

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1974 • \$1.25

# PLAYBOY

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THERE'S STILL  
SEX IN CINEMA—  
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**PLAYBILL** THE DAY BEFORE Richard Nixon resigned the Presidency, a European newspaper observed that his political methods "were not only those of a poker player but of a man who cheats at poker." We don't know if Nixon's played much poker lately, but we do know that he played—and won—quite a bit when he was in the Navy. We know because a couple of his victims have told us all about it in *Full House at the White House*, which is but one part of *I'll Play These*, a package of articles dealing with various aspects of poker, assembled by Senior Editor G. Barry Golson—a persistent player who claims to have broken even over the years. In addition to Golson's history of the game, there's Jon Carroll's well-tested playing tips; Richard Warren Lewis' account of a high-stakes *Showdown in Vegas*; and Hollywood stars such as Jack Lemmon and Telly Savalas in *Table Talk*. We've also dealt you nostalgia by authors' agent Scott Meredith—who looks back on the fabled poker shoot-outs between the Marx Brothers and assorted literary lions in *The Algonquin Games* (it will reappear in his book *George S. Kaufman and His Friends*, which Doubleday is about to publish)—and a memoir by playwright Jack Richardson, who describes an encounter with a beautiful lady player in *Coming Down in Gardena* (to be included in his forthcoming Simon & Schuster book, *Gambling*). The acrylic illustration for Meredith's piece and the oil painting that accompanies Richardson's are by a winning pair of Chicago artists, Anton Jacobs and Gastone Bettilli.

Getting back to Nixon, he reappears as one of the main topics of conversation in this month's exclusive *Playboy Interview* with Hunter S. Thompson, the wild man who covers politics—with abandon but with perspicacity—for *Rolling Stone*. We got such a puzzling picture of all-around Governmental incompetence from the Watergate revelations that we called Robert Sherrill—Washington editor of *The Nation*, author of *The Saturday Night Special* and probably the toughest journalist in D.C.—and asked him to get us an answer to the simple question, *Is Anybody Out There Doing His Job?* He managed to find some worthies, but it wasn't easy.

A more positive note is struck in *God's Big Fix*, by Richard Rhodes, who envisions what the U. S. will be like after current research in thermonuclear fusion provides us with a literally boundless supply of energy. Rhodes, a Guggenheim Fellow for 1974, is writing a novel about the building of the first atomic bomb. Science has also come up with a new way to watch TV: on a king-size home screen. Tom Zito, a *Washington Post* reporter, has the story in *The Big Picture*.

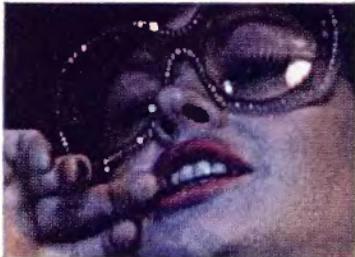
Speaking of pictures—dirty ones—check out Jim Siegelman's *Cheesecake Madness* to see how excessive ogling can ruin your life. Siegelman, a former *Harvard Lampoon* editor, swears that he can't recall writing the piece. If cheesecake photos do drive people crazy, the schizo wards will be full next month, because this issue contains 12 pages of pictures to go with Arthur Knight's look at *Sex in Cinema—1974*; *Spec-tacular*, a photographic tribute, by J. Frederick Smith, to gals who wear glasses; and a long look at Playmate Bebe Buell. There's also a cartoon feature on *The Aggressive Chick*, by Alden Erikson, who reports that around San Francisco, "Women are directing porn movies, painting erotic pictures, publishing nasty underground comics, robbing banks and God knows what else."

Our Fiction Department has come up with a suitably weird—and funny—lead story. It's called *The Legend of Step-and-a-half*, it's by Paul Reb, it's about the farcical adventures of a mythical Indian tribe and it's handsomely illustrated by Sharleen Pederson, a Los Angeles artist. Our other fiction comes from Nicholas Monsarrat, whose *Sex and the Single Screw* has a maritime setting but is otherwise quite different from his famous epic, *The Cruel Sea*; and longtime contributor Ray Russell, whose fable *The Charm* won't disappoint his fans. Those—plus our regular features and a few surprises—are what we're holding this month. It may be bad poker to reveal them, but we think it's an unbeatable hand.

# PLAYBOY®



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Female Spec-tacular P. 97



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### VIEWING VON DANIKEN

Your August interview with Erich von Däniken is a masterpiece of exposé. Probing questions by Timothy Ferris make Von Däniken paint himself into a corner. He comes out as a man intent on fooling himself as well as the reading public. I find it hard to believe that he could advance a theory with such flimsy support and expect anyone to take him seriously. And even though he refers to himself as a scientist and a theologian, I now see him for what he is: a second-rate con man.

Morris H. Brown  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Fads, fallacies and folklore have long been closely associated with both astronomy and archaeology—subjects with which most laymen are not well acquainted. Professional scientists would like nothing better than to find hard evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence; it would be the most exciting and important discovery of our lives. But, unlike Von Däniken, we do not perpetrate a sham on the public by pretending that such evidence exists when it does not. Perhaps this is a time of deceit—by high officials in Government as well as by self-proclaimed experts in science. In that light, I think your interview with Von Däniken is an important public service.

George O. Abell, Chairman  
Department of Astronomy  
University of California  
Los Angeles, California

I have been reading Von Däniken's books since they first came out and have put a lot of stock in his words. After reading your interview, however, I have come to the conclusion that Von Däniken is misleading a great many people. He couldn't support, to my satisfaction, one claim Ferris contested.

Steven De Simone  
Needham, Massachusetts

Did you dispatch Ferris to interview or to persecute Von Däniken? If it was the latter, I would like to congratulate Ferris for an outstanding job. I disagree with many of Von Däniken's theories, but I get the impression Ferris' intent

was to prove Von Däniken a fraud. If I'd been Von Däniken, I would have told Ferris to kiss my ass halfway through that interview.

Gary Lekan  
Mansfield, Ohio

Ferris' badgering of Von Däniken overlooks the fact that the author of *Chariots of the Gods?* has stimulated discussion about the origins of our civilization. Even if he is wrong, and he could well be. Von Däniken has compelled us to contemplate our past. If Ferris can't see that, then he might as well stop work on his book about the search for the edge of the universe until he at least can find the edge of his nose.

Steve Norris  
St. Charles, Missouri

In the interview, Ferris disputes the veracity of Von Däniken's report on a cave in China by citing an investigation that supposedly proved Von Däniken wrong on the grounds that the investigator had never heard of the cave and had never heard of Chinese names anything like Chi Pu Tei or Tsum Um Nui. According to Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder's *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, Soviet archaeologists believe the cave does exist; and the writers confirm that archaeologists have discovered sets of stone disks bearing inscriptions of which Von Däniken speaks. The disks were grooved like gramophone records, with symbols that, when translated, told of creatures "landing their craft" and meeting the local tribes, just as Von Däniken says. As for the Chinese names involved, I can tell you that Chi Pu Tei sounds Chinese. Tsum Um Nui appears to be Vietnamese, but it is not impossible to find such a name in China.

Agnes K. Oh  
Ames, Iowa

Even though you may disagree with Von Däniken, it still does not seem reasonable to me that of the billions of years of our planet's history, only the past 6000 to 7000 have been reserved for intelligent man. It might not be possible to prove Von Däniken's theories, but it is almost impossible to *disprove* them as

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well. Who is to say that we who live today have the most advanced civilization earth has ever known?

Charles H. Underwood  
Nashville, Tennessee

Your interview shows that Von Däniken's theories are very similar to his native Swiss cheese: Both are full of holes.

Andrea Edelson  
Honolulu, Hawaii

### ROCK-'N'-ROLL WOMEN

I'm a rock musician, woman and mother, in that order, and I was delighted to see your pictorial *Brown Sugar* (PLAYBOY, August) on rock singer Claudia Lennear. I've admired Lennear's work for many years. By publishing photos of a woman who's borne a child, you're helping to quash the myth that under their clothes, all mothers look like cows. Claudia sure doesn't.

Sharon Davenport  
Estacada, Oregon

### CRIME MARCHES ON

Thank you for your final installment of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime* (PLAYBOY, July). The entire series, in fact, was excellently written and the caption text was fascinating.

Robert Greenberg  
Laverock, Pennsylvania

The June installment of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime* contains a statement on union corruption that is misleading. Author Richard Hammer writes that one former union officer's "looting of the butchers was matched, if not exceeded, by . . . a string of officials in . . . the Textile Workers Union and others." Any reading of the era makes it plain that the union actually involved was the United Textile Workers of America, not the Textile Workers Union of America. The record also shows that at no time whatsoever has the Textile Workers Union of America been involved in any immoral or unethical practices.

Henry C. Woicik, General Counsel  
Textile Workers Union of America  
New York, New York

### THE LAW VS. THE LADIES

James McKinley's report, *Down and Out and Female* (PLAYBOY, August), detailing mistreatment of women by our law-enforcement system, is splendid. McKinley's style makes his bleak, ugly but nonetheless factual report worth reading.

Reuben Jones  
Fayette, Iowa

In *Down and Out and Female*, I quote Ron Robinette, a Kansas City police officer, as saying, "Crime's always been one of the puberty rites for chicks in black districts. Now it's popular all

over." Robinette—whom I and his department know to be an outstanding professional law-enforcement officer—vigorously denies saying this. He says he does not at all believe black female adolescents are excessively prone to crime—let alone that crime issues them into adulthood.

James McKinley  
Kansas City, Missouri

### HEARTS SPECIALISTS

*The Hard Hearts*, your August article on five of the meanest men in the land, describes Oakland A's owner Charles O. Finley as "a lulu, a crumb bum in a league by himself . . . ungracious in victory and a demon in defeat . . . a cad among sporting gentlemen, a tyrant who specializes in humiliating his men." Outstanding leaders are in a league by themselves and Charlie's leadership is unquestionable. In moments of victory, he is gracious, rewarding those who earned the victory with new contracts, bonus payments and other benefits. In defeat, Charlie reflects, reviews and uses various methods of encouragement. Recently, Gene Autry, owner of the California Angels and an experienced businessman, described Charlie O. as "a man's man and a great man," which apparently would nullify the author's label of "cad among sporting gentlemen." The Charlie O. I know is a thoroughly hard-working, dedicated, progressive, intelligent and dynamic man who is emotionally involved in promoting his business and sporting enterprises. If the author had done his homework on him, he might have concluded that to many thousands of little people, Charlie O. is one of the outstanding leaders of the Seventies.

Anne T. O'Neil  
Chicago, Illinois

For about eight years, I was associated in the capacity of peace officer with the county attorney Ernest Guinn, who later became the U.S. judge of whom you wrote in *The Hard Hearts*. Although Guinn and I were never in the same camp politically or socially, we were, I believe, pretty much in agreement that criminals have no constitutional rights. Oh, we probably did violate a few of the so-called rights of criminals in performance of our duties. But any such mistakes came from our oath of office "to protect the lives and properties of the citizens of the state of Texas." I, for one, could do with a lot more Ernest Guinns.

R. C. Lovelace  
El Paso, Texas

Your writer accuses Judge Guinn of being hardhearted, unfair and prone to favor conviction of defendants in his court. But nowhere does your writer consider whether or not the defendants he

mentions were guilty. In addition, he criticizes the judge's practice of meting out lighter sentences to those who plead guilty. But this is an accepted practice of our Federal jurisprudence, as has been well known since Watergate.

Patricia Rennick  
El Paso, Texas

Judge Ernest Guinn passed away as we went to press.

I do not care in the least what PLAYBOY or its anonymous scribe may think of me as a critic, but one statement in the article *The Hard Hearts* is a certifiable lie and a slander. Henry Jaglom's film *A Safe Place* may, indeed, have been hissed at the New York Film Festival (quite a few films are), but I was not present at that showing and did not bring any hisses with me, nor did I go up to Jaglom afterward, as your writer asserts, and brag that I would similarly disrupt all future showings of his film. I had seen *A Safe Place* at an earlier private screening and went only for the symposium that followed the festival showing of Jaglom's movie. Later on, in the lobby, I did glimpse Jaglom, but there were no words between us and I made no such threat as you baselessly and slanderously report without verifying your allegations, which could stem from no one other than Jaglom himself. Although I believe in strong, undiluted criticism, I abhor organized disruption or any other form of nonliterary interference with a film, however much that film may displease me. In the case of *A Safe Place*, my contempt was such that I didn't even bother to review it: besides, only a very stupid person would want to sabotage a movie so bad that it speedily dug its own grave without need of outside help. It opened to rotten notices and total public apathy and disappeared without a trace within a few days.

John Simon  
New York, New York

### Jaglom replies:

Perhaps Simon forgets his offensive outbursts and tantrums as fast as he makes them, they being so numerous that I suppose it would be excessive to expect him to retain the memory of them once he has spewed them out. Perhaps, indeed, he didn't see "A Safe Place" at the New York Film Festival showing, as he now claims, but on seeing me afterward, prior to the panel discussion, he insisted that he had and took proud responsibility for the hissing. Every word in your piece is accurate. Simon did state, loudly and for all in the lobby of the Lincoln Center to hear, "Every time this incomprehensible piece of shit is shown, I'll see to it that it gets hissed." What is grim about all this is not that such a man can disrupt a film. There is no way of controlling that. "A Safe Place," a film that deals with a woman's oppression and her struggle for consciousness, obviously conflicted with

*From*

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Simon's well-documented hang-ups about women, hang-ups that have forced him in the past to denigrate actresses whose power offends him. This would be merely worthy of our compassion if he weren't constantly given respectable forums by the sensation-seeking media. Finally, I can address myself best to his characterization of "A Safe Place" and to why it triggered such an outrageous response, by quoting Anais Nin, in her review: "All the subtle dreams and fantasies which color our experience are captured here. Here is a dimension left out of other films, a new vision, more encompassing, of feeling, tenderness and beauty. What makes for loneliness, 'A Safe Place' says, is our inability to share our dreams. Those who fail to understand this film will drive themselves and others to the safe place of nonexistence."

I agree with your writer's assessment of critic John Simon. My only regret is that Simon's pretentious use of polysyllabic words was not singled out for criticism as such. This head honcho of the queen-bitch school of reviewing actually uses excogitations, theremin, lucubrations and borborygmus in the same one-page review of a *King Lear* revival; and if that doesn't take nerve, I don't know what does.

Gerald R. Williams  
Norman, Oklahoma

## BAND MAN

Laurence Gonzales' article *Band* (PLAYBOY, August) is one of the best pieces I've ever seen in PLAYBOY. We who were in the band knew he was writing about us, but it's still a shock to see all that shit in print in a national magazine. He has a real talent for bringing people and their stories to life with words.

Wolfman  
Bellaire, Texas

Since I've been exposed more in your magazine than any of your ladies, I'm faced with doing one of two things: hiding or writing. *Catch-22*'s ex-Pfc. Wintergreen would have played absolute hob with that motherfucker Gonzales. He would have edited about half that shit to Cleveland somewhere. "Too prolix, too prolix." And, besides, Spook gets all the good lines. Gonzales really did it up, though. People I don't even know come up to me with "I bet that was you" or "How could you do that?" Shit, man, I guess I ought to be glad about all the stuff Gonzales left out. I have done some shakin' around to see about those guys in the band still in town. They've all quietly dropped out of sight, with the exception of CS, who just looks at the pictures, anyway.

Flash  
Houston, Texas





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**I've had a Pontiac, a VW, a Plymouth, a Jag, an Austin Healy Sprite. And now I feel I got twice the car for the money.**

**I checked mileage a few times when I first bought it, and it always did good. About 32 in the city.**

**But I don't figure it out too much anymore. I'm too busy loving the car!"**

*Lee Childs, Seattle, Washington*



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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Hail, hail, the gang's almost here: An inmate of the Federal penitentiary at Allentown, Pennsylvania, went to the prison library to get a copy of the Bernstein-Woodward book on the breaking of the Watergate story. "Do you have *All the President's Men*?" he asked. To which the prison librarian replied, "Not quite."

One way to keep 'em down on the farm: A TV listing in the *San Francisco Examiner* informed us that an episode of *Apple's Way* featured "young Steven Apple [who] learns some hard facts of life on a farm when he gets into 4-H club work and becomes attached to a lamb."

Wouldn't you *know* if you saw him? Missing-person ad in a Jamaican newspaper: "An 85-year-old man and ex-port worker has been missing since December 23. His color is dark, height about 3'8", having no teeth in his mouth and his hair very white. He acts strangely at times. If seen, kindly contact his son."

The *National Observer* reports that the Louisiana house of representatives passed a bill with a penalty of one year in jail and a \$1000 fine for streakers "intent on arousing sexual desire." There's a five-year sentence and a \$2000 fine for streakers "intending to arouse the desires of minors," but for streakers who can prove they have no "lascivious intent," there's no penalty at all.

Sign on the office door of a vacationing atomic scientist: GONE FISSION.

Why Government bureaucrats go nuts: The Department of Health, Education and Welfare publishes an "Interstate Certified Shellfish Shippers List," at the bottom of which are spelled out the categories of laborers in a particular profession. A carton of

shellfish to the reader who can recite the list quickly without swallowing his tongue: "RS-Reshipper—Shippers who transship shucked stock . . . or shell-stock from certified shellfish shippers. . . . (Reshippers are not authorized to shuck or repack shellfish.) RP-Repacker—Shippers, other than the original shucker, who pack shucked shellfish. . . . A repacker may shuck shellfish or act as a shell-stock shipper. . . ."

Fastest wedding ceremony on record: A Nashville couple informed Judge Charles Gralbreath that they'd like to keep their marriage ceremony short. The judge asked them, "Do you want to get married?" When they both nodded, the judge declared, "You are."

Oops! The *Chicago Tribune* found it necessary to print this retraction: "CORRECTION: Unfortunately, the illustrations of edible and poisonous mushrooms were reversed on page 14 of our Sunday edition."

Baltimore police, after more than a year's review of alternative methods of hanging pictures and plaques on the

walls of their new headquarters, decided to use nails.

Our Better Mousetrap Award this month goes to the Ypsilanti, Michigan, department store that ran an ad for body suits "with snap crotch for easy ins and outs."

A report submitted at an American Psychological Association convention apparently made this startling claim: "Women who are cooperative and good sports are likely to have large families."

A Minnesota housewife picked a can off a shelf in a grocery store and was about to put it in her cart when a store employee approached her, took the can out of her hand and stamped it with a price two cents higher.

And the Mazda goes *Sproing!* Classified ad from *The Bakersfield Californian*: "Take over payments of 1972 Mazda, queen-size mattress and springs."

That's where the rub comes in: Angry over the oil embargo earlier this year, Denmark retaliated by reducing exports of luxury items to the Arabs. Creating a shortage where it was most felt, one Danish firm ceased exporting vibrators to Arab countries.

We don't know who (or what) will fill the position, but a San Francisco café has advertised for a "combination waitress and cleanup man."

Police in Seattle said that prostitution is going strong again after being virtually wiped out several years ago. A police spokesman was hopeful, however, that the city's next few conventions will provide slim pickings for the ladies. The



*Smoking more now and enjoying sex less? According to a recent study with monkeys in England, the desire to touch and fondle other creatures is reduced when a subject is holding a cigarette. The cigarettes don't even have to be lit, which led scientists to conclude that "people like to have something to do with their hands."*

*Anchorage Daily News* reported that the only "gatherings hooked this month were the Knights of Columbus, the American Correctional Association and the World Evangelical Association."

Actually, it gets a trifle crowded, chaps: An ad for mobile homes in Britain's *Royal Air Force News* announces that its trailers are "equipped with main services including flush toilets and the largest can accommodate up to eight people in absolute comfort."

It's probably a good thing that insurance companies have started to provide

coverage against kidnaping, but we're not sure about the way *Trial* magazine refers to it. The journal calls it "anti-snatch insurance."

A large headline in a recent issue of *The Miami Herald*: "MILLION U.S. YOUTHS ILLITERATE, GOVERNMENT STUDY DISCOVERS."

In cleaning out some old files, Missouri's state Records Management Agency came across some unusual remarks among records listing causes of death: "Went to bed feeling well but woke up dead" . . . "Died suddenly. Nothing

serious" . . . "Blow on the head with an ax. Contributory cause, another man's wife" . . . "Had never been fatally ill before."

Helpful hint for mom, via *The Day*, of New London, Connecticut: "Children's cocks will wear much longer if they are darned on the bias."

And you can quote me on that: After Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Caspar Weinberger ruled out "self-serving promotional material," the department's newsletter mentioned his name 22 times, ran three photos of him and a column signed by the Secretary.

See what happens when you ban prayer in school? An ad that appeared in several Texas newspapers announced: "Dancers Wanted, Exotic, topless or go-go. Apply at Wild Hare and Tamlo Clubs. Dallas Independent School District. School Positions. Secretaries, Clerks, Teacher Aides."



Everybody who goes to rock concerts knows that getting your head twisted first is easily as important as your platforms and glitter eye shadow. You simply *can't* get off on the music if you are, God forbid, straight; but you can't take just anything, either. Good sense and propriety have to be observed—you have to choose the high that's most appropriate to the group or performer you're going to see. For instance, shooting smack at a John Denver concert would be terribly *outré*; but overdosing at a New York Dolls concert would show excellent judgment. Match wits with the experts! Connect the right high with the right act and see how you "score."

- |                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| 1. The Rolling Stones   | A. Coca-Cola and aspirin                             |
| 2. Tina Turner          | B. Nytol   |
| 3. Sha Na Na            | C. Cocaine and embalming fluid                       |
| 4. Black Sabbath        | D. Dramamine   |
| 5. Elvis Presley        | E. Smoke some dynamite oregano                       |
| 6. James Taylor         | F. Red Man marinated in white lightning              |
| 7. Mahavishnu Orchestra | G. Two consecutive viewings of <i>Deep Throat</i>    |
| 8. Bob Dylan            | H. Three martinis and a few passes at the crap table |
| 9. John Denver          | I. Snort curry powder                                |
| 10. Jefferson Airplane  | J. Spend \$300 at Bonwit's                           |
| 11. Barbra Streisand    | K. Smoke a <i>Wall Street Journal</i>                |
| 12. Grand Funk Railroad | L. Inhale Raid                                       |
| 13. Donny Osmond        | M. Squeeze some Charmin                              |
| 14. Blue Oyster Cult    | N. Handful of Quaaludes and lots of bourbon          |
| 15. Cheech & Chong      | O. Kool-Aid laced with Clearasil                     |
| 16. Chér                | P. Portable dentist's drill                          |
| 17. Merle Haggard       | Q. Nerve gas and rubber undergarments                |
| 18. Helen Reddy         | R. Vasectomy   |

*Answers:* 1-C; 2-G; 3-A; 4-L; 5-H; 6-B; 7-I; 8-K; 9-E; 10-D; 11-J; 12-P; 13-O; 14-Q; 15-N; 16-M; 17-F; 18-R.

*Scoring:* A perfect score entitles you to inhale that Raid and sit inside the P.A. system at a Black Sabbath concert; 10-17 right, you know your stuff, but avoid the four-week rock festival planned for the Grand Canyon; five-nine right, don't risk live acts—have a beer and watch *In Concert*; under five right, stay straight and keep building up that Don Ho record collection.

—EUGENIE ROSS-LEMING AND DAVID STANDISH

## EROTICA

*The Pleasure Chest* started out as a rather simple shop in the Village in New York, selling water beds, mood lighting and cock rings. But soon the clientele created such a demand for other things that the owners had no choice but to manufacture and sell . . . well, other things. Now when you walk into the midtown Pleasure Chest outlet, you see a wall covered with other things, a cabinet filled with other things, shelves crammed with them and—behind a beaded curtain—racks of other things. What puts *The Pleasure Chest* in a class of its own is that it is bright, casual, clean. It has the surface appointments of a boutique, unlike most places that sell two-foot-long dildos.

But even indirect lighting and quiet rock music can't quite cancel a certain sense of density you get from a place that wedges you between a ten-foot-high wall covered with the technology of torture and 200 square feet of butyl-rubber toys meant for sticking in and rubbing up against those parts of your body that you keep hidden all day. The first thing you think is: This place must have one hell of a back room. Like, maybe one of those looming walls slides away, revealing *The Story of O* in action.

A typical Pleasure Chest list: "Plain Cats, Braided Cats, Dog Quirts, 18 Tails, Shoe Sole, Ping Pong, Crops, Horse Hair, Five Fingers, Help Us Fight Leukemia. . . ." And below, a board full of slots, half of them occupied by quarters. It's a whole new concept in other things. BankAmericard, Master Charge and every kind of dildo your heart could desire. There's even one that's a little statue of a nun . . . or is it a bride? At any rate,



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Triple.....  
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it isn't one of their best-selling items. Those are a little harder to describe. The clitoris aids and stimulators are pretty standard equipment, as is the "soft vagina with hair." But then, there are rubber masks with either open mouth or protruding tongue (listed under "Blow Job and Tongue Faces" in the catalog). But if you're talking about really hot, moving items, they're chain shackles or police cuffs or leather executioner's masks ("The sensuous security of a close-fitting hood is without parallel").

And, of course, the Ben-Was (balls that women put into their vaginas for stimulation) sell quite well. A Ben-Wa shopper speaks: "No, I haven't tried them, but I've read about them and heard they were good. I do have a regular vibrator at home, which I use all the time, but I want to get one that's made especially for that sort of thing. I use a vibrator because it's easier than doing it manually. Sometimes I use a water hose in the bathtub. It's not that I prefer that to going to bed with men. It's just a lot less trouble." The girl is an 18-year-old college freshman whose parents have one home in the East 80s and another in Connecticut. She goes to a fashionable girls' school that just turned coed and "in the first month there, I met seven different guys. They were all fags."

A couple comes in, past the "erotic art" (men with donges as long as baseball bats). The man looks as if he just graduated from college and went into Dad's business. He has respectably long hair and is double clean. The girl has meticulously faded jeans and has just been to the hair stylist. They are visibly beaming. They are Buddy and Sis. They could be at a football game or shopping for a new stereo set, but instead they are making a straight line for the dildos, enormous rubber things colored like the underside of your tongue. The veins on those things are a junkie's dream. The whole impression is of a clinical illustration from a forensic-medicine textbook. Buddy and Sis are all smiles, examining the rubber donges. They move toward the clitoral stimulators.

"Isn't this cute?" she says, referring to a device called Rectify-Her ("allows for anal penetration during normal intercourse").

"Let's get this one," Buddy says, handling the Vibro Penis ("contains mini-vibrator").

"No," she says, considering it, "we've got enough vibrators." Her eyes stop on the Excello Stimulator and she lights up. Buddy can't say no. A sale is made. Buddy is taking Sis home to do strange and wondrous things to her clitoris with a rubber thing that looks like a vegetable brush.

A large gentleman moves around the store with great familiarity, as if he has spent much time there. He is impeccably dressed in a light-gray suit and his hair is

silver. He looks like a foreign diplomat as he stands ramrod-straight before the counter and in a booming voice asks, "Do you have the Seven Gates of Hell?"

Has a cat got an ass, Mr. Diplomat? He asks for a receipt. The Seven Gates is a series of rings held in a row by a riveted leather strap. The rings get increasingly smaller from one end to the other. The limp penis is inserted through the largest ring and pushed as far in as it will go. When erection occurs, the steel rings produce a sensation that, in the words of the shopkeeper, "is desirable if you like that sort of thing." Now, what could the diplomat want with a receipt for that?

A small nervous man comes in carrying a briefcase that appears to be giving him a hernia. He wears glasses and is partly bald. His ultrastraight suit is dark brown.

"Do you do repairs?" he asks. The clerk nods assent. Mr. Peepers swings his case onto the counter and unlocks it. Inside are thumb cuffs, tit clamps, slave



belts, blindfolds, ball gags, leather labia spreaders, studded bras and a whole shitload of whips. He probably came from a hard day of examining flow charts in his office. Or bidding on grain futures. Or anything but lugging around an entire arsenal of S/M paraphernalia.

A young man comes in and the clerk immediately begins doing a very heavy gay number. They discuss leather and the customer asks what is advised for the novice.

"Well," the clerk says, "you usually just start by being tied up or tying someone up, depending on what gets you off. You could buy some cuffs or a hood. Or any of the leather clothes." The young man points out the tit clamps. "No," says

the clerk, "I wouldn't advise that for the novice. Those cause a lot of pain. You don't want somebody to accidentally kill you."

But he just can't get it out of his head that this all has to be some kind of joke. These people must be buying whips for friends—ha-ha—somebody at the office, right?

Out on the street, he picks up the *Times*. The district attorney of Allegheny County, John T. D'Arcy, has been indicted on 85 counts of misdemeanor relating to seven young women, including the daughter-in-law of the mayor of Wellsville, New York. D'Arcy is alleged to have taken girls into his office and tied them up with ropes, handcuffs and gags. He told them all it was part of a survey.

## BOOKS

How is the catholicity of your reading—as T. S. Eliot might have put it—these days? Touching all the bases? Keeping up? All of that jive. Well, here are some nonfiction titles for you and if you can find any pattern to them, you should be working in a library and not fooling around reading big, expensive, glossy magazines.

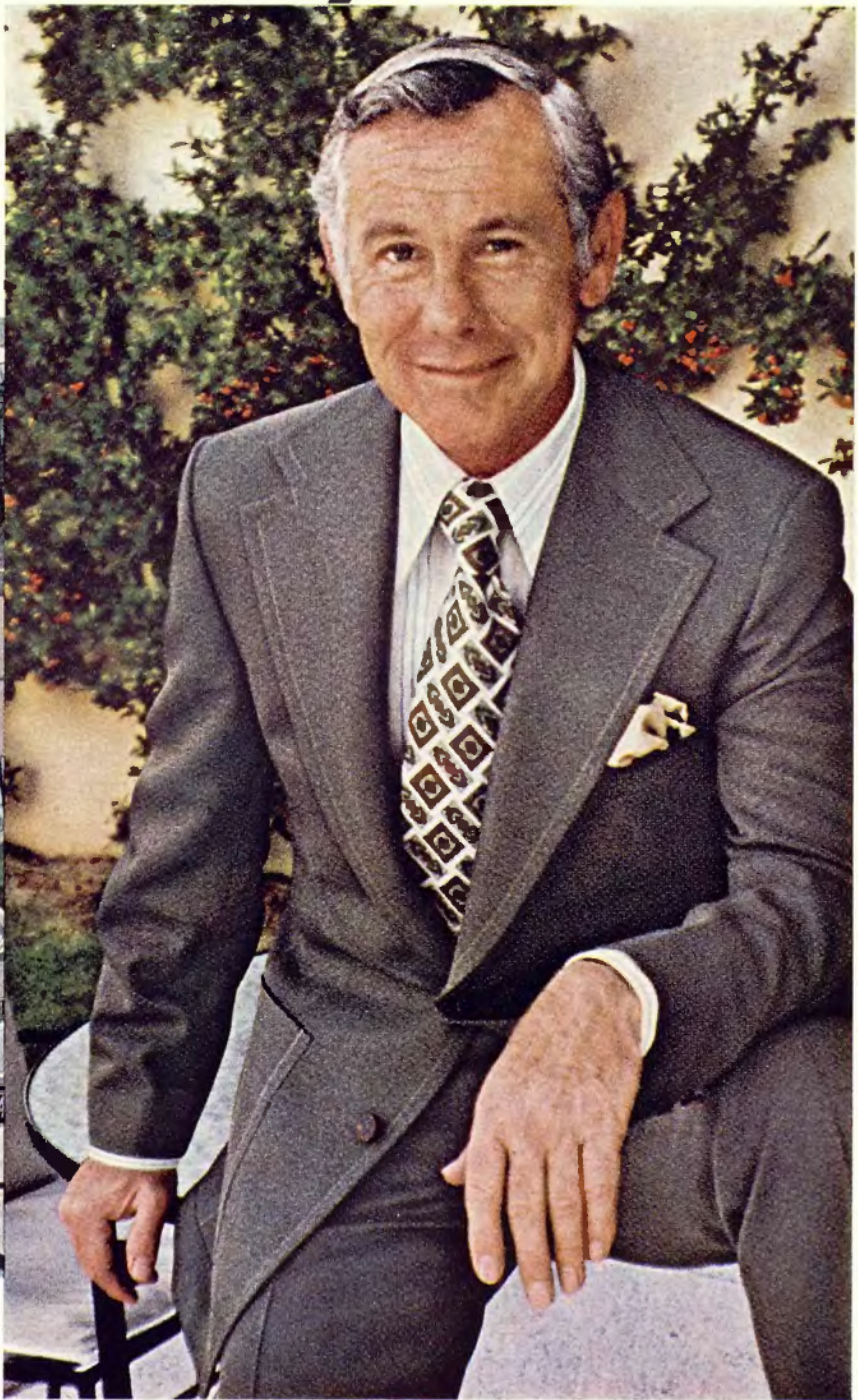
*The Curve of Binding Energy* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by John McPhee, is a quiet little book with what you might call an explosive message. What McPhee—one of the most graceful stylists currently making a living in the prose game—is talking about is the bomb. And not necessarily the kind you find sitting on the business end of a Polaris, either. What he has in mind is the bomb that some *ad hoc* group of fanatics can put together from scratch, then use to hold the whole world hostage. It is feasible, possible and damned close to likely, according to Theodore B. Taylor, a physicist who is the central figure in *Curve*. But actually, Taylor is not really the presence in this book, nor is McPhee's elegant narrative. What lurks on every page is that nasty little device we've been living with ever since Alamogordo.

Moving right along. Carolyn See is not half the writer she'd like to be and she wants to make sure that everybody knows she's really too together to be interested in pornography in anything but a clinical way; but she has managed to put together a fairly spry book on the subject, *Blue Money* (McKay). What she mostly dwells on is the fact that people who work in the porn business are in it for the money more than anything else. Well, look, the book is actually better than that. She's very good on some people in the trade and the sermons are kind of mild and the book is a good enough way to kill a couple of hours.

But if you don't want to read about sex, how about war? *Pursuit* (Viking), by Ludovic Kennedy, is about one of the



# here's johnny!



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last great slugging matches between battleships—better remembered as the sinking of the German behemoth Bismarck. Basically, a very good sea yarn told crisply. Even though you know those one-ton projectiles from the Bismarck are going to blow up the Hood, pride of His Majesty's navy, you can feel the suspense in Kennedy's telling of that awful scene.

Rubin Carter was a pretty fair fighter in his day, a contender for the middle-weight crown. Now he is doing life for murder in New Jersey. He claims he didn't do it in



*The Sixteenth Round* (Viking). And maybe he didn't. But he sure comes across as a man angry enough to kill—certainly now, if not before. And the book is a tough, graceless, proud epistle to the world and to his jailers. Very hard stuff.

Finally, in the "What's a nice isolationist doing in a one-worlder outfit like this?" category, there is William Buckley's latest: *United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey* (Putnam). Buckley was somehow talked into being a delegate to the UN. He candidly admits to visions of lecturing the Communists on imperialism in his splendid fashion, of pointing out the institutional hypocrisy of the UN. Of course, it didn't quite happen that way, and Buckley tells that part of it with what can only be called charm. Buckley is a good man to have around and his books keep getting better and more intimate. He has a way of being proud without being arrogant and humble without being mawkish, and you wish him all the Government assignments President Ford can come up with and a book from each and every one of them.

*Alinsky's Diamond* (Lippincott) is the third, and least, of Tom McHale's boisterous satires on Catholicism. *Principato* and, especially, *Farragan's Retreat* were richly imaginative and comic studies of seedy Catholic emigrants stumbling through nature to eternity, tickled by the temptations of worldliness, surprised by the quizzical presence of grace in even men themselves. McHale's new novel is a far-out morality play disguised as a belligerent farce. Its ambitions are enormous and its inventions are no match for them.

The major action is the 14th Crusade to the Holy Land, announced as a huckstering cleric's "masterplan for stimulating Western Christianity" in the 20th Century. Its major characters make up a ragged host of pilgrim martyrs led by one Francis Xavier Murphy, who staggers along bearing their crucifix. "Alinsky's Christ" is a transplanted Iowan married into the French nobility; seigneur of an unmarketable wine crop, dutifully drinking up the mistake. Alcoholic, impotent, despairing, Murphy is nevertheless a vessel of intermittent hopefulness: He has "done things in his life" and "wasn't always this way."

The Crusade with which he covens is the brain child of mad Meyer Alinsky, a roughhewn illusionist proudly "stage-directing Western civilization." But Alinsky enters the book too late: He emphatically poses questions that confuse, more than they entice us. Is Alinsky's Crusade disinterested atonement for mankind's sins? Penance for a cloudy murder he only hints at? Vengeance?

Who is Alinsky himself? He was a star running back at (sure enough) Iowa. It's rumored that he bought off the Egyptian Air Force during the Six Day War. But Alinsky's mother, Rachel, claims that he's the Antichrist. And, to Murphy's disbelief, the Pope *does* know Meyer, after all. There are several witty blasphemies, but most of the "big" scenes are unconvincingly thin. Several supporting characters are fine (Kyle-Boyer, the stuffy abortionist and gourmet; retired whore Marilyn Aldrich, the pilgrim's walledday madonna on muleback; a sharp-tongued Syrian colonel who swears Israel doesn't exist). Once the Alinsky plot is laid out, and McHale gets to the riddles beyond it, the character of Murphy begins to grow, tellingly. We can almost believe he has been touched by some mysterious hand, designated to figure crucially in the orgy of atonement and rebirth that will come to be, after Alinsky. There isn't really a *whole* novel here, only a scattered wealth of promising starts and directions. It's a disappointment—but there is so much energy and talent, so many near misses running amuck throughout *Alinsky's Diamond*, that it's worth reading anyway.

Just what is the worst thing a writing giant can do to his loyal readers? Well, he can die. There are legions of Raymond Chandler addicts who will never forgive the guy for keeling over. Now they're stuck with having to reread *The Big Sleep* for the 11th time—knowing some of the passages in the way Laurence Olivier knows Hamlet's soliloquies—and suffer through the inferior works of Chandler's imitators. But at least Chandler *died*. He didn't keep a lot of us waiting for 13 years, then deliver up some Wordsworthian sonnets or a

cookbook. Which is just about what Joseph Heller has done to us.

Admittedly, *Catch-22* is a hard act to follow. But that's no excuse for *Something Happened* (Knopf). Hardly anything is an excuse for *Something Happened*, a novel in which nothing happens except that words accumulate page after page after page after page. *ad nauseam*.

The book has something to do with a nervous, paranoid (neurotic, maybe, but who the hell cares?) fellow who works in a big office in New York and just can't cope, don't you know. A good enough thing to be writing about if your name is Roth, perhaps, but not if you are sole owner and proprietor of the imagination that came up with Yossarian, Milo Minderbinder, Colonel Korn and all those others. If you are William Faulkner, you don't have to write Henry James's books.

Well, enough. Maybe in another 13 years Heller will come up with another work of genius. In the meantime, read *The Big Sleep*. Or write a cookbook.

*Carrying the Fire* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is the story of Michael Collins, pilot, the third astronaut aboard Apollo 11 and the one who stayed at the spacecraft controls while Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin walked the moon surface. It's a superb book: informative, irreverently funny, perceptive and, in parts, profoundly moving. None of us knows what these space travelers know, and never before has this difference between us been so clearly defined. "I have dangled from a cord a hundred miles up; I have seen the earth eclipsed by the moon, and enjoyed it. I have seen the sun's true light unfiltered by any planet's atmosphere. I have seen the ultimate black of infinity in a stillness undisturbed by any living thing. . . . I do have this secret, this precious thing, that I will always carry with me." Who said that America didn't send a poet into space?

Carlos Castaneda's audience is divided into two distinct types of readers—those who believe him and those who think of him as a charlatan or just someone who's taken too much peyote and has started to imagine things. This is addressed to the former.

*Tales of Power* (Simon & Schuster) is the new book on Don Juan and Don Genaro, two Yaqui sorcerers. And though some highs are better than others, all in all, it's still just the same old smack. Castaneda makes new advances along the trail to becoming a warrior—pretty good stuff, but maybe cut with a little too much academic jargon.

The important thing is Castaneda's contribution to the science of anthropology. He took a revolutionary step in allowing himself to be such a fool. He lets

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Don Juan and Genaro waltz him around the countryside, make him look like an idiot, scare the shit out of him and ruin his ordinary life. Most anthropologists can't stand to seem foolish. They are forced to regard other cultures as inferior to their own—and slightly silly. They look down and describe. Castaneda has plunged himself full bore into Gonzo anthropology by participating in Don Juan's incredible world (a world that makes Castaneda's look pretty piss poor by comparison) and taking notes on it.

Our apparent assumption of the truth of Castaneda's stories is based on a simple deduction. Castaneda can't possibly



be smart enough to have made up the things Don Juan says. While Castaneda is babbling about "nonordinary reality elicited by the intake of psychotropic plants," Don Juan is laughing at him and saying things like "The best of us always comes out when we . . . feel the sword dangling overhead. Personally, I wouldn't have it any other way." Those aren't the words of a primitive like Castaneda. The only other conclusion you can draw is that Castaneda is in reality a 15-year-old and Don Juan is a pederast.

Papa LaBas, black hoodoo detective and self-proclaimed "Spook Chaser" of *Mumbo Jumbo*, makes a return in Ishmael Reed's *The Last Days of Louisiana Red* (Random House), a fast-paced take-off on black stereotypes that become archetypes and then stereotypes again within Reed's framework. No, Louisiana Red ain't creole grass, none of that jive shit, my man—Louisiana Red is the bad vibes that can spread among the Workers like cancer and hurt the Business, if you can dig it. The Business is run by Blue Coal, chairman of the board, who has a 7,000,000-year-old gravelly voice and a floor-length dong. One of the Business' ventures is Ed Yellings' Solid Gumbo Works, a soul-food front in Berkeley for dispensing cures for heroin addiction and certain types of cancer. When Yellings loses his wife to the FDA and

his life to Louisiana Red in an apocryphal "two-black-men-seen-leaving-the-scene" murder, LaBas is called in by the Business. Yellings has left four grown-up children: Wolf and Sister, who are "good" (Wolf carries on with the Gumbo trade while Sister listens to Nina Simone), and Street and Minnie, who are ethically disadvantaged (Street is into drugs and arms, Minnie is a stone bitch). Minnie is Queen of the Moochers, a loosely knit national organization of rip-offs that includes George "Kingfish" Stevens, Andy Brown and a white black-studies professor named Maxwell Kasavubu. Reed manages, not quite convincingly, to draw analogies with Greek and Egyptian mythology, but the character through whom he does it—Chorus, a white-tuxedoed black ex-stand-up comic—is unforgettable. Unforgettable, too, is the inevitable confrontation between LaBas and Minnie: "Your cunt is the most powerful weapon of any creature on this earth, and you know it, and you know how to use it. I can't understand why you want to be liberated." Antediluvian bullshit or right on? The black/white man/woman power structures in the invisible empire are formulated more than explored, and the final icing on the cake is astrology. It must have been fun to write.

## MOVIES

Part of Vienna and the back lot at Universal Studios substitute for Moscow



in *The Girl from Petrovka*, a pallid comedy that dimly recalls Garbo's *Ninotchka* the way Rock Hudson and Doris Day might have played it at their peak. Adrift in the title role, goggle-eyed Goldie Hawn establishes beyond a doubt that she is neither Garbo nor a girl from Petrovka (though she may, in fact, be the new Doris Day). Hal Holbrook at least manages to act with face-saving skill as a roving American newspaper correspondent who finds love and then loses it—when his wayward Russian bird, a free soul and would-be ballerina, is sentenced to five years in a penal colony because the Soviet socialist state considers her a parasite. That's pretty heavy

slogging for a romantic comedy, even though director Robert Ellis Miller and his scenarists (Allan Scott and Chris Bryant, who adapted *Don't Look Now*) obviously intended it to be a heart tugger between yoks. More than 30 years after *Ninotchka*, no evidence is produced that World War Two, the Cold War or *détente* have had any effect whatever on writers' tapping out the same frayed, familiar East-meets-West jibes. "I will give my body vunce a veek in exchange for the rent, including bathroom," is a fair example of the dross handed to Goldie, who reportedly visited Moscow in preparation for her role ("to study the mood of the people," claims a sober press release). The mood must have been gloomy.

A hard core of admirers committed to Sam Peckinpah as the great American director will have a tough time trying to fit *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia* into the scheme of things. *The Wild Bunch*, *Straw Dogs* and *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* are Peckinpah movies worthy of serious discussion, but *Alfredo Garcia* suggests more than ever that Hollywood's quasilegendary Bad Sam has begun shooting from the hip. His famous scenes of violence at this point are so mannered and crazy that they evoke embarrassed laughter, and the story he tells is pretty goddamn silly for a start. As the hero, wearing shades and chain-smoking like an uneasy impersonator of Bogart, ever-competent Warren Oates plays a Yankee drifter who accepts an assignment from a couple of hit men (Gig Young and Robert Webber) to deliver the head of an inconsequential Lothario—in ritual vengeance, because Garcia has impregnated the teenaged daughter of a powerful, ruthless land baron. Oates's partner in this murky enterprise is an earthy slut named Elita (warmly played by Mexico's reigning sex symbol, Isela Vega, featured in the July PLAYBOY), who appears to be the only compassionate human being south of the Rio Grande. Though Elita knows that Garcia is already dead, death is no deterrent to our hero's head-hunt. Attempted rape—in Peckinpah's view, even the best of women rather dig the idea, especially when the rapist is played by Kris Kristoferson—and random, senseless murder are only minor diversions prior to a ludicrous climax in which Oates jams around the countryside in a battered car with Garcia's head in a bag on the seat beside him.

Compulsive gambling is the subject of two current movies so different in tone and substance that it's tempting to treat



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them as tight competitors in a game of cinematic blackjack. In *The Gambler*, the more traditional of the duo, director Karel (Morgan!, *Isadora*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*) Reisz has James Caan casually muscling his way through an original screenplay by James Toback—about a young, overprivileged, rather unsympathetic professor of English from a rich New York Jewish family, up to his ears in gambling debts and deception. Maybe because his strong screen presence registers a certain Hollywood cool, Caan is less believable when he's lecturing on Dostoevsky than when he's eluding the Mafia thugs sent to collect \$14,000 he owes (to Paul Sorvino, as an amiable monster who hates to have a friend's legs broken) or when he's flying off to change his luck in Vegas with his favorite girl. As the girl, actress-model Lauren Hutton—a superstar in the fashion world—racks up some points in a conventional role that consists mostly of asking the hero what he's *doing* to himself, for God's sake. And *why*? *The Gambler* answers by suggesting that the urge to gamble is a death wish, a synonym for suicide. Which certainly explains why the Caan character lies to his mother, sloughs off the woman he loves and finally agrees to corrupt one of his students—a young black athlete—by selling him to the Mob. On its own terms, this is a well-made and well-played psychological cliff-hanger, but also an absolute downer, without a shred of humor or the kind of striking human insights that might bring its glib thesis to life.

*California Split*, hitting the fleshpots and jackpots of Los Angeles and Reno, throws away enough high life, sly humor and reckless exuberance to fill several other movies. Producer-director Robert Altman won the kudos of critics when he proceeded from *M\*A\*S\*H* to such varied and unsettling experiments with form as *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, *The Long Goodbye* and *Thieves Like Us*, all of which kept the cult thriving but didn't earn what a movie executive usually calls big money. Now, with a little bit o' luck—and granted a growing public that expects him to lead them down untried pathways—Altman may be ready to replant his flag at the top of the heap both as a popular entertainer and as one of the most vigorous, innovative film makers on the American scene. *California Split*, though virtually plotless, is funnier than *The Sting* and, at the same time, a more serious and penetrating study than *The Gambler*—exposing things in one glance at a poker face, or in a chance word, that can't be matched by reams of psychoanalytic blather. Saturated with atmosphere and an air of masterful improvisation (the actors appear to be inventing dialog on their feet, though author-actor Joseph Walsh is





**S**UNDAY, 11:03 PM. Frank can't sleep. He's thinking about his new Kawasaki, his first motorcycle. Frank gets out of bed. Elaine wakes up. "What's the matter?" she says.

"Can't sleep, I think I'm hungry," he says. "Guess I'll get a glass of milk or something". Frank clumps down to the kitchen, opens and closes the refrigerator door (to make it sound good), tip-toes to the garage, climbs aboard his KZ-400.

"Okay, baby," he says to his bike, "tomorrow it's another world. Vroooooooom to work...vrooom, vrrrrrrrrrrroooooom through all that vrooom crummy, crawlin' traffic....vrrrrrrrrroooooom...stoplight comin' up...disc brake, perfect...urroom, moom, moom, moom..."

"Yeah and there's a guy leanin' outta his car eyeballin' my bike. 'What's it got?' he says. '4-stroke, twin cylinder, 398cc,' I say. 'How's it kick over?' he says. 'Electric starter,' I say. And the light's green and vrrrrrrroooooom I'm gone...zippin' across town, easin' around a corner, shiftin' down, yeah through all five gears... 'Hi toots,' vrrrrroooooom..."

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credited as scenarist and coproducer), the movie follows two foot-loose Californians on an orgy of winning and losing that's the gambling man's equivalent of an alcoholic binge. And this binge is a beaut. Elliott Gould and George Segal play the gamblers; Gwen Welles and Ann Prentiss play a pair of happy hookers who provide occasional distraction from race tracks and crap tables. All are aces, yet Gould takes over, as the picture ambles along, in his loosest performance since *M\*A\*S\*H*. Playing anchor man in a believable buddy-buddy male relationship that seems to grow before your very eyes through a maze of hunches, superstition and mutual trust—placed like a bet at the two-dollar window—Segal erupts spontaneously at intervals to release the tension of a guy getting gloriously "hot." Meanwhile, Welles quietly sweeps aside every whore-with-a-heart-of-gold cliché as a vulnerable little nobody who wants her clients to love her. In a supporting cast full of obsessed bit players and grumpy old ladies with inside straights, Bert Remsen stands out as one of the hookers' least likely Johns, a sometime drag queen who insists they call him Helen.

Faces and voices flood over the edges of *California Split*, which has an eight-track sound system so that conversations crowd one another and overlap in a manner Altman experimented with in *McCabe*. He's got it just right this time and employs all his technical proficiency to spell out an exhilarating fable about two lugs who are born to win and become crazy rich before they discover the empty aftertaste of victory in the gambling world. "It don't mean a fuck-in' thing, does it?" asks Gould as *Split* builds to a rueful, wheel-spinning finish that may be the definitive statement on how some people get off by blithely risking their homes, families, jobs and bank balances on the turn of a card—in a display of sheer nerve that other daredevils probably express by shooting the rapids or climbing an Alp.

Liv Ullmann already qualifies as a major international star, though her luck so far has been spotty in English-language movies. Being of Scandinavian origin helps in *The Abdication*, from a play by Ruth Wolff about Sweden's 17th Century Queen Christina, who renounced her crown, converted to Catholicism and spent the rest of her life as a patroness of the arts in Rome. Under director Anthony Harvey (whose substantial credits include *The Lion in Winter* on film), Ullmann is superb as Christina and earns a salute simply for daring to pick up where Garbo left off in her film classic titled *Queen Christina*. Where Garbo's queen was a lovely legend, Ullmann's is a clear case of Freudian sexual repression. Christina appears in Rome

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AGE: 25

PROFESSION: Concert Pianist

HOBBIES: Swimming, sailing, listening to contemporary music, attending opera.

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LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first American to win the Chopin International Piano Competition in Warsaw.

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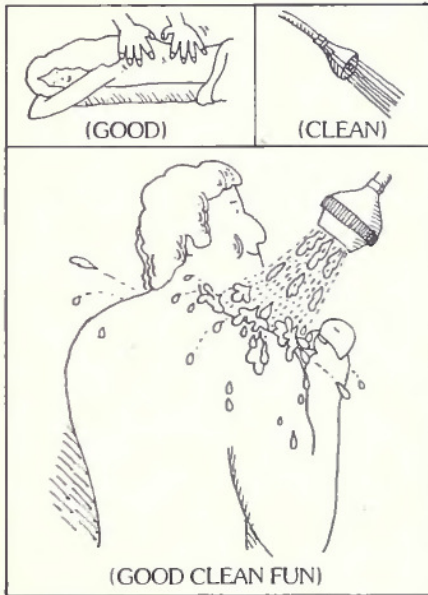


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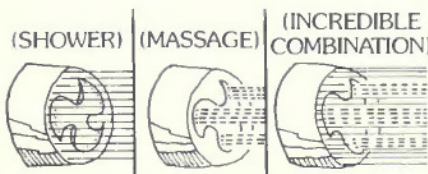


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and sets off a political crisis in the Vatican, heightened when she becomes emotionally entangled with handsome Cardinal Azzolino (Peter Finch), who is sent to test her faith. Though purported to have a basis in fact, *The Abdication* is mostly a foolish fancy, made to measure for Liv—who in no way resembles a monarch too repulsive to attain the man (or the woman) she wanted and reduced to the degradation of watching both loved ones copulate from her hiding place in a palace bedchamber. Even with fine direction and performances, *The Abdication* fails, because its script is florid pulp fiction cluttered with overblown flashbacks and bits of anachronistic dialog that occasionally make the former queen sound like a lady right out of Tennessee Williams—as though she had picked up her virile cardinal in a café on the Via Veneto.

The real Liv Ullmann can be seen at her best, eloquent and seething, in *Scenes from a Marriage*—that is, if you can find a neighborhood theater plucky enough to show this nearly three-hour movie version of an Ingmar Bergman television series that ran, week by week, six full hours in Stockholm. When the shows were telecast there a year or so ago, all of Sweden was so mesmerized by Bergman's bitter, brilliant and timely portrait of a modern marriage that rock concerts had to be canceled because no one would leave his TV set to watch anything else. The reasons why are slammed home by *Scenes*, which is not properly a movie at all and would be on television, where it belongs, if an American network had dared risk it. The episodic story—told in endless but incisive talk and telling close-ups by cinematographer Sven Nykvist—concerns an Ideal Couple (Liv and Erland Josephson, a perfect match for her) who are being interviewed for a magazine article just before their marital dream of perfection begins to crumble. After hard words, infidelity, knockdown battles, recriminations, separations, reunions—plus an angry impromptu try at sex on the eve of their divorce—they end up married to two other people and discover too late that the real obstacle to their enduring love for each other has always been marriage itself. Obviously, the reason *Scenes* is ending up in theaters is that neither Procter & Gamble nor its competitors would clamor for TV time to link the name of a new miracle shampoo with any such subversive views of an institution officially held sacred. Not on your home screen, baby. For Bergman himself—disappointed in marriage numerous times—only truth is transcendent. He has been quoted as saying, "This opus took three months to write but rather a long part of my life to experience. I am not sure it would have turned out better had it been the other way round, though it would have seemed

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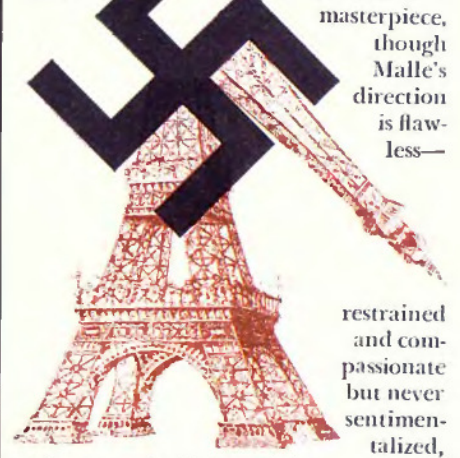
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nicer." The italics are ours. The genius is Bergman's.

Ever since *The Sorrow and the Pity*, Marcel Ophuls' vivid 1972 documentary about France under the yoke of Nazi Occupation, French film makers have begun to re-examine the consciences of their countrymen during World War Two. Writer-director Louis Malle's *Lacombe Lucien*—already hailed as a masterpiece at home and a highlight of the recent New York Film Festival—is the story of a dumb, brutal, restless farm boy who finds easy part-time work as a thug for the Gestapo in 1944. The job becomes more difficult when he meets the family of a Jewish tailor who has fled Paris with his aged mother and comely daughter, knowing that their days are numbered even in this remote village. A bizarre, touching boy-meets-girl relationship lies at the heart of *Lacombe Lucien*, which hardly deserves



to be called a masterpiece, though Malle's direction is flawless—restrained and compassionate but never sentimentalized, and never vindictive, either, as he focuses upon many ordinary French villagers blindly pursuing their interests in sex, profit and privilege. It's partly a casting problem that the dramatic emphasis shifts from Lucien himself (Pierre Blaise) to the courageous tailor (marvelously played by Holger Lowenadler) and his daughter—a striking movie debut by former fashion model Aurore Clément, whose unadorned performance makes one believe a young girl's illogical attraction to a rude country boy who asks for love as if he meant to confiscate it in any case. In the title role, however, young Blaise is so convincingly obtuse that *Lacombe Lucien* has no final tragic impact. Despite the crimes he commits, he seems too like a dull, instinctive beast to be held morally accountable—which both lessens a viewer's emotional involvement and reduces tragedy to the stature of a pathetic case history.

Director Michel Drach's *Les Violons du Bal* is a movie within a movie about a 43-year-old director making a film about his boyhood in wartime France (the French title literally means "violins at a ball" and merely suggests a reminiscent mood). Drach himself plays the director

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until a pompous producer tells him, "No stars—no film," at which point he covers his face with a script and is magically transformed into Jean-Louis Trintignant. Within this framework, Drach manages some amusing inside stories regarding the creation, casting and financing of a movie that everyone assures him he cannot sell. His odd personal perspective gives *Les Violons* a haphazard air of ego tripping, though fellow film makers ought to eat it up. The movie within describes how young Michel (played by Drach's son David), his mother and *grand-mère* flee from one refuge to another in France, concealing their Jewishness until they manage to escape across the Swiss frontier. In a curious touch of nepotism, Drach's mother as a young woman is played by his wife, Marie-José Nat—a wise choice, after all, since her luminous and tender performance won a Best Actress award at the '74 Cannes Film Festival. Drach's view of his fellow Frenchmen reveals again that they were anything but a nation of Resistance heroes. Yet there are scenes of heroism and terror—including one taut vignette about a man trapped in the Paris Métro—in a unique movie full of humanity, originality, wry wit, effortless nostalgia and a soupçon of cynicism.

*The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder* is set in a V.A. hospital, a junk yard for the human debris of four wars. Timothy Bottoms as Vrooder—traumatized in Vietnam and determined never again to be part of the "normal" world responsible for it—has set up an ingenious underground hideaway beneath the nearby San Diego Freeway. When he's not holed up there, he's all over the hospital, disrupting "the system" and eventually winning nurse Barbara Seagull away from her doctor boyfriend. *Vrooder*, a Playboy Production directed by Arthur Hiller and highlighted by some marvelous supporting performances from Albert Salmi and George Marshall, is at once poignant and funny—and that's no small feat.

Greeted by underground critics as a camp classic, producer-director Mark L. Lester's *Truck Stop Women* offers loads of mindless energy along with a few laughs, some of them intentional. To call this comic-strip hokum art is either inverted snobbism or cultural slumming, or maybe both. But there are compensations in watching Lieux Dressler and supergirl Claudia Jennings (PLAYBOY's 1970 Playmate of the Year) as a rowdy mother-and-daughter team of hijackers, locked in mortal combat on a stretch of highway that looks like the wrong side of Route 66.

*Alvin Purple* (played by Graeme Blundell) is a horny young man who proves so irresistible to women of all ages that he enjoys fabulous short-term success as



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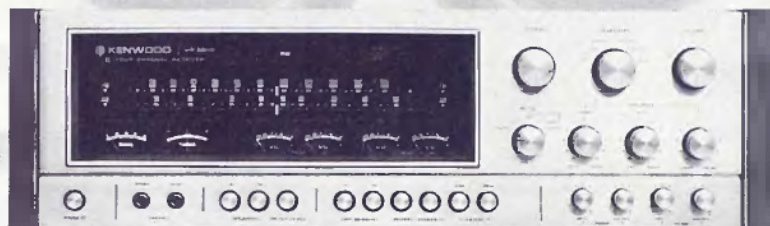
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a salesman—and demonstrator—of water beds. "There are openings everywhere for the right man. Find out what you can do . . . and extend yourself" is his old dad's advice—which Alvin follows so assiduously that he ends up in court, as a male prostitute and sort of national hero, charged with providing sex therapy for a quack psychiatrist's clients. Few full-frontal sex films can compare with *Alvin* for inventiveness and outright impudence. The wonder is that the movie was made (by producer-director Tim Burstall, with scenarist Alan Hopgood), in Melbourne, Australia, of all places, and scored a huge box-office hit on its home turf. We didn't know they dared.

Hard-core rides again in *Happy Days*, an unabashed rip-off of *American Graffiti*. A table full of partygoers reminisces about their sexual initiations back in the Fifties, with every encounter set to Top 40 tunes introduced by WMCA's "Good Guy" Joe O'Brien, in replays of actual radio broadcasts. *Happy Days* is all bobby socks and '53 Buicks and back-seat repartee about "copping a feel," worth a snigger or two as a study of sexual attitudes two decades ago. Once the performers—notably, the ever-popular Georgina Spelvin as a lady who balls her prospective son-in-law—get right down to it, of course, nothing seems to have changed.

## RECORDINGS

Step right into our vinyl time machine, folks. Have we got a fantastic voyage for you! More than a quarter century ago, Anita O'Day turned out the tracks now reissued as *Hi Ho Trailus Boot Whip* (Bob Thiele Music). She has a varied assortment of musicians behind her, but they're excellent, for the most part; there are some class arrangements by Ralph Burns and Benny Carter and almost all the tunes are first-rate. However, what you're paying your money for is O'Day, and that's what you get—and how! The title tune (a marvelously jaunty scat song), *How High the Moon*, *Malagueña*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *What Is This Thing Called Love*, *Key Largo*, et al., show why the lady was at the top of her profession in those halcyon post-World War Two days. We've lost a lot of things since then, but, thank God, Anita O'Day is still around and singing up a storm.

OK, so there's this Hungarian gypsy cat, Elek Bacsik, and he's really a hell of a jazz violinist—makes all the right moves, no smarmy clichés, knows his ax inside out. And *I Love You* (Bob Thiele Music) is a great showcase for him. The backup musicians are fabulous—on all of the tracks, he has Hank Jones, Richard Davis and either Elvin Jones or Grady Tate behind him, and you can't do much better than that. So the album

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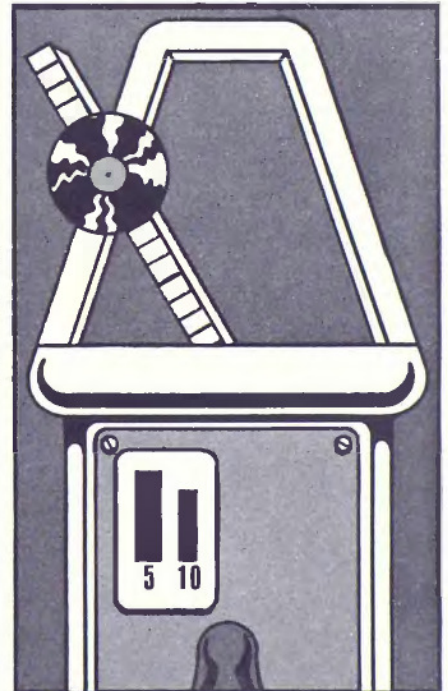


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is well worth getting into. But when it's put alongside *Joe & Zoot* (Chiaroscuro), and you compare Bacsik's work with that of the near octogenarian Joe Venuti, the former comes off decidedly second best. Violinist Venuti, teamed up with protean tenorman Sims, is simply sensational. With George Duvivier, Cliff Leeman and Dick Wellstood for rhythm, Venuti and Sims pile wondrous solo upon wondrous solo. Sims's abilities on tenor and more recently on soprano have been heralded and acknowledged, but Venuti has dwelt in relative obscurity all these years, having to content himself with the praises heaped on him by his fellow musicians. Maybe *Joe & Zoot* will broaden the base of the Venuti Fan Club. Whether it's some driving uptempo tune or a wistful ballad, the Venuti violin unerringly produces just the right sound.

It's easy to guess why they call themselves The Meters—music *is* time, and Art Neville, George Porter Jr., Leo Nocentelli and Joseph Modeliste measure it out in diamondback rhythms that are the fattest and funkier anywhere. Why they call their new Reprise LP *Rejuvenation* is a bit of a puzzle, though, since that implies a return of lost powers, and this



rock-'n'-soul quartet from New Orleans has never been anything but great. The four were great when they were cutting r&b hits a few years back for the now-defunct Josie label; they were great when they backed up Dr. John and Allen Toussaint (who's also their producer) on their most recent LPs; and they were great on *Cabbage Alley*, which Reprise issued a couple of years ago. They claim, however, that this record is their best yet, and it's hard to argue, especially since we're out of breath after spending the last

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hour boogying to *Hey Pocky A-Way*, the baddest good-time tune you're likely to hear. The Meters' music, as it happens, is good-timey even when the lyrics are serious, as on the politically pertinent *People Say*, or sad, as on the romantic *It Ain't No Use*, which stretches out into an extended instrumental jam. Our favorites, though, are *Loving You Is on My Mind*, a mostly instrumental jazz-rocker in an easy-listening groove, and a pair of superrhythmic entries, *Africa* and *Jungle Man*, the latter being a representation of pure Homo sapiens—"I'm friends with the monkey, I'm friends with the birds"—that would have pleased Jean Jacques Rousseau. Or anybody with a functional eardrum.

The only good thing about Focus' new album, *Hamburger Concerto* (Atco), is Jan Akkerman's guitar playing. As usual, his solos are exciting, powerful and challenging, even if they are—you will pardon us—sandwiched between the yodeling and pseudoclassical nonsense. They do beef up the album, which is otherwise an exercise in half-fried creativity and three-for-a-quarter taste. By way of example, several of the cuts bear such titles as *Rare*, *Medium I* and *II* and—go ahead, you guess the next one. That's right, but the cut isn't very. We'll stick with McDonald's.

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Keith Jarrett's three-record piano album *Solo-Concerts* (ECM) begins well enough. Vagrant introspective melodies in the idiom of Liszt or of early Brahms. But never mind. About a quarter of an hour into side one, Jarrett takes Liszt or Brahms or Gershwin or whomever he's thinking about and marches him at knife point down five minutes of one of the most dangerous stretches of boogie-woogie ever traversed by Homo musicus. So you have to figure that all the while his right hand was fingering crystal in the drawing room, his left must have been whipping ass in the street. Now, when Jarrett bids that baddest of left hands and that most *précieux* of right hands not only to occupy the same keyboard but even to



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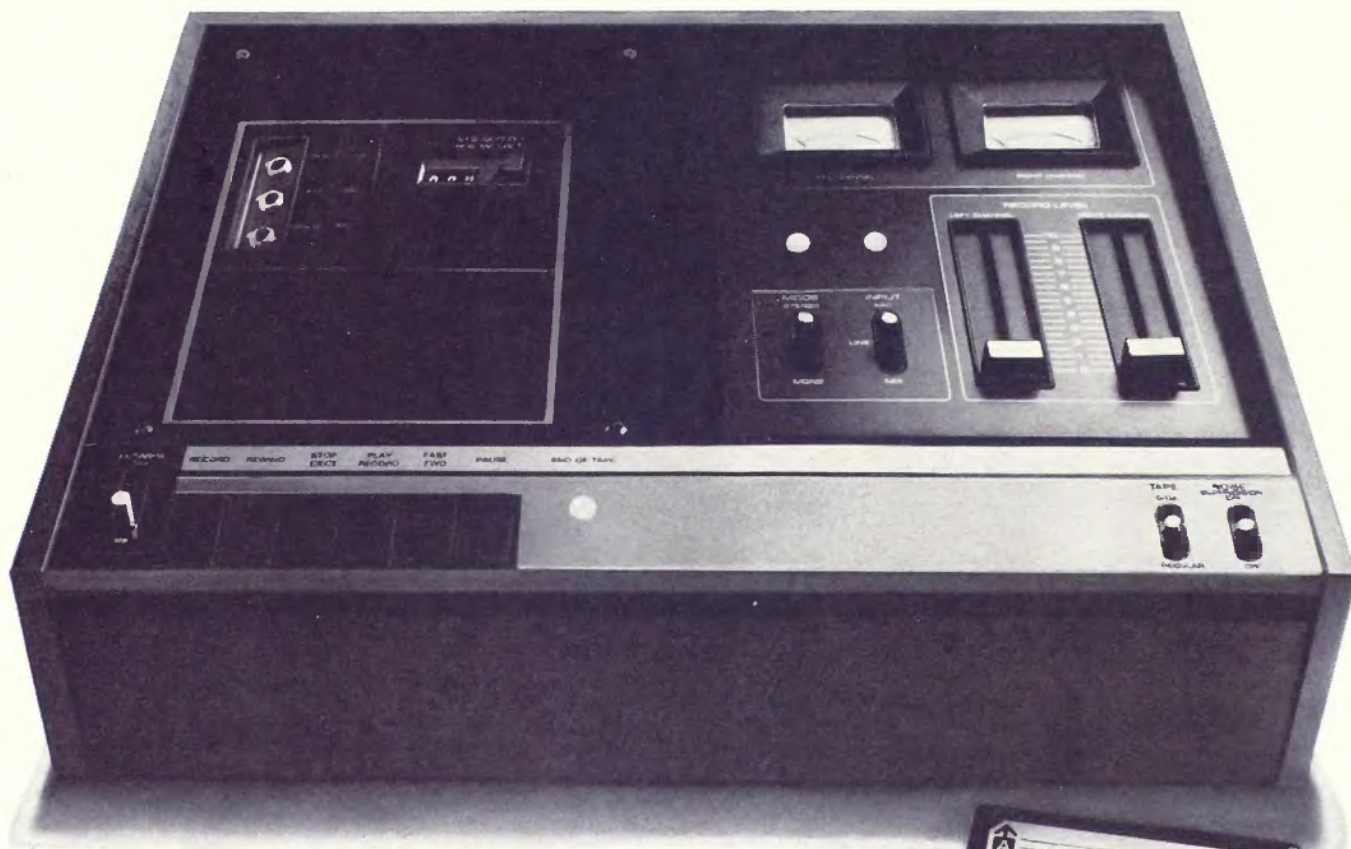
accommodate themselves to each other, he lays claim to being the best improvisational pianist-composer around. For example, consider the stately barrel-house polonaise at the beginning of side two. Or the funky plantation chorale that kicks off side three. Or the *crème de la crème* of modern psychological piano stylists—Don Shirley, Lennie Tristano, Denny Zeitlin—doing a Mexican hat dance at Jarrett's finger tips near the end of side three. Or the wistful Bill Evans prelude to the symphonic rock-'n'-roll treatment of a snippet from *You Can't Always Get What You Want* at the beginning of side four. Or the Gershwin concerto on a phrase from *As Time Goes By* at the end of that side. Consider the ragas modulating into rags, the Anton Webern tone rows air-hammered into Gospel shout, the brilliant unaccompanied jazz improvisations that run like bonefish with pearly bait. Consider all those things and then join the rest of us in putting Jarrett up on a pedestal.

Classical purists can't stand the Berlioz *Symphonic Fantastique*, because it has a lot of musical bombast and breast-beating—for a symphony, anyway. In the past, conductors tended to emphasize its tortured wails and sonic splendors at the expense of its formal, operatic structure. Things went so far that it was billed, a few years ago, as the psychedelic symphony, owing to the opium-induced dreams represented in the fourth and fifth movements. Well, Colin Davis recently proved that you could do it differently; and now London has recorded Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in a magnificent, architecturally clear performance. Instead of stressing the theatrical, autobiographical love story that forms the "plot" of the *Fantastique*, Solti highlights its musical and formal values, its character, if you will. The result is great symphonic music with an exciting flair.

Hey, you movie freaks, this is it. Warner Bros.—in two big slipcased albums—has wrapped it all up: *50 Years of Film* and *50 Years of Film Music*. There's soundtrack music by Dimitri Tiomkin, Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Max Steiner and singing by the likes of Ginger Rogers, Mary Martin, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Al Jolson, Doris Day, Frank Sinatra and Judy Garland. But the real gems are in the dialog album. Warner Bros. was basically a drama-and-melodrama studio, so the album is chock-full of immortal lines from Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Sydney Greenstreet, Marlon Brando, James Dean, Gary Cooper, ad infinitum. All this and you don't have to stay up for the *Late Show*.

European jazz is so often treated with condescension by Americans, who see in

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it only a pallid imitation of the "real" made-in-U.S.A. product, that one almost comes to accept the myth as gospel. Then along come a couple of LPs such as *Witchi-Tai-To* and *Red Lanta* (both on ECM) and you immediately realize the idiocy of that notion. *Witchi-Tai-To*, featuring the Jan Garbarek-Bobo Stenson Quartet, and *Red Lanta*, which teams reedman Garbarek with pianist Art Lande, were recorded in Norway, not especially noted as a hotbed of jazz. That may well be, but you wouldn't know it from these recordings. Garbarek is an exciting, imaginative musician who is very much his own man and Lande and Stenson are first-rate pianists. Of the two albums, *Red Lanta* is particularly impressive, since all of the compositions are by Lande and are, without exception, fascinating. Chauvinists, go home!

Martha Reeves's voice packs as much punch today as it did ten years ago, when she led the Vandellas through *Heat Wave* and *Dancing in the Street*. But superproducer Richard Perry (*Ringo* and Carly Simon's *Hotcakes*) blew it on Martha's first solo album, *Martha Reeves* (MCA): Her voice is too often just one more element in the Perry supersound. The opening line of each song's the best—Martha floats over the back beat or urgently pleads her case. By the third line, Perry's caught up with her and organ, piano, horns, strings and guitars aplenty are cluttering the track. Only *Many Rivers to Cross*, Jimmy Cliff's psalmlike ballad, works—because Perry keeps Martha's singing the focal point from beginning to end. Martha Reeves is alive and well, though—that's the good news.

Country music is threatening to become the national style. If you're not into *Red Necks*, *White Socks* and *Blue Ribbon Beer*, you ought to be able to get behind Kris Kristofferson's latest hymn to the hangover or the low-rent roadhouse psychedelia of Commander Cody. Beverly Sills may be the only singer in America who hasn't set out for Nashville in search of the down-home sound.

The music has changed in recent years, but they can't hide the roots, even on the slickest stuff, and the roots go back to the music that settlers brought with them from England, Scotland and Ireland. In the poverty and the isolation of the Southern Appalachians, the music survived vigorously. Coal mines and railroads began to open up those mountains around the turn of the century, and with them came new music—especially black music. And new instruments—the guitar, mandolin and autoharp—to join the fiddle and banjo. The result was a creative explosion that is still going on.

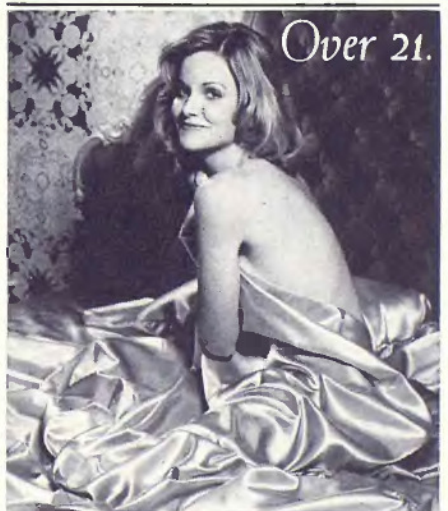
During the Twenties, the record industry figured out that a lot of people would



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# The hows,whys and wherefores of curing tobacco.

## They're not sick, they're fermenting.

The word "curing" in tobacco is terribly misleading. Who coined the term and how it came into use is not known. *Curing is the process of using heat to bring the moisture content of the leaves down from 80% to 20%.* If the farmers didn't cure their tobaccos you'd run out of matches trying to light your pipe.

The heat used in curing is also the first step in fermenting. To ferment tobacco is to remove the harshness and bring out the mildness. It lets all the honest flavor of the leaves come through. If it weren't for fermenting, even the most expensive pipe tobaccos in the world would taste like you were smoking cabbage.

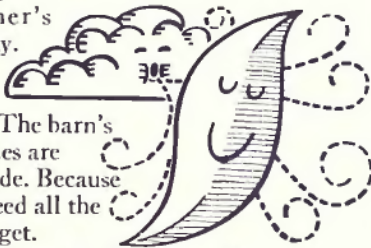
### There's no one best way to cure. There are four.

Fire. Flue. Air. And Sun. The method used depends upon the weather conditions of the region. And, of course, the type of tobacco that is grown. All tobaccos are still mostly green when they are harvested. The farmer knows that when some yellow first appears it is time for curing. He removes the leaves from the stalk and exposes them to high temperatures.

#### AIR CURING

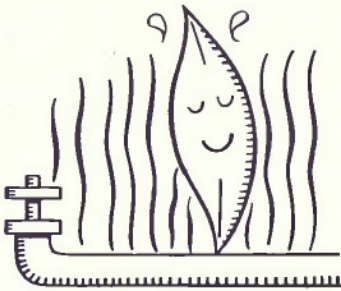
A tobacco farmer's barn doesn't hold hay. It hangs tobacco. From the ceiling almost to the floor. The barn's roof and even its sides are designed to open wide. Because in air curing, you need all the ventilation you can get.

The tobacco leaves hang in there for about three months until they turn brown. The color tells the farmer that his leaves now have a naturally rich, semi-sweet taste and a mild aromatic personality. Air cured tobaccos are grown all over the world. But some of the best are born and bred in Kentucky, Tennessee, Malawi, Mexico and Brazil.



#### FLUE CURING

The high heat needed for flue curing comes from a central heating system on the floor of the barn. A blower fan evenly distributes the hot air through flues. Flue cured tobaccos stay in the barn about a week until the leaves develop a honey yellow hue. All Virginia-type

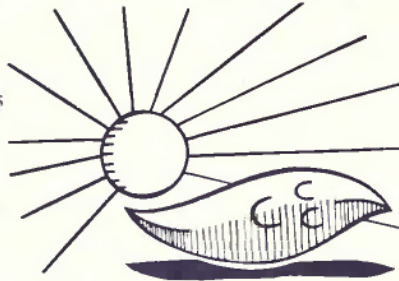
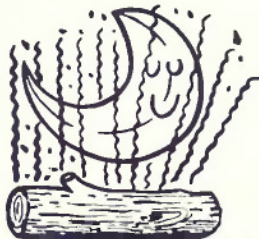


tobaccos, whether they're grown in Virginia, the Carolinas, South America, Africa or Asia are flue cured. The better pipe tobacco blends use flue cured leaves for their tangy taste.

#### FIRE CURING

This process might be more rightly called smoke curing. Because it's the smoke and vapor from smoldering hard-wood logs that give fire cured tobacco such a beautiful aroma. (They use a similar method to smoke hams. And you know what that does for taste and aroma.)

The tobacco leaves stay in the barn for about three months until they are as brown as dark mahogany. And have a delicious bouquet and a luscious fragrance. There are no finer fire cured tobaccos than the ones we buy in Kentucky and Tennessee.



#### SUN CURING

Sun curing is virtually a cottage industry in parts of Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia and other Mediterranean countries. During June, July and August thousands of families can be seen stringing leaves of exotic Oriental tobaccos

onto racks. These racks are kept in the fields and even the village streets so that the tobaccos may be exposed to the sun and shade, heat of day, cool of night. There they stay for about four weeks until they turn golden yellow. These sun cured tobaccos are prized for their natural aromatic qualities and wondrous flavor.

*Question: What would happen if a tobacco that should have gone through one type of curing was exposed to another method? As an example, if flue cured tobacco were to be air cured?*

*Answer: The tobacco would serve no purpose. The taste would be most unappealing. As a comparison, just imagine what a T-Bone steak would taste like if it were boiled instead of grilled.*

### Putting it all together



To make an outstanding pipe tobacco the blend should consist of all four kinds: Fire cured. Air cured. Flue cured. And Sun cured. Knowing how much of each type is needed to produce a full, round taste is an art that comes with experience. Douwe Egberts has been blending superior tobaccos since 1753. *That's experience.*

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actually pay for records of this down-home music. The companies had no idea of what was good or bad, of what would sell and what wouldn't. Scrambling for hits, they sent men wandering from town to town throughout the South to record any local musicians they could drag out of the hollers. They were in it only for the money, but by accident they produced a great collection of American folk music. Their successors today are enthusiasts spawned by the folk revival of the Sixties who have loaded their tape recorders and combed the hills looking for performers of the old music.

A group of folk nuts in Somerville, Massachusetts, has formed a combination record company, collective and mail-order house dedicated to finding the music and getting it out to the rest of us. They call themselves RoundHouse Records (see this month's *Playboy Pot-pourri*) and they've got their own label—Rounder—and a catalog rich in goodies you won't find at Korvettes.

Rounder covers the old times with records such as *Shaking Down the Acorns*. A group of friends and relations in Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties, West Virginia, get together to pick and sing and swap stories for their own amusement.

At the other end, Norman Blake on *Home in Sulphur Springs* displays some more modern licks. Blake is a professional whose credits include backing Johnny Cash and Bob Dylan, but his

roots are pretty plainly down in the country. He plays some incredible guitar, including great slidework on *Down Home Summertime Blues*, a song about his Georgia boyhood.

Blind Alfred Reed was a Virginia fiddler, singer and conservative social commentator (he once wondered musically, *Why Do You Bob Your Hair, Girls?*) who made some notable records for Victor in the Twenties. The Rounder folks have collected some of his songs on an album called *How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live?* Reed recorded the title song just one month after the 1929 crash.

The Southern-mountain coal mines have been a battleground for nearly a century, and *Aunt Molly Jackson* was in the thick of the fight for most of her life. Before she left Kentucky in the early Thirties, she wrote protest songs—using traditional styles—with a directness and power that make most such efforts look silly and puerile. And she sings them in

a voice as harsh and clear as a desert sky. The miners are still struggling, and on *Come All You Coal Miners*, Sarah Gunning, Hazel Dickens and ex-miners Nimrod Workman and George Tucker sing and talk about black lung, strip mining, union corruption and the dead end facing the aging miner: "Both lungs is broke down, you've spent your best days/ Go back to that coal mine that got you this way." For bluegrass freaks, Rounder offers *Things in Life* by Don Stover, an excellent banjo picker who has been a fixture around Boston for 15 years or more. *Wild Rose of the Mountain* is a lively, lyrical introduction to traditional fiddling by a Kentucky mining engineer named J. P. Fraley.

The RoundHouse record catalog is also full of splendidly obscure labels such as County, Arhoolie and Blue Goose. These new releases won't make *Billboard's* Hot 100, but they do lay down some great American music. County specializes in resurrecting classic bluegrass performances. *The Stanley Brothers of Virginia, Vol. 2* is a collection of good old songs recorded in the early Sixties by the most old-timey of the major bluegrass bands. The gem of the album is Ralph Stanley singing *Pretty Polly* in a voice like a chain-smoking choirboy's.

His hard-edged, Scruggs-style picking provides perfect accompaniment.

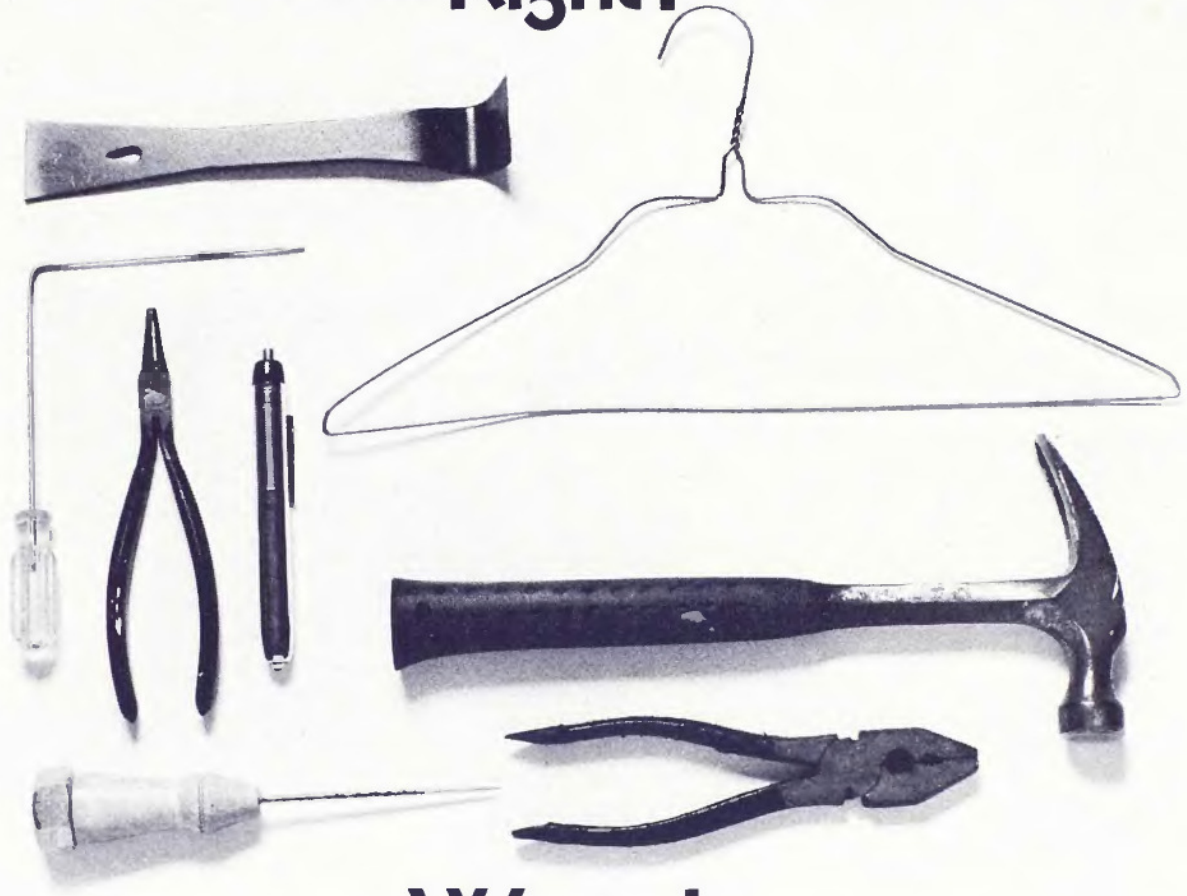
The Arhoolie label is the creation of Chris Strachwitz, who has been searching out old masters of the blues for better than a decade. Among

his latest efforts is *Outwest*. Strachwitz took Clifton Chenier, an accordionist and singer who is a master of the style of black Louisiana, a wondrous stew of Cajun and blues sounds, and teamed him with a band that included rockers Steve Miller and Elvin Bishop. The result is high-spirited sound that will make you forget *Lady of Spain*.

When white kids got hold of blues records, they started to imitate what they heard. Most of them never got beyond mimicry, but a few have mastered the traditional styles. John Miller, *First Degree Blues*, is a Pennsylvanian who has made the jump, building on the music of blues greats such as Blind Blake and Bo Carter to create his own style. Miller's album was recorded by Nick Perls for Blue Goose, and it carries a warm endorsement from guitar wizard John Fahey: "A thoroughly enjoyable album—that's quite a change from Mr. Perls's usual shit."



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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**S**hortly after my boyfriend and I started living together, he bought me one of those bullet-shaped vibrators. He said that he wanted me to enjoy myself and to learn more about my responses. Well, I really got into it, or vice versa. I began to use the vibrator whenever he wasn't home. He asked me once which was better—the vibrator or him—and I told him the truth: that I preferred him. OK. But when he discovered that I sometimes masturbated while looking at pictures of nude men, he freaked out. He tore up the pictures and left a nasty note on our bed saying that I really knew how to get to him. I don't understand. I feel that he introduced me to a very beautiful experience, then pulled the rug out from under me. Can you explain his behavior?—Miss O. N., Virginia Beach, Virginia.

*It's a new twist to the old double standard. We've received a surprising number of letters suggesting that vibrators invoke the old insecurities that lead to vows of chastity, the quest for the virgin bride, etc. Your boyfriend's fear of comparison may be deep-seated and unreasonable, but it is nonetheless real—even when the object of comparison is a permanently erect penis-shaped piece of plastic or a two-dimensional photograph of another man. He may be intimidated by your ability to have multiple orgasms—“How can you keep them from having fun, after they've had ecstasy?” The situation is absurd but not hopeless. Perhaps someone will invent a vibrator that becomes soft and inoperable after five minutes' use. Or maybe your boyfriend would agree to pose in the nude, so that your masturbatory props would not threaten his ego. Liberation requires patience. You might invite him to join you in a session with the vibrator, so at least he can have a hand in your pleasure. Give it a try.*

**I**m addicted to California table wines, or under-the-table wines, as they're called in some circles. A bottle doesn't have to have a cork in it to contain out-of-sight vino. Maybe the French will discover the screw cap someday and really get it on. To my taste, nothing beats a gallon of mountain red, pink Chablis or one of the pop wines. Still, I would like to add some class to my act. Is it necessary to decant these wines? If so, what are the mechanics of decanting?—J. M. R., Riverside, Illinois.

*There are two reasons to decant wine: for appearance and for taste. Some people feel that you should always serve a wine in its original bottle, so that guests can see what they are drinking. Others feel that if they can't tell the difference, then it doesn't make a difference if you*

*transfer the wine to a more attractive container. Decanting for taste is usually recommended only after a wine has aged for ten years or more. The procedure prevents the sediment that forms during aging from clouding the wine and the flavor. To decant an aged wine: Either let the bottle stand for 24 hours or bring it up horizontally from the cellar. Uncork it carefully. Pour the wine slowly into a decanter. (A lighted candle placed beneath the bottle will allow you to see the sediment.) Decant all but the last half inch or so of wine, leaving the dregs. Since most California wines are much younger than ten years, it is not necessary to decant them for taste. If you want to do it for appearances, fine. Our ex-biker etiquette expert, Treefeeling Tank, says that there is only one way to properly serve an under-the-table wine. Grab the bottle firmly by the base and smash the neck against the nearest solid surface. Allow the broken glass to settle, then pour the wine down your throat. Shout “Yee-hah,” wipe your mouth on your sleeve, pass the bottle to a friend, then pass out.*

**A** few months ago, you mentioned that undressing in a sexy manner would really “knock your socks off.” I've got some sense of slang, but I had never heard that phrase. Could you be more exact about its meaning?—F. O., Butte, Montana.

*Probably not, but try this on for size: For reasons that have never been revealed, male actors in early porno movies always wore their socks while engaging in sexual acts. A climax that would move these jaded stars, that could make them forget that they were in front of a camera, was said to have the power to “knock your socks off.” A nice yarn, eh?*

**E**verybody and his brother want to be singer-songwriters—if you believe the newspapers, a decent janitor can't get a job in Nashville because of all the hopeful musicians there. I'm not Kris Kristofferson, but I would like to submit a demonstration tape of my songs to a record company. What is the correct procedure?—J. R. P., Chicago, Illinois.

*Ahmet Ertegun, the founder of Atlantic Records, once told David Geffen, the founder of Asylum Records, that the way to get rich in the record business was to “Walk slowly. Walk slowly and maybe one day you'll bump into a genius and a genius will make you rich.” Nowadays, they let their ears do the walking: Record companies such as Asylum and Warner Bros. receive hundreds of unsolicited demo tapes each week, and most will listen to each one. The attempts range from studio-produced masters to one guy's*

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putting songs down on a three-and-a-half-inch Dictaphone belt. Tape a microphone to that broom you've been pushing, turn on the old reel-to-reel, send the result to the company's A&R department and you've got as much chance as the next genius to be signed. But observe a few rules and you might help the odds: At this stage of the process, the companies don't care if you've written a hundred songs. All they want to hear are your four or five best shots. They know that it is impossible to break a new performer unless a few of his tunes can get AM air play—so have the demo include your most commercial material. Save the "art" for your Rolling Stone interview and try for a reasonably clean performance. They will judge the tape for material, vocal and instrumental talent and production potential. (Remember "American Bandstand": "And what would you give this, Archie?" "I'd give it away.") Anything that you do to make their job easier will be appreciated. For instance, list the compositions in order on the container, along with additional info—who wrote the song, who the performer is, etc. Separate the songs with pieces of white tape so they can find something that caught their attention. Put your name, address and telephone number on the reel or cassette itself, so that, if the accompanying letter gets lost, they will know who it belongs to. Finally, it may take from two to four weeks for a company to process your tape. Don't keep your fingers crossed—you'll need those for practicing licks—but good luck, anyway.

Over the past few years, I've watched television coverage of several state events, including the funerals of two Presidents. The commentators explained most of the ceremonies involved, but they failed to discuss the 21-gun salute. What does the number of guns signify?—R. D., West Springfield, Massachusetts.

The rank of the person being honored determines the number of shots fired. For example, a 21-gun salute is fired for chiefs of state, heads of government, members of a royal family and others of comparable standing; it was once known as a royal salute. Nineteen guns are fired for ambassadors, cabinet members, governors and officers above the rank of admiral or general; salutes of 17, 15, 13, 11, 7 and 5 guns are fired for persons of lesser rank. (The convention of firing an odd number is believed to stem from an ancient naval superstition that an even number of shots is unlucky.) In this country, the national salute of 21 guns is fired on Lincoln's Birthday and Memorial Day. A 50-gun salute is fired on the Fourth of July. In South American countries, the national salute occurs whenever the military feels like it and is commonly referred to as a coup d'état.

My husband and I have enjoyed our king-size water bed for almost five years. Recently, spurred by an advertisement in PLAYBOY, we purchased satin sheets. We love the sensuous feel, but we have encountered a problem. The surfaces are almost friction-free; we are forever searching for pillows that slither off the bed during the night. Any suggestions?—Mrs. A. M., Baltimore, Maryland.

One of our editors had the same problem with satin sheets, only worse. He claims that he spent half of one night trying to pin down his date, who kept slipping out from under him. (As we recall, the same thing used to happen when he used percale sheets.) He subsequently installed eyebolts in the frame of his water bed, along with safety straps, and developed a reputation as a bondage freak. To take care of the disappearing pillows, he had snaps sewn onto the bottom sheet and one side of the pillowcases. Strips of Velcro (the zipperless zipper material) would also work.

I began to lose my hair when I was 18—within a year I looked like a man of 45. Sexually, I was quite frustrated. I did go with one girl for four years, during which time I began to wear a wig. The hairpiece made me less self-conscious around other people. Now I am in graduate school. I meet literally hundreds of girls and date frequently. However, when a girl wants to have sex, I become paranoid about her knocking off my wig and I can't make a move; my dates can't understand my sudden shyness. Nothing ever happens; I feel half human at times. Do you have any advice?—A. A., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Sure, the same advice we gave in the above letter. Have snaps or strips of Velcro sewn into your scalp and hairpiece. That should stop the wandering wig. It seems to us that the wig has made you anything but less self-conscious. You wear the thing, date a lot but don't have sex. Why not throw it away and go as yourself? You might date less frequently, but at least you would have more sex. Then you could worry about something really serious—like bad breath or whether your deodorant is still working.

Boys' schools and naval bases have always been the breeding ground of the idea that saltpeter can lower the male sex drive. I know that is nonsense, but several people at work say that there is now a chemical that diminishes the cravings of the horniest guy. True?—C. K., Houston, Texas.

Yes, there are several. Last year, "Forum Newsfront" reported on a British product (benperidol) that would undo the trick. Now the Schering Corporation of West Germany (where else?) has developed a

form of chemical castration. Androcur (the company's trade name for cyproterone acetate) inhibits the function of the male sex hormone testosterone. Testosterone is a primary source of sexual desire—it activates the erotic centers in the brain and is a biological prerequisite for orgasm (i.e., it is vital to sperm production, erection and ejaculation). Sexual attraction can raise the level of blood testosterone. Anxiety, stress, defeat, humiliation and depression can result in low testosterone levels. Androcur does the same thing as the latter, with greater efficiency. The drug has been used to treat compulsive sex criminals in several European countries—after a few weeks on the drug, both the spirit and the flesh are unwilling, uninterested and unable. (Potency returns when the treatment is stopped.) The Germans believe that Androcur may be used to treat couples with unequal sex drives. A spokesman for Schering, Dr. A. W. Hircus, suggested: "There's no reason why a very small dosage of the drug could not be given to a hypersexual husband. It would reduce him to a 'once-a-week' man if, in fact, that is what his wife wants." Of course, if his once-a-week urge doesn't coincide with her once-a-week willingness, then there's trouble. The drug is not available in the United States—before it can be sold here, it must pass rather stringent tests. Since the male sex hormones also influence nonsexual behavior such as energy, appetite and aggressiveness, the side effects of Androcur might not be desirable. Imagine if the drug fell into the wrong hands. Radical guerrillas might dump a large quantity into the water-supply system of Pasadena and no one would ever know.

The other morning, I rose before my boyfriend and spent several minutes watching him sleep. I noticed that he developed an erection just before he woke up. I remember reading that this is one of the indications that a person is dreaming—rapid eye movements being another. Do you think he would mind if I performed fellatio on his sleeping organ some morning?—Miss C. W., Kansas City, Kansas.

Go ahead and blow reveille—then you'll really see some rapid eye movements.

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





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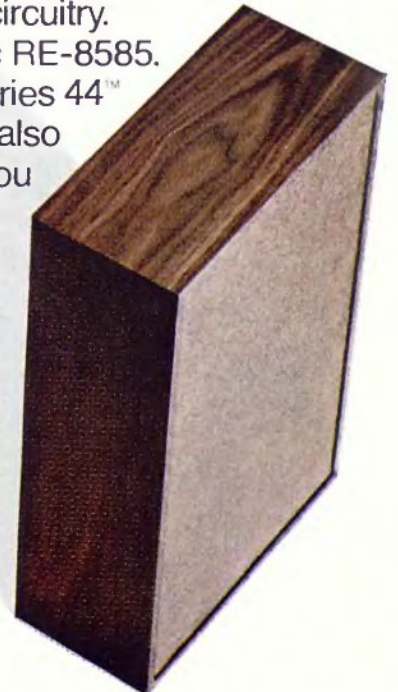
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## THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### REPEALING SEX LAWS

Sexual intercourse between unmarried adults is no longer a crime in El Monte, California. There were three laws on the books here under the title of immorality, one forbidding asking a member of the opposite sex to have nonmarital intercourse, one prohibiting going to any private place for such intercourse and one forbidding providing a room for that purpose. I am proud to have been the councilman who proposed the repeal of these laws, which was carried unanimously by the city council. I intend to continue to work for repeal of laws that encroach on individual freedom and privacy.

Tom Keiser, Councilman  
El Monte, California

### CONSIDERATE WOMAN

The California penal code's definition of prostitution is "any lewd act between persons for money or other consideration." And *The Real Estate Handbook* states "Consideration means that each party to a contract has received or has been promised something of value from the other party. . . . In most states, including California, love and affection have value as good consideration."

Does this mean my girlfriend is a hooker?

William A. Collingwood  
Long Beach, California

### BIG AND PROUD

All of a sudden, I have become aware of a growing movement to make large penises unfashionable. When I was in high school the guys in the locker room were envious of my massive member (ten inches erect, but they never saw it that way); the girls in college loved it (they did see it that way); and my wife (who sees it that way a lot of the time) has never complained after nine years of marriage and two children.

But now sex researchers are playing down the usefulness of a large penis in satisfactory sexual relationships. Articles on sex repeatedly state that a woman can't tell the difference between a large and a small penis during intercourse. Widely I encounter in print and in conversation the myth that men with large penises don't bother to develop love-making skills, which is as false as the legend that beautiful women are lousy in bed. And I've just read a letter in the August *Playboy Advisor* from a man with an

11-inch penis who can't get any ass because women are scared of his size.

I'm beginning to suspect that the media are dominated not by the Eastern liberal establishment nor by a homosexual conspiracy but by a cabal of penile Lilliputians.

(Name withheld by request)  
Memphis, Tennessee

### EQUAL THINGS

In the July *Playboy Forum*, a Hollywood woman who describes herself as experienced raises the question, "Given equal ability to make love, is the man with the large penis more pleasing?" This at least moves discussion of the importance of penis size beyond the stereotypic view that men with large penises don't bother to learn lovemaking skills while men with small penises are fine artists in bed. But the experienced woman from Hollywood still puts the question in an unrealistic way, because there's no such thing as two men having "equal ability to make love." I guess I could call myself an experienced woman, too, and what I've found is that nowhere does the uniqueness of each person come out so fully as in bed. When I analyze what makes a particular sexual encounter more or less pleasant, I find that there are literally hundreds of factors in myself, in my partner and in the situation, all of which make a difference. The time of day, the weather, the color of the man's eyes, the meal I just ate, the man's over-all intelligence, the nature of our relationship, the conversations we have, the color of the ceiling in the room where we make love—any of these could be more important than the size of his penis. The whole business is far too wonderfully and subtly complicated for any of us to single out one factor as the key.

(Name withheld by request)  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

### SEXUAL CYCLE

The June *Playboy Forum* included a letter from an anonymous woman in New Jersey who is now enjoying what she calls "completely free sex." I don't think she knows what it's all about yet. I went her route: from men I loved to men I had strong feelings about, then to men I liked, finally to anyone sexually attractive—and then I got bored with sex. I went back to men I liked and now I'm back to those I like a lot, and I suspect soon I may stick only to the ones (or

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even one) I love. One I love taught me the joy of total surrender (which can be experienced by both men and women) and I can't surrender to someone I don't love. After feeling that thrill, anything else seems hardly worth while. Oh, if I get really horny, a good screw is pleasant, but it doesn't equal making love. And sometimes waiting for the real thing makes it better.

Betsy Bassett  
San Francisco, California

### SACROSANCT SEX

As PLAYBOY well knows, the old, rigid doctrinal rules against nonmarital sex have no rational basis, and fears of venereal disease, pregnancy and social disapproval are no longer effective deterrents. However, this doesn't justify your permissive approach to sex. Casual sex is harmful because something priceless, the sexual faculty, is used frivolously. Using a body—one's own or another's—as an object for sensual gratification is dehumanizing.

Sex should express and enhance the total intimacy of two people. Complete intimacy might sometimes be found outside of marriage, but it's unlikely—indeed, even some marriages don't achieve it. Without intimacy and permanence, one's body can only be of low and transitory importance to one's partner, which makes for a serious loss of self-esteem.

Sex is not bad; it's good—possessing the power to express and strengthen love and to create life. It shouldn't be used in ways that demean it.

Ernest Bishop  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*You're not really saying that sex is good; you're saying only one kind of sex is good and all the rest are harmful and destructive to self-esteem. But why must a casual, mainly physical encounter involve using people as objects? If you meet an attractive stranger and she wants to go to bed with you and you with her, you're simply empathizing with her and treating her as a subject with a will of her own by doing it. Malloy, in "From Here to Eternity," said, "I've never laid a woman that I didn't love." For people like him, sex and one's partner are always significant.*

*Sex always offers something valuable to people, otherwise they wouldn't do it so often. The value in each case has to be judged by the people involved, not just on the basis of whether or not they're married. The fact that sex is good doesn't mean it has to be saved for special occasions, like a Christmas cookie. As someone once said, even when sex is bad, it's still pretty good.*

### SHAMEFUL SEX

Even though orgasm is supremely pleasant and its attainment is virtuous for married couples, it is to me something bestial and shameful. Quite frankly,

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

### COHABITING COP

CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA—A 25-year-old policeman, suspended for a month because he refused to stop living with his girlfriend, says he will fight the action in court. Three fellow officers and a woman police clerk stopped living with their respective housemates in compliance with an order from the police chief, who cited a 106-year-old state law against cohabitation. The suspended officer refused on the grounds that he had made binding financial arrangements with his girlfriend when they jointly purchased a boat and the trailer in which they live and that the order violates his civil rights.

### THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION

TOWSON, MARYLAND—A county circuit court judge has decided not to jail five members of a fundamentalist religious cult convicted of various sex crimes, ranging from attempted rape of a 12-year-old girl to unnatural sex acts. After deciding that the sect's "orgies" were noncoercive and religiously inspired, the judge said, "All are eccentric, but I did not jail any



of them, because I felt they were not criminals in the ordinary sense and they posed no danger to the community." He suspended the sentences and advised one defendant to seek psychiatric help. He did not so advise the others, he said, because "if they think they are hearing the word of God, they are not going to listen to any shrink."

### SOVIET SEX

MOSCOW—A Soviet Union sex study maintains that Russian women get satisfaction out of sex more often than do women in Britain and France. The

187-page manual, titled "Female Sexual Pathology" and ostensibly published for doctors, says that only 18 percent of Soviet women never experience orgasm compared with about 40 percent of women in Britain and France. The manual suggests cauter as a treatment for frigidity and notes that vodka helps overcome inhibitions, but it still editorializes against premarital sex, claiming it "can be a source of severe psychic disturbances and can lead to social impoverishment of the personality."

### OUT OF THE CLOSET

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA—An extensive study by two sociologists indicates that admitted homosexuals encounter much less discrimination and rejection from family, friends and employers than do men who try to keep their homosexuality a secret. Martin S. Weinberg and Colin J. Williams, researchers at Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research, interviewed 2437 homosexuals in the United States, the Netherlands and Denmark. Their study, published by the Oxford University Press, also found that:

- Homosexuals and bisexuals appear to be as psychologically healthy as the general population.
- In higher-status occupations, homosexuals are more likely to be covert and to identify with their social class instead of with other homosexuals.
- Older homosexuals have no more psychological problems than younger ones.
- Americans are less tolerant of homosexuality than the Dutch or the Danes.

### POT-POURRI

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Contrary to the popular belief that marijuana-law enforcement is slackening, police are making more pot busts than ever. According to FBI figures, 420,700 people were arrested on marijuana charges in 1973, a 43 percent increase over the previous year.

Other news:

- In Virginia, a state-wide survey indicates that about 500,000 residents have smoked or are smoking marijuana, although over-all drug use in the state is somewhat lower than the national average.

- A Federal Government report on alcohol and health reveals that alcohol use exceeds marijuana use among teenagers and that drinking is "now almost universal" among 18- to 20-year-olds.

- A two and a half year study funded by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has failed to discover any



evidence of chromosome damage caused by marijuana use.

• The woman mayor of Millstone, New Jersey, and her husband have been charged with possessing one marijuana plant and less than 25 grams of marijuana at their home.

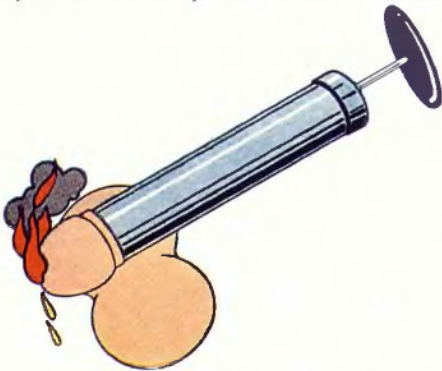
• In Thomaston, Georgia, police charged a 20-year-old man with breaking into the Upson County jail compound and trying to steal the marijuana plant being grown there for the purpose of familiarizing police officers with the appearance of the weed. A girl who was waiting outside was charged with aiding and abetting.

#### R-RATED RAID

CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO—Police raided a local drive-in theater and arrested 23 youths between the ages of 12 and 17 who were watching an R-rated movie. The raid was ordered by district attorney Fred Hensley as part of a crackdown on theaters that were not enforcing age limits. The film, "Run, Virgin, Run," was confiscated, the theater owner was charged with conducting a public nuisance and the juveniles were held as "children in need of supervision" until their parents came to get them at the police station.

#### PORN AND PYROMANIA

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS—Police have filed arson charges against a 34-year-old man accused of protesting an adult bookstore and two movie theaters by means of a homemade flame thrower. Armed



with a pesticide sprayer filled with flammable liquid, the suspect managed to burn \$3000 worth of books and magazines at the store; then he caused extensive damage to a drive-in theater and minor damage to a theater showing X-rated films before the police caught up with him.

#### WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE GANDER

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—The supreme court of Pennsylvania has ruled that a wife may recover damages for loss of her husband's sexual functions in accident cases. Men already have the right to collect for such a loss in their wives, and the court held that the equal-rights amendment to the state constitution

automatically extends the same right to women.

#### SHEARING THE FLOCK

MONTREAL—A local priest has been sued for \$80,000 by a physician who claims the clergyman seduced his wife and broke up their marriage while acting as their spiritual advisor. The suit alleges that the priest's counseling sessions with the wife included sexual relations on out-of-town trips and that the priest received \$10,000 that the physician gave to his wife—at the priest's suggestion—"so she could become financially more independent."

Meanwhile, the supreme court of Texas has ruled that a husband cannot



collect damages from the Dallas Episcopal diocese or its bishop just because a priest in the diocese had a sexual affair with his wife after the two met in a confessional. The husband's suit, charging alienation of affection, contended that the bishop and the diocese were financially liable for the conduct of the priest, but the court disagreed. It concurred with an appeals-court ruling that "If the servant has turned aside from the master's business to pursue a mission or frolic of his own, he is clearly not engaged in the master's business so as to create liability upon the master for his wrong."

#### THE BUG KILLERS

OTTAWA—The Canadian Parliament has passed strict laws against intercepting private conversations and has prohibited the purchase, possession or sale of electronic surveillance devices. Illegal bugging now carries a penalty of up to five years in prison and a convicted offender may also be ordered to pay up to \$5000 damages to the bugging victim, who can seek additional damages in civil court. In the few situations where police can obtain court-authorized wire taps, the subject of the bugging must be notified afterward within 90 days that he had been under such surveillance.

I'm happy that, as a Catholic priest, I'm going to remain celibate for the rest of my life on earth. The uncontrolled panting, heaving, grimacing, grunting, moaning, clawing, clutching and shuddering that inevitably accompany a really intense climax strike me as a pitiful affront to human dignity. And since man, unlike the animals, is a supremely dignified creature made in the image of God, I believe that such an affront deserves to be called bestial.

The reason sex is shameful lies in original sin. As a result of Adam and Eve's disobedience to God, their sexuality became mysteriously corrupted, so that they immediately felt ashamed of it, grabbed for the fig leaves and sought privacy for copulation. The current anthropological trend is to define man as the toolmaking animal. I believe it would be much more accurate to define him as the tool-covering animal, since the sense of shame about sex seems to beset all human societies.

The Rev. Brian Harrison  
Adelaide, Australia

Now that's a refreshing letter. Too many clergymen applaud sex in an effort to be worldly, fashionable and relevant, and then come up with a dozen sophisticated-sounding reasons for not engaging in it. Here's one who's genuinely offended by the snoring and writhing of the beast with two backs.

We turned Father Harrison's fig-leaf theory over to our anthropology department and got a different interpretation: Primitive man sought sexual privacy because in the throes of intercourse he was vulnerable to sneak attack; and he covered his sex organ because it was especially sensitive to injury and tended to hang just about at thornbush level. Note the similarities between the loincloth and the jockstrap.

#### GRASS AND SEXUALITY

PLAYBOY readers will doubtless be interested in the results of the most extensive British study of Cannabis since the 1894 Indian Hemp Drugs Commission. In the report, *The Cannabis Experience: An Interpretive Study of the Effects of Marijuana and Hashish* (Peter Owen, Ltd., London), Calvin Hernton, a sociologist, and I, a psychiatrist, present firsthand statements from more than 500 Cannabis users.

To reach our conclusions, we used new computer-aided techniques for analyzing and comparing our subjects' reports. The heart of the study consists of a thorough exploration of the experiences that the drug can induce. These depend on the basic variables of personality, prior familiarity, environment, quantity and quality of the drug and degree of the high. Physically, Cannabis is a powerful relaxant and sleep inducer, but it can also be a stimulant. It is on perception



that Cannabis has some of its more remarkable effects. Sight, sound, touch, taste and smell can all become more intense. In consequence, Cannabis seems to have significant aphrodisiac properties. The vast majority of women and men made statements similar to these: "Sex is much nicer when high; it always seems to go on longer; everything about it is improved" and "to turn on and go to bed with a member of the opposite sex is an incredible experience. Areas of pleasure on the body are so sensitive and the feelings of involvement in the situation as a whole become much more intense."

Other important findings are that pot is not addictive, does not in itself lead to the use of other drugs and is not connected with physical or emotional illness or antisocial behavior.

Joseph H. Berke, M.D.  
London, England

**TIME, NEWSWEEK AND NORML**

Last spring, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws tried to buy space in *Time* and *Newsweek* to place an ad favoring marijuana decriminalization. The ad showed Queen Victoria in caricature, smoking a joint, and was headlined "LAST YEAR, 300,000 AMERICANS WERE ARRESTED FOR SMOKING AN HERB THAT QUEEN VICTORIA USED REGULARLY FOR MENSTRUAL CRAMPS."



To our chagrin, neither publication would sell us space, and neither would tell us why. We submitted a different ad reading "ENOUGH PEOPLE WERE ARRESTED FOR MARIJUANA IN 1973 TO EMPTY THE



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80 years ago Beniamino Cribari  
made a mellow wine just for family & friends.

Nothing's changed.

WHOLE CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA. DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME WE STOPPED?" This, too, was rejected. *Time* simply would not give us its reasons for not accepting the ad; we had an indication from *Newsweek* that our ad might be acceptable if marijuana were legal—a perfect example of Catch-22.

Of course, a publisher has the right to accept or reject any advertisement and no one can force him to give reasons for his actions, but he then has to take the responsibility—and the criticism. Perhaps *Time* and *Newsweek* simply wanted to avoid offending those of their readers who support a punitive policy on marijuana. But they have as much as told the rest of us that they're unwilling even to sell space to promote a reform that would keep thousands of kids out of jail.

R. Keith Stroup, Executive Director  
National Organization for the  
Reform of Marijuana Laws  
Washington, D.C.

*Not every medium for advertising is as uptight about ads supporting marijuana-law reform. The Playboy Foundation contributes to NORML and, of course, PLAYBOY and Oui have published NORML's ads. New York City's Metropolitan Transit Authority agreed to sell NORML space on city buses for posters.*

*And even that solid citizen of the newspaper world The Wall Street Journal looked askance at Time and Newsweek's action, remarking that "the newsmags aren't all that trendy." The Journal added, "Newspapers cherish their right to turn down advertising, but this right assumes that the people they reject will still be able to air their views somewhere else. So our hat goes off to New York's M.T.A. for its service to free speech."*

#### CALIFORNIA POT REFORM

After a year of hearings, the California state senate Select Committee on the Control of Marijuana has issued a final report calling for the removal of all criminal penalties for the private use and possession of marijuana. The inquiry concluded, "Even assuming marijuana has some undesirable or harmful properties, attempts at prohibition through utilization of the criminal law is not a proper approach in controlling these properties and effects."

The committee found that over 400,000 Californians have been arrested on marijuana charges since 1960, and more than half of these arrests have been made in the last three years for which official statistics are available, 1970, 1971 and 1972. In 1972, for example, marijuana arrests comprised 22 percent of all adult felony arrests in California. Approximately \$100,000,000 is spent annually to enforce California's marijuana laws;

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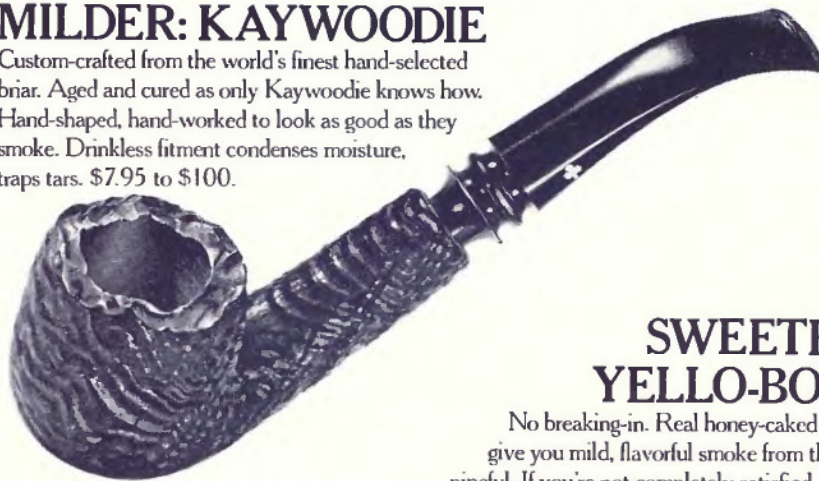


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## SWEETER: YELLO-BOLE

No breaking-in. Real honey-caked bowls give you mild, flavorful smoke from the first pipeful. If you're not completely satisfied, return pipe with sales slip and we will refund your purchase price. \$2.95 to \$7.95.



## DRIER: MEDICO

Change the filter and your pipe is clean. The 66 baffles in replaceable, absorbent Medico filters trap juices, tars, nicotine...make smoking cleaner, cooler. Nylon bits are guaranteed bite-proof. Pipes: \$2.95 to \$30.00. Medico Filters: regular, menthol, charcoal, 10 for 15¢.



## KAYWOODIE/YELLO-BOLE/MEDICO

*The World's Favorite Pipes*

clearly there's a need to reappraise law-enforcement priorities.

State senator George Moscone of San Francisco, chairman of the committee, plans on introducing legislation next year to implement the committee's major recommendations. NORML fully supports this proposed legislation and plans to make a major effort to decriminalize marijuana in California in 1975.

Gordon S. Brownell  
West Coast Coordinator  
National Organization for the  
Reform of Marijuana Laws  
San Francisco, California

### BY ANY OTHER NAME

The California Department of Corrections has come up with a new euphemism for prisoners who inform on fellow inmates. Are you ready? Constructive feedback!

Roy L. McCollough  
Vacaville, California

### NADER'S PARADOX

Considered in itself, Ralph Nader's report "Setting the Facts Free" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) states a position I agree with. When viewed in contrast to Nader's statements regarding the desirability of Governmental regulation of goods and services, it's sheer hypocrisy. Nader believes the Government cannot be trusted to decide what information or ideals are good for the people, but, when it comes to industrial products, Nader has long advocated Government power to control quality and prices in the name of protecting the consumer. Somehow Nader has concluded that consumers are not competent to discriminate among alternative products and the claims of their vendors, and that businessmen cannot be permitted to offer anything they want at whatever price they wish to set.

Freedom is freedom, damn it. If it means being able to accept or reject as well as espouse any ideas through any medium of communication, then it should also mean being able to accept or reject as well as to sell any products or services in free and open markets.

Jerry L. Jordan  
St. Louis, Missouri

### CRASHING SYMBOLS

Winston Churchill once penned the motto "In victory, magnanimity." Such a sentiment, however, rarely moves newly liberated people. In Cairo, after the overthrow of King Faruk, nationalist zealots destroyed Sheppard's Hotel, where British colonial mucky-mucks used to stay. And in Dublin a few years back, some long-stewing Irishman blew up a monument to English naval hero Lord Horatio Nelson. The breasts of liberated women, it would seem, are stirred by similar urges to expunge even the symbols of oppression. Feminists in New York, who had already invaded and

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integrated that former male sanctuary, the Men's Bar of the Biltmore Hotel, have now obtained a court order decreeing that it can't even be called the Men's Bar anymore.

I wonder what they will end up calling it: the Human Bar? the People's Bar? It might be interesting to call it the Women's Bar and see if any men protest.

Irving Grossman  
New York, New York

*How about the Bar None?*

## THE SCAPEGOAT

Richard Nixon is gone. I've always believed him to be a dangerous man and I do not feel sorry for him now, but as I watched his fellow politicians self-righteously closing in to finish him off, several vagrant thoughts sprang to mind. One was the ritual of the scapegoat. People in Biblical times used to symbolically transfer all their sins to a goat (I'm not quite sure how this was done) and drive it out of town. Then they would tell themselves all the evil was gone from their midst. They were wrong, of course, and the evil among them probably flourished all the more while their guard was down. Also, in the days when they had public hangings, pickpockets used to have their best pickings in the crowds of people who were watching some poor guy being strung up.

I think in the post-Watergate era we'd better keep a tight grip on our wallets.

Thomas Daley  
Boston, Massachusetts

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## PILL FEARS

I was interested in your comments to Miss G. Carter about contraceptives for males (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Like her, I had always suspected that male doctors had devised birth-control pills for women because they saw no reason why the inferior sex shouldn't bear the burdens of contraceptive responsibility and side effects. I found your description of the complexity of the sperm-producing system and the technical difficulties of developing a male pill very enlightening.

I hope researchers develop a chemical male contraceptive soon. I use a diaphragm, though I find it a nuisance and I worry that it might fail sometime. I wish I could use oral contraceptives, but I've been frightened by all those stories of cancer, blood clots and other disorders being linked with the pill.

(Name withheld by request)  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*A British study, the largest ever done on the effects of oral contraceptives, states, "The estimated risk at the present time of using the pill is one that a properly informed woman should be happy to take." The Royal College of General Practitioners, after observing 46,000 women, half on the pill and half not, for four years, confirmed that some women do suffer adverse effects. No new*



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harmful effects were discovered, though, and it turned out that some suspected risks were nonexistent. The report confirms that blood clots are about six times more common among pill users. According to an earlier British study, for example, in the 20- to 34-year-old range, 0.2 women out of 100,000 not on the pill died of strokes and clotting diseases, whereas there were 1.5 deaths per 100,000 women among pill users. However, this risk, as well as other effects, can be reduced by the use of the low-estrogen birth-control pills that have been available since 1970. There is no evidence of any connection between the pill and cancer, though it will take longer observation to rule out a link absolutely. It turns out that there are some beneficial side effects, too, such as the easing of menstrual disorders and reduced incidence of non-cancerous breast lumps, ovarian cysts and acne. Dr. Clifford Kay, recorder of the study, cautiously declared, "We seem to be on to a good thing."

### BIRTH-CONTROL CONTROL

In these days of continuing controversy over the legality and morality of abortion, it may surprise PLAYBOY's readers to learn that more than half of the people in the U.S. live in states where access to contraceptives is still strictly limited, which makes it extremely difficult for some people to practice birth control.

In both New York and California, for example, condoms and nonprescription foams cannot be sold by anyone other than a pharmacist, and in New York, contraceptive products may not be advertised or even displayed on a shop counter. An attempt earlier this year to repeal this law failed in the New York State legislature (*Forum Newsfront*, October). Furthermore, it is illegal for anyone in New York, including physicians and pharmacists, to sell or provide contraceptives to anyone under the age of 16—even if he or she is married! Since thousands of girls become pregnant in their early teens—with abortion the frequent result—this seems a particularly cruel law.

It is the supposedly conservative South that is most liberal with respect to contraceptives. For example, there are almost no legal limitations on contraceptive promotion or sale in Alabama, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Tennessee. States that are alleged to be more progressive—California, Michigan, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania—ironically, all have severe restrictions on the sale and advertising of contraceptives.

Population Services International is filing suit in the state of New York contesting the constitutionality of that state's very oppressive law. In the likely event that this legal contest goes all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, we



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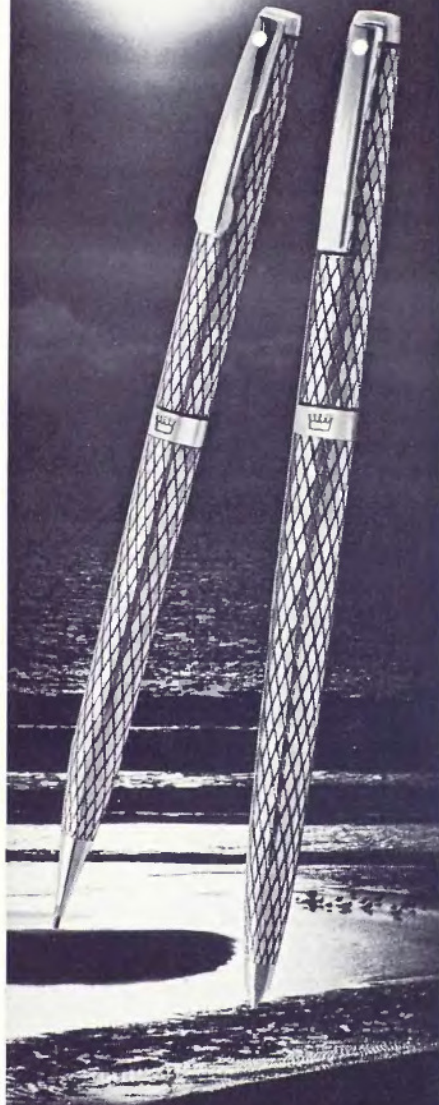
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should soon have a ruling as to whether or not these states may stand between lawful contraceptive products and those who wish to use them.

Philip D. Harvey, Director  
Population Services International  
New York, New York

### ALICE IN BURGERLAND

The battle against sexy books has taken many a weird turn since Chief Justice Warren Burger declared that literature may be banned without proof that it can harm anybody if it is found to be obscene by community standards (whatever they may be). Struggling with the Burger doctrine of community standards, Pennsylvania state legislators defined the county as the legal community, enabling counties to pass their own laws embodying such standards. This is a step in the right direction. Once we pass beyond state rights to county rights, we are obviously on our way toward town rights and neighborhood rights. We might eventually even arrive at individual rights.

Alas, the bill was vetoed by Governor Milton Shapp because the legislators, in their zeal to be tough on pornography, had worded the statute in such a way that minors could be barred from all bookstores.

A. Russell  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

### OBSCENE: TAKE TWO

Every time the Supreme Court pussy posse goes to work I am reminded of the question Butch Cassidy asked the Sundance Kid: "Who are those guys?" Once again a majority of the Justices have joined forces in the relentless pursuit of the absurd. Last June's *Hamling* and *Jenkins* decisions reveal that a majority of the Court persists in the belief that pornography leaves unsightly stains on society's moral fabric. So what happens when a person receives unsolicited material in the mail (*Miller vs. California*, *Hamling vs. United States*)? He makes a complaint, the officials react and someone goes to jail for three years.

I'm not enchanted by the way many cops treat rape victims but it might be interesting, in an occasional obscenity case, if the complainant were similarly interrogated: "Did you try to resist? Are you bruised or scratched? Are you sure you didn't invite the attack? Are there traces of semen in your undergarments? Did you enjoy it? Why are you making this complaint? Were you a virgin when it happened? I'm sorry, this kind of case happens all the time, but it's impossible to prosecute. Why don't you go home and forget about it? Face it like an adult."

The Court only adds to the confusion with each new case they review. Last year, they tried to abandon the old stand-up-and-be-counted test for obscenity:

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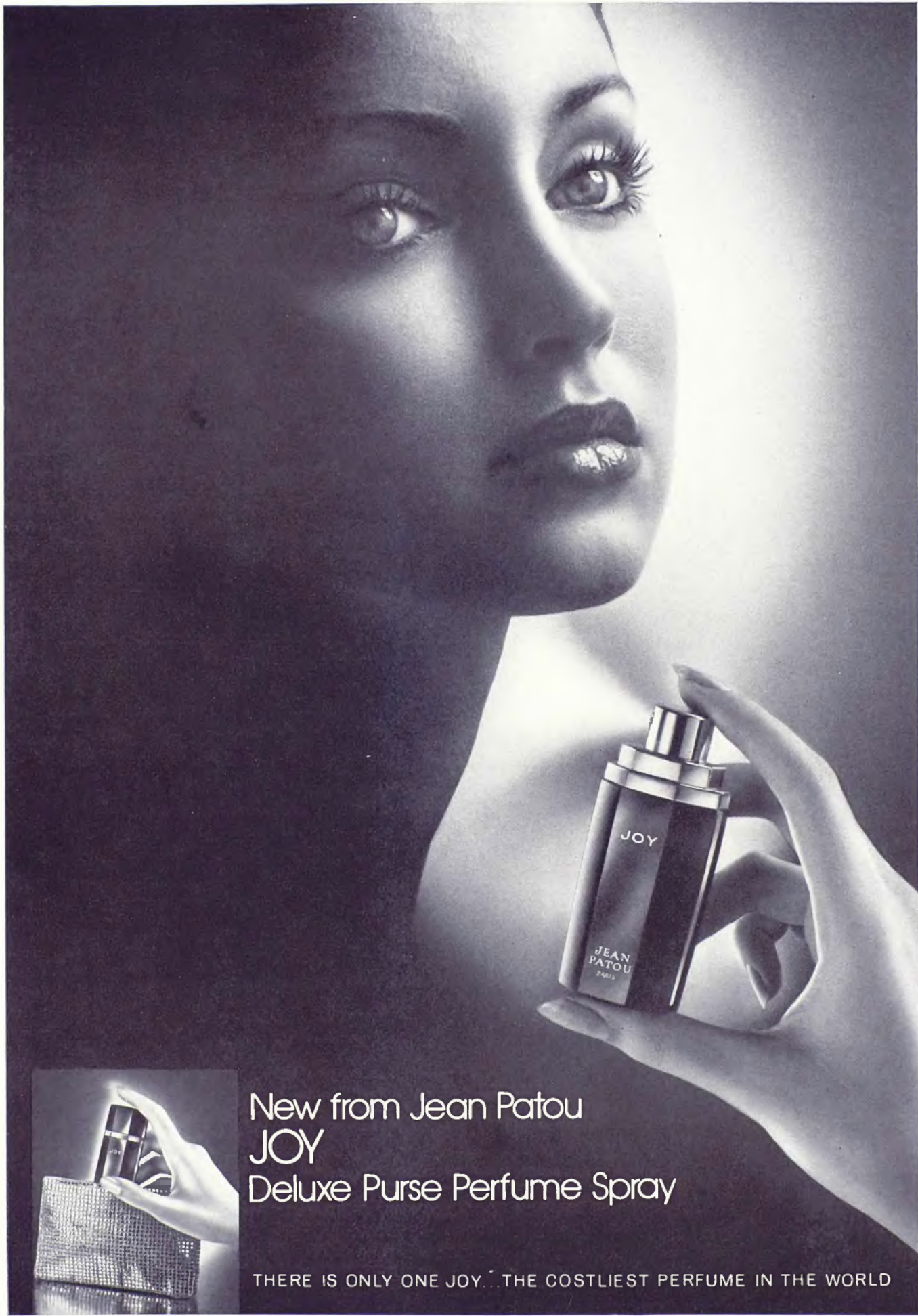
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"We can't define it but we know it when we react to it." (Now you know why the Justices wear robes.) Actually I hated to see the nine old men give up their role as arbiters: I always figured that as the Justices grew older their standards would become—how shall I say it?—more relaxed. But, instead of making their personal tastes the national standard, they decided to let each community arrive at its own definition of obscenity. They suggested some guidelines: To be obscene, (1) a work had to be patently offensive (patent means obvious; in biology, it means open or spread; so beaver shots are patently offensive). (2) It had to appeal to the prurient interest of the average person, applying community standards. As Lenny Bruce pointed out, prurient comes from the Latin word for itch, thus anything that yearns to be scratched is obscene. Like flea bites. (3) The work, taken as a whole, must lack serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value. The problem with this LAPS value is that it disappears when a person stands up.

The most interesting facet of the recent decisions is their absurdity. You can go to jail for publishing or exhibiting obscenity. How do you know what is obscene? The judge tells you just before he sends you to jail. In *Hamling*, the Court upheld the San Diego jury's guilty verdict, because it supposedly represented the local community standards. The Court apparently felt that the San Diegans were not influenced by the local judge's repeated instructions to ignore their own standards. (The judge referred to "national standards" 14 times in four pages of transcript.) Never mind that the trial judge refused to allow the defense to introduce a survey conducted by a sociology student who had shown the supposedly obscene brochure to 718 people in San Diego (a majority found the brochure acceptable). The way things were going that day, it's lucky he didn't issue a bench warrant for the pollster.

So we have a situation in which the Supreme Court is reluctant to impose national standards on local communities, but in which Federal prosecutions, as in *Hamling*, can be based on local standards. Maybe they should hire a representative community to review obscene material—like the town of Badger, California (the entire population of which ate at McDonald's for only \$12.61). At least their expense accounts would be reasonable.

John Gibson  
Atlanta, Georgia

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

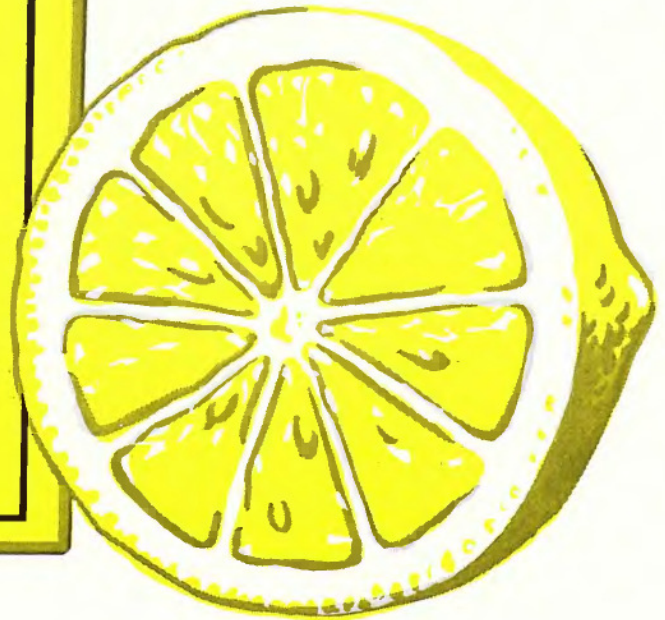


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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HUNTER THOMPSON

*a freewheeling conversation with the outlaw journalist and only man alive to ride with both richard nixon and the hell's angels*

Hunter Stockton Thompson was born and grew up in Louisville, Kentucky, and for the past 15 years he has worked as a free-lance writer. He began it all in the Air Force by bying his way into a job as sports editor of the base newspaper. He was fired and threatened with duty in Iceland when his superiors discovered that he was also writing about sports for a civilian paper under another name. After he was discharged, he took writing jobs and was fired from them in Pennsylvania (for destroying his editor's car), in Middletown, New York (where he insulted an advertiser and kicked a candy machine to death), at Time magazine (for his attitude) and in Puerto Rico, where the bowling magazine he was working for failed and he decided to give up journalism. He moved to Big Sur, where his wife, Sandy, made motel beds while he wrote a novel that was never published.

His first real success as a writer came when he moved to South America and began sending stories on tin miners, jungle bandits and smugglers back to The National Observer, which was printing them on the front page and paying him well for them. He continued to write for it when he returned to the States but quit finally in a bitter dispute with his

editors over coverage of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement. After another try at a novel, this time in San Francisco, he wrote a story for The Nation on a gang of motorcycle outlaws that he turned into his first book, "Hell's Angels: A Strange and Terrible Saga." He continued to write for magazines, developing his wide-open, often-criticized style. Then, in 1971, he turned two abortive magazine assignments into a stunning romp called "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream," which earned him an almost immediate reputation as one of the toughest and funniest writers in America.

Since then, he has written about football and power politics for Rolling Stone and his dispatches written during the 1972 Presidential campaign became his third book, "Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72."

Early in the year, PLAYBOY sent Craig Vetter to interview Thompson. Vetter's report:

"This interview was hammered and stitched together over seven months, on the road, mostly, in Mexico and Washington, San Clemente and Colorado, and as I write this, we are in Chicago, where tornado warnings are out, and we are up

against a hell-fire deadline that has me seeing ghosts and has Dr. Thompson locked in a penthouse full of mirrors on the 20th floor of an Astor Street high-rise. He has the heavy steel window lowers cranked shut, there is a lamp behind him that has had its neck snapped off and he is bent over a coffee table cursing. We are trying to salvage this interview, making changes, corrections, additions—all of them unnecessary until nine days ago, when Richard Nixon quit. Thompson is mumbling that the motor control in his pen hand is failing and he is not kidding. You can't read his Rs anymore and all five vowels may become illegible soon. We might have finished this thing like gentlemen, except for Richard Nixon, who might as well have sent the plumbers' unit to torch the entire second half, the political half, of the manuscript we have worked on so long. All of it has had to be redone in the past few sleepless days and it has broken the spirit of nearly everyone even vaguely involved.

"Thompson is no stranger to this sort of madness. In fact, he has more than once turned scenes like this into art: Gonzo Journalism, his own wild and dangerous invention, was born in the fires of a nearly hopeless deadline crisis and although no one can storm his



"In Washington, the truth is never told in daylight hours or across a desk. If you catch people when they're very tired or drunk or weak, you can get some answers. You have to wear the bastards down."



"I've never believed in that guru trip about drugs. You know, God, nirvana, that bullshit. I just like to gobble the stuff right out in the street and see what happens, just stomp on my own accelerator."



AL SATTERWHITE / CAMERA 5

"If Nixon's resignation proves the system works, you have to wonder how well it might have worked if we'd had a really sophisticated criminal in the White House instead of a used-car salesman."

*demons and win every time out, the mad and speedy Doctor does it more often and with more humor than any other journalist working today. He's still talking to himself over there, chewing on his cigarette holder, and a few minutes ago he said, 'When this is over, I'm going back to Colorado and sleep like an animal,' and he wasn't kidding about that, either. Because for the past two weeks, Nixon's last few weeks, Thompson has suffered and gone sleepless in Washington with another deadline on an impeachment story that was finally burned to a cinder by the same fire storm that gutted the White House. Finally it has been too much even for the man they call 'the quintessential outlaw journalist.' We have been forced over the course of this epic to use certain drugs in such quantity that he has terminated his personal drug research for good and in the same desperate fit, he has severed all connection with national politics and is returning, for new forms of energy, to his roots.*

*"We're well into the 30th hour now and there won't be many more, no matter what. Thompson is working over his last few answers, still talking to himself, and I think I just heard him say, 'The rest will have to be done by God,' which may mean that he is finished.*

*"And though this long and killing project is ending here in desperate, guilty, short-tempered ugliness, it began all those months ago, far from this garden of agony, on a sunshine island in the Caribbean where Thompson and Sandy and I had gone to begin taping.*

*"The first time I turned on the tape recorder, we were sitting on a sea wall, in damp, salty bathing suits, under palm trees. It was warm, Nixon was still our President and Thompson was sucking up bloody marys, vegetables and all, and he had just paid a young newsboy bandit almost one dollar American for a paper that would have cost a straighter, more sober person 24 cents."*

**PLAYBOY:** You just paid as much for your morning paper as you might for a good hit of mescaline. Are you a news junkie, too?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah, I *must* have the news. One of these mornings, I'm gonna buy a paper with a big black headline that says, "RICHARD NIXON COMMITTED SUICIDE LAST NIGHT." Jesus . . . can you imagine that rush?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get off on politics the same way you get off on drugs?

**THOMPSON:** Sometimes. It depends on the politics, depends on the drugs . . . there are different kinds of highs. I had this same discussion in Mexico City one night with a guy who wanted me to do Zihuatanejo with him and get stoned for about ten days on the finest flower tops to be had in all of Mexico. But I told

him I couldn't do that; I had to be back in Washington.

**PLAYBOY:** That doesn't exactly fit your image as the drug-crazed outlaw journalist. Are you saying you'd rather have been in the capital, covering the Senate Watergate hearings or the House Judiciary Committee debate on Nixon's impeachment, than stoned on the beach in Mexico with a bunch of freaks?

**THOMPSON:** Well—it depends on the timing. On Wednesday, I might want to go to Washington; on Thursday, I might want to go to Zihuatanejo.

**PLAYBOY:** Today must be Thursday, because already this morning you've had two bloody marys, three beers and about four spoons of some white substance and you've been up for only an hour. You don't deny that you're heavily into drugs, do you?

**THOMPSON:** No, why should I deny it? I like drugs. Somebody gave me this white powder last night. I suspect it's cocaine, but there's only one way to find out—look at this shit! It's already crystallized in this goddamn humidity. I can't even cut it up with the scissors in my Swiss-army knife. Actually, coke is a worthless drug, anyway. It has no edge. Dollar for dollar, it's probably the most inefficient drug on the market. It's not worth the effort or the risk or the money—at least not to me. It's a social drug; it's more important to offer it than it is to use it. But the world is full of cocamaniacs these days and they have a tendency to pass the stuff around, and this morning I'm a little tired and I have this stuff, so . . .

**PLAYBOY:** What do you like best?

**THOMPSON:** Probably mescaline and mushrooms: That's a genuine high. It's not just an up—you know, like speed, which is really just a motor high. When you get into psychedelics like mescaline and mushrooms, it's a very clear kind of high, an *interior* high. But really, when you're dealing with psychedelics, there's only one king drug, when you get down to it, and that's acid. About twice a year you should blow your fucking tubes out with a tremendous hit of really good acid. Take 72 hours and just go completely amuck, break it all down.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you take your first acid trip?

**THOMPSON:** It was while I was working on the Hell's Angels book. Ken Kesey wanted to meet some of the Angels, so I introduced him and he invited them all down to his place in La Honda. It was a horrible, momentous meeting and I thought I'd better be there to see what happened when all this incredible chemistry came together. And, sure as shit, the Angels rolled in—about 40 or 50 bikes—and Kesey and the other people were offering them acid. And I thought, "Great creeping Jesus, what's going to happen now?"

**PLAYBOY:** Had the Angels ever been into acid before that?

**THOMPSON:** No. That was the most frightening thing about it. Here were all these vicious bikers full of wine and bennies, and Kesey's people immediately started giving them LSD. They didn't know what kind of violent crowd they were dealing with. I was sure it was going to be a terrible blood, rape and pillage scene, that the Angels would tear the place apart. And I stood there, thinking, "Jesus, I'm responsible for this. I'm the one who did it." I watched those lunatics gobbling the acid and I thought, "Shit, if it's gonna get this heavy I want to be as fucked up as possible." So I went to one of Kesey's friends and I said, "Let me have some of that shit: we're heading into a very serious night. Perhaps even ugly." So I took what he said was about 800 micrograms, which almost blew my head off at the time . . . but in a very fine way. It was nice. Surprised me, really. I'd heard all these stories when I lived in Big Sur a couple of years before from this psychiatrist who'd taken the stuff and wound up running naked through the streets of Palo Alto, screaming that he wanted to be punished for his crimes. He didn't know what his crimes were and nobody else did, either, so they took him away and he spent a long time in a loony bin somewhere, and I thought, "That's not what I need." Because if a guy who seems levelheaded like that is going to flip out and tear off his clothes and beg the citizens to punish him, what the hell might I do?

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't beg to be scourged and whipped?

**THOMPSON:** No . . . and I didn't scourge anybody else, either, and when I was finished, I thought, "Jesus, you're not so crazy, after all; you're not a basically violent or vicious person like they said." Before that, I had this dark fear that if I lost control, all these horrible psychic worms and rats would come out. But I went to the bottom of the well and found out there's nothing down there I have to worry about, no secret ugly things waiting for a chance to erupt.

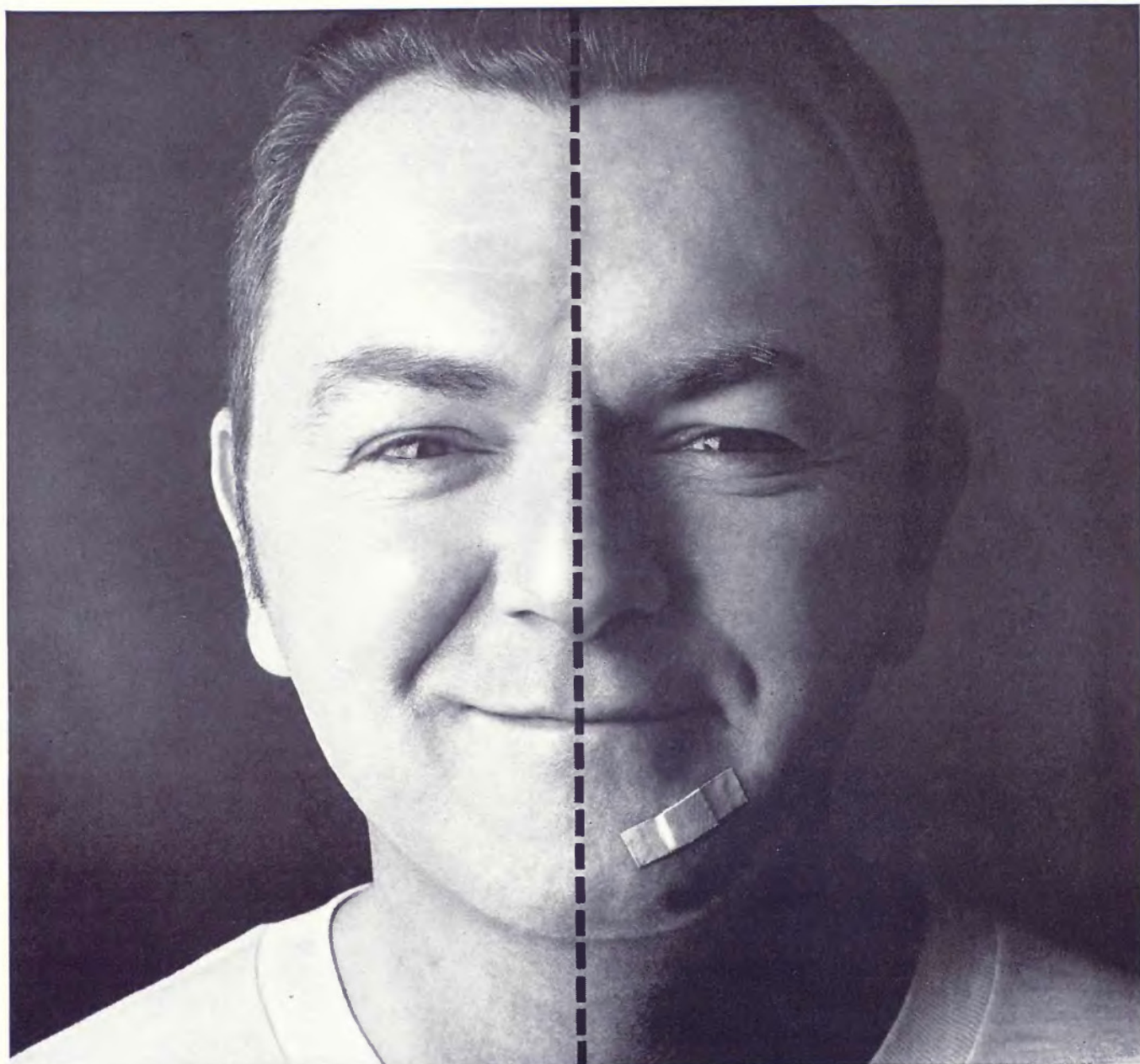
**PLAYBOY:** You drink a little, too, don't you?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah . . . obviously, but I drink this stuff like I smoke cigarettes: I don't even notice it. You know—a bird flies, a fish swims, I drink. But you notice I very rarely sit down and say, "Now I'm going to get wasted." I never eat a tremendous amount of any one thing. I rarely get drunk and I use drugs pretty much the same way.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like marijuana?

**THOMPSON:** Not much. It doesn't mix well with alcohol. I don't like to get stoned and stupid.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you estimate you



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spend on drugs in a year?

**THOMPSON:** Oh, Jesus. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** What the average American family spends on an automobile, say?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah, at least that much. I don't know what the total is; I don't even *want* to know. It's frightening, but I'll tell you that on a story I just did, one of the sections took me 17 days of research and \$1400 worth of cocaine. And that's just what I spent. On *one section* of *one* story.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think the drugs are doing to your body?

**THOMPSON:** Well, I just had a physical, the first one in my life. People got worried about my health, so I went to a very serious doctor and told him I wanted every fucking test known to man: EEG, heart, everything. And he asked me questions for three hours to start with, and I thought, "What the hell, tell the truth, that's why you're here." So I told him exactly what I'd been doing for the past ten years. He couldn't believe it. He said, "Jesus, Hunter, you're a goddamn mess"—that's an exact quote. Then he ran all the tests and found I was in perfect health. He called it a "genetic miracle."

**PLAYBOY:** What about your mind?

**THOMPSON:** I think it's pretty healthy. I think I'm looser than I was before I started to take drugs. I'm more comfortable with myself. Does it *look* like it's fucked me up? I'm sitting here on a beautiful beach in Mexico; I've written three books; I've got a fine 100-acre fortress in Colorado. On that evidence, I'd have to *advise* the use of drugs. . . . But of course I wouldn't, never in hell—or at least not *all* drugs for *all* people. There are some people who should never be allowed to take acid, for instance. You can spot them after about ten minutes: people with all kinds of bad psychic baggage, stuff they haven't cleaned out yet, weird hostilities, repressed shit—the same kind of people who turn into mean drunks.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe religious things about drugs?

**THOMPSON:** No, I never have. That's my main argument with the drug culture. I've never believed in that guru trip; you know, God, nirvana, that kind of oppressive, hipper-than-thou bullshit. I like to just gobble the stuff right out in the street and see what happens, take my chances, just stomp on my own accelerator. It's like getting on a racing bike and all of a sudden you're doing 120 miles per hour into a curve that has sand all over it and you think, "Holy Jesus, here we go," and you lay it over till the pegs hit the street and metal starts to spark. If you're good enough, you can pull it out, but sometimes you end up in the emergency room with

some bastard in a white suit sewing your scalp back on.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that what you call "edge work"?

**THOMPSON:** Well, that's one aspect of it, I guess—in that you have to be *good* when you take nasty risks, or you'll lose it, and then you're in serious trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you smiling?

**THOMPSON:** Am I smiling? Yeah, I guess I am . . . well, it's fun to lose it sometimes.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of slack do you get for being so honest about the drugs you use?

**THOMPSON:** I'm not too careful about what I say. But I'm careful in other ways. I never sell any drugs, for instance; I never get involved in the traffic or the marketing end of the drug business. I make a point of not even knowing about it. I'm very sensitive about maintaining my deniability, you know—like Nixon. I never deal. Simple use is one thing—like booze in the Twenties—but selling is something else: They come after you for that. I wouldn't sell drugs to my mother, for any reason . . . no, the only person I'd sell drugs to would be Richard Nixon. I'd sell him whatever the fucker wanted . . . but he'd pay heavy for it and damn well remember the day he tried it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you the only journalist in America who's ridden with both Richard Nixon and the Hell's Angels?

**THOMPSON:** I *must* be. Who else would claim a thing like that? Hell, who else would admit it?

**PLAYBOY:** Which was more frightening?

**THOMPSON:** The Angels. Nobody can throw a gut-level, king-hell scare into you like a Hell's Angel with a pair of pliers hanging from his belt that he uses to pull out people's teeth in midnight diners. Some of them wear the teeth on their belts, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you decide to do a book on the Hell's Angels?

**THOMPSON:** Money. I'd just quit and been fired almost at the same time by *The National Observer*. They wouldn't let me cover the Free Speech thing at Berkeley and I sensed it was one of the biggest stories I'd ever stumbled onto. So I decided, "Fuck journalism," and I went back to writing novels. I tried driving a cab in San Francisco, I tried every kind of thing. I used to go down at five o'clock every morning and line up with the winos on Mission Street, looking for work handing out grocery-store circulars and shit like that. I was the youngest and healthiest person down there, but nobody would ever select me. I tried to get weird and rotten-looking; you know—an old Army field jacket, scraggly beard, tried to look like a bad wino. But even then, I never got picked out of the line-up.

**PLAYBOY:** You couldn't even get wino's work?

**THOMPSON:** No, and at that point I was *stone-broke*, writing fiction, living in a really fine little apartment in San Francisco—looking down on Golden Gate Park, just above Haight Street. The rent was only \$100 a month—this was 1965, about a year before the Haight-Ashbury madness started—and I got a letter from Carey McWilliams, the editor of *The Nation*, and it said, "Can you do an article on the Hell's Angels for us for \$100?" That was the rent, and I was about ready to get back into journalism. So I said, "Of course. I'll do *anything* for \$100."

**PLAYBOY:** How long did the article take?

**THOMPSON:** I worked about a month on it, put about \$3000 worth of effort into it, got no expenses—and about six weeks after the fucker came out, my mailbox piled up with book offers. My phone had been cut off by then. I couldn't believe it: editors, publishers, people I'd never heard of. One of them offered me \$1500 just to sign a thing saying that if I decided to write the book, I'd do it for them. Shit, at that point I would have written the definitive text on hammer-head sharks for the money—and spent a year in the water with them.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you first meet the Angels?

**THOMPSON:** I just went out there and said, "Look, you guys don't know me, I don't know you, I heard some bad things about you, are they true?" I was wearing a fucking madras coat and wing tips, that kind of thing, but I think they sensed I was a little strange—if only because I was the first writer who'd ever come out to see them and talk to them on their own turf. Until then, all the Hell's Angels stories had come from the cops. They seemed a little stunned at the idea that some straight-looking writer for a New York literary magazine would actually track them down to some obscure transmission shop in the industrial slums of south San Francisco. They were a bit off balance at first, but after about 50 or 60 beers, we found a common ground, as it were. . . . Crazy's always recognize each other. I think Melville said it, in a slightly different context: "Genius all over the world stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round." Of course, we're not talking about genius here, we're talking about crazies—but it's essentially the same thing. They *knew* me, they saw right through all my clothes and there was that instant karmic flash. They seemed to *sense* what they had on their hands.

**PLAYBOY:** Had you been into motorcycles before that?

**THOMPSON:** A little bit, not much. But when I got the advance on the book, I went out and bought the fastest bike

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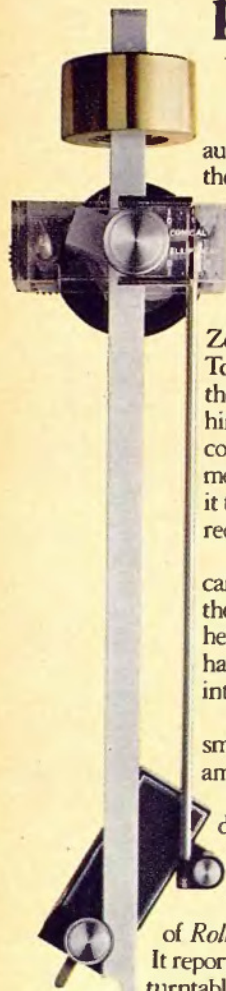
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61 <b>100</b> lbs.  modeling clay	62 <b>100</b> doz.  boxes animal crackers	63 <b>100</b> qts.  root beer	64 <b>100</b> pts.  pickled watermelon	65 <b>100</b>  \$10 bags groceries	66 <b>100</b> boxes  engraved stationery	67 <b>100</b> sq. ft.  sail and sailboat
68 <b>100</b> ft.  beachfront vacation in Hawaii*	69 <b>100</b>  cookbooks	70 <b>100</b>  Indian Head pennies	71 <b>100</b>  vintage comic books	72 <b>100</b> gals.  gasoline	73 <b>100</b> sq. yds.  slipcovers	74 <b>100</b>  movie posters
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82 <b>100</b>  symphonies on records	83 <b>100</b> ales  in Mexico City*	84 <b>100</b> holes  at golf in Scotland*	85 <b>100</b> pts.  ruby solitaire	<p>Benson &amp; Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2468 Westbury, New York 11591</p> <p>At long last I've decided which sweepstakes to enter and I've carefully read the rules.</p> <p>The sweepstakes number is _____ and the prize is _____</p> <p>NAME _____</p> <p>ADDRESS _____</p> <p>CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____</p>		
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ever tested by *Hot Rod* magazine: a BSA 650 Lightning. I thought, "If I'm gonna ride with these fuckers, I want the fastest bike known to man."

**PLAYBOY:** They all rode Harley-Davidsons, right?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah, and they didn't like it that I was riding a BSA. They kept offering to get me hot bikes. You know—a brand-new Harley Sportster for \$400, stuff like that. No papers, of course, no engine numbers—so I said no. I had enough trouble as it was. I was always getting pulled over. Jesus, they canceled my car insurance because of that goddamn bike. They almost took my driver's license away. I never had any trouble with my car. I drove it full bore all over San Francisco all the time, just wide open. It was a good car, too, a little English Ford. When it finally developed a crack in one of the four cylinders, I took it down to a cliff in Big Sur and soaked the whole interior with ten gallons of gasoline, then executed the fucker with six shots from a .44 magnum in the engine block at point-blank range. After that, we rolled it off the cliff—the radio going, lights on, everything going—and at the last minute, we threw a burning towel in. The explosion was ungodly; it almost blew us into the ocean. I had no idea what ten gallons of gas in an English Ford could do. The car was a mass of twisted, flaming metal. It bounced about six times on the way down—pure movie-stunt shit, you know. A sight like that was worth the car; it was beautiful.

**PLAYBOY:** It seems pretty clear you had *something* in common with the Angels. How long did you ride with them?

**THOMPSON:** About a year.

**PLAYBOY:** Did they ever ask you to join?

**THOMPSON:** Some of them did, but there was a very fine line I had to maintain there. Like when I went on runs with them, I didn't go dressed as an Angel. I'd wear Levis and boots but always a little different from theirs: a tan leather jacket instead of a black one, little things like that. I told them right away I was a *writer*, I was doing a book and that was it. If I'd joined, I wouldn't have been able to write about them honestly, because they have this "brothers" thing. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Were there moments in that year when you wondered how you ever came to be riding with the meanest motorcycle outlaws in the world?

**THOMPSON:** Well, I figured it was a hard dollar—maybe the hardest—but actually, when I got into it, I started to like it. My wife, Sandy, was horrified at first. There were five or six from the Oakland and Frisco chapters that I got to know pretty well, and it got to the point that they'd just come over to my apartment any time of the day or night—bring

their friends, three cases of stolen beer, a bunch of downers, some bennies. But I got to like it; it was my life, it wasn't just working.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that a problem when you actually started to write?

**THOMPSON:** Not really. When you write for a living and you can't do anything else, you know that sooner or later that the deadline is going to come screaming down on you like a goddamn banshee. There's no avoiding it—not even when you have a fine full-bore story like the Angels that's still running. . . . so one day you just don't appear at the El Adobe bar anymore; you shut the door, paint the windows black, rent an electric typewriter and become the monster you always were—the writer. I'd warned them about that. I'd said, "It's going to come, I'm not here for the fun of it, it's gonna happen." And when the time came, I just did it. Every now and then, somebody like Frenchy or Terry would drop by at night with some girls or some of the others, but even when I'd let them read a few pages of what I'd written, they didn't really believe I was actually writing a book.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did it take?

**THOMPSON:** About six months. Actually it took six months to write the first half of the book and then four days to write the second half. I got terrified about the deadline: I actually thought they were going to cancel the contract if I didn't finish the book exactly on time. I was in despair over the thing, so I took the electric typewriter and about four quarts of Wild Turkey and just drove north on 101 until I found a motel that looked peaceful, checked in and stayed there for four days. Didn't sleep, ate a lot of speed, went out every morning and got a hamburger at McDonald's and just wrote straight through for four days—and that turned out to be the best part of the book.

**PLAYBOY:** In one of the last chapters, you described the scene where the Angels finally stomped you, but you described it rather quickly. How did it happen?

**THOMPSON:** Pretty quickly. . . . I'd been away from their action for about six months, I'd finished most of the writing and the publisher sent me a copy of the proposed book cover and I said, "This sucks. It's the worst fucking cover I've seen on *any* book"—so I told them I'd shoot another cover if they'd just pay the expenses. So I called Sonny Barger, who was the head Angel, and said, "I want to go on the Labor Day run with you guys; I've finished the book, but now I want to shoot a book cover." I got some bad vibes over the phone from him. I knew something was not right, but by this time I was getting careless.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the Labor Day run a big one?

**THOMPSON:** Shit, yes. This was one of





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these horrible things that scare the piss out of everybody—200 bikes. A mass Hell's Angels run is one of the most terrifying things you'll ever hope to see. When those bastards come by you on the road, *that's* heavy. And being a part of it, you get this tremendous feeling of humor and madness. You see the terror and shock and fear all around you and you're laughing all the time. It's like being in some kind of horror movie where you know that sooner or later the actors are going to leap out of the screen and burn the theater down.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the Angels have a sense of humor about it?

**THOMPSON:** Some of them did. They were running a trip on everybody. I mean, you don't carry pliers and pull people's teeth out and then wear them on your belt without knowing you're running a trip on somebody. But on that Labor Day, we went up to some beach near Mendocino and I violated all my rules: First, never get stoned with them. Second, never get really drunk with them. Third, never argue with them when you're stoned and drunk. And fourth, when they start beating on each other, *leave*. I'd followed those rules for a year. But they started to pound on each other and I was just standing there talking to somebody and I said my bike was faster than his, which it was—another bad mistake—and all of a sudden, I got it right in the face, a terrific whack; I didn't even see where it came from, had no idea. When I grabbed the guy, he was small enough so that I could turn him around, pin his arms and just hold him. And I turned to the guy I'd been talking to and said something like, "Jesus Christ, look at this nut, he just hit me in the fucking face, get him away from here," and the guy I was holding began to scream in this high wild voice because I had him helpless, and instead of telling him to calm down, the *other* guy cracked *me* in the side of the head—and then I knew I was in trouble. That's the Angels' motto: One on all, all on one.

**PLAYBOY:** Were there police around or other help?

**THOMPSON:** No, I was the only nonbiker there. The cops had said, "All right, at midnight we seal this place off and anybody who's not a part of this crowd get the hell out or God's mercy on him." So here I was, suddenly rolling around on the rocks of that Godforsaken beach in a swarm of stoned, crazy-drunk bikers. I had this guy who'd hit me in a death grip by now, and there were people kicking me in the chest and one of the bastards was trying to bash my head in with a tremendous rock . . . but I had this screaming Angel's head right next to mine, and so he had to be a little care-

ful. I don't know how long it went on, but just about the time I *knew* I was going to die, Tiny suddenly showed up and said, "That's it, stop it," and they stopped as fast as they started, for no reason.

**PLAYBOY:** Who was Tiny?

**THOMPSON:** He was the sergeant at arms and he was also one of the guys who I knew pretty well. I didn't know the bastards I was fighting with. All the Angels I might have counted on for help—the ones I'd come to think of as friends by that time—had long since retired to the bushes with their old ladies.

**PLAYBOY:** How badly were you hurt?

**THOMPSON:** They did a pretty good job on my face. I went to the police station and they said, "Get the fuck out of here—you're bleeding in the bathroom." I was wasted, pouring blood, and I had to drive 60 miles like that to Santa Rosa, where I knew a doctor. I called him, but he was in Arizona and his partner answered the phone and said something like, "Spit on it and run a lap"; you know, that old football-coach thing. I'll never forgive him for that. So then I went to the emergency room at the Santa Rosa hospital and it was one of the worst fucking scenes I'd ever seen in my life. A bike gang called the Gypsy Jokers had been going north on Labor Day and had intersected with this horrible train of Angels somewhere around Santa Rosa and these fuckers were all over the emergency room. People screaming and moaning, picking up pieces of jawbones, trying to fit them back in, blood everywhere, girls yelling, "He's dying, please help us! Doctor, doctor! I can't stop the bleeding!" It was like a bomb had just hit.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get treatment?

**THOMPSON:** No, I felt guilty even being there. I had only been *stomped*. These other bastards had been cranked out with pipes, run over, pinned against walls with bikes—mangled, just mangled. So I left, tried to drive in that condition, but finally I just pulled over to the side of the road and thought, "I'd better set this fucking nose, because tomorrow it's going to be hard." It felt like a beanbag. I could hear the bone chips grinding. So I sat there and drank a beer and did my own surgery, using the dome light and the rearview mirror, trying to remember what my nose had looked like. I couldn't breathe for about a year, and people thought I was a coke freak before I actually was, but I think I did a pretty good job.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are the Hell's Angels, what kind of people?

**THOMPSON:** They're rejects, losers—but losers who turned mean and vengeful instead of just giving up, and there are more Hell's Angels than anybody can

count. But most of them don't wear any colors. They're people who got moved out—you know, musical chairs—and they lost. Some people just lie down when they lose; these fuckers come back and tear up the whole game. I was a Hell's Angel in my head for a long time. I was a failed writer for ten years and I was always in fights. I'd do things like go into a bar with a 50-pound sack of lime, turn the whole place white and then just take on anyone who came at me. I always got stomped, never won a fight. But I'm not into that anymore. I lost a lot of my physical aggressiveness when I started to sell what I wrote. I didn't need that trip anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Some people would say you didn't lose all your aggressiveness, that you come on like journalism's own Hell's Angel.

**THOMPSON:** Well, I don't see myself as particularly aggressive or dangerous. I tend to act weird now and then, which makes people nervous if they don't know me—but I think that's sort of a stylistic hangover from the old days . . . and I suppose I get a private smile or two out of making people's eyes bulge once in a while. You might call that a Hell's Angels trait—but otherwise, the comparison is ugly and ominous. I reject it—although I definitely feel myself somewhat *apart*. Not an outlaw, but more like a natural freak . . . which doesn't bother me at all. When I ran for sheriff of Aspen on the Freak Power ticket, that was the point. In the rotten fascist context of what was happening to America in 1969, being a freak was an honorable way to go.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you run for sheriff?

**THOMPSON:** I'd just come back from the Democratic Convention in Chicago and been beaten by vicious cops for no reason at all. I'd had a billy club rammed into my stomach and I'd seen innocent people beaten senseless and it really jerked me around. There was a mayoral race a few months later in Aspen and there was a lawyer in town who'd done some good things in local civil rights cases. His name is Joe Edwards and I called him up one midnight and said, "You don't know me and I don't know you, but you've got to run for mayor. The whole goddamn system is getting out of control. If it keeps going this way, they'll have us all in pens. We *have* to get into politics—if only in self-defense." Now, this guy was a bike rider, a head and a freak in the same sense I am. He said, "We'll meet tomorrow and talk about it." The next day, we went to see *The Battle of Algiers* and when we came out, he said, "I'll do it; we're going to bust these bastards."

**PLAYBOY:** How close did you come?

**THOMPSON:** Edwards lost by six votes. And

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remember, we're talking about an apolitical town and the hardest thing was to get our people to register. So one of the gigs I used to get people into it was to say, "Look, if you register and vote for Edwards, I'll run for sheriff next year, if he wins." Well, he didn't win, but when the next county elections came up, I found myself running for sheriff anyway. I didn't take it seriously at first, but when it began to look like I might win, *everybody* took it seriously.

**PLAYBOY:** As a matter of fact, you announced you were going to eat drugs in the sheriff's office if you won, didn't you?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah and that scared a lot of people. But I'd seen the ignorant hate vote that the Edwards campaign brought out the year before. You know, when the freaks get organized, the other side gets scared and they bring out people on stretchers who are half dead, haven't voted for 25 years. And I thought, "Well, if they want somebody to hate, I'll give them one they can *really* hate." And meanwhile, on the same ticket, I figured we could run a serious candidate for a county commissioner, which is the office we really wanted. Hell, I didn't want to be sheriff, I wanted to scare the piss out of the yahoos and the greedheads and make our county-commissioner candidate look like a conservative by contrast. That's what we did, but then this horrible press coverage from all over the goddamn world poured in and we finally couldn't separate the two races.

**PLAYBOY:** There was a whole Freak Power slate, wasn't there?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah, a friend of mine, who lived next door at the time, ran for coroner, because we found out the coroner was the only official who could fire the sheriff. And we decided we needed a county clerk, so we had somebody running for that. But finally, my lightning-rod, hate-candidate strategy backlashed on them, too. It got a little heavy. I announced that the new sheriff's posse would start tearing up the streets the day after the election—every street in Aspen, rip 'em up with jackhammers and replace the asphalt with sod. I said we were going to use the sheriff's office mainly to harass real-estate developers.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds like that could heat up a political contest.

**THOMPSON:** Indeed. The greedheads were terrified. We had a series of public debates that got pretty brutal. The first one was in a movie theater, because that was the only place in town that could hold the crowd. Even then, I arrived a half hour early and I couldn't get in. The aisles were jammed, I had to walk over people to get to the stage. I was wearing shorts, with my head shaved

completely bald. The yahoos couldn't handle it. They were convinced the Antichrist had finally appeared—right there in Aspen. There's something ominous about a totally shaved head. We took questions from the crowd and sort of laid out our platforms. I was not entirely comfortable, sitting up there with the incumbent sheriff and saying, "When I drive this corrupt thug out of office, I'm going to go in there and maybe eat a bit of mescaline on slow nights. . . ." I figured from then on I *had* to win, because if I lost, it was going to be the hammer for me. You just don't admit that kind of thing on camera, in front of a huge crowd. There was a reporter from *The New York Times* in the front row, NBC, an eight-man team from the BBC filming the whole thing, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Washington Post*—incredible.

**PLAYBOY:** You changed the pitch toward the end, toned it down, didn't you?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah, I became a creature of my own campaign. I was really surprised at the energy we could whip up for that kind of thing, latent political energy just sitting around.

**PLAYBOY:** What did your platform finally evolve into?

**THOMPSON:** I said I was going to function as an Ombudsman, create a new office—unsalaried—then turn my sheriff's salary over to a good experienced lawman and let him do the job. I figured once you got control of the sheriff's office, you could let somebody else carry the badge and gun—under your control, of course. It almost worked.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the final vote?

**THOMPSON:** Well, there were six precincts that mattered and I won the three in town, broke even in number four and then got stomped brutally in the two precincts where most of the real-estate developers and subdividers live.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sorry you lost?

**THOMPSON:** Well, I felt sorry for the people who worked so hard on the campaign. But I don't miss the job. For a while, I thought I was going to win, and it scared me.

**PLAYBOY:** There's been talk of your running for the Senate from Colorado. Is that a joke?

**THOMPSON:** No. I considered it for a while, but this past year has killed my appetite for politics. I might reconsider after I get away from it for a while. *Somebody* has to change politics in this country.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you run for the Senate the same way you ran for sheriff?

**THOMPSON:** Well, I might have to drop the mescaline issue, I don't think there'd be any need for that—promising to eat mescaline on the Senate floor. I found out last time you can push people too far. The backlash is brutal.

**PLAYBOY:** What if the unthinkable happened and Hunter Thompson went to Washington as a Senator from Colorado? Do you think you could do any good?

**THOMPSON:** Not much, but you always do some good by setting an example—you know, just by proving it can be done.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you think there would be a strong reaction in Washington to some of the things you've written about the politicians there?

**THOMPSON:** Of course. They'd come after me like wolverines. I'd have no choice but to haul out my secret files—all that raw swill Ed Hoover gave me just before he died. We were good friends. I used to go to the track with him a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** You're laughing again, but that raises a legitimate question: Are you trying to say you know things about Washington people that you haven't written?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah, to some extent. When I went to Washington to write *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72*, I went with the same attitude I take anywhere as a journalist: hammer and tongs—and God's mercy on anybody who gets in the way. Nothing is off the record, that kind of thing. But I finally realized that some things *have* to be off the record. I don't know where the line is, even now. But if you're an indiscreet blabbermouth and a fool, nobody is going to talk to you—not even your friends.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it like when you first rode into Washington in 1971?

**THOMPSON:** Well, nobody had ever heard of *Rolling Stone*, for one thing. "Rolling what? . . . Stones? I heard them once: noisy bastards, aren't they?" It was a nightmare at first, nobody would return my calls. Washington is a horrible town, a cross between Rome, Georgia, and Toledo, Ohio—that kind of mentality. It's basically a town full of vicious, powerful rubes.

**PLAYBOY:** Did they start returning your calls when you began writing things like "Hubert Humphrey should be castrated" so his genes won't be passed on?

**THOMPSON:** Well, that was a bit heavy, I think—for reasons I don't want to get into now. Anyway, it didn't take me long to learn that the only time to call politicians is very late at night. *Very* late. In Washington, the truth is never told in daylight hours or across a desk. If you catch people when they're very tired or drunk or weak, you can usually get some answers. So I'd sleep days, wait till these people got their lies and treachery out of the way, let them relax, then come on full speed on the phone at two or three in the morning. You have to wear the bastards down before they'll tell you anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Your journalistic style has been attacked by some critics—most notably,

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the *Columbia Journalism Review*—as partly commentary, partly fantasy and partly the ravings of someone too long into drugs.

**THOMPSON:** Well, fuck the *Columbia Journalism Review*. They don't pay my rent. That kind of senile gibberish reminds me of all those people back in the early Sixties who were saying, "This guy Dylan is giving Tin-Pan-Alley a bad name—hell, he's no musician. He can't even carry a tune." Actually, it's kind of a compliment when people like that devote so much energy to attacking you.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, you certainly say some outrageous things in your book on the 1972 Presidential campaign; for instance, that Edmund Muskie was taking Ibogaine, an exotic form of South American speed or psychedelic, or both. That wasn't true, was it?

**THOMPSON:** Not that I know of, but if you read what I wrote carefully, I didn't say he was taking it. I said there was a rumor around his headquarters in Milwaukee that a famous Brazilian doctor had flown in with an emergency packet of Ibogaine for him. Who would believe that shit?

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of people did believe it.

**THOMPSON:** Obviously, but I didn't realize that until about halfway through the campaign—and it horrified me. Even some of the reporters who'd been covering Muskie for three or four months took it seriously. That's because they don't know anything about drugs. Jesus, nobody running for President would dare touch a thing like Ibogaine. Maybe I would, but no normal politician. It would turn his brains to jelly. He'd have to be locked up.

**PLAYBOY:** You also said that John Chancellor took heavy hits of black acid.

**THOMPSON:** Hell, that was such an obvious heavy-handed joke that I still can't understand how anybody in his right mind could have taken it seriously. I'd infiltrated a Nixon youth rally at the Republican Convention and I thought I'd have a little fun with them by telling all the grisly details of the time that John Chancellor tried to kill me by putting acid in my drink. I also wrote that if I'd had more time, I would have told these poor yo-yos the story about Walter Cronkite and his white-slavery racket with Vietnamese orphan girls—importing them through a ranch in Quebec and then selling them into brothels up and down the East Coast . . . which is true, of course: *Collier's* magazine has a big story on it this month, with plenty of photos to prove it. . . . What? You don't believe that? Why not? All those other waterheads did. Christ, writing about politics would paralyze my brain if I couldn't have a slash of weird humor now and then. And, actually, I'm pretty careful about that

sort of thing. If I weren't, I would have been sued long ago. It's one of the hazards of Gonzo Journalism.

**PLAYBOY:** What is Gonzo Journalism?

**THOMPSON:** It's something that grew out of a story on the Kentucky Derby for *Scanlan's* magazine. It was one of those horrible deadline scrambles and I ran out of time. I was desperate. Ralph Steadman had done the illustrations, the cover was printed and there was this horrible hole in the magazine. I was convinced I was finished, I'd blown my mind, couldn't work. So finally I just started jerking pages out of my notebook and numbering them and sending them to the printer. I was sure it was the last article I was ever going to do for anybody. Then when it came out, there were massive numbers of letters, phone calls, congratulations, people calling it a "great breakthrough in journalism." And I thought, "Holy shit, if I can write like this and get away with it, why should I keep trying to write like *The New York Times*?" It was like falling down an elevator shaft and landing in a pool full of mermaids.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a difference between Gonzo and the new journalism?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah, I think so. Unlike Tom Wolfe or Gay Talese, for instance, I almost never try to reconstruct a story. They're both much better reporters than I am, but then I don't really think of myself as a reporter. Gonzo is just a word I picked up because I liked the sound of it—which is not to say there isn't a basic difference between the kind of writing I do and the Wolfe/Talese style. They tend to go back and re-create stories that have already happened, while I like to get right in the middle of whatever I'm writing about—as personally involved as possible. There's a lot more to it than that, but if we have to make a distinction, I suppose that's a pretty safe way to start.

**PLAYBOY:** Are the fantasies and wild tangents a necessary part of your writing?

**THOMPSON:** Absolutely. Just let your mind wander, let it go where it wants to. Like with that Muskie thing; I'd just been reading a drug report from some lab in California on the symptoms of Ibogaine poisoning and I thought, "I've seen that style before, and not in West Africa or the Amazon; I've seen those symptoms very recently." And then I thought, "Of course: rages, stupors, being able to sit for days without moving—that's Ed Muskie."

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't that stuff get in the way of your serious political reporting?

**THOMPSON:** Probably—but it also keeps me sane. I guess the main problem is that people will believe almost any twisted kind of story about politicians or

Washington. But I can't help that. Some of the truth that *doesn't* get written is a lot more twisted than any of my fantasies.

**PLAYBOY:** You were the first journalist on the campaign to see that McGovern was going to win the nomination. What tipped you off?

**THOMPSON:** It was the energy; I could feel it. Muskie, Humphrey, Jackson, Lindsay—all the others were dying on the vine, falling apart. But if you were close enough to the machinery in McGovern's campaign, you could almost see the energy level rising from one week to the next. It was like watching pro-football teams toward the end of a season. Some of them are coming apart and others are picking up steam; their timing is getting sharper, their third-down plays are working. They're just starting to peak.

**PLAYBOY:** The football analogy was pretty popular in Washington, wasn't it?

**THOMPSON:** Yes, because Nixon was into football very seriously. He used the language constantly; he talked about politics and diplomacy in terms of power slants, end sweeps, mousetrap blocks. Thinking in football terms may be the best way to understand what finally happened with the whole Watergate thing: Coach Nixon's team is fourth and 32 on their own ten, and he finds out that his punter is a junkie. A sick junkie. He looks down the bench: "OK, big fella—we need you now!" And this guy is stark white and vomiting, can't even stand up, much less kick. When the game ends in disaster for the home team, then the fans rush onto the field and beat the players to death with rocks, beer bottles, pieces of wooden seats. The coach makes a desperate dash for the safety of the locker room, but three hit men hired by heavy gamblers nail him before he gets there.

**PLAYBOY:** You talked football with Nixon once, didn't you, in the back seat of his limousine?

**THOMPSON:** Yeah, that was in 1968 in New Hampshire; he was just starting his comeback then and I didn't take him seriously. He seemed like a Republican echo of Hubert Humphrey: just another sad old geek limping back into politics for another beating. It never occurred to me that he would ever be President. Johnson hadn't quit at that point, but I sort of sensed he was going to and I figured Bobby Kennedy would run—so that even if Nixon got the Republican nomination, he'd just take another stomping by another Kennedy. So I thought it would be nice to go to New Hampshire, spend a couple of weeks following Nixon around and then write his political obituary.

**PLAYBOY:** You couldn't have been too popular with the Nixon party.

**THOMPSON:** I didn't care what they



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thought of me. I put weird things in the pressroom at night, strange cryptic threatening notes that they would find in the morning. I had wastebaskets full of cold beer in my room in the Manchester Holiday Inn. Oddly enough, I got along pretty well with some of the Nixon people—Ray Price, Pat Buchanan, Nick Ruwe—but I felt a lot more comfortable at Gene McCarthy's headquarters in the Wayfarer, on the other side of town. So I spent most of my spare time over there.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why did Nixon let you ride alone with him?

**THOMPSON:** Well, it was the night before the vote and Romney had dropped out. Rockefeller wasn't coming in, so all of a sudden the pressure was off and Nixon was going to win easily. We were at this American Legion hall somewhere pretty close to Boston. Nixon had just finished a speech there and we were about an hour and a half from Manchester, where he had his Learjet waiting, and Price suddenly came up to me and said, "You've been wanting to talk to the boss? OK, come on." And I said, "What? What?" By this time I'd given up; I knew he was leaving for Key Biscayne that night and I was wild-eyed drunk. On the way to the car, Price said, "The boss wants to relax and talk football; you're the only person here who claims to be an expert on that subject, so you're it. But if you mention *anything* else—*out*. You'll be hitchhiking back to Manchester. No talk about Vietnam, campus riots—nothing political; the boss wants to talk football, period."

**PLAYBOY:** Were there awkward moments?

**THOMPSON:** No, he seemed very relaxed. I've never seen him like that before or since. We had a good, loose talk. That was the only time in 20 years of listening to the treacherous bastard that I knew he wasn't lying.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel any sympathy as you watched Nixon go down, finally?

**THOMPSON:** Sympathy? No. You have to remember that for my entire adult life, Richard Nixon has been the national boogeyman. I can't remember a time when he wasn't around—always evil, always ugly. 15 or 20 years of fucking people around. The whole Watergate chancery was a monument to everything he stood for: This was a cheap thug, a congenital liar. . . . What the Angels used to call a gungel, a punk who can't even pull off a liquor-store robbery without shooting somebody or getting shot, or busted.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think a smarter politician could have found a man to cover it up after the original break-in? Could Lyndon Johnson have handled it, say?

**THOMPSON:** Lyndon Johnson would have

burned the tapes. He would have burned everything. There would have been this huge wreck out on his ranch somewhere—killing, oddly enough, all his tape technicians, the only two Secret Servicemen who knew about it, his executive flunky and the Presidential tapemeisters. He would have had a van go over a cliff at high speed, burst into flames and they'd find all these bodies, this weird collection of people who'd never had any real reason to be together, lying in a heap of melted celluloid at the bottom of the cliff. Then Johnson would have wept—all of his trusted assistants—"Goddamn it, how could they have been in the same van at the same time? I warned them about that."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think it's finally, once and for all, true that we won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore?

**THOMPSON:** Well, it looks like it, but he said an incredible thing when he arrived in California after that last ride on Air Force One. He got off the plane and said to his crowd that was obviously rounded up for the cameras—you know: winos, children, Marine sergeants . . . they must have had a hell of a time lashing that crowd together. No doubt Ziegler promised to pay well, and then welsed, but they had a crowd of 2000 or 3000 and Nixon said: "It is perhaps appropriate for me to say very simply this, having completed one task does not mean that we will just sit and enjoy this marvelous California climate and do nothing." Jesus Christ! Here's a man who just got run out of the White House, fleeing Washington in the wake of the most complete and hideous disgrace in the history of American politics, who goes out to California and refers to "having completed one task." It makes me think there must have been another main factor in the story of his downfall, in addition to greed and stupidity; I think in the past few months he was teetering on the brink of insanity. There were hints of this in some of the "inside reports" about the last days: Nixon didn't want to resign and he didn't understand why he had to; the family *never* understood. He probably still thinks he did nothing wrong, that he was somehow victimized, ambushed in the night by his old and relentless enemies. I'm sure he sees it as just another lost campaign, another cruel setback on the road to greatness; so now it's back to the bunker for a while—lick the wounds and then come out fighting again. He may need one more whack. I think we should chisel his tombstone *now* and send it to him with an epitaph, in big letters, that says, **HERE LIES RICHARD NIXON; HE WAS A QUITTER.**

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that his resignation proves that the system works?

**THOMPSON:** Well, that depends on what you mean by "works." We can take some

comfort, I guess, in knowing the system was so finely conceived originally—almost 200 years ago—that it can still work when it's absolutely *forced* to. In Nixon's case, it wasn't the system that tripped him up and finally destroyed his Presidency; it was Nixon himself, along with a handful of people who actually took it upon themselves to act on their own—a bit outside the system, in fact; maybe even a bit above and beyond it. There were a lot of "highly respected" lawyers, for instance—some of them alleged experts in their fields—who argued almost all the way to the end that Judge Sirica exceeded his judicial authority when he acted on his own instinct and put the most extreme kind of pressure on the original Watergate burglars to keep the case from going into the books as the cheap-Jack "third-rate burglary" that Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman told Ziegler to call it when the news first broke. If Sirica had gone along with the system, like the original Justice Department prosecutors did, McCord would never have cracked and written that letter that opened the gates to the White House. Sirica was the fly-wheel in that thing, from start to finish, when he put the final nail in the coffin by forcing James St. Clair, Nixon's lawyer of last resort, to listen to those doomsday tapes that he had done everything possible to keep from hearing. But when he heard the voices, that pulled the rip cord on Nixon, once St. Clair went on record as having listened to the tapes—which proved his client guilty beyond any doubt—he had only two choices: to abandon Nixon at the eleventh hour or stay on and possibly get dragged down in the quicksand himself. Sirica wasn't the only key figure in Nixon's demise who could have played it safe by letting the system take its traditional course. *The Washington Post* editors who kept Woodward and Bernstein on the story could have stayed comfortably within the system without putting their backs to the wall in a showdown with the whole White House power structure and a vengeful bastard of a President like Nixon. Leon Jaworski, the special prosecutor, couldn't even find a precedent in the system for challenging the President's claim of "Executive privilege" in the U.S. Supreme Court.

Hell, the list goes on and on . . . but in the end, the Nixon Watergate saga was written by mavericks who worked the loneliest outside edges of the system, not by the kind of people who played it safe and followed the letter of the law. If the system worked in this case, it was almost in spite of itself. Jesus, what else *could* the Congress have done—faced with the

(continued on page 245)





## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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*fiction* By PAUL REB

# THE LEGEND OF STEP- AND- A-HALF

*he was top dog of the tribe  
in those days, and  
they say his spirit still  
is seen on moonlit nights*

NIGGERHEADS, those peculiar columnar, closely spaced, grassy-topped swamp humps to be found here and there in the Northland, especially when you are not looking for them and are on foot and are in a hurry to get somewhere, besides being the worthy subject of more than one impeccably written scientific paper, are, beyond any doubt, the meanest, rottenest, sneakiest, most miserable, deplorable, reprehensible things to be found in all Alaska. (The Canadians can do their own complaining.) If you ever run out of four-letter words, take a lesson from the old Niggerhead Indians, sometimes disrespectfully called the Nastymouths: Go walk on niggerheads. You'll soon come up with some more—maybe even a best seller. Whew! I hate to think of it.

The trouble with niggerheads is you can never make up your mind as to the best way of walking on them. If you step on top of the hump—your first inclination, it looking so stable—the hump, like



Sharleen Pederson

a soup-spined, jelly-bellied mushroom, usually just bends right over, dumping you, together with the load on your back, if you're carrying one, headlong, maybe breaking your neck. If you get fed up with broken necks and resolve simply to stay on the bottom, walking between the humps, you'll likely as not slip and break both legs, the bottom seldom consisting of anything but glare ice, turned greasy in summer by a little surface water, should the summer be a hot one.

Niggerheads\* sound like nothing to you? It might surprise you to know that no more was needed than these cursed unique little swamp humps, which, like cases of the plague, seldom come singly, to cause the longtime division of one of the oldest, most noble tribes in the North. It is a melancholy story, but making it saddest of all is that "the great schism," as the tribal split was called, resulted, and not too indirectly, either, in the disappearance of a man called Step-and-a-half, said to be the only person in the history of the world ever to have mastered niggerhead travel.

This fellow Step, who was, curiously enough, a cripple, had the reputation of being the fastest man alive on niggerheads—at any distance. No one could touch him. The untimely loss of this greathearted champion, this valiant little Achilles of the swamp, a man of so much inspiration to the world, for those with a brown eye and a blue, surely must be counted as one of at least far-northern mankind's most lamentable.

Bringing on the strife within the ranks of the Niggerheads was the death of their beloved old chief, Omniwalker IV. From all accounts, Omniwalker, however inscrutable, was as good and kindly a man, as wise and tolerant a leader as you could find anywhere. While he lived, things went well enough for his people—as well as they can ever go for a people living round niggerheads whose leader, for reasons known only to heaven and himself, refuses to lead them out of the swamps to, if not greener, at least flatter pastures.

His apparent aversion to daydreaming notwithstanding, Chief Omniwalker IV was not blind. He was as aware as anybody what an inelegant sight his people presented trooping across their blessed clumpy heritage, walking every which way, even as he walked, some on top of the humps, some on the bottom, all slipping, sliding, falling, cursing, getting up, praying, weeping, shaking their fists at the heavens, some going dumb with rage and just standing there grinding their teeth; but he, good man, believed in his

\*The word *niggerhead* used here has no racial or derogatory meaning. It has been used for 115 years as defined in Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms": "The tussocks or knotted masses of the roots of sedges and ferns projecting above the wet surface of a swamp."

heart, just as all his royal fathers had before him, that every man had the inalienable right to get across his allotted vale of tears and curse as best he could, doing things in his own way, provided only that he didn't do it upon the backs of his brothers—unless, of course, he was old and maybe had rheumatism. Except for murder and cursing in a foreign tongue, their definition of treason, about the worst offense known to the Niggerheads, at least as long as old Chief Omniwalker was alive, was this riding, using the spur of "morality." How they punished the offender won't be gone into here. It is enough to say that it was from the old Niggerheads that the phrase came down to us: "Now the spur's on the other foot."

But once old Chief Omniwalker passed on, things lost no time in deteriorating.

Left to vie for the throne were Omniwalker's two sons—twins! Since birth, these two fops—neither of whom could walk 1000 niggerheads without his tongue hanging out and his starting to yelp about all the rare special ailments that overbred aristocrats were supposed to be heir to—had done nothing but bicker, tattle and try to outdo each other constantly. Now one of them was going to have to be chief, and each was determined that it was not going to be the other.

The one brother liked to walk, or strut, rather, on top of the niggerheads, way up high where every single inch of him could be seen and admired. Often he would stop, rock himself back on one foot, smite his chest and palm his mouth in an Alley Oop yell. On the basis of what turned out to be insufficient evidence, he was convinced that the great majority of Niggerhead people preferred walking his way, and it was for this reason that hardly before his old father was cold in the grave, he let it be known that he was now Prince Topwalker I.

Niggerhead royalty could take new names like this, though few ever did. "Better a new IV than the same old I all over again," as old Omniwalker had said, a lot of people claiming to have seen what he meant. "Progress without ambition or hatred" was a favorite motto of theirs, it hanging in needlepoint on many a wall.

Prince Topwalker's brother naturally had to prefer just the opposite—walking down low, between the humps, where, if not every single inch of him could be safe, at least that part of him he was able to conceal in this way would be. He, too, thought his royal body was something pretty special, but he was going to save his, if he could. Believing, on the basis of the same sterling conceit-furnished evidence that had been so boldly acted on by his brother, that most of the Niggerheads preferred walking *his* way, he—you guessed it—flew toward the title Prince Bottomwalker I.

Shortly after this shameless name

scramble took place, the two brothers, having found no way of killing each other and getting by with it, got together on something, probably for the first time in their lives. They agreed to go before the tribal elders and subject themselves to a vote, each secretly believing that he, being walking arbiter already, would just automatically be declared chief and his superfluous brother be run off—or worse.

So the tribal elders were called together. Right away, Prince Topwalker got the jump on his brother. Leaping to his feet, he cried out in a loud ringing voice the line that was soon to become famous in the Niggerhead tribe, even little children going round repeating it as they romped on their careworn fathers' abomination—the niggerheads:

"Give me, ere I receive two broken legs, a broken neck, oh, I pray!"

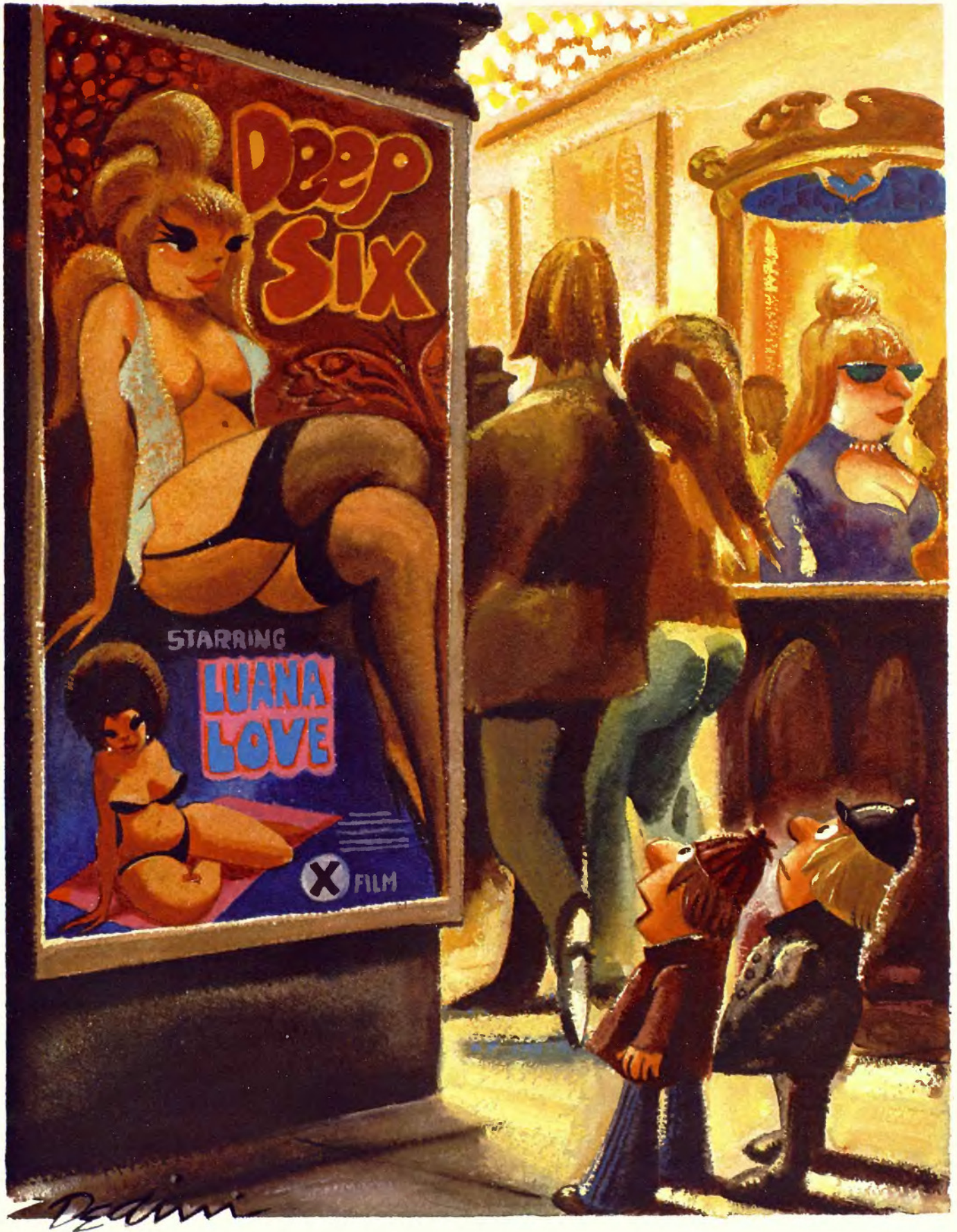
This was a pretty hard act for Prince Bottomwalker to follow. Nevertheless, he now girded up his tongue and played it through.

"Not me, oh, not me," he rose and cried back. "I'll take legs any day!"

Tumultuous shouts of "Stay on the top, then," or "Stay on the bottom, for heaven's sake, who's stopping you?" filled the council chamber.

Besides the chief, his sons and the tribal elders, the only other people ever allowed in the council chamber during a meeting were the messengers, and the messengers' gallery was jam packed this night. Step-and-a-half, being messenger *ne plus skookum*, was right there in his seat of honor. Step just laughed and laughed at all this top-bottom stuff. The other messengers looked daggers at him. "Yeah, he can afford to laugh, he gets all the business," they grumbled among themselves.

Next to being chief or prince or elder, being a messenger was about the best deal in the whole Niggerhead tribe. As far back as anyone could remember, it had been this way, and this was why messengers were not only allowed at the council meetings but were looked upon there as being honored guests. Everybody blew *them* kisses. A lot of the Niggerheads thought the tribe was overdoing this messenger bit; that they were being entirely too permissive with the lads involved and such, but you never saw anybody actually try to do anything about it. Just complain, that's all. Oh, it's true enough that some of the messengers were a little on the rowdy side, racing round the village at night, making a lot of noise and turning things over, but Step never did anything like this, which only proved that a man didn't have to be that way just because he was a pampered messenger. Step himself, when he wasn't working, remained pretty much a loner, doing little but study up on his messengering, polish his numerous medals, count his money, practice his



*"For me it would be a very educational film."*

tip-receiving suavity—things like that. You could see right away how serious he was.

As for the reform-minded, meaning those wet blankets who wanted to find a new place for the messengers and see them put in it, about all that can be said is this: The people they were opposing, champions of the past to a man, and believers in its being left strictly alone, rarely had to wait for more than a couple of weeks before being presented the golden opportunity of breaking out with a few of the old I-told-you-sos. The Niggerheads living all over the swamps, not just in the village, the sending of messages was a big thing with them. For instance, when it looked like a man wasn't going to be able to get out of visiting his relatives much longer, he would start dreading the trip days in advance. On the fateful morning, he would drink coffee for hours, thinking about all those hateful niggerheads to be crossed, his face getting longer all the time. Finally, right at the last moment, he would usually say, "I think I'll just send a message." This would be acceptable enough; his relatives were probably pulling the same thing on him. So a messenger would be summoned—Step, if he could be gotten—and the message dispatched. But if Step himself didn't bring the message, look out. This was always a bad sign. After the substitute messenger had come and gone, the relatives would just stand there with a hurt knowing look on their faces, saying, "He doesn't care for us anymore. You notice how he didn't send Step?"

While Step continued to rock with laughter at all the heated top-bottom admonitions being thrown around, Prince Topwalker rose to express a grave concern he felt for the welfare of his people—"his" already. He had had a dream. But first he looked over at Step, genuine fondness showing in his face, and uttered the following endearment: "Little laughing Step." (See what I mean?)

After smiling at Step and making from the distance like he was patting him on the head, Prince Topwalker turned back to addressing the elders.

"Gentlemen, as we know, the world is rapidly filling up. Everybody says that. Soon there won't be enough niggerheads to go around. My greatest fear is that one day soon some niggerhead-bereft stranger is going to happen by, take one look at our people crossing our blessed clumpy curse like a bunch of amateur anarchists, every man doing his thing, and say to himself that a people so without unity, without discipline, form, image, dignity, integrity, style are just a—can I bring myself to say it?—yes, are just a . . . a pushover!

"And having said that, do you know what he would do then? Why, it can be no secret. In a sweet voice, he would say,

'Peace, brothers, peace, brothers,' then go away and come back in the night—with reinforcements. Gentlemen, this cannot, this must not be allowed to happen. I propose that we, this very night, set once and for all an official niggerhead-walking policy, and enforce it to the fullest extent of the law; and if we haven't got a law covering that, then, by heavens, let us make one—now!"

This brought every topwalker in the house to his feet, crying, "Hey, hey! Hear, hear!"

As though some doubt had been left in the matter, Prince Bottomwalker immediately jumped up to get things straight in his mind. But before seeking clarification, he, sucking the hind tit once again, looked over at Step, who was still laughing, and after loading *twice* as much fondness into *his* face, said, "Dear little laughing Step." Then he winked at him with both eyes.

Step, without checking his laughter, nodded his head gravely in acknowledgment. In spite of his humble birth, Step was every inch a gentleman; you had to say that for him.

Looking directly at his brother, Prince Bottomwalker now fumed, "And just where, pray, would the people walk, in accordance with this precious formal niggerhead-walking policy of yours, Prince Topwalker?"

Now it was all the bottomwalkers' turn to leap to their feet. "Yes, yes, tell us, where, where?" they all clamored to know.

When things had quieted down enough, Prince Bottomwalker lost no time in owning to the very same nightmare allegedly being suffered by his brother, except that his own was far scarier. What made his own so bad was that if Prince Topwalker was able to ram through this sly unspoken motion of his, the Niggerheads were going to be no better off than a bunch of giddy quail. With them strutting round on top of the humps that way, like so many nose-thumbing, stiff-fingered targets, what was going to prevent the enemy's picking them all right off? Here Prince Bottomwalker shook himself violently, to throw off the specter of so horrible an eventuality.

Prince Topwalker shouted his brother down, making light of his silly womanish fear, his bottom-hugging cowardice, his microcosm-loving soul, calling him a niggerhead worm, not a man, only to be shouted down in turn. On and on it went, for more than an hour, and Niggerhead hours were twice as long as anybody else's, as some people still know. Insults started flying back and forth all over the chamber, even among the messengers, for each of them had his walking preference, or prejudice, too. Fists were shaken under noses, men spat on the floor in front of one another and a lot of niggerhead-walking language

was used, sometimes whole streams of it without a single pause. Ooh-hoo! The Niggerheads hadn't been nicknamed the Nastymouths for nothing.

Step-and-a-half, safe in the arms of his infirmity, just kept rocking back and forth on his seat, moaning, "Oh, my sides, my sides."

At last a vote was called for—on everything. One vote, a single little vote, and they could all go home. Next day they would have an official way of walking and, at the same time, a new chief—even a new way of picking their noses, if that was what everybody wanted. Just get it over with.

The vote taken ended in a tie. The princes' chins dropped, then, for the first time, real apprehension set into both their breasts.

Another vote was called for. It, too, ended in a tie. Vote, tie, vote, tie, they voting faster and faster—this was how it went, far into the night. The Niggerheads were split right down the middle and it looked like nobody was going to budge. Everybody was getting hotter and hotter and crosser and crosser, and awfully tired.

The oldest of the elders, a white-haired old gentleman who had survived more broken legs and snapped necks in the swamps than everybody else combined, and who had loved old Chief Omnwalker very much, got up in disgust, saying, "This is about the twiniest tribe I ever saw!" and went out to take a leak and have a smoke.

When Old Pretzel, as the aged swamp veteran was affectionately called, came back, another vote was taken. It was the same old story.

Finally, Old Pretzel stood up to offer a solution to what had begun to look like a hopeless situation. Tempers were growing dangerously short, and something was going to have to be done.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this [bad word] can't go on forever. We're getting nowhere fast, and we're going to get there even faster unless you listen to me. Now hear a tired old man's idea.

"In the next valley are plenty of good niggerheads—good as any we've got around here—and, best of all, that valley is still unoccupied. Gentlemen, I ask you, in all due respect, why, in the name of [three bad words], can't we be a bitribe? We seem to be two-minded about everything else these days—and nights."

Here the bent old man, whose arthritis was acting up something fearful, sighed hoarsely and threw the two princes a peculiar glance, but it wasn't anything you could really put your finger on. Wise old men know how to glance at princes like that.

"Let the Princes Topwalker and Bottomwalker draw straws," he went on, "the loser to take his fellow walkers over to that next valley and there build a

(continued on page 102)



*if men don't make passes at these girls who wear glasses, they should have their eyes examined*

Throughout most of recorded history, it's been a pretty dismal scene for those poor young things who were cursed with some sort of myopia or other. Glasses! Better leprosy. All the bespectacled girls we knew seemed to kind of give up in about fourth grade, studied their brains out and probably eventually married some adoring optician. If one wanted to socialize at all, it was a good idea to leave the horn-rims at home and bump into chairs all night. But not too long ago, all that changed. Glasses became glamorous and fun. Gloria Steinem showed up on talk shows wearing aviators' and looked terrific. And now? Well, gentlemen, feast your eyes on all that surrounds you here and realize how shortsighted you've been.

# SPEC-TACULAR







Left: "Dahling! I've just discovered the most divine new place to wear some of my smaller jewels! No, no, on my glasses, you silly duck, on my glasses." Above: These little flowers can't tell the daisies from the daffodils without some magnified help from their outasight lenses. For beauty's sake, we hope they won't touch anything that could cause a rash.



As the plot thickens, this bookish lass finds her lenses a bit steamed up and decides to mark her place. Below: "I'll keep my glasses an, if you don't mind. All the better to see you with, my dear." And then there's the romantic miss (opposite) who sees the world through heart-shaped rose-colored glasses and provides us with the lovely end to our story.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

## STEP-AND-A-HALF (continued from page 96)

new village and carry on with—whatever it is we do in the middle of these [six bad words and an understatement], recuperate, eat, sleep, make love, get drunk and cuss, cuss, cuss. We'd still be one in language, in heritage and in spirit, sworn to eternal friendship and all that, and with our marvelously fleet Step-and-a-half up there as official messenger, why, it would hardly be like we were separated at all. Should one of the camps be molested from outside, in a twinkling Step would be right there to inform the other, and in no time help would be on the way. Catch the enemy up the backside, if you'll forgive my flowery language. Getting old.

"This separation agreed on, gentlemen, amity might prevail between the opposed princes, each having become chief of his own subtribe, and, best of all, we could all go home."

Old Pretzel's proposal caused a storm of excitement. It was talked over for a long time, a number of the fine points being discussed—those little technicalities that always have to be worked out when tribes are in the process of breaking up.

The princes at last agreeing to the plan, straws were brought in and drawn. Prince Topwalker lost.

No one present had the strength left to shout for joy, or even rub it in. Step was helped home, not just because he was so weak from laughing, which, indeed, he was, but because, as was said before, he was a cripple, and even with the help of his crutch, he couldn't walk so well on flat ground, especially in the dark.

Step's left leg had been chewed off by a bear when he was a boy, and it was this resultant condition of his that gave him his terrific speed on niggerheads. Having no longer any choice in the matter and, consequently, never wasting any time wondering which was the best way, he walked on both the top and the bottom. He fairly got with it. His maimed condition was also what made him so acceptable to both the topwalkers and the bottomwalkers, he being considered kind of neutral in the matter. Both sides trusted Step.

From that day forward, Step's star was in the ascendant. Having been appointed official messenger, by both sides and for life, he was now busier than he had ever been, and not with carrying just little "Hi, folks" messages, either, but with important stuff. His little moosehide diplomatic pouch veritably bulged with state secrets and he had to watch out all the time.

"Here he comes, there he goes," people in both camps soon never tired of saying of Step in amazed delight, as he went back and forth, forth and back, and mothers of daughters of marriageable or

near-marriageable age began regarding him with a fresh-lead eye. "Hmm, now that Step, you know," they started saying at the right times, in all the right places, when Step had shot up there far enough; to which the girls would reply, "Oh, Momma," then, in a small voice, "You think so?"

Probably it never has been easy for a superior man in this world. Let a superior man appear on the scene and be honored, and right away there are a lot of other men around who want to be superior men, too. But if they can't beat the superior man at his game, they know that they can always camp on his tail and snipe away at him, both act- and slanderwise, trying in this way to bring him down so they can get his place, or at least fight over it, and it is this they very often do, as messenger *nulli secundus* Step-and-a-half, as he was now officially called, to his grief presently began to find out.

Poor Step. The other messengers always had been jealous of him, never losing an opportunity of doing him dirt, but by virtue of much self-discipline and sacrifice, he had managed to come to terms with the tainted gift of his own superiority—a thing he hadn't exactly prayed for, you know. Don't forget that. He had learned the wisdom of staying out of sight as much as possible, thus robbing his enemies of their target—leaving them with the itch but with nothing to scratch, as it were. This had vexed them no end. "If only he would come out like a man and fight," they had said plaintively.

All that, however, had been in the old days. It was different now. Now, with his new exalted rank and all, carrying with it so many wonderfully impressive material perquisites, strewn all over the place, things only a blind envious man could resist staring longingly at, the other messengers' animosity toward him knew no bounds. Not one of them was ever brave enough to call him Nelly to his face, he having so many friends in high places, but that is what they all called him behind his back. *Nulli secundus?* Humph! "Nelly baboonpuss!"

"Nelly broke his own record today," one of the messengers would come running up to tell the rest, another exploding, "Again?" They would then all take deep anguished drags on their butts, grind them out underfoot and go off in different directions, their hands rammed deep into their pockets and with darkness in their hearts. That stinking little Nelly Step!

Their malevolence sometimes assumed peculiar forms. Just to give you an idea of how passing strange resentful men can be sometimes, the other messengers, with two whole, healthy limbs each, would go around abusing their

right or left legs, knocking them against sharp objects, viciously punching them with a fist from out of the blue, with not a one of them having the frank courage to go looking for the bear that had fixed Step up in the first place. Some of them in this way were able to temporarily lame themselves, or at least come up with a passable limp, but that didn't help much. It only made it worse, in fact—and Step would get the blame for this, too. On their days off, some of the silly fellows, joined by messengers Step with his blazing speed had put out of work, thought that by going round with signs on their shoulders reading HIRE THE HANDICAPPED, they were shaming Step, cutting him to the quick, but Step wasn't that easily cut. He just laughed. "Ha-hal!" he said.

But frankly—and it isn't a pleasant statement to have to make—Step changed a little. In spite of all his marvelous, godlike speed on niggerheads, he was still only human.

After the tribe separated and the joint kingdoms had been set up, Step began losing some of the old humility that had so become him. He had a little golden crutch now to replace the homely spruce root he had always depended on, when walking off the niggerheads, and he wielded it with a flourish. On state occasions, he rode in one of the two sedan chairs that had been placed at his disposal by the tribes, each thinking that it had outdone the other. He would wave at the people as he went by. He was never seen in his old clothes anymore but always had on his official uniform with the little folding wings in back. He even slept in it, so as to be ready at a moment's notice—though this isn't what the other messengers said. People started shaking their heads over Step, afraid that success might be getting to him.

Well, if it was, it certainly wasn't slowing him down any. He got even faster. He'd booze it up all night, then be right out there in the morning, making himself of yesterday look sick. Step had a powerful constitution.

A lot of explanations were offered for the changes taking place in Step, things having to do with his mother and his father, way back in the beginning, and though such speculations are always worth listening to, and do make a kind of sense in a way, probably closer to the truth would be that all this sudden notoriety and affluence was simply too much for him. He had a fine home in each capital now, gifts of the respective tribes, and both were furnished in the very latest style. Lying about, and not in the closet, either, were little signs of elegance and luxury unheard of—\$20 ashtrays, imported crisscross throw rugs, flavored toothpicks. I don't know what else. He had servants galore, and everywhere he went were people bowing and scraping

(continued on page 201)

*it's like making your living by spitting into the wind, but some public servants in washington actually serve the public*

**article By ROBERT SHERRILL**

AH, SO YOU ARE beginning to wonder what all those 2,851,576 civilians on the Federal payroll are doing to help you. When your mail is ten days late, you wonder. When they decide to build a Federal highway through your house, you wonder. You may also wonder when you hear that our benign bureaucrats are shipping tobacco labeled food to Asian peasants.

Moreover, it probably gripes hell out

of you to know that, while your effective income shrinks, the people living off your Federal taxes are doing pretty well—half a million of them are knocking down salaries of \$14,600 or better, and that's just the white-collar crowd; it doesn't count the top-bracket salaries in the postal and so-called blue-collar divisions of the Federal work force. Thanks to your generosity, a Federal employee can retire on \$2808 a (continued on page 216)

**IS ANYBODY  
OUT THERE  
DOING HIS  
JOB?**



# THE BIG PICTURE

*Henry Kloss has put together a TV machine that will turn your home into a movie theater. It isn't perfect, but neither was the model t*

*modern living*

**By TOM ZITO**

PLUG an Advent VideoBeam in and it throws a dramatic four-by-six-foot television image onto a special screen placed eight feet in front of it. The color picture is bright and clear, free of the obvious scanning lines one expects on so large a display. Instead, Archie and Edith loom brilliant and literally larger than life, TV close-ups become surrealistic and linebacker Chris Hanburger's flying tackles leave the viewer's body jolted.

"Once people see the VideoBeam," says Henry Kloss, Advent's founder and president, "they're not going to settle for any other kind of television."

He already has good evidence to support that statement. After spending six years and \$2,000,000 developing his projection-television system, Kloss sold 100 of the \$2500 devices from a tiny showroom in the back of his Cambridge, Massachusetts, warehouse without advertising and before officially introducing them to the national market last summer at Chicago's Consumer Electronics Show. There were lines of interested audio dealers who were so enthusiastic that in three days, Advent had orders for its entire



Above, you see the business end of Advent's Videobeam projection color-TV unit—an eye-popping electronic goody that brings big-screen thrills right into your living room. The freestanding curved screen (opposite) onto which sight and sound are beamed is positioned eight feet from the projection tubes and has an area of 24 square feet. Price: \$2495.

projected 1974 output of 2500 units from hi-fi stores around the country. By early 1975, the company plans to accelerate production to a capacity of at least 10,000 a year and, should demand dictate, to 20,000, using a 24-hour work force.

VideoBeam is Henry Kloss's *pièce de résistance*, a video coup for an audio pioneer who's spent most of his adult life dreaming up ways to turn technological advances into playthings for grownups.

In the early Fifties, Kloss was a cofounder of Acoustic Research and introduced the AR speaker system, a remarkable bit of electronic wizardry that brought high-fidelity speakers down to the price and size range the average listener could afford. After he left Acoustic and became the K of KLH, he developed the KLH Model 11, a quality music system that sold for less than \$200. He also put together the KLH Model 8, an FM radio with such clear and brilliant sound that it's now a collector's item among audiophiles. In 1967, Kloss moved once more. He started the Advent Corporation and soon began marketing the first



cassette deck to use a Dolby noise-reduction system in conjunction with chromium-dioxide tape; this combination raised cassette sound to a quality virtually as high as that of records and reel-to-reel tapes.

Although audio products played a functional role in Advent's founding, Kloss says, "I started this company with one major goal in mind: the development of a projection TV system."

He is sitting in his comfortably crowded office chanting out ideas in thought mantras, Allen Ginsberg style, paying little attention to normal sentence construction, straining to make his concepts perfectly clear, shifting his eyes, gazing up at the ceiling as he speaks. Kloss, at ease behind his desk, is the archetypal combination of mad scientist and absent-minded professor. His gray hair hangs well over the open collar of the grape-jelly-stained shirt he insists is from Brooks Brothers ("a concession to the corporate-executive image"). He wears baggy khakis, dirty white bucks, no tie. He keeps his wrist watch running 25 minutes fast and drives an old gray Checker station wagon equipped with two large wooden speaker boxes wired into a Sony cassette deck mounted under the dash.

Walking into the company's blue-and-green lunchroom, Kloss pops a sandwich into a microwave oven and quips, "I've never understood these electronic gadgets." When someone at the table reads out loud from the newspaper that Sara Lee baked goods are mixed by computer, he comments tersely, "Sort of believable. They should be eaten the same way."

For dinner he'll put on a tie and jacket to dine with astronomer friends from Harvard at a cozy French restaurant, where he orders vintage California cabernet sauvignon.

His office is in truth more than cluttered; it is a holy mess: tables covered with the spent guts of old TVs and radios, blown speakers, tubes, calipers, capacitors, resistors, vials of chemicals, tape cassettes, charts, schematics, cans of paint. The phone on his desk is buried under piles of papers and technical reports; a stack of *Wall Street Journals* occupies one corner of the desk; the other end is a waterfall of paper.

Kloss is asked his age. He scratches his head and says with an air of surprise, "Gee, I guess it's 45 now." Ask him why he putters around with gadgets and he replies, "I started doing it when I was very young. There was nothing else to do growing up in Tyrone, Pennsylvania."

Just outside his office, a 15-person research-and-development team works with a sense of loose, effective teamwork. It looks like a band of freaks charting an obstacle course for a *Star Trek* adventure. Most of them are dressed in blue jeans and a few of the men have their hair pulled back in ponytails. One per-

son, unbeknown to Kloss, is searching for a photo of The Leader to have silk-screened onto T-shirts for everyone to wear. Rock music blasts from a speaker at one end of the room. Down the hall, a fellow is hunched over a VideoBeam chassis branded in felt marker "Saint George the TV." ("I spend so much time kneeling over this thing, somebody decided it seemed like a sacred object," he explains.) At various spots in the room there are oscilloscopes fluttering. Someone is laboring over an eight-foot schematic of a change in the TV's circuitry. On the refrigerator is a posted declaration that all food will be removed on Friday afternoons.

Kloss's atmosphere may be low-keyed, but his business sense is not. He started AR in 1954 with an initial investment of \$5000. Kloss owns two thirds of Advent, which last year grossed 11.8 "megabucks," as he puts it. It currently turns out one system—perhaps the best-selling audio unit of all time—every 20 seconds. Yet Kloss's prices have stayed low over the years and he prides himself on keeping the profit level below five percent.

"I have stands on values and we alienate a lot of dealers because I won't make a more expensive speaker," he says. "I believe this is the best speaker we can make without getting ridiculous. Who needs \$400 speakers? I'd never make anything that I didn't have to. If electronic manufacturers—the people who make television and stereo consoles—were doing as good a job as they could, there'd be no need for the hi-fi industry."

Just as shortcomings of consumer audio equipment goaded him into the hi-fi business, Kloss says he began to think about developing the VideoBeam because he was so dissatisfied with the existing state of television.

"When I started thinking about it in 1966, color television had just reached its prime. All the tubes were quite similar. There's always a lowest common denominator at work in things like this that indicates minimum standards. Once the minimums are accepted, no one does much to go beyond them. The tubes were all basically the same and it seemed to me that none of them was really good. There was such potential in the television area. It just had to be put in the right format. Toward the end of my days with KLH, I noticed that you can get a large and bright picture through projection without the expenditure of much energy—much less, say, than you need for a conventional TV set of standard size.

"We didn't make any major technological advances producing the VideoBeam. In fact, the particular form of tube we use dates back to World War Two. The problem was creating the prototype and then demonstrating that the system is practical.

"There was no interest in the device before this because there was never any

way to demonstrate interest. The only way one can usually express interest is to buy the product. If no one knows such a product exists, there can't be any demand. I knew I wanted to build this thing, but how could you find out how many people wanted it? The cheapest and most popular existing commercial color projection system comes from G.E. and costs \$44,000.

"Even after we had worked out the problems and offered the idea to major corporations, we had no takers. The project seemed too impossible. It was another Edsel story: In surveys, people tend to tell you what they think their neighbors would like, not what they'd like. So the manufacturers who saw this thought no one else would like it, even though I think they found it very appealing personally."

So Kloss found himself faced with the prospect of producing the tubes on his own, even though he'd never done any tube fabricating. Furthermore, he'd have to do it without the help of corporations devoted solely to that end. But thinking optimistically, Kloss knew that once the tube could be perfected, his problem would be basically solved. Rather than a conventional television that projects a stream of electrons at a phosphor screen, Kloss wanted—and developed—a tiny phosphor screen that would be reflected back and projected onto a reflective surface.

"Really, it's all done with mirrors," he says half in jest.

Finally, in 1969, Kloss managed to project an image onto a screen. What happened when you first saw the image? he's asked. "I remember Dean Martin and the red handkerchief he had in his pocket," he recalls. And that was pretty much the nature of his celebration. Just calm observation; no cries of eureka.

"I was working alone that night and I don't talk to myself," he says dryly. "And besides, there was never a moment of great discovery. It was totally predictable eight years ago. There was nothing technically lacking for the production of the system. This was simply a decision to develop a way to put a tube together that would hold a stable image even when the heat inside went up to 900 degrees."

In contrast with Cambridge's Edwin Land, the Polaroid inventor who dreams things up and then figures out ways to manufacture them, Kloss's genius is precisely reciprocal: Given a technological artifact—like the World War Two radar tube he transformed into the VideoBeam—he dreams of things to do with it. He also, and this is probably his most unique gift, finds ways to get his dream produced.

"Henry's brilliance lies in seeing potential where no one else can," says Edgar Villchur, Kloss's old associate at

(continued on page 210)



*on this sea voyage, there was no mutiny, only bounty*

*fiction*

**BY NICHOLAS MONSARRAT**

THE CHARTER BUSINESS was very slack that summer and by mid-July, the topsail schooner Calypso owed money all round Nelson's Dockyard, and all over Antigua as well; otherwise, I don't think the skipper would have taken on the job. Usually, having six comfortable berths to fill besides our own quarters, we tried to get three married couples, or a mixture of the sexes, anyway, and it helped if one or two of the men knew their way about a sailing boat and could stand their



trick at the wheel.

When the prospect turned out to be five girls, and young at that, even George Harkness, who was an enthusiast in this area, must have thought twice about it. But he knew, better than I did, the morbid state of our finances. He knew that the Calypso, launched into the tourist charter trade with such high hopes, wasn't making any money at all. All I knew myself was that, as the engineer, deck hand, cook and scrubber, I hadn't been paid for six weeks and that we had both been living on the world's most monotonous diet, flying fish and chips, since the butcher cut off the credit and the liquor store cut off the tap.

That had been two months earlier. Now even the harbor dues were beginning to look like telephone numbers.

George Harkness was young and good-looking; I was neither. But that was about the only difference between us. We were both in the same boat, literally, figuratively and fatally. We had to have some cash to stay alive. So when the offer came along, it was almost impossible to resist.

The first I heard of it was on a bright July morning, when we were both busy about our chores. George, having loosely furled the big foresail now dried out after a heavy dawn dew, was on deck, wire-splicing a spare halyard that should really have been thrown away. I was in the galley, up in the forepeak, gutting a little bonito before frying up the same old lunch.

Through the open hatch there was a glimpse of a harbor that I always found sentimentally overwhelming. Its moldering buildings had been storehouses when Nelson was on station here in the frigate Boreas; the ancient embedded anchors had served him as bollards when careening ship; the whitewashed catchment had watered the British fleet since 1700; the worn stone of the quays had been trodden by the young post captain who was to die a vice-admiral of the White at Trafalgar.

It was an honor for the schooner Calypso to be berthed in this hallowed spot. . . . Then the view was invaded by something rather less hallowed, though not less inspiring: a ravishing pair of female legs, tanned to a golden crisp, topped by lemon-yellow shorts of a shape guaranteed to make old sailors feel young again and young sailors ready for extremely active service.

As I ducked down to take in the rest of this vision, it moved on aft and a girl's voice said:

"Hi, Captain! Are you for hire?"

Though captain was acceptable, and even flattering, hire was not the sort of word that people in the charter business reacted to very favorably: It had undertones of a sail round the bay at Clacton, one pound an hour, pills included. But the voice, which was American, had its

own undertones as well, with a bit of melting honey thrown in, and George, though as class-conscious as any of us, must have decided to forgive hire and go for the basic question.

He said, "Yes—come on board," and the next thing I knew, the girl was down in the main cabin and I had a first-class eavesdropper's line onto the transaction.

"I'm Mary-Lou Hanson," she said, still in the same slightly breathless murmur. "I've got some friends—there's five of us all together. We wanted to go for a sail—I mean a cruise."

"How far do you want to go?" George's voice sounded detached, but I was ready to bet that his eyes were busy enough.

"As far as you like," said Mary-Lou Hanson.

George coughed. I judged that he had been at the receiving end of a fiery look, as well as the unmistakable innuendo that went with the answer. But he still sounded businesslike.

"When do you want to start?"

"Now, if you like."

I felt that very soon it would be my turn to cough. The Calypso, though solidly built, wasn't all that soundproof when she was moored alongside in still water, and George, I knew already, was not the sort of young fellow who could remain businesslike forever. I wasn't criticizing; my cough would only have meant, "George, it's the *money* we need." But, luckily, he still seemed to have the same idea.

"I don't see why not," he said. He began to talk about terms for a week or ten days: the cost of victualing, the arrangements about drinks. Then he said, "What about the rest of the party? How many men?"

"None," Mary-Lou Hanson answered. "We're all girls."

"What? Five girls?"

"Yes."

"But how much experience have you had?" George must have exchanged another of those potent looks, for he added, "In sailing, I mean."

"Not much. Well, none. We just want a little holiday, that's all. Fun and stuff. Haven't you got an engine?"

"Yes. But we usually sail if we can. It's only a single screw."

"Oh, my!" The next sound was of confederate laughter, which I could well understand, and then Mary-Lou said, "I expect we can work something out. . . . Don't you have someone to help you?"

"Just the man who sails with me."

"How old is he?" The question was really rather odd.

"About fifty," George answered.

"Oh, well."

It wasn't much of an epitaph.

They talked some more and had a couple of drinks—already we were *losing* money on this deal—and then George said he would telephone in about an hour and the girl took off down the

quay. Though I craned my neck until it creaked, I still couldn't see her face. But I saw most of the top half, which went admirably with the legs and the voice. Progress, of a sort.

Presently, George came through into the galley, munching a biscuit, with a predictably silly expression on his face. "I suppose you heard all that," he said.

"Enough."

"What do you think?"

"It's crazy. Five girls. . . . How will we sail? What will we do all day?"

George grinned. "Mary-Lou, as far as I'm concerned. And if they're all like her—"

"Oh, come on, George. We're chartering a *boat*."

"Fully equipped."

But though I didn't like the idea, we both knew that the trip was on. It was the best chance in months. There had been nothing from our Miami agent since the beginning of the year, and the tourists sent down by the local hotels always went for the three big Chris-Crafts that were the pride of the bay and the curse of honest sailors. Calypso could never match such elegant runabouts. She looked only what she was: a tough, salty schooner, converted from a Grand Banks fisherman; roomy and comfortable, with polished mahogany instead of plastic rubbish but without the frills and the chrome that caught the customer's eye.

We couldn't compete, and we had to. For us, from the very first week, it had always been chicken one day, feathers the next; and we had been at the feathers for an awful long time. Five girls? We had reached the stage where we would have taken on five performing poodles and clipped them real good.

"All right," I said finally. "Give the girl a ring. But we need fuel and we can't stock up on *anything* unless you get something in advance."

"I said that would be the deal. Didn't you hear?"

"No. That must have been when you were murmuring. . . . Is she pretty?"

"Gorgeous. Like a—"

"OK, OK. . . ." I was still rather grumpy. "By the way, I'm forty-eight."

"Well, good for you!" George grinned again. He was 24 and looked it. "Perhaps she'll bring her old mum."

. . .

There were no old mums in the party that trooped aboard at sunset. Though I'm bound to say that I never really got those girls sorted out properly, item by item, with their labels attached, one thing I could swear to: They were the best-looking bunch ever assembled within the timbers of one 65-foot hull.

Apart from Mary-Lou Hanson, a glowing brunette who was probably the pick of the crop, there was a tall blonde like an inverted Eiffel Tower and a smaller blonde straight off a Pirelli calendar; a

(continued on page 134)



# **I'LL PLAY THESE**

whatever the stakes, whatever the setting, the main thing is to walk away with your buddy's pay check. . . . sweet game, poker

# WHO DEALT THIS MESS?

article **By G. BARRY GOLSON**



that nearly 50,000,000 Americans play the game either regularly or occasionally; and it is rare to find a guy who hasn't drawn to a four flush at least once in his life. Guys, hell. Scarne claims that nearly half the country's players today are women. More on that later.

What it gets down to is that poker is as American as tacoburgers. "Civilized bushwhacking," Maverick's pappy called it, and he may have had his doubts about the word civilized. The game is as perfect a microcosm as we have of the way a free-enterprise capitalist system is supposed to work, except that the rich don't necessarily get richer. Brass balls will do. In a limit game (no-limit games, where a ridiculously huge bet simply buys a pot, are rare today), a grocery clerk can humiliate an oil tycoon through sheer bravado—the object being, without exception, to bankrupt the bastard across the table.

It all started one stormy night in Persia, about 400 years ago. A group of fellows with a little time on their hands dreamed up a game they called As Nas, which came to be played with 20 cards (the suits were lions, kings, ladies, soldiers and dancing girls), five cards to a Persian. The players would take a look at their hands and immediately commence lying. They could claim to be holding one or two pair, three of a kind, a full house or four of a kind—then back up the claim by betting the family goat. No straights or flushes, no draw.

Late in the 18th Century, French sailors who'd been sent to Persia to win the hearts and minds of the people there eventually ended up in Louisiana with a similar mission and took the game of As Nas with them. It appealed to the French because of another game that had been popular with aristocrats, called Poque, which also relied on bluffing. In time, the French kept the basic structure of As Nas, discarded some of the sillier rules of Poque and ended up with something they called Poque-As. The Deep South's penchant for lousy diction and slurring took it from there—pokah. There's some evidence that the old English game of brag and the German game of Pochen may have influenced poker, but the Persian-French link seems the most likely.

New Orleans and poker deserved each other. Not only did Jefferson acquire Louisiana by outplaying Napoleon in one of the most profitable wheeling-dealing calls in history but about 100 years earlier, *(continued on page 224)*

*a factual and historical account of poker and how it grew, with only a few whoppers thrown in*

## WHITHER POKER?

Glad you put it that way. Poker needs a little classing up from time to time. Roulette can summon an image of exiled duchesses laying slender stacks of chips on *rouge* as the wheel spins; baccarat may make you think of pale heirs in white tie murmuring "Banco." With poker, thanks mostly to Westerns, you tend to think of a saloon table encircled by lice-ridden, scruffy-looking men, most of whom accompany cattle for a living.

For the record, however, poker turns out to have as fine a pedigree as you could wish for. It's not exactly classy, but it's certainly classless. John Scarne, who never introduces himself without adding "world's foremost gambling authority," says

## POKER'S GREATEST HITS



When his bride, Flower Belle (Mae West), leaves a goat in his bed, Cuthbert J. Twillie (W. C. Fields) in "My Little Chickadee" plays some poker. Asked if it's a game of chance, Twillie replies, "Not the way I play it, it's nat," and is nearly shot.



"The Cincinnati Kid" (Steve McQueen) is stunned that Lancey Howard (Edward G. Robinson) stayed in to pull a straight flush against him. Says Lancey, "It gets down to what it's all about, doesn't it? Making the wrong move at the right time."



"A Big Hand for the Little Lady," with Henry Fonda, Jaane Woodward and Jason Robards, features one of the great poker hustles of all time—far too complex to summarize but with no fewer than three surprise twists based on a single hand of draw.



In "The Odd Couple," much of the dialog takes place around a poker table. When Oscar (Walter Matthau) brings out some sandwiches with something green inside them, he assures the players, "It's either very new cheese or very old meat."



"The Sting" reunites Hollywood's romantic couple, popular Paul Newman and lovely Robert Redford, in a practice session for an ingenious poker scam. The poker game is part of a plan to set up the archvillain for an epic bookmaking hoax later on.

# TABLE TALK

five inveterate bluffers show their hands



**MILTON BERLE:** Do you remember how Ernie Kovacs used to carry a deck of cards around with him? Always wanted to play table-stakes poker. He was hooked on the game. It must have been 18 years ago that we were all at Dino's house—Tony Curtis, Dean Martin, the regular group. I wasn't playing; I was just kibitzing. The game began about eight P.M. and continued all through the night. The curtains were blacked out so there would be no distractions. Must have been 7:30 the next morning—they were still playing table stakes—when the phone rang. Before picking it up, Ernie said that great line: "I wonder who the hell could be calling me at *this* hour of the morning." Ernie didn't play very well. He lost a lot of money.

**JACK LEMMON:** I hung around games like that for a while before I realized I was in over my head. My speed is more like what happened on the set of *The Front Page*, which Walter and I made last summer. Just out of camera range, there was a poker table that was filled between takes with gaffers, sound men, stagehands and especially actors. Billy Wilder, the director, realized that he'd be getting a bunch of actors who didn't know one another, so he set up a game to loosen things up. Walter and I would

pull up a chair now and then if they didn't have enough players. The game was draw, stud or high-low. And the stakes weren't peanuts, either. It was one-dollar, two-dollar, three-dollar. You could win \$300 or \$400 a hand.

**WALTER MATTHAU:** You call that poker? That wasn't a real game. That was killing time waiting for the director to say, "OK, we're ready for a take." It was too automatic. Put the money in, the best hand takes the money out. Throw it in, take it out, throw it in.

**LEMMON:** So what's real poker?

**MATTHAU:** Any game where the loss of money can hurt you. Real poker is being able to bet a certain amount of money that would make most people leave the



car in front of him while he's watching that last number change, going for an inside straight.

**GOULD:** Anyhow, we were playing baseball and a lot of wild games at the Belafontes'. Harry and his wife, Julie, usually didn't do too well. It seemed like they were always both losing in the big pots. Sidney Poitier frequently played in that game. He's cute. He does a lot of jiving at the table, a lot of obvious reading of his opponents. He takes a lot of time to get a "tell." My friend Joey Walsh—he's the guy who wrote my last picture, *California Split*, and a terrific poker player—is very much into tells. He says you should pay special attention to the table talk between hands and file what you hear for later reference. And look out for idiosyncratic gestures, which can tell you a lot about an opponent. Not only must you know how to play the cards but you've gotta know how to play people.

**TELLY SAVALAS:** I know what you mean. That's what I call the vig, or the edge. My vig is the ability to read people. Poker is one of the few games where I've managed to sublimate my own personality, because I know it could be a tip-off on the (continued on page 203)



game unless they had a very strong hand. You can't deceive anybody with a dollar bet. It really has to hurt your wallet for the game to matter. The game has got to have financial meaning, or else it's not poker.

**ELLIOTT GOULD:** I used to play table stakes regularly at Harry Belafonte's house in New York. Pot limit. You could win a couple of grand on a good evening. It wasn't my idea, but we played a lot of offbeat games, like baseball. . . .

**LEMMON:** That reminds me of my cockamamie partner, the guy who produced *Save the Tiger*. He enjoys playing poker with his odometer, if you can believe that. Even if he's alone in his car, he's looking at his dashboard and doing mind bets on combinations of numbers. I think the kid's gone bananas. I'll tell you one thing: I ain't gonna be in the



# HOW NOT TO LOSE YOUR ASS

article **By JON CARROLL**

*memorize these simple rules, because there'll be a quiz after class, kids*

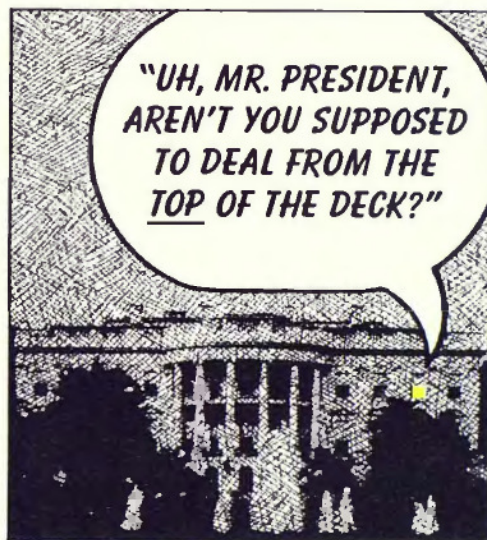
MOST OF THE POKER GAMES in this country, like most of the murders, happen at home, among people who know one another. Very rarely, except in cardrooms, do seven strangers sit down to play poker together. These private games are often ancient, shaped by several generations of poker players, laden with eccentric traditions and arcane conventions. To you, a stranger, it's a poker game; to them, it's The Thursday Night Game or The Game That Used To Be In Benny's Basement. If you are a newcomer to an old game, you are an ambulatory vessel of ignorance. Nothing is standardized in poker except the hierarchy of hands. Unwritten house rules are immutable, appeal to rule books useless. You need all the information you can get. So before the first hand is dealt, ask:

*Table stakes or limit?* Poker Playing in America Charley, my neighborhood codger with the callus on his index finger from dealing seconds, will tell you that table stakes—the game in which the size of your bet is limited only by the amount of money you have in front of you—is the only true poker. But Charley is wrong. In table stakes, you can lose everything on a fluke hand after seven hours of winning poker playing. In limit poker—which generally operates with a maximum and a minimum on the amount of any single bet—the man with the keenest concentration and the clearest head wins. In table stakes, any idiot with a big wad can ruin an evening. In limit poker, idiots lapse into stunned silence and leave early. Table stakes is a hustler's game; limit poker is a player's game. The author is biased in favor of players.

*Chips or voice?* There are several methods for declaring your intentions at the end of high-low games. Some do it consecutively, with the person being called (or the person to the left of the dealer or the person to the left of the last bettor or raiser) announcing high or low first, and so on around the table. This leads to a lot of jockeying during the betting that doesn't seem to have a great deal to do with poker. Another method is simultaneous chip declaration, in which all active players conceal a certain number of chips (usually one for low, two for high and three for both ways) in their hands, then reveal them simultaneously. Again, it makes a difference in (continued on page 232)

## FULL HOUSE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS generally like to be dealt in. Ulysses Grant was probably the first to play poker while in the White House; he had a reputation as a pretty savage penny-ante player during the sober stretches of his Administration. Other Chief Executives through history have admitted to raking in occasional pots, although Franklin Roosevelt is supposed to have lost more often than not. His Vice-President, "Cactus Jack" Garner, used to beat him consistently, a problem F.D.R. solved rather neatly by dropping him from the ticket as soon as he could. Harry Truman played regularly—although not as avidly as some stories have it—and sometimes won, despite a Missouri-born tendency to stay in every hand ever dealt to him. He found poker a useful political tool: When he was considering a man



for an important Government post, he'd have him over for a few hands with the boys; if the man held up under poker pressure, he usually got the appointment.

Our last elected President—to use the term loosely—was reputedly partial to draw poker. Out of curiosity, ace reporter Barbara Nellis tracked down a couple of Richard Nixon's old card buddies, fellow officers during World War Two in the Pacific. One of them, James Stewart, now 61 and an insurance broker in New York, told Nellis that it was he who taught a quiet, dark-jowled lieutenant j.g. how to play the game.

"We were living ashore on Green Island in the spring of 1944," Stewart recalled, "and Nixon spent most of his time inside the tent, reading his Bible. He was quite a Quaker then. Me, I'd found a good game and kept disappearing every night after dinner. Nixon got curious, came along with me one evening and asked me to teach him how to play. I taught him some pretty standard stuff—never call unless you have better than a pair of jacks going into the draw, that kind of thing—and he must have (concluded on page 184)

Not all poker is played for money, or with chips . . .

. . . In some parts of the world, natives wager their colorful costumes . . .

. . . Shedding their tribal robes according to ancient rituals . . .





*no such thing as a poker face at this round table—not with alexander woollcott, george s. kaufman, ring lardner and chico and harpo marx as players*

SATURDAYS WERE SPECIAL at the Algonquin Hotel's Round Table, the favorite luncheon spot of New York's literary and artistic set in the Twenties and Thirties. Unlike the lunches on other days of the week, which were generally leisurely and ended with the participants' going their separate ways, the male lunchers at the Saturday sessions hurried through their meals, got rid of their (continued on page 238)

THE article **By SCOTT MEREDITH**  
**ALGONQUIN**  
**GAMES**

... For instance, when a boy native holds a pair, the girl native exposes her pair ...

... While a chic village virgin, confronted with a flush, will wear nothing but a blush ...

... Or had you already read about that in the "National Geographic"?





*the lady played the oldest card trick in the book—on him*

## COMING DOWN IN GARDENA

**memoir By JACK RICHARDSON** IT WAS THE DIAMOND I saw first, a throb of white light that flashed by my eye like a comet. I had been playing poker for nearly three days, excluding eight-hour respites for sleep, and when not in a hand, I had learned to rest my eyes by letting them gaze down on the green felt of the table and look for patterns in the stains and cigarette burns that earlier players had left behind. I would raise my head only when an odd vibration in the rhythm of play called for scrutiny of the faces of those hunched about the table, faces that, like the blots and smudges on the table covering, often transpired hidden designs to an imaginative eye.

The diamond, however, startled me into alertness. I watched the small, pale hand that wore it work with its companion in a deft shuffle of the cards, a smooth, rapid mixing that made the large jewel's brightness trace shimmering lines in the air, as if the hands meant to bind the deck they held in (continued on page 158)

## SHOWDOWN IN VEGAS

*article*

By **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS**

*i'll call, pardner—  
for \$160,000*

ALL THE BIG GUNS were there—"Jolly Roger Funsmith," Doyle "Texas Dolly" Brunson, Jimmy "Fury" Cassella, Jack "The Tall Man" Strauss, Bobby "The Wizard" Hoff, Aubrey "All Day" Day, "Iron Man Smith" and Thomas Austin "Amarillo Slim" Preston, Jr. Months of ballyhoo promoting the world's richest poker tournament had attracted 16 contestants to a claustrophobic alcove at Binion's Horseshoe Casino in downtown Las Vegas, most of them professional gamblers with Runyonesque pedigrees. Each was risking a \$10,000 stake for the \$160,000 prize waiting at the conclusion of the fifth annual winner-take-all marathon. They were playing a variation of seven-card stud called hold 'em, in which each player receives two down cards—on which he may bet or check—then three common cards dealt face up in the center of the table that provoke a second betting interval, followed by a fourth card face up and more betting and, finally, a fifth card face up and one more opportunity to bet. Winning hands were determined by combining any three of the five exposed cards with the two cards in the hole. It was a no-limit game that encouraged healthy wagers, while relying upon total concentration, sufficient stamina to endure grueling seven-P.M.-to-three-A.M. sessions and—most importantly—the critical ability to know how and when to bluff.

By the third night of last spring's competition, only five of the original field remained at the oval table situated beneath twin ornate chandeliers. Every scratch, squirm, twitch and move they made was dissected by the sort of absorbed audience one would expect to find watching a demonstration at a medical-school amphitheater. On one side, impulsive side bets and intricate analyses of each hand buzzed through three rows of bleachers occupied by some of the good ole boys (continued on page 116)





## NEW DEALS

Above, top to bottom: Model F-103 metal fixture makes an ideal card-table light, by Robert Sonneman, \$130. Solid-elm pedestal poker table, by Lewittes, \$200. Stackable chrome-and-plastic chairs, by American Seating, \$49.50 each. On chairs, a dealer's green eyeshade, by Crisloid, \$1. Inlaid-waard poker-chip case with four removable racks, by Crisloid, \$100. Leatherette carrying case for chips and cards, by Langworthy, \$35. Battery-powered card shuffler, by Bowman, \$7. All Bicycle and Bee cards courtesy U. S. Playing Card Company.

## NEVER, NEVER FOLD

...and other helpful hints  
for the last hand of the game

humor **By JIM MURRAY**

I HATE TO BRAG, but back in my single days, I was one of the most feared men with a deck of cards in the country. "Jacks-or-Better" Jim I was known as, the scourge of every nickel-quarter game in the Connecticut Valley, the undisputed king of dormitory lowball and the man who, singlehandedly, broke the bank of my sister, Betty, in the Sunday-night table-stakes games where as many as 100 pennies would change hands on a single deal. Here, then, are the ten secrets of my success:

1. If the other guy has three of a kind showing and you have a straight with the middle card missing, tell the dealer to hit you. Don't believe that silly rumor about an inside straight. It *can* be filled. I filled one in 1938.

2. Never fold a hand for any reason whatsoever. This is cardinal. You cannot win if you don't stay. If you're the kind of guy who lets himself be run out of a hand just because the other guy's got four aces showing, go back to playing hearts with Grandma.

3. Don't run out if the other guy pushes all his blue chips into the pot. Remember, he might be bluffing. Besides, you might catch an ace on the last card. Always call.

4. Never play cards without a fresh drink of bourbon every other hand or so. A carton of cigarettes is also helpful. You will want to feel like you've been in a card game the next morning. And you'll be amazed how much sharper a few drinks will make you play.


5. Never memorize your hole card. It can be discouraging. Let it be as big a surprise to you as it is to the others.

6. Don't be swayed if you need an ace to win and they've all been dealt. Take the optimistic view: The deck might be crooked.

7. *Always* get in a game on a train with strangers who have their own deck. Remember this: Your friends know your playing style; strangers don't.

8. Never raise a guy who says, "Let's see, does three of a kind beat two pair—or is it the other way around?"

9. *Always* bet into a pat hand. Look at it this way: His hand isn't going to improve, is it?

10. If you sit down to play with guys who admit they're related, stick around. It doesn't necessarily mean they'll cheat. They might not like each other. 

## SHOWDOWN IN VEGAS (continued from page 114)

vanquished earlier. Dominating this group was Amarillo Slim, the publicity-conscious winner of \$60,000 in the 1972 tournament. His velvet-lapelled, Western-cut tuxedo, ruffled-front shirt, flashing sapphire pinkie ring, patent-leather cowboy boots and pearl-gray Stetson tilted back on his high forehead were, shall we say, hard to miss. One of the pros was taunting him about being eliminated, two days earlier, in the first round.

"Jimmy the Greek says you ain't no better than diddly-squat as a poker player," he said, referring to the Vegas-based odds maker who with Jack Binion devised the rules for the game in progress.

A crooked grin creased Slim's weathered face. "You tell Jimmy the Greek this," he replied, measuring his words for maximum impact. "If he keeps talkin' about me like that, I'm gonna put some arsenic in his old lady's douche bag and kill 'im colder 'n a mackerel."

Consigned to raised bleachers directly across the room, a bevy of lipsticked, rouged, lacquered, wigged, big-cleaved poker groupies gamely tried to follow the tide of chips flowing across green felt. But much of the time, like indolent *Sweet Charity* hookers, they were primping with tortoise-shell compact mirrors or scanning newspaper headlines reading: "S.L.A. MASSACRED BY GOPS IN SHOOT-OUT." To their immediate right, partially hidden by a row of casino officials, fistfuls of \$100 bills were changing hands in games of razz—a version of seven-card lowball. The gamblers involved at these heretic tables apparently couldn't care less about the main event a few feet away.

To the groupies' left stood a gallery numbering several hundred. Among this rapt cross section of humanity, segregated four deep behind velvet-rope barriers, were geriatric couples who conceivably could have modeled for Grant Wood and farm-fresh gamins with saucer eyes straight out of Keane canvases, along with toothpick-chewing, tattooed cowboys in Levis and armpit-damp T-shirts. And gawking tourists in aloha shirts whose jaws dropped in anticipation rose for a better view whenever one of the five survivors steered substantial stacks of chips into the pot. If Las Vegas had a subway system, these would be the passengers.

From among them bolted what appeared to be a wizened prospector, making a vain attempt to muscle past one of the armed guards stationed at the playing-area entrance. "I've been comin' here for 40 goddamned years, you son of a bitch," he bellowed through yellow teeth, while being hustled away.

If any of the players heard this commotion, they never acknowledged it. Their eyes, as they had been for hours, were riveted on the table. Texas Johnny

Moss, a 67-year-old grandfather who takes on all comers at the nearby Aladdin Hotel and was the winner of two previous championships, wiped his moist hands with a towel while waiting out a hand. Baggy-eyed Sid Wyman, who was associated with Strip hotels when Vegas was in its infancy, kept fingering the corners of his hole cards before dropping out. Bryan "Sailor" Roberts, barely visible behind towers of chips representing \$75,000, nervously rubbed his shmoo-shaped belly against the table while contemplating a \$5000 call. Well-traveled Jesse Alto, born in Mexico of Lebanese parents and raised in Israel, somberly drank black coffee from a glass wrapped with a paper napkin. And then there was Crandell Addington, a 36-year-old Texas commodity speculator and real-estate developer, puffing on a seven-inch-long, hand-rolled Brazilian panatela as he awaited Sailor's decision. His searching eyes were barely visible beneath the brim of his \$100 plantation owner's Stetson.

Sailor chose not to call Addington's \$5000 bet and the gallery reacted with a muted bray of boos.

"You got no guts, Sailor," heckled one of them, watching him toss in his cards and grasp \$300 worth of chips for the next ante. Just to rub it in, Addington flicked over useless hole cards—proving that he was bluffing.

For those intently following the early hours of combat, there persisted a blur of fingers tapping on felt, packs of cards being torn up and replaced with fresh decks, the inexorable exchange of neatly stacked chips, diamond rings flashing like prisms and a polluted haze of cigar smoke that called for periodic applications of Murine.

As counterpoint to the repetitive shuffling, dealing, betting, staring, folding and stacking, interlopers trying to share some of the big-event limelight provided incongruous distractions. First it was Bobby Riggs bounding into the card room, trailed by several of his retinue. In case you shouldn't recognize him, Riggs was wearing white shorts, sweat socks, sneakers, sun visor and a blue sweater advertising the Tropicana Hotel, where he is employed as resident pro. It was strange attire for ten in the evening, even in Las Vegas. Within minutes, Riggs was whispering in the ear of a kibitzing gambler, hustling a backgammon game that would involve a well-heeled pigeon the following afternoon. Nobody at the table turned to acknowledge his presence.

Two hours later, preceded by a surreal glow of hot color-television lights and accompanied by his own legions of cameramen, sound technicians, cable carriers and boom operators, cleft-chinned *Tomorrow* host Tom Snyder staked out a position no more than six feet from the

table. Using the players as background, waving a microphone back and forth like a wand, he exchanged small talk with various Vegas panjandrums. Snyder's presence was also largely ignored by the players.

By midnight, Alto and Wyman had tapped out—each leaving the premises shaking his head and flashing a ritual grin to perfunctory applause. Their departure left Sailor comfortably ahead, entrenched behind \$100,000 worth of chips deployed like the Maginot line.

"Sailor is bound to win," predicted Larry Perkins, a lowball expert. "He has better judgment and he's extremely aggressive. Besides, he's too far ahead."

At frequent intervals during the next several hours, Addington bulldozed all of his diminishing chips toward the center of the table, gutsy moves invariably accompanied by expressions of astonishment from the onlookers.

"He's all in!" they would murmur, edging forward for a better view of his potential demise.

Yet, somehow, he always managed to wriggle free. Superior poker players win more pots with bluffs than with solid hands—and that's exactly what Addington was doing.

When the third day of play ended at three A.M., Sailor counted up \$89,900 worth of chips. Moss checked in with \$49,900, virtually the same sum he was holding eight hours earlier. Addington trailed with \$20,200.

"Well, I made it through the night," he sighed, rising from the table and yawning widely.

Sailor Roberts, astonishingly, failed to make it through the first 80 minutes of the following day. Shortly after the first hand was dealt at 11 A.M., Addington pushed in the remainder of his \$20,200 stake on the last card—and Sailor, after anguishing minutes of soul-searching, failed to call. The same pattern occurred repeatedly, until Sailor's stack had diminished by one half. When he finally felt confident enough to call Addington's most formidable bet—a \$50,000 gamble—his aces and fours lost to a straight, and Sailor was busted.

That left Addington and Moss to square off head to head. Their styles of play were as different as their personalities. Moss was all business, a shrewd, seasoned professional gambler for 50 years. He played more conservatively, preferring to snare smaller but surer pots—rather than opting for riskier big-bet temptations. As one expert observer put it, "He'll call you out of your mind, especially at the beginning, just to see what you're doing." His spectacles and receding gray hairline were reminiscent of a more famous Texan, Lyndon Johnson. If there was one idiosyncrasy that distinguished Moss from his colleagues, it was the busy handkerchief constantly

*(concluded on page 231)*



*"I am afraid you're sitting on the bell, darling."*





# BEBE

*our november playmate may be the girlfriend of rock star todd rundgren, but she's very much her own woman*

BEBE BUELL had just come to New York from the South and had met a young man who owned a recording studio. "He must have thought I was great," she recalls. "He hung photographs of me all over his studio." And everyone who passed through the studio—recording engineers, producers, musicians—saw the pictures. One day, a musician friend of the studio owner met the girl in the photographs. His name was Todd Rundgren. "At the time," Bebe remembers, "Todd had just released his second album. But I had no idea who he was. Anyway, we talked, went out a couple of times and soon we were living together." That was nearly three years ago, and though the photographs are gone from the walls of the recording studio, some of New York's finest fashion photographers are taking new ones of Bebe all the time. "I model," she explains, "because I like to accomplish things. It would be easy for me to just hang around with Todd and do nothing but blab on the phone all day while shining the furniture and his four gold records lying around our house. But I like to be independent. I want to have my own career, my own identity." While Bebe has busied

"From being around Todd," says Bebe, "I've learned that modeling and music have things in common. Both depend on improvisation and on the expression of true feelings."





"Sometimes," says Bebe, "being the girlfriend of a very visible rock figure can be bothersome. One night, some guy with a PLAYBOY in his hand came running up to Todd and me, pointing to a picture, screaming, 'Is this you, Bebe? Is this you?'" "It was. This is Bebe's third appearance in our pages. Last February, she was one of *The Girls of Skiing* and in May was featured in *Sheer Delights*, our pictorial on lingerie.



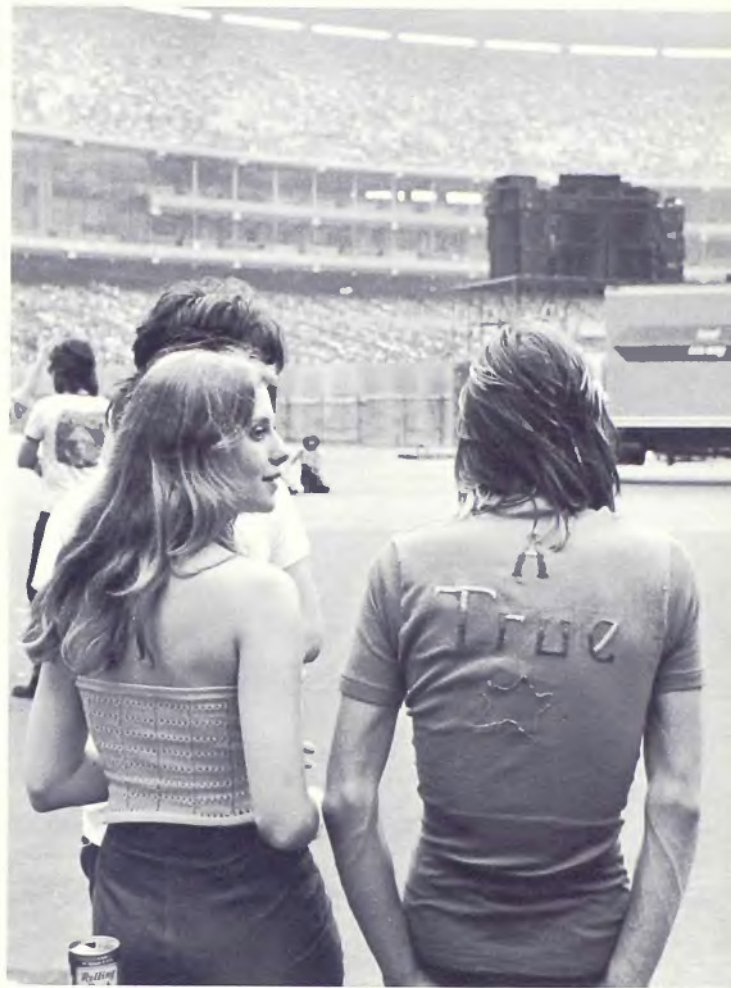




"Some models I know," Bebe says, "have a prejudice against doing nudes. That's nonsense. A model should be versatile and nudity gives me a chance to try something different."

herself with that, Rundgren has gone on to become one of the most accomplished writers and producers of rock (his last single, *Hello, It's Me*, was nearly a 1,000,000 seller). Bebe still travels with him, though, when he and his band, Utopia, go on tour. But because her talents are in great demand by photographers, agencies and fashion magazines (on a typical nonshooting day, she averages enough appointments to keep her busy well into the evening), the tours and parties with good friends on the road come much less frequently. "That's kind of sad," Bebe admits, "but I don't go to as many parties as I used to, anyway, and I got tired of spending my nights being seen at high-class New York bars. I'm trying to live a healthier life. I do yoga, I've quit smoking and I haven't eaten any meat for the past year." Still, Bebe wonders on occasion whether it's all a dream. "Sometimes, when I see my picture in a magazine or watch Todd play at a concert for thousands of people, I almost have to pinch myself when I realize that less than three years ago, I was just a nobody from Virginia Beach who didn't even know that there was a Todd Rundgren or such a thing as rock culture and the lifestyle that goes along with it. One week—not too long ago, for instance, Eric Clapton was in town for a concert. Todd and I were invited backstage, at which point Eric asked him to sit in. Then Mick Jagger walked into the dressing room, and later, when Todd was onstage, Mick and I talked and he said, 'Why don't you and Todd come over to my place tomorrow?' His place turned out to be Andy Warhol's summer cottage out on Montauk Point. And since then, he's phoned several times from London just to find out how we are." Bebe rarely lets all that glitter turn her around, though. "I'm too busy for that," she says. "I've got too much growing and learning to do, and I'm determined to be proud of myself." No reason you can't start now, Bebe.





While the band tunes up before Todd's concert at Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium (left), he and Bebe take a few moments together and chat with a fan (above). The next day, Bebe stops to pick up a magazine (below) featuring a photo of her.





MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Back in New York—and to work—Bebe poses (above) for top photographer Pete Turner. “For some models,” says Bebe, “shooting sessions are nothing but a lot of hard work. Not for me; I like the idea of putting myself into any mood or any pose my photographer thinks is beautiful.” Returning to Turner’s studio several days later (below), Bebe gets a chance to look at the transparencies of the shooting.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** neighborhood busybody was so shocked by what she saw through a young couple's window that she marched right up, yanked it open and told them so. The occupants heatedly maintained that what they did in the privacy of their bedroom was their own business—and the other couples who were with them emphatically agreed.

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *rhythm method* as off-season planting.



**E**xplaining her new mink coat to her girlfriend, the petite redhead said, "This impressive executive type picked me up very smoothly in a cocktail lounge, took me to dinner and a show, and then we went to his apartment, and after we'd had some cognac, he opened the door of a huge closet, and there were a number of full-length minks, and he said, 'Pick one out.'"

"And you didn't have to do anything?" asked the girlfriend.

"Well," rejoined the redhead, "naturally, I had to take it up about six inches."

**W**e've heard that a new airline linking Geneva with Milan, Rome and Naples is to be called Genitalia.

**A**n equestrian starlet named Barr said, "My act's made me, sexwise, bizarre!

Since my two bareback steeds

Move at different speeds,

I've been stretching a good thing too far!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *adolescent intercourse* as a teensters' union.

**A** doctor and a lawyer in separate vehicles collided on U. S. 95 one foggy night. The fault was questionable, but both were shaken up, and the lawyer offered the doctor a drink from a pocket flask. The doctor took the flask with a shaking hand and belted back several long swallows. As the lawyer then started to cap the flask, the doctor asked, "Aren't you going to have one, too, for your nerves?"

"Of course I am," replied the lawyer, "after the Highway Patrol gets here."

**S**ure, you were once my knight in shining armor," cackled the old woman at her spouse, "but that was before you reached the age of shrivelry!"

**S**ay, ol' buddy, guess what?" chortled the drinker to his companion. "While you were in the john, a guy down the bar sold me a cut-rate membership in this prostitution club!" And he held out a document for inspection.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed his fellow drinker some seconds later. "This isn't for a prostitute club. It's for a *parachute club!*"

"Oh, my God! And I signed up for a hundred jumps!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotent flasher* as a public futility.

**A**nd then there was the Biblical straight arrow who lived life as if there were no Gomorrah.

**I** locked my husband out of the house last week for playing around with a number of other women," said the attractive young housewife, "and now he wants me to take him back. What should I do, Reverend?"

"It's your Christian duty to take him back," intoned the minister, patting her hand. "But," he added, as his grip tightened, "how would you like to get even with the bastard?"

**T**he druggist talked the customer into buying higher-priced condoms with the argument that they were washable. The following week, the man was back with fire in his eye. "Maybe those rubbers you sold me *are* washable," he stormed at the druggist, "but you should see the letter I've just received from the laundry!"



**A**nd do you perform fellatio?" asked the intrusive sex pollster.

"It all depends," replied the girl, "on the fella."

**M**ummy told me she has a baby growing inside her out of Daddy's seed," confided eight-year-old Sally, "but I don't know how Daddy put the seed inside her."

"That's simple, silly," said nine-year-old Tommy. "He screwed your mommy's head off!"

*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.*



SOKOL

*"We're not smoking, damn it, and our seat belts are fastened."*



*check the handwriting  
on the wall—black is  
a bright new fashion idea*

Far left: Striped acrylic/wool blend cardigan with contrasting waistband, \$45, worn with matching turtleneck, \$42.50, and wool straight-legged slacks, \$40, all by Cardin.

Left: Wool six-button single-breasted jacket, about \$80, shown with checkerboard-patterned wool/acrylic pullover, \$30, and wool flannel slacks, \$40, all by Larry Kane for Raffles Wear.

Right: Calfskin short jacket with zip front and strap-buckle waistband, \$200, plus Jacquard sleeveless pullover, \$25, polyester shirt, \$40, and wool gabardine slacks, \$70, all by Giannelli.

Far right: Brushed cotton snap-front shirt with knit collar and cuffs, by Michael Milea/Peter Sinclair, \$12; nylon knit shirt, by Nik Nik, \$30; and sateen slacks, by A. Smile, \$17.

*attire*

**BY ROBERT L. GREEN**

# **THE GOOD GUYS WEAR BLACK**





Right: Wool/nylon tweed jacket worn with houndstooth vest and wool herringbone slacks, all by Sal Cesarani for Country Britches, \$175; plus a herringbone shirt, \$20, and knit tie, \$7.50, both by Bert Pulitzer.

Center: Cotton velvet suit with notched lapels and patch pockets, by Jupiter of Paris, \$95; textured cotton/polyester shirt, from Lanvin Deux by Hathaway, \$25; and a silk twill tie, by Yapré Cravats, \$20.

Far right: Acrylic/Lurex knit sweater, about \$42, worn with madras shirt, about \$24, silk scarf, about \$30, and polyester/Trevira slacks, about \$52—plus a whip-snake walking cane, \$75, all by Peter Barton's Closet.





(continued from page 108)

Titian type with marvelous green eyes and another fiery redhead with the most remarkable self-sustaining frontage since the figurehead of the *Cutty Sark*.

They were called Samantha, Ellen, Judy and Raquel—not necessarily in that order—and they brought to our staid male-fibered schooner a delicious aura of good looks, sex, soft femininity and lively humor. It was like some dusty Vatican seminary suddenly going coed.

They stowed away their gear—though there seemed very little of this—and then rum punches began to set the tone of the evening. One would be a fool not to drink rum in the Caribbean, whatever one's previous tastes. Rum was cheap, smooth, gut-warming and insidious; it broke down and then it built up again, in a different pattern altogether. We had an hour of this delicious nectar in the main cabin, all bright eyes and laughter and honeymoonish jokes; and then we set sail.

We didn't get very far that night: not in sea miles, anyway. We ghosted down the coast from Nelson's Dockyard and into Willoughby Bay next door; and there we anchored, after an hour's lazy sail under a marvelous yellow moon that gleamed on everything—the rippling water, the silver shore line, the palm trees at its edge—as if the pointing finger of the night sky wanted to show us the best that heaven could do.

I cooked dinner—the smell of char-coaled steak again, after all that bloody fish, made me feel quite faint—and then we settled down to the most cheerful meal the *Calypso* had seen since we brought her south from Nova Scotia. The girls had “changed,” in the sense that bare shoulders had become a very loose phrase, indeed; and as I came in from the galley with the heaped platter of meat and vegetables and surveyed those five paragons ranged ready under the lamplight, I thought that no man could ever have counted up to ten so easily.

They talked, and laughed, and squirmed a good deal, and ate like little horses, and seemed so delighted with their surroundings, and indeed with the whole world, that I could not quite believe it. It was like a rum-scented, sensual, come-hither paradise, and there was no such place. . . . George was the center of attraction, just as he should have been; he was in his element, sharp as a row of spikes, and he was being paid for it; the only trouble was plurality.

I thought, sarcastically, “If you just play your cards right, my boy. . . .” Myself, I was just the spare hand, and already bashed about by a whole arsenal of the weaponry of life, and 48.

But I still couldn't make the girls out. Mary-Lou Hanson seemed to be the leader, but the leader of what? They certainly weren't a family. A club? Some kind of staff party? A piece of a charter flight? They didn't seem at all interested in telling us. At one point, Mary-Lou had said, “Oh, we're just friends,” and that was all.

When I asked one of the girls—I think it was Raquel, but it might have been Judy—what she did, she said, “I'm a sort of teacher.”

“What do you teach?”

She looked at me with fathomless eyes. “Physical education.”

That, at least, I could believe.

But it was not for me. George Harkness was the star: Let him shine all over. . . . A couple of hours and many cups of coffee and rum chasers later, I took a load of dishes into the galley. Through the hatch I heard Mary-Lou, following up one of the evening's favorite jokes, say, “I do like your ship, George. Though it's a darned shame about that single screw”; and then, in a much more decisive tone, “Well—who's first?”

Here we go again, I thought resignedly; but I could not be surprised. I had become used to the idea that ships and boats did funny things to people, men and women alike; it was a fact of life, like litmus paper turning red. People always behaved on boats as they would never dream of behaving anywhere else in the world; and they did it quicker.

Perhaps it was the glamor, or the briny air, or the blessed isolation, or the freedom that this cutoff life inspired. Maybe one sort of movement led to another. Whatever it was, the potent magic worked as soon as the passengers came on board.

We had once had an English couple: youngish, probably not married, but of the most reputable background—I think they were both schoolteachers. But they did not stay schoolteachers for very long. They were drunk as coots from beginning to end; they sang the most hair-raising songs at the first plonk of a guitar; and they were both as randy as a goat farm in spring. Even on the first night, they started one hell of an uproar on deck, about midnight. Keeping prudently out of sight, we could only hear the squeals of laughter, the sound of thudding feet, and then the voices:

“Come on, Arthur! Chase me!”

“I'm tired. Get down off there. Why don't you come back to bed?”

“I've told you. I want to do it up the mast!”

After that, I never even blinked.

. . .

There was a lot of activity that night; George must have been as busy as a one-armed paper hanger, though the simile

was not particularly appropriate. At this point, it might be worth detailing the *Calypso's* sleeping arrangements, since they were obviously going to be important. George had his own cabin, amidships. I had a much more humble slit of a berth, opposite the galley, with my feet in the chain locker. The girls were spread around in pairs in the big two-berth cabins.

Three cabins and five girls left one spare bed—or, to put it another way, it left one girl on her own. Obviously, it was going to be put this other way, if the traffic was anything to judge by.

Isolated in my narrow lair, I dozed off to sleep, to the music of ripples running against the hull that could not entirely mask all the other jazz. Once again, this caper was not for me. George was the star. Let him earn the money.

He looked pretty terrible the next morning when he tiptoed into the galley: pale, with circles under his eyes you could have used for saucers and yawning like the lower end of the Grand Canyon. He drank quarts of black coffee, some raw eggs in Worcestershire sauce and then a mixture of rum, Fernet Branca and iced lime juice. Then he said, “I think I'll go back to sleep. Give me a shake at twelve.”

It was not to be. The pattern—and the battle order that presently emerged—was quite different. George was to be on duty day and night. It was Judy—or Samantha—who gave him his shake: not at noon but at 8:30 A.M.

By day three, still at anchor in Willoughby Bay, we worked out a routine that would at least look better in the history books. One girl stayed on board with George while I rowed the four others ashore and we had a picnic, above the tidemark among the palm trees and the dappled sunlight.

It was beautiful beyond compare—and so were the girls, who by now were topless and unashamed, and emerged from their swim like streaming goldfish, and flopped down like gamboling puppies. They were very good company. We ate golden slices of papaya, and drank pale Barbados rum by the five-liter keg, and dozed a lot.

They seemed to have worked out their own routine, very happily, without quarrels. There was the Dish of the Day, who stayed on board with George; and after that the Late Night Snack, who was not my worry, either. I had my own small paradise at last, and it suited me wonderfully, from the top of the sunny sky down to the soft warm ground.

In fact, I was doing much better than the top-rated gladiator. Someone once said that variety was the best aphrodisiac, and at the beginning, George probably found that this was true. But by day five,

(continued on page 214)



"No luggage!"



*the u.s. needs energy the way a junkie needs skag—and someday fairly soon controlled thermonuclear fusion will give us the inexhaustible connection*

*article*

**By RICHARD RHODES**

# GOD'S



PAINTING BY ROGER BROWN

# BIG FIX

AS FAR AS THE UNIVERSE is concerned, the energy crisis is a fraud. There is no energy crisis now, there never has been, and there never will be. Dislocations, yes: massive and destructive in the past, possibly more so in the future. But there never was any shortage of energy in the universe. We knew that all along, watching the sun rise and burn and set through all the millennia of the race's evolution and never once falter, never

once go out. Was there anything earlier that we wanted? Excepting only ourselves, was there anything earlier that we knew?

The sun will save us?

No.

Yet it obsesses.

That huge, unquenchable source.

Then it will save us.

From ourselves?

. . .

Controlled thermonuclear fusion, the ultimate source of inexhaustible energy, in the long run almost entirely pollution-free, toward which physicists have been talking and working since before the end of World War Two, is nearer this year to being realized in the laboratory than it has ever been. Last year, 1973, was a turning point, the year the leading physicists in the field decided that fusion was in fact possible and would eventually be practical. They told Congress so; they told journalists so; one of them, Dr. Harold P. Furth, of the Princeton Plasma Physics Laboratory, might as well speak here for them all: "There's really no doubt any longer about the fact that a fusion reactor is possible. One could even describe such a reactor, and one might be off a little bit on the size and cost, which are of course rather important, but one could describe a reactor with near-absolute certainty that some such thing in some size will in fact work."

How scientists reached this point, how their experiments have gone and how a reactor would work, and where that work may lead us, are facts worth knowing, because controlled thermonuclear fusion will change American life and the life of the world at least as much as its diabolic bastard kin, the hydrogen bomb, already has. Nothing afterward will ever again be quite the same. If that sounds ambiguous and even ominous, it is meant to. If power corrupts, it remains to be seen whether or not absolute power will corrupt absolutely.

From the beginning, then, heavy gold: The sun, the stars, the clouds between the stars, the northern lights, the glow inside a neon tube, the fireball of a hydrogen bomb, all are made of plasma, the fourth state of matter. Solid, liquid, gas, plasma. To make a plasma from hydrogen gas, you inject the gas into a vacuum chamber and heat it above 10,000 degrees centigrade. The electrons then separate from the nuclei, negative electrons from positive ions, and the gas becomes ionized: Plasma is ionized gas. Like ordinary gas, it can be heated by compression and cooled by expansion; like ordinary gas, it jostles about with no particular form and expands outward equally in all directions; but unlike

ordinary gas, it conducts electricity and can be shaped and directed by magnetic fields.

Making a plasma is easy; you do so whenever you turn on a fluorescent light. Making a plasma do what the sun does—do better than the sun does, because the sun isn't very efficient—is hard. Ions, the nuclei of atoms stripped of their electrons and thus positively charged, repel one another with great force. To bring them together, that force must be overcome. For the heavy isotopes of hydrogen—deuterium and tritium—the temperature required to overcome the natural repulsion of their ions is around 50,000,000 degrees centigrade. Above that temperature, deuterium and tritium atoms not only collide but sometimes fuse together and become helium ions. In the process of fusing, a little of their mass is converted into energy. The amount of energy released is enormous.  $E = mc^2$ , that great tonic chord of physical reality that Einstein struck so long ago, looks the soul of innocence until you spell out the numbers: Energy in ergs equals mass in grams multiplied by the square of the speed of light in centimeters per second. But the square of the speed of light in centimeters per second is 900,000,000,000,000,000,000. One gram of matter converted entirely into energy becomes 900 billion billion ergs. An erg isn't much;  $9 \times 10^{20}$  ergs is one hell of a lot.

Nuclear fusion on a modest scale was first accomplished on earth in 1952, when the United States set off a 21-ton monstrosity called Mike I on Elugelab, Eniwetok, in the South Pacific. The resulting explosion vaporized all 21 tons of Mike I and replaced Elugelab, a little strip of coral, with a hole a mile wide and 175 feet deep. Even before the United States developed the bomb that was called the Super in those early days and is called the hydrogen bomb today, some of the leading scientists at Los Alamos—men such as Enrico Fermi, Edward Teller, James Tuck—were tossing around ideas for a controlled-fusion machine. (Tuck, an Englishman, midnight-requisitioned some funds for the work from a program at MIT that was housed in the Hood Building; Tuck's boss suggested that Tuck was robbing Hood; the secret program to solve the world's energy needs forever was therefore named Project Sherwood. Physicists are celebrated for their wit, not their sense of humor.)

Controlled fusion never looked easy, but in those early days it at least looked straightforward. Mike I, like all hydrogen bombs so far, needed an atomic bomb to set it off. That's how its inventors got the millions of degrees they needed for fusion. Controlled fusion has to work without an atomic trigger. It has to work within some kind of container,


but the plasma in which the fusion reactions take place cannot touch the walls of the container. Science writers like to say that the plasma can't touch the walls of the container because it would melt them. That isn't true. To be confinable at all, the plasmas used in controlled fusion must be kept at very low density—100,000 times lower than the density of the air we breathe. One one-hundred-thousandth atmospheric pressure is considered a pretty good vacuum in other lines of work.

So the plasma is the merest puff of gas, and at such low density it immediately cools off when it touches something solid. Fifty million degrees sounds like the ultimate conflagration, but you could stick your gold-plated Cross pen into a thermonuclear plasma and very little would happen to it. It might pit a little and it would radiate soft X rays like crazy, but the main thing it would do is make a cold hole in the plasma. A thermonuclear plasma gives off heat not in the usual sense we think of heat, heat we can feel, heat that burns us, but rather heat as energetic particles and fast neutrons, and those in turn can be used to make "real" heat that can turn turbines and generate electricity.

It seemed to those early explorers—and they had their brilliant counterparts in the Soviet Union, though neither side knew about the other yet, because the whole subject was top secret—that they had only to figure out a way to confine a plasma without allowing it to touch anything solid, and then to heat it up to thermonuclear temperatures, and then to keep it there long enough for the fusion reactions to build up to the point where they became self-sustaining, and that would be it. They thought they'd have a working reactor on the near side of 20 years. I don't mean to suggest that they were naïve, though on the face of it, it appears that they were, but only to suggest what was in fact true, that no one knew much about plasma physics in those days—despite the fact that the universe is almost all plasma. (Solids, liquids and gases are nearly as rare within its vast confines as human beings, who are composed of all three and no plasma at all, except briefly, when hit by lightning.)

Confinement was the most difficult of all the problems, and still is, though physicists now think they've nearly got it licked. Plasma, since it conducts electricity, is affected by magnetic fields just as metals are. It seemed reasonable, then, that a plasma could be confined within a magnetic field. The first experimental devices were simply tubes wrapped with coils of wire. When electricity was sent through the coils, it produced

(continued on page 142)



COME CLOSE. Closer. Lean over me. Put your ear to my mouth. I'm not strong; I think I'm dying; I can barely speak. Listen carefully. At the end of this street, at the corner, on the east side, there's a small white house with a green roof. A brick path leads to the door. Snapdragons are planted along the path. You can't miss it. There's a wreath on the door—it's old and blackened and looks like an emblem of death, but don't be put off by that, it's just an old Christmas wreath, hung there many years ago and never taken down. No meaning to that, just laziness, apathy, inertia. The door is unlocked. Go in. The house is unoccupied. Nobody home. You'll see a stairway leading to (concluded on page 249)

## THE CHARM

*fiction* **BY RAY RUSSELL**

*do you want to be god? then find  
the talisman before it's too late*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSE

NOW PLAYING IN YOUR DINING ROOM!

# SUPER SOUPS

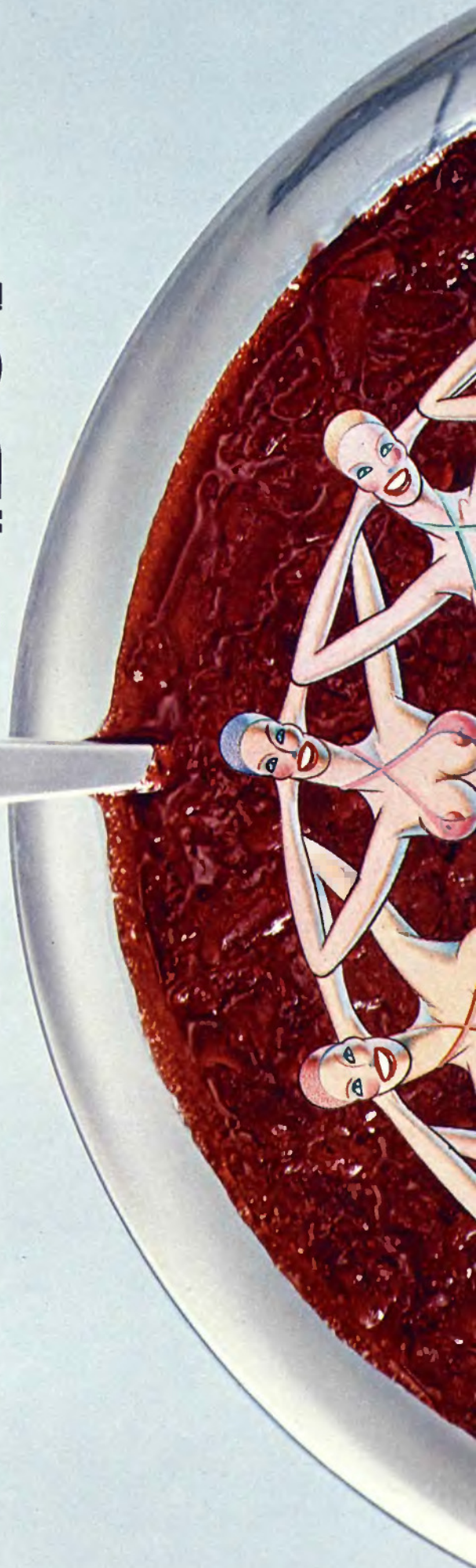
# OF 1974!

*all mouth-watering! all satisfying! all filling! soup as a meal!*

*food* By GEORGE BRADSHAW

SOUP—THE SPECTACULAR, full-bodied, this-is-all-you're-going-to-get, meal-in-itself soup—seems to have fallen on meager times. It appears to have been taken over by those gray-humored souls who make hand-woven neckties and plant beans by astrology. The rest of us are lucky to get something out of a can—flavored with the carcass of an alien tomato and redolent with the savors cooked up in a test tube. It is as if the right people had said nuts to soup. A grave mistake.

Consider: There are really very few things to eat. The meats we commonly use can be counted on one hand, the fowl on another. And there aren't many vegetables (peas *(continued on page 208)*)







*(continued from page 138)*

magnetic-field lines running the length of the tube. The electrons and ions of the plasma inside then aligned themselves along the field lines. Both electrons and ions move freely along magnetic lines of force. Left alone, the particles would have spun along the lines of force until they bumped into the ends of the tube and quenched out; but to forestall that result, the experimenters had added a few more turns of wire at the ends. Thus, the particles, as they approached the ends, faced a more powerful magnetic field than the field in the middle, and it turned most of them around. This kind of confinement device, which is called a magnetic mirror system, is still being studied at the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratory in Livermore, California, and it still shows promise of eventually producing a practical fusion reactor, though probably in the longer run rather than the shorter.

The mirror system didn't work as well as its inventors expected. As the plasma heated up, it wouldn't hold still. It kinked, it buckled, it bent, it shaped itself into fluted columns, and inevitably it broke loose, hit the walls of the tube and quenched out. But the major problem of mirror systems was leakage out the ends. Physicists hoped that such instabilities were unique to the mirror system, and some of them turned to other approaches. The lab at Princeton University, for example, designed a machine that had no ends, a hollow figure eight that was grandly named the stellarator, the star generator. But in 1954, at one of the frequent meetings of the Sherwood scientists, Teller, the irascible Hungarian who is credited with having invented the hydrogen bomb, argued chillingly that all the devices then being experimented with would also develop instabilities of one kind or another, and the physicists gloomily left the meeting more than a little sure that Teller was right; and after rechecking their previous results and running more experiments, they saw that he was. The Fifties weren't the best years for fusion research, nor the early Sixties, either. Graduate students began looking the other way. Only lately have they begun turning to plasma physics again.

But at least one crucial step was taken, in 1958, without which the program might be foundering still. Sherwood had been classified top secret because it was obvious that a fusion reactor would produce vast numbers of neutrons, neutrons that could be used, for example, to make plutonium for atomic bombs. In the late Forties, when the classification was applied, there weren't many nuclear

reactors around and neutrons were hard to get. So rather than show other countries how they might make neutrons through controlled fusion—we were optimistic in those days, remember, that fusion was just around the corner—we kept our work secret. By the mid-Fifties, after the Soviets got the H-bomb, it was obvious that there were neutrons aplenty, and fusion research was stalled, and physicists from other countries, most particularly from the Soviet Union, were beginning to talk about fusion at international meetings, and the secret was effectively out. So in May 1958, after considerable prodding from Congress, the AEC declassified Sherwood, and Russians and Americans, among others, began talking to one another.

By that time, American physicists had devised a remarkable collection of ingenious devices designed to confine and heat plasmas by squeezing them, pinching them, wrapping them in clouds of high-energy electrons, shooting them from ion guns, you name it. The results were uniformly abysmal, though the information was often useful and the experimental and theoretical knowledge of plasma physics that had been so lacking before was beginning to accumulate. The original breezy optimism, however, was gone. The men in the field today, wiser with the passage of years, describe controlled thermonuclear fusion as the most difficult problem of general scientific interest in the history of physics. They're not exaggerating.

While United States scientists worked with their many devices, scientists in the Soviet Union were concentrating most of their attention on one particular kind of machine. Its conception and creation are credited to two brilliant Russian physicists, Andrei Sakharov and Lev Artsimovich. The Russian machine, which Artsimovich announced to the world in 1965, was called the Tokamak. The word is generic now: Machines of the Russian type are called tokamaks, accent on the tok. Like the Princeton machine, the tokamak solves the problem of end loss by having no ends. It is shaped like a large hollow doughnut, a geometric form called a torus. In a tokamak, the magnetic lines of force spiral around the toroidal chamber in helical paths like the stripes on a barber pole and the particles ride along, finding no ends from which to escape.

An important feature of the tokamak is its technique for heating the plasma. Rather than heating by squeezing, or heating by the injection of hotter particles, as some of the American machines were attempting, the Russians decided to let the plasma heat itself. Since plasma

conducts electricity, they induced a current into the doughnut-shaped ring of plasma and the current, encountering resistance just as current in the wires of a toaster encounters resistance, generated heat. The Russian tokamak made the first major breakthrough in confinement time—in holding the plasma steady for longer than the briefest fraction of a fraction of a second—and it heated the plasma to better than 10,000,000 degrees, far hotter than anyone had achieved up to that time, though not nearly hot enough for fusion.

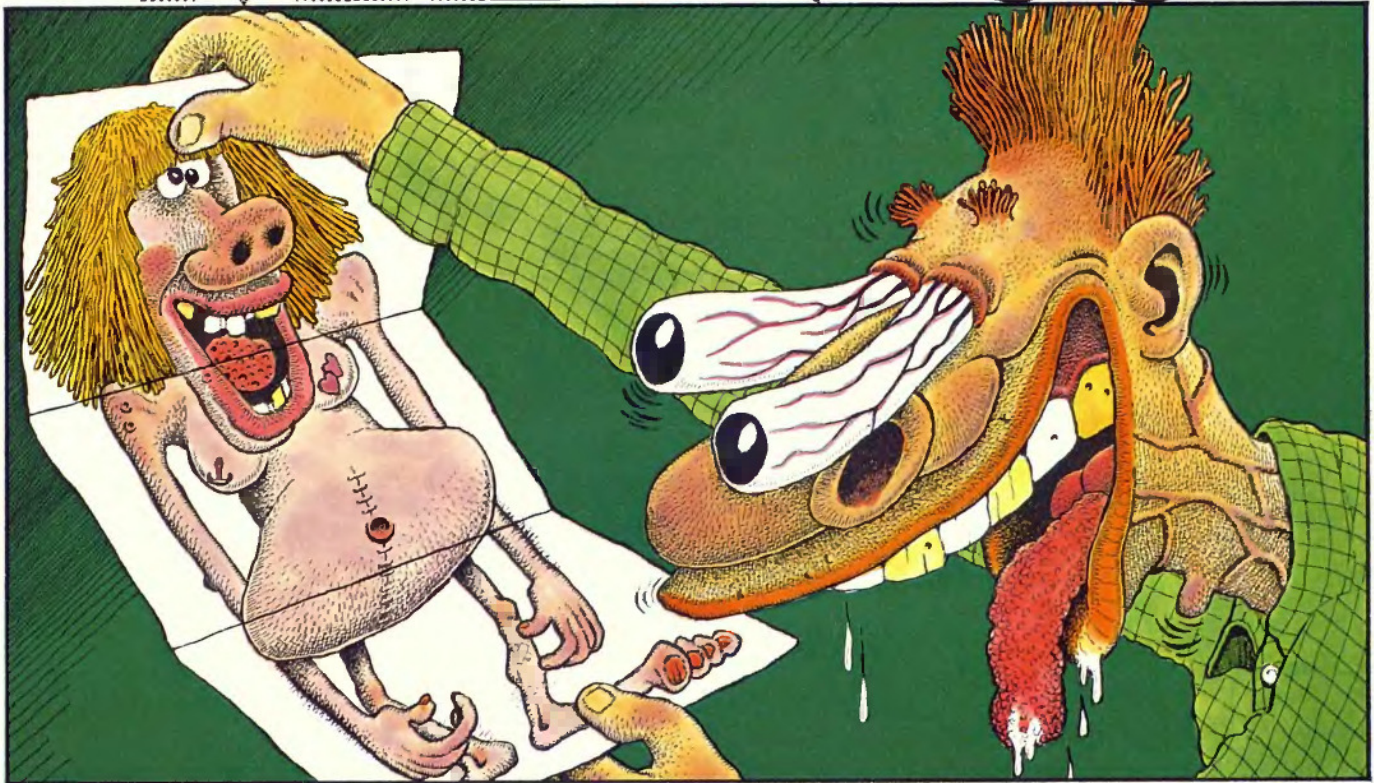
Despite the joy radiating from the Soviet Union, not many physicists believed the Russian results. The logic of the skepticism, says one American physicist who remembers it well, was, "Hell, our toroids don't work, why the hell should theirs?" Many American scientists were skeptical of the quality of the Russian measurements, particularly their measurements of the plasma temperatures they claimed to have achieved.

Since any but the most minute solid probes stuck into a plasma disturb it, it can't be measured directly. Measurements have to be made by capturing what comes out of the plasma or by shooting various kinds of radiation in. Today, as in 1965, experimenters measure the neutrons coming out of the plasma, the X rays, the light, the magnetic field, the microwaves. The most accurate method of measuring the temperature happens to be by bouncing laser light off the plasma and seeing how it scatters. And in 1965, the Russians weren't up on lasers.

Princeton therefore proceeded to tinker with its stellarator, Oak Ridge and Livermore with their mirrors, Los Alamos with its pinches. Then, in 1968, a team of British physicists went to the Soviet Union for six months to settle the issue once and for all, taking along their own lasers and thousands of pounds of gear, since the Soviets are not famous for their ability to deliver spare parts on short notice. The British report came through: The Russians were right. Oak Ridge converted from mirrors to tokamaks. Princeton dismantled its stellarator and in nine months rebuilt it as a tokamak. From 1969 on, the tokamak has been the leading contender to become the first practical, working fusion reactor. "The Russians," says Dr. Michael Roberts of Oak Ridge, who went over to see the Russian machine in 1968, "were very pleasant, helpful, tolerant, because people from all over the world asked the same questions over and over. They wouldn't read the scientific papers, they had to ask the source—*tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, too!* We were like flies around those guys all day long. They were very tolerant."

*(continued on page 177)*

# CHEESECAKE MADNESS



*perverter of youth! reading matter from the devil's bookshelf! is one moment of lust worth a lifetime of doldrums? wake up, america!*

## humor By Jim Siegelman

DO YOU CONDONE moral depravity? Does your child frequent cheesecake dens? Is your fly open? Obscenity is everyone's problem. . . .

"It was the cheesecake made me do it," writes a low-grade civil servant. "I looked at them pictures and rubbed up against them and then I just went crazy and put chewing gum in my hair. Cancel my subscription."

"No doubt about it," says a guilt-ridden businessman. "If I hadn't read that dirty novel, I never would have boiled the canary."

How many times have you heard a close friend or relative make a similar admission? Yet, until recently, confessions like these were greeted with skepticism

by respected members of the scientific community. Now new studies confirm the hypothesis that the mental fiber of the country is being undermined by a deluge of vile and filthy books, pictures and other pornographic materials. During the past year, countless cases of psychotic and irrational behavior have been directly linked to cheesecake abuse.

- In Tennessee, a 15-year-old pornography addict was sentenced to five years in prison for eating part of the Memphis City Hall.

- In Denver, two dozen members of a local cheesecake sect have vowed to walk backward until the year 2000.

- In Spokane, a prominent young attorney has filed an obscenity suit against a fish.

A raging river of lust and perversion

has flooded the country and now threatens to drown our national psyche. The Supreme Court has made a weak attempt to assuage the wrath of the vast majority of decent Americans who have been offended by the present torrent of cheesecake, but it is unlikely that the right-thinking public will tolerate this spiritual poisoning much longer.

Did you know:

That in America today there is a serious shortage of topless electroshock therapists?

Or that Los Angeles hosts a chain of fast-food V. D. clinics?

Or that at once-staid New England ski resorts, Saint Bernards take Spanish fly to avalanche victims and accept Bank-Americard?

Or that a *(continued on page 228)*

# SEX IN CINEMA

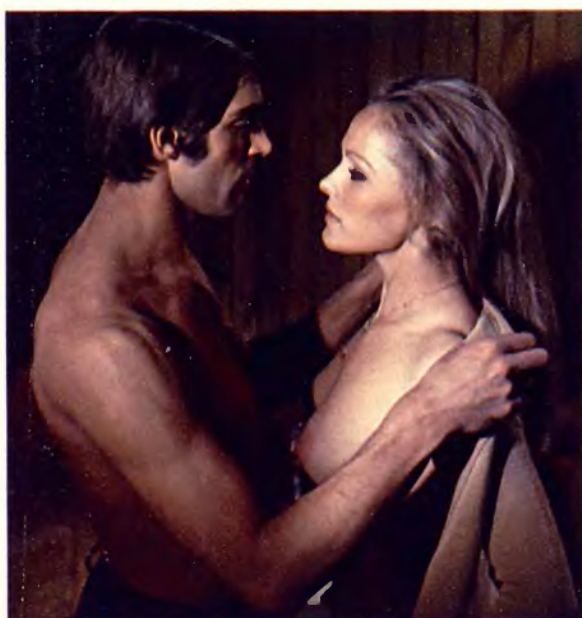


## 1974

**like america itself, erotica onscreen seems to be weathering a period of cover-up and recession**

**article** By **ARTHUR KNIGHT** IF THAT OLD SAW about actions speaking louder than words has any merit, the Mrs. Grundys of America—the pressure groups, legislators, judges and district attorneys who have been busily trying to enforce what they thought were local standards of taste in films—were sadly out of touch with their constituents in 1974. A sort of double standard seems to permeate our society—perhaps emanating from the top, where a President mouthed sanctimonious platitudes in public and conducted expletive-ridden vendettas in private. Never before had an American President concerned himself so directly—and vocally—with morality in the media, primarily as represented by films, television and the press, while practicing a personal morality very much his own. Nixon's "stop-the-smut" lead was assiduously followed up by the Congress, the Supreme Court, the FBI, the Postal Service, various state governments and, on the local level, by extraordinarily repressive police actions. In the wake of the June 1973 Supreme Court decisions advocating illy defined "community standards" as the basis for prosecution of obscene or pornographic movies, no fewer than 37 states, in 250 separate bills, undertook to establish just what those standards might be. Without even waiting for such clarification, police crackdowns escalated dramatically. In Fort Worth, Texas, a zealous district attorney, contending that theater seats were accessories to a crime if people sat in them to watch an X-rated movie, ordered that the seats—along with the projectors and the film—be ripped out and held as evidence. The film, of course, was *Deep Throat*.

And thereby hangs the paradox. The best test for determining whether the citizens of a community deem any product—be it soap flakes, breakfast cereal or cinema—acceptable or unacceptable is whether or not they're willing to lay out their cash for it. According to *Variety's* annual listing of American movie grosses, *Deep Throat's* estimated take from the ticket-buying public in something over one year was in excess of \$4,000,000. That's an educated guess—probably on the low side, since, as *Variety* notes, "Porno distribs are plain nervous about providing an exact accounting in the wake of the *Deep Throat* conviction in New York, where the fine imposed was based on a multiple of the estimated profits." Somebody, somewhere, obviously wanted to see *Deep Throat*—enough somebodies, in fact, to make it one of the most profitable releases in recent years, considering its low production (text continued on page 166)



**NAMES IN THE NUDE:** Despite vigilante censors, famous flesh is still visible at the movies. Sean Connery communes with seeress Sally Ann Newton in "Zardoz" (opposite); Clint Eastwood has problems with pickup June Fairchild in "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (top left); Linda Lovelace is menaced—at her most vulnerable spot—by Russian spy Cris Jordan in "Deep Throat II" (top right); Roger Moore and Susannah York, in "Gold" (center left), and Al Pacino and Cornelia Sharpe of "Serpico" (center right) share toasts—and tubs; Ursula Andress falls for robber Fabio Testi in "Last Chance for a Born Loser" (above left); and Patti D'Arbanville and Jeff Bridges make themselves at home on the range in "Rancho Deluxe" (above right).



**SHOCK TREATMENT:** Women screamed, strong men fainted and at least one couple checked into a psycho ward after seeing Linda Blair's performance as a demoniacally possessed 12-year-old in "The Exorcist"—but with each new horror story, box-office lines grew longer. Despite such graphic scenes as the one above, "Exorcist" got an R rating. Three-dimensional gore in the X-rated "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (below) prompted one critic to suggest issuing barf bags at the door along with the 3-D glasses. Frankenstein (Udo Kier), helped by assistant Otto (Arno Juerging), creates two monsters (Dalila Di Lazzaro and Srdjan Zelenovic); but before he can bring them to life, he's overcome by an urge to ball the female—in the gall bladder.



**SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT:** The distinction between willing and unwilling sex was perhaps nowhere better exemplified than in these two sequences, from "Don't Look Now" (below left) and "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia" (below right). The former, in a tense psychological thriller starring Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland as a husband and wife beset by past tragedy and present forebodings, is overwhelmingly sensual and erotic in its participants' deeply felt enjoyment of the sex act. The latter, with Kris Kristofferson as a motorcycle tough assaulting at knife point a down-on-her-luck whore (played by top Mexican actress Isela Vega, featured in the July PLAYBOY), is standard Sam Peckinpah rough-'em-up stuff.





**KINKSMANSHIP:** Offbeat hybrids—the Italo-American film “The Night Porter” with Charlotte Rampling (top left) and two French-Italian releases, “Toute une Vie” (left) and “The Godson” (above)—serve up a heady brew of sadism and horsing around. Charlotte is forced to dance in a Nazi concentration camp; the feathered friends in “Une Vie” ride herd on storm troopers in a porno film within a film; and the sexpots of “Godson” entice British politicians into a Profumo-type scandal.



**ODD BALLING:** Getting by with a little help from their props are Ninetto Davoli, in “The Arabian Nights,” aiming a phallic arrow at Luigina Rocchi (above); masked rapist Peter Brown going after Lisa Moore with a pair of scissors in “Act of Vengeance” (top right); and a courtesan in “La Bonzesse” (bottom right) who obviously never learned that song about never smiling at a crocodile, even a client.



**DOWN, BOYS!** Ladies on the offensive: In "Moonshine Girls" (right), Pat Waid as a coproprietress of Elbow Bend, Kentucky's, chief industry—a still—takes revenge over John Bates's mind off his job. "The Sex Thiefs" insurance investigator, Diane Keen, gives cat-and-pussy burglar David Warbeck a taste of his own medicine. And Adriana Asti shows Giancarlo Giannini, the titular "Hot-Blooded Paul," how she trampled Il Duce.



**TOPPLED TABOOS:** A publicity release for Dusan Makavejev's "Sweet Movie" ironically describes the scene in which Anna Prucnal plays with little boys (below) as "stronger than 'Snow White.'" "Diary of a Cloistered Nun" (below right), with Giuliana Colandra, Eleanora Giorgi and Suzy Kendall, is just as far a cry from Audrey Hepburn's antiseptic "The Nun's Story."





**MIXED MENAGES:** "The African Deal" offers a screenful of interracial groping between Calvin Lockhart and Janti Somer (left) to complicate a plot about corrupt businessmen's efforts to manipulate the national resources of an emerging nation that bears a distinct resemblance to Ghana. Moving north, we find three's no crowd in "1001 Danish Delights" (above), wherein students at a school for layward girls get ready to relieve a wealthy young man of his virginity.



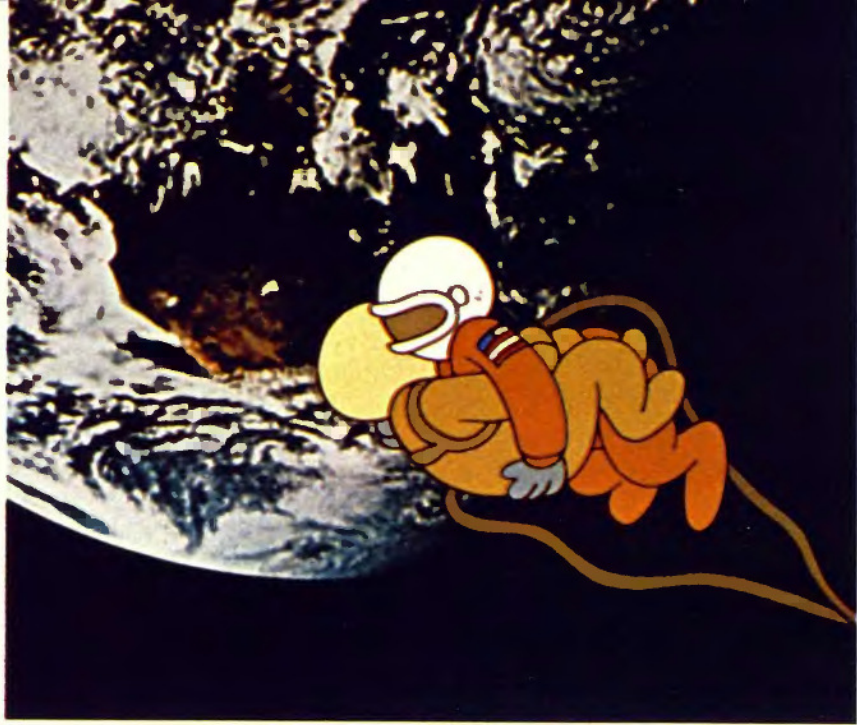
**TRES GAY:** Homosexual relationships are handled lyrically in "A Very Natural Thing" (above), with Robert Joel, left, as an ex-monk who moves in with Curt Gareth; and morbidly in Alain Robbe-Grillet's "Glissements Progressifs du Plaisir," which is chock-full of blood and fetishism. At right, lawyer Olga Georges-Picot handles her pretty client, Anicee Alvina.

**PHOTO PLAYS:** That old saw about one picture's being worth a thousand words returns in new guise in "Turkish Delight" (below left) and "How to Seduce a Woman" (below right). Rutger Hauer, the horny hero of "Delight"—a ribald Dutch version of "Love Story"—is temporarily abandoned by his wife (Monique Van de Ven) and reduced to giving himself a hand, with the aid of her photographic likeness on the wall. Posing as a cameraman is but one of the imaginative techniques devised by Angus Duncan to lure five attractive females (among them Alexandra Hay, who was the subject of a February PLAYBOY pictorial, here portraying the sexy proprietress of an art museum) into chasing him to the couch of his bachelor apartment.

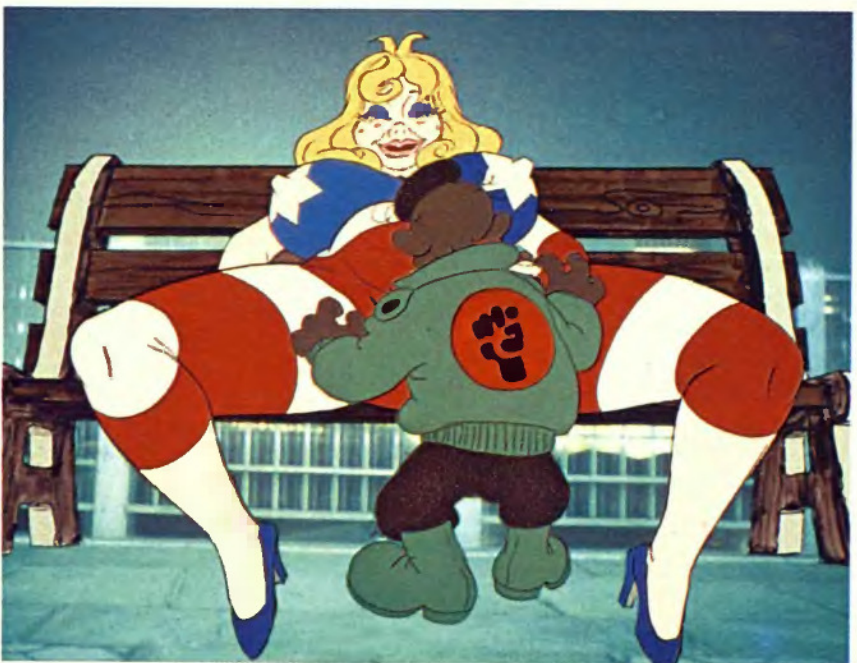


**NAVAL ENCAGEMENTS:** Two poignant stories about sailors ashore, each based on a novel by Darryl Ponicsan, scored powerfully in their screen adaptations. "The Last Detail" (below left) won Oscar nominations for both Randy Quaid, playing a luckless gob en route to the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, naval prison—here getting his very first lay, from a sympathetic hooker (Carol Kane)—and for one of his Shore Patrol keepers, Jack Nicholson. "Cinderella Liberty" (below right) made Marsha Mason an Academy Award nominee for her performance as a neurotically self-destructive Seattle B-girl who is bedded, then wed by yet another goodhearted bluejacket, James Caan—only to desert both him and her illegitimate mulatto son.





**CARTOON STRIPS:** Astronauts take a flying fuck in "The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat" (above), Steve Krantz's R-rated sequel to that randy revolutionary's earlier X-plots. From Brothers Grimm country—Germany—comes "Grimy's Tales" (left, with Sleeping Beauty's Never-Ready King hopping aboard his Ever-Ready Queen). New from Ralph Bakshi is "Coon Skin"; below, a dude hoping to score with Miss America is about to get knocked out of the box by a concealed weapon.





**COMIC RELIEF:** *There's time out for laughter even in such serious fare as "Mahler" (left, with Georgina Hale in a black-humor nightmare); "Newman's Law" (above left, with cop George Peppard questioning nude model Pat Anderson); or "The Gambler" (above center), in which Lauren Hutton helps James Caan forget his troubles with juice-loan racketeers. Funny throughout were (clockwise from top right) Mel Brooks's "Blazing Saddles," with the director as Governor Lepetomane addressing an aside to secretary Robyn Hilton's comnodious cleavage while ignoring the machinations of his unscrupulous aide Hedley Lamarr (Harvey Korman); "Alfredo, Alfredo," wherein Dustin Hoffman is mortified by wife Stefania Sandrelli's shrieks at the moment of climax; Woody Allen's "Sleeper," set in a 22nd Century society that mechanizes sexual release (via an Orgasmatron, from which a shaken Woody, who tried to use it as a hide-out, is roused by guards); another futuristic fantasy, "2076 Olympiad," featuring TV commentators Jeff Muldew and Sheila Kern giving a foreplay-by-play account of Kama Sutra events; and "The Three Musketeers," with Simon Ward as England's Duke of Buckingham undoing—and being undone by—a perfidious Milady de Winter (Faye Dunaway).*





**BOTTOMS UP:** Proving his initial impact in "The Last Picture Show" was no fluke, Timothy Bottoms now ranks among the hottest young male stars. With Lindsay Wagner in "The Paper Chase" (left), he struggles to make it within the system at Harvard Law School. As a shell-shocked Vietnam vet wooing Barbara Seagull in "The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder" (above), he's opted out of society altogether, going—literally—underground.

**THOSE WERE THE DAYS:** Nostalgia reigns supreme: Jan-Michael Vincent and Joan Goodfellow in "Buster and Billie" (below) swing into the ole swimmin' hole. Robert Redford and Barbra Streisand suffer through three decades in "The Way We Were"; if you wonder how any girl could be bored in the situation at right, it's because Bob's half asleep. In "The Great Gatsby," Redford (below right) lusts for Mia Farrow.



**ORGY, ANYONE?** Due for December release—and a probable R rating—is “The Wild Party,” a Hollywood period piece billed as a “musicalized comedy-drama.” James Coco stars as Jolly Grimm, a silent-movie actor not unlike Fatty Arbuckle, and a blonde Raquel Welch (looking like Mary Pickford, of all people) plays his mistress, Queenie, an ex-vaudeville hooper. (She sings. She dances.) The story ends in tragedy when Jolly, sensing that his career is slipping, invites half the producers, actors and extras in the film colony to a shindig at which he plans to preview his new film, and things—as can be seen here—get decidedly out of hand.



THE VARGAS GIRL

*"It's amazing—  
before I put on my glasses,  
everything looked soft."*





ONCE THERE WAS a sultan who was exceedingly fond of his jester and wished to reward him in some pleasant way for all his good japes and sayings. So one day the sultan said, "Coelebs, I shall find a pretty girl, a jolly girl, and marry her to thee."

"My lord," said Coelebs, "it is my role to jest, not yours! A pretty wife is like an orchard without a wall, a jewel box without a lock, a fornicatress when you happen to step out and an adulteress when you happen to doze."

The sultan secretly enjoyed this horror on the part of his clown, and so he said, "No, no, it is time thou learned the true joys of marriage. I swear that thou shalt have an honest wife. And if she be not so for some reason, I shall decree a terrible punishment."

"It is well, then. O greatest king of the age," said the jester.

The sultan's vizier, as all at court agreed, produced a young woman of exceptional beauty. She was as sweet as a melon and as sinuous as a vine. Coelebs groaned when he first gazed on her supple form. But after the wedding, all went well for a few weeks.

Now, it so happened that there were four men in the town—stout, loud, boisterous fellows all of them—who had been close companions and hot suitors after this girl in the past. None had been able to possess her, simply because the others kept such a shrewd watch.

It was the duty of the jester to attend the sultan daily at dawn prayers and it was not long before each of the would-be lovers learned of this and decided, independently, to profit by it.

As soon as the jester had gone forth one morning, there came a knock at the door and the first suitor, a pieman, stepped in. The wife embraced him warmly for old times' sake. He said in a great, jolly voice, "I was working in the market this morning early and I discovered that I had a great surplus of mincemeat, very spicy, very tasty. And so I said to myself, 'Where shall I find a delicate pie to stuff with this fine mincemeat?'—and that is when I was reminded of you, my love."

The wife nearly swooned at this gallantry, but, before she could demonstrate her feelings, there came another sharp rapping on the door. "Quickly," she said, "go into that narrow little storeroom there and sit on the bench until I call you."

And who came parading his belly into the house then but the fat herb dealer, the second suitor, carrying a great bunch of sweet-smelling herbs. "By Allah," he declared, "I was night-gathering in my garden and it came to me—'Where is a fine bit of flesh to garnish with these tender, sweet-scented herbs?' And so I suddenly had you in mind and—"

There came the sound of a heavy fist on

the door and the wife said hurriedly, "Go into yonder room and sit upon the bench and be quiet."

The herb dealer went in to hide and found the pieman there before him. "Well, look who's here," said the herb dealer as he sat himself gloomily down.

Then, when the woman opened the house door, over the threshold came a bold butcher, crying, "I arose before first light and slaughtered a stout ram; then, as I butchered it, I had a notion. I thought of putting a fine piece of mutton in my love's mouth and, of course, I came to you at once."

"Quick, quick," said the wife as another knock sounded on the door.

When the butcher came upon his two friends in the hiding place, he made a grudging salaam and asked, "What are you fools doing here?"

"Just what you are doing," they replied.

The woman threw open the door once again and found her fourth friend, the chief of the sultan's pipers, a barrel-chested man with a deep voice. He strode in, explaining that he had been getting ready for band practice when he had a vision of a more delicate instrument—and some of the tunes he might play on it. There was another knock at the door.

"Ah," sighed the woman, "there is nobody left but my husband." And so it was. As he explained his early return, the three suitors squeezed together on the little bench to make room for the fourth.

When it finally became too stilling and uncomfortable in the storeroom, the pieman said, "I can endure this no longer. I am going to try a device to escape." Thereat, he arose and began sticking pieces of mincemeat all over his skin until he looked like a leper covered with sores.

Then he opened the door with a great thud and, treading solemnly, announced, "Behold the prophet Job, the ulcered! Show me the way out of this place!" Astounded, the jester bowed and opened the outer door.

Next emerged the herb dealer, all garnished with greens until he looked like a walking salad. "The peace be upon you!" he cried. "Hath Job, the ulcered, passed this way? I am Al-Khizr, the green prophet." And so saying, he departed.

Then came the butcher, quite camouflaged by the ramskin and horns and crawling on all fours as he bellowed, "I am Iskander, lord of the two horns, and I seek Job, the ulcered, and Al-Khizr, the green prophet."

"Peace be upon thee," said the bewildered jester. "They went that way."

Following the ram appeared one proclaiming himself Israfil, the archangel whose office it was to blow the last trump for Judgment Day. "The time has come! The time has come!" he roared.



Whereupon, the jester fell upon Israfil with great fierceness and, after a terrible struggle, succeeded in binding his hands and bringing him before the sultan. "I have captured the angel Israfil," panted the clown. "And in the nick of time, too, my lord. He was just about to blow his trumpet and finish us all off."

"How so? Tell me more," demanded the sultan.

"Well, that wife you furnished me with," said the jester. "I returned to my house and caught her enjoying herself with three prophets—and then came this archangel with his wild notion."

"Thou art jinn-mad," said the sultan. "This man is the chief of my pipers and no one, not even his mother, has ever regarded him as an angel. Piper, come, do you want your head cut off or do you want a grant of clemency for describing the whole affair without lying?"

On the floor, his face in the dust, the piper begged to relate all without lying.

When he had done so, the sultan sent some of his chamberlains to fetch the herb dealer, the pieman and the butcher. To the jester, the sultan said, "Allah curse all womankind! Thou wert in the right when thou named them adulteresses and fornicatresses."

The four culprits now having been hauled before him, the sultan passed sentence: Except for the piper, all should be castrated. To the jester he granted a speedy divorce.

—Retold by Jonah Craig  157

## GARDENA (continued from page 114)

ribbons of light. Without waiting for the cards to be dealt, I leaned back in my chair and observed the dealer.

She was as pale as the precious stone she wore, yet it was a paleness that betrayed no fragility. As it matched the diamond's hue, so it seemed also to share its hardness, its mineral durability, and the features of her face were perfectly cut facets, exquisite shadings that betrayed no flaws or feelings beneath their glowing whiteness. In this sculptured light there was, as in the stone itself, a delicate blue diffusion, and the eyes that caused this subtle coloration were exquisitely empty, their beauty that of immaculate design and pure function. Her hair was flaxen, short, brushed back like a boy's, as if to keep its softness from flourishing. She sat erect and perfectly contained in her chair, a concentration of cold purity upon a throne, an Avernus queen.

Gardena, the town sprinkled about a web of California highways, may not be the lower realm, but it comes as close to a repository for exhausted lives as any community I've lived in or wandered through. By day, one might pass by all of its landmarks—gas stations, motels, supermarkets, churches, schools—and not realize that anything so communal as a town existed within Gardena's city limits. All the old white frame houses, all the gaudy stucco of fresh suburban architecture would seem, at noon, at a speed of 55 miles an hour, no more than a momentary roadside diversion, a blur that becomes lost in a traveler's memory among billboards, drive-ins, diners, markets, car lots and other weather-worn bits of commerce that depend on the monotony of highway driving for recognition.

Gardena at night is an even more difficult memory to sustain, for it is no more, really, than a chaotic neon decoration about the beads of light that mournfully mark the roads and throughways, making both darkness and distance more forbidding than they would otherwise be were there no tiny white points by which to measure their vastness. Moving onward, from dot to dot, one speeds by or through Gardena with only bits of blinking orange, red or green, snatches here and there of commercial colors, as enticements to leave the four-lane paths that a mind in flight could believe run on forever.

Although Gardena is a town famous for gambling, the gambling is not that of great sums and pure chance. The only game officially allowed within its city limits (except for a rummylike game called panguingue, or pan, recently legalized) is poker, and then only those forms that can be considered variants of draw. Years ago, when morality caught

up with Western expansion, a group of California legislators made playing poker in public illegal. However, through honest oversight, omission or simple ignorance, only the term stud poker was incorporated into the statute, a loophole that the councilmen of Gardena took advantage of to create a local industry. And so, gradually, Gardena became the host to those in search of everything from a night's diversion to a way of life. To accommodate these desires, the town sanctioned the construction of several large card emporiums, poker palaces that, with their restaurants and TV lounges, are the true buildings of the community. The playing areas are marked off by brass rails or wood partitions, against which lean the recently impoverished, the casual spectator and the player waiting for a place to be open at the table and game of his choice. In contrast to a casino, there is hardly any sound, considering the number of people present, a disconcerting stillness. Occasionally a cry of outrage or a moan of disappointment becomes distinct, but this goes unnoticed and soon dies away, consumed by the soft, steady drone of ritualized cardplaying.

And the playing is, indeed, almost exactly established ritual. To keep personal tragedy at a minimum, or at least to diffuse its impact and publicity, rules and wagering limits have been devised by the overseers of Gardena poker so that it is nearly impossible for one hand to be flamboyantly decisive in a customer's life. There is a maximum amount that can be bet before the draw and a similar limit, generally twice that of the first, that can be made afterward. To be sure, there are no restrictions on the number of raises two or more players may engage in, but only drunkards or those with royal flushes make honest use of this option.

The motel I chose gave me a room precisely decorated to conform to the details that my mind created whenever it wished to furnish a setting for loneliness. A chair, a chest of drawers, an end table, all flaked and peeling, utilitarian items that were meant to serve unnoticed but that had been varnished to provide a bit of gentility for their transitory owners. On one wall a mirror, the paint from its frame spotting the reflection it cast; against another wall, a large print, a seascape, gray, with forlorn waves, its sense of space as closed and confining as the room it was in. On the floor, like a squashed poodle, a scatter rug relieved the linoleum monotony that surrounded it; a brown-canvas screen discreetly hid a stove, refrigerator and cupboard from immediate view, as though to remind the guest that there were domestic customs to be kept up even in this dwelling. A television set, a double bed that vibrated

when a quarter was put into an apparatus attached to the wall behind it, a single window with plain cotton curtains translucent enough to let the lights from passing cars softly illumine the room when one was lying in the dark—these completed the furnishings.

Often I had told myself that I could live alone in such a place, that shabbiness and absolute anonymity formed a fate preferable to the comforts and company that a cautious life might provide. If one purposely heightened his life through gambling, then such a mournful room was always a possible result, not only as an interval but also as a terminus for a life that came to nothing. Still, whenever I imagined myself in such a room, I shored up my spirit in the same way I did against all ideas of a grim eternity. My mind would sustain me, and memory and irony would transform a poorly furnished solitude, as they would vacuous acons, into habitable space.

The reality, however, had proved more formidable than I'd imagined. I had been in the room just long enough to unpack, deposit the required quarter and stretch out on the quivering bed when I was seized by a fit of clarity that precisely presented to me what such solitude and disconnection would be like were there no possibility of overcoming them. The hum from the bed and the passing cars, the rattle from the bathroom plumbing had grown louder and louder, announcing themselves as the accompaniment to the few sounds my life would make at night in such a room, and as their volume increased, the image that came to me in the darkness revealed the terrors of human limitation, of life lived without ornament or diversion, of existence reduced to hopeless desire and conscious of nothing but its own ending. By the time the bed had finished rocking me, I knew that I'd been a braggart in the past whenever I'd told myself that anything was supportable if it were the result of my having gambled on a sensational life. In less than half an hour of Gardena motel time, I had deeply felt how much I would miss the gossip and diversions of the world, and so I took out a pack of cards and began dealing myself hands of poker, preparing for the games I would have to play in order to earn first-class passage back to life.

"*Parmi les morts, il faut de la patience,*" a Haitian poker player named Beausouire had once told me. He had been speaking of Gardena's steady clientele, the men and women who every day take the same seats and play the same game, hollow spirits who knit or munch sandwiches while folding hand after hand, waiting for someone rash enough to bet on two small pair or to think that a flush will stand up to the demands of three raises. Beausouire was one of the

(continued on page 186)

A PLAYBOY PAD:

# OPEN SESAME!

THIS IS NOT your basic New York City one-bedroom high-rise apartment. Oh, it started that way—as a small, boxlike, generally uninspired structure (barracks is the word most frequently used to describe this type of accommodation) in one of those Upper East Side buildings with uniformed doormen and closed-circuit TV in the lobby. But Tony Fisher—a 30ish real-estate exec who is into art, sports cars and motorcycles (not necessarily in that order)—had other ideas. And he found an interior designer—John Saladino—with whom he could communicate. The result is a beautifully organic pad that appears much roomier than its true dimensions. They did it partly by removing



The exterior of Tony Fisher's building (above) suggests a multiplicity of identical apartments. His, though, is different. Each area flows into the next at an angle, and it all seems more spacious than it really is. But when it comes to luxury—check the living room (below)—what you see is what you get.

*modern living*

*a new york bachelor loosens up his cramped box-type pad by tearing down interior walls, tiering the living room and stocking the glassed-in terrace with greenery*

a few walls and adding a new one that runs diagonally from the entry to the bedroom (see floor plan on page 161). The diagonal element is reinforced structurally by the terraced living room and visually by dark-colored areas on the walls, ceiling and floor. Additional interior space was gained by enclosing the outer terrace and turning it into a greenhouse. Each area of the apartment now flows into the next; and its organic quality is emphasized by a number of built-in attractions, including the bed and the table behind it (a sliding door closes off the bedroom when privacy is needed); the desk, which is part and parcel of the bedroom wall; and the double terrace in the living room, where the



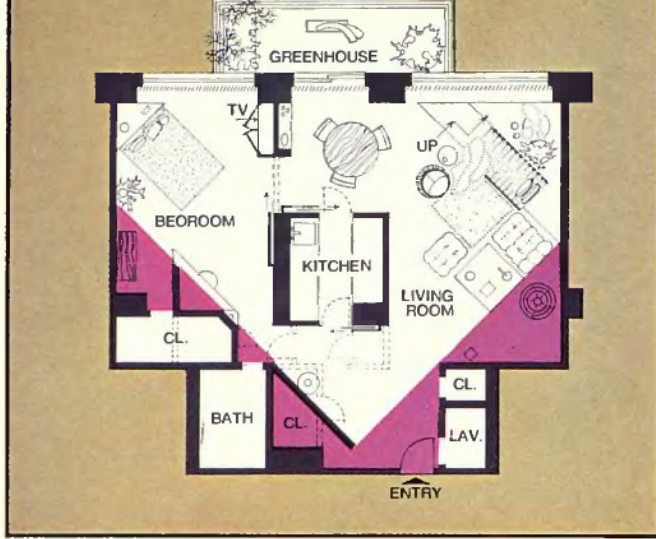
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL MARIS



Above: The entry from beyond the galleylike kitchen; to the right is the desk counter, resting against a niche in the bedroom's angled wall. Below: The end table is covered with beige wool-and-mohair carpeting. An Albers painting hangs over the lacquered cabinet, which houses Fisher's well-stocked bar. The pedestal to the right of the painting is actually a stereo speaker.

floor actually rises to form a table and seating area. All this "explodes the box," as one guest succinctly put it. Two other factors that make Fisher's apartment a one-of-a-kind pad are the controlled lighting—spotlights and louvers, which can create moods on demand—and the artwork, which is first-rate and in evidence everywhere: the floor lamp by Noguchi; the Albers and Fontana paintings; the Léger prints; the Nevelson sculpture et al. And the handsome materials used throughout—such as the antique rosewood table and the mohair carpeting in the living room—don't hurt, either. Which proves that you *can* have a one-bedroom crib right in Manhattan and turn it into something really nice to come home to. All it takes is time, money—and taste.





The floor plan shows the diagonal reorientation of the typical high-rise design, done partly with structural changes (the broken lines show walls that were removed) and partly with color (the shaded areas indicate eggplant-colored wedges on Fisher's walls and floor).

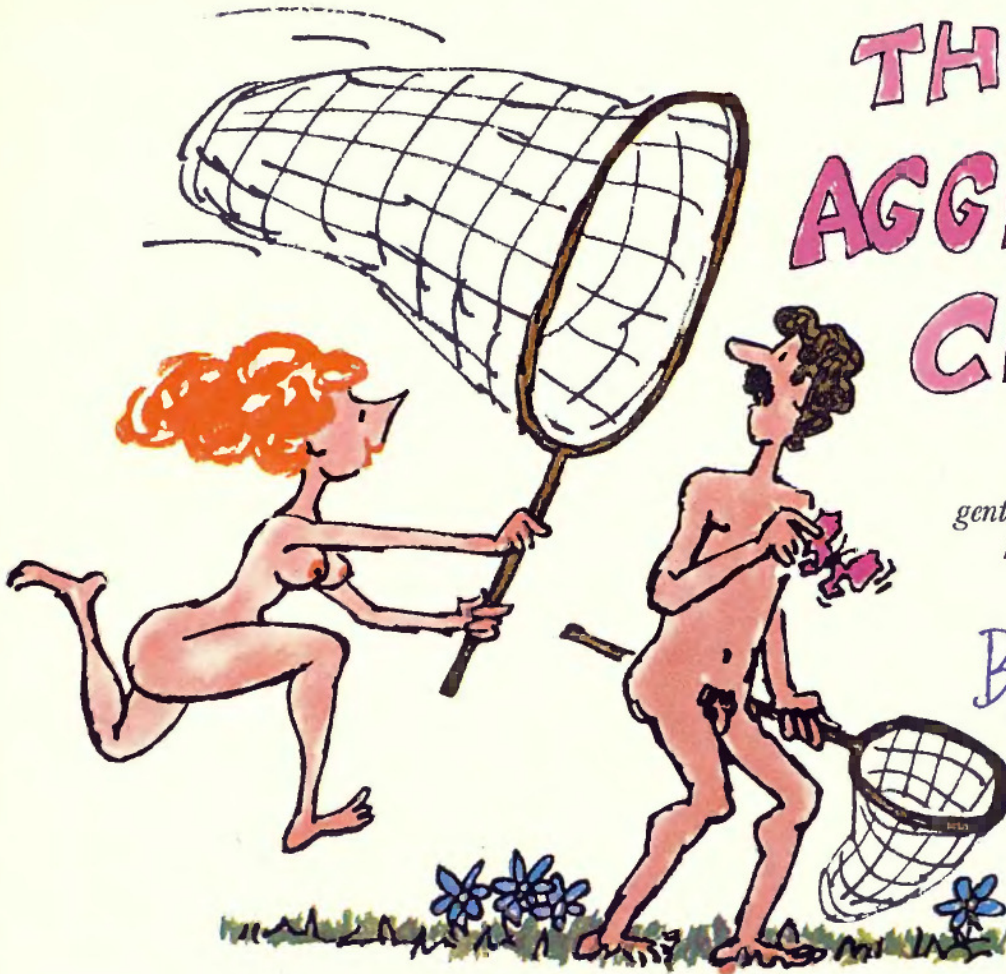
Above: The bed is placed diagonally against the wall; a table at the back of the headboard and the cabinet under the Léger prints are built in. Below: Natural light is controlled by louvers, track spotlights by dimmers that can be used to create just the right nocturnal moods.



# THE AGGRESSIVE CHICK

*it's getting so a  
gentleman is hard pressed to  
hang on to his virtue*

*By Aden Erikson*



*"You man. Big . . . strong . . . handsome!  
Me woman. Little . . . soft . . . smell nice!"*



*"Sorry we couldn't find a position for you, but try  
us next month, when our efficiency drive is over."*



*"Then I'm gonna pull down your pants and rip off your shorts with my teeth! Then I'm gonna bite your—Hello? Hello? Operator, I've been cut off!"*



*"Someday I'm going to renounce all this militant stuff and go back to being a plain, old-fashioned American prick teaser."*



*"I suppose to you I'm just another stage-struck kid from Passaic, New Jersey."*



*"Young lady, is this a proposition?"*



*"Blue Cross will hear of this, Ms. Bascomb!"*



*"Shall I take it off right now or would you like to undress me with your eyes a little first?"*



*"We don't suggest you'll score by the time the boat leaves Los Angeles; we guarantee it!"*





*"Look, being a long-distance runner doesn't necessarily indicate that I'm lonely."*



*"Isn't that cute—little Felicia Farwell is starting to notice boys."*



*"Before I met you, Jocelyn, sex seemed so academic."*

## SEX IN CINEMA—1974 (continued from page 144)

cost of \$25,000. Despite this evidence of acceptance, no movie has ever before been subject to so many prosecutions. Which is why its long-delayed sequel, *Deep Throat II*, was brought out this year as a soft-core feature with, believe it or not, an R rating: lots of suggestion, no action. *Deep Throat II* died at the box office, Linda Lovelace notwithstanding. The public knew what it wanted, and it was Lovelace as a fellatrice, not as a dramatic actress.

A grass-roots example of the cultural chasm between what the more puritanical of American society says the public wants and what that same public actually supports with its pocketbook is provided by the case of Al Woodraska. Back in June of 1973, Woodraska took over a bankrupt theater in the small town of Harlan, Iowa. Woodraska wanted to run family-type pictures—the kind that his audiences professed to prefer—in his theater. In his first nine months of operation, Woodraska booked but one X-rated movie, *Last Tango in Paris*. It was his only money-maker. Rather than make a switch to stronger fare, Woodraska appealed to the area's churchmen for help, and they cooperated with pulpit endorsements. Woodraska booked such films as *The New Land* and *Gospel Road*, only to have attendance waver between sparse and nonexistent. *Gospel Road*, Woodraska reported, attracted a total audience of three ministers and their families, one priest and two nuns. And so, albeit reluctantly, Woodraska last April inaugurated a policy of running one X-rated movie a month. "I'm not about to lose my shirt," he explained. And, at last report, he hasn't; the X-rated fare is putting his operation comfortably into the black, with receipts running about double those for features rated PG or R.

For the clearest indication of the gap between public preachments and practice, though, one need look no further than the year's number-one box-office smash, *The Exorcist*. Released in the last days of 1973, it has been playing to S.R.O. houses ever since, and has probably been the topic of more talk shows, magazine think pieces and cocktail conversations than any other film in the past decade. Opinions are vastly divided. Some wonder why its rating was R rather than X. Many have found it pornographic, even declaring it would hasten the decline of the West. Or, as Beverly Hills psychiatrist Ralph R. Greenson put it, "*The Exorcist* pours acid on our already corroded values and ideals. In the days when we all had more trust in our Government, our friends and ourselves, *The Exorcist* would have been a bad joke. Today it is a danger."

But even though the "danger" has been carefully pointed out—even though audiences know they will hear foul lan-

guage, that they will see blood and vomit and witness a young child masturbating with a crucifix, even though they know that the picture has made some people ill and caused others to faint—still the crowds continue to come. Why? No small part of it, we suspect, has to do with curiosity—the same curiosity that brought them out for *Deep Throat* and for last year's Kung Fu epics. They wonder how much of what they've heard is true, how far the movies can go, how much they themselves can take.

That's not to say *The Exorcist* hasn't a lot more going for it than curiosity value. The film has a quality of involvement all too rarely found in contemporary cinema. There are the superlative technical effects—the rotating head, the rocking bed, the icy breath. Even more important are its puzzles—the relationship of the opening sequences at the archaeological digs in Iraq to what happens soon after in Georgetown; whether what we are witnessing is a true possession or a kind of group hysteria; and why the Devil should have singled out the guiltless daughter of a divorced movie actress for his foul visitation. In her rages, the child spews streams of green vomit into the face of an aged priest (Max von Sydow) and, in what is surely the film's most shocking moment, smears her mother's face with blood from her torn vagina. Obviously, it's not a film for the faint of heart, and writer-producer William Peter Blatty has been roundly criticized for exploiting the public's morbid fascination with horror.

What seems more pertinent, however, is the fact that both his book and his film seem to have latched on to the public's mounting interest in the black arts. The people who continue to flock to *The Exorcist* are enthralled by the film's postulate of an absolute evil, mindless and irresistible. Subsequent variations on the theme—and rest assured there will be many, beginning with *Black Exorcist*, *Help Me . . . I'm Possessed*, the Italian-made *Antichrist* and a German quickie, *Magdalena—by the Devil Possessed?*—will soon indicate whether the phenomenal popularity of *The Exorcist* was a one-time happening, based on the strength of William Friedkin's meticulous direction, or whether Blatty had stumbled upon something that echoes strongly the malaise pervading our entire social order.

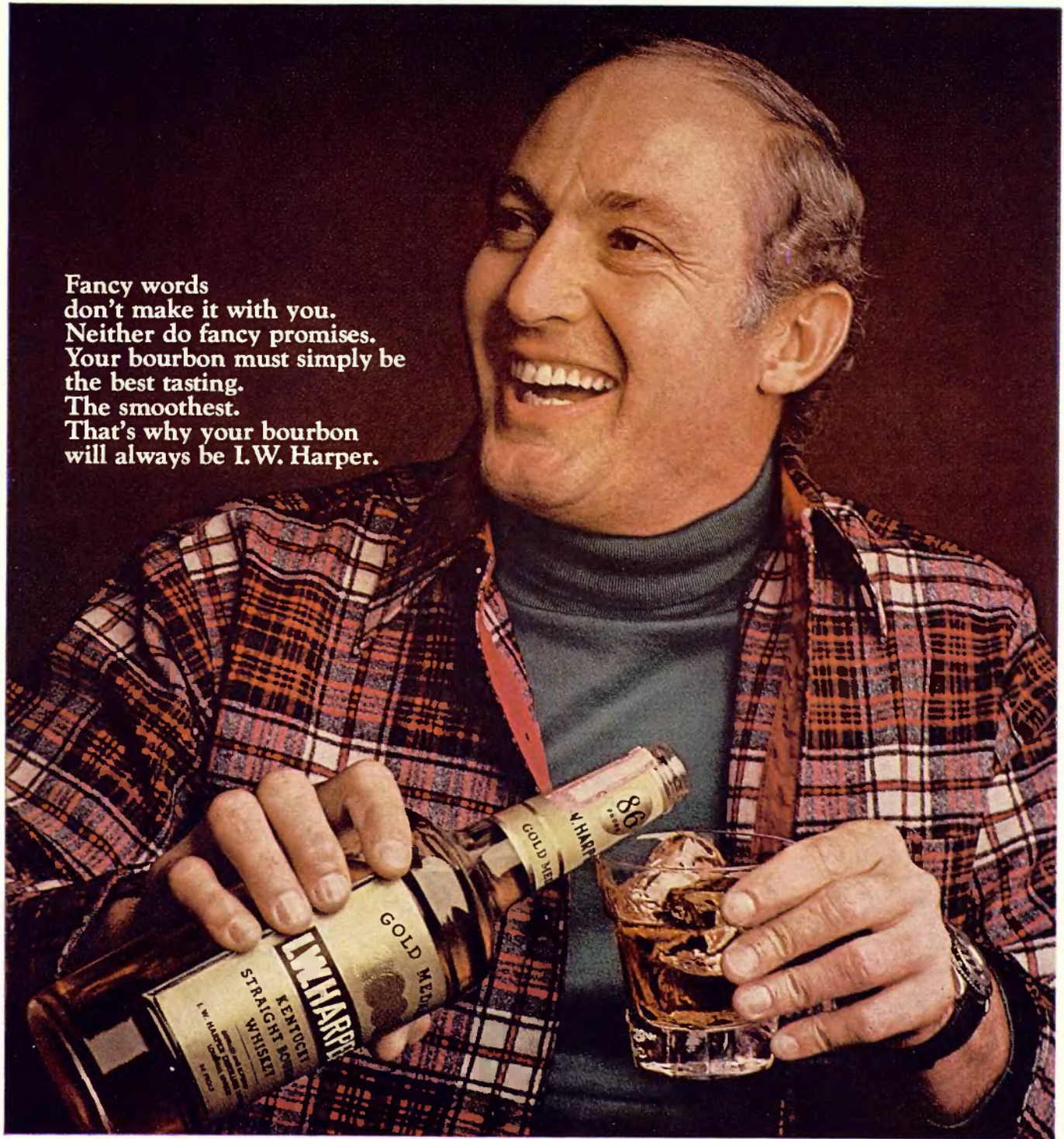
Meanwhile, before the year is out, audiences will have ample opportunity to contrast the effects of demonism with those of catastrophe. Triggered by the success of *Airport* and *The Poseidon Adventure*, the studios have rushed into production such multimillion-dollar, multistarred ventures as *Airport 1975*, *Earthquake*, *The Hindenburg* and *The Towering Inferno*, all designed to place

mortal men—and women—at the mercy of forces over which they have no control. Inevitably, this rash of disasters recalls such late-Thirties fare as *Hurricane*, *San Francisco* (about an earthquake), *In Old Chicago* (the 1871 fire), *The Good Earth* (a locust plague) and *Boom Town* (oil-well explosions).

In another parallel with the Thirties, the movie heroines of 1974 are portraying characters that resemble to a great degree those played by the Rosalind Russells, Claudette Colberts and Jean Arthurs of that decade. They were working girls, those Depression-era women—newspaper reporters more often than not—and even in those pre-feminist days, they used their brains more than their sex appeal to advance the careers of their mates, or mates to be. Today's women's lib ladies may deprecate those performances as female Uncle Tomism—especially since the reward for their efforts was usually a wedding ring and retirement—but for the better part of a decade, the movies did provide heroines who were bright, attractive, aggressive and able. And they seem to be on the way back. Peter Bogdanovich's wacky 1972 comedy *What's Up, Doc?* probably paved the way for their return. It was a fast-paced, freewheeling adaptation of one of the best of the Thirties screwball comedies, *Bringing Up Baby*, which had co-starred Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn. In Bogdanovich's version, Barbra Streisand played the Hepburn role, opposite Ryan O'Neal—and apparently liked it, since her more recent choices of script have reflected a growing interest in the liberated woman. *Up the Sandbox*, another comedy, was specifically—perhaps too specifically—liberationist, with Streisand as a harassed housewife who daydreams fantastic escapes (including a wild confrontation with a hermaphroditic Fidel Castro) from her deadening daily chores. In *The Way We Were*, her shrill, inflexibly idealistic Katie Morosky provides the film's driving force, contrasting sharply with the smooth but ultimately spineless Hubbell Gardiner of Robert Redford. In her most recent picture, *For Pete's Sake*, Streisand turned even more firmly to the zany format of the Thirties. As a Brooklyn housewife married to cabby Michael Sarrazin, she sets out to promote \$3000 for him so that he can make a killing in pork-belly futures. This leads to a tedious series of encounters with a loan shark, the madam of a brothel, Mafia killers and cattle rustlers; but the point is that while the comedy may be inept, Streisand is not. Like the stars of 40 years ago, she is the one who brings off what her husband is unable to accomplish. Barbra may lack the style, the charm, the class, the sophistication—and the looks—of Hepburn or Carole Lombard, but she lacks none of their cool self-sufficiency

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or their aggressive self-confidence.

A similarly strong female character appears in one of the year's few nonexploitative black films, *Claudine*, with Diahann Carroll in the title role originally written for the late Diana Sands. Claudine, the housemaid for a white family, is wooed by Roop (James Earl Jones), the virile neighborhood garbage collector. Their romance is complicated by the fact that she has six children (but no husband) and lives under the suspicious eye of the welfare bureaucracy, and that Roop is already supporting three offspring from previous liaisons. It's a tale that, clearly, could have happened with minor variations in any low-income family, regardless of color. In a Whitey version, the courtship might have been more suave—with fewer buckets of fried chicken followed by quick scrambles into the hay, less vocal appreciation of the girlfriend's cute ass. Still, it's reminiscent of such earlier white family pictures as *With Six You Get Eggroll*; in fact, it might well be titled *With Six You Get Soul Food*. But the point is that Claudine represents, without being at all militant about it, the essence of today's liberated woman. She wants sex, but she wants it on her own terms. Above all, she knows her own mind and her own worth and refuses to settle for less. *Claudine*—one of the box-office hits of the past summer—demonstrated to wide audiences, many of them perhaps for the first time, that a truly liberated woman is still one hell of a dame.

By one of those curious quirks of scheduling that sometimes make it seem as if all the major companies had been working simultaneously on the same picture, 1974 has also produced a spate of boy-and-girl-on-the-lam movies—*Badlands*, *Dirty Mary Crazy Larry*, *Sugarland Express*, *Thieves like Us* and *Two*, just for openers. All had echoes of *Bonnie and Clyde*, with heists and shoot-outs, but several—notably, *Sugarland Express*—featured girls who were more determined, more dynamic than their young men. It is a cunning, willful Goldie Hawn in *Sugarland Express* who springs her rather dim-witted husband from jail, then maneuvers the capture of a young cop and his prowler car. With the cop as hostage, they set off to kidnap Goldie's baby from a foster home. Within minutes, they have half the prowler cars in Texas—and two from Louisiana—on their tail in a chase that can end only in violence. *Sugarland Express* is based on an incident that took place in Texas in 1969, although the real-life mother actually got her baby back through the courts. Another example of headlines turned to screenplay is Terrence Malick's *Badlands*, a fictionalization of the Fifties exploits of teenage mass murderer Charlie Starkweather and his girl. The sole redeeming feature of the hero, played by Martin Sheen, is a carefully nurtured resemblance to the late James Dean. Sheen plays a small-town garbage man (refuse collection must be where it's at this year) who callously slaughters anyone who stands in his path,

beginning by shooting and incinerating the father of the 15-year-old girl (Sissy Spacek) he has decided he wants for himself. The girl, it soon develops, has as little compunction about taking human life as he, and willingly joins him on a murder spree that carries them from Texas (again) to Montana, via the Badlands of South Dakota.

Even more popular than the heterosexual runaway thriller, however, is the type of feature that began with *Easy Rider* and *Midnight Cowboy*—films in which what we used to call love interest has been almost entirely eliminated and all the attention focuses upon the relationship between two men. In films such as *Scarecrow*, *Papillon*, *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* and the Oscar-sweeping *The Sting*, the buddy system reigns supreme. *Papillon* permits Steve McQueen to escape from Devil's Island just long enough to take up with one native girl (Ratna Assan, introduced to PLAYBOY readers in a February 1974 pictorial); his partner, Dustin Hoffman, never makes it at all. Except for a cameo appearance by sexy singer Claudia Lennear (also seen in PLAYBOY, this past August) as a fanny-swinging payroll clerk, *Thunderbolt* has scarcely a woman in the credits (although Jeff Bridges does pick up a couple of one-night-stand cuties for himself and partner Clint Eastwood, and the film provides one startling glimpse of an anonymous, totally nude lady standing in a picture window and diverting Jeff from his landscaping labors). Many critics, in fact, saw the Eastwood-Bridges relationship as one with homosexual overtones; these writers made much of the fact that in one lengthy sequence, Bridges climbs into drag to further a safecracking operation. *The Sting*, for all its phenomenal popularity, had little to offer the practicing heterosexual—Eileen Brennan, looking particularly slovenly as Paul Newman's live-in, brothel-keeping landlady; Dimitra Arliss, even less appetizing as Robert Redford's onetime bed partner (and would-be assassin); and Sally Kirkland as a sexy stripper who, unfortunately, flounces out in the early reels.

To these might well be added such specifically "men's pictures" as *The Last Detail*, *Busting*, *S\*P\*Y\*S* and *The Super Cops*. In *The Super Cops*, for example, virtually the only female in an extraordinarily large cast is Sheila Frazier, seen briefly as a black prostitute who helps Ron Leibman and David Selby break up the drug traffic in Brooklyn. Zouzou, the bomb-throwing anarchist in *S\*P\*Y\*S*, generously permits CIA agents Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland to share her flat one night when they are in need of a hide-out. When Sutherland tries to move on into her bedroom, however, he finds that she's already sharing it with two other male comrades. Prankishly, he suggests that Gould take the bedroom



"I'm sorry, Mrs. Ogden, but Mr. Ogden's will is quite clear. If you want your share of the gravy. . ."

# THE BOX



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"The Electra complex is always a toughie, and on top of that, you were born under Aquarius. Let's see what the 'I Ching' says."

while he sleeps on the couch—fully expecting that his pal will be promptly expelled. He isn't—in fact, he does not emerge until morning, having obviously spent an active night. Whereupon Sutherland grabs a quickie with Zouzou on the kitchen table before sauntering forth with Gould to resume their bumbling espionage efforts. In *Busting*, which pairs Gould and Robert Blake as vice-squad detectives, the women represented are a high-class callgirl (Cornelia Sharpe) and a junkie in a massage parlor (Erin O'Reilly)—hardly types one would take home to mother.

Best of the year's male movies, at least for our money, was the warmhearted and perceptive *The Last Detail*, with Jack Nicholson and Otis Young on shore-patrol duty, assigned to escort prisoner Randy Quaid—whose only crime was an unsuccessful attempt at dipping into the donations box meant for the C.O.'s wife's favorite charity—from Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval brig at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A great camaraderie springs up between the men, especially when they decide to force-feed the hapless Quaid with a taste of the life he will be missing for the next eight years—including, of course, women. At least in this film, scriptwriter Robert Towne gave the girls, even though their roles are minuscule, a bit of a break. One (Luana Anders) is an intellectual kook and the other (Carol Kane) a two-bit whore, but Towne has drawn them with sympathy and affection. They know they haven't a great

deal to give to the unfortunate Quaid, but they give what they have without stint or reservation. The scene in the prostitute's room, with Quaid crushed because he has come too quickly, is perhaps the most affecting in the entire picture. It's made so by the solicitous way in which the slender, pathetic girl seeks to reassure him that it's all right, it can happen to anybody, it'll be better next time. And the shy, prideful smile on Quaid's face when he rejoins his pals tells us that indeed it was.

Nicholson, who deservedly won an Academy nomination for his work as the randy, pugnacious Buddusky in this film, returned in even better form a few months later as a Raymond Chandler-esque private eye in Roman Polanski's *Chinatown*, again with a script by Robert Towne. The plot of this thriller, set in 1937, is every bit as complex as that of a good mystery, involving the land grabs that rocked Los Angeles when new dams and reservoirs were being proposed and greedy local politicians were buying up vast tracts in anticipation of windfall profits. But while the premise and the stunning period settings have the smell of reality, it's the performances that give this film its punch. Faye Dunaway, who earlier had smudged her face and straggled her hair for Stanley Kramer's *Oklahoma Crude*, appears here radiant, svelte and slightly sinister as the wife of a murdered water commissioner who might have been responsible for her husband's demise, and may have similar

plans for Nicholson. John Huston, as her father, is marvelously craggy and crotchety, and is responsible for the film's most bizarre plot twist: He turns out to be the sire of Faye's teenaged child. Ultimately, though, it's Nicholson who carries the film. Even though he goes through most of it with a bandage over his nose, after one of Huston's bully boys (Polanski himself, in a bit part) has slit it as a warning, he still transmits the kind of voltage that crackled in such Bogart classics as *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Big Sleep*. At one point, in fact, it looked as though half the movies of 1974 would feature private eyes or cops, past and present. Following rapidly upon one another were such pictures as *Serpico*, *Magnum Force*, *The Laughing Policeman*, *Walking Tall*, *McQ*, *The Midnight Man*, a successfully promoted rerelease of Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye*, which had been rapidly yanked out of circulation when its initial 1973 ad campaign bombed, and the soon forthcoming *Freebie and the Bean*.

Breaking away from that well-worn cops-and-robbers theme was the year's most highly touted—though not its most successful—picture, *The Great Gatsby*. It went into production solely because Robert Redford agreed to play the title role: that of a parvenu to Long Island society, of humble origins and suspect background, longing for the love of the beautiful but married Daisy Buchanan (Mia Farrow). Although the romantically handsome Redford would have seemed better suited to the Bruce Dern part as Daisy's husband (and vice versa), putting the Redford name above the title seemed a better financial bet—even though it did send the picture a little off kilter. There are more sexual sparks in the relationship between the wealthy Dern and the working-class Karen Black than between Redford and Farrow, despite a protracted flashback to their first meeting during World War One. In both liaisons, however, passion is discreetly suggested rather than overtly shown, as if this were still, in fact, 1923.

Warren Beatty, who, like Redford, had been conspicuous by his absence from films during most of 1973—and who, again like Redford, owns an enviable reputation as a sure-fire box-office draw—returned to the screen as an investigative reporter in Alan J. Pakula's production of *The Parallax View* (and may be seen again before the end of the year in his own production of *Shampoo*, in which he plays a fashionable hairdresser and shares billing with his longtime traveling companion, Julie Christie). *Parallax*, like *Chinatown*, is a murder mystery with clues leading to high places. Unlike *Chinatown*, however, it fails to unravel its plot strings to their ultimate end—and, indeed, it isn't until the death of TV reporter Paula Prentiss, shortly after the film's sole bed scene, that Beatty

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"Just yelling 'Brace yourself!' does not constitute foreplay, Harry."



realizes there are even any strings to be unraveled. After that, the youthfully handsome Beatty comes on strong—stronger by far than his scriptwriters.

Up to the time of this writing, however, the strongest, most provocative film to be unveiled this year has been Francis Ford Coppola's *The Conversation*. Winner of the Cannes festival's top award in April, it is a penetrating inquiry into the morality and mentality of the men who conduct electronic eavesdropping. Coppola swears the film was conceived half a decade before Watergate, and it is, indeed, devoid of politics except by implication. As one critic observed, "Five years ago, the film might have been considered science fiction." *Conversation* explores the shabby, paranoid soul of one Harry Caul, a nondescript man of formidable technical expertise and no principles, played by Gene Hackman. So secretive is Harry that he leaves his mistress because she wants to know his home telephone number. His lovemaking, by the way, is shown to be as brusquely businesslike as everything else he does, although the scene in which a callgirl (Elizabeth MacRae), hired to steal his precious tapes, seduces him in a vacant loft is one of the most suggestively sexy scenes of the year. (Considerably more explicit were the tender marital lovemaking in *Don't Look Now*, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, and the torrid mating of Warren Oates with Isela Vega in *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*.) That encounter with the prostitute, however, is the only time Caul lets down his guard. And Coppola's emphasis of the man's singularly joyless sex life succeeds in making Harry at once more human and more terrifying.

Also terrifying, but on a different level, can be the experience of the lone white spectator at a black exploitation movie, when he notes just how enthusiastically the audience responds to the "hate Whitey" theme common to most of them. Obviously, after years of seeing members of their race portrayed as domestics or simple-minded clowns, blacks take a fierce exultation at the sight of Truck Turner beating the daylights out of a red-neck or Jim Kelly karate-chopping a white hood down to size. Shouts of "Right on!" invariably accompany these confrontations, and there is even greater approbation whenever the hero puts the Man down verbally. But the strain is beginning to tell on the actors and scriptwriters; after all, how many variations on *Shaft* and *Super Fly* can there be? One reason for the blaxplos' continuing success might be that they, unlike the major-studio product slated for white audiences, still feature plenty of nudity and sex liberally mixed with violence. Audiences predominantly made up of black males cheer scenes in which black women, generally portrayed as junkies or

prostitutes, are beaten, razored or raped with just as much enthusiasm as they applaud honkie put-downs. Even gentlemanly Sidney Poitier found it necessary to rough up an unfriendly madam in the course of *Uptown Saturday Night*, while in the less pretentious "action" films the girls are either accommodating their men in the sack or being readied for a one-way trip to the morgue. A sociologist would probably argue that black males see their traditionally matriarchal females as oppressors almost as much to be feared—and rebelled against—as the white man.

Occasionally, a tough black girl does win out. The voluptuous Pam Grier, whose *Coffy* last year was pure cream at the box office, seems to be equally on target with this year's *Foxy Brown*. As before, Pam's athleticism is matched only by her lack of inhibition, and in this film she uses both to avenge the death of her intended, an undercover narcotics agent. Her thirst for vengeance leads her to the upper echelons of organized crime, where she survives beatings, two rapes and a lesbian encounter before she finally gets her man. After castrating him, she packs his private parts in a pickle jar and drops them off at his girlfriend's. Virtue triumphs again.

*Foxy's* villain, of course, is white. Strangely, so are the producers and most of the writers and directors of blaxploitation films. Is it a sense of guilt, one wonders, or a death wish on their part to produce these examples of reverse racism? Or are their motives purely commercial—the ceaseless pursuit of the fast buck? Of course, it can be—and is—argued that there are precious few black writers, directors or qualified technicians. Decades of discrimination within the industry—sometimes tacit, more often overt—have seen to that. And even when black talent has come to the fore, it is still generally harnessed to producing whatever the white-dominated studios and distribution companies think will be profitable. Is there that much difference, after all, between black director Gordon Parks, Jr.'s *Three the Hard Way* and white director Larry Cohen's *Hell up in Harlem*, or between black writer Oscar Williams' script for *Truck Turner* and white writer Mark Haggard's chores on *Black Eye*? All four of these films revel in bruising action, confuse promiscuity with sex and exalt a rabid black chauvinism. The sad irony is that—with the previously mentioned exception of *Claudine*—the handful of pictures that have tried to appeal to the black viewer while breaking out of the exploitation mold, such as *Five on the Black Hand Side* and *Willie Dynamite*, failed to make it with audiences either black or white.

For the record, however, there was one black breakthrough of sorts in 1974. Although their casts are often interracial, porno movies have seldom clicked in

black communities (possibly because while black chicks frequently get balled in them, black studs rarely get to do the balling). In *Lialeh*, which showcases the musical talents of Aretha Franklin's composer-arranger, Bernard Purdie, we have the first black-oriented hard-core feature, a sort of vaudeville in which the sex scenes are sandwiched between musical numbers and comedy routines. Kicked off in New York by a heavy promotional campaign that included a 50-foot billboard on Broadway (another porno first), the film drew heavy press coverage and— even more important—heavy black patronage. Now that an audience has been established, presumably follow-ups are already in the works.

The only thing that might hold them back is the same consideration that gives pause to the entire porno field: uncertainty as to how the courts will act. A year and a half ago, it was possible to say that distinct advances were being made in both the artistry and the level of eroticism in hard-core movies. More money, time and attention to production values had been going into these films, although they were still modestly budgeted by major-studio standards. Some few pictures, such as *Snapshots*, *The Resurrection of Eve* and *Memories Within Miss Aggie*, actually played down the hard-core footage to give added emphasis to mood, character and plot. In *Miss Aggie*, directed by Gerard (Deep Throat) Damiano, some viewers professed to find echoes of Ingmar Bergman, particularly since most of the film deals with the sexual fantasies of an aging spinster, a virgin living not quite alone on a bleak, desolate farm. The stylishly stylized approach to sex that marked the orgy sequence in the Mitchell Brothers' earlier *Behind the Green Door* was even more extensively apparent in their *Resurrection of Eve*—along with Ivory Snow's own Marilyn Chambers and an unnecessarily convoluted plot. Just this side of hard-core, Radley Metzger's *Score*—based on an off-Broadway play in which a wealthy bisexual couple initiates two innocents into homosexual delights—is probably the most elegantly accoutered, self-consciously arty sex film ever made. (For some bookings, five minutes of boy-boy hard-core have been inserted.)

Although these films continued to appear through 1974, they did so in steadily dwindling numbers. As this goes to press, the only "class" hard-core item in production is the Mitchell Brothers' *Sodom and Gomorrah*, which mixes Biblical verse with the ancient-astronaut theories of Erich von Däniken and is reputedly exceeding \$300,000 in production costs. *Sodom* may well be the last of the big-time pornos, although Art and Jim Mitchell refuse to admit they're going out of business with a bang. Barney Rosset of Grove Press has been shooting X- and R-rated versions of a \$150,000



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film loosely based on the kidnaping of Patricia Hearst and her subsequent conversion—in Rosset's script, through sexual experiences, of course—to the cause of the Symbionese Liberation Army. Meanwhile, however, hard-core production in Los Angeles, once a primary source of sex movies, has virtually disappeared. The city has cracked down on producers, distributors, participants and film laboratories so vigorously that few are willing to run the risks of making, appearing in or even developing them. Those L.A.-based film makers who have decided to remain in business are silently switching to sadomasochistic violence or waiting for the anti-sex pendulum to reverse its swing.

Leaping into the breach, New York City has taken over as production and exhibition center for both hard- and soft-core porn. The market reachable without risky resort to the U.S. mails is rich, consisting not only of all five city boroughs but of Long Island and the Upstate towns as well. Enterprising producers have also been known to pack their product in a suitcase and hand-deliver it to locations in northern New Jersey, Philadelphia and Boston. (The current practice, however, is to service the New York outlets, then sell prints to whoever is willing to take a chance on shipping to the rest of the country.) The New York-based pornos—*Sleepy Head* and

*Fringe Benefits* are two recent examples—are quite different from their sun-kissed California cousins. Not only are they mostly shot indoors but they betray their limited budgets by resorting to extended dialog passages before the action begins—after which the only sounds to be heard are heavy breathing and sucking noises. They are also grainy, badly lit and feature a stock company that is rapidly becoming, one might say, overexposed—headed by Georgina Spelvin, Tina Russell, Darby Lloyd Rains and the ever-ready Harry Reems. (Georgina and Harry might possibly be slowed down by their recent FBI obscenity busts; they were arrested along with the aforementioned Damiano and producer Herbert Nitke on Federal charges stemming from a Memphis case reportedly involving both *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Georgina, devoted fans will recall, was Miss Jones; Reems appeared in both pictures.)

Not too surprisingly, in view of all the heat being generated by the fuzz on this side of the ocean, a goodly number of the entries in the current porno field are European—hailing especially, such as *1001 Danish Delights*, from the Scandinavian countries. What may be surprising, however, is the fact that most of these films—including *Delights*—have had to be sexed up in order to compete in an American market where audience

taste, as it were, has been whetted by *Deep Throat*. Europeans, apparently, are still not ready to go that far. Last June, *Throat* was barred by British customs for even a one-night-only showing before the National Coordinating Committee Against Censorship, a project that had been approved by the Greater London Council. Again, although *Throat* was unveiled to turnaway crowds at this year's Cannes festival, knowledgeable observers of the French film scene feel that it's still ten years ahead of its time for Gay Paree. And while West Germany liberalized its sex laws late in 1973, it retained a ban on hard-core films, with stiff fines and/or prison sentences meted out to offenders. Last summer, Berliners were being treated to a movie called *The Devil in Miss Jones*, a German-made picture that closely followed the plot line of *Miss Jones* but skipped all the specifics. Both male and female nudity have become commonplace on the German screen, but the sex act itself is strictly *verboten*.

Symptomatically, the highlight of this year's Berlin Film Festival, held in mid-summer, was a midnight special screening of a French sex movie, *Contes Immoraux (Immoral Tales)*. Day after day, the Berlin papers ran ads and articles decorated by lush nude shots from the film and synopses that delicately hinted at incest, rape, oral sex and unspeakable blood orgies. As a result, the vast Zoo-Palast, the main festival theater, was sold out nearly a week before the showing and crowds jammed the entry for more than an hour before curtain-time, fearful lest they miss one spicy second. What they saw, as directed by Walerian Borowczyk, were four totally unrelated short stories, ranging in time from the present back to the 15th Century and in theme from youthful dalliance to the wanton bloodlust of the 17th Century Hungarian countess Erzebet Bathory, with the unique *ménage à trois* of the Borgias (fun-loving Lucrezia, her cardinal brother and their Pope father) as a grand, superincestuous finale. Actually, the only thing these *Immoral Tales* had in common was a trick of cutting away from the crucial action. Scenes that would seem obligatory are curiously lacking, as is the depiction of any explicit sexual activity. It is as if one were doing a TV commercial minus all reference to the product. The predominantly German audience, which had obviously been primed for more, left the theater complaining bitterly that they could see *that* much in their own films.

Which is true. European production at this time is literally dominated by soft-core sex films; they make up the bulk of all commercial releases in Germany, France, the Netherlands and the Scandinavian countries and figure prominently in the product of England and Italy. They go out not, as in the United States,

to a certain number of self-designated exploitation houses, but into ordinary commercial runs. Generally well made, with adequate budgets and popular performers in their casts, they turn up as regularly in European theaters as do Westerns and police shoot-'em-ups in your friendly neighborhood moviehouse over here. Full frontal nudity, both male and female, is commonplace. In West Germany, sex shops and sex cabarets featuring live acts abound—although they're off limits for anyone under 18. But there are restrictions on what can be shown and, just as in this country, those restrictions have been left purposely vague. The sexual abuse of children, sex between humans and animals, sadistic acts—these have been specifically spelled out as forbidden, but no border line between soft- and hard-core has been delineated. As a result, producers walk that line very charily. After all, a year in prison for making something that the authorities may ultimately decide is obscene sets up a risk factor that no businessman in his right mind would knowingly flaunt. Consequently, we have such films as *Das Bullenkoster* (*The Miner's Wife*), a German entry about the wife of a man whose back troubles cause her to look elsewhere for solace. In the U.S. market, that solace was supplied by obviously spliced-in explicit footage.

Still, the sex-movie market, whether hard- or soft-core, is scarcely the principal standard by which most Americans judge foreign-made films. Although it has diminished in recent years, there remains a segment of this country's movie-going public that looks to Europe for its art films, professing to see in them the artistry lacking in the domestic product. It's for this market that American distributors anxiously scan the major European film festivals for pictures they can import—if the price is right. Perhaps the major premiere at this year's Cannes festival was that of Federico Fellini's *Amarcord*, a highly personal, even autobiographical look back in anger to the years of his youth in Fascist Italy, replete with pubescent fantasies about the village whore and an unattainable "older woman" (aged maybe 18), contrasting with a disconcerting real-life encounter with a buxom lady tobacconist whose enormous breasts, he fears, will suffocate him. Warner Bros., which handled the European release of this film, also held the option for the American market—but at an asking price of \$2,000,000, decided to let it pass. Even though Warners' pick-up from last year's festivals—*Day for Night*, François Truffaut's frank and funny ode to big-studio moviemaking, complete with on- and offscreen romances—proved relatively successful in its Stateside release, it could by no means justify that high a tab. Eventually, *Amarcord* went to Roger Corman (who last year picked up Ingmar Bergman's



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*Cries and Whispers*) for considerably less.

Other festival hits of 1973, such as France's *La Grande Bouffe* and *The Mother and the Whore*, passed virtually sight unseen in their American release this year—the last accelerated in its unceremonious exit, perhaps, by the fact that in some cities, notably Chicago, the word whore had to be transmuted into a question mark (or, more ingeniously, translated into its Yiddish equivalent, *noffka*) in order to get by nervous newspaper ad managers.

Also a standout at Cannes this past spring was Pier Paolo Pasolini's earthy, erotic (and, at 155 minutes, interminable) version of *Il Fiore Delle Mille e Una Notte* (*The Arabian Nights*). Hewing to the style of his earlier *Decameron* and *Canterbury Tales*, it seeks to supply a realistic counterweight to classic yaras that have lost their immediacy and meaning simply by becoming classics. Nominally, *The Arabian Nights* is listed as an Italo-French production, filmed in Italy with French artistic and financial participation; but the French participant is tied in with the American firm of United Artists, which means that there is also American money involved (as there was last year with *Last Tango in Paris*). Even more complicated is the case of *The Night Porter*, which is financed by the French and Italian branches of United Artists but which is being released in the

United States by Avco Embassy. *The Night Porter* features Britons Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling in the lead roles as a former storm trooper and an erstwhile victim who was his lover in a concentration camp—and becomes so again when they're reunited in postwar Vienna. Paramount was unlucky when it purchased the American distribution rights for the Italian-based black film *Three Tough Guys*, execrably dubbed, with Lino Ventura, Isaac Hayes and Fred Williamson in the title roles; and for *Alfredo, Alfredo* (also dubbed), in which Dustin Hoffman gets caught up, not quite comically enough, in the complexities of Italy's changing divorce laws. As the oversexed drugstore clerk he marries, gorgeous Stefania Sandrelli (of *The Conformist*) outshines Hoffman all the way. The same studio fared no better in its sponsorship of a French-made sequel to the minor 1971 entry *Friends* titled *Paul and Michelle*, which fails utterly to illuminate the not-so-burning question of whether a rather priggish young man can ever quite make amends to the provincial girl who has borne his illegitimate child. Tune in next week.

With the costs of film making continuing to rise, however, international coproduction has become a way of life. The financial advantages—in terms of partial government backing, tax rebates and

quota exemptions—are so substantial that they are often vital to whether or not a picture gets made. A good example is the new Claude Lelouch film, *Toute une Vie*, a Franco-Italian venture. Largely autobiographical, it traces the career of a descendant of a film pioneer through three generations (including the present, in which his daughter falls for a young man who makes porno movies). At two and a half hours, the film is both overlong and overpersonal; but since Lelouch directed the profitable *A Man and a Woman*, it's a fair gamble. The profit motive no doubt also accounts for Paul Morrissey's two French-Italian co-productions of sex-cum-sadism pictures, *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein* and the forthcoming *Andy Warhol's Dracula*.

But perhaps the most extraordinary cross-fertilization of the year was the Franco-Canadian production of *Sweet Movie*, written and directed by the Yugoslav Dusan (*WR-Mysteries of the Organism*) Makavejev. Unveiled first at Cannes, it immediately polarized its viewers. Some found its imagery—lovers writhing in a bed of sugar, a girl suffocating in a bath of chocolate, a horrendous supper party at which the diners vomit, urinate, defecate and otherwise relieve themselves—not only shocking but scabrous; others delighted in the movie's central conceit that the richest man in the world, who wanted to marry a virgin, would be blessed with a golden phallus. Most of the film, which moves between Paris, Amsterdam and Canada, has to do with the deflowering of the girl of his

choice. Equal vigor, and even more candor, was displayed by the Dutch film *Turks Fruit* (*Turkish Delight*), directed by Paul Verhoeven in 1973 and first presented in the United States by Los Angeles' enterprising Filmex in the spring of 1974. At once scatological, ribald and sexually explicit, the film is a love story that both thumbs its nose at and deplores the constraints and conventions society imposes on young lovers.

Around the world, film makers are using their medium to challenge the social order and to effect change; but each year their fight grows more difficult. An American, Conrad Rooks, spent five years planning, negotiating for and filming his adaptation of Hermann Hesse's cult novel, *Siddhartha*, in India with a topflight cast of Indian actors. Because it includes kissing (prohibited in Indian films) and a nude love scene (even more forbidden), the picture will probably never play in its country of origin. (In fact, *Film World*, an Indian movie magazine that dared to print a still from *Siddhartha* on its cover, was barred from the Indian mails for some six months this year.) In Greece, the repressions of the recently replaced puritanical junta went so far as to scissor *A Clockwork Orange*, delete the butter sequence from *Last Tango in Paris* and even ban *Jesus Christ Superstar* from Greek screens.

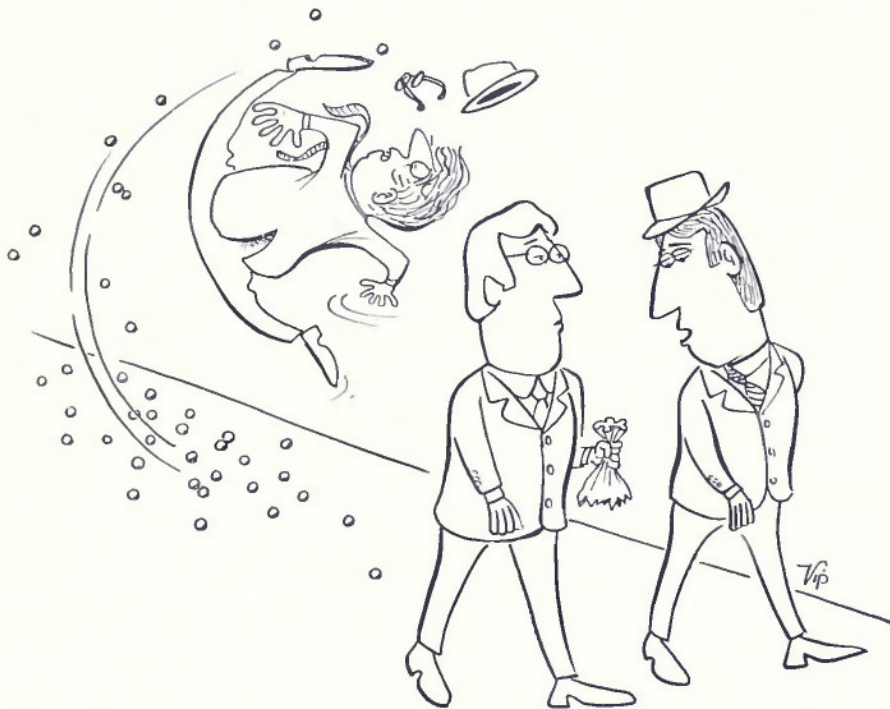
In fact, despite recent setbacks, it begins to look as if the last bastion for relatively free expression on the screen is right here in the United States, where a Mel Brooks can make anti-Nixon jokes

(and even get yoks out of bigotry and miscegenation) in *Blazing Saddles*; where a Woody Allen can poke fun at the dangers of futuristic Big Brotherhood in *Sleeper*; where the defamed Lenny Bruce can be posthumously defended in a major picture, *Lenny*; and where the creative Ralph Bakshi, in *Coon Skin*, can deal seriously with the American black's struggle for civil rights by means of a ribald, satiric send-up (combining live and animated action). The antiwar, antiestablishment direction of Arthur Hiller's just-released Playboy Production, *The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder*, is unmistakable. Yet to come before year's end is *The Black Godfather*, in which Redd Foxx can be expected to kid the pants off another well-entrenched institution, the Mafia.

But such iconoclasm requires the continued existence of an unfettered screen. There is at the moment too much in our society that deserves criticism, too much that invites lampooning, too much that demands a realistic reappraisal, too much of everything, in short, at stake to permit film makers to shrink timorously into their shells. With only the loose guidelines of the 1973 Supreme Court decisions about community standards to go on, any picture can still be busted. No one knows for certain whose movie will be the next *Carnal Knowledge*, found obscene in Georgia in a decision that was reversed, all too imprecisely, by the U. S. Supreme Court this past June. The Court shed no greater light on what it considered obscene than it had in the *Miller* case of 1973. The Motion Picture Association professed to be satisfied with the Court's overturning of the *Carnal Knowledge* conviction, but the exhibitors (who are, after all, the ones on the firing line) were not. Less than a month later, the National Association of Theater Owners, representing virtually every key exhibitor in the business, issued a statement that put forward, for the Court's consideration, three standards of its own to be used in determining whether or not a film is obscene:

1. Children should be protected from films specifically produced for adult audiences.
2. Adults should be free to see, hear and read what they want, but not have "objectionable materials" foisted on them.
3. Those who create, present or distribute materials should be entitled to the same protection as the materials. (In other words, if the film itself cannot be busted, neither can the actors who perform in it or the owner of the moviehouse where it's shown.)

To protect the freedom of the screen, the entire motion-picture industry—and we, the motion-picture audience—should settle for nothing less.



"Simpson—I think you've lost your marbles."

Since 1969, the Russian discovery has become the American lead, and Furth of Princeton speculates why. "The Russians have a lot of sense, which is reflected in the fact that they got onto the tokamak. They stick to those fine old-fashioned things, keep it simple and push it a little further. They still hang chandeliers in their labs for light. I think our very failure to keep up with them on the stellarator was because it was too clever. We've got a far better industrial base than the Russians, and the stellarator made too much use of the fancy things we can do. This shows up in competition with the Russians a million times. It's like their rockets. Ours have all sorts of curlicues on them because our industry can provide them, so why not yield to the temptation? Nonetheless, it was the Russians who put up the first rockets and the first men. And, incidentally, who then got wiped out when we got wise and applied all our technology. The same thing is happening with reactors: they set us on the right track and now the superior industrial base we have, even though we aren't as smart as they are, can be used to get ahead. Once we had converted the stellarator to a tokamak, we were getting 20 times as many pulses from ours, because ours had water-cooled coils, as they

could get from theirs, and that meant we were getting 20 times as much information."

But Roberts adds: "One does not want to muddy the fact that the Russians did the work. We don't want to say it's our idea. It's not. We picked it up and carried it with them, but without their help it wouldn't have been possible. They had made a ten- or fifteen-year commitment and carried it through a lot of discouragement, and they could very easily have not told us anything, kept it quiet, and then come out in 1980 or 1990 with a working fusion machine. They didn't do that."

Nineteen eighty and even 1990 are generally considered optimistic estimates of when anyone will produce a working fusion reactor. The problems are still formidable and many necessary achievements still exist only as extrapolations from present work. Plasmas have been successfully confined for the brief time necessary for fusion to become self-sustaining—and even longer—but not at thermonuclear temperatures. Plasma instabilities have been conquered in some existing machines—but it remains to be seen if the same techniques will work in machines large enough and hot enough

to make fusion a practical source of electricity. No tritium has yet been burned in any experimental device, for the simple reason that tritium, alone among the three isotopes of hydrogen (simple hydrogen and deuterium are the two others), is radioactive and requires shielding and remote handling, requirements that aren't conducive to experimentation and have so far been avoided. Experimenters use ordinary hydrogen gas for their experiments and sometimes they use deuterium, but the first working reactor would be fueled with a mixture of deuterium and tritium, because a deuterium-tritium reaction takes place at the lowest temperature of any of the various hydrogen fusion reactions possible; and until an experiment achieves all the necessary parameters of temperature, confinement and duration with a mixture of those two gases, the game ain't over. The deuterium-tritium-burner experiment is coming on, and ought to be under way by the early Eighties, so the AEC now estimates. Until then, the work of scaling experiments up to larger and larger sizes goes on in labs scattered across the United States as well as in many other countries, each lab producing some of the results that must eventually all come together to make a fusion reactor. It's worth a quick trip around the American

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labs to see the magnitude—and the ingenuity—of the effort.

Plasma-physics labs, whether on Government, university or private property, all manage to look like aircraft-assembly shops run by especially sloppy supervisors. There's the same smell of hot plastic and ozone in the air, the same clutter of wires and mock-ups and aluminum sheeting, the same open-collared, trim-waisted collection of craftsmen, except that in the case of the labs the craftsmen are likely to be Ph.D. physicists who have devoted their adult lives to working with parts of the great universe too small and wily to see, parts that operate with such arcane subtlety that they can be mastered only with exotic mathematics and exotic machines.

The largest fusion-research laboratory in the United States presently is the Princeton-sponsored and AEC-funded lab at Princeton University. Until last spring, the primary research machine at Princeton was the ST-Tokamak that was converted from the stellarator in 1969, but Princeton is now completing a machine three times the ST-Tokamak's size, a machine called the PLT that will be about four feet high and ten feet across, with coils of pure copper wrapped around it larger yet. The solution to the problem of particles' diffusing outward to the walls, physicists have decided, is simply to build tokamaks with larger chambers, because then it takes longer for the particles to make their way out to the walls. A full-scale reactor will therefore be a large machine, indeed, 20 feet high and 60 feet across. So the PLT, the largest machine this side of Moscow and in many ways a more useful experiment than the new Moscow tokamak the Russians are building, isn't nearly the final step in the search. But the search must go on by steps, each scaling up by about a magnitude of three from the previous step, because that's about as far as the theoreticians can reasonably extrapolate from the previous experimental results. The problem was less grievous when the scale of experiments was smaller, but the PLT, for example, will be the last experiment at Princeton that can make use of the huge motor-generator sets originally installed to charge the magnets on the stellarator, and even without that extra cost, the PLT is costing some \$13,000,000. The next experiment will cost over \$100,000,000 and no one wants to design a \$100,000,000 machine without reasonable certainty that it will prove what it's supposed to prove.

Oak Ridge has a tokamak—ORMAK, it is called—similar in size to the Princeton ST-Tokamak. It is currently being used to study new methods of plasma heating. The generators that run ORMAK are, ironically, the same gener-

ators that ran some of the machines that separated from ordinary uranium the uranium 235 that was used in World War Two to make the first atomic bomb.

The most physically striking of all the fusion experiments is the SCYLLAC experiment at Los Alamos, under the direction of Dr. Fred Ribe. SCYLLAC is toroidal, although the torus is shaped more like a giant bicycle tire than a doughnut, and it heats and confines its plasma simultaneously by rapidly squeezing—pinching—it with an enormous pulse of magnetism out of a bank of thousands of specially designed condensers. Since the pinch must come from every direction simultaneously, SCYLLAC looks like a giant representation of the Medusa, with hundreds of white cables running out in bundles from the coils around the torus. SCYLLAC is a device called a theta pinch, not a tokamak, one of several alternatives the AEC continues to pursue on the wise assumption that it's better to be safe than sorry. Ribe believes his theta pinch will work, and if it does, it could have the immense advantage of producing electricity directly, without the need for the usual complicated heat cycles whereby energy from a fusion reaction heats liquid metal and then, in turn, the liquid metal heats water to produce steam to turn generators. In a SCYLLAC type of reactor, the plasma would be compressed magnetically to produce fusion, and the energy released by fusion would then push back against the magnetic field, inducing current directly into the system that made the magnetic field in the first place, a sort of breathe-in-breathe-out operation that might work at far greater efficiencies than ordinary heat-exchange systems. SCYLLAC is far less stable than the tokamak systems, however, and Ribe's machine is probably not going to be a first-generation reactor design.

Another and largely classified work that is going on at Los Alamos is the study of an entirely different kind of fusion system, one that looks simple and may prove to be, remembering always that magnetic confinement looked simple, too, when it was in its infancy, as this new system is today. Imagine a reactor that consists of a pressure vessel filled with liquid lithium, swirled so that it has a vortex at the top like the vortex that sometimes forms in your bathtub when you let the water out, and into this vortex is injected a pinhead-sized drop of frozen deuterium-tritium, which is then zapped by an enormously powerful laser beam. The drop, hit by such force, begins to implode—to be squeezed to great density—and the heat and pressure of that squeezing produce fusion reactions that produce high-energy neutrons that are captured in the

lithium, heating it hot enough to make steam. That is the vision of laser fusion, and the reason it is classified is that the powerful lasers being developed might well find applications in military weapons systems.

Livermore works with laser fusion, but its main effort these days is work on various configurations of mirror machines, which aren't likely to become first-generation reactors either but which offer hope, as SCYLLAC does, of a day when fusion energy can be converted directly into electricity without an intervening heat cycle.

There are smaller fusion experiments, both magnetic and laser, at universities and private laboratories around the United States, but the most interesting and in some ways the most promising experiment of all is located at General Atomic in La Jolla, California, where a brilliant Japanese scientist named Tihiro Ohkawa has been working on fusion for 14 years, wresting impressive results from a budget that can be counted in pennies compared with the dollars available to the big AEC labs. Ohkawa, who is a trim, handsome, articulate man in his mid-40s, is revered in Japan in much the same way, and for much the same reasons of extraordinary brilliance, Einstein was once revered in the United States. He has no giant motor-generator sets; he couldn't afford them. Instead he scrounged 600 submarine batteries from the United States Navy and designed a complicated set of loading switches to feed the batteries' considerable power to his machines on command. With his low budget and some extremely simple machines, Ohkawa has achieved the longest confinement time yet produced, a full second, and has designed a modified tokamak that is likelier than any other tokamak design to be the shape of the first practical fusion reactor. Ohkawa's tokamak was the only one operating in the United States when the Russian breakthrough came.

Ohkawa's Doublet series—he is presently building Doublet III, having worked his way up through I, II and IIA—is toroidal, and a Doublet still looks like a doughnut the long way around, but if you cut through the doughnut, took a bite out of it, as it were, the cut ends would look like slices the long way through a peanut. Doublets, in other words, have noncircular cross sections. The purpose of this alteration requires us to detour through the complicated subject of plasma instability.

As plasmas get hotter and hotter, the particles that make them up move faster and faster, flying around the chamber in longer and longer helical paths. Sometimes, as they do so, they begin to work together, resonating at various frequencies

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*"I'll say one thing for my husband, he knows what he wants in life and goes after it!"*

and developing far more punch than the individual particles ever have when acting on their own. It is just such resonances that account for the tendency of plasmas to kink and buckle and flute and break through their magnetic confinement. The problem since the beginning has been to identify these instabilities, figure out what causes them and design equipment that can suppress them before they get out of hand. Each new generation of experiments, pushing temperatures higher and achieving longer confinement times, has encountered a new set of instabilities, and it is because physicists think they've seen, or can predict, most of the major kinds of instabilities that they've decided a fusion reactor will eventually be practical.

One of the most serious instabilities occurs when a particle does what Furth calls "biting its own tail." When a particle becomes energetic enough, it can zip all the way around the torus without colliding with any other particle and end up in exactly the same place it started, and when it does that, it can begin to resonate in concert with its fellows. Ohkawa's peanut cross section eliminates that effect by making the particle's path as long in cross section as it is the long way around. Now, a circular tokamak can also eliminate this effect, but only by applying far stronger magnetic fields

than the Doublet, because of its special design, requires. "We are getting," says Ohkawa, "about the same kind of plasma the circular tokamak is getting, with one exception: We're using only 8000 gauss [a measure of magnetic-field strength: The earth's magnetic field equals one gauss] compared with 25,000, 30,000, 40,000 gauss for the circular tokamaks. That's one third or one fourth. And the cost of the magnetic field goes like the square of the magnetic-field strength, which in one third means about one tenth of a circular tokamak. So if Doublet III works, we can get away with magnetic energy that costs ten times less." The point is vital, because it won't be enough to make a functioning fusion reactor; we must also make a functioning fusion reactor whose costs are comparable with those of existing kinds of electrical generating systems. Ohkawa's Doublet system may well show the way.

The AEC presently expects that the path to a commercial fusion reactor will require five steps taken on four machines, each one larger and more expensive than the last. The first step—one step beyond the PLT—will be a machine large enough to prove the feasibility, in temperature, confinement and duration, of controlled fusion, but using ordinary hydrogen gas. That machine would then be converted to a deuterium-

tritium burner, with all the attendant paraphernalia necessary to handle tritium's radioactivity. At that point—perhaps by the early Eighties—scientific feasibility and what physicists call break-even would be accomplished facts. Break-even, the crucial point, comes when the plasma is putting out as much energy as is needed to heat it. Attention by then will be turning toward engineering problems: toward developing superconducting coils to replace the coils that today are cooled by water or liquid nitrogen, toward developing the heat-exchange systems, toward matching costs with potential electrical output. The next step would be to build an experimental prototype that would actually generate some electricity. In the early to mid-Nineties, the AEC would build a true prototype, electrical generators and all, and industry might well begin to place a few orders. Finally, by the year 2000, engineers would complete a demonstration plant. Fusion as a practical means of generating electricity would therefore become available sometime after 1990.

The road between now and then is perilous, because what the AEC and industry are busily building today are fast-breeder nuclear reactors that produce more dangerous, highly radioactive plutonium than they consume in uranium. Plutonium is one of the most lethal substances on earth and it has a half life of 24,360 years. We are about to begin producing it in large quantities, plutonium that poisons, plutonium that large countries and small can easily fashion into bombs, plutonium that might even be used by criminal groups to fashion fizzle bombs that could threaten the hijacking of entire cities. Fusion has no such potential for destruction. Tritium is only mildly radioactive and has a half life of 12½ years, which is why it is so rare that a fusion reactor using tritium would have to breed its own in order to keep going economically. Fusion reactors can't blow up, only, as we have seen, blow out. And down the road a few more decades into the 21st Century is the likelihood of fusion reactors capable of achieving deuterium-deuterium fusion, which needs much hotter ignition temperatures than deuterium-tritium fusion but which has the virtue of releasing no radioactivity at all except the small residual irradiation of the materials in the reactor vessel itself, materials that will present nothing like the disposal problem of the poisons produced in nuclear reactors.

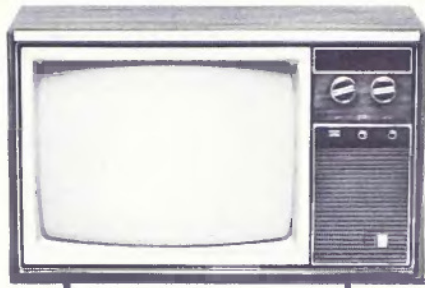
What will an operating fusion reactor look like? It will be large, as large as fossil-fuel power plants today, and it will cost as much as they do, a billion dollars or more. At its heart will be a thermonuclear plasma burning at 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 degrees centigrade. At those temperatures, plasmas radiate no visible



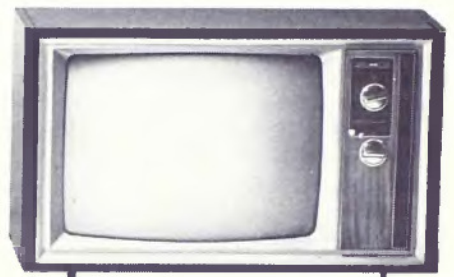
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light; the plasma will be invisible. Surrounding it, if Ohkawa's Doublet system proves as successful as it appears it will, will be a toroidal chamber shaped, in cross section, like a peanut or a kidney, and surrounding that chamber will be a cellular structure—physicists call it a blanket—through which circulates hot liquid lithium in which tritium is bred. The lithium circulates out of the blanket to a processing area where tritium is extracted for feeding back into the reactor. Surrounding the lithium blanket might be a blanket of graphite heated by the neutrons coming from the plasma fusion reactions, a blanket of graphite through which circulates helium gas. The neutrons would heat the graphite; the heat would exchange to the helium and the helium would circulate outside to run gas turbines that run generators.

Beyond the graphite blanket would be located superconducting coils of niobium-titanium alloy that would produce the confining magnetic field, and you must consider the state of modern technology that allows men to place metal cooled to within two degrees of absolute zero, the lowest temperature possible in the

universe, next to plasmas burning at tens and tens of millions of degrees, among the highest temperatures in the universe.

Outside all this gear would be shielding, control systems and the electrical generating and delivery systems, the whole package operated, one imagines, by young guys with beards and long hair and no more than engineering degrees who thought it looked like a good line of work.

When fusion will become a common source of electricity—when your lights and mine are burning on the fusion of a puff of gas made from ordinary water—is anyone's guess, but fusion reactors could be going up all over the land by 2010 if energy needs and the problems we've been having with fossil fuels demand them. And at that point, whether we choose to apply the technology on a large scale or not, man will have solved the most urgent of all the technological problems that have plagued him since the discovery of fire: He will have found access to all the energy he wants. If he needs it in some form other than electricity, fusion can supply that, too, by splitting water into hydrogen and oxygen

and then making methanol, a clean-burning form of alcohol, from the hydrogen. He can take fusion heat and use it directly to smelt iron or warm cities. And when the heat builds up, and thermal pollution of the earth becomes a serious problem, he can devise systems for radiating the excess heat out into space.

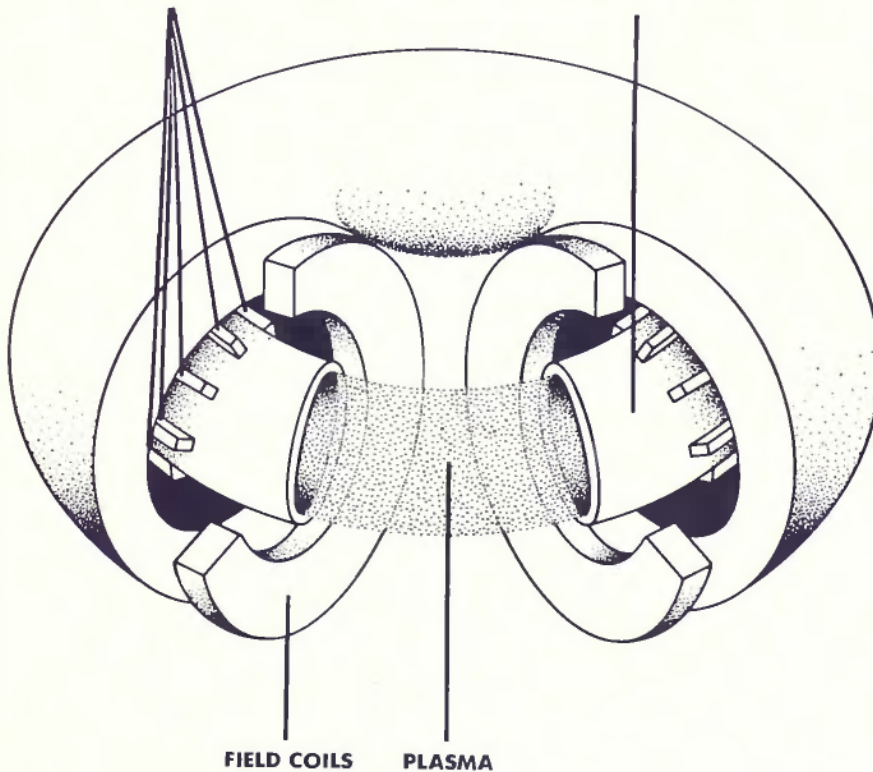
Civilizations can, from one perspective that is perhaps not the most salutary, be defined by the amount of energy they use. In ancient times most of that energy came from organized muscle, in modern times from fossil fuels, but muscle or fossil, there has never been enough energy available to satisfy world-wide demand. Nor, one should note, has it ever been distributed with anything like equality among the civilizations and nations of the world, which is why Winston Churchill wept for joy when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and the United States joined World War Two: because he knew what enormous resources we had, and therefore knew, on December 7, 1941, beyond any doubt, that the war was won.

We—the United States—are now the most avant-garde of civilizations, and that is not so satisfying a fact as it might seem to some, as it certainly seems to the physicists working on nuclear fusion. It might not be obvious at home, where the damned equipment is always breaking down, but it is obvious to anyone traveling abroad, and especially to anyone traveling in the Third World of Asia and Africa, that we live to a completely different set of expectations than do most of the people of the world, grown tall on our excess supplies of protein, carrying along our pocket calculators, our electric wrist watches, the mere outcroppings of a civilization that has banked everything not on the strength of its spirit but on the subtlety of its machines. Our hearts are run on batteries, we will soon have artificial kidneys sewn in and artificial eyes, and those are mere outcroppings, too. What kind of world will we face when we have no need of energy from anybody, not from the Arabs, not from the Russians, not even from the coal and oil buried under our own dark ground? When our cars run on hydrogen and produce, as waste, pure water; when we have no pollution because we've turned all our smokestacks off and dismantled our fission reactors and even, as we eventually will, make all our own raw materials by breaking up our wastes, with fusion heat, back into the elements from which they came and reconstituting them? When we carry computer terminals in our pockets or sewn into our skulls that connect us instantly to all the wisdom of all the libraries and data banks in the land? Will we be supermen then? Will we want to be? Will we look with more favor then upon the underprivileged of the world

## THE HEART OF THE MATTER

OHMIC HEATING  
PRIMARY WINDINGS

VACUUM VESSEL



Schematic of a tokamak fusion reactor: A magnetic field generated by the field coils confines the plasma inside its vessel. A second field, generated by the primary windings, heats the plasma to 30,000,000 degrees C. Simple? So's the sun, which doesn't work as well.

than we do today, which is hardly at all?

Will there come a time—won't there almost certainly come a time?—when the good news will blink across the continent from a smog-free L.A. to a quietly purring New York that the computers are ready to take us in, that if you want to you can program your brain into a data bank and enjoy a thousand times the sensory input your meager fleshly body provides, enjoy visions in the infrared and the ultraviolet as well as in the narrow visible spectrum of the human eye, share the vast wisdom stored in the machines, share the sensory range possible to all those exotic receptors, pleasure, like Krishna, 1000 shepherdesses simultaneously in the starlit night, not even know you aren't in a body, whichever body you want to be in that day, man or woman or child or somewhere in between, and possibly eagle and earthworm, too? But know that so long as you aren't accidentally erased you can live forever? Do you doubt that all but the most nostalgic of Americans, all but Euell Gibbons and David Brower and the Hillbilly of the Hillbilly Hills will be lining up eagerly outside the processing-room door?

And not only does the prospect seem likely but there is a real question, which the philosophers of doom—pollution doom and human-condition doom and overpopulation doom—haven't even

thought about tackling yet, of whether at this late date we even have a choice left, of whether technology, like its predecessor, evolution, doesn't work to its own inexorable laws, and to have started down that road, as the world started long ago and as the United States has raced ahead like the messenger at Marathon, is to be condemned to follow it to its end. We Americans have followed it farther, curlicues awhirl, than any other nation in history, which ought to leave us wondering what the rest of the peoples of the world, the ones who still eke out a life of sorts on 1200 calories a day, are going to do about us, if indeed there's anything they can do, now that the nuclear weapons are made and counted and laid out in their long barrows scattered across the world. When Cortez rode into Tenochtitlán in his shining armor on his unbelievable horse, Montezuma already knew the show was over and gave up without a fight, though the fight came later and Cortez had to sack the beautiful city, starve its children to the ground, and perhaps the other peoples of the world know that, too, or else why are they scrambling to industrialize as fast as they can?

One of the beauties of fusion, one of the qualities that make its perfection a noble experiment, indeed, is that it can help everybody get there faster, if that is where they want to get, because it runs

on the most common element on earth, mere hydrogen, mere water, the crystal liquid that flows down all the streams and rivers and oceans of the world, and will continue to flow until those waters dry up, which will not happen until the day the sun uses up the hydrogen in its core and begins to burn outward, expanding into a great colored giant of a star, enveloping the earth. And by then, one way or another, we will all be gone, pulses of energy wafting out toward the stars, like seeds or like viruses, depending on how you take us. That isn't a madman's ravings, nor even what is so condescendingly called science fiction by people who don't like to think about the destinations of the roads they so willingly travel on: That is as certain as the day long ago when the first halfman first picked up and hefted the levered bone. We are halfway there; fusion, controlled thermonuclear fusion, is about to carry us the rest of the way; the sun burns at the height of the sky; and the only question left worth asking is whether or not evolution is really over, the god having descended, as on the stage where Oedipus tore out his eyes, in the machine, a bizarre machine shaped like a doughnut, with magnets for hands and a heart so furiously heated that it gives forth no light at all.



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## FULL HOUSE (continued from page 112)

learned it pretty well. In the next two months, to my sure knowledge, he won more than \$6000. I met him later when he was running for Congress and he told me his winnings helped launch his first political campaign."

Another Navy poker friend of Nixon's, who asked to remain anonymous, said he remembered one thing in particular about the way Nixon played: "It was always a basically friendly game, a lot of horseplay, so when a loser who'd dropped out of a big hand occasionally asked a winner to show his cards, the winner usually did it, just as a gesture. But not Nixon. When he won a pot without being called, he'd toss his hand in real quick and mix it with the discards—always reminded me of the kid at school who'd bend over and shield his test paper to

make sure nobody would copy from him."

Nixon switched to football terminology when he became leader of the Free World, but in his 1962 book, *Six Crises*, poker was still his preferred metaphor: "Khrushchev has often been called a chess player in conducting his international policies. . . . I do not know chess, but I know poker; and there is no doubt but that Khrushchev would have been a superb poker player. First, he is out to win. Second, like any good poker player, he plans ahead so that he can win the big pots. He likes to bluff, but he knows that if you bluff on small pots and fail consistently to produce the cards, you must expect your opponent to call your bluff on the big pots. . . . That is why the two small islands of Quemoy and Matsu, and all the other peripheral areas, are



so important in the poker game of world politics."

Enough hard facts. It isn't known whether Nixon continued to play poker in the White House, but it makes for wonderful fantasy. Imagine, if you will, a game among Nixon's closest associates early in 1971. If a tape of the evening's events were subpoenaed, and kept out of Rose Mary Woods's hands, it might sound something like this:

DEAN: Who didn't ante?

HALDEMAN: I can't recall.

EHRlichMAN: I can't recall.

PRESIDENT: I could take the responsibility, but that would be the easy thing.

ZIEGLER: I have to go along with the President on that.

DEAN: Spiro, you had your hand near the pot. Maybe you accidentally scooped a few chips—

AGNEW: I was only stretching my arm, it was stiff.

DEAN: Well, we have to get the pot right somehow. Only two antes in there, my mine and Bebe's. The rest—

PRESIDENT: For Christ's sake, get it!

REBOZO: Look, why don't I just ante for everyone?

PRESIDENT: Good boy, Bebe.

ZIEGLER: There I have to agree with the President.

DEAN: Hey, does this deck of cards feel funny to anybody? I know they're your cards, Mr. President, they have the White House emblem on them and all, but the edges seem to be shaved or something. Anyone else notice?

HALDEMAN: I can't recall.

EHRlichMAN: I can't recall.

PRESIDENT: I don't give a shit, deal the cards! Spiro, your hand is in the pot again. Do you want me to give it a slap?

AGNEW: Nolo, thanks.

DEAN: I think I'll sit this one out. *(Five-card draw is dealt.)*

PRESIDENT: Since you're out of this, Dean, m'boy, why don't you just peek at my hand and give me some advice. Careful not to give me away, though.

DEAN: What an exciting prospect! *(To the others)* He's got garbage.

ALL *(in unison)*: I fold.

FORD: Hi. Can I join the game? Let's see, a pair beats a flush, right?

Back to hard-hitting investigative journalism. Reporter Nellis checked out one more fact about Nixon's poker background: The IRS will not comment officially, but there is no evidence that a Richard M. Nixon paid any taxes on additional income of \$6000 back in 1944.

—G. BARRY COLSON

# Now you can put the most advanced idea in 4-channel sound right in the dash of your car.

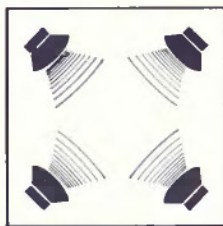
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With the matrix system, live music is picked up on 2 channels, recorded on 2 channels, then split into 4 channels for playback. You get sound from 4 speakers. But the sound is a *mixture*. Some of the music meant for the front speakers comes from the rear speakers. And some of the music meant for the rear speakers comes from the front.



*Discrete 4-channel sound. Four independent speaker signals surround you with pure, "live concert" sound.*

That's where a *discrete* 4-channel system (like our CQ-999) has the advantage. Live music is picked up on 4 channels, recorded on 4 channels, and played back on 4 channels. Everything's kept



*The Panasonic CQ-999. Plays discrete 4-channel tapes, regular 8-track cartridges, plus FM/AM/FM stereo radio.*

separate. So your speakers play only the music you were meant to hear. Result: big, full "live concert" sound.

## "Unnecessary" features

The CQ-999 (like other Panasonic car stereos) gives you engineering features some manufacturers think you don't need.

- "Shock absorbers." We call them "vertical head movement." Our system for keeping the magnetic head from jiggling into the wrong channel when your car hits a bump.

- "De-wobblers." Instead of the usual one or two roller guides to keep tape cartridges from wobbling, Panasonic engineers insist on three. To help your tape stay where it should be. And help you get big, full sound.

- A "revver-upper." It makes our motor turn faster than the

motors on some other manufacturers' sets. Result: less wow and flutter.

## More than 25 models

Besides the CQ-999, Panasonic offers a wide choice of ways to put stereo sound in your car. 8-track cartridge players. Cassette units. In-dash. Under-dash. With radios. And without. You name it, and Panasonic probably has the exact unit you have in mind.

There's even a complete line of Panasonic car stereo speakers to choose from.

Check your Yellow Pages for the name of your nearest Panasonic car stereo dealer. Or if you prefer, write us: Panasonic Car Stereo, 200 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

## Panasonic

just slightly ahead of our time

## GARDENA

*(continued from page 158)*

best cardplayers I had ever known, someone who could break a game of prodigal Harlem pimps with a single hand but who could also subject tight, percentage-playing professionals to the slow torture of his insights and calculations. He had played everywhere poker was known, and his stories of wins and occasional losses had always been colored with common sense and good humor. Only when he had spoken about the play in Gardena had he reverted to what I supposed was his native view of the world.

"It is not poker that one plays there. In a game of poker, I can put the players' souls in my pocket. But in that place, there is nothing. Time marches along, the cards fall, someone coughs, someone scratches the head, someone now and then might even curse. But don't be fooled. All these are just imitations of living things made by those who have no spirit at all in them."

I had asked Beausourire why he had gone to Gardena in the first place and why he hadn't taken an early leave once he'd found it inhospitable to his gambling style.

"My man, you don't go to Gardena, you end up there. And it's not easy to get out, because the dead love company. They don't let go easily."

• • •

A tall, frail lady of 60 who wore enormous jet-black sunglasses, whose silver hair was arranged in tight little curls and whose hands, delicate reticulations of bone and vein, manipulated, it seemed simultaneously, the mound of knitting held in her lap and the cards she dealt or received; her partner, a small, plump intense woman of the same age, whose eyes followed every move at the table with unabashed mistrust, whose dark face, lined and dappled long ago from the sun, brooded over the cards she cupped in her hands so that not a speck of pasteboard was revealed; a toothless but erect Japanese, a man beyond the ordinary meaning of human age, who emitted soft sounds of mental distress no matter what cards came to him and who demanded that one understand that a sigh meant he was raising, a whine meant a call, and a dry cough signified that he had checked—these were the regulars at my table when I sat down for my first day of play. Immediately, since mine was a new and lively face, the women began to work in collusion, raising and reraising every time I stayed past the draw. I let them win a few small antes with this crudeness and then ended their ploy by raising both of them, standing pat and then raising again after the draw. When they folded, I felt a silent communication pass between them, a resigned agreement to beat me with better cards rather than with tired card-parlor maneuvers.

But they did not succeed any better playing honestly, nor did the cacophonous Japanese. They left and others of their kind tried their skills and routines against me. But I was not beguiled, and in three days' time, I had won close to \$2000, a considerable enough sum, considering the house limit and the betting habits of the *moribundi* against whom I played.

The reason I won was not that I was a significantly better player than those I was matched against, or more sensitive to the mannerism that reveals what is meant to be hidden. I am a good poker player, but I am not one of the game's elect, and those who came and went at my table could calculate the probability of a hand's success as rapidly as I and take the action proper to the situation, which is all that a good poker player who lacks sublime intuition can do. My success was simply the result of my being ready to gamble on those hands about which neither mathematics nor psychology provides a reasonable basis for decision. It was at such moments that my opponents, for whom even a sizable advantage was worth only the smallest risk, became completely stultified. Their minds were filled with too many memories of strong cards being beaten by innocent fools who took every raise before the draw, and they were therefore ready to turn the faintest signs of risk into disastrous portents. They were good poker players, but they had played too long, endured too many debilitating turns of luck to be truly dangerous, so it was a simple matter to take advantage of their lack of spirit and force them to accept small losses whenever a sanguine temperament was required to see a hand through.

The wearer of the diamond, however, I found, after an hour's play, to be a much subtler adversary. She was not one who thought that poker had been created to nourish the virtue of patience, and she was as ready to do battle with the unknown as she was with the two or three scapegraces who wandered to our table and lost with the dispatch and resolution of those who know they are fated, when matched against such a presence, to do nothing else. Moreover, from her emanated a force of will that was absent from the other players, a personal involvement that would have made one think her tactics touchingly emotional had it not been for the strength and calculation they contained. In the rapid way she dealt, shuffled, raised, called and examined her cards, I felt there lay a need to multiply events to as large a number as possible so that the probability of encountering a will as hard as her own would increase and, with it, the chances that she could play the kind of poker she desired.

As the game progressed, I flattered

myself that I had such a will. Again and again we drove other players from the pot and won or lost to each other in a precise alternating sequence. She would turn over a flush to the king and beat mine, which stretched no farther than the jack; I would counter by topping aces and jacks with a low three of a kind. But the best moments were those in which we maneuvered and probed each other, standing pat with nothing, or bluffing on a one-card draw, or even breaking a high full house in order to coax a bet after the draw. Each gambit was like a flirtatious exchange, in which neither of us gave any outward signs of communication or enjoyment. What was taking place was a secret recognition of affinity, and we courted each other without expression and with seemingly cold courtesy.

Then came the moment that brought the coquetry to an end. I was dealt a pat hand and bet. Those to my left began to fold, but then I saw the diamond hand reach for a stack of chips and put in a sum that indicated a raise. I looked up from my cards and studied the raiser's face, knowing that it would betray nothing but wanting to seize the opportunity to stare shamelessly at its severe beauty. I prolonged the moment for as long as possible, and then I raised her back.

For the first time since she joined the table, there was a hesitant pause before her response, and then, as though she had resolved something within herself, she nodded, matched my raise, raised again and tossed two cards away. I counted the chips that had been added to the pot and then turned to the dealer. Protocol demanded that he should be the one to state that an irregularity had taken place, that, since I had been raised, no cards should have been discarded before giving me an opportunity to call or raise in return. However, he said nothing; indeed, seemed startled that I would turn to him for assistance. The other members of the game were equally silent, their expressions indicating no interest at all in the outcome of a hand they were not involved in.

"Excuse me," I said, addressing the dealer. "I believe I have the right to raise."

The dealer, an old man who affected Western dress and mannerisms, smiled thinly and pushed the filthy cowboy hat he wore down over his eyes.

"You want to raise the little lady?" he drawled.

I looked at my cards and again saw the low straight that had been dealt me. Not the strongest hand in the world, but it beat anything that could use a two-card augmentation. I said that, indeed, I wanted to raise.

"Then go right on and do it," the dealer said.

Suddenly she spoke, her tone sharp

# BIG THREE GO UP!

## *G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.*



DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment and destination charge.

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of \$584 and \$458 respectively.

### *Extraordinary Increases*

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases.

## Little One Stays Down!



**Still \$2625\***

and injured. "If that's the way you want to take advantage of a mistake, I'll call your raise and raise you again."

Now I knew something was afoot. Even if she were capable of making a mistake that revealed the nature of her hand, she would never whine about it or compound the error with a spiteful bet. Although I should have increased the pot again, I merely called and indicated to the dealer that I needed no further cards.

"I don't need any either, I guess," she said softly, and returned the two discards to her hand. "And I think I'll have to bet the limit."

It was a low, obvious trick, but it had worked. If her hand was what it seemed, my straight would lose ignominiously. And if she were bluffing, if she thought me astute enough not to try to guess which level of deviousness she was on, she was right. I folded my cards and left the table.

. . .

I was at the short-order counter of the restaurant when she came up to me and apologized.

"I figured you knew everything except the oldest trick in the house," she said. "And it was time to leave, anyway."

"That's all right. I learned something."

She took the stool next to mine and looked up at the menu on the wall. The hard delicacy of her features again impressed me, and with a poker table no longer between us, I could see how truly without blemish she was. It was as though she had been fashioned after a formula that distilled human perfection, a formula never meant to be personified, that omitted all the imperfect details and accidents of mortal flesh. More and more she and her diamond blended in my mind, and when she touched my hand, I was surprised to find that her fingers were soft and that the warmth they transmitted was of a degree that revealed human temperature.

"You've been doing very well here," she said, and smiled a little, her fingers still resting on my hand.

"The competition wasn't too hard until tonight."

"Yeah, you've made these old players cash a lot of retirement checks. But they do all right in the end. They beat the tourists, break even with one another and lose to me. But their plots are all paid for and I leave them enough to be comfortable till they're dropped into them."

Then, as though she were testing my character as she had at the card table, she added, "There's nothing good about me at all."

I thought a moment, wondering whether to take gallant exception to such a statement or to laugh at it. Instead, I simply replied that I believed her. Seemingly satisfied, she smiled and ordered a glass of milk and a cheese sandwich.

While she ate, she told me that her name was Daisy, that she had first come to Gardena three years ago on her honeymoon and had discovered that this was a community over which she could reign.

"You're married?" I asked, never having considered she could be part of any life except her own.

"Not anymore. He died. A week after we left Gardena—where, by the way, he lost three hundred, he couldn't play at all—we went to Mexico. By that time, we'd been married about two weeks and I'd decided that I'd had enough of him. Especially when he began spending the money I'd won here on funny sombreros and ugly Indian pots. I wanted to come back to Gardena with a stake to play poker on—so I killed him."

The last remark was washed down with a long drink of milk. An emphatic pause followed, which I did not intrude upon. Belief was of secondary importance to both of us after an evening of calculation and pretense, and truth simply a matter of behavior. Since I didn't care if she'd murdered her husband, there was no reason to feign shock or to make her insist on my credence.

"How did you do that?" I asked.

"We were in Durango, walking through the market in some little town, when suddenly he started to shake, sweat and grow pale. I asked him what was wrong and he pointed down at the counter we were standing in front of. You know what was on that counter? Ashtrays with scorpions in them covered by glass. The scorpions were dead, but that didn't make any difference to him. He was terrified of them. Scorpions must be the big tourist attraction in that part of Mexico, because each one of the ashtrays had RECUERDO DE DURANGO written on it, which means 'souvenir from Durango.' My husband, however, was one tourist who was not attracted. He went straight back to his room, announced that we were going home the next day and went to bed. I could tell he wasn't much of a man the way he played poker, but this really made me sick. I was going to walk out on him, but it occurred to me that a wife who leaves her husband after two weeks wouldn't get too much alimony. So I decided to go for the insurance policy."

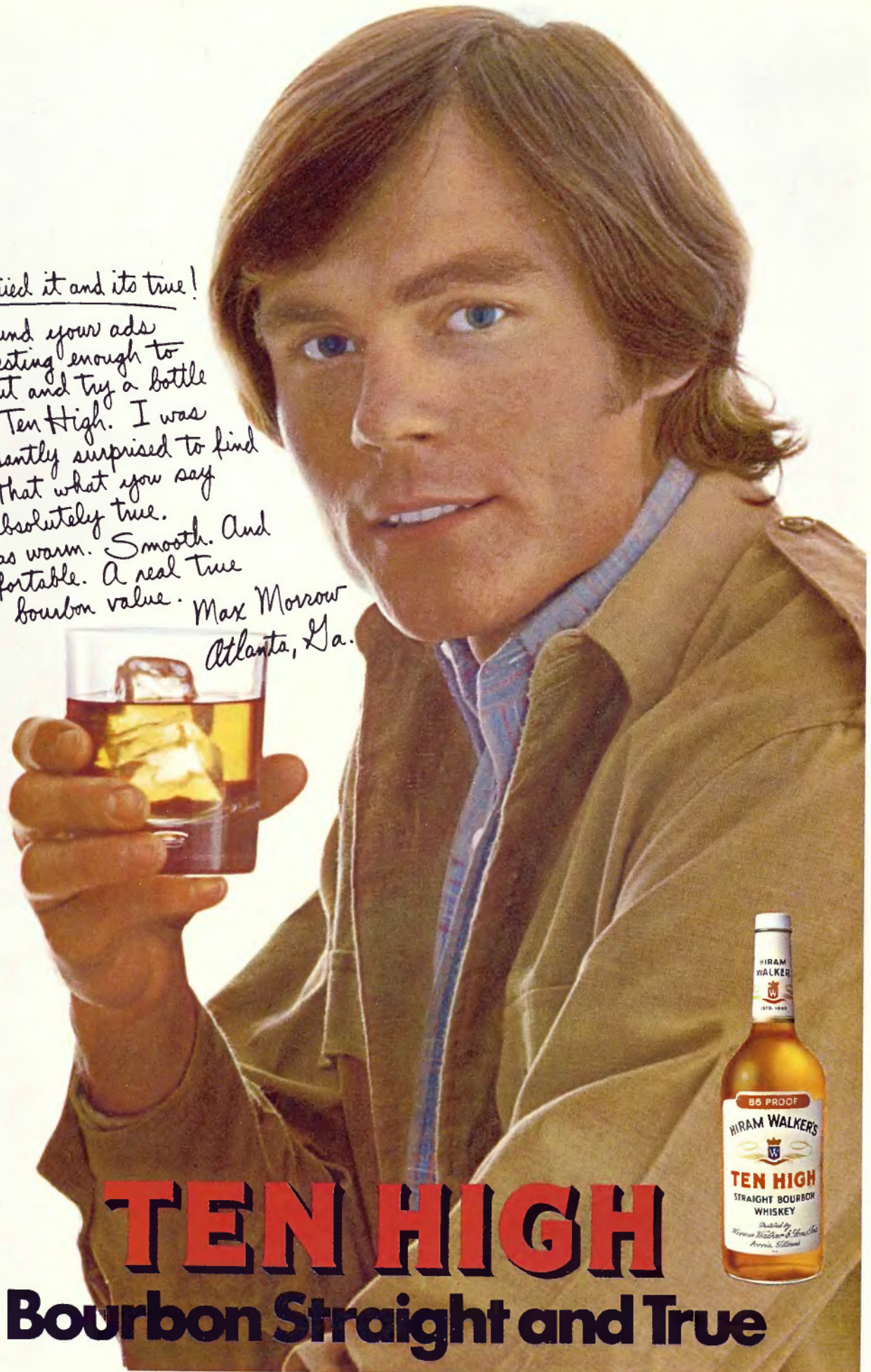
She insisted that she pay when she finished her sandwich and, as we were walking out, asked me where I was staying.



*"I'll go along with the cheerleader's outfit and the shoulder pads, but couldn't you just wear tennis shoes?"*



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# TEN HIGH

## Bourbon Straight and True

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This is the original "wearable blanket" — the grownup version of a child's favorite, now in a frankly sexy, shape flattering, body warming sleeper. Styled in fuzzy, soft, machine-washable and dryable acrylic (just like the crib-set's still-popular models), they zip a gal up in the coziest top-to-toe comfort she's known since she was 6. Slippers are detachable—even without blankets there's never a draft. So whether she (or any bunny on anyone's "special" list) admits to 40 or proudly announces 14, our Bunny Sleeper means deep-down luxury for lounging or dreaming. (Matter of fact, fellow we know was heard to lament "too bad they don't make 'em for men!") Perfect for ski wardrobes, dorm, holiday gifts . . . different and delightful to give or get!

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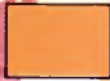
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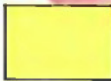
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Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ "Cathedral" Radio(s) to use and enjoy for two weeks without obligation. If I decide to keep the Radio(s), the cash price for each is \$49.96\*, plus \$2.96 for shipping and handling.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

When I gave the name of my motel, she said she was certain I would have picked that one. When I asked why, she told me, with a trace of disappointment that I hadn't guessed, that it was where she lived. She had been there for nearly three years.

"Aren't you interested how I did it?" she asked as we began our way back to the motel.

"Did what?"

"Killed my husband. While he was asleep, I went back to the market, bought fifty of those ashtrays and broke each of them open. I put dead scorpions all over the bed while he was asleep and still had about two dozen left to scatter around the floor. Then I waited until morning, went out and knocked on the door. From what he had shown me at the poker table, I took the chance that he didn't have the strongest heart in the world. It was a good guess. I heard him go through his wake-up mumbles and coughs, and then there came something like a squeak and a long whoosh of air followed by a thud. I tiptoed back into the room, made sure he was really dead, collected the scorpions, flushed them down the toilet, and the bride got away with a perfect crime."

"Honeymoon heart attack," I said in the darkness, and smiled at the thought that Daisy, for all her lucidity at the card table, might very well be mad. Even to imagine murdering a man with souvenir scorpions hints at a maniacally inventive brain, and I wondered, when she invited me into her room, how much I was prepared to risk in order to make love to her.

I quickly answered myself when I followed her through the door without hesitation. We were in a room that was almost a replica of my own. A bowl of flowers had been added, there were a few more kitchen utensils and an extra mirror hung on the wall. Apart from these, there were no other signs that a three-year residence had taken place in the room. When she opened the closet, I counted two dresses and two pair of dark-gray pants exactly like the ones she was wearing. When, with her back to me, she took off her sweater, she put it into a drawer that contained almost nothing else. From the hook on the bathroom door, the usual resting place for slips, nightgowns, pajamas and shower caps, she removed the only item hanging there, a short terrycloth robe, and put it on. From one of its pockets she took a deck of cards and began dealing five hands of poker to herself, each of which she played with fierce concentration. I watched her and wondered if I had been invited into her sparse chambers for anything more than fresh combat at poker. I thought perhaps that it was the only way she could make love, that enticement and submission for her had no



*"Congratulations. . . It's an eight-pound, ten-ounce . . . tongue. . ."*

meaning if they were not joined to the symbols of the game she had mastered, and that she would expect me to take a lover's pleasure in a night of intimate cardplaying.

However, when she completed the hands, she put the cards away and sat quietly, her legs folded, on the edge of the bed.

"I was telling my fortune," she said softly.

"Those were poker hands you were dealing."

"I have my own way of telling what's going to happen to me with a deck of cards," she said, beginning to unfasten her robe.

"And am I going to happen to you?" I asked, watching her body reveal itself, thinking that there was something ominously impossible about its beauty.

"If you're not afraid to," she said calmly, continuing to undress until she wore nothing but her diamond, and until all human fear seemed petty.

. . .

I think back on that night and always wonder if the pleasure I felt was real, if such intense bodily joy was truly possible with someone whose reality I would forever question. Could I have thought, in a room whose most memorable human ornaments were a large clock and a calendar, that I was in a perfect pleasure dome where, for the first time, I understood what it was to be overwhelmed by raw sensation, to be submerged in the beauty of another's body so deeply that it became the beginning and end of wanting, the answer to all questions, the obviation of all thought? All my previous

comings seemed tepid spasms compared with what Daisy drew from me, and in her manipulations all of love's lesser delights took on the grandeur of complete consummations. The pinch and the caress, the obscene and tender phrase, the selfish demand and selfless complaisance, everything between the boundaries of pain and pleasure infused such intense feeling through my body that I suspected I was being transformed, that I was acquiring a carnal form possessed of a thousand times greater sensitivity than the one that had dutifully served me in the past, a form far less easily sated, ready to be stirred to desire as soon as it felt the signal from the woman who created it. She would touch it with her diamond, sliding the stone gently along the length of its spine, and though it had paused in its frenzy for the space of no more than a half dozen breaths, it was instantly fresh and as susceptible to delight as it would have been had it never before experienced a lover's fondling.

I use this quaint dualistic imagery, this separation of mind and body through the pronoun it, because, as I reflect, I don't believe my mind spent the night in that Gardena motel. Perhaps, boggled by so much beauty and pleasure, it had demurely withdrawn, allowing my senses to indulge themselves unchaperoned by reflection, an opportunity that they took full advantage of, even to the point of usurping the rights and privileges of thought, for they turned Daisy's breasts into pure logic, her thighs into a refined mathematics, her mouth and tongue into irrefutable arguments. Freed from their

analytical restraints, they made her seem all the philosophy I needed or would ever want.

However, I had not been made immortal, and when morning came, I awoke drained and anxious, uncertain where I was or exactly whom I was with. Daisy was sitting in a chair, thumbing through a magazine and occasionally jotting down something in a notebook she balanced on her knees. She was naked, her body caught in a little shaft of sunlight, and I marveled at how even the practical view that comes with morning could not diminish her beauty.

She was aware of my staring at her, for, without looking up from her reading, she asked if I wanted coffee, and with this offer I knew that I was back in mortal time and that an ordinary day was about to begin.

"Did you believe what I told you about my husband?" she asked, her back to me while she fussed with cups and saucers. I was following the contours of her body, trying to find some touch of asymmetry, some reassuring imperfection, and answered that it hadn't mattered whether or not she'd made up her scorpions.

"That's good," she said. "Because I can't stand people who care whether stories are true or not."

"They're like poker players who want to know if you were bluffing after you make them fold," I said.

She was pleased at this and kissed me when she brought the coffee.

"Speaking of stories," I said, looking pointedly around the room, "have you really lived here for three years?"

"It doesn't look it, does it? It's because I don't have any things," she said gravely. "But I'm going to. Just as soon as I've made the amount of money at poker that I've set out to."

"How much is that?"

"At first it was a hundred thousand dollars. But the list of things I want keeps growing, so now I've pushed it up to two hundred and fifty thousand. But that is it. That should buy enough things."

She invested the word things with deep, wistful feeling, as though it conveyed the most precise ambition, the most vivid purpose in her life. When I didn't seem to understand her enthusiasm, she went to the chair and came back with the notebook she'd been writing in when I awoke.

"I've got it all written down in here," she said gravely. "With the place to write to and the price. When the time comes, I won't have to waste any time shopping around. Look it over. See if you think I've missed anything."

While she showered, I sipped coffee and glanced through the notebook. There must have been over 1000 entries, a catalog of modern material wants that began with "Rancho Colonial House

#32, \$46,000. Sunfun Enterprises, 187 Willitt Boulevard, Santa Barbara, California," and ended with "Colored Polynesian Sponges (six), \$5.95, Oddsport Importers, Box 405, San Francisco." In between were items of furniture, ornaments for the house, clothes, kitchen supplies, a station wagon that converted into a camping tent and a radio that was advertised powerful enough to receive messages from ships at any point on any ocean of the world. Things that came in boxes, bottles or shipping crates, things that would arrive with the manufacturer's promise that they would always share your life and things that were meant for no more than a moment's use—all were listed apparently in the sequence in which they'd come to Daisy's mind. When I tried to imagine them all together, all brought into the service of a single being, I could envision nothing except great pyramids of trash with Daisy sitting satisfied and naked on top of them.

"See anything I've left out?" she asked, sending little throbs of lust through me as she dried her body with a worn-out motel towel.

"Do you really want all these things?" I asked.

"Of course. Why else do you think I play cards every day?"

"I thought you loved poker."

Daisy frowned at this and delivered an important precept. "I don't love anything about it. That's why I'm so good at it. I don't need it for any reason except to get all the things I've written down in my book. That's why I always win. That's why I can beat all those tight little old ladies. I have a goal. I'm not going to sit here turning cards forever without a reason."

She stopped and pointed to the notebook.

"And it's all in there."

. . .

That afternoon, and every afternoon for a month, Daisy and I went to play poker. We would enter the clubs together and then take seats in different games, so that we wouldn't be forced to combat each other or be suspected by the other players of collusion. We would play almost until closing time, receive receipts for our winnings, and then go back to the motel, where I would be turned into pure appetite for as long as I could hold back sleep.

Between poker and love, there were stories, wonderfully matter-of-fact accounts of crimes and mayhem. At first, only Daisy narrated, but after a few days she let me understand that I was also expected to create a life for her entertainment, one that equaled the biography of wicked deeds she had revealed to me. And so, on alternating nights, we scooped, dispatched and ridiculed a good deal of the world's population in our tales, trying to outdo each other in the number and heinousness of our acts.

If she claimed that as a child she had locked a claustrophobic aunt in a broom closet, I would counter with the precocious assault on an enfeebled grandmother. She told of seducing, at the age of 11, her English teacher, a sad, repressed pedophile who hanged himself immediately after changing her grade from F to A. I recounted how a young ballerina, when I demanded that she jeté through a window four stories above-ground to prove she loved me, had done so with pirouettes of joy as a prolog to the leap that would leave her crippled forever, and how, when soon after I told her I was leaving, she asked only that I always keep her tattered ballet slippers as a memento of our love.

On and on we went in this way, never smiling, never with a playful look or skeptical expression. I had no idea what these tales meant to Daisy or what sort of facts lay behind them. It was, after all, simplest to accept the life they made up, to believe that we were both unfeeling disposers of human beings, preternatural wills that responded only to their own kind. It was simplest to believe this, since it was the most direct way to Daisy's bed, where all belief could be suspended and the question why I was still in Gardena put aside until morning.

Each day I awoke to find Daisy adding to her list of things. From the catalogs and magazines that made up her only mail, she would carefully select an advertised item or two for inclusion in that future moment when money orders would be sent around the world to claim the personal spoils poker had won for her. It was at these times that I would glance anxiously at the calendar on the wall and force myself to count the number of days that I'd passed in Gardena, to recall that I had set out to win and enjoy the entire world as a gambler, a world of delight and discovery, with pleasures more varied and subtle than endless sensual stupor. While Daisy attended to the coffee, I would resolve to leave, to pack and, without even waiting to cash the receipts from my winnings, to depart by the first means of flight on hand. But then Daisy, as if sensing this resolution, would come toward the bed, offering her body like a potion, to be sipped or drained in a single gulp according to my whims, and the world I would go to faded away, and I owned no ambition that she could not satisfy.

I had, of course, read many stories of such sensual enchantment, but I had never before believed them. The conqueror who throws away honor and empire to lie for a night in his lady's arms, the lovers who damn their souls forever for their bodies' sake, the finely wrought poet's agony for empty-headed beauty—such situations I had always felt belonged to the mythology of human feeling, to the need to dramatize desire, to infuse it with the overblown attributes of destiny



Buck Brown

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much better, thank you."*

so that man could take his pleasures somewhat seriously. In the sensual world I'd known, I had found no such compelling embodiments of passion, no incarnate beauty so fateful that it could have disfigured my life. Like most of my contemporaries, I went from body to body as need demanded, a disinterested sensualist, an abstracted, self-preoccupied lover with no tragic pretensions to his enjoyments. I was certain that it was impossible to reach those heights, or depths, of physical enthrallment that brought ruin to noble natures. There could be no one in the world like Daisy, no one whose physical beauty could adumbrate my life so that I could no longer see its clear and distinct purpose.

But as time passed, I discovered otherwise. I became the fettered consort to the woman who ruled over the poker palaces of Gardena, a position that darkened the good opinion I had of myself but that was curiously honored by her withered subjects. Wherever I sat to play, they treated me now with a special deference, offering to include me in their conspiracies against an unwary tourist, even, I believe, at times propitiating me with small bets on hands they suspected were lost.

One evening, during a break in play, the man who'd dealt that fateful hand I'd lost to Daisy tipped his stained hat to me as I passed his table in the restaurant and asked that I join him.

"How you doin' today?" he inquired, after insisting on buying me a steak like the one he had in front of him, which he prodded from time to time with his fork but never tasted. "You run into any fat ones?"

"It's been pretty slow," I said, wondering if such a thin, reedy throat was capable of passing a solid piece of meat to the stomach.

"It'll liven up, son," he said and winked. "I hear part of the fleet's come in to San Diego. That means we should be gettin' a lot of sailor boys down here over the weekend. You can squeeze a lot of juice from them."

"Is poker all that attracts them to Gardena?" I asked. "Isn't there a whorehouse or two around where they can at least get a little pleasure for their money?"

The old cowboy stiffened.

"We don't have nothin' like that in Gardena," he said, his voice rattling with prim satisfaction. "And that's a funny question for you to be askin'."

"Why's that?"

My companion shrugged and rasped out a little burst of laughter.

"Well, seein' as how you got yourself the finest-lookin' lady in town. Not to mention its best poker player."

I asked the cowboy why, if Daisy always won, he and all the other regular customers still played with her.

"'Cause it's an honor to have her in

Gardena," he said, as if this were fact that shouldn't have to be explained. "From the first time she came here, we knew she wasn't no tourist."

At this point we were joined by two old women who were in bitter dispute over a hand one of them had lost the previous night, and the conversation became what it would usually be during such interludes. Someone would recount an entire evening's poker session, card by card, while the rest sighed and made banal comments on how hard it was getting to squeeze a profit from the game. Ailments came next, bladders and arteries that caused agony matched against spells of vertigo and constipation. Finally, the rising price of those pills and elixirs that sustained them and how one had best pass away quickly before a decent death became too expensive. It was the tired, empty banter of the aged, except that when anyone mentioned an event from the past or the doings of their children, there would be a silence, as if something ill-mannered had been said, and the speaker would hurriedly bring the conversation back to a subject that Gardena contained, a subject that would not spill over into a memory or conjure up images of extraneous life.

"It's your turn to tell a story," Daisy said. I was undressing her, a privilege only recently granted me and that I had no desire to dilute with our usual Grand Guignol narratives.

"You've heard all my stories," I said, drawing her sweater over her raised arms and admiring the abrupt, pert appearance of her breasts.

"No I haven't," she said, stepping back, her arms folded across her chest. "Tell me something terrible you did."

The way she had withdrawn and covered herself angered me just long enough so that I began a story unlike any I had told her.

"All right, Daisy. Once when I was a student in New York, I got very drunk and went off to find a girl I knew who was always happy to see me, no matter what time of day or night I appeared. She lived in one of those huge, old apartment buildings on upper Broadway that had been converted into a place of a thousand cheap rooms—cubicles for students, addicts, prostitutes and anyone else in need of economical refuge, by the hour or the year. The inside of the building had been chopped and twisted into a maze of corridors, abrupt partitions and stairs that often led nowhere. To cram as many people in as possible, floors had been improvised between the old landings of the building, so that the numbers on the doors meant nothing and many of the rooms had only a curtain drawn in front of them for privacy.

"As I said, Daisy, I was drunk, and I couldn't find the room the girl was in. I walked and walked, listening at



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doors, hearing groans, coughs, sighs and arguments, and sometimes a scream or very soft weeping. I passed people in the hallways, but they had no idea who the girl was I was looking for or where I could find her if they did. Finally, I gave up and started down a flight of stairs I thought would lead to the building's lobby. Instead, it ended abruptly in front of a door, a door with no number or name on it, which I supposed led to another corridor or landing. And so I opened it.

"You know what was behind the door? A room with a cot, a sink and maybe a chair or two. And standing in front of the sink, right under a bright hanging light bulb, was a naked man, very old, with skin shriveled and wrinkled past anything I'd imagined age could do. He was washing clothes in the sink and hanging them to dry on a clothesline that sagged from the ceiling. He had a ragged piece of wash in his hand when I burst in and he clutched it to him as though he thought I meant to steal it.

"I started to apologize, but then I saw something horrifying and remarkable. The old man sported an erection, Daisy, a huge, torturously rigid erection that rose out of all that wrinkled skin as though it were completely independent of the body it was fastened to. I couldn't believe there was still such desire in someone so beyond any hope of fulfilling it, and I kept staring at the smooth, inflamed flesh until the old man modestly covered it with the tattered bit of laundry he'd been holding in his hands."

"What did you do to him?" Daisy asked impatiently.

"Nothing. I was terrified. I ran back up the stairs and down a mile of corridors until I found a way out of the building."

"What kind of story is that?" Daisy said sharply, folding her arms more tightly about her.

"It's a true story, Daisy. One that came back to me the first night I was in Gardena."

"It doesn't make any sense to me," Daisy said.

"Neither does desire without life."

"I want another story," Daisy said flatly.

"No more tales of horror, Daisy. I'm beginning to be offended by them. I'm a man of some literary taste, you may be surprised to discover, and the tales we tell each other are cheap, gory little dreams that try to make the world look despicable."

Daisy remained a sullen blankness, so I spoke more bluntly:

"I'm a gambler, Daisy. And there's nothing in Gardena to gamble on."

Her expression indicated she understood this but did not approve.

"I know the world can be terrifying,

but it's also a paradise of surprises, at least except for its Gardena."

"I'm not frightened of anything."

Daisy said coolly.

"Then come with me," I said. "I'll teach you everything I know and we'll share everything I'm going to win."

"How do you know you're going to win?" Daisy asked, and since I had no answer, she added, "And I don't have to be taught anything."

"Don't you want something more than to be the poker queen of Gardena?"

"Everything I want, I've written down. And it's all going to be sent to me here, all the things I've won because I can beat anyone who comes to Gardena with poker on his mind."

"You'll never win enough," I said.

"You'll never catch up with your list."

"I'll know when to quit."

"Good poker players know when to quit," I admitted. "But only after they've known what it is to lose. Since you're always going to win, you'll go on forever, until you've filled a thousand notebooks."

Daisy didn't understand this image of empty infinity. She seemed puzzled, almost hurt by what it implied, as though I had crudely insulted her.

"Do you want me to tell you who I really am?" she said shyly. Amazed at this capitulation, I answered that I did, and I prayed to be surprised and touched.

"When I am sure," she said, suddenly again herself, "absolutely sure you're never going to leave. Then I'll stop all the stories and we'll tell each other our real secrets."

She unfolded her arms and stood so that I could finish the disrobing. And when she was naked, a nacreous whiteness in the motel room, I felt that as long as we both knew I was not destined to stay with her in Gardena, there was no pressing need to rush away from so much pleasure. And when, as I lay down beside her, she still insisted on a story she approved of, I told her how, motivated by boredom, I had once assassinated a powerful minister of state and thereby sent half the world to war for my amusement.

Sometime after that night, I stopped playing poker. I grew tired of winning, every day, half as much as Daisy did. The game had become nothing but empty labor, a usurpation of that strength I wanted for the love Daisy and I made at night. And so, each day after she left, I would spend the afternoon strolling about Gardena, trying to make the time pass quickly with visits to drugstores and supermarkets.

The day I discovered that items were being entered in Daisy's ledger that were meant for my future use, I vowed to leave. The list of things—among which were a battery-operated Japanese razor, straw house slippers and the Sears Roebuck Complete Gentlemen's Den, in-

cluding its 100-volume set of abridged classics—read like an indictment and an irrevocable sentence, and I flung the Book of Things to Be against the wall, dressed and went to the bank to withdraw the money I had put there. Then, still full of resolution, muttering to myself the catalog of monstrosities that Daisy had destined for me, I returned to the motel and earnestly began to pack. But then, among the clothes we had mingled when I moved into her room, I came upon that bit of small, white raiment that was always the last item to be slipped from Daisy's body when I undressed her at night. I stared at this token of the feeling that prevailed between us and I couldn't help touching it, squeezing the little triangle of slick nylon in my hands, rubbing it across my cheeks, forehead and lips. Before I put it down, all resolve to leave had been drained from me and I finally accepted the fact that I might be alone with my passion forever.

. . .

I first heard of the man's arrival when I was summoned about midnight to the motel's office and told there was a telephone call for me. It was the old cowboy who informed me in a brisk, dry voice that Daisy was involved in what appeared would be a long session at the poker table with a film producer named Dorian Goldman and that I shouldn't expect her home at the usual time.

The tinge of unease I felt when he hung up swelled into full panic by the time I returned to our room. I was someone now addicted to precise sequence, to my needs' punctual fulfillment, and this sudden rupture in the continuity I had come to expect made me unreasonably fearful.

It was nearly closing time when I entered the casino and most of the tables were empty. Nevertheless, there seemed to be more noise in the room than I had ever heard before, heavy, good-natured bellowing that was completely unlike the occasional whine or gambling imprecation that rose out of the usual stillness. In the far corner of the room, one table was full and a good number of people stood as spectators around it. As I approached, I glimpsed Daisy, controlled and lovely, in the process of studying her cards. On either side of her were two ladies, more thin and thanatoid than any I had seen before, staring blankly at the cards in front of them. Two men, who looked as though they might be the women's mates, had seats next to them and on either side of the film producer.

And it was he who was filling the huge room with his voice, booming out a monolog while he played that, sustained by frequent sips from a silver flask he drew from his coat pocket, celebrated himself and his achievements. He was a heavy man, but not fat, with shoulders that seemed to begin just beneath

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his ears. His face was round and tanned, with large black melancholy eyes that rose and fell while he talked as though he were an old actor playing to the cheapest seats in the balcony. What hair he had left he combed shamelessly forward, so that the top of his brown head was covered with tiny, slick serpentine curls. He wore a blue pinstripe business suit that seemed barely able to contain his bulk, a white shirt and silver tie, both of which had been spotted by the contents of the flask.

"Again I say it, this is the only way to relax when you've wound up a deal like the one I've just made. Who wants to lie with some boring weekend sweetheart in Acapulco when you can turn a few cards and see how your luck's running? What the hell, gimme one card and I'll see if I can hit this straight right in the belly."

I caught Daisy's eye as one of the old women dealt Goldman what he had requested. She was composed and immaculate, a perfect and frightening opponent to Goldman's babble and dishevelment. She took one card and bet without comment. Goldman glanced at his cards, then tossed them away with a shrug.

"Well, maybe it's too early in the game to fill inside straights." He drained his flask, then slipped it with a \$20 bill to one of the floormen, who, since drinking was officially forbidden in the game room, discreetly retired to earn his tip. Then Goldman looked admiringly at Daisy.

"You're really serious about this game, aren't you?" he asked, and then laughed at his own question. "Why shouldn't you be? Everyone is serious about something. That is, everyone but my son Arthur, who has told me, after I went into six figures to get him a Ph.D. in history, that he is too sensitive to take anything seriously. He says he can't stand disappointment, so he has to be frivolous. He'd make some poker player with that philosophy."

Goldman folded his next two hands before betting and Daisy, in order to keep the game from seeming too dependent upon his willingness to play any cards dealt to him, went through the routine of winning and losing a small pot to the old ladies at the table. From the amount of chips she had in front of her, she was winning well over \$1000, all of it, I assumed, from Goldman. The last entry in my column of the ledger had been an Italian-made electric typewriter that cost \$932, and I shuddered at how quickly Daisy was erecting in my honor a tomb of merchandise. I looked at her and then at Goldman and recognized in the contrast between the two the substance of all the stories Daisy had told me, the lessons of life-created weakness being toyed with and exploited by a will indifferent to any complete human feeling or moral gloom. There had been times when I imagined Daisy might love

me, times when I thought that I might be her life's only honest risk. But seeing her now, in her absolute regnant beauty and crystallized hardness, I knew I had capitulated to the shallowest temporal passion and deserved no more of grace than that which I found in bone, orifice and flesh, and which, with my eyes, I explored every time they met Daisy's.

But she was too engrossed in her sack of Dorian Goldman to give me any response. After the brief pause from play that followed the introduction of his son into his chatter, he committed himself to three large pots and lost them all. He boastfully chastized himself during and after the play of each of these hands, recalling how his father, a shoemaker from the Sudetenland, had worked a year in his New York shop to make what his son had squandered on the last assortment of feeble cards. He reminded himself aloud of the demeaning things his mother had been forced to do in order to save each month a sum equal to that which he'd paid to have his flask refilled, how she had died with her fists clenched on her chest and how neither the rabbi nor his father could pry them open so that she could be buried in an attitude of peace.

"I am going to need more chips," he said after committing all he had in front of him to a hand he deemed unworthy of even showing after Daisy had called him with a pair of kings. With the dexterity of a bank clerk, he counted out 31 \$100 bills and handed them to the floorman. "With fifteen million sunk into the picture I've waited all my life to produce, what's a few thousand more to celebrate completing it?"

While Goldman's chips were being counted, someone dully asked the name of the film. Goldman smiled and his eyes widened as though to take in the magnificence of the vision his picture's name would evoke.

"*The Man Who Bought the Roman Empire*," he said in a manner that made one feel he was revealing a formula for glory and success that had been obvious to, but ignored by, everyone in the world except him. The title of his achievement was met with silence, so Goldman, like a true promoter, offered to bribe his audience.

"The man who bought the Roman Empire," he said, as if repeating the punch line of a story that had not been understood. "One hundred dollars says no one here knows who that was."

With the thrill of an ambitious schoolboy I blurted out, "Didius Julianus."

"What do you do? Hustle history?" he asked as he handed me the \$100 bill.

"He's a famous man," I said. "Every schoolboy has to learn *The Rime of the Roman Emperors*. Though just and good, old Pertinax/From the praetors got the ax/Then a fortune Julianus pays/For a reign of sixty days!"

Daisy riffled the cards to interrupt us and, a new batch of chips in front of him, Goldman nodded that he was ready to play. However, before looking at his cards, he glanced back at me with half-drunk penetration and asked if I thought he had a good subject for a motion picture in Didius Julianus. The tone of the question had no trace of social banter; it was infused with a touching anxiety, a need for some authority to pronounce the vision of Dorian Goldman a sound investment. It had been a long time since I had felt such a frank emanation of doubt and concern over the outcome of such a human venture, and by virtue of my knowledge of *The Rime of the Roman Emperors*, I assured Goldman that he had a rich, dynamic subject for the screen, one that should provide deep moral lessons, in a suitably entertaining form, of course, about the dangers of mortal ambition.

"I'll buy that," Goldman shouted, slamming a bet down in the center of the table. "Mortal ambition. Boy, have I had mortal ambition. Mortal ambition made me produce fifteen horror films about professors who turned into insects, housewives who became cannibals and visitors from outer space who took over the bodies of a major-league baseball team. A gruesome list, but they made me a millionaire. And I'll tell you something, I was never ashamed of my monsters. They were right up there, just a little behind Dracula and Frankenstein in taste and audience appeal."

Goldman laughed at himself and then called a raise Daisy had made. She showed three sevens.

"What do you know?" he cried, fanning his cards out smoothly in front of him. "I made a full house and didn't even know it, I was talking so much."

It was the first hand I had seen Goldman win and Daisy glanced sharply at me, her eyes making a pointed accusation. I took one retreating step from the table but then stopped. Aware what I was risking, I nevertheless gave Daisy just the hint of a defiant smile and asked Goldman how he had ever thought of making a movie about the man who had bought the Roman Empire.

"Destiny," Goldman roared after a long swallow from his flask. "I had reached that point in life when I either had to go on thinking up bigger and better bugs or do something that showed that Dorian Goldman gave a damn how he lived and died while he was here. I had just about resigned myself to sticking with the bugs, when my son tells me that I remind him of this Julianus fellow with all my talk about doing a really big picture, that it was like I wanted to buy an empire for myself. So I do a little research and I find out that this Julianus really did pick up the whole damned empire at an auction held by the soldiers

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who had killed that nice sweet old Pertainax fellow. Ordinarily, I bet a flush until I have to walk home, but I'll give you this one without a fight."

Goldman turned up five clubs, and from the abrupt way Daisy tilted her head to look at them, I gathered that she had held a better hand and had counted on Goldman's losing at least \$300 or \$400 should he have anything as strong as a flush to bet. Again she looked at me, this time in a way that made me realize that she was displaying the full force of her beauty, the sum of what I stood to lose if, by staying, I became Goldman's ally against her. It was an intimidating warning and I might have heeded it had I not suddenly noticed something strange about her face, something that gave me the heart to encourage Goldman's crude enthusiasm about himself. I pulled a chair up to the table and asked if I might try a sample from the flask.

"Help yourself," Goldman said. "Anybody else want some, be my guest."

There was a long pause, and then one of the old ladies, whining softly about a pain in her hip, fluttered her hand toward the flask. It shot back into her lap when Daisy snapped the cards and asked if they were going to continue the game.

"Of course," Goldman said. "I've just started getting lucky in this place."

As one of the old men dealt, I took a long drink from the flask while I secretly scanned Daisy's face. I had been right. There was something there that I'd never seen before. Beneath her eyes were two crescents of shadow, two bits of moon-shaped darkness so faint that they would have been noticed by no one except a scholarly lover who had scanned and memorized every millimeter of her body.

"What did you find out about Julianus?" I asked Goldman, placing the flask on the table between us. "I don't remember much about him except that he was an ambitious senator."

"Forget senators," he said, flashing me his hand to show that he had just raised one of the old ladies on a pair of eights. "There's no drama in a guy who's been important and rich all his life taking a shot at being emperor of the world. No, I told the four screenwriters I hired that I wanted a self-made man, someone who starts off with nothing and works his way up in life until he thinks that the only thing left for him to do is own the world."

"Definitely an improvement on history," I said as Goldman easily bluffed the old lady from the pot with his two eights and a bet made in misstatement.

"For fifteen million I get to create my own history," Goldman laughed. "And what a history! I just closed my eyes and tried to imagine how I would have made it in those days. So we have Julianus starting off real low in the world, hustling run-down slaves in the provinces. He does all right, but having a flair for

show business, he gets an idea to start putting on some sex spectacles and he soon starts catering expensive flesh shows for private parties in Rome. You can imagine what scenes that will make on the wide screen. Some of the stuff the writers came up with even gave me a little moral shudder. I mean, can you believe a girl and a bull going at it in front of a mixed company of fifty people eating dessert? But it's historically accurate and it's art, so no one can start a legal hassle about it."

The rest of the table had been made uneasy. The men shook their heads, the women squirmed and the old cowboy, who stood behind Daisy's chair, began a little tremble of rage. I felt that they might shatter under the impact of Dorian Goldman's creative energy, especially since he had just won a good-sized pot with a broken straight and a series of absent-minded bets. Daisy had not stirred, either at the mention of catered orgies or at the ending of the hand. But the shadows had darkened a little and there was just the trace perhaps of two thin lines at the corners of her mouth. Not enough, I thought, to liberate me, even with the transfusion of glorious ambition that I was receiving from Goldman, who had bought the man who bought the Roman Empire. But if he could keep winning, if he could sustain in me the excitement of visionary gambles, then Daisy's spell might be broken long enough for me to flee through the crack in her perfection.

"Politics, greed, ambition—it's all in there," Goldman continued, "especially when Juli starts rising in society, buying the hills of Rome one by one, acquiring exclusive rights to the aqueduct, putting up a temple in the best part of town to honor his mother's memory. He's so confident that gold can do everything that he even, in his prayers, offers Apollo a million in cash to rent the sun for a day."

"What does he want to do with the sun?" I asked, closing my eyes as Goldman drew three cards to a pair of jacks after enduring a quartet of raises. When I opened them, I saw that a third jack and two fours had arrived.

"Aha," Goldman exclaimed, raising his flask high in salutation. "I asked the writer who put that in the same question, and he tells me it's because Juli wants to transcend, whatever that means. But what the hell, it's a good scene, and art, when it's first-class, doesn't have to be understood. I'll call and raise."

As he trusted the transcendence of Julianus, so he was now all confidence in his cards' good fortune, and he often bet without even looking at those that came to him after the draw. While he was telling how Julianus fell in love and rented the Circus Maximus for his wedding, I began to fill myself with the strength of human audaciousness again. I felt once more the strong, proud, slightly pomp-

ous call to high deeds and manly exploits, to the keeping of those promises that the masculine soul makes to itself. I looked with cruel restless eyes at Daisy, as Goldman droned on about his \$15,000,000 epic, and saw her face begin to crack like crystal, the indentations of age zigzagging through flesh that grew loose and flaccid and that dragged her features into distortion. Her lips grew thin and bloodless, her eyes swollen and inflamed. Thin, knotted veins appeared at her temples, which the strings of gray, untended hair failed to cover. With a cool adventurer's sight, I destroyed the passion that had hobbled me and made beauty reveal itself as an unworthy end for a noble imagination—or at least that beauty capable of being possessed by a single body. To renounce the desire that had kept me in Gardena, I forced Daisy to assume a mortality she certainly was unaware of, to become successive portraits of decay until she had withered to bone and her diamond was her only radiance. Like all men who suddenly outgrow a passion, I took no responsibility for this sad transformation. Perhaps, I thought, she had been after all no more than death, a calculating enemy of all vitality and human vision. And even when she had begun to beat Goldman, to win hand after hand while he babbled incoherently about the execution of Julianus and his severed head staring at the sun it could not rent, Daisy failed to restore herself in my eyes. The beauty that returned with the acquisition of the producer's final chip I had at last made powerless, simply another of the world's things that I had no desire to acquire or be enslaved to.

It was nearly noon when the game ended and Goldman, worn out and beaten, got shakily to his feet and complimented Daisy. He had had luck with him for a long while, he said, but he had been careless. However, he assured us, with his movie he had not been, each frame of which he had studied and brooded over for months. Everything a man can do he swore he had done, and he was ready for hard critical judgment.

He agreed affably when I asked him to drive me to Los Angeles, and Daisy did not even look up from the careful stacking of her chips, even though it was to her I had spoken. I assumed that at that very moment she was making up a story about me, that the desire to gamble on myself, which had proved stronger than the desire she'd created in me, was being turned into a weakness that invited a punishing revenge.

While Goldman waited in his car, I packed in minutes and gave no last look at the motel room for memory's sake. I did, however, once we were on the road, turn to gaze back at Gardena, but it was not a city to recede slowly in the distance. It had simply dissolved away.

## STEP-AND-A-HALF

(continued from page 102)

before him, trying to kiss his hand, afterward seeking an autograph by the hand they had just kissed. It is, indeed, a puzzle. Before he lost his leg, Step had been awfully poor, poor and unknown, and they say that a man never gets over a thing like that.

Anyhow, you may as well read it here—all of it. Step presently started taking on airs when he drank tea, tapping the ash from his cigarette with his index finger and turning round impatiently when some nobody wanted to speak to him, saying down his nose, "Yaas, what is it?"

Step—our own little laughing Step!

If the nobody standing there, gripping his cap in both hands, wasn't used to being around great men, he would usually just turn and flee—and who can blame him? I know I would have.

All this was bad enough, but what finally drove Step's enemies over the edge, though it doesn't particularly bother the chronicler, was when Chief Topwalker's loveliest daughter fell head over heels in love with Step—the lucky fellow!

The Niggerheads were a passionate, fiery people when it came to love, and it was a pretty darn tempestuous courtship. Princess Topwalker was a wild thing and in some ways, though not in all, she had been liberated from birth. She had flaming black hair, like a raven, and she shook it with reckless abandon. A lot of people thought all the messengers were going around with their tongues hanging out just because they were so tired, but that wasn't the reason. They were all secretly thinking about Princess Topwalker, coveting her delicious body. Not a one of them except Step loved the pilgrim soul in her.

Step and the princess hugged and kissed all over the niggerheads, for that is where they usually met. If you think a deep dark forest, or a wind-swept seashore, or a scorching desert offers a lot of privacy, it's pretty obvious you've never made love in a field of niggerheads. That place makes those others look like Times Square on Saturday night.

Being so busy with his carrying of big important messages all day, Step could meet his lovely sweetheart only at night, but that was the best time, anyway. He would race to get to their rendezvous spot first, and when his sweetheart came forth to meet him, he, having found just the right niggerhead to prop himself up on, would be standing there straight and proud as any brave. They would embrace, Step calling her his little Sweetpototie Mustang, and she, him her Peachy little Mercury.

They would then sit down on adjoining humps and hold hands for a long time. Princess Topwalker talked a lot



If you can't find this record, Herb Fanning has it for \$5.98 plus 35¢ postage at the Lynchburg Hardware & General Store, Box 239, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352.

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The result is a Paramount Records' album that's available wherever good records are sold. If the music inspires a sip of Jack Daniel's, don't be surprised. That's *just* what Mr. Jack intended it to do.



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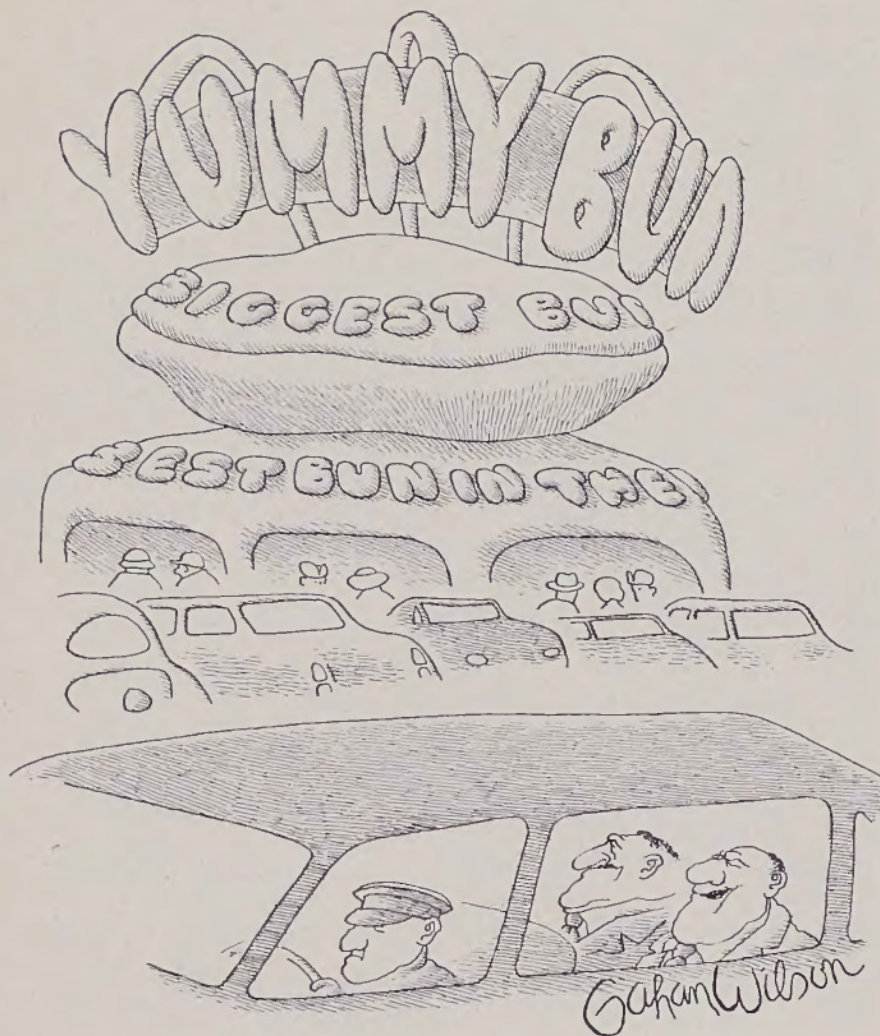
DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee

*The first Distillery placed in the National Register  
of Historic Places by the United States Government.*



*"You've got to admit their outright elimination of the hamburger was a stroke of sheer financial genius!"*

about her dreams to Step. One of her favorites was of becoming a painter—that or at least a model. Once she threw open her blouse, showering buttons all over the swamp, to show Step what he was going to have free access to later on, asking him if he thought she could make it.

Brassieres weren't introduced into the Niggerhead tribe until after the missionaries came, in case you didn't know—those and linen thread, so buttons wouldn't pop off so easily. The last thing a Niggerhead maiden would hear from her mother before she left on a date was, "Either come home with your buttons or a husband—one of the two," but Princess Topwalker didn't care. Just like her father.

To make a better judgment, Step got up to look closer and fell over backward. Princess Topwalker bent down to help him up, but he pulled her down instead. They did a lot of laughing and rolling around, he going "Ruff, ruff,"

and she crying out over and over, "No, no, Step, honey, not until after we are lawfully wedded," trying to button her now-buttonless blouse back up at the same time. She had a hard time tearing herself out of Step's clutches, for he was a Niggerhead, too, you must remember. The old Niggerheads, at least the women, were a lot more moral and tradition-minded than a person would imagine, what with the missionaries not having shown up yet to teach them things and all.

This was how it went on for some months. Every night for Step it was a fast wash, a quick bite, then a hop, skip and a jump off for some more loving. The evening sessions of hugging and kissing, kissing and hugging, and only upon Princess Topwalker's insistence, not his own, were broken up by long periods of cooling off. "Breathers," she called them. Sometimes Step, mopping his brow and trying nicely to make his collar larger without lapsing into pure

informality altogether, which would have necessitated his throwing off everything, would moan and groan, complaining weakly that he didn't think he could stand it much longer; this in his attempt to break Princess Topwalker down. But she was not to be broken. When things had reached this stage, she, naughty girl, while struggling to contain her laughter, would only stand over him and fan him with the front of her skirt, and poor Step would sink into that despair too deep for sound.

But it was not in the stars for Step to wed his beloved princess. O cruel Fate, O fink Furies, O leather-hearted gods! The wedding date had long been set when the terrible thing happened.

The very night before the wedding, a dark and moonless night, the other messengers, some tops, some bottoms, fell upon Step, catching him on flat ground, where he was most helpless. They kicked his little golden crutch aspinning, the falling Step crying out to his most trusted servant for help. While some of the bastards held him down, the others snapped off his good leg at the knee, making him just like everybody else now, only shorter.

"Now you see how it feels, Mr. Lover-boy Bigshot Monopolist!" they all jeered, dancing in a circle around him now.

Step lay for a long time without moving where they had left him. At last his most trusted servant came to help him home.

Step didn't show up for work the next day, or the next, but remained home in bed, hidden under the covers. It wasn't the physical pain he minded so much—Niggerheads, brave souls, were used to that—but the psychic. Oh, how it hurt. Having been unique and famous for so long, can you think it was easy for him, this being just like everybody else now?

Call it weakness, if you like, call it cowardice, call it pride. Call it anything you want. The grim point is, the second night after being waylaid, Step, without a word to anyone, without even saying goodbye to his beautiful princess sweetheart, disappeared, never to be seen again.

To this day, the natives, choosing to ignore the so-well-documented fact of Step-and-a-half's second maiming, say that on moonlight nights you can still see him racing across the boundless seas of niggerheads, that long leg of his working the bottom and his short the top, running smoothly as if he were on rails, carrying something in his hand, though no one has any idea what it is. Some message destined for the provinces, possibly, farmed out by Hermes, though Homer never mentions it. But much of this can be found in any ancient far-northern history book, so need be dwelt on here no longer.



## TABLE TALK

(continued from page 111)

kind of game that I play. The greatest acting jobs in the world are done at poker tables. Show me a great poker player and I'll show you a great actor. As soon as a man makes a phony move or a nervous gesture, I read that as an edge. If you play with someone long enough, you pick up certain telltale physical habits. Like if a guy gets three sevens and his nose twitches. One guy I used to play serious poker with would always cough when he thought he had the winning hand, let's say four cards in when he would raise. And it would cost him a fortune. When that happened, I always folded. Fortunately, nobody ever told him about his coughing. My mother is the same way, but much more obvious. She lets out with a scream when she catches a pair. We usually play on New Year's Eve—

**BERLE:** My mother was a poker player.

**LEMMON:** Let him finish, Milton.

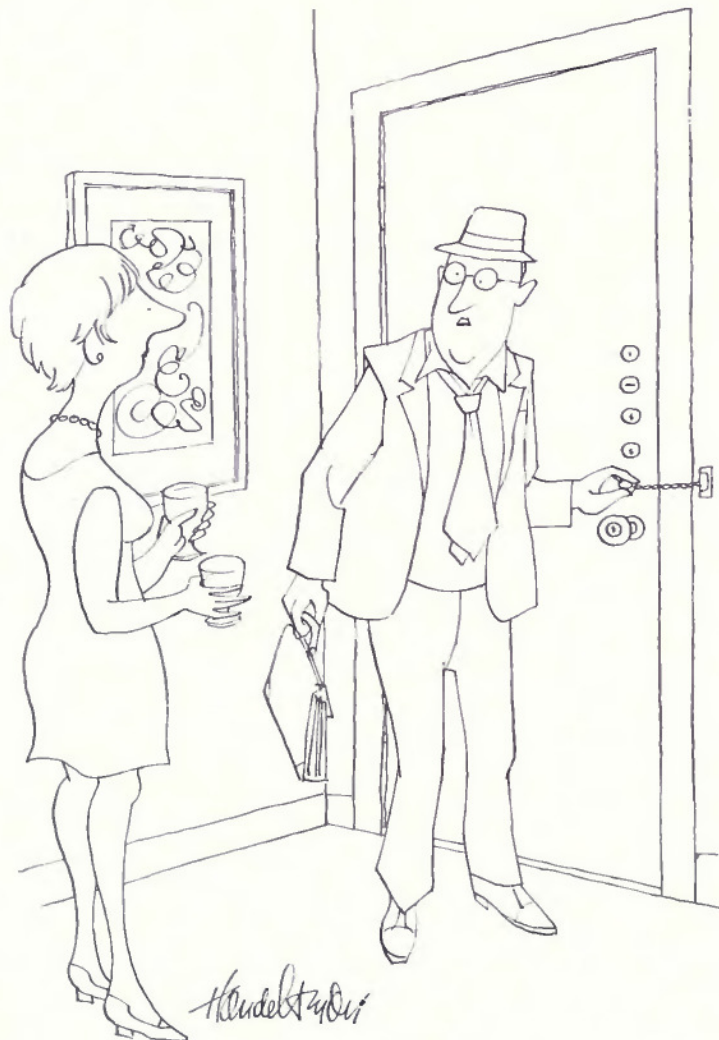
**SAVALAS:** It's a Greek custom to play poker on New Year's Eve. The game usually includes my mother, my father and whatever first cousins happen to be around. It's the conventional five-card stud, both draw and open. None of the yo-yo games like seven-card stud, baseball, highball or lowball. The stakes are nickels, dimes, quarters. There's a buffet of food that includes a Greek bread that is baked with a silver coin inside. You cut a slice for everyone who's playing poker. Whoever gets the slice with the coin will have good luck for the whole year.

**BERLE:** There's a great story that really happened to my mother, which I told to Jule Styne when he was preparing *Funny Girl* for Broadway. And he put the story into the show. My mother was a fanatic poker player but not a good one. I'd give her an allowance on Friday, she'd blow it playing poker over the weekend, and by Monday she'd be asking to borrow \$20. People liked to be booked on the bill with me on the Orpheum circuit out of Chicago, knowing that my mother was a sucker and they were bound to make extra money playing with her. In Atlantic City, back in the early Thirties, I was on a vaudeville bill with Sophie Tucker. One night, after the show, Sophie and my mother were looking for a game, but they couldn't find anybody else. Just for the action, they wound up playing two-handed poker, at a quarter and a half. Midway through the game, there was a hand where they were raising each other like it was going out of style. Finally, my mother said, "I'll see you, what have you got?" "I got an ace, a six, a jack, a five and a four," Sophie replied. "Take it," my mother said. "I thought you were bluffing." That became one of the big laughs in *Funny Girl*, in a scene between Jean Stapleton and Kay Medford.

**MATTHAU:** Bluffing—the act of deception—is what poker is all about. You're free to deceive your fellow man and, in turn, you're supposed to be deceived by him. The game exemplifies the worst aspects of capitalism that have made our country so great. The other key to winning poker is competent money management. It's the only game where you can hold bad cards all night and win money by managing your capital correctly. In a good game, you can win the pot simply by betting the right amount of money. You don't have to have the best hand to win. For example, let's say you have 4-5-6-7 of spades, all right? And somebody opens the pot with \$50. One guy calls. Another guy raises \$150. You call \$200 and you raise \$700. Two guys call you. You go for your flush and you miss with a deuce of diamonds. So you have nothing in your hand, right? OK, everybody

checks to you. You bet \$3000 and drive everybody out. You've won the hand, but you haven't had any good cards. You have a busted hand and yet you win money. Deceiving your fellow man is against the Judaeo-Christian ethic, but that's how you play this game.

**GOULD:** You can also get burned by bluffing. When I was a \$125-a-week chorus boy in Broadway musicals in my early 20s, I used to play backstage in the dressing rooms and grind out my expenses, \$80 a week, \$100 a week, sometimes \$200 a week. I learned a good lesson the first time I got involved in a game outside the theater, at the Bryant Hotel. I was playing short. I had only \$40 to my name, two 20s. In one of the early hands, I bluffed. The guys I was playing against deliberated for maybe four minutes before calling my bluff, and suddenly I was out on my ass, just like that. The loss wasn't as bad as the embarrassment of having a bluff called. When I resumed



*"We may be seeing a gradual return to law and order. I was knocked down and kicked in the elevator today, without being robbed."*

playing backstage, at the Alvin and ANTA theaters, I became a consistent winner because instead of playing it very tight—as if the money meant a lot to me—I stayed loose. I was no longer pressing.

**LEMMON:** Did you play backstage during the *Texaco Star Theater* days, Milton?

**BERLE:** Who had the time? We had enough to do, putting on a live show every week. The only thing that happened in those dressing rooms was fucking. But when I was in my 20s, I used to play table-stakes poker with Arnold Rothstein—the famous gambler—at the Park Central Hotel in New York: \$2000 and \$4000 last card. I stopped playing in my 30s because I lost too much. I was quite loose with my money. You can read all about that in my book, *Berle: An Autobiography*, which was published last month. One Rothstein game I missed at the Park Central was the night he was killed after an argument over one of the hands. I was working a B'nai B'rith benefit out in Brooklyn.

**LEMMON:** For a while, I was putting myself through college on poker, playing at the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard. I was a silly-assed kid of 19 or 20 in the wartime Navy V-12 program, getting paid like 38 bucks a month. We played pennies, nickels and dimes; mostly seven-card stud. A dime bet was a big thing. I picked up ten bucks a month playing two or three times a week. That was a helluva lot of money then—25 percent of what I was getting paid, anyhow. After I began to make a decent living years later and got into 50-cent, one-dollar games, I never was particularly successful. Fortunately, it quickly dawned on me that maybe the guys I was beating in college weren't that good and that I wasn't a particularly skilled poker player.

**MATTHAU:** I *never* was a good poker player. My low point came when I was 19, working in a CCC camp in Belton, Montana, the time I went to a gambling house in Butte on a holiday and lost all my money. I was stranded. So I walked over to the railroad yards and hopped a freight train going north to get back to Belton. I was on that train for about 36 hours and I hadn't eaten anything. Suddenly, I saw a mouse. Or a rat. I think it was a rat. I killed that rat and I cooked it and I ate it. Tasted lousy.

**GOULD:** I never had it that bad. When I was in my early teens, we played poker on the stoops of Brooklyn brownstones for baseball trading cards—instead of betting money. You'd ante a Johnny Pesky or a Gene Hermanski or an Ernie Lombardi. But you'd save Joe DiMaggios. Stars were the last thing you'd bet. Anybody who bet 25 baseball cards on the last card was really considered daring, because 25 cards was the equivalent of an entire team. I was wiped out on a big bet like that more than once.

**BERLE:** As early as the age of ten, I was doing manipulation and magic tricks with cards. In later years, when I sat down at a table, most people who knew that wouldn't let me deal. In the picture *Doyle Against the House*, I dealt seconds, thirds and bottoms with my own hands. One reason I don't play much poker anymore is that I'm quite adept at mechanics and people are suspicious.

**MATTHAU:** So you're one of those guys, huh? Years ago, there was an actor I knew on the East Coast who put together a game that included a renowned card mechanic he'd hired to sit in. That was something we found out much later, after I lost several thousand dollars. I couldn't figure out why I wasn't getting any cards in that game. The actor, I assume, split the winnings with the mechanic. That was the final straw. That so sickened me that I just never played the game again for big money.

**BERLE:** My last big poker game was in the Sherman House in Chicago. I must have lost about \$18,000 or \$20,000 that night and my mother bawled me out afterward. I didn't mind it so much, because I was making plenty of money. It's all in my autobiography. What bothered me most was that, just like Walter was saying, I wasn't getting the cards, either.

**LEMMON:** What also hurts is what happened to me in 1956, on location in Trinidad for a picture called *Fire Down Below*. Bob Mitchum, Rita Hayworth and yours truly, America's aging juvenile. Shooting was shut down during a rainstorm and we were playing 25-50. Son of a bitch if I didn't come up with a royal straight flush. I couldn't believe it. A *natural royal straight flush!* Three cards were hidden in seven-card. *Shit!* I'd never even *seen* one before, much less played such a hand. Wouldn't you know it, everybody at the table dropped. They all went out. It was devastating. I made about a dollar and a half on the pot.

**MATTHAU:** I don't know how the rest of you feel, but I don't particularly like to take money away from other people, especially from my friends. That bothers me a lot. I'm a cardiac. The experiences of losing and winning from my friends both make me feel as though I'm going to have another heart attack. Looking back on the 27 years I played poker for big money, I've come to feel the whole affair was disgusting. When I won, the other guys were hurt. When I lost, I was hurt. Unfortunately, the essence of poker is hitting the other guy over the head and taking his money away.

**GOULD:** I don't like to see anybody lose, either. I just like to have a good time. So I play, but I rarely gamble heavily. I don't like to beat anybody, which I guess is a form of identification—because I hate to be beaten. We played some poker between takes of *California Split*. Some of the participants were guys like

Amarillo Slim and Sailor Roberts, professional gamblers who play in the big Vegas tournament every year and happened to have parts in the film. I lost \$800 the first time I sat down. The second time, I came out even. But some of the guys at the table were playing with very short bread. So it was a little uncomfortable.

**SAVALAS:** As I've become more proficient at playing cards, I find that I like playing with friends less and less, because—for the most part—the percentages are with me. I always feel guilty when I beat my friends in any kind of gambling game. Most of my poker action has been in casinos, because I enjoy buckin' heads with the house.

**LEMMON:** Every now and then, I've been in a game where a fellow is a couple of hundred dollars down and I'm squirming because I know he can't afford it. I don't like that feeling. That's when I'll get all the cards and can't help winning. Occasionally, I've been caught folding good hands in such situations because I didn't want to win too much. I think there's a fine line that divides whether you're enjoying poker or are only there to win. I could be in a lot of the big games around town, but I wouldn't enjoy it. I like playing with the broads—like my wife and Milton's wife at the Berles'. We play a dollar. Nobody gets killed. At times, I've gone four hours without winning one hand. The most I can lose in an evening is a hundred and something. But I can afford that. In relation to what I can afford, I'm not hurt.

**SAVALAS:** What's the table talk like when you're playing with Berle?

**LEMMON:** Jesus Christ, have you ever seen his act? Sooner or later, all the one-line nifties are floating across the table as thick as cigar smoke. Since everybody knows all his jokes, sometimes he just throws out tag lines. For variety, he does double talk while he's dealing the cards. I think the son of a bitch tries out material on us, too. And if it doesn't work at the card table, he doesn't use it in his act. When he says he's going to the john, I really think he's going to his joke files. Because, usually, he comes back with four more rippers in the next three minutes.

**BERLE:** That reminds me of the time I was playing with a guy who said, "I'll play you for your act." I said, "That's fine by me. If you win, you'll only be getting Bob Hope's old material, anyway." But, seriously, I don't gamble much anymore—mainly because I've already lost too much gambling, between \$3,500,000 and \$4,000,000. If you want to take the time, you can read about it in my autobiography.

**LEMMON:** Enough with the book, Milton. Shut up and deal.





*"For the last time, Watson—the tobacco  
in the Persian slipper is mine!"*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



## HATS APLENTY

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "The hat is the *ultimum moriens* of respectability." Were he alive today, Justice Holmes would no doubt call Marvin Gammage, Jr., owner of Texas Hatters (1705 S. Lamar, Austin), the *ultimum moriens* of hatters, and chances are Marvin would belt him, as they don't speak Latin in Texas. Since he joined Texas Hatters, the family firm, Marvin has made hats for Congressmen, entertainers and thousands of ordinary people like us. A crew of five will whip up anything you desire, from beaver shag to a Hi-Roller, as seen here, complete with a rattlesnake band. Prices range from \$15 to \$100, depending on the design and material. Hat stuff!



## SNOW BALL

Ever try riding a horse on a tightrope? How about catching fish with a staple gun? Well, we can't offer you those, but why not try a few holes of golf in 150 inches of snow? The World Championship of Snowgolf (P. O. Box 758, Prince George, B.C.) expects up to 50,000 people to do just that this winter. A tournament, consisting of two rounds of golf and three nights of 19th holing, starts February 21, 1975. The game uses one club per player, a bright-colored ball and a special tee. And there are rules such as admonishing you not to make "any unnecessary holes in the course." If you want your own league, W.C.S. will send you all the information. Next year—underwater ping-pong.

## HIDE 'N' HAIR

What this country has always needed—besides a seven-cent nickel and a good waxing—is a nude hair salon, right? It makes sense. Ben De Córdova, owner of The Hair Cutting Shop (10349 West Olympic Blvd., L.A.), says the hair on your head should be shaped to fit the body's natural contours. If your body's natural contours happen to resemble those of Quasimodo, don't worry. For \$50, which includes a brush-off, Mr. De Córdova will have you looking like Warren Beatty. Would you believe Telly Savalas?



## TRUMPED-UP SPADE

The Maltese Falcon, as described by the original Sam Spade, was "the stuff that dreams are made of." Rastar Productions' spoof *The Black Bird* (. . . or *The Maltese Falcon Flies Again!*) will no doubt be the stuff that laughs are made of. It stars George Segal as Sam Spade, Jr., Felix Silla, a 32-inch midget, as the villain, Lionel Stander and Elisha Cook, Jr. Need we say more, sweetheart?



### BITE THE BULLET

In the good old days before the advent of anesthesia, wounded cowboys used to chomp down on a bullet to withstand pain. This resulted in multiple tooth fractures, but then cowboys weren't too bright anyway. Refining that glorious tradition, Haltom's Jeweler's (701 Houston St., Fort Worth, Texas) has come out with a silver bullet suitable, if not for biting, at least for killing werewolves. It's made of sterling silver and costs \$8.25 postpaid. Or \$16.75 will get you one on a chain. The Lone Ranger would love it.



### CUCKOO FOR CHOOCHOOS

Now for only \$7, you can amaze your friends with the facts that the Chattahoochee Valley Railway's Model SW1500 locomotive was built by G.M. in 1966 and weighs 258,000 pounds. These and other pertinent statistics on every diesel and electric locomotive owned, operated and ordered as of December 31, 1973, are included in a black book titled *Locomotive Rosters of North America*, available from Northam Directory Association, 195 Côte Ste. Catherine Road, Suite 1903, Montreal, Quebec. Casey Jones would flip.



### BEAU JEST

Let's face it: Middle-class comforts have made Jack a dull boy. What happened to those youthful, romantic ideas of adventure you once had? Well, now you can recapture that Errol Flynn image by writing to Soldiers of Fortune, P. O. Box 151, Sylvania, Ohio. They'll send you the scoop on how to join the French Foreign Legion or dynamite a jungle town. You can even join S.O.F., provided you've got the qualifications. Insurance is optional; brains, too.



### ARCANA IN THE ROUND

You say your local record store doesn't stock Gid Tanner & the Skillet Lickers or The New Mississippi Sheiks? Then try RoundHouse Records, a mail-order company that stocks every offbeat label it can find, and even has one of its own. (Check the record reviews in this issue for a sampling.) A quarter aimed at RoundHouse, P. O. Box 474, Somerville, Mass., will get you its catalog. You should live so long without Blind Lemon Jefferson.



### NATURAL RHYTHM

We all have days when we're unaccountably cranky or blue. Doctors call it Biorhythmics—cyclic patterns of change in your energy. Here's a little gizmo, available from Biomate Ltd. (408 St. John St., London) for \$10, that computes your intellectual, muscular and nervous-system rhythms for a complete year. You just set it by your birth date and turn the dials to see what mood you're going to be in next week.



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PB-11

## SUPER SOUPS

(continued from page 140)

again?) nor many seafoods. To achieve variety in our meals, we must combine, flavor and invent.

So to neglect one whole category of the menu is, at the least, absurd. Yet when was the last time you had a big soup and only that—with perhaps a salad and some fruit—and called it a real meal? The reason for the decline lies possibly in the fact that the great wave of immigration from Europe that brought with it, from Sweden to Sicily, such an immense diversity of the dish has now subsided into the third and fourth generations—and a taste for powdered mashed potatoes.

Let this be the moment for a revival. Here following you will find a selection of the hearty soups—hot and cold, fish, flesh, fowl and vegetable—that should enable you to stage your own soup spectacular.

### Seafood Soups

#### FISH BOIL

(Serves four)

- 2 pounds fresh fish, cleaned and cut
- 4 slices lemon
- 4 slices orange
- 1 pinch saffron
- Salt, black pepper
- 6 cloves
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- 1 pinch thyme
- 3 tablespoons parsley, chopped
- 2 large onions, quartered
- 2 large tomatoes, quartered
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 bottle dry white wine
- Water
- 12 fresh clams, shucked
- 12 uncooked shrimps, peeled

In a large pot put fish, lemon and orange slices, saffron and a good dash of salt and pepper. Add cloves, garlic, thyme, parsley, onions and tomatoes. Pour in olive oil, wine and enough water to cover all. Bring to a fast boil and continue boiling for 15 minutes. Add clams and shrimps and boil another 5 minutes. Serve in large soup bowls with hot French bread.

#### SCALLOP SOUP

(Serves four)

- 1 pound scallops
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 3 cups chicken broth
- 1 quart half-and-half (half milk and half cream)
- 3 tablespoons butter
- White pepper

If bay scallops are used, they can be left whole. If sea scallops are used, cut them into quarters. Pour lemon juice over scallops and let stand for half an hour or longer. Bring chicken broth to a boil and add scallops with lemon juice.

Simmer for 2 minutes and then add half-and-half, butter and a few grinds of white pepper. Stir well and simmer for 5 or 6 minutes more.

#### CRAB SOUP

(Serves eight)

- 1 pound crab meat, fresh or frozen
- 6 cups chicken broth
- 4 tablespoons cracker crumbs, finely ground
- 1 cup heavy cream
- White pepper

Carefully pick over crab meat. Heat chicken broth in large pot. Add crab meat and simmer for about 5 minutes. Stir in cracker crumbs and combine well. Then pour in cream and add a generous grind of white pepper. Stirring well, combine all and allow soup to cook for several minutes until hot.

#### Cold Soups

##### COLD CHICKEN SOUP

(Serves six)

- 2½ cups chicken, cooked and diced
- ½ teaspoon dried tarragon
- 1 teaspoon dried dill
- ¼ cup minced onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Freshly ground pepper
- 3 tablespoons sour cream
- 1 teaspoon French mustard
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon vinegar
- 2 small cucumbers, peeled, seeded and diced
- ½ dill pickle, diced
- 4 cups chicken broth
- Split of champagne
- 1 cup crushed ice

In a large bowl place tarragon, dill, onion, salt, sugar and a grind of pepper. Mash well. Add sour cream, mustard, lemon juice and vinegar; stir. Add chicken, cucumbers, pickle and chicken broth. Chill well in refrigerator, preferably overnight. Just before serving, pour in champagne and crushed ice.

##### COLD SHRIMP SOUP

(Serves four)

- ¾ pound shrimps, cooked and chopped
- 1 cucumber, peeled, seeded and chopped
- 1 large onion, grated
- 1 sweet red pepper, seeded and chopped
- 3 tablespoons buttermilk or sour cream
- 2½ cups chicken broth

Place shrimps, cucumber, onion and sweet pepper in separate bowls. Buttermilk is the classic ingredient of this soup, but if you prefer, use sour cream. In any case, mix one of the two with chicken broth. Refrigerate everything for at least four hours. To serve: Give each guest a bowl of broth and let him make his own mixture; that is, take as much of shrimps, peppers or whatever as he chooses.

### Vegetable Soups

#### CORN CHOWDER (Serves six)

- ¼ pound salt pork, finely diced
- ½ cup minced onions
- ½ cup minced green pepper
- 2 cups fresh or canned corn
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups milk
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- 2 dashes Tabasco

Fry salt pork until crisp and brown. Remove and reserve. Pour off most of the grease from the skillet and in the remainder sauté onions and green pepper, stirring occasionally, until wilted. In a large pot place all ingredients except salt pork. Bring to a boil and simmer slowly, covered, for 20 minutes. The chowder may be served two ways: as is, with the bits of salt pork sprinkled on top, or it may be puréed in a blender—two or three cups at a time. As a purée, it can be served either hot or cold. Always remember to sprinkle the salt-pork bits on top.

#### CUBAN BLACK-BEAN SOUP (Serves four)

- 2 cans black-bean soup
- 1 bowl minced onions
- 1 bowl cooked rice

This is a fast one. Prepare the black-bean soup as instructed on the can. Serve each guest a bowlful and let him add onions and rice in the amount he wishes.

### Meat Soups

#### BORSCHT (Serves four)

- 5 beets
  - 1 large potato
  - 1 large onion
  - 4 scallions
  - 1 small red cabbage
  - 3 cans beef broth
  - 1 clove
  - 4 peppercorns
  - 2 tablespoons sugar
  - Juice of 1 lemon
  - 2 egg yolks
  - ¾ pound sliced, cooked beef (chuck, round or top sirloin)
  - Sour cream or heavy cream, whipped, and red pepper
- Grind with coarsest blade of meat chopper the beets, potato, onion and scallions. Remove stem and ribs from cabbage and shred finely. In skillet with a little butter, sauté all vegetables until just limp. Heat broth to boiling, add vegetables, clove and peppercorns. Simmer gently until vegetables are tender. Mix sugar, lemon juice and egg yolks. Add this to soup, stir; do

not boil. In each soup plate place several slices of cooked beef, which have been warmed, and spoon soup over them. To serve: Top with either sour cream or whipped fresh cream that has been liberally doused with red pepper.

#### PEAS PORRIDGE (Serves eight)

- 1 pound split peas
- Ham bone
- 3 large onions, chopped
- ¼ teaspoon tarragon
- 3 tablespoons parsley, minced
- Ground black pepper
- 3 quarts water

(What is meant by a ham bone is the remains of a baked ham, which still has some meat and fat on it.) Put all ingredients into a very large pot. Bring to a boil; skim off any scum that forms and reduce heat to a low simmer. Stirring occasionally, cook uncovered for 5 or 6 hours until mixture has become a thick purée. (You may need more water. Do not let soup get so thick that it is in danger of burning on the bottom of the pot.) Remove ham bone and pieces of ham fat. After bone cools, cut off whatever meat is left on it. Stir meat into pot of soup. Serve when heated thoroughly.

OK, you've got the script. Now, go out there and put on a show.



# A prize in each box.

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 235.

**BIG PICTURE** (continued from page 106)

Acoustic Research. Villchur, now 57, lives in Woodstock, New York, and runs a non-profit institute studying hearing aids and deafness.

"In 1953," he recalls, "I was teaching a course in electronics and acoustics at New York University. Henry was one of my students. I had an idea for a way to produce speakers, substituting a cushion of air in a small tone cabinet for the mechanical spring mounting that was in use then. Henry was in the Army at the time. He'd been operating a small speaker-cabinet-manufacturing plant out of a loft in Boston, where he had been living, and he was interested in going into business with me. Henry saw what the big speaker manufacturers didn't—the value in my design for an acoustic-suspension speaker.

"His role was developing a production model of the unit. He figured out how to design and wind coils, design the

cabinet and actually get the thing made. In less than two years, it became obvious that Henry needed his own company."

Thus, in 1957, the genesis of KLH: Kloss and two partners, Malcolm Low ("The first man in New England to have a Volkswagen Microbus," claims Kloss) and J. Anton Hofmann. Together, they put \$60,000 into a company that quickly reached \$1,000,000 in annual sales. Kloss was the research man and at KLH he plunged into a study of various materials that could be used for the manufacture of speaker cones.

"These other people at KLH didn't want to spend their lives in this business," Kloss says now. "I wanted a company like KLH could have become. I had my heart set on a whole line of audio products—small portable equipment. I thought how practical it would be. For example, you wouldn't have a record player in the kitchen; you might have a

cassette player. You wouldn't want a stereo system in the bathroom; a small, high-quality tuner and speaker could be appealing."

After 1964, when KLH was sold to Singer, the sewing-machine company, Kloss stayed on for three years as president, agreeing not to engage in outside audio work for five. He started Advent after three, concentrating exclusively on video projects until KLH's agreement expired.

Shortly after he put Advent together, Kloss turned to a project that had gotten buried at KLH: the Dolby noise-reduction system. Ray Dolby, an American living in England, had perfected an ingenious electronic method to quash the hiss that plagues tape recordings, particularly cassettes. Kloss had persuaded Dolby to license KLH to manufacture reel-to-reel tape recorders incorporating his system. When Kloss left KLH, the company lost interest in the idea.

At Advent, Kloss's experimentation

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Video projectors may be only a prelude to a revolution in home-entertainment programing. The latest news from the electronics frontier is that important breakthroughs have now been made in the development of video discs. If the prototypes go into production next year, as scheduled, we'll soon be able to control our own video programing with the economy and convenience of stereo records.

Although there are several competing video-disc systems now being prepared for the market, the one that's causing the most excitement is based on a new approach using photographic film instead of vinyl as the recording medium. Pioneered by a small California firm called I/O Metrics, the system uses a laser beam carrying a coded TV signal to expose a negative of high-grade film spinning at 30 revolutions per second, the frame speed of television, as the spiral video track is recorded. Copies are then reproduced by the cheap and simple method of contact printing on diazo material, as in any photo darkroom. The home playback unit will function like a stereo turntable, except that the image will be read optically, with photodiodes and mirrors, instead of with a mechanical stylus. You simply connect the device to the antenna leads of a conventional TV set—or video projector—throw on a disc and make yourself comfortable for an hour of full-color video with quadrasonic sound.

The most remarkable thing about this new technique is that it promises to be so cheap, toppling the cost barriers that made video tape the big home-entertainment event that never happened. A video disc can be produced for only 20 cents in darkroom materials, meaning a retail price of five dollars to seven dollars—instead of the \$25 to \$35 an hourlong video tape cassette costs. Likewise the playback unit: Where a video-tape machine costs about \$1600, a video-disc machine can be built to retail for \$300. The one advantage of video tape is the capacity to do your own recording; but the video-disc developers are confident that the public will happily trade this feature for the convenience and economy of the disc medium. Why should the average consumer want to pay \$30 a tape to record his favorite TV show when the same show is available in the record stores at a fraction of the cost? Or even given to him free, with spliced-in advertising picking up the tab?

If it all pans out, the implications are staggering. Picture (literally) the record albums of the future as "lookies," bringing to our home TVs the musicians themselves or any variety of visual accompaniment along with the sound. Or imagine video-disc releases of all your favorite movies and TV shows; you could have a personal movie library for the price of theater tickets. Similarly, sports

events, educational productions, cultural events, new kinds of graphic animation, new kinds of video magazines and video books all should be available—and all of them would be subject to the viewer's own needs and imagination in the techniques of stop action and instant replay. The low cost of recording will open the medium to amateurs and experimentalists as well as professionals. No doubt, there will be a video-disc porno industry, too. How far it will go depends on consumer acceptance and keeping costs reasonable, but there appear to be no remaining technical barriers, and low costs for the discs and playback devices seem assured. The photo-duplicating process developed by I/O Metrics supposedly can produce discs cheaply in any volume, unlike vinyl-record presses requiring large production runs to spread the overhead. The playback units can be mass-produced without expensive precision components and still give good results, and they will be cross-franchised to competing manufacturers instead of monopolized by one. To top it all off, with optical playback there's no needle to cause scratches and wear. With this feature, video discs should someday make stereo LPs as ancient as 78s. When used for audio only, they have the astonishing capacity to record 500 hours of high-fidelity quadrasonic sound per 12-inch disc.



showed him that coupling the Dolby system with a cassette deck would solve the most annoying aspect of cassette recording: the high level of hiss caused by the extremely slow speed at which the tape in the cassette moves across the recorder head. He then took the process one more step. DuPont had developed chromium-dioxide particles that were smaller than the usual iron-oxide particles used in recording tapes. The new chromium-dioxide particles could reduce the noise factor even further.

"For four years DuPont was offering chromium-dioxide tape and nobody would buy it," says Kloss. "We took the stuff, showed you could get something worth while out of it and now they sell every bit of it they make."

Although Kloss virtually created DuPont's market for the substance, Advent buys completely packaged the chromium-dioxide tape it sells as Advent Crolyn and enjoys no preferential treatment for its contribution. Such contractual arrangements are an aspect of the business that baffles and irritates Kloss.

"There's built-in bias that works against innovators," he says. "When we started selling cassette decks with Dolbys, we were paying about two dollars per channel in licensing fees. First I had to convince Ray Dolby that there was a consumer market for his invention—more sophisticated versions were already being used in recording studios—and then I had to pay him for the privilege of proving my point. Now that it's caught on, the price is down to about 25 cents a channel."

While the cassette machine was being developed, Kloss was still at work on the VideoBeam. Once the basic system had been put together, he turned to the next step—a screen bright enough to complement the output of the projector unit.

"About the time I realized what type of material we'd need to achieve the kind of brightness we wanted, Kodak, almost by accident, discovered a way to roll ordinary aluminum kitchen wrap to give it a special reflective quality," Kloss recalls. "So we developed a specially curved screen, under license for the use of the material from Kodak, which gave us the light level we needed."

Sony actually beat Advent to the home market place by several months with a projection-TV system. In effect, though, Sony simply uses lenses to magnify its standard picture-tube image and project it onto a 30" x 40" screen. The tube's lines are obvious. Also, Kloss points out, Sony's image is one third the size and one quarter the brightness of the VideoBeam's.

"Sony had this marvelous device," says Kloss, "but it was an information machine, basically designed to be used with a video-tape unit. It had no tuner for direct viewing of programs and seemed

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"Whatever happened to 'Think'?"

to have been designed for sales or educational presentations. I had in mind fun—something that would go in the home like a regular TV, only on a larger scale."

The VideoBeam projector, even at first encounter, is not an unfamiliar piece of equipment. The knobs on its top are similar to those on your living-room TV set: channel selector, UHF selector, color, brightness, tint and focus controls. One sits behind the unit. When it is turned on, three beams of color—blue, red and green—leap out to converge on the aluminum screen, filling it with a picture sharper and bigger than most eight-millimeter home movies. Sound from a speaker in the projector base is directed toward the slightly concave screen and bounces back to give the impression it originates within the image.

Now the machine becomes impressive: During a midday soap opera, the characters loom larger than life; then the show breaks for a commercial and the White Tornado swirls menacingly through kitchen windows. Watching becomes a total viewing experience, as from the front rows of a movie theater. Munching popcorn seems appropriate. Sewing or reading a book does not.

"It's a very private kind of television viewing," admits Kloss. "If you want to watch TV, you go into a room and watch TV for an hour or two. It makes demands on you, returns viewing to a

somewhat more active mode. It's not designed for casual viewing, the way most TVs are used. Somebody who uses it six hours a day . . . I have no sympathy with."

From a few random conversations, it's quickly apparent that viewers have different reactions to the VideoBeam. A waitress in a Boston Howard Johnson's says she hates "the big TV."

"My husband takes me out to a bar and we sit there and watch television. I want to go dancing."

But Fred Loughlan, the bartender at the spot the waitress refers to, says it's the best show in town. "It's building business up," he says. "You come back here when the Stanley Cup play-offs are going on and you won't be able to get into the place."

Lawrence Galer, a 37-year-old real-estate developer, has installed a VideoBeam in his house, placing it in a specially designed game room complete with movie seats. Galer has it hooked up to an auxiliary video-tape unit. "What'd you like to see?" he asks, offering a handwritten list of movie titles including *Funny Girl* and *Goodbye Columbus*. He pops a cassette into the machine. A huge American flag and George C. Scott fill the screen with the opening scene of *Patton*.

"This is dynamite," he says proudly. "Basically, I'm an old movie nut and this is like bringing the movies into your home. Like any new thing, it's completely mesmerizing. It must be like seeing

TV when it was first developed. After the initial spell of the large screen wears off, you find yourself watching more of the quality programs and less of the usual stuff, because you're so aware of what's bad. But the good things—*The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*—I tape because the good things become fantastic.

"When football games are on, I feel like I'm in the theater-concession business, bringing guests stuff to eat and drink. There's only one problem. No clicker. I can't change the channel when I'm lying on the couch."

Galer's enthusiasm is typical of those who've seen VideoBeam, but, as Advent points out in its own brochure, the system does have significant limitations. If you rub the fragile screen with a finger, it may be permanently marred. And the 140-pound projector is not the easiest thing to move around and is incredibly finicky about where it's placed. It must sit exactly 100 inches in front of the screen. There are other drawbacks. A television signal that looks bad on a regular set may well be disastrously reproduced on the VideoBeam; and bright room lights can effectively wipe out the picture. The VideoBeam is also demanding, for seating angles could dictate that an entire recreation room be set aside for a television system.

Still, the sets are being snapped up by consumers much faster than they can be produced.

"It sells itself," says Mike Osborne, store manager at Dayton, Ohio's Carlin Audio, the first retail outlet for the VideoBeam. "People see it, their mouths drop and they really become interested in what's on the tube, particularly people who haven't liked television before."

Jacob Schorr of Opus 2 in Memphis says that the majority of the sets they've sold have been to people making less than \$30,000 a year.

"They're willing to spend \$2500 for a TV picture that's as good and as big as this," he says. "It's not as if it were some millionaire just buying himself a novelty."

The VideoBeam has already resulted in certain observable social phenomena. Bartenders report that customers are no longer raucous but sit quietly comatose, watching the tube. Kloss reports that he's noticed traffic sometimes stopping outside his home while drivers peer in at four-by-six-foot football games unfolding on his wall.

Peter Downey of public-television station WGBH in Boston says flatly that VideoBeam will change our whole concept of television. "It'll make people think more in terms of theatrical filming," he says. "The art of the close-up will be redefined and viewers will begin to notice every technical error made in the studio." It's the same critical awareness that occurred when early hi-fi buffs

# I love tobacco. I don't smoke.

**Walt Garrison,  
football and rodeo star.**

If I'm a guy who loves tobacco, how come I never take a puff?

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Another thing is, "smokeless tobacco" can't tie up my hands. So I can use it no matter what I'm doing.

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And Happy Days Mint. All three dated for freshness.

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A pinch is all it takes.**



For a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco"—as well as a few free pinches that you can try for yourself—write to "Smokeless Tobacco," United States Tobacco Company, Dept. P11, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

heard imperfections in pioneer LP and stereo records.

In fact, Kloss is thinking about including in the VideoBeam instruction manual a set of complaint cards for viewers to send to stations broadcasting poor program material or bad signals. For example, Emmett Buford, a salesman at Opus 2, reports that "One day we were watching a soap opera and on a close-up shot we discovered that the tears on an actress' face had been pasted on."

Naturally, VideoBeam will influence video experimenters. Says Douglas Davis, a video artist who is also *Newsweek's* art critic:

"The VideoBeam is the first really top-quality video system on the market at close to consumer prices. It becomes almost a human presence in the life of the artist."

Allan Hackel, president of Advertising Agency Associates of Boston, says that his VideoBeam has provided a fresh outlook to television advertising:

"It used to be that we'd take a program to different program directors and try to sell them a show," he says. "Now, once our sponsors have seen the VideoBeam, they say, 'We'll give you an extra budget to fly the producers in here to see the show on the big screen.' It's the sizzle to the steak. It presells everything and makes us look very impressive. I offered to buy the first \$2,000,000 worth of units, but Advent said no."

Meanwhile, Kloss is working on new products. Last fall he introduced the Advent II speaker, which marked a new way of making speakers by injection molding. Kloss hopes ultimately to

manufacture the basic cabinet for a dollar and a half's worth of labor and three and a half dollars' worth of plastic foam. In the Kloss tradition, he will pass the savings on to the consumer.

Two other audio projects fill the drawing boards: a monaural FM radio, similar to the KLH Model 8 but with a separate speaker controlled from the tuner box; and a new sub-\$300 stereo system, complete with receiver, turntable and speakers.

"There's a lot of junk sold on the market for \$250," Kloss says. "I want to offer people an option. I want to say to them, 'Do without the eight-track tape machine and I'll sell you a good music system for \$300.' Of course, I'm getting discouraged by all this inflation."

Kloss also has several more video ideas. "I want to find out the limits of the Sony system," he says. "When you take a tube and put a lens in front of it, how much light can you have the lens collect without making the picture look terrible?"

"Then there's the aspect of personal TV viewing. When you look at the fraction of light used by a single person watching the VideoBeam, it requires a fantastically small amount of power. Obviously, the idea of a TV set in an eyeglass frame sounds kookie, but that's one way one could go."

He pauses.

"Actually," he says, "I've already come up with one idea for a new way to make a direct-view tube . . . but that's another story."



## SEX AND THE SINGLE SCREW

(continued from page 134)

he was visibly flagging. He must have been discovering, rather too early in life, that enough was enough.

There came a day—just after sunrise, which seemed to be his only free time—when he appealed to me to take my share of the load.

"How about helping me out? If I don't have a day off soon, I'll never get ashore alive!"

"But you're doing fine, George," I assured him. "Look at the girls. They're in terrific form! They're happy as clams!"

"So they damned well ought to be," he said sulkily. He was sucking at a restorative prairie oyster, his shoulders slack as a frayed deck mop. "But even clams close up at low tide. . . . So how about it?"

I shook my head. "Not me. I'm too old. You said so yourself. Just let me handle the picnics."

"It seems to me that's a pretty easy job."

"I have to do an awful lot of rowing."

Calypso, gently changing her anchorage now and then, never got very far on that ten-day cruise. But we did make one daring sea voyage, of at least 50 miles, southward to one of the fairest islands of all the Leewards, Guadeloupe. Here we found another bay, happily called the Petit Cul-de-Sac, even more beautiful than anything on Antigua.

It became our private domain—except for George, whom I would not have trusted to step into the dinghy. Here we could pluck our own ripe papayas from the tree and gorge ourselves on their dripping flesh. Here I lay at ease, like a Greek on a vase, among my frieze of nymphs. Here I did a lot more rowing, and dreamy talking, and dozing off; while George, marooned on board, and now the very ghost of young manhood, did his best.

But he was always moaning. He was even *limping*. He was really too young.

On day ten, or rather night ten, we had a marvelous sail back to Antigua, in time for the girls to catch their plane next morning. I was alone on deck, alone in a magical night, nursing the wheel with my bare foot: Calypso, slipping up the northeast trades on a soldier's wind and a sailor's dream, was nicely balanced and needed only a touch now and then.

The sky was a maze of watchful, loving stars: From the little radio that could coax so much from the giant nothingness of the world, music was borne on the velvet air: a *reggae*—not a jumpy one but a soft and stroking one—wafting across a wine-dark sea from Martinique.

Toward midnight, first one girl, then two, then four joined me, sitting close in the cockpit, humming to the music, leaning against me when they thought that



"Ferguson! What the hell are you doing in my secretary?"

they might be cold or that I might be lonely. Then it was all five girls. Mary-Lou Hanson, the last incumbent, who had not been expected, came clambering up the ladder. She sounded rather cross.

"He went to sleep!" she said, scandalized. "Would you believe it?" And then, more softly, "I've brought you a rum whatnot."

It was very welcome. "But what about you?"

"I've brought a whole big pitcher of it. Might as well be neighborly."

We were neighborly. The girls sang softly, and moved in and out of the green-and-red glow of the navigation lights, and climbed about me, and snuggled up like furry lizards; sometimes there seemed to be warm hands fluttering all over, coming from anywhere out of the night. The rum went down. It was a secret picnic again. Hands became kisses. Kisses became hands, asking the same questions but more firmly put.

"We all took a vote," a voice said out of the darkness. "We like you better."

"Well, that's a nice thought."

Another voice: "Can't we stop for a little?"

Calypso was still in 60 fathoms; and the automatic, as usual, was out. "No," I said. "I've got to steer."

A wail: "But it's the last night!"

It's wonderful what you can do when it's the last night.

. . .

George never reappeared till all was over. He was still oceans deep in sleep, his snores resounding throughout the boat, rhythmical as the distant surf, when we berthed at sunrise in Nelson's Dockyard and the girls prepared to leave.

With much giggling and hugging, they gave me a farewell present. It was a colored drawing, executed in garish crayon by Ellen—or was it Raquel?—and really done very well. It was a picture of a papaya tree. Nestled among the green leaves, two huge papayas shone rosy and pink, with a glint of sunlight falling on their proud curves.

"It's for you!" they said. "First prize! We'll never forget those papayas!"

"Nor will I."

"Goodbye, darling. We'll recommend you to all our friends!"

Loading the last of their gear into the taxi. I asked one of them, "But who are you, exactly?"

"Just girls."

"You must be fooling!"

Mary-Lou took charge. "We didn't want to say at the beginning. It might have embarrassed you. We were running a sort of sauna bath in New York, Forty-fourth Street. But it got raided."

I wasn't too embarrassed. "So?"

"So we couldn't get bail. They kept us

in for three whole months! Then they said, 'Not guilty, but don't do it again.' So we thought we needed a holiday. Someone said yachting was the thing. So we came down here."

"Was yachting the thing?"

"Every time!"

. . .

George Harkness emerged at noon, looking like a slug, blinking like a derelict lighthouse, quite horrible.

"Have they gone? Thank God for that!"

"Oh, I thought it was rather fun."

"If you'd had to do the work I did. . . . Oh, well, they sure got their money's worth." His eyes fell on the picture. "What's this?"

"Just a leaving present."

"For me? How sweet. Flattering, eh?"

"Well, no. It's for me."

His crocodile eyes widened. "You're joking! What did you do? Damn it, it *must* be for me. I did all the work, didn't I? I can tell you, I had a pretty tough time."

And I had had enough. "You had a tough time!" I looked at my gleaming papaya tree and back to George. "You're complaining! See the chaplain! What do you suppose those picnics were like? You just had the fun. Rowing four girls at once, two trips, day after day, takes *stamina!*"



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month, having spent a lifetime of playing sick on Fridays and almost always being "away from his desk" when somebody from the outside world calls for help. You are now supporting 1,200,000 Federal retirees or their survivors at a cost of nearly \$370,000,000 a month.

So what are you getting out of all this expense and all these "faceless and nameless bureaucrats" (one of George Wallace's useful expressions), especially the swarm of 333,141 who have burrowed into the Potomac mud? Virtually nothing.

So devoid of talent and energy is this mass of Government flesh that it is difficult to maintain even the necessary semblance of productivity. When a manager skilled in appearances is found, he becomes almost indispensable; I know a top-drawer bureaucrat who, because he is vastly skilled at making Government seem to function when it isn't, has been called out of retirement five times in the past 20 years. Talent is that rare around Washington.

Honesty is even rarer. It doesn't pay to be honest. Remember Ernie Fitzgerald, the Pentagon official who had the gall to publicly disclose that Lockheed and the Pentagon had conspired to hide evidence that they wasted two billion dollars in the building of one airplane? He was fired for that. After a four-year legal fight, which really isn't over yet and which will probably cost half a million dollars by the time it is concluded, Fitzgerald finally forced the Pentagon to rehire him; but he has been stuck in a corner, far away from any potential interference with big weapons contracts, and candidly warned that he will be released from Coventry only after "you have gained the acceptance of your enemies."

In a Government where an honest man is told he is surrounded by enemies, where no one marches to a different drummer because all drumming is prohibited by U.S. Code, Article 1073, Section 24.35, and where survivable talent is looked upon as something as rare as ambergris, is there any hope for something in return for your Federal tax dollars? Is anybody in all that worm pit doing his job? If God were to threaten to turn everyone in Government to salt if at least half a dozen persons couldn't be found doing their duty, would Washington be doomed?

No, hallelujah, eight good workers (maybe more, if you've got the stomach to continue the pursuit) have been found, alive and functioning.

LEWIS A. ENGMAN

Somewhere along the line, Lewis A. Engman went sour—that is, by Richard Nixon's standard. But Nixon can't be blamed for bad judgment. After all, who could have guessed? Engman had all the outwardly slick, smartass attributes of the business types so common to Nixon's Ad-

(continued from page 103)

ministration. From the middle of 1971 to early 1973, he was just another of John Ehrlichman's high-level flunkies.

So there was no reason for Nixon to suspect, when he promoted Engman from the White House staff to chairman of the Federal Trade Commission (the youngest in FTC's history) in February 1973 that he wouldn't slavishly follow the Administration's probusiness line.

But you never can trust an egghead, and especially one who has been contaminated by Harvard and the London School of Economics. No sooner had Engman arrived at the FTC—once conservatively described by Ralph Nader as an agency suffering from "alcoholism, spectacular lassitude and office absenteeism, incompetence by the most modest standards and lack of commitment to . . . regulatory missions"—than he began doing strange things, like cracking down on corporations that sold dangerous drugs and toys to children via TV advertising, and launching an investigation to discover if lack of competition may account for the robbery retail-food prices.

Many in the Nixon camp doubtless thought Engman had lost his mind when he proclaimed in a speech to the Commonwealth Club of California in mid-1973 that the first duty of his agency was to promote real business competition and that he was convinced "tough enforcement of the antitrust laws can help prevent a recurrence of inflation by attacking abuses of economic power." To say such things for public consumption was bad enough, but then to act on them! Why, the man became absolutely wild. In the first 17 months of his reign, the FTC filed 18 major antitrust complaints against companies ranging from Boise Cascade to Textron and forced some of the biggest corporations to break up their cozy interlocking directorships.

But the pinnacle of Engman's wildness was reached when the FTC filed a complaint against the eight largest U.S. oil companies—Exxon, Texaco, Gulf, Mobil, Standard of California, Standard of Indiana, Shell and Atlantic Richfield—charging them with illegal monopolistic practices.

Washington was stunned and, to nobody's surprise, the House Appropriations Committee threatened to cut off Engman's antitrust budget for next year. Could any civil servant receive a higher compliment? In mid-1974, the White House announced that Nixon was considering "major changes" in the regulation of business and in the antitrust law. Engman was doing his job too well.

DAVID S. SCHWARTZ

Sometimes a bureaucrat of good conscience can do his duty to the public only by functioning in the style of an underground resistance fighter, willing to risk his professional life by operating right

under the nose of the enemy. And the enemy, as often as not, is his own boss.

David S. Schwartz, Ph.D., for example. Schwartz is assistant chief of the Office of Economics at the Federal Power Commission. The FPC commissioners, all appointees of Richard Nixon's, want to take off all price controls on interstate natural-gas sales.

They can't do it without Congressional approval. Every time FPC Chairman John N. Nassikas, speaking on behalf of the entire commission, marches up Capitol Hill and argues that the petroleum gang should be turned loose to set any price it wants, Schwartz marches right up behind him and warns that Nassikas is advocating legal looting, that if natural-gas prices are deregulated, the consumers in this country will pay five billion dollars to 12 billion dollars more each year.

He also argues that the oil barons are withholding great quantities of natural gas from the market to keep the price up and that, contrary to the panic propaganda, there is a sufficient amount of natural gas to last us at least another 60 years.

Such treacherous testimony—Schwartz's Office of Economics is the only rebellious agency within the FPC—makes the commissioners, naturally, foam with rage. Oh, how they loathe Schwartz, a pudgy, friendly, 50ish, crafty, balding but still red-haloed New York Jew boy (to use Dick's term), a child of the Great Depression whose life is centered on controlling industrial monopolies.

You can understand their anger: Here's the commission's own economics expert. He's supposed to be working for *them*—not for the public. And here he is, ratting on them right out in the open, showing how they are in the oil industry's pocket.

They don't put up with him out of good sportsmanship. Indeed, they have made no bones of trying to figure out some way to can his ass. So far, Civil Service has protected Schwartz and you'd better pray for its continued success, for a few relatively honest fellows in Congress, and Schwartz, are all that's standing between you and that five-to-twelve-billion-dollar bigger gas bill.

RUDOLPH KAPUSTIN

Shortly after eight A.M. on November 3, 1973, a Pan American 707 cargo plane took off from John F. Kennedy Airport in New York, bound for Prestwick, Scotland. About 100 miles east of Montreal, the flight crew reported smoke in the storage area under the pilot compartment. They swung back toward Boston to make an emergency landing. But as they approached Logan Airport's runway 27, smoke and fumes so obscured the pilot's vision and interfered with his physical reactions that he lost control. Ground observers saw the plane pitch and go into a "Dutch roll." The left wing struck

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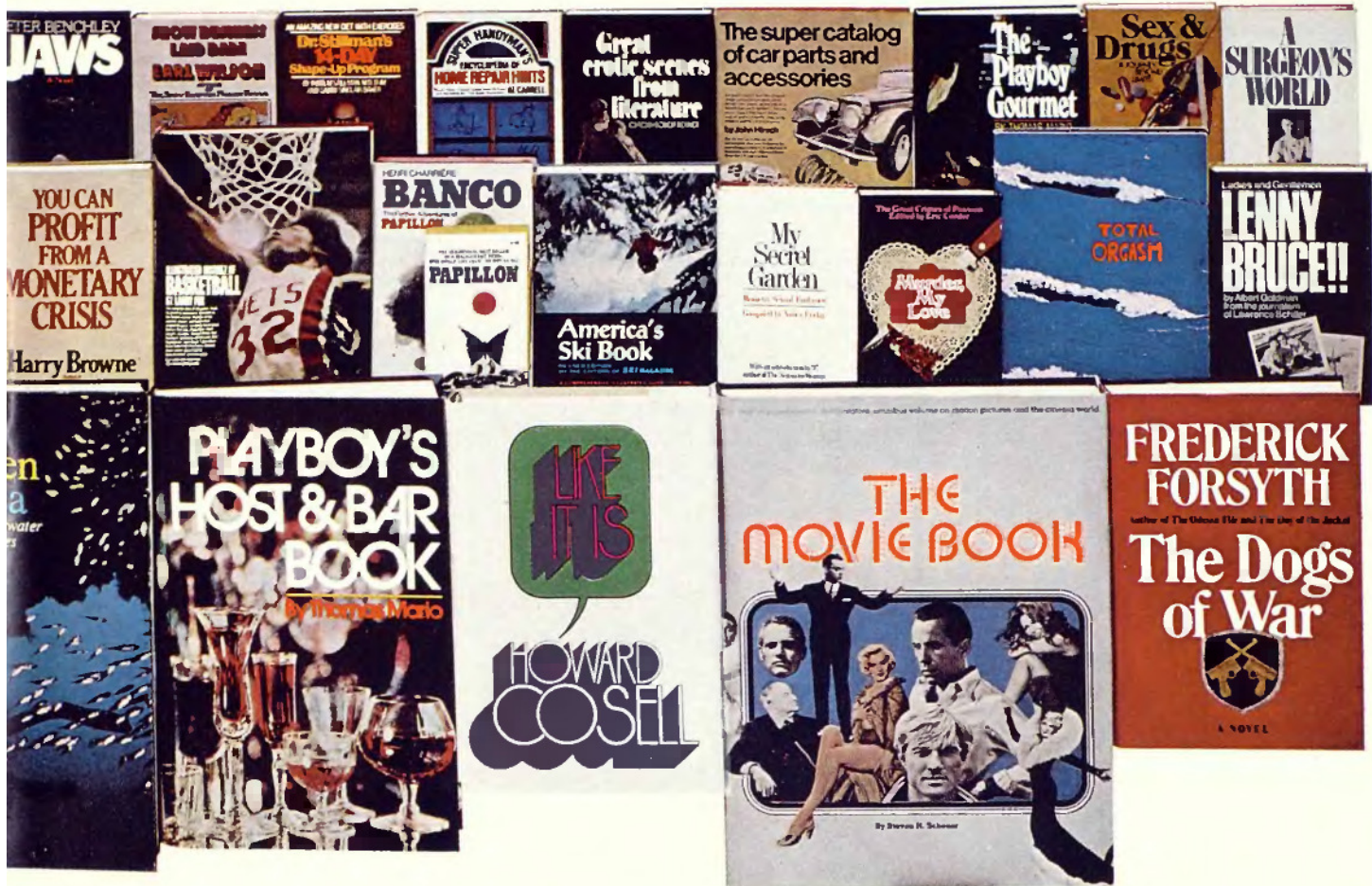
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the water and the plane disintegrated, with the burning wreckage scattered over a one-third-mile area. The three-man crew was killed.

Tough luck. But it could have been far worse. The plane was loaded with more than 16,000 pounds of corrosive acids, including 400 liters of nitric acid. What if the plane had crashed in a populated area? Nitric acid isn't a nice thing to have sloshing around the neighborhood.

Three hours after the crash was reported to Washington, a ten-man "go team" of National Transportation Safety Board crash experts, headed by Rudolph Kapustin, was on its way to the site. (They were slower than usual; as a rule, it takes them no longer than an hour and a half to be on their way, but this time their own plane had troubles.)

This was commercial aviation's first major crash involving hazardous materials. But it was the first only because we've been lucky. Many thousands of tons of hazardous materials, including radioactive materials, pass overhead every year. Much of them are handled in a relatively careless fashion. That's where the NTSB comes in. In this case, Kapustin and his fellow experts found that the nitric acid had been incorrectly labeled, incorrectly packaged and incorrectly stored in the plane; the cartons had been packed in sawdust, which is a no-no, and placed on their side instead of upright: Acid leaked out and set the sawdust on fire. Since then, the NTSB has issued tough orders to the air-cargo industry to shape up.

Kapustin, 49, who became a Federal safety expert a dozen years ago after working as an engineer in the Far East for Curtiss Wright, is named here only in a symbolic way; he is typical of the entire 100-man staff of investigators at the NTSB. We might just as easily be talking about one of the others—Doug Dreifus, for example, who headed the go team that investigated the 345-death crash outside Paris some months ago (our safety experts go anywhere in the world that a U.S.-built plane goes down), the worst air accident in history. These fellows wade through gore and shredded flesh to find the trouble spot. A shinbone embedded in the cabin ceiling was the clue to the cause of one crash.

Despite interference from industry-oriented politicians, the NTSB boys have managed to lean on the airlines and on the plane manufacturers heavily enough to cut deaths per passenger mile by 50 percent in the past decade.

#### JONATHAN L. GOLDSTEIN

George Beall, the U.S. Attorney in Baltimore who led the legal assault that proved Spiro Agnew was a crook and drove him from the Vice-Presidency, has received much deserved publicity as a feisty go-getter. But it is significant that before Beall went after Agnew, he made a special trip to New Jersey to learn the

finer techniques of uncovering political corruption from a couple of young Federal attorneys, Herbert Stern and Jonathan L. Goldstein—a prosecutory team whose success has been perhaps unique in the annals of modern law enforcement.

Just out of New York University Law School in 1965, Goldstein joined the Department of Justice. His officemate was Stern. They were so tough and effective in prosecuting a corporate-corruption case in 1968–1969 that when one of the defense lawyers, Frederick Lacey, was appointed U.S. Attorney in New Jersey, he hired them as his top assistants.

Then, when Lacey was made a Federal judge, Stern moved into the U.S. Attorneyship. And when Stern was made a Federal judge last year, Goldstein took over. Today, at 33, he heads a prosecuting assault team of 56 attorneys whose average age is a remarkably babyish 28. Outside the courtroom, Goldstein would probably strike you as gentle and reticent. But inside the courtroom, he is the smoking hand of a vengeful God.

Under Lacey and Stern, and now on his own, Goldstein has been part of an unprecedented crusade against crooked politicians; no other U.S. Attorney's office has come even close to cutting so many scalps. More than 75 politicians have been indicted and more than 50—including a Congressman and eight or nine mayors—are now in the clink as a result of the Newark office's work over the past few years.

Goldstein personally handled the prosecution that sent two former mayors of Atlantic City to prison for extortion and the prosecution for tax fraud (and other assorted crimes) of Nelson Gross, former state G.O.P. chairman and a former U.S. Undersecretary of State in charge of coordinating the fight against the international drug traffic. His two-year sentence is on appeal.

Goldstein still has three years to go on his appointment, by which time penal reform may be a standard plank in every New Jersey politician's platform.

And, lest you think Nixon deserves credit for appointing Lacey and Stern and Goldstein: Don't. The senior Senator of the party in power has control over the appointments of his state's U.S. Attorneys, which means that the advent of purity in New Jersey is due solely to the good choices of Senator Clifford P. Case, one of the few honest Republicans in Washington.

#### FRANCES KNIGHT

Three years ago, Frances Knight, director of the State Department's Passport Office, had a swell layout in a building just a spit from the White House. It was really swanky, right next to Lafayette Park. An American citizen who dropped by to get his passport there would leave the country with sweet memories.

But then Miss Knight (actually, she is

Mrs. Wayne Parrish, wife of the multimillionaire who once published aviation magazines) got into another fuss with her bosses at the State Department and they moved her offices to a high-crime area of Washington. As the moving men carried her files into the new headquarters, they were propositioned by prostitutes and some of her clerks lost their purses to pickpockets.

But don't worry about Frances Knight. If anybody can survive, she can. Not for nothing did Tom Wicker call her "the dragon lady." At 69, she looks a handsome 55, handles herself in the marvelous old-fashioned sassy-blond style and enjoys being considered a ruthless gut fighter. "Somebody in Congress once called me an ogress," she laughs. "Do I look like an ogress?" No, indeed.

For 19 years, no Secretary of State has crossed the threshold of the Passport Office. All seem to have realized, via that silent communication of the bureaucratic jungle, that that was strictly Miss Knight's turf. From her domain, she has issued statements calling her superiors "creeps" and "tightwads." She has accused them of trifling with the security of the United States by "putting the passport on the same level as the duck stamp."

Most of Miss Knight's troubles—and she has had plenty—have stemmed from the fact that she is concerned about such matters as internal security. She is a patriot in the sense that lost status two decades ago. At the time of her appointment to the Passport Office directorship in 1955, it was alleged that Senator Joseph McCarthy had once proudly identified her as a member of his "legal American underground." The right wing loves her. The left does not. Until the U.S. Supreme Court told her to cut it out ten years ago, she was overly enthusiastic about refusing to issue passports to people she called "political suspects." Four years ago, there was another hell of a fuss when it was discovered that the Passport Office had a list of a quarter of a million names, including about 15,000 in a category of "known or suspected Communists or subversives." When any one of them applied for a passport, she tipped off the FBI.

Nevertheless, she runs one of the most efficient offices in Washington. Since she took over as passport czar, the output per man-year has more than doubled. In the past five years, the number of passports processed increased 40 percent, while her permanent work force increased only 26 percent. Her enemies in the Budget Bureau are trying to starve her into submission, and it has affected her efficiency—now, at peak season, it sometimes takes ten days to process your passport, twice as long as it used to. But if you are in a real emergency situation, Miss Knight will get you out of the country without a passport, immediately. She has a duty officer around the clock to



JOHN  
DEMPSEY

*"Ah'm a lover, not a fighter, ma'am."*

help the desperate traveler. Where else in Washington can you get such service?

DR. MARY MANDELS

If you want to find some of the most authentic heroes of the Federal bureaucracy, go deep into the boondocks. There you'll find, occasionally, the likes of Dr. Mary Mandels, 5'2" brunette (turning gray), brown-eyed, grandmotherly microbiologist who operates in a dismal three-room basement lab at the U. S. Army Laboratories in Natick, Massachusetts. For help, she often has to shanghai enlisted personnel from the Army or lure visiting foreign scientists to lend a hand. She operates her lab on what, by Federal standards, is nothing: \$50,000 a year.

But someday we'll look back on Dr. Mandels as the lady who helped save us from being buried under garbage and manure—and saved us in an enormously profitable and wholesome fashion.

Last year, in this country alone, about 200,000,000 tons of trash were carted away from our cities and hidden or burned; the mound of trash and garbage grows by five percent each year. And that doesn't count industrial waste nor the 800,000,000 tons of livestock manure produced annually in our feed lots.

Yet there's a lot of good eatin' in all that crap and trash, and there's a lot of good fuel, if you know how to get it out. Dr. Mandels (1947 Ph.D. from Cornell in plant physiology) knows how, and she is well on the way to showing how it can be done commercially.

Originally, the goal of her lab was to figure out a way to prevent the fungus *Trichoderma viride* from eating up the uniforms and fiber gear of our Servicemen in tropical or subtropical countries.

But when the Army began switching from cotton to synthetic fibers, Dr. Mandels' strategy for fighting *Trichoderma viride* became obsolete. "At that point, in the mid-Sixties, we shifted from thinking about *Trichoderma viride* as an enemy and started thinking about it as a friend," she recalls. "We stopped fighting it and started trying to use it."

Results: By a process much too intricate to explain here, materials with a celulosic base can be turned into glucose, which in turn can be processed into a food supplement that could take care of much of our protein requirement, or into ethanol, which can be added to gasoline to increase our vehicle energy supply by at least ten percent (while decreasing smog emissions by as much as 70 percent). To give you an idea of the potential, Dr. Mandels estimates that one ton of wastepaper can be converted into one half ton of glucose, which can be fermented into 68 gallons of ethanol.

Of course, since the oil companies and agribusiness giants haven't got a franchise on our garbage dumps as yet, they aren't too enthusiastic about what Dr. Mandels is doing.

ADMIRAL HYMAN RICKOVER

"The most dangerous man, to any government," H. L. Mencken once observed, "is the man who is able to think things out for himself, without regard to the prevailing superstitions and taboos." If that's true, Admiral Hyman Rickover could be viewed as a real viper in the Government's bosom.

A couple of times each year, Rickover, the grand old man of the Navy's nuclear-development program, emerges from his crevice in the bureaucracy and gives some Congressional committee a lesson in independent thought.

Not long ago, called to testify on the Pentagon's budget, he dropped hundreds of observations, all as rich as these:

- "We have more senior officers in the military today than we had in World War Two, when our fighting force was over five times larger. As we reduce the number of people in the Armed Forces, we increase the number of officers. That is ridiculous on the face of it." He advocated cutting Pentagon personnel, and the entire bureaucracy, by 30 percent.

- "Tinkering with the organization has always been a preoccupation of Department of Defense reformers. . . . Generally, the only result is a new, impressive chart. But neat charts don't produce better organizations. No one has yet been able to draw an accurate chart of the structure of Franklin Roosevelt's Executive branch. By contrast, Defense agencies are perfect for chart-drawing purposes. The difference is that Roosevelt's agencies operated effectively, while the Department of Defense agencies haven't. Rather than greater coordination, they have provided new bureaucratic layers of coordinators and planners, and coordinators of coordinators."

While the Congressional dullards sat there openmouthed, the 74-year-old sat performed intellectual *entrechats* around the committee chambers, quoting from Rousseau and Spinoza. He talked about everything from how defense contractors swindle the public to what he called "purpose in life." That last may sound schmaltzy, but it isn't when Rickover unloads it. He is one of the few men in Washington who can say, as he did, "The object and the result of true discipline is to inspire men with bravery, firmness, patience, and with a sentiment of honor," without evoking snickers.

The reason that Rickover isn't considered dangerous in the Mencken sense is that nobody at the top of Government pays any attention to him. They consider him a quaint old duffer. After he has delivered his truths to their faces, they pat him on the back and send him on his way to the job he does incomparably well: superintending the building of atomic-propulsion devices. And he does this job with such thrift that sometimes he *underspends* his budget. Which makes him all the quainter.

ELMER B. STAATS

The General Accounting Office, traditionally called "Congress' watchdog," is a classic case of the good-dog/bad-dog schizophrenia that one so often runs into in the bureaucracy. Among its 5000 or so employees are a tremendous number of time-serving hacks just sitting around pushing pencils and dreaming of the day they can retire. The agency, because so many of its employees grew up reading ledgers, is critically afflicted with "accountant's mentality." The agency spends far too much time on trivial studies and it is far too easily intimidated by tough rascals in the Executive branch and in the bureaucracy—the very people it is supposed to be policing.

Nevertheless, the GAO is Congress' most potent "external" investigative tool and, considering the GAO's many weaknesses, it's really a pretty good ol' dog. To a great extent, its successes can be credited to its director, Comptroller General Elmer B. Staats, a redheaded Kansan with a Ph.D. in public administration from the University of Minnesota.

Not only must he goose his own investigators out of their normal bureaucratic lethargy, he must also get along with a boss who doesn't really approve of what he is doing, most of the time. Congress is his boss and most of its members, being on the take, aren't very happy when his investigators go out and uncover crooked defense contractors and dirty meat-packing plants. They especially complain, of course, when the GAO reveals that the Humphreys and McGovern's of this political world are just as happy to shuffle campaign money under the table as are the Nixons, though they aren't so successful in quantity.

It's significant that although any member of Congress or any committee can ask the GAO to investigate a situation, only about 30 percent of its studies are conducted at the request of Congress. Most of the GAO's work is self-started.

Staats and his diggers, for defensive reasons, operate under a gray cover. They are, in fact, Washington's most efficient ghostwriters. The GAO's uncovering of dirt and stupidity is often credited to others.

Smart guys like Senator William Proxmire and Congressman Les Aspin, who know how to play the press, have built big reputations as critics of the Pentagon by using material supplied by GAO investigators. In one recent year, Proxmire initiated 25 percent of all GAO reports done at the request of members of Congress. Indeed, many of the exposés credited to *The Washington Post* and other reputedly go-getter newspapers are based on material gleaned from, with little credit given to, the GAO. That's OK; that's what public servants are for.





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## WHO DEALT THIS MESS?

the city of New Orleans itself was founded as the result of a bluff. Jean Baptiste Lemoyne, Sieur de Bienville, exploring the Mississippi with five other Frenchmen in a canoe, ran into a British galley whose skipper, Captain Bond, was strong on military matters but weak on geography. Bond shouted to Bienville that he intended to claim the lower Mississippi for England, but he wasn't too sure—this *was* the Mississippi River he was sailing on, wasn't it? Nope, said Bienville, it's a few miles farther west, and these here waters are French. Also, Bienville lied, we've got this enormous fort filled with soldiers who may not like the idea of a British ship filled with settlers. So Bond hove to, Bienville paddled on and New Orleans was established as a French city in 1718. The bend in the river where Captain Bond was bluffed is called English Turn today.

In those early days, New Orleans was kind of a fun city. One account says that in the first 20 years after 1803, the date of the Louisiana Hornswoggle, New Orleans' permanent population quadrupled—and one third of the increase was composed entirely of "thieves, ruffians, vagabonds and prostitutes." These new

(continued from page 110)

citizens of New Orleans would set up shop in flatboats abandoned after the trip down-river, where farmers and boatmen would flock to be fleeced. One of the earliest written references to poker is an 1829 account by a wandering actor named Joe Cowell who visited New Orleans, spotted a funny game going on in the corner and wrote: "The cards . . . are dealt out and carefully concealed by the players from one another; old players pack them in their hands and peep at them as if they were afraid to trust even themselves to look."

Enter the steamboats. As traffic jams got heavier (over 500 large riverboats chugged through the waters in the 15 years immediately preceding the Civil War), the boats got bigger and fancier and provisions were made for first-class trade—merchants, bankers, ranchers. They craved a little action and the professional gamblers—enter Tyrone Power—were there to please. Along with three-card monte, poker was the game of preference. And it was there on the side-wheelers that poker became Americanized. Henry Chafetz, author of a history of gambling titled *Play the Devil* (from which many of the poker stories in this

article are taken), writes: "Europeans who traveled on the riverboats were astonished at the equality that existed among traders, plantation owners, the ship's barber, members of Congress. . . . One man was as good as another if he had enough money to play. Republicanism even extended at times to the cards themselves, where traditional kings, queens and knaves were supplanted by more democratic figures." Depending on the vogue, a king might be portrayed as John Adams ("the President of diamonds"), a queen as Venus and, not surprisingly, considering the carnage then taking place, Indian chiefs substituted for the knaves.

But if you think Tyrone Power in those riverboat-gambler movies was just too pretty to be true, contemporary accounts describing dudes with lace shirts, hand-painted vests and diamond stickpins pretty much bear out the movies' costume designers. Of course, more than likely, ole Tyrone spent a lot of time marking cards and dealing from the bottom of the deck. Cheating was endemic, and many of today's most enduring scams were first developed on the river, ranging from the double team (where a sucker gets caught in a cross fire of raises) to the ever-popular ace up a ruffled sleeve. In *Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi*, published in 1887, the author, George Devol, mentions a game with an Indian chief during which one of the chief's friends kept wandering around the table, muttering "Injun talk." Devol notes that the chief eventually lost, despite the fact that he was being fed information, and concludes that "anyone who has a desire to play poker with 'big Injuns' has my consent, but I would advise them to play a square game and keep their eye skinned for the big buck that talks to the chief."

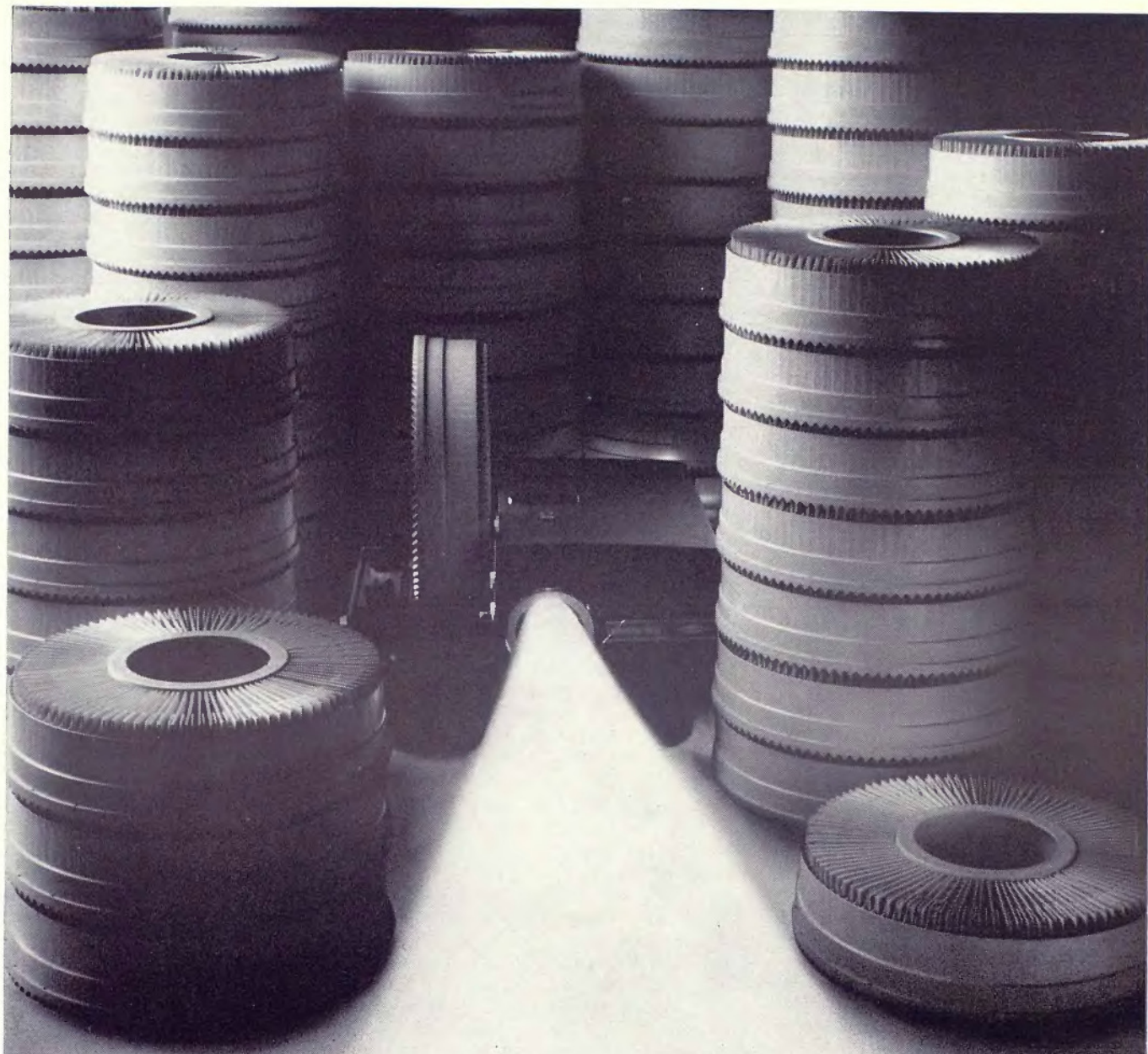
If there were cheats, there were heroes, too. James Bowie, of utensil fame, became something of a Robin Hood for suckers who were done in by sharpers. Aboard the steamer *New Orleans* in 1832, he watched a game in which a young man from Natchez was fleeced of \$50,000 by a tableful of cheats. Bowie restrained the man from jumping overboard, then joined the game himself. A big hand came up—\$70,000 was in the pot—and Bowie saw one of the gamblers' hands flick into his sleeve. Our hero grabbed the man's wrist, drew his famous blade and said, "Show your hand. If it contains more than five cards, I shall kill you." The gambler demurred and Bowie swept the bank notes into his large hat and clapped it onto his head. He gave the man from Natchez \$50,000, but only on the condition that he never touch another card. With tears in his eyes, the young man agreed.

Of course, suckers like that were the answer to any gambler's prayer. Perhaps the most generous fish of them all was a wealthy lawyer named Randolph Grymes,

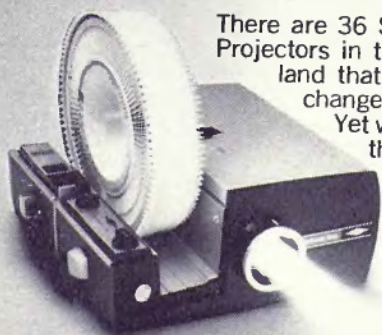


LEO  
GARELL

"Of course I love you . . . I love all my wife's friends."



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who practiced in New Orleans during the 1830s. One of his clients was buccancer Jean Laffite, who paid Grymes \$20,000 for keeping him out of the slammer. Shortly afterward, Laffite suggested they play some cards. The pirate won back the \$20,000 fee, plus another \$20,000 as a sweetener, but that was standard procedure for Grymes. No one ever saw him walk away from the table a winner, and he is said to have lost over half a million dollars in ten years of poker playing.

It was the river rogues who pepped up the rules of the game. Always eager to lure more fish into their nets, gamblers introduced the (English) 52-card deck to poker in 1837, which opened up the game from a maximum of four players to seven or more, and then kept thinking of new twists in the years that followed: Flushes were allowed in the 1850s (although straights didn't surface for another decade or so), the draw was hailed as revolutionary and some cowperson somewhere came up with the notion of an open-card poker game, which he named after his stud horse.

Because poker was played mostly at the edge of the frontier, the game lacked a certain degree of law and order throughout much of the century. Disagreements over rules and ranking of hands were frequently resolved by death. And it wasn't just cowpokes who drilled each other between the eyes—or tried to. Henry Clay, who usually behaved himself when he went head to head against another poker player, Daniel Webster, once found himself in a high-stakes game with a professional gambler. He was not amused when the gambler laid down a hand with three aces in it at the very moment that Clay held two others. Clay rose from his chair, pulled out a pistol and the gambler ran out the door; frustrated, Clay walked over to the man's empty chair and shot a bullet through the seat.

In those days, no-limit still prevailed and there was a gentleman's agreement that a player be given 24 hours to raise money when he couldn't cover a bet. One familiar story has it that a St. Louis man showed up at a bank clutching a sealed envelope. He went straight to the cashier and requested a \$5000 loan. Asked for security, the man handed the cashier the envelope: It contained four kings and an ace—a sure thing, the royal flush then being unrecognized and the ace providing assurance that the hand was unbeatable. The cashier, a prim and upright fellow, said, "The bank, sir, does not lend on cards." At that moment, the bank's president strolled by, glanced at the man's hand and rushed back to the poker game with him, carrying several bags of double eagles. He returned five minutes later with the bags, threw down another \$500 in interest for the bank and yelled at the cashier: "Ever play poker? Well, sir, if you had, you would know better what good collateral is. That hand

was good in this institution for our entire assets!"

It was during the Civil War that poker became a truly national pastime, or two national pastimes, as the case may have been. Put quite simply, when soldiers weren't shooting one another, they were playing cards. An investigation at the time showed that 90 percent of the embezzlements of Army paymasters were the result of poker losses. Chaplains complained that gambling tents were filled while religious services went unattended. A description of the routine followed by the Wilson Rangers in Louisiana was provided by a member of that group: "When we were ordered to drill—which was every day—we would mount our fine horses, gallop out back of the city, and the first orders we would receive from our commanding officer would be, 'Dis-mount! Hitch horses! March! Hunt shade! Begin playing!'"

Confederate General Nathan Forrest, a fierce poker player, became one of the most glamorous figures of the entire four-year tiff when he won several battles on bluff alone. With 400 men under his command, he managed to make his Union counterpart, Colonel Abel Streight, believe a rebel battalion was breathing down his neck. He and his 2500 Union soldiers fled. When Forrest's troops later captured a detachment headed by the selfsame colonel, Forrest walked over to his high-ranking prisoner and remarked, "Cheer up, Colonel, this is not the first time a bluff has beaten a straight." Historians fail to report whether or not Colonel Streight chuckled.

Then there was the Union paymaster who was captured by a Confederate band and had to give up the \$50,000 in Army funds he was carrying. The rebels let him keep a few hundred dollars of it and then insisted that their prisoner play a little poker with them. Before the afternoon was through, the Union man had won back all of the money. His captors briefly considered shooting him but, being Southern gentlemen, decided he should keep it. Moments later, they heard the sound of a Yankee regiment approaching and fled, leaving the paymaster behind. He joyfully rejoined his own troops, explaining how he'd been attacked and robbed—but neglecting to mention that he'd gotten the \$50,000 back. As Chafetz tells the story, the paymaster figured he'd won \$50,000 during a private poker game, so the whole thing was his own business and nobody else's.

Finally, the Civil War period can lay claim to the game that resulted in the biggest pot of all time, except for one annoying detail. It seems that Union General Nelson Miles captured a couple of Confederate wagons brimming with hard cash and, before he could stop his troops, they'd helped themselves to the booty and begun to play poker with mad abandon. The year was 1865, the South

was crumbling, one of the soldiers raked in a pot amounting to \$1,200,000 and, yes, it was worthless Confederate currency.

The only people to rival the poker fanatics in blue and gray were Westerners. Between the California gold rush in 1849 and the turn of the century, billions of dollars were bet in mining camps, frontier settlements and barrooms west of the Mississippi. In Ore City, Colorado, a couple of prospectors who had struck it rich with a huge vein of gold were known to be such heavy gamblers that a saloon was built near the entrance to their mine so they could bet the gold nuggets they'd dug up during the day without walking too far. In Coyoteville, California, three prospecting partners got into a high-stakes game against one another. Two of them lost their shares in a fabulously rich mine to the third partner, who graciously offered his former partners work in the mine for an ounce of gold a day. The games were serious: One miner was said to have spent an entire evening playing cards without taking his eyes off his opponents, stuffing wads of chewing tobacco into his mouth all the while. When another player noticed the stream of tobacco juice trickling down the man's chin and onto the floor, he asked the miner why he didn't spit into a cuspidor behind him. "Not in this game, mister," he replied.

Epitaph on a boot-hill tombstone:

PLAYED FIVE ACES.  
NOW PLAYING A HARP.

It was during this period (the late 1860s and early 1870s) that some of the better-known Western heroes left their markers at poker tables here and there. A young civil engineer from New York was visiting Abilene, Kansas, in 1870, got into a poker game with some locals and had a string of incredible good luck. The engineer later wrote about the episode: "One of the cowboys, Jim Cathcart by name, snarled, 'Well, by hell, you are a crook, ain't you?' and as he spoke, he whipped out the big gun on the right side of his belt. I was blind with terror. . . . When I opened my eyes a second later, I saw Cathcart staring at the door, his right arm hanging limp at his side. . . . Standing quietly under the lintel of the door, with his two big guns covering the five of us, was Wild Bill Hickok, Abilene's celebrated marshal. 'Slope for your camp, son,' said Wild Bill to me. . . . The way I cut out for our camp, eight miles away, was a warning to grasshoppers."

Of course, Wild Bill didn't fare very well himself at a poker game some years later, on August 2, 1876. He was in Deadwood Gulch, in the Dakota Territory, and had agreed to take a seat at the table without the usual insistence that he be able to see the door. A nasty creature by the name of Broken Nose Jack McCall sneaked into the saloon and shot Wild





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The Seven 'n Cider.

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**It's America's whiskey.**



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Bill in the back of the head. The hand he was holding was a queen and two pair, aces and eights, forevermore known as the "dead man's hand."

Law and order was *still* taking its time moving West, and poker fever occasionally made its way into court records. In one Western courtroom, a lawyer took offense at a court ruling and yelled at the judge, "Yer Honor, that ain't the law!" But the opposing lawyer raised an objection, so the first lawyer pulled a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket and shouted, "I'll bet ten dollars it ain't!" Since the second lawyer didn't call the bet, the judge felt constrained to hand down the only possible verdict: "If you ain't got the nerve to cover his ten, I guess you're wrong. The court rules against you."

Lady poker players out West? Yes, indeed. There weren't many, it's true, but numbers are only relative when you consider that a California census in 1850 reported seven women for every 100 men. Most of the ladies, of course, gathered in cities. When Horace Greeley visited a mining camp in Colorado Territory in 1859, he reported there were 4000 men and exactly 12 women. No matter. The few who showed up left a trail: Kitty the Schemer, who screwed and bluffed her way through scores of boom towns in the Seventies and Eighties; Colorado Charlie Utter's mistress, Minnie, four feet tall and the best poker player in El Paso; Big Nose Kate Fisher, Doc Holliday's little sugarplum, who, according to historian Chafetz, "could bet a sick hand to win as though she had a royal flush and never hesitated to look down a man's throat when she had an ace to draw"; and Poker Alice, the product of a Southern finishing school, who made a living at the poker table and smoked long black cigars while she played.

But maybe the reason women have been unfairly branded as hopeless with a poker hand is clearest in the story that was told around the turn of the century. A brother and a sister in their early 20s were passengers on a slow steamship headed for New York. The young man was lured into a game by a middle-aged man who obviously knew his poker. The stakes were small at first but gradually increased to where the young man had lost over \$1000 and had dipped into a moneybag he was carrying for his family. The game was jackpot—a pair of jacks or better is needed to open and the players keep anteing until someone can open—and another \$1000 lay in the middle of the table, representing almost all the money the boy's family had in the world. Suddenly, on a whim, the young man stood up and said, "I've heard there's luck in a new player—if you've no objection, deal this hand to my sister." The man agreed and the girl, giggling excitedly, took her brother's seat. The man dealt and the girl picked her cards up

one by one, holding them so the spectators behind her could see them. First an ace, then another ace, then a queen, a third ace and, unbelievably, a fourth ace. "Play it for all the money," whispered her brother.

The bet was called. "Cards, if any?" the man asked.

The young girl answered, "Four," and tossed her aces onto the table. The man quickly dealt four cards and stood pat, smiling. The girl started stammering that she'd gotten the game confused with old maid; her brother ran to the railing of the ship and began retching.

All the money had been played by then, so there remained only the show-down. The man held a small full house. The girl dropped her cards onto the table and whimpered. The spectators stared. The queen she'd kept had been matched by three more queens. The family fortune was saved, the brother stopped retching and the girl allowed as how this just might be a game she could get into, after all.

Except for Arnold Rothstein, gambler about town and the man who allegedly fixed the 1919 world series, poker lore flattens out some in the 20th Century. Rothstein played in the poker game with the second-biggest pot in history. It was against "Nick the Greek" Dandolos and the game was stud. Details on who held what are hazy, but it's generally agreed that Rothstein won a single pot of \$605,000. The next day, Rothstein sent Nick a new Rolls-Royce as a token of his esteem, but Nick sent it back with a note reading, "Who needs a car in New York?" And in 1928, following a poker game in which Rothstein lost \$340,000 and refused to pay up, he was shot in the crotch by one of the winners. He died shortly afterward.

And the biggest pot of all time? This should settle the usual squabbles that arise over Friday-night poker. The game took place, appropriately enough, in New Orleans. Allen Dowling, author of *The Great American Pastime*, says it was a two-man game in the old St. Charles Hotel shortly after the Civil War. Names aren't mentioned—perhaps the participants made a point of it—but it's known that one was a wealthy Louisiana importer of fruit, the other a cotton and tobacco grower. It was in the days of no-limit poker and the men had played all night when the big play finally came at dawn. They had raised and reraised each other until there was \$300,000 in the pot, the limit of their respective checking accounts. The plantation owner then suggested that if his opponent would put up three blocks he owned on Canal Street, he, the planter, would bet the deed to his St. James Parish property—each property had been appraised at \$250,000. For a total of \$800,000, the hands were exposed. The planter had four aces, the importer a six-high straight flush.

Now, we've called that little episode the biggest pot ever, and that's because there was something a little uncricket about an event that took place in Santa Fe in 1889. Professional gambler John Dougherty was facing off against cattle baron Ike Jackson for the poker championship of the West. Everyone, including the governor of the Territory of New Mexico, was there at Bowen's Saloon. Jackson and Dougherty pulled big hands and after building the pot to \$100,000, Jackson wrote out a deed to his ranch, which included 10,000 head of cattle, and bet it. Dougherty, who couldn't call, asked for a paper and a pen, wrote something down and handed the paper to the governor nearby. He also drew his gun. "Governor," he said, "sign this or I'll kill you." The governor complied at once. Triumphant, Dougherty tossed the document into the pot and yelled, "I raise you the Territory of New Mexico. There's the deed!"

Jackson knew when he was beat and folded his hand. "All right, take it," he said. "But it's a damn good thing for you the governor of Texas isn't here."

OK, once around to the dealer. Those Mississippi steamboats and Western mining camps are no more and the heavy poker action has moved into air-conditioned parlors in Nevada and Gardena, California. And, of course, into your basement most Friday nights. So you can blame the politicians if you sense that something's gone out of the game. Nobody's reraising cattle ranches anymore, or, if they are, you're not likely to hear about it before the IRS does. Today it's illegal to run a poker game for house profit anywhere except Nevada and parts of California, where, with idiot reasoning, stud was declared a game of "chance" and therefore illicit, and draw a game of "skill" and therefore virtuous.

Private games for anything but matchsticks are illegal in most states, but the laws are a little screwy there, too. In some states, you can find loopholes that put private-club games pretty much out of reach of the law. In any case, the statutes that do exist for private games are virtually never enforced. The theory, presumably, is that all you're doing is playing to destroy your friend's self-esteem and cripple his credit rating—in other words, you're in a friendly game.

So the thing to do, now that the legends have faded, is to take on the cheerful attitude of the guy who was asked why he was joining a game he knew to be crooked. "Wa-a-al," he drawled, "it's the only game in town." And remember, there's consolation in what Maverick's pappy said about poker: "You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time—and those are very good odds."

## CHEESECAKE MADNESS

Pittsburgh metalworker will break both your arms for ten dollars?

America is speeding down the road to mental ruin. Food prices are up. Worker productivity is down. Our moral precepts have been turned inside out. And the nation's insane asylums are teeming with psychological basket cases who once represented the country's last best hope. Is cheesecake at fault? Got any better ideas?

## ISOLATING THE CHEESECAKE ELEMENT

Until 1973, a major obstacle to conducting cheesecake research that would be recognized as scientifically valid was the great variation in the types and concentrations of cheesecake. Cheesecake myths abounded and researchers sought some method for extracting laboratory-pure cheesecake from the huge quantities of "street cheesecake" readily available to the general public.

Finally, researchers at the National Institute for Cheesecake Research in Cincinnati succeeded in isolating a small sample of laboratory-grade cheesecake. Using this as a standard, science acquired a method for analyzing street cheesecake and producing pure samples for experimental purposes. Having met the initial challenge, research teams were organized to examine the various areas of cheesecake abuse and its relation to mental illness and national decay.

## TESTS WITH ANIMALS

In the first series of NICR tests using live subjects, dogs were exposed to high concentrations of cheesecake photography under strict clinical supervision. Various tests were performed, including monitoring of all physiological functions and frequent psychological evaluation by competent veterinary psychiatrists. In order to simulate human social conditions, the dogs were forced to wear thick glasses and sit upright in folding chairs. When a dog's glasses fell off, thumbtacks were used.

Seven months of exhaustive study verified the initial hypothesis: Prolonged exposure to cheesecake produced aggressive behavior and violent reactions in the subjects. In addition, doctors noted severe mental and physical deterioration that could only be attributed to the high concentration of cheesecake, thus lending credence to the argument that cheesecake abuse destroys brain cells, causes genetic damage and bothers the hell out of dogs.

## TESTS WITH HUMANS

The second series of tests conducted in Cincinnati produced startling results. Tests performed on a group of white, Midwestern college students culled from national fraternities proved that cheesecake affected major changes in physical

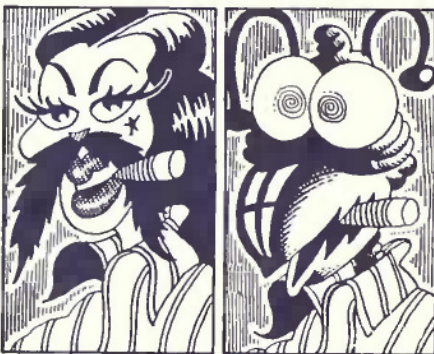
(continued from page 143)

characteristics. The human subjects were given pure cheesecake doses far greater than would ever be encountered in everyday use, but the effect was of such relevance as to minimize the significance of the administered dosage.



Subject 0 weeks

Subject 6 weeks



Subject 12 weeks

Subject 16 weeks

It is clear from these scientific experiments performed under strict-control situations that cheesecake abuse poses a far greater threat than we had anticipated.

## A VISIT TO A CHEESECAKE TREATMENT CENTER

You can see it in their eyes. After a while, a cheesecake junkie's eyes begin to look like housemaid's knees and you sense that he would have a difficult time getting a passport. That's just one of the many profound impressions I formed after touring the nation's largest hospital for the rehabilitation of cheesecake addicts.

Their minds are shot. Years of exposure to cheesecake has charred their brains and wracked their nervous systems to the point of no response. They sit in their cell-like hospital rooms, turning imaginary pages with their twitching index fingers, occasionally holding their clenched fists one over the other, as if opening some invisible gatefold. They slobber a lot, the worst of them being strapped loosely into therapeutic "limp jackets," specially constructed garments designed to reduce the severity of a surprise cheesecake seizure, and their palms are covered with warts as big as foreign

cars. This is what obscenity does to the body and the mind. It is not a pleasant sight, but it's good for a chuckle.

## UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY

Brother Claude knows only too well the dangers of cheesecake. For five years, he was an addict supporting a 40-volume-a-day habit, reduced to stealing his friends' porch furniture in order to raise money for the local pornographer, a shady entrepreneur whose direct contacts with the \$1,000,000-a-year smut industry allowed him to pervert an entire neighborhood of innocent youths, boys who just years before had been playing softball at the local playground, attending boy-scout meetings after school and helping blind people find their way onto crowded superhighways.

"When I was 11, some of the older neighborhood boys showed me a dirty magazine," remembers Brother Claude. "Gee, I said, this doesn't look like *Boy's Life*. It's the same thing, they said; but before I could run away, they had opened to the middle of the magazine, thrusting before my eyes a provocative photograph of a naked woman. I looked at it for only a few seconds, but it was too late. I was hooked. The next thing I knew, I was laughing hysterically and rolling around on the floor. I begged them to let me look at the picture again, but they said I would have to pay them. That was how it all began. Dirty jokes came next, then obscene films in the coach's basement. All the kids were doing cheesecake then and it became a big status thing to see who could do more books and magazines, how many you could look at without passing out.

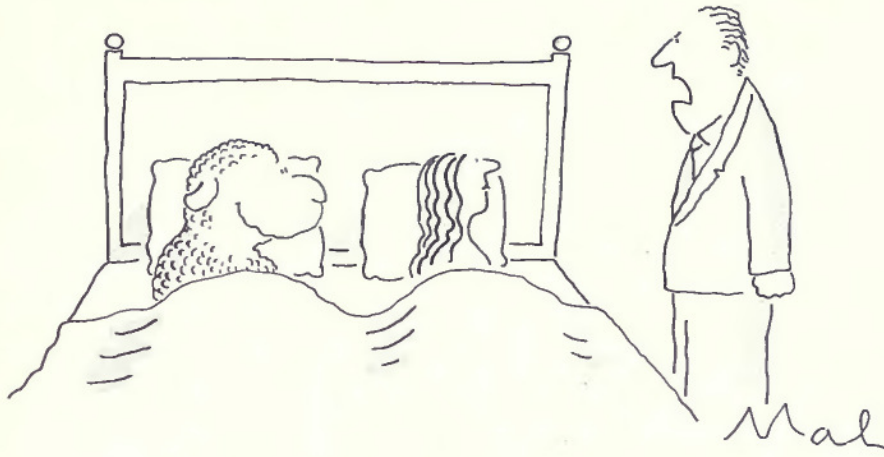
"After a while, my parents began to suspect something was wrong," continues Brother Claude. "My palms were always sweaty. I seemed to be in a constant state of arousal. My speech was slurred and my movements became somewhat quixotic. I grew unpredictable, forgetting to keep appointments and showing up when I was not supposed to.

"My behavior became more and more irrational. I started molesting small forest animals, exposing myself before stereo equipment. I assaulted a young secretary, tortured a house plant, phoned in orders to go and never picked them up. It was at this point that I considered professional help."

Once in the hospital, Brother Claude was placed on a Maidenform program, a carefully supervised method of treatment whereby cheesecake addicts are allowed to view significant numbers of undergarment advertisements. Although the Maidenform treatment is itself habit-forming, it is believed to be less dangerous than actual cheesecake addiction, and the carefully regulated production of the ad copy ensures a uniformity of dosage that facilitates medical and psychological evaluation. Businessmen have been



*"What could I do? He pointed out it was a cooperative apartment."*



"Susan! I thought you told me you were allergic to wool!"

known to be Maidenform addicts for years without experiencing any of the mental deterioration that is known to affect cheesecake abusers.

Brother Claude was lucky. Many others at the hospital have not had such good fortune. A 17-year-old known only as Alvin has been under treatment for three years following an ill-fated attempt to go "cold fudge sundae," a brutal therapeutic method for freeing the addict from cheesecake dependency. Now Alvin sits babbling on the sun deck, using his contorted fist to make obscene shadow figures on the wall before him. He is fed intravenously, which makes for some unusual shadow pictures.

Brother Claude and Alvin may be the lucky ones, however. For every Brother Claude and Alvin there are countless others whose cheesecake mania flourishes unchecked. And with the recent upsurge in cheesecake abuse, there has been a dramatic change in the nation's social behavior. There is no question that cheesecake is responsible for the marked increase in violent crimes, the general corruption of our moral standards and

the sharp rise in reported cases of paranoia, precocious senility and messianic delusions. In short, cheesecake leads to madness.

#### PORN TO LOSE

Can any reasonable man claim that cheesecake is responsible for *all* the ills plaguing today's society? Certainly, if you can get someone to publish the article. Here is just a partial list of the evils brought about by cheesecake abuse:

- A mysterious train derailment near St. Louis.
- Last spring's wildcat strike by Hartford garbage men.
- No sound out of right stereo speaker.

Blaming it all on cheesecake may not be as outrageous as it appears at first glance, for anything that has such a strong grasp on the mind can be said to alter our perceptions of the world around us. If you wake up one morning to find retractable claws where your fingernails used to be, maybe it was something you read the night before. If a white gorilla drives a thresher through your living room, maybe you ought to lay

off the hard-core. If your new radar oven gives birth to a litter of digital clocks, maybe someone slipped a few dirty postcards into your morning mail. When that happens, it's time to take *action!*

#### WHAT TO DO? WHAT TO DO?

As a healthy, right-thinking American, what steps can you take to protect yourself from cheesecake madness? First, wear a lead box over your head at all times. This has always been an effective diversionary tactic. Second, swing your arms wildly in front of you when you walk, this procedure being a recognized method for fending off the advances of prostitutes, cheesecake peddlers and low-flying airplanes. Third, and most important, whistle *As the Caissons Go Rolling Along* whenever you are not speaking, in order to "jam" the incoming cheesecake signals that permeate the air we breathe and subvert the atmosphere in which we think.

Next, consider the various courses of action open to the average citizen in his fight against the rampant cheesecake menace. Let these recent news items serve as examples to emulate and enlarge upon:

- In a Midwestern suburb, a local pornographer was drawn and quartered by four retired businessmen driving high-powered lawn mowers.
- In Atlanta, a dergymen's group dropped hundreds of paperboys on acknowledged smut vendors.
- In San Diego, a recognized obscene film maker was blown up in his sleep by vigilantes who destroyed three city blocks before finding his apartment.

#### CHEESEKUT: A SHORTCAKE TO INSANITY

I've given you the facts, I've presented the picture, I've carefully excluded all opposing views. Now, why don't you send me some money? We are waging a war against cheesecake and we need every clam we can scare up. Unlike so-called "professional associations," we urge participation from every level of society and actively seek the aid and advice of self-styled experts, bleeding hearts, ax grinders and meddling do-gooders, regardless of political or religious affiliation.

Our goal is to rehabilitate the national psyche before America is engulfed in a holocaust of industrial accidents and bathroom mishaps caused by cheesecaked individuals. We want to free the nation's front pages from stories of atrocities that only a cheesecake-crazed mind could conceive. We want to wipe out organized crime, cure cancer, make every national waterway safe for public bathing by 1977 and perfect a reusable space shuttle that will run on human waste products. We don't think these goals are unrealistic, but we need your help. Fight cheesecake madness.

#### A GLOSSARY OF THE JARGON OF THE CHEESECAKE WORLD

- roach a cheesecake enthusiast  
 hassle the area between the two buttocks  
 bumner a roach who is preoccupied with hassles  
 acid a girl with very large breasts  
 hippie an elderly acid  
 turn on to eat buildings as a response to cheesecake abuse  
 snort to breathe the staples out of a magazine  
 hookah a palm wart  
 flip out to spontaneously burst into flames from cheesecake abuse  
 electric Kool-Aid a refreshing beverage made from eight-millimeter film  
 score to make a collect obscene telephone call  
 toke Danish for "to walk backward"  
 Owsleys very large breasts  
 mainline on a cheesecake photo, to connect the breasts with a felt-tip marker  
 O. D. abbr. for Obviously Danish, the highest classification of street cheesecake  
 freak out to spend an afternoon in a slowly revolving door



## SHOWDOWN IN VEGAS

(continued from page 116)

blotting beady perspiration from his forehead.

Addington, on the other hand, was always the epitome of cool—seemingly incapable of sweating. His more flamboyant, bluffing style had made him the charismatic darling of the gallery. He looked like the Mississippi riverboat gambler in Hollywood's version of *Show Boat*. He wore a gold identification bracelet and a gold Patek Philippe watch on either wrist, gold and diamond rings, a diamond tie tack in his Cassini tie and—between hands, at least—a winsome, dimpled smile. His fresh manicure twinkled in the overhead lights.

Addington lit up another of the Suerdieck Caballeros he had brought from San Antonio, stuffed it into the corner of his mouth and the showdown was under way. Moss was holding only \$53,000. But during the next four hours, he relentlessly nibbled away at Addington's \$107,000 stock pile by forcing his opponent out of the more modest pots and successfully calling many bluffs. In the face of these reversals, Addington resorted to intensified psychological tactics. Each time Moss contemplated a critical bet, he was confronted with searing, combative stares lasting as long as several minutes. But Moss never blinked. When Addington ran out of cigars, thus eliminating another subtle weapon, he switched to

sipping glasses of Fresca and chewing on melting ice cubes. But it wasn't the same.

The denouement came at 4:35 p.m., 29 hours and 35 minutes of playing after the tournament began. Each player anted \$1000. Moss looked at his two hole cards and bet \$3000. Addington called. The dealer turned up the three of diamonds, nine of clubs and ten of clubs. Moss bet another \$4000, an indication of strength. Addington pondered his two hole cards. Then, in one emphatic gesture, he shoved all of his remaining chips into the pot, exactly as he'd done so many times before. But this time, he was betting \$52,000. Every bleacherite immediately bolted upright from his seat. Gasps were heard among those straining behind the velvet ropes. Was Addington bluffing again or did he really have something? Would Moss fold his hand and absorb an \$8000 loss, rather than gambling an additional \$48,000? The stuffy room was suffused with an ominous silence. Moss pinched his watery blue eyes, already red from fatigue. Addington clenched his teeth, activating spasms in both cheek muscles.

"I got the best hand, Crandell," said Moss, softly, enriching the pot to \$112,000 as he called the bet.

The dealer methodically turned up a queen of spades and a red nine. Addington's

shoulders seemed to sag. His two hole cards were the ace and two of clubs. Together with the two clubs on the table, he had been holding a bobtailed flush—needing another club on one of the final two cards. It was all over. He had missed his flush. Moss, who was sitting with the three of clubs and the three of hearts in the hole, held the winning hand—three treys embellished by a superfluous pair of nines, making an unbeatable full house.

A thunderclap of applause accompanied by hoarse cheering brought both players to their feet for a friendly handshake.

"Any cardplayer would have made the same bet as Crandell," Moss said, savoring victory with a glass of Piper-Heidsieck. "But I knew I had him. Shit. I could have killed him in seven different ways."

"What happened to your hat?" asked one of the reporters present.

"I left it back in my room," Addington replied. "The fact that I wasn't wearing it was just an angle for the other players to be thinking about."

Moss was posing for flashbulbing photographers, holding a gleaming silver loving cup spilling over with \$160,000 in new \$100 bills.

Watching wistfully from the side lines, Addington shrugged and said, "Well, I got him out every time but the last one."



# Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;  
100 mm.: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

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

# HOW NOT TO LOSE (continued from page 112)

your tactics which method is employed: ask.

*What's a low?* John Scarne, who has as good a claim as any man to be the definitive expert on card games (Edmond Hoyle, an English barrister, died in 1769 after having written books on piquet, whist and quadrille; modern books on poker "according to Hoyle" are just nonsense), says that the lowest hand in low-ball is 7-5-4-3-2 of mixed suits—in other words, aces, straights and flushes count as high only. Reese and Watkins (authors of *How to Win at Poker*) hold out for 6-4-3-2-A, straights and flushes counting high, aces counting low. I've played in games in San Francisco and London where 5-4-3-2-A (called the wheel, among other things) is the low hand. Make sure you know before you start.

*Where's the bug?* Games in which the bug, or joker, enters the picture are

sloppy, vaguely racy affairs—sportswriter poker. Anyone who plays poker with sportswriters deserves the abuse he's certain to take.

*Anything else?* Don't assume anything. Some games have limits on the number of raises per round. Some double the maximum allowable bet on the last hand. Some are peppered with odd games called push or stop or three-card monte that aren't really poker at all. If you don't understand a game, sit it out and watch.

Beyond the specifics of rules, try to get some general feeling for the game. Is it tight or loose? Poker Playing in America Charley plays with a group that thinks seven-card stud is a little fanciful, and there's a game in Los Angeles where they play night baseball with a four-card twin-bed layout. Five aces is usually good enough for a split.

You should match your playing to the

rhythm of the game. The dangers of playing loose in a tight game are obvious; but you can get burned playing tight in a loose game, too. If you fold everything except the champions, all those fun lovers will drop the moment you stay in and your pots will be tiny. The luck of the cards evens out; what separates good poker players from bad poker players is the size of the pots they win.

As a quick way of getting a sense of the game, watch the first few five-stud games. With seven people playing, how many drop out in the first round of betting? Five or six? It's a game of iron asses and accountants. Four? Tight but happy. Three? Sloppy but sane. Two or under? A walk in the park.

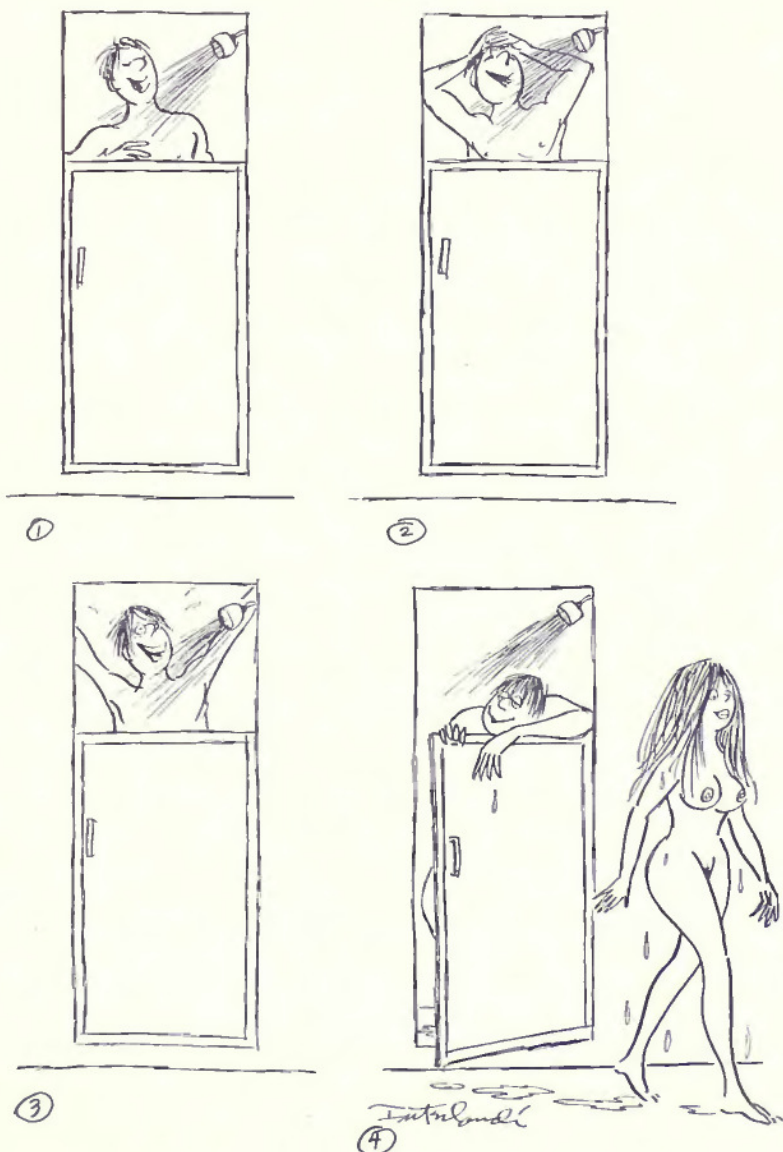
Now that you've figured out the game, turn your attention to the players. If you can figure out why they play poker, you may be able to predict what they're going to do. Method poker. Here are my categories, arranged in descending order of skill:

*The player who plays to win money:* The toughest of all. He rarely bluffs; he frequently folds; he pays attention. He bets up his winners and abandons his losers. He'll talk your ear off, but you'll be listening at your peril; he won't. He can occasionally be bluffed, if he doesn't have a very good hand, because he figures that the financial risk isn't worth the information. The only way to beat him is to outplay him; he will not beat himself.

*The player who plays for victory:* The money player wants cash, negotiable currency, the stuff that buys food and cigarettes. The victory player wants to win. He can't be bluffed; his pride is too great. He'll bet the pot up a lot, sometimes driving out players the money player would have suckered in. He can be influenced by table talk, and if you beat him badly on one hand, he'll stay in against you all night, hoping for revenge. But, like the money player, he knows the odds, and he concentrates. He'll kill a hesitant or timid player every time.

*The player who plays for fun:* For him, a poker game is like a movie, a recreational vehicle. He wants to win, but he is unruffled by defeat. What he really likes is the camaraderie, the free beer, the click of chips and the smell of stale smoke. His stratagems are usually elementary, varying little from hand to hand and session to session. Anything more elaborate is too much work. Just don't get him pissed off or he'll sober up and steal a couple of huge pots. (In general, an amiable poker personality is an asset. You don't want the whole table gunning for you.)

*The player who plays for action:* This is the true crazed gambler, the fellow who







In 1870, Charles Fleischmann created the world's first dry gin. And that's how the dry martini was born. You still enjoy the difference in the Fleischmann martini. Because it's still made with the world's driest gin.

**Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.**

would bet on how long it takes his mother to bleed to death. He never folds, often bets the maximum on the first round without looking at his cards. Fold frequently against him; bleed him dry with your winners; let him do the betting. He'll lose eventually; be patient.

*The player who plays to lose money:* Every experienced poker player has run into people like this. The loser turns the game into a psychodrama, confirming his vision of his own wretchedness. The loser will stay on a pair in seven stud forever but will fold three tens in draw because someone raised him. Money players love him—the ultimate fish—but recreational players hate him, because he makes the game embarrassing and awkward.

Watch your opponents. Watch their faces. Everyone knows that you *should* keep a poker face, but a surprising number cannot. A bad hand puts a slight crease between the eyebrows; a good hand brings a certain manly stiffening to the shoulders. Some players will hold a mediocre hand but place a good hand in a neat stack on the table, the better to do all that two-fisted betting they're planning on. There are players whose noses itch at the prospect of victory and players who light cigarettes when they suspect they're outgunned. There are players with a simple black-is-white theory of dissembling, so that they complain about their cards only when they've got a lock, or look relaxed and confident only when they're bluffing. There are teeth pickers, head scratchers, finger twiddlers, thumb drummers and leg crossers. I once played with a man who farted every time he pulled a full house.

It is equally important to be aware of your own mannerisms and to seek to correct them. Ideally, you should remain expressionless, almost motionless, throughout the entire game, but that would make playing poker like having dinner at a military academy. Just be sure that your gestures and conversation are studiously random, unrelated to the quality of your hand. And remember this about your own mannerisms: Your best friends won't tell you.

Just as there are patterns of behavior, there are patterns of betting. A quick example: You are playing Black Maria or Chicago or Michigan or whatever you call high-spade-in-the-hole-splits-the-pot-with-the-high-hand. You have the ace of spades down from the beginning. Do you routinely bet small to begin with (so as not to drive the marginal players out), increasing the bets in some mathematical way as the game progresses? A perfectly sensible way to bet, but if you keep doing it, the others are eventually going to catch on. Vary your pitches. Bet the ace strong from the beginning

occasionally. Maybe they'll think you're bluffing.

Remember, too, that winners play differently from losers. A certain mind-set takes over. Losers abandon their confidence and concentration, play mostly on bravado and cowardice. Winners become charity organizers, magnanimous, staying on hands they should really fold. It's hard to bluff a winner; it's hard to suck in a loser. You, of course, being smarter than that, play according to the same sound principles no matter how much money you have.

Which brings us to tactics. The quiz that follows is designed to illustrate certain tactical principles, not test your acumen—if you miss more than two, you should stay away from big-money games and cardplayers with pinkie rings. It is assumed in all questions that there are seven people in the game; that it is limit poker with a one-dollar minimum and a ten-dollar maximum; that 5-4-3-2-A is low; that all players are of approximately equal ability.

1. To start with an elementary example: The game is five-card stud. You have the ten of spades in the hole and the eight of diamonds showing. Against you, from your left, are an ace, a jack, another jack, a five, a deuce and a nine. The ace bets a dollar. The first jack folds, the second jack calls, the five folds, the deuce calls and the nine folds. Do you fold, call or raise?

Answer: Fold instantly. Sure, you could pull three aces on your next three cards—and George McGovern could get elected President. Pride is useless in poker. Don't say: That lily-livered jack folded, but not me, I'm tougher than that. I'll hang in there like the courageous, cocky little battler that I am, even though the odds are against me. . . . The odds are against you for a very good reason: You're a loser. Shut up, sit down and fold.

2. The game is five-card draw. You hold the jack, eight, seven and six of clubs and the jack of diamonds. Three players have folded on the first round of betting; the others, including you, are in for two dollars. It's time for the draw. What do you throw away?

Answer: Throw away the diamond jack. The odds on pulling the fifth club are  $4\frac{1}{4}$ -1. The odds on picking up another pair are  $5\frac{1}{4}$ -1; the odds on picking up a third jack are 8-1. Your pair of jacks, unimproved, is not going anywhere. Some might advocate throwing away the two jacks and going for the straight, but they are canasta players.

3. The game is five-card draw. You have the ace, eight, seven and six of clubs and the five of diamonds. Two players have folded on the first round of betting. All the others, including you,

are in for four dollars. It's time for the draw. What do you throw away?

Answer: Throw away the diamond five. The odds on getting the flush (as we have seen) are  $4\frac{1}{4}$ -1; the odds on pulling the straight are 5-1. And, of course, a flush beats a straight.

4. The game is five-card stud. You have the six of spades showing and the ace of diamonds underneath. Arrayed against you are a seven, a five, a ten, a deuce, a jack and a queen. The queen checks. Assume that you stay in one way or another. After the next deal, the cards look like this, with the five and deuce folding:

A	B	C	D
7 ♠	10 ♣	Jack ♣	Queen ♦
2 ♦	Jack ♥	King ♠	4 ♦

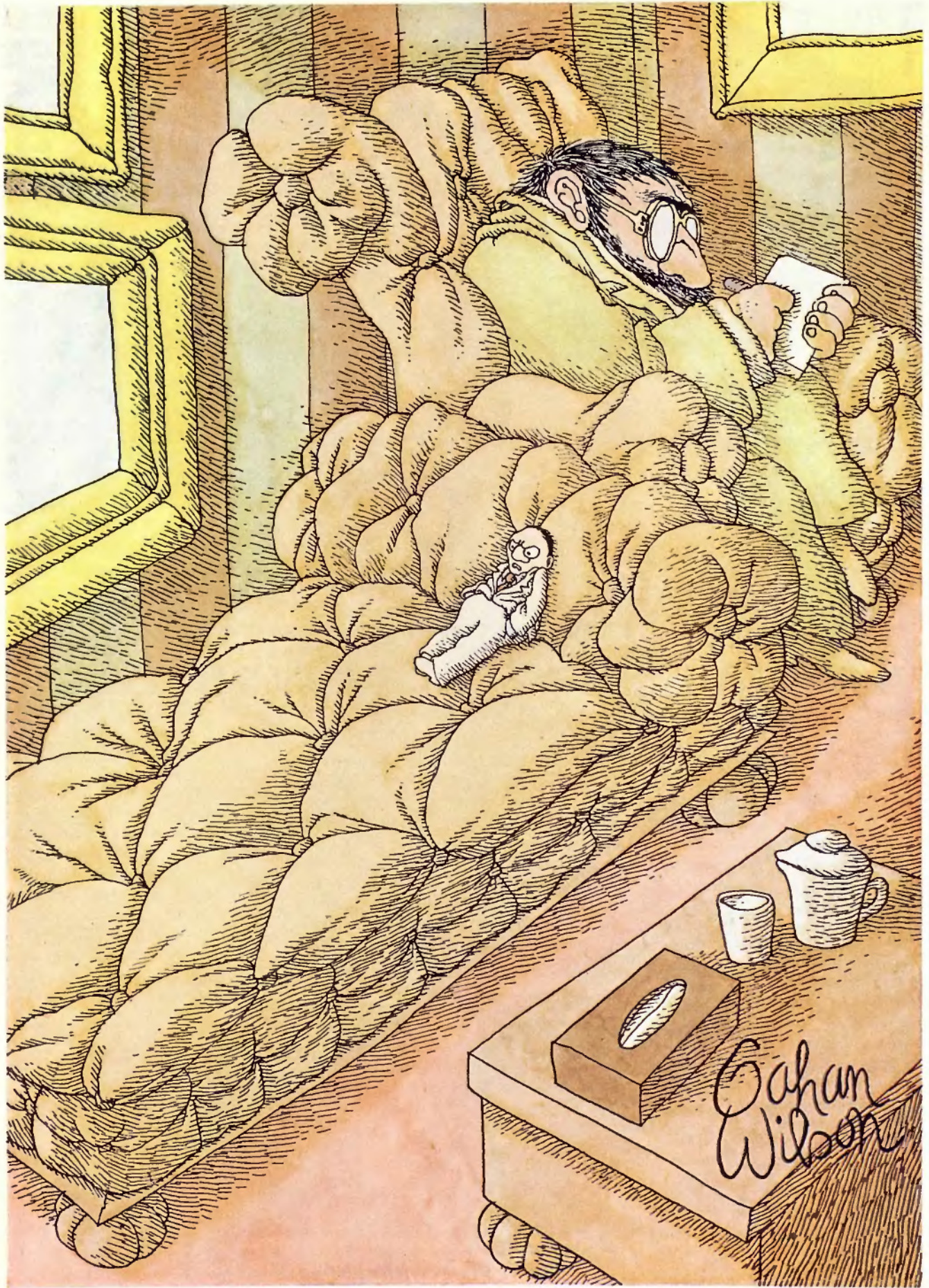
You pull the ace of clubs, giving you a pair. Your bet. What do you do?

Answer: Some cardplayers would recommend that you sneak this one around end, maybe checking on the second round and throwing out a dollar on the third, almost as a courtesy bet, keeping the suckers in. Sometimes that's good strategy, but not here. What are you waiting for? For A to pull three sevens? For D to fill his flush? That pair of aces isn't getting any younger, buddy. It's your game; make them pay to play. On the second round, pop out five dollars and test their resolve. On the third round, bump that up to eight dollars. So what if they all drop out? You wanna win money or you wanna look at cards?

5. (A) The game is five-card draw. Before the draw, you hold the jack of spades, the jack of hearts, the eight and seven of diamonds and the queen of clubs. The man to your right checks and you, sitting in the second position, must make a decision. Do you check or open? (B) Holding the same cards, you are the dealer. The opening bet is checked around to you. Do you check or open? (C) You're the dealer, holding the same cards, but there is betting on the first round. A bets three dollars, B calls, C calls, D raises five dollars, E folds, F folds. Do you fold, call or raise?

Answers: (A) Check. Someone will almost certainly open and by the time the bet comes around to you, you'll have a lot more information on which to make a decision. If no one opens, a pair of jacks is not a major loss. (B) Open modestly but firmly. It doesn't look as though anyone has much (they can't all be sandbagging) and your jacks are looking pretty good. (C) Fold. D may, indeed, be bluffing with his raise, but what's A got to open on in the number-one position? Not spinach, I'll bet. Get out quick and send your pair of jacks back to the pack. You don't owe them a thing.

6. The game is seven-card stud. After



*"I suppose my size has something to do with it!"*



“Your first masked ball?”

four cards and some early folding, the array against you looks like this:

A	B	C	D
King ♥	7 ♥	6 ♦	Ace ♥
5 ♣	9 ♥	6 ♠	10 ♠

You've got the nine of diamonds and the two of clubs showing, with the ace and ten of diamonds underneath. C bets five dollars, D calls. Do you fold, call or raise?

Answer: Fold. The flush is tempting, but to make it, two out of your next three cards must be diamonds. The odds against that are 8-1.

7. The game is seven-card stud. You've just received the sixth card. The array against you looks like this:

A	B	C	D
Jack ♠	4 ♦	2 ♦	Jack ♣
10 ♥	4 ♣	3 ♠	5 ♣
9 ♦	King ♦	6 ♥	Ace ♣
Queen ♦	8 ♥	10 ♠	Queen ♥

You've got a pair of jacks showing (one heart, one diamond), along with the three of diamonds and the eight of clubs. You

have the king of hearts and the king of spades underneath. The betting has so far been moderate, with the only raise coming from D on the last round. It's your bet. You check, to see how passionate D feels. A bets three dollars, B calls. C hesitates and calls, D raises three dollars. Do you fold, call the six dollars or raise?

Answer: You fold. Figure it out. You've got two high pair. A has four cards to a high straight and is betting as if he has it. B probably has two pair or three of a kind. C has the low straight and is hoping A didn't pull a high one. D probably has four cards to a flush and is raising on the strength of how few clubs are out against him. Or he may be raising because he has a high straight and doesn't think A can match it. Ah, but you say, I have two hidden kings (a nice tactical advantage) and one more card to come, and a full boat would knock those straights and that flush back to Kansas City. But look around you. You're not going to fill that full house

with a jack, because both of them are running with a different crowd right now. There's only one other king showing, but there are indications that the fourth king may not be in the deck waiting to drop into your hand. If A or D (the raiser) has made his straight, he may have (must have, in D's case) made it with a king. And since it's the king of clubs, it may be part of D's flush as well. Finally, if B has two pair, the most likely duo that would seduce him into staying is (that's right) kings and fours. All in all, this doesn't look like your hand.

8. The game is seven-card high-low split. All the players have just received their final cards. The array against you looks like this:

A	B	C	D
6 ♥	10 ♦	Ace ♥	8 ♦
7 ♦	10 ♠	3 ♥	Queen ♦
9 ♣	King ♦	Jack ♥	8 ♠
Ace ♠	King ♥	2 ♠	Jack ♦

You have, showing, the king, ten and five of clubs and the eight of hearts. Underneath you have the four, three and two of diamonds. B bets three dollars, C calls, D calls. Do you fold, call or raise?

Answer: Call. This late in a high-low game, when the betting has not been intense, it's a good idea to stick around for the declaration. It seems likely that A will just call—he seems to have the least impressive hand of the four against you. And interesting things might happen. B and D are almost certainly going high, which makes them of no interest to you. C has a good low hand, but he also has three hearts, with only three hearts out against him. A may have a seven-six low, but he's been playing like a man hanging on to a nine-seven. From his point of view, remember, you look like a high club flush. Maybe he sees both you and C going high, with his sneaking in for low. Or, of course, A could be just neatly hiding a middle-sized straight. There's enough interesting stuff there for you to hang on, especially holding an eight-five, for a three-dollar call. A might not even call, and then you would be in good shape.

All of which is only to say: Know the odds, always fold your losers, bet your winners firmly, watch the cards on the table, notice what position you're sitting in and how that changes your tactics and stick around longer in a high-low-split game than you would in a one-way game.

One final piece of advice: Bluff once, early in the game, and get caught at it. It will do wonders for the size of your pots.

# PACK THE PIPERS SCOTCH



100 PIPERS - BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY - 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) - SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

**IT'S MADE FOR WEEKENDS LIKE THIS**

Wherever you go, pack the Pipers. It's bottled and blended in Scotland by Seagram, the world's foremost distiller.

## ALGONQUIN GAMES (continued from page 113)

wives and girlfriends and moved upstairs to a small second-floor suite provided for them, free of charge, by Frank Case, owner of the hotel. The suite was the site of a weekly poker game.

The poker players, who eventually began to call themselves the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club, usually got down to business about five o'clock in the afternoon and played until the small hours of Sunday morning. Sometimes, when the game was fairly even and there was no big winner who developed a sudden case of exhaustion, or what Franklin Pierce Adams, the columnist, called "winner's sleeping sickness," the game continued all day Sunday and into Monday morning. (Adams also had a name for the opposite illness. He called it, with a nod toward another columnist, Heywood Broun, "loser's insomnia, or Broun's disease.")

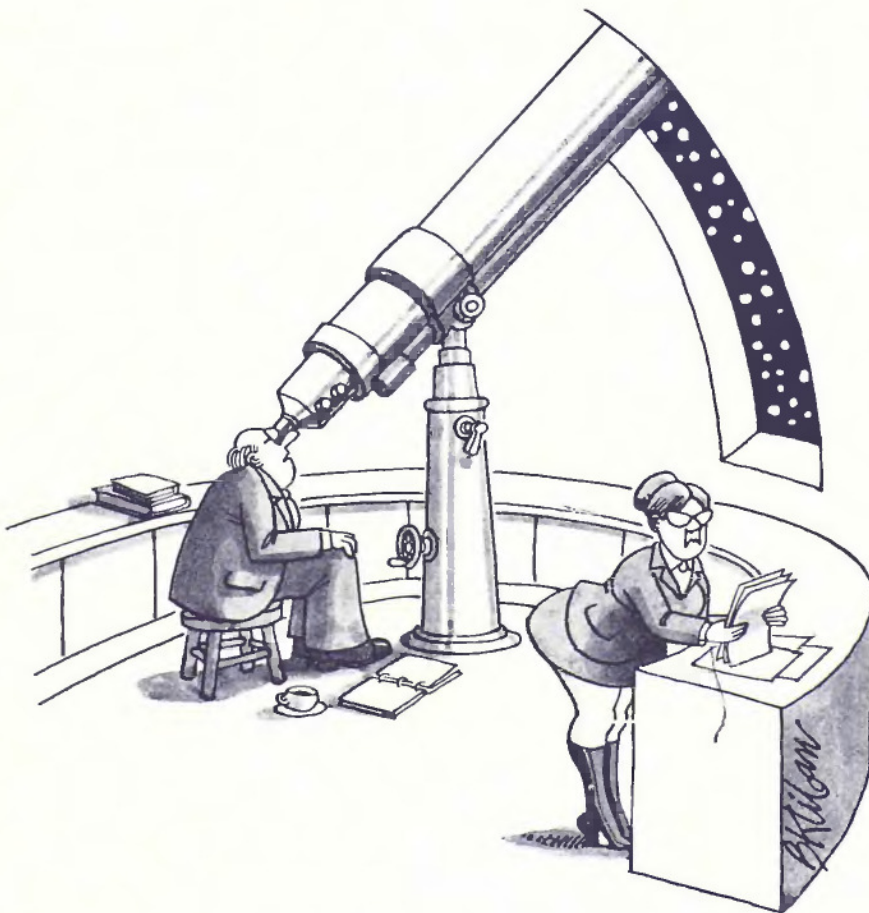
The name of the card-playing group has been erroneously credited by some historians to a press agent named John Peter Toohy, probably because Toohy was so quick in coming up with the right name when *The New Yorker* was being organized. There had been quite a debate about the appropriate title for the

new magazine, but the choice seemed to Toohy to be obvious. "You keep saying it'll be a magazine about New York," he reminded the publication's founder and editor in chief, Harold Ross. "Why don't you, for Crissakes, call it *The New Yorker*?" The name of the card club, however, was actually Adams' invention. The most famous use of thanatopsis is, of course, as the title of William Cullen Bryant's classic poem, written in 1811, but Adams' concentration on the word resulted from a more recent use. He came across the word in Sinclair Lewis' novel *Main Street*, looked it up because he wasn't sure of its meaning and discovered that it meant "contemplation of death." (Thanatos is a figure out of Greek mythology, the personification of death, and *opsis* means "sight or view.") The word seemed appropriate to poker because, as Adams explained to the other people at the Round Table, you often contemplate dying hopes when you pick up your hand and see the terrible cards you've been dealt; so he began to call the poker group the Young Men's Upper West Side Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club. This was later shortened to the permanent name.

The game was a direct descendant of an earlier poker group that had begun when Adams, Ross and Alexander Woollcott, the Santa Claus-shaped theater critic and book reviewer, were all working on *Stars and Stripes* during World War One and eating at a tiny Paris restaurant named Nini's, located on Place du Tertre. The little restaurant contained two long tables located at opposite ends of the room and three small tables in the center and the food was excellent, particularly after the three men began to slip the proprietor their ration tickets. They usually went to the place only on Saturdays, because it was located at the top of Montmartre, all the way across town from the *Stars and Stripes* office, but stayed on all day and sometimes all night, eating, drinking and gambling. Sometimes the game was dice, and sometimes the proprietor produced a shoe and set up a game of *chemin de fer*, but most of the time it was poker.

Other people began to join the game, nearly always taken there by Adams, Woollcott or Ross, because the bistro was so far off the beaten track that few Americans discovered it on their own. Steve Early, then an A.E.F. captain and later Franklin Delano Roosevelt's press secretary, was a frequent player, as were Grantland Rice, the sportswriter, then an Army lieutenant, Richard Oulahan, who had given up his post as the *Times*'s Washington bureau chief to serve as a war correspondent, and John T. Winterich, later an editor and expert on rare books. George T. Bye, who worked for a civilian news service but contributed occasionally to *Stars and Stripes*, was also part of the group. He later became an immensely successful literary agent who confined his client list to 12 people and would not take on a new client unless one of the 12 left him or quit writing or died; Eleanor Roosevelt was one of the people he represented. Jane Grant, a beautiful young girl who was in Paris working for the Y.M.C.A., and later married Ross, was allowed to watch but never to play, and caused considerable grumbling because Ross developed so strong an interest in her that he occasionally neglected his game. Broun and Ring Lardner, the sad-eyed, sad-faced man who became one of the world's great humorists but looked more like an undertaker, also showed up now and then; Broun had convinced the newspaper for which he was then working, the *Tribune*, to give him a stint as a war correspondent and Lardner was doing pieces on the war for magazines and newspaper syndicates.

After the war, Ross and Winterich shared an apartment for a while on West 11th Street, and the game continued there on a regular basis. The apartment was given up when Ross married Miss Grant and Winterich decided he



"What I said was, 'I can see Uranus quite clearly tonight.'"

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**April 1975**

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couldn't afford the place on his own, but the Rosses then took a small apartment at the Algonquin and invited the players over there every once in a while. That, too, didn't work out for long, because the games were infrequent and too many players, filled with card hunger, showed up whenever there was a game. Toohey, now a popular member of the group, came up with a solution: He suggested a regular Saturday game and offered the players the hospitality of his own large apartment on West 114th Street. He had his reasons for suggesting his own place: His wife was beginning to object strongly to his absences for poker sessions and wanted him where she could watch him and make him quit if he started to lose too much. The games at the Toohey apartment were the real start of the Thanatopsis group, which soon included George S. Kaufman, the brilliant and sardonic playwright, two other playwrights, Marc Connelly and Robert E. Sherwood, and many other well-known people. The other players gave Toohey the title of Our Beloved Founder and formed the habit of standing up and bowing gravely in his direction whenever he entered the room, and the games continued on West 114th Street and elsewhere until Case offered the Algonquin suite.

The Thanatopsis sessions quickly revealed some new and unexpected eccentricities in some of the players. Woolcott, who would have sneered at a display of superstition on the part of anyone else, became the victim of a weird superstition of his own. He developed a strange compulsion about the king of clubs: He became convinced, for some reason he was never able to explain himself, that the card was a winning portent if it showed up early in his own hand and sure death for him if it turned up in somebody else's. As a result, if he was dealt the king of clubs as his first or second face-up card, he immediately raised and continued to raise to the limit; conversely, if the game was stud poker and one of the first two open cards dealt to someone else was the king of clubs, he immediately folded. Since he sometimes drew the king of clubs when the rest of his hand consisted of a five of hearts, an eight of spades and a three of diamonds, and since he sometimes folded three aces when the opponent who had drawn the king of clubs had nothing to go with it, he was a fairly constant loser at the games. Kaufman, an otherwise skillful player who had learned the game from experts as a young newspaperman, had one strange weakness, too. The most diffident man in the world when it came to assessing his own abilities as a writer, he often became overconfident to the point of madness, no matter what cards happened to show up in his hand. On those occasions, he bet a pair of tens as though they were a royal flush and was genuinely

surprised when someone else turned up a pair of jacks.

He put a bright face on it all. "Like the Arabs," he said the night the jacks topped him, "I fold my tens and silently steal away." And he summarized a hand in which he'd been hoping for high cards and gotten instead a two and a three by saying, "I've been trey-deuced." But it was easy to see that he felt betrayed when a hand didn't hold up.

The oddest oddity of them all, however, was Broun's. Broun was normally the most generous and trusting of men; he gave money to causes to the point where he sometimes found himself without funds for his own needs, and he had the reputation of being one of the world's softest touches for anybody who asked him for a loan. But at the poker games—despite the fact that he was playing with the people he knew and liked best in the world—he became almost psychotically suspicious and distrustful, in agony if another player lost more than he had in cash and offered to pay off with a check. He tried at all costs to avoid taking the check, sometimes settling for the other player's cash even when the available cash was much less than the amount owed and the check would certainly have been good.

One particularly soul-scarring incident occurred when Woolcott began to invite Harpo Marx to the games, and Harpo began to invite his brother Chico, and Chico lost \$1200 to Broun. Chico started to write a check, but Broun didn't want a check; he told Chico he'd settle for \$1000 in cash. "I haven't got a thousand with me," Chico said.

Broun hesitated and then said, "All right, I'll settle for seven hundred and fifty." Chico admitted that he didn't have \$750, either. Broun was now extremely nervous. "How much do you have?" he asked. Chico pulled out his wallet and counted his money.

"Eighteen dollars," he said.

Witnesses to the incident insist that Broun actually considered accepting the \$18 in full settlement but finally decided that that was too much of a drop even for him. He accepted the check and was at Chico's bank at nine o'clock Monday morning. His worst fears were justified; the bank told him there weren't sufficient funds in Chico's account to cover the check. Broun rushed over to see Chico—"roaring," Harpo said in telling the story, "like a wounded bear."

Chico reassured him. "Put the check through again tomorrow," he said. "But not before noon." The check bounced again, and again Broun went shouting to Chico. "For God's sakes," Chico said. "I told you to wait until twelve o'clock."

"I did!" Broun said. "I did! I even waited until five after twelve."

"That," Chico said, "was too late." Chico eventually made the check good,

but Broun never really recovered fully from the effects of the occurrence. Thereafter, Kaufman, a more trusting type, served as the group's banker, accepting and cashing all checks.

Depending on how the cards ran, the games were sometimes bad and sometimes good, but the conversation was always good. Robert Benchley, another writer of scintillating humor, once showed up late for a game. He was quite an energetic lover, despite his mild appearance; his close friends were not surprised when the leading madam of the day, Polly Adler, who wrote her autobiography under the title *A House Is Not a Home*, kept mentioning that one of her most active customers was "a writer named Bob" and the writer turned out to be Benchley. Benchley was then deeply involved with a young actress named Helen Walker. "Where've you been?" Adams asked.

"I've been cuing Helen Walker," Benchley said.

"Please!" Adams said. "No baby talk at the table."

One of Kaufman's most famous puns was also coined at a Thanatopsis game: "One man's Medea is another man's Persian." And another classic line was born when, shortly after *The Green Hat* had become a great success on Broadway, with Katharine Cornell starring, Woolcott took its author, Michael Arlen, to a game. Arlen, who was an Armenian despite his ultra-British mannerisms (his real name was Dikran Kouyoumdjian), proceeded to win nearly every hand for hours. Herman Mankiewicz, a screenwriter who later shared an Academy Award with Orson Welles for *Citizen Kane*, was seated next to Arlen and regarded him sourly. "Let's start kittingy out for the Turks," he suggested.

The Thanatopsis group often had trouble with strangers and irregulars. One such was Prince Antoine Bibesco, the minister from Romania, who came in from Washington to play in a game, admitting shyly that he wasn't a very good poker player and sometimes wasn't even sure whether two pair were better than three of a kind. He proceeded to clean out the game and was never invited again; the group didn't mind a winner, but it hated a phony, even a royal one. Another was an actor, Herbert Ranson, who embarrassed the regulars because his expressions were so easy to read. His joy at receiving good cards and his gloom at receiving bad cards were so obvious that Adams, Kaufman and the others never lost to him because they knew exactly when to stay in or drop out. Adams finally suggested a new rule for the club. "Anybody who looks at Ranson's face," he said, "is cheating."

Herbert Bayard Swope, the executive editor of the *World*, a man so regal and imperious that members of his family were in the habit of leaping to their feet





*"I used to have a valet, and Beatrice had a lady's maid, then we suddenly thought, what the hell, and swapped."*

when he entered a room, didn't go very often, because the games were too tame for him. He was only a salaried employee on the newspaper, but he had a lot of important friends in financial circles and was getting some good stock tips, so he'd begun to play poker for astronomical figures—sometimes for amounts even beyond his skyrocketing income. He played in one game with Samuel Goldwyn in which Goldwyn won \$155,000; but in a game two weeks later, Goldwyn lost \$169,000. Swope's gaming became so heavy that one year he kept a meticulous diary of his wins and losses and discovered that, even after making the gentlemanly gesture of deducting his wife's losses of \$11,975, he was still ahead \$186,758. The biggest game in which he ever played was a four-man session in Palm Beach with Florenz Ziegfeld, then raking in money constantly with one successful *Follies* after another; Joshua S. Cosden, an oil millionaire who was worth \$75,000,000 and owned a 300-acre estate on Long Island with its own 18-hole golf course; and J. Leonard Replogle, another millionaire. The game went so well for Swope that he told himself he'd quit when he was \$150,000 ahead, but before he knew it, he was ahead more than that. When the game was finally over, he had won \$470,300. And even though \$294,300 of this amount was owed by Ziegfeld, and the producer reneged and eventually died broke with most of the debt remaining unpaid, it was still a fair night's work.

All this made the Algonquin games kid stuff for Swope, but he still showed up now and then, because he liked the company and the quick wit. This was true even when the wit was used to deflate some of his pretensions, such as his effort to appear more and more WASPish even though he was Jewish. "Did you know," he once remarked at a game, "that I've got a little Jewish in me?"

The man across the table from him was Paul Robeson, another occasional player. "Is that right?" Robeson said. "Did you know I've got a touch of the tarbrush?"

Another time, Swope asked Adams, who was an enthusiastic gardener, how his flowers were coming along. Adams answered tartly, because he suspected that Swope was not really interested but was just using the personality-course trick of talking to the other fellow about *his* interests. "Well," Adams said, "my peonies are doing fine, because I've been keeping my eye on them. And I've discovered that if you watch your peonies, your dahlias take care of themselves."

Situations often started at the card table and ranged outward around the world. Once Woollcott, Broun and Harpo Marx shared a taxi going home from a game, and Broun and Woollcott continued in so animated an argument

about the game that they were still quarreling when the cab reached Harpo's apartment and the driver looked inquiringly at him for further instructions. "Take my friends," Harpo said, "to Werba's Flatbush." The theater he named was a broken-down burlesque house a dozen miles away in Brooklyn, and it was a winter night with the roads icy and heavy snow falling, but the driver shrugged and proceeded on his way. Harpo learned afterward that Woollcott and Broun didn't notice what was happening until the car had crossed the bridge and was entering Brooklyn. He also learned that the taxi had broken down on the return trip and the two men, neither of them sylphlike, had had to trudge for miles through the arctic weather before they could find another cab. Harpo was awakened at six o'clock the next morning by a phone call; a voice, unmistakably Woollcott's, said savagely, "You son of a bitch!" and hung up. But he was forgiven by the time the next game rolled around.

On another occasion, two publishers, Bennett Cerf of Random House and Harold Guinzburg of The Viking Press, showed up for a game. This time the shoe was on the other foot for Broun; he lost \$1500 to Cerf and Guinzburg and had neither enough cash nor a check to give them, and they were leaving the next morning for a tour of Russia. The publishers decided to make Broun's life miserable by berating him via telegraph for his failure to settle a legitimate debt, and they sent him a page-long cable every day of their trip. Broun was properly chastened but was also certain, looking at the length of the cables, that the publishers had taken leave of their senses. The thing he didn't know was that, because of the favorable position of the dollar at that time in relationship to the ruble, the cables were costing Cerf and Guinzburg only about 35 cents apiece.

There was also the occasion when Crosby Gaije, a leading producer of the period, thought he saw an opportunity to make Woollcott lose some of his cool. He lost \$3500 to Woollcott at one of the *Thanatopsis* games but was able to pay him only \$2500 that night and promised to pay the additional \$1000 at "first opportunity." He made sure the opportunity occurred when Woollcott, in his capacity as critic for the *Times*, arrived at a theater to review Gaije's newest production. Gaije waited until Woollcott was surrounded by people and then approached him and, ostentatiously and leerily, handed him a \$1000 bill. The ploy didn't work. Woollcott calmly tucked the bill into the ribbon of his hat and left it there, with the amount showing, for the remainder of the evening.

A more prolonged situation was the one that might be called the case of Dave Wallace and his mysterious middle initial. Wallace was a publicity man who

was very popular with the group because he knew every young actress in town and was always ready to arrange introductions for any *Thanatopsis* member who expressed a desire to meet a particular actress or just any actress. But the players found themselves piqued with curiosity when it developed, during a desultory card-game conversation, that Wallace had a middle initial but, for some reason, was apparently as ashamed of it as Kaufman was proud of his adopted S. (Kaufman had started out in life as just plain George Kaufman but later added S. to his name because he decided that it added rhythm and balance to his by-line. The S., he told people who inquired about it, stood for absolutely nothing. And if people persisted and asked, "Then why is it there?" he had a prepared speech ready for them. "Listen," he said, reeling off a roll call of prominent theatrical figures, "if Al H. Woods, Charles B. Dillingham, Henry B. Harris, George C. Tyler, William A. Brady, Sam H. Harris, Jake J. Shubert, A. L. Erlanger, H. H. Frazee and George M. Cohan can't get along without a middle initial, why should I try?") Wallace, however, felt the opposite way about his middle initial, and, after some investigation, it was learned that Wallace's middle initial was H., leading to rumors that he was embarrassed about it because it stood for either Horatio or Hepzibah. This was never proved. Nevertheless, the players were spurred on by Wallace's insistent secrecy to publicize the neglected initial, and this became easy after Ross founded *The New Yorker*. The magazine didn't come up with the idea of using funny typographical errors from other magazines and newspapers and books as fillers until later, so every column that ended short was filled with a pointless quote credited to Wallace's full name. "As David H. Wallace says," ran one filler, "tea and coffee are good to drink, but tennis is livelier." "David H. Wallace, the monologist, convulsed his set with a good one the other evening," ran another filler. "It seems there were two Irishmen," Mr. Wallace began, but could not go on for laughing." Unlike Wallace, the fillers went on and on, making his middle initial one of the most famous in New York. They stopped appearing only after Wallace admitted at a game that he was growing fond of the H.

It was mostly good-natured, even when things were outrageous, such as when Adams, whose first marriage had failed, married again and was given a beautiful poker set, complete with ivory chips, as a wedding present—but only on condition that he and his bride go to the Algonquin directly after the ceremony and spend their first night at the poker game. Adams and his new wife, Esther, met the condition and showed up but were so amiable about it that they were released

at about two A.M. to go on to better things. Sometimes there was a brief flare-up, as when a temperamental player like Marc Connelly became so incensed at the cards he was getting that he seized the deck and tore it to pieces. But more serious disputes were so rare that the only one on record is a fistfight between Broun and a stockbroker named Joe Brooks.

Broun and Brooks happened to take seats next to each other at one of the games, which was unfortunate, because ten minutes of conversation revealed that they disagreed on every imaginable subject. By the time both men had left the game, they had argued bitterly about everything from politics to the theater to women, but it might have ended there if Broun had been able to fall asleep when he got home. He was so agitated that he tossed and turned for hours, and he finally told his wife that he was getting dressed and going over to punch Brooks in the nose. His wife tried to talk him out of it: she made some disparaging remarks about the protuberance above his belt, pointed out that Brooks had no such protuberance and added that Brooks had been an all-American football player. Broun would not allow himself to be dissuaded. He dressed quickly, took a taxi from his house on West 85th Street to Brooks's apartment on East Tenth Street, leaned on the doorbell until

Brooks opened the door, and hit him.

The stockbroker immediately hit him back. The fight lasted only a few minutes and Broun got the worst of it. Brooks received only superficial bruises, but Broun got two black eyes and he was rolled around on the floor so much that his clothes were literally torn to bits. He had to go home in a suit borrowed from Brooks. The night, however, ended triumphantly for him after all. He found Brooks's address book in one of the pockets of the suit, meticulously kept and containing the names and phone numbers of every one of Brooks's girlfriends, and he spent the rest of the night pulling out page after page and ripping each one into shreds.

Women were rigidly banned at first from the Thanatopsis games, except for special occasions like the command appearance of Esther Adams on her wedding night. Adams, who felt strongly on the subject, wrote an article about it, calling it, unequivocally, *Women Can't Play Poker*. Women, he pointed out, lost all sense of mathematical reality when it came to poker; if a woman was winning \$22 and her husband was losing \$218, she invariably insisted that they call it a night, because she was so blinded by her small victory that all she saw was that they were ahead \$22, not down \$196. He also expressed the view that women could never remember the values of the

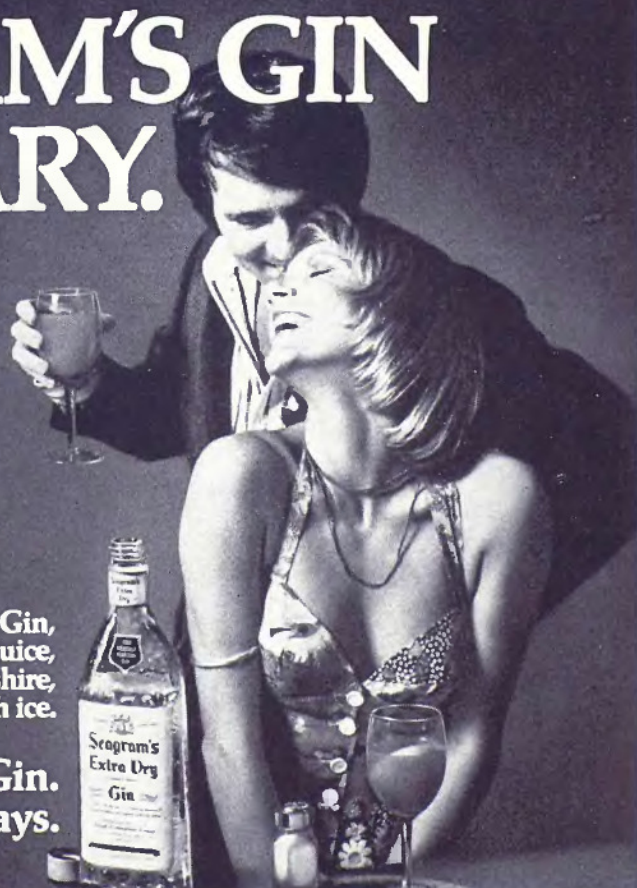
various colors of chips, that women were never satisfied with conventional forms of poker and varied the game more and more, until male players became unsure as to whether an ace was a good card or a bad card, and took wild risks. Woollcott, he said, had even coined a name for Esther Adams' particular folly, which was her habit of holding two cards of the same suit in the hope of drawing three more: he called a hand with two cards of the same suit an Esther flush. And most heinous of all, Adams concluded, was the fact that women always told the truth. If they won or lost \$72, they actually *told* people they had won or lost \$72. Men, as every man knew, were a much more civilized sex. If you asked a man about a game's outcome, you could always count on being told that he'd ended up even and you'd never have to worry about feeling either envy or pity.

Kaufman also wrote something along similar lines: He wrote a devastating one-act play called *If Men Played Cards as Women Do*, which was played at the Booth Theater on Sunday, February 11, 1923, for the benefit of the Girls' Service Club. The one-acter was also revived years later in the Paramount film *Star-Spangled Rhythm*, where it was performed by Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, Franchot Tone and Lynne Overman and was easily the funniest thing in the

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film. But nothing could halt progress. After a while, a few women were allowed to attend the games as spectators, and eventually Beatrice Kaufman, Esther Adams, Neysa McMein, Jane Grant, Margaret Swope and others were permitted to participate as players.

The Thanatopsis games continued for about a decade, most of this time in the second-floor suite at the Algonquin. There were occasional temporary departures. Case provided the suite free but assumed that, if the players paused to eat, they would order their food from the hotel. He was mildly irritated to see that, instead, the group either sent one of the players around the corner to pick up sandwiches and beverages at a Sixth Avenue delicatessen—or, if Swope happened to be in the game, phoned the Colony and asked them to send over some of their expensive delicacies. Case's irritation grew stronger when, one hot summer evening, the poker players brought in a freezerful of strawberry and pistachio ice cream from an outside caterer and some of the ice cream melted and made stains all over the carpet. The next time the group met, it saw that Case had tacked an ironic sign on a wall of the suite:

BASKET PARTIES WELCOME

The players were amused at first, regarding the sign as a convenient place to jot down phone numbers or do little sums to figure out their winnings or losses. And then, as they thought about it,

they became offended. They moved over to the Colony, where the restaurant's owner, Gene Cavallero, provided them with a private room. The Colony was tremendously expensive, so much so that Harpo Marx finally asked, plaintively, "Isn't there anything here you can get for fifty cents?"

"Sure," Kaufman said. "A quarter."

So after two months, they were back in the more familiar and more suitable surroundings of the Algonquin suite. And though they returned to the Colony for an occasional game, played in various members' houses now and then and at least once played by invitation at Alice Brady's house—during which the young actress served pheasant and champagne and then joined the game and lost steadily, causing some worry about her financial well-being until Wallace mentioned that she'd just signed a movie contract paying her \$4000 a week—the action remained mostly at the Algonquin.

The poker games finally slowed to a halt for three reasons. The first was that as the players became more and more successful, they became more mobile and far-flung. Woollcott began to tour the country giving lectures and began to move around the world on various social pursuits. The Marx Brothers went out to the Coast to make some pictures and eventually settled there. Kaufman, Connelly and Sherwood began to spend more and more time on out-of-town tryouts of

their plays. And suddenly there were some Saturday evenings when not enough people showed up to make a game.

The second reason was the acerbic wit style of many of the participants, which discouraged some slower thinkers from showing up at new games after they'd been chewed to bits at earlier ones. Kaufman, in particular, did not suffer fools gladly and made no secret of his discontent when another player behaved foolishly. Once he watched in horror as Mankiewicz played one of the dumbest games he'd ever seen in his life, and finally exploded. "I know you learned the game this afternoon," he said. "But what time this afternoon?"

Kaufman was equally caustic with another poor player. The man could tell from Kaufman's glower that he was not pleased. Defensively, he said, "OK, George, how would you have played that hand?"

"Under an assumed name," Kaufman said. This may have been the same player who had a habit of burying his cards at the end of most hands as though he were ashamed of them—as he very probably was, since he nearly always lost. He got up one day, excusing himself to go to the men's room. Kaufman gave him a sour look and said, "This will be the first time today that I'll know what's in your hand."

The third reason was economic: The games began to grow too expensive. The stakes never achieved the dimensions of those in Swope's games, but they kept mounting until they became too rich for many of the players, even those whose income was rising at the same time. Ross, struggling to make *The New Yorker* a success and not drawing too large a salary, lost nearly \$30,000 one night and had to arrange to pay it in installments over a long period of time. Harpo Marx came into town and won \$30,000; he later denied this, saying he never won over \$1000 or \$2000 in a Thanatopsis game, but other people insisted they had been present at the game and the big score really happened. A young author, John V. A. Weaver, who wrote a moderate best seller, *In American*, lost all his royalties in a single game.

The Thanatopsis players tried a little self-deception. To keep the game looking the same, they allowed the chips to remain valued as before but paid half as much for them and received half as much when they cashed in. But this didn't work, either; Ross won \$450 at the end of one game and spent the rest of the night complaining bitterly that he'd have picked up \$900 if it had been the week before. And after a while, though the men and women continued to see one another at lunches and other places, they stopped gathering together around a card table.



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**PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

(continued from page 90)

spectacle of a President going on national TV to admit a felony? Nixon dug his own grave, then made a public confession. If his resignation somehow proves the system works, you have to wonder how well that same system might have worked if we'd had a really blue-chip, sophisticated criminal in the White House—instead of a half-mad used-car salesman. In the space of ten months, the two top executives of this country resigned rather than risk impeachment and trial; and they wouldn't even have had to do that if their crimes hadn't been too gross to ignore and if public opinion hadn't turned so massively against them. Finally, even the chickenshit politicians in Congress will act if the people are outraged enough. But you can bet that if the public-opinion polls hadn't gone over 50 percent in favor of his impeachment, he'd still be in the White House.

**PLAYBOY:** Is politics going to get any better?

**THOMPSON:** Well, it can't get much worse. Nixon was so bad, so obviously guilty and corrupt, that we're already beginning to write him off as a political mutant, some kind of bad and unexplainable accident. The danger in that is that it's like saying, "Thank God! We've cut the cancer out... you see it?... It's lying there... just sew up the wound... cauterize it... No, no, don't bother to look for anything else... just throw the tumor away, burn it," and then a few months later the poor bastard dies, his whole body rotten with cancer. I don't think purging Nixon is going to do much to the system except make people more careful. Even if we accept the idea that Nixon himself was a malignant mutant, his Presidency was no accident. Hell, Ford is our accident. He's never been elected to anything but Congress... But Richard Nixon has been elected to every national office a shrewd mutant could aspire to: Congressman, Senator, Vice-President, President. He should have been impeached, convicted and jailed, if only as a voter-education project.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that over the course of the Watergate investigation, Congress spent as much energy covering up its own sins as it did in exposing Richard Nixon's?

**THOMPSON:** Well, that's a pretty harsh statement; but I'm sure there've been a lot of tapes and papers burned and a lot of midnight phone calls, saying things like, "Hello, John, remember that letter I wrote you on August fifth? I just ran into a copy in my files here and, well, I'm burning mine, why don't you burn yours, too, and we'll just forget all about that matter? Meanwhile, I'm sending you a case of Chivas Regal and I have a job for your son here in my office this

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summer—just as soon as he brings me the ashes of that fucking letter.”

**PLAYBOY:** Does Gerald Ford epitomize the successful politician?

**THOMPSON:** That's pretty obvious, isn't it? Somehow he got to be President of the U. S. without ever running for the office. Not only that but he appointed his own Vice-President. This is a bizarre syndrome we're into: For six years we were ruled by lunatics and criminals, and for the next two years we're going to have to live with their appointees. Nixon was run out of town, but not before he named his own successor.

**PLAYBOY:** It's beginning to look as if Ford might be our most popular President since Eisenhower. Do you think he'll be tough to beat in 1976?

**THOMPSON:** That will probably depend on his staff. If it's good, he should be able to maintain this Mr. Clean, Mr. Good Guy, Mr. Reason image for two years; and if he can do that, he'll be very hard to beat.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you cover the 1976 campaign?

**THOMPSON:** Well, I'm not looking forward to it, but I suspect I will. Right now, though, I need a long rest from politics—at least until the '76 campaign starts. Christ, now *there's* a junkie talking—"I guess I'll try one more hit . . . this will be the last, mind you. I'll just finish off what's here and that's it." No, I don't want to turn into a campaign junkie. I did that once, but the minute I kicked it, I turned into a Watergate junkie. That's going to be a hard one to come down from. You know, I was actually *in* the Watergate the night the bastards broke in. Of course, I missed the whole thing, but I was there. It still haunts me.

**PLAYBOY:** What part of the Watergate were you in?

**THOMPSON:** I was in the bar.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of a reporter are you, anyway, in the bar?

**THOMPSON:** I'm not a reporter. I'm a writer. Nobody gives Norman Mailer this kind of shit. I've never tried to pose as a goddamn reporter. I don't defend what I do in the context of straight journalism, and if some people regard me as a reporter who's gone bad rather than a writer who's just doing his job—well, they're probably the same dingbats who think John Chancellor's an acid freak and Cronkite is a white slaver.

**PLAYBOY:** You traveled to San Clemente with the White House press corps on the last trip Nixon made as President, and rumor had it that you showed up for one of the press conferences in pretty rocky shape.

**THOMPSON:** Rocky? Well, I suppose that's the best interpretation you could put on it. I'd been up all night and I was wearing a wet Mexican shirt, swimming trunks, these basketball shoes, dark glasses. I had a bottle of beer in my

hand, my head was painfully constricted by something somebody had put in my wine the night before up in L.A. and when Rabbi Korff began his demented rap about Nixon's being the most persecuted and maligned President in American history, I heard myself shouting, "Why *is* that, Rabbi? . . . Why? . . . Tell us *why*. . ." And he said something like, "I'm only a smalltime rabbi," and I said, "That's all right, nobody's bigoted here. You can talk." It got pretty ugly—but then, ugliness was a sort of common denominator in the last days of the Nixon regime. It was like a sinking ship with no ratlines.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the press corps take your behavior?

**THOMPSON:** Not too well. But it doesn't matter now. I won't be making any trips with the President for a while.

**PLAYBOY:** What *will* you do? Do you have any projects on the fire other than the political stuff?

**THOMPSON:** Well, I think I may devote more time to my ministry, for one thing. All the hellish running around after politicians has taken great amounts of time from my responsibilities as a clergyman.

**PLAYBOY:** You're not a real minister, are you?

**THOMPSON:** What? Of course I am. I'm an ordained doctor of divinity in the Church of the New Truth. I have a scroll with a big gold seal on it hanging on my wall at home. In recent months we've had more converts than we can handle. Even Ron Ziegler was on the brink of conversion during that last week in San Clemente, but the law of karma caught up with him before he could take the vows.

**PLAYBOY:** How much did it cost you to get ordained?

**THOMPSON:** I prefer not to talk about that. I studied for years and put a lot of money into it. I have the power to marry people and bury them. I've stopped doing marriages, though, because none of them worked out. Burials were always out of the question; I've never believed in burials except as an adjunct to the Black Mass, which I still perform occasionally.

**PLAYBOY:** But you *bought* your scroll, didn't you?

**THOMPSON:** Of course I did. But so did everybody else who ever went to school. As long as you understand that. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** What's coming up as far as your writing goes?

**THOMPSON:** My only project now is a novel called *Guts Ball*, which is almost finished on tape but not written yet. I was lying in bed one night, the room was completely black, I had a head full of some exotic weed and all of a sudden it was almost as if a bright silver screen had been dropped in front of me and this strange movie began to run. I had this vision of Haldeman and Ehrlichman and a few other Watergate-related

casualties returning to California in disgrace. They're on a DC-10, in the first-class cabin; there's also a Secret Serviceman on board whose boss has just been gunned down by junkies in Singapore for no good reason and he's got the body in the baggage bowels of the plane, taking it home to be buried. He's in a vicious frame of mind, weeping and cursing junkies, and these others have their political disaster grinding on them, they're all half crazy for vengeance—and so to unwind, they start to throw a football around the cabin. For a while, the other passengers go along with it, but then the game gets serious. These crewcut, flinty-eyed buggers begin to force the passengers to play, using seats as blockers; people are getting smacked around for dropping passes, jerked out of the line-up and forced to do push-ups if they fumble. The passengers are in a state of terror, weeping, their clothes are torn. . . . And these thugs still have all their official White House identification, and they put two men under arrest for refusing to play and lock them in the bathroom together. A man who can't speak English gets held down in a seat and shot full of animal tranquilizer with a huge hypodermic needle. The stewardesses are gobbling tranquilizers. . . . You have to imagine this movie unrolling: I was hysterical with laughter. I got a little tape recorder and laid it on my chest and kept describing the scene as I saw it. Just the opening scenes took about 45 minutes. I don't know how it's going to end, but I like it that way. If I knew how it ended, I'd lose interest in the story.

**PLAYBOY:** When you actually sit down to start writing, can you use drugs like mushrooms or other psychedelics?

**THOMPSON:** No. It's impossible to write with anything like that in my head. Wild Turkey and tobacco are the only drugs I use regularly when I write. But I tend to work at night, so when the wheels slow down, I occasionally indulge in a little speed—which I deplore and do not advocate—but you know, when the car runs out of gas, you have to use something. The only drug I really count on is adrenaline. I'm basically an adrenaline junkie. I'm addicted to the rush of the stuff in my own blood and of all the drugs I've ever used, I think it's the most powerful. [Coughing] Mother of God, here I go. [More coughing] Creeping Jesus, this is it . . . choked to death by a fucking . . . poisoned Marlboro. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever wonder how you have survived this long?

**THOMPSON:** Yes. Nobody expected me to get much past 20. Least of all me. I just assume, "Well, I got through today, but tomorrow might be different." This is a very weird and twisted world; you can't afford to get careless; don't fuck around. You want to keep your affairs in order at all times.





*Buck Brown*

*"Hey, big boy, wouldn't you like to get more than a lousy dance for your ten cents?"*



# CRAZY GINZBURG

Ralph Ginzburg, that brandied fruitcake of a publisher, is at it again.

First he devilishly exposed the intimate parts of Fanny Hill and Lady Chatterley to a blushing America while those erotic classics were still banned.

Then he bought himself a \$2-million libel suit by daring to question Barry Goldwater's psychological fitness to finger the nuclear trigger when Goldwater was running for President.

Next, with his nuckraking magazine *Fact*, he risked the wrath of the mighty by attacking Detroit (for building cars that were not crash-worthy; this was before Ralph Nader), drug manufacturers (for selling cyclamates which had been proven to cause chromosome damage), and the tobacco industry (for attempting to hide the link between cigarettes and cancer; this was before the Surgeon-General's report).

Still on the rampage, he bravely waved a red flag in the faces of prudes and bigots by running a photographic study of a nude interracial couple in his elegant quarterly *Eros* (this bit of lunacy won him numerous graphic-art awards—and eight months in prison).

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# THE CHARM

(continued from page 139)

the second floor. Climb the stairs and go into the master bedroom. That's the one with the yellow-and-green-striped wallpaper. You'll see a closet. Open it. Several suits are hanging there. Look for one made of charcoal-gray hop sacking, with a lining of red silk. The jacket has two inside pockets. Left one contains a small notebook bound in black imitation leather. Do *not* open it and read it. For your own sake I tell you this. Burn it. Burn it in the fireplace right there in the master bedroom. Then go back to the closet and look for what's called a jump suit, not on a hanger, just on a nail in the back, behind the suits, a blue terrycloth jump suit with a broken zipper. In one of the pockets, I don't remember which, you'll find a key ring with three keys on it. Take this and walk downstairs again, to the library. In the library you'll see a gray-metal file cabinet. One of the three keys on that ring unlocks it. Try them all until you find the right one. Open the bottom drawer of the file cabinet. Disregard the folders you'll see there. Not important. Pull the drawer out as far as you can and you'll see an envelope taped to the drawer just behind the last folder. Remove it. Open it. There's another key inside. Put it in your pocket. Don't bother to lock the file cabinet again. The key opens a locker in that big bus terminal about half a mile from here—you know the one. Go to the terminal—take a cab, we don't have much time—and open the locker and take out what you find there. A package wrapped in brown paper. Looks like a book. It is, in fact. Don't open the package there. Go to the men's room and lock yourself in one of the booths—make sure you have some small change. Tear off the wrapping and open the book. You'll discover that it's hollow; the pages have been cut away to form a small compartment containing a tobacco tin. Open the tin and you'll find another locker key. Put it in your pocket. Flush the toilet once or twice to allay suspicion. *Trust no one.* When you leave the booth, dump the wrapping and the book and the tobacco tin into the container provided for soiled paper towels. Now you must buy a round-trip ticket to Midburg. A short trip, forty-five miles. Possibly fifty. During the bus ride, don't talk to any of the other passengers. Best thing is to pretend to be asleep, but only *pretend*, because you are the guardian of the key and it must not fall into any hands but yours. Be alert at all times. When you arrive at the Midburg bus terminal, go directly to the lockers and try the key you found in the book until you find the right lock. In this second locker, you'll find another package just like the first, brown paper, yes, another book. Take it to the men's

room. Same routine, booth, flush the toilet, et cetera. Inside *this* book you'll find a rather large, rusty, old-fashioned ornamental key. Put it in your pocket. Dispose of the book and wrapping as before. Take the next bus back *here*. Return to the house with the snapdragons. Go down to the wine cellar. The door is locked, but the big rusty key opens it. Enter the cellar and go directly to the wine bottles. Ignore all but the white wines, the French white wines. Lift each bottle until you find one that's a fake, empty. Pull out the cork. Shake out the little key you find there. It opens a large metal strongbox you'll find in the *top* drawer of the file cabinet in the study—that's why I told you to leave the files open. Lock the wine cellar again when you leave it and *break* the key. It's very old and rusty and you should have no difficulty. Throw the broken pieces into one of the file drawers and *lock* the cabinet again after taking out the strongbox. Open the strongbox with the little key from the wine bottle. Inside the strongbox you'll find a smaller strongbox with a combination lock. The combination is simply the six digits of my birthday, multiplied by seven. I was born on Christmas in the year of the Great Fire. Any almanac will give you that. When you open this second strongbox, you'll see an ordinary wooden cigar box. Inside it is a photograph of me as a youth in uniform, and a photograph of a young lady in a flowered hat, and a withered carnation, and a packet of old letters tied with a lavender ribbon, and a prayer book, and a rosary, and a comb, I think, and possibly a pill bottle containing an obsolete prescription surely gone stale and useless by now, and a small pistol that's lost its firing pin. Some of these objects belonged to my mother. All of them are without any value whatsoever—except for one. And that one is beyond price. It has been with me for more years than I can tell you. In clumsy hands, it invariably causes impotence, or blindness, or insanity, or agonizing death. Sometimes all four, in that order. But used correctly, it bestows upon its owner a multitude of blessings. A sweet breath. Perfect pitch. Unfailing virility. The power to bend a dime with two fingers. X-ray vision. Invisibility at will. The gift of healing by the laying on of hands. Raising the dead. Luck at all games of chance. Ability to complete the *Times* crossword puzzle in under ten minutes. Power to make any woman in the world do whatever you wish. Seeing in the dark. A dazzling smile. Pleasing personality. Photographic memory. Beautiful handwriting. The gift of gab. The faculty of flight. How to lose ten pounds in two weeks without dieting. How to make

friends. How to get into heaven. Power to kill with a glance. Answers to puzzling questions: riddle of the Sphinx, what song the Sirens sang, how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object, if a tree falls on a desert island does it make any sound, is there life after death, what was Judy Garland's real name? Long-sought secret of perpetual motion. Short cuts to becoming a black belt in karate, grand master at chess, expert folder of paper airplanes, best-selling author. How to get an audience with the Pope. Repair your own television set. Turn base metals into gold. Conquer insomnia. Attain peace of mind. What happened to the lost tribes of Israel. Where to find the score of Peri's *Dafne*, lost for centuries, said to be the first opera. How to temper copper in the forgotten manner of the ancient Egyptians. Secret of eternal youth. Secret of immortality. Secret love rites of the Hollywood stars. How to get on the cover of *Time*. How to make a great cup of coffee. How to be two inches taller. How to read minds. How to foretell the future. How to swim. How to roller-skate. How to be happy. Bring the cigar box back here to me, with all its contents intact. I will then look at those items one by one until I find the one that bestows these gifts and powers, and I will bequeath it to you. Why not? It's of no use to me anymore. I'm dying. I know what you're thinking: Why am I dying if I possess the secret of immortality? Ah, why, indeed? Because I committed the sin of sins, for which no one can be forgiven. The sin without a name it's called, but it has a name, a name no one dare utter, no one dare think. And so my magic charm has lost its power to help me. I am unworthy. Lean closer. I'm sinking fast. Can you hear me? Forget about all those keys and bus trips. Get a blowtorch, something to slice steel, go directly to the file cabinet and burn your way into the top drawer and into both strongboxes and directly to the cigar box and bring it quickly to me *now*. The reason you must bring it to me, the reason I can't simply *tell* you which of the objects in the cigar box is the magic charm, is that I don't remember. My memory is dying with my body. But if I *see* them, touch them, then my memory will come alive and I can give it to you and instruct you in its proper use and you will live a life of great merit and bliss. You will lead the world out of chaos and into a golden age. You will raise Eve from the dust and make her mother to a race of gods. You will, yourself, be a god. You will be God. But I must have those talismans in my fingers, because I don't remember whether it's the pistol, or the pill bottle, or the rosary, or the letters, or the lavender ribbon around the letters, or the



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# PLAYBOY'S DOUBLE HOLIDAY PACKAGE

THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND ANNIVERSARY ISSUES

**GARRY WILLS** EXAMINES THE REAL **HENRY KISSINGER**: IS HE A 20TH CENTURY BISMARCK OR A HIGH-CLASS HUSTLER?

**HUNTER THOMPSON** (YEAH, THE SUBJECT OF THIS MONTH'S INTERVIEW) ADMITS TO EVEN MORE CRAZINESS IN **"THE GREAT SHARK HUNT"**

**ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER** DESCRIBES A STRANGE TRIANGLE FORGED IN THE ASHES OF POSTWAR EUROPE: **"A TALE OF TWO SISTERS"**

**MURRAY KEMPTON** PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE LATE **DUKE ELLINGTON** IN AN ELEGIAC ESSAY: **"LOVED YOU MADLY"**

**JOHN UPDIKE** TELLS OF A MARRIED RECTOR WHOSE ROVING EYE LIGHTS UPON HIS PRETTY ORGANIST IN **"A MONTH OF SUNDAYS"**

**ROBERT REDFORD** TALKS ABOUT THE TRIALS OF FAME, HIS LOVE FOR THE LAND, HIS MARRIAGE AND WHY HE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TRUCK WITH THE PRESS IN A FRANK **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**EVAN HUNTER** UNEARTHES AN UNUSUAL CASE OF TRANSFERENCE IN HIS IRONIC SHORT STORY **"THE ANALYST"**

**LARRY L. KING** TELLS ALL—FROM BOYHOOD MEAT BEATING TO POST-MARITAL AFFAIRS—IN A SEXUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY: **"GETTING OFF"**

**ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST** GATHERS GOLDEN BONS MOTS (CALVIN COOLIDGE: "WHEN MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE THROWN OUT OF WORK, UNEMPLOYMENT RESULTS") IN **"WIT AND WISDOM OF THE RICH"**

**MEL BROOKS** PLAYS IN A DOUBLE-HEADER: IN DECEMBER, DEMENTED MOMENTS FROM THE SCRIPT OF **"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN,"** WHICH HE CO-AUTHORED WITH **GENE WILDER**, FOLLOWED IN JANUARY BY A ZANY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**SEAN O'FAOLAIN** MOURNS THE PASSING OF THE BAKER STREET STYLE IN THIS ERA OF SHOOT-FIRST DETECTIVES: **"SHERLOCK HOLMES"**

**DAN GREENBURG**, BARELY RECOVERED FROM HIS FIRST ORGY, ADVISES US ON **"HOW TO CAST A PORNO FILM AND NOT GET TOO NERVOUS"**

**GEORGE PLIMPTON**, AFTER HAVING TRIED ALMOST EVERYTHING ELSE, FULFILLS A NEW FANTASY: PHOTOGRAPHING A PLAYMATE

**JAMES T. FARRELL** REVISITS HIS OLD HAUNTS IN THE CHELSEA HOTEL: **"REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS PAST AND PRESENT"**

**P. J. SCHWARTZ**, PICKING UP WHERE EMILY POST LEFT OFF, PRESCRIBES *MENAGE A TROIS* ETIQUETTE: **"STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU"**

**HERBERT GOLD** SPINS A YARN ABOUT HAITI, WHERE A FAMILY TREE BEARS STRANGE FRUIT, IN **"PATERNITY"**

**RICHARD RHODES** REPORTS ON THE "NOW" DRUG—WHAT IT DOES TO YOU, WHO'S USING IT AND WHY—IN **"COCAINE"**

**JOHN MEDELMAN** DELIVERS A—YOU SHOULD EXCUSE THE EXPRESSION—BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT OF HIS EDUCATIONAL WEEKEND AT **"THE GREAT NORTHWOODS SEX SEMINAR"**

**PLUS: "THE EROTIC WORLD OF SALVADOR DALI";** A 14-PAGE PICTORIAL ON THE PLAYBOY MANSION WEST; SOME HISTORICAL ANECDOTES YOU WON'T HEAR ABOUT DURING THE BICENTENNIAL, **"199TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE U.S.A.";** ARTHUR KNIGHT'S **"SEX STARS OF 1974";** REVEALING UNCOVERAGE OF PLAYMATE-ACTRESS **CLAUDIA JENNINGS;** **"DIAL-A-GOD,"** OR HOW SALVATION IS JUST A FINGER WALK AWAY; **"THE PLAYBOY DIME MYSTERY,"** WITH INSUFFICIENT APOLOGIES TO RAYMOND CHANDLER FROM **JOHN BLUMENTHAL;** **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW";** **"LITTLE ANNIE FANNY";** AND THE LATEST SCOOP ON EATING, DRINKING, CHRISTMAS GIFTING AND MAKING VERY MERRY FOR THE HAPPIEST HOLIDAY SEASON EVER.

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

**“Sand Skiing in the Sahara. Even if you don’t win the downhill race...it’s a beautiful way to get a suntan.”**

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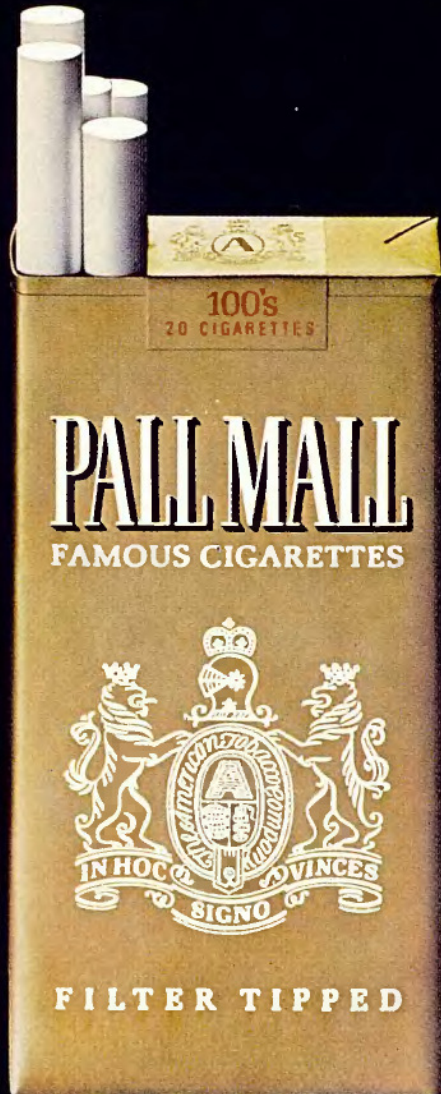
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