting drunk, grew tired of the game and took over the wheel, raced up the banana boat's starboard side and, heedless of all the blaring and shouting from above them, darted across the freighter's bow and then cut the engines to drift down the port side, laughing at the captain who bellowed at him from the larger ship's bridge through a bullhorn. He returned to the table, drank some more wine, ate another lobster, then repeated the maneuver with a tanker that moved southward, riding high in the water toward Philadelphia or Baltimore, perhaps. As they passed in front of the boat, Martin de Porres Fisher noticed dimly it was one of those newfangled types whose bow jutted forward beneath the water line like some hidden aspect of an iceberg, and he wondered how far they were from being sliced in two.

"Emilio will be the death of us someday," Martin spoke distantly. Before him, Muriel fed grapes to her lover, Binky, who swilled them down with wine.

"Never, Martin," Binky judged. "Emilio can't swim."

In another moment, the tanker's curses receding, Serafina came back, collapsed into a lounge chair, thumping his chest to assert that *macho* was still *macho*, then promptly fell asleep. Seeing that it was safe, Binky and Muriel rose to go below again. Martin was left at the table, sipping at his wine. Niña and Pinta, wiping the sweat of fear from their brows, crept back to him.

"Monsignore, a Beach Haven?"

"Si. Lente, lente."

"Si, Monsignore."

They began moving slowly down the coast, the first streaks of sunset appearing in the western sky. Martin de Porres Fisher sipped longer at his wine, reflecting that today's events—the funeral, the funeral supper, everything—conclusively marked the end of his innocence. He was home to stay. There had been a time, back in 1968, when Muriel and Binky had set out on their determined campaign of extinction, when he had wanted out. When he had been a thousand times on the verge of heeding the tiny black-folks' voice that urged him to flee, to ride the rails in mufti back to Baptist Georgia and his mother's kindly, logical congregation, to take solace from the Philadelphia madness among his own kind. But the decadence, he supposed, had already taken root and he stayed until he had survived his trial by fire, entered and found his niche in the Mediciland of the Catholics, a place from which there would be no turning back. The future was dimly perceived but promising. He would almost certainly get his Massachusetts bishopric, innovate nothing radical but rule by compromise, make the wealthy Irish and Italians pay for their guilt as Serafina did. His life would not be unpleasant.

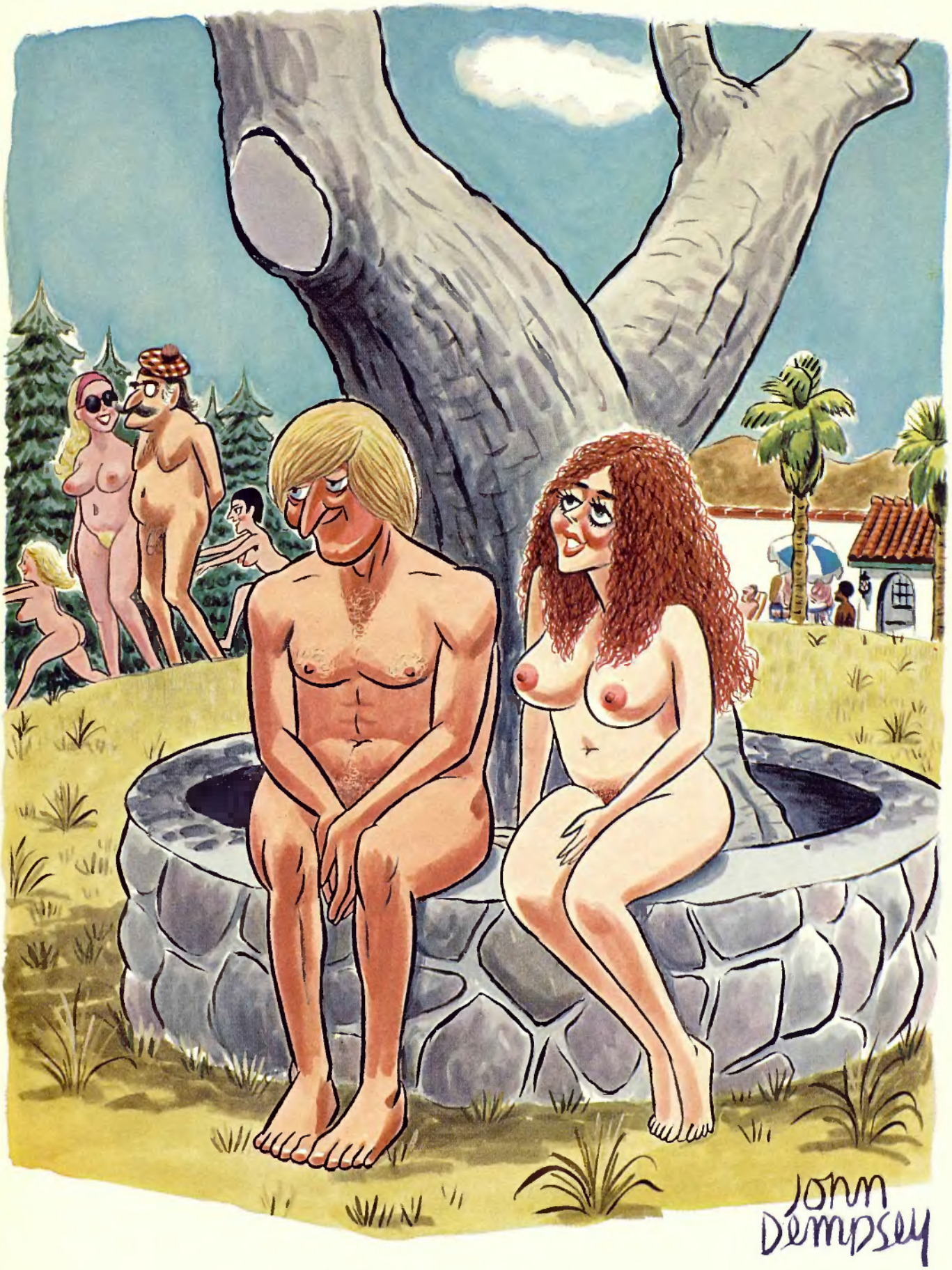
Serafina awoke as they moved past the Asbury Park Convention Hall, perhaps over the very spot they had dumped Arthur Farragan that morning. The godfather pointed toward the shore and the lights of the boardwalk. He took a chair beside Martin as he spoke: "That's where they beached the Morro Castle, *Monsignore*, in the Thirties, when it caught fire at sea."

"Were you there, *Ammiraglio*, when it happened?"

"Yes, *Monsignore*, I was. It made me cry so much to see the poor people drowning in the water. . . ."

"I would that I were there, *Ammiraglio*, at the time to weep with you."

Tears sprang instantly to both their eyes, and Serafina took out a handkerchief to blot his dry, clasping Martin de Porres Fisher's hand tightly in his own. "Oh, *Monsignore*, would that you had. Would that you had. It would have been such a great sharing."



"I like you, Mr. Morganthrob, because you're a man who has it but doesn't flaunt it."

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.

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. 7-73

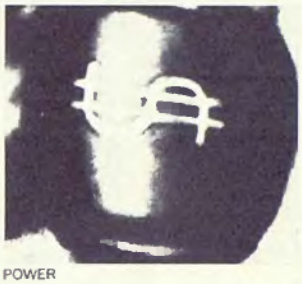
PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

NEXT MONTH:


TRAIN


PORNO


T-SHIRTS


POWER

"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES: CHAPTER 1"—FROM EARLY STREET TOUGHS TO THE *MAFIOSI* OF PREPROHIBITION. BEGINNING AN AUTHORITATIVE 11-PART SERIES—BY **RICHARD HAMMER**

"THE GHOST OF MARTIN LUTHER KING"—VISIONS OF THE LATE GREAT LEADER ILLUMINATE A YOUNG BLACK'S CONSCIOUSNESS IN A TALE OF RACIAL CONFLICT—BY **HAL BENNETT**

"THE NICKEL-&-DIME ROUTE TO POWER IN CONGRESS"—REPRESENTATIVE WAYNE HAYS PROVES YOU CAN INFLUENCE PEOPLE BY WINNING ENEMIES, TOO—BY **MARSHALL FRADY**

DAVID HALBERSTAM, PULITZER PRIZE JOURNALIST, TELLS HOW AND WHY HE EXPOSED THE ESTABLISHMENT'S VIETNAM BLUNDERS IN HIS OUTSPOKEN BOOK *THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST* IN AN INCISIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"PORNO CHIC"—A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL SURVEY OF THE STATE OF THE BLUE-MOVIE BIZ TODAY—BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

"SAMUEL PEPYS IN FUNNE CITY"—IN WHICH THE TIME-WARPED 17TH CENTURY DIARIST WISHES A POX ON THE TOWNE OF NEWE YORK—BY **MARSHALL BRICKMAN**

"FLIES, SNAKES, FAT BENNY"—THE SUM OF TWO CORAL SNAKES AND ONE TRIANGLE EQUALS DOMESTIC DISASTER IN A POIGNANT STORY—BY **TOM GRIFFIN**

"T TIME"—WHAT'S NEW IN BODY-HUGGERS FOR MANLY CHESTS, ACCORDING TO FASHION DIRECTOR **ROBERT L. GREEN**

"SHOWDOWN ON BOARDWALK"—WATCH THE PLAYERS GO TO JAIL, TAKE A RIDE ON THE READING AND GET ASSESSED FOR STREET REPAIRS IN A SUSPENSEFUL REPORT ON THE WORLD SERIES OF MONOPOLY—BY **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS**

"NEXT TRAIN TO WARSAW?"—AN AMERICAN TOURIST DISCOVERS WHERE POLISH JOKES COME FROM IN THIS SAGA OF A BATTLE WITH RED TAPE—BY **RICHARD LOURIE**

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—HOW THE SEASON STACKS UP—BY ACE PROGNOSTICATOR **ANSON MOUNT**

"May all your sours be Galliano sours."

That must surely be the sweetest sentiment two sour glasses can be raised to.

Because, to those who know, the Galliano sour is the most desirable of sours. There's something about Galliano that turns even the most familiar-tasting drink into a memorable experience.

Devastate your friends with the superiority of your palate. Get a bottle of Galliano and mix as follows before their very eyes:

3/4 oz. Liquore Galliano
3/4 oz. whiskey (blend, bourbon or Scotch)
3/4 oz. fresh orange juice
1/2 oz. fresh lemon juice
3/4 tablespoon sugar

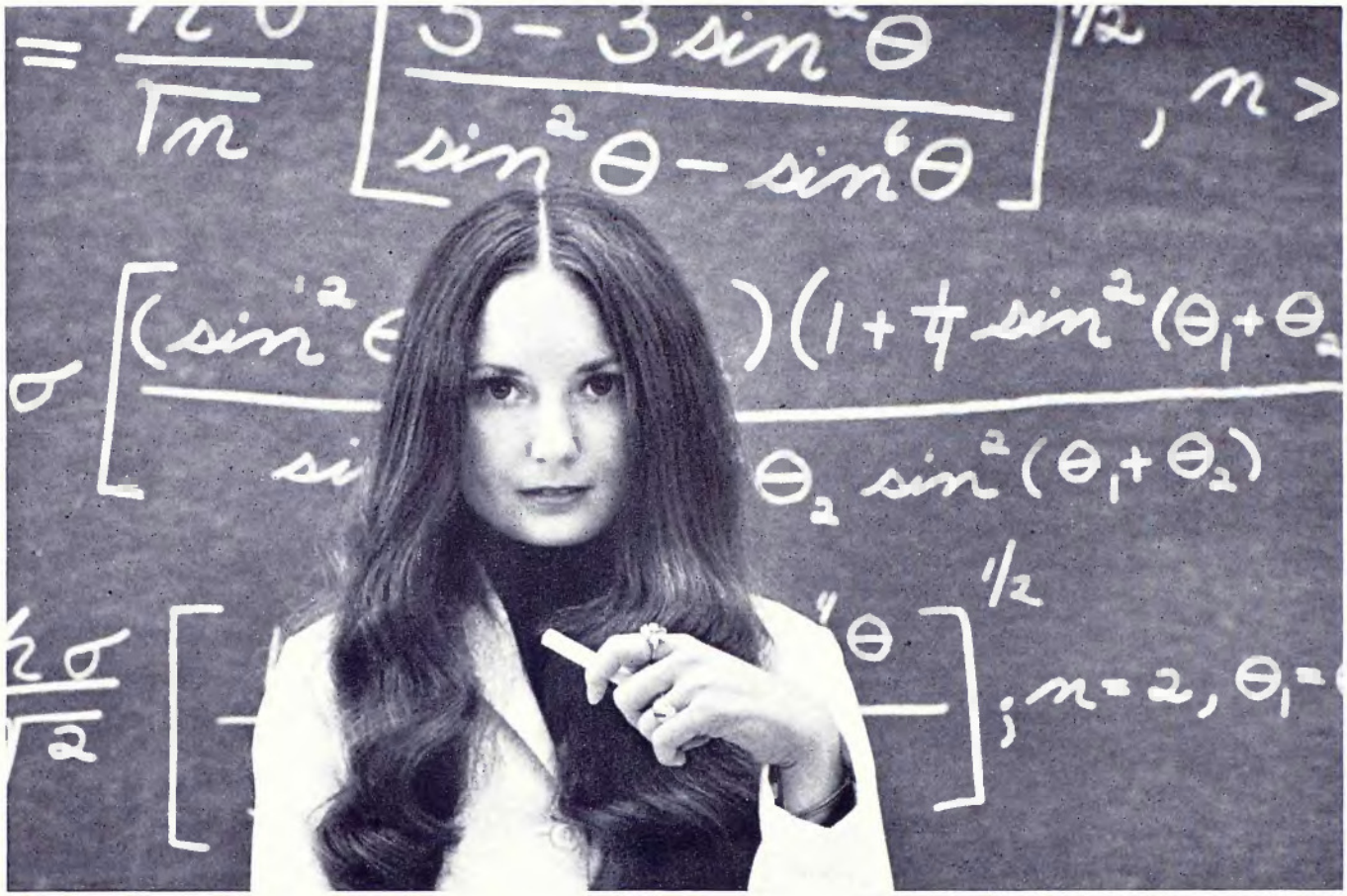
Shake well with ice. Strain into frosted sour glass. Raise with appropriate toast.

LIQUORE GALLIANO®
A LIQUEUR

McKESSON LIQUOR CO., N.Y., N.Y. 80 PROOF LIQUEUR.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y. N.Y.

SHEILA ANN T. LONG

HOME: Hampton, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Physicist

HOBBIES: Ballet, Sailing, Car Racing, Chess

LAST BOOK READ: "Beyond Freedom and Dignity"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Member of the team of international scientists who are mapping earth's electromagnetic field for the first time

QUOTE: "Scientific research in all fields has been a prime contributor to America's greatness. Let us not forget this in our concern for the dying environment, for Technology holds the very means to save it."

PROFILE: Brilliant, beautiful, in love with life. Involved, and unintimidated by difficult challenge. Saluted by *New Woman* magazine as one of the 26 women who "made it big in their twenties."

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides. ***Dewar's never varies.***